

# SOLDIER

1940  
THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE  
November 1947. Sixpence. Vol. 3 - No. 9



TROT

THERE ARE SIX  
**FOUR SQUARE**  
 TOBACCO  
 -EACH A BALANCED BLEND  
 OF VINTAGE LEAF

The tobacco illustrated is Four Square Green—a medium-strength empire-de-luxe mixture cool to smoke, fine-flavoured, and pleasant in aroma. Ask for 'Four Square Green'.



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 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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For Smartness  
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The polish of  
 Supreme Quality



In Black, Brown & Dark Brown

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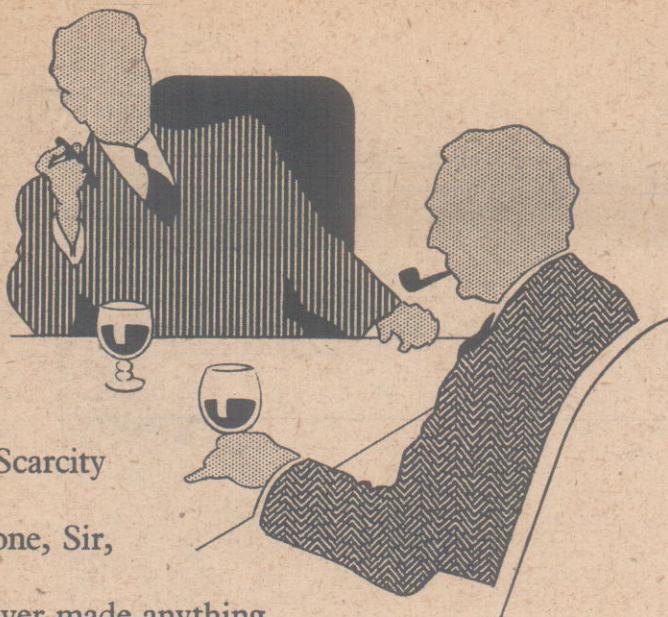
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"Scarcity  
alone, Sir,  
never made anything  
desirable. After all, Dictators  
are scarce, but who wants one!"



If you find White Horse Whisky hard to obtain, it is partly because so very many people want what little there is.

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I'VE TRIED MOST  
BRUSHLESS SHAVES AND  
IT'S ESQUIRE FOR ME FROM  
NOW ON. IT'S SMOOTHER,  
QUICKER, DOESN'T CLOG  
THE RAZOR



## Esquire BRUSHLESS SHAVE 1/9

*A Product of the J. B. Williams Co.*

MONEY  
TALKS



"See that bloke over there?"

"Uh—huh."

"His father's worth a packet."

"What's that make him?"

"Well, it should make him worth a couple of drinks."

"But does it?"

"I don't know. I've often found that people who own a lot of money aren't very free with it."

"Are you having a crack at me, chum?"

"It's the first time I knew you were a man of means."

"You'd be surprised. Owing to an arrangement I made with the Savings Officer, I shall have quite a nice little sum tied up in National Savings Certificates by the time I get Home."

"And what do you call a 'nice little sum'?"

"Rather more than you'll ever be able to lay your hands on, old boy—unless you get weaving on this National Savings idea yourself."

*See your UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER  
about it NOW!*



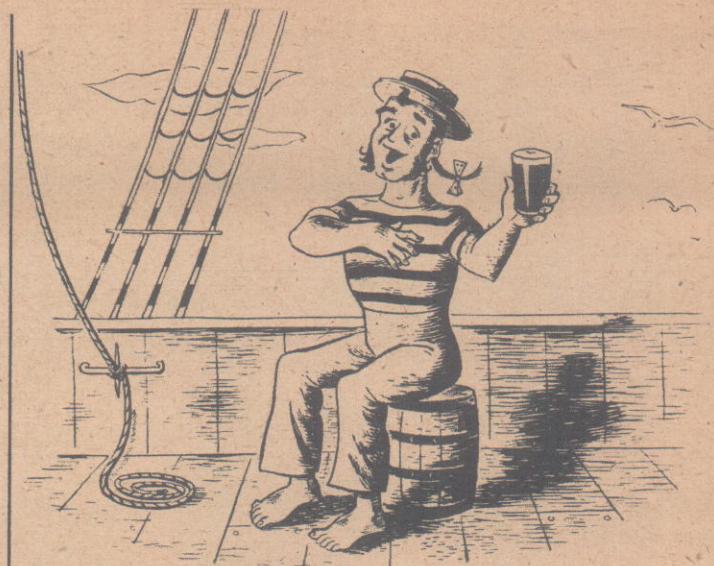
## If you had been a Soldier in 1854

You might have served in the Crimea, facing not only the hazards of war, but death by sheer starvation or exposure. More soldiers died through lack of proper food and shelter than from bullets. This was largely due to the failure of the supply system, but conditions were worsened by the absence of a canteen service, or even of organized sutlers. Levantine traders who set up their booths along the road from Balaclava to Sebastopol sold goods of indifferent quality at prices which only the wealthy could afford. It is recorded that these traders sold water at eight shillings a bucket.

Public indignation at these conditions resulted in many reforms in the Army, and several canteen systems were tried and discarded, but the problem of bringing necessities and comforts to men serving at home or abroad was not finally solved until 1921, when Naafi was established as the official canteen service for the Forces, buying goods at wholesale prices, selling at competitive retail prices, and returning all profits to the Forces in rebate, discount and amenities.

## NAAFI belongs to the Forces

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



My bosom is filled with emotion

Whenever a  I see;

My Goodness an excellent notion —

Oh, pour out a  for me!

LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS

G.E.1352.C



Nufix—a quality product at a popular price.

Its base contains vegetable oil—a safeguard against scalp dryness—also other beneficial ingredients of proved value adding lustre to the hair. Nufix does not contain Gum, Starch or Soap. A single application keeps the hair tidy all day without hardness or deposit.

Unexcelled for Hair Health and well-groomed appearance.



# NUFIX

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SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED



In Plymouth's Royal Citadel today Regulars and Territorials train side by side to serve Britain's giant coast guns. During six years of war Coast Artillery kept constant watch on home waters, and repelled attacks on sea communications abroad

JUST suppose . . . . 1941: Operation Sealion is launched; the invasion barges set out from the ports of northern France for the southern coast of England.

The RAF, decimated in the Battle of Britain, dash to the attack, but by sheer weight of numbers the Luftwaffe keeps damage to the invasion craft to a minimum. The home Fleet engages the protecting German warships, yet the invasion craft move steadily on.

Before they land, the invaders have one more hazard to face: the fire of Britain's coastal guns. Those higher up the east coast have already felt them; from Dover the 15-inch have already fired across the Channel at the shipping near Cape Griz Nez. Further west, the men on the 9.2, the six-inch and the small twin six-pounders come into action.

The invaders find their fire disconcerting. It is the world's most accurate shooting. From his steady, solid platform, with his topographical calculations carefully checked and rechecked a hundred times, ballistic corrections ready made, with reliable meteorological instruments, with radar to watch the target whatever the visibility, with plotting "tables" — special calculating machines that work out range and bearing from data fed into them — with all this laid on, the coast artilleryman starts with an advantage over any other gunner.

The invasion fleet falters as the guns steadily pick off its ships. Overhead the Luftwaffe rains bombs on the gun sites, but they are not easy to hit. They have been painstakingly camouflaged. Their stocks of ammunition, accumulated over months or even years, keep the breeches fed.

The 9.2's, designed for counter-bombardment at ranges of more than 17 miles, send 380-lb shells to batter the warships that support the invasion-craft; the six-inch, whose role is "close defence," find their targets up to 22,000 yards; the twin six-pounders, built for anti-motor torpedo-boat work, with a fighting range of 2000 yards and a maxi-



Overlooking Plymouth Sound: 9.2's on the cliffs at Lentney.

## THE GUNS THAT WAITED

mum range of 5000, pepper the more adventurous invaders who come close in.

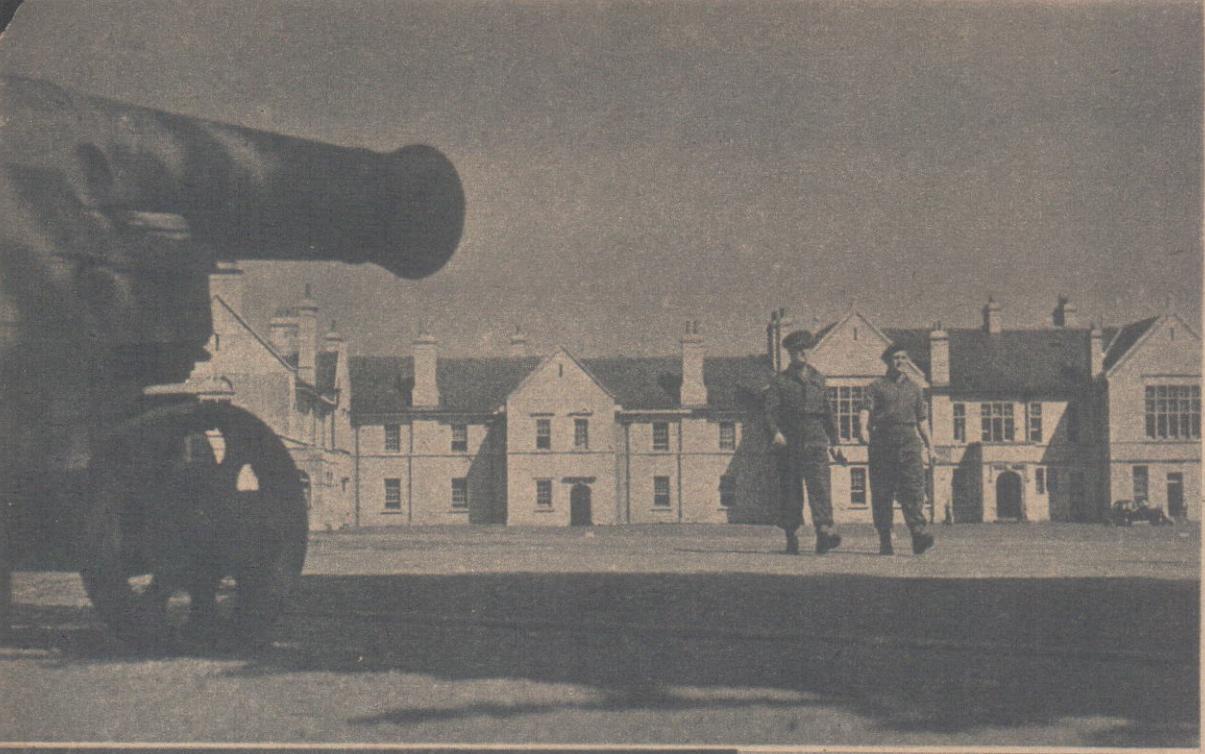
Not even the most enthusiastic coast artilleryman believes that coast artillery could by itself have stopped the invasion in these circumstances — there were nothing like enough guns. But it would certainly have weakened and disorganized the invasion force appreciably and delayed its landing in strength for a period which would have been valuable in concentrating the mobile defence forces in the threatened areas. And many guns could have been turned to

shell the enemy on the beaches, in the fields and the towns.

But if there was no invasion test of Britain's coast artillery in World War Two, some indication of its effectiveness could be computed from the experience of our own invading troops against German coast defence. The left flank of the Dieppe raid failed because a German coast defence battery could not be silenced. On D-Day, 1100 aircraft dropped 6000 tons of bombs on the Normandy coast batteries before dawn; there had been preliminary bombings and naval craft battered the coast, yet F-M. Montgomery

wrote "The coastal defences had not been as effectively destroyed as had been hoped." The coast guns at the mouth of the Scheldt held up the use of Antwerp, and naval assault craft, which supported the Walcheren landings, suffered heavy losses in point-blank duels with coast batteries as the troops went in. Besides its other advantages, the coast gun scores over a ship because it is a small target while a ship is a big one.

There are few spectacular stories to tell about coast artillery in World War Two. Its role was generally that of watch and ward:

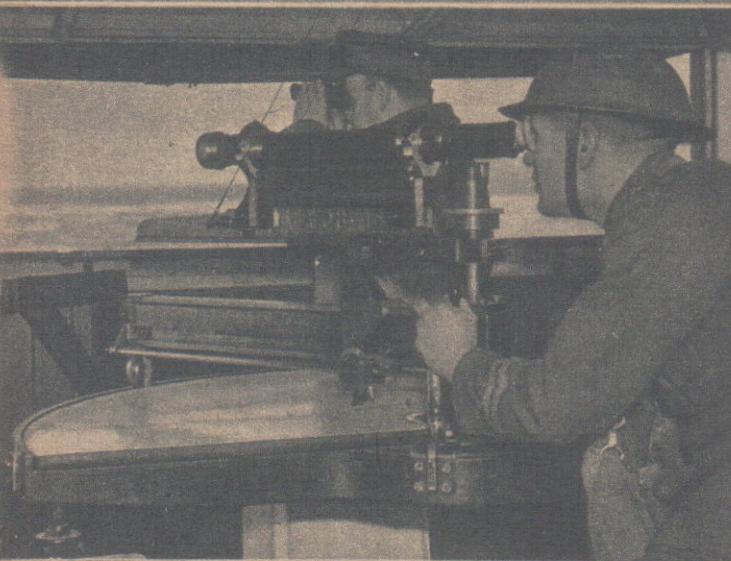


## Continuing THE GUNS THAT WAITED

to deny British waters to the enemy and to protect ships in harbour and anchorages, which could only be done by constant watch, every minute of the war. Only in a few places did coast artillery play a really active part. One was at Dover (see page 8). The second was in Malta, where 12 Italian midget torpedo boats, launched from a parent ship many miles away, went by different routes to attack the Grand Harbour. They were spotted and the Royal Malta Artillery opened fire with six-pounders; their deadly accuracy sank one after another until the survivors fled out of range, to be attacked by the RAF. Not one midget got back to tell the tale.

The other two places were Hong Kong and Singapore where the guns by their presence prevented the Japs from trying a seaborne landing; when the attack came from landward, they were swung round, the protective brick walls behind them were torn down, and they fired inland against the advancing enemy until they ran out of ammunition or were forced to blow up what was left. So much for the reports that the Singapore guns could not fire inland.

In Britain coast guns covered most of the main shipping inlets round the coast of Britain, and were manned by local Territorial regiments. Each regiment had a permanent fire command of Regulars, commanded by a major. They helped train the Territorials, man and maintain the



Cannon of the Napoleonic era face across the parade-ground of Plymouth's ancient Royal Citadel.

Watching for an Armada ... 1939. Coastal gunnery is an even more complicated science today than it was then.

The Royal Citadel, Plymouth, long a Gunner stronghold, is now the Coast Artillery School. It was built by Charles II.



guns, and when war was declared were absorbed into the embodied TA regiments. Other Regulars manned guns at overseas stations, like Gibraltar, Malta, Aden, Singapore, Hong Kong, Mauritius and the West Indies, helped in places by locally-raised troops.

After Dunkirk, coast artillery saw a tremendous expansion; more guns were installed, many of them ex-naval guns, and the coastal armoury ranged from the 15-inch down even to a few two-pounders.

Coast artillery has a history that dates back to the first stones that were thrown at coracles as primitive tribes invaded each other's territory. One of its predecessors was the contraption that was used in the Middle Ages in an attempt to reflect concentrated sunrays on invading ships and thus set their sails on fire. It had really come into its own by the time the Spaniards were setting up big coastal batteries to protect the shores of South America. Coastal batteries figured in many of Nelson's adventures.

Coast artillerymen claim that their school at Plymouth is the oldest school of Gunnery with a continuous existence. It started 99 years ago at the "Ness", near Southend-on-Sea, as a general gunnery school and experimental establishment; the horse, field and medium artillery schools moved from there to Larkhill before World War One, but the Coast Artillery School stayed at Shoeburyness until 1940 when it went to Llandudno. At the end of the war it went to its new permanent home in the Royal Citadel at Plymouth.

"Queen Gulls", radio-controlled 22-knot motor-boats, are easily manoeuvrable and make tricky targets for practice shoots. They are unsinkable; the holes are patched up and they are used again.

This Citadel, on the site of a fortress erected by Drake, was built by Charles II with the double intention of defending the anchorage and covering with its guns the city of Plymouth which had been strongly Parliamentarian during the Civil War.

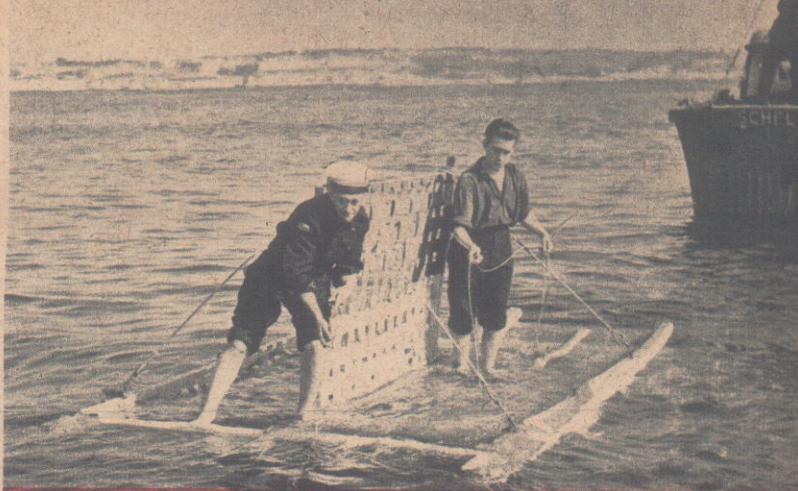
There, courses are run for regular officers and men, and for Territorials. Students come from all parts of the Empire and allied countries. Besides lectures and demonstrations, the students carry out full operational drill on miniature ranges, where model ships are sighted on painted seas.

They use complete sets of instruments on these miniature ranges, including plotting tables, and "splashes" go around the target ships to show how accurate their shots are and enable them to carry out the full ranging drill. This practice teaches them fire discipline, the sequence and the correct wording of orders.

From batteries at Lentney and Renney, on the cliffs, the students get firing practice. Targets are either floating screens, towed behind high-speed target-towing vessels, specially designed for the job and operated by the RASC water transport wing, or "Queen Gulls". The "Queen Gulls", sisters of the better-known "Queen Bees" used for AA target work, are radio-controlled motor-launches, 12 feet 6 inches in length with a speed of 22 knots, which can perform any sea manoeuvre by radio control, and they are used to represent motor torpedo-boats at sea.

The guns fire at them. Although they are small and very manoeuvrable, they are often

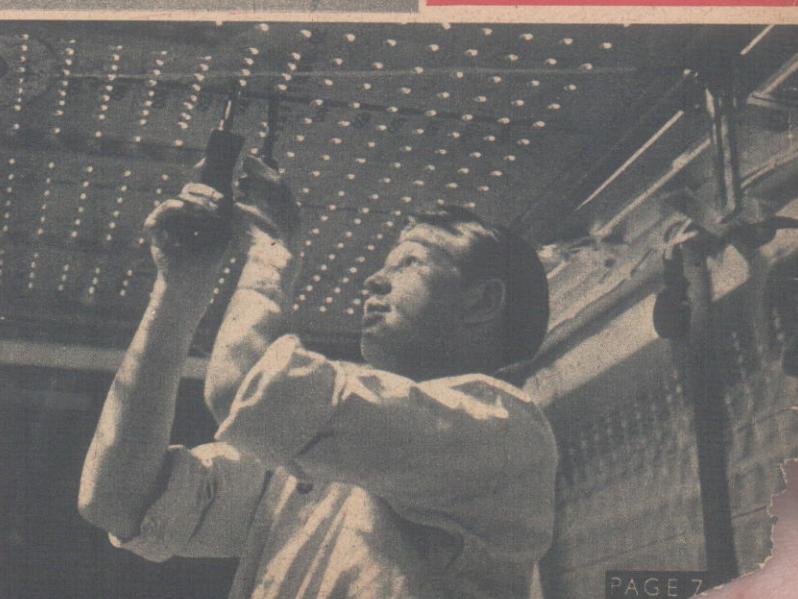
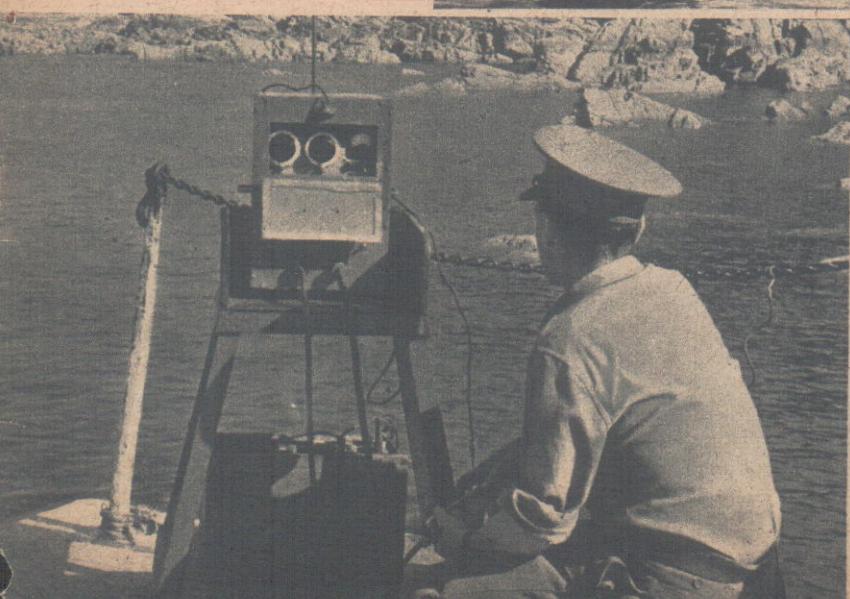
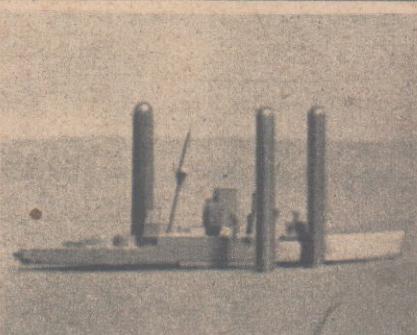
OVER



Towed by high-speed RASC vessels, targets on water-sleights go out to sea for coast guns' practice shoots.



On the miniature ranges at Plymouth students practise use of instruments (above). Left: metal bars pop up near the target to represent water-splashes. Below: the soldier who operates the "splashes".



## Concluding THE GUNS THAT WAITED

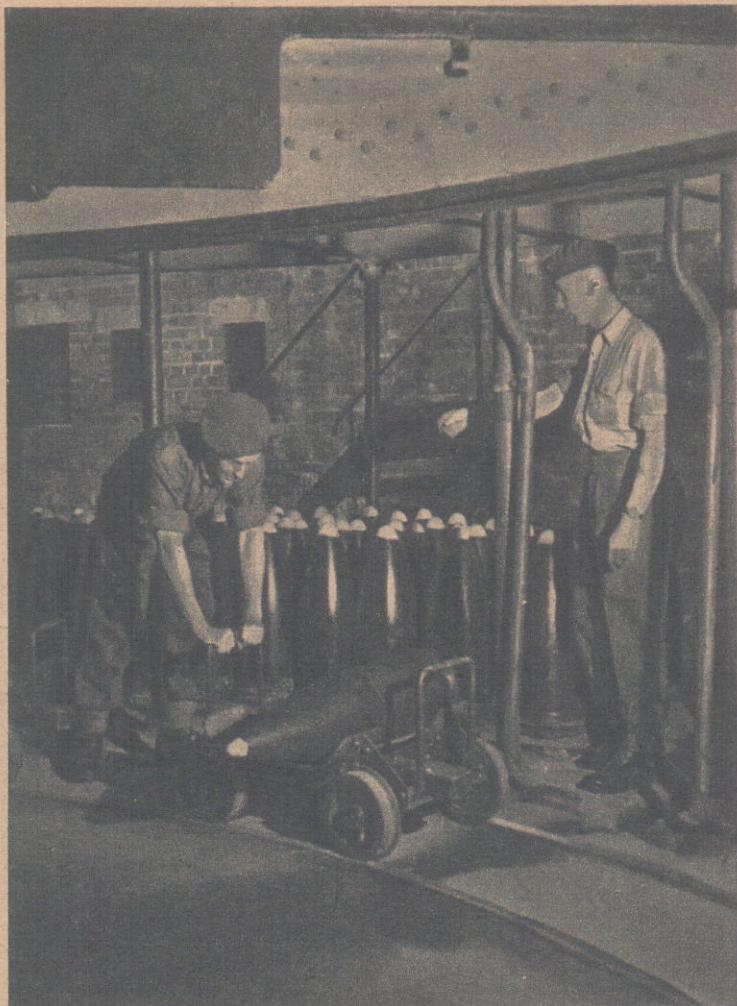
hit. But they are unsinkable and the solid practice shot generally passes through without touching a vital part; the holes are repaired and they are launched again.

Target practice with coast artillery is not always a straightforward job. "Queen Gulls" sometimes pick up wireless transmissions not intended for them and an operator's conversation or Morse can do queer things to their rudders. One type of radar set, for which they provided targets, jammed their tillers hard-a-starboard and the Gulls just went round in circles. Another difficulty is that shipping sometimes gets into the target area; the danger then is not so much from a direct hit but from a ricochet, for practice shells don't explode. The minimum safety rule is that craft shall be at least a third of the range beyond the target and off the bearing by at least five degrees. Fishing craft and yachts that get in the way don't know these limits, so the gunners just have to wait until they are out of the danger zone.

Gunnery instructors have always been rather dressy people and before the clothing shortage, instructors at the Coast Artillery School wore a blue hat with a red band, a blue reefer jacket with white trousers, sea-boots, white shirt and collar and black tie. Nowadays, they still wear the red bands with khaki hats and battle-dress while the assistant instructors, the warrant officers, wear white covers to their cheese-cutters, and the men who give demonstrations at the school wear white.

RICHARD ELLEY.

## THE GUNS THAT DIDN'T WAIT



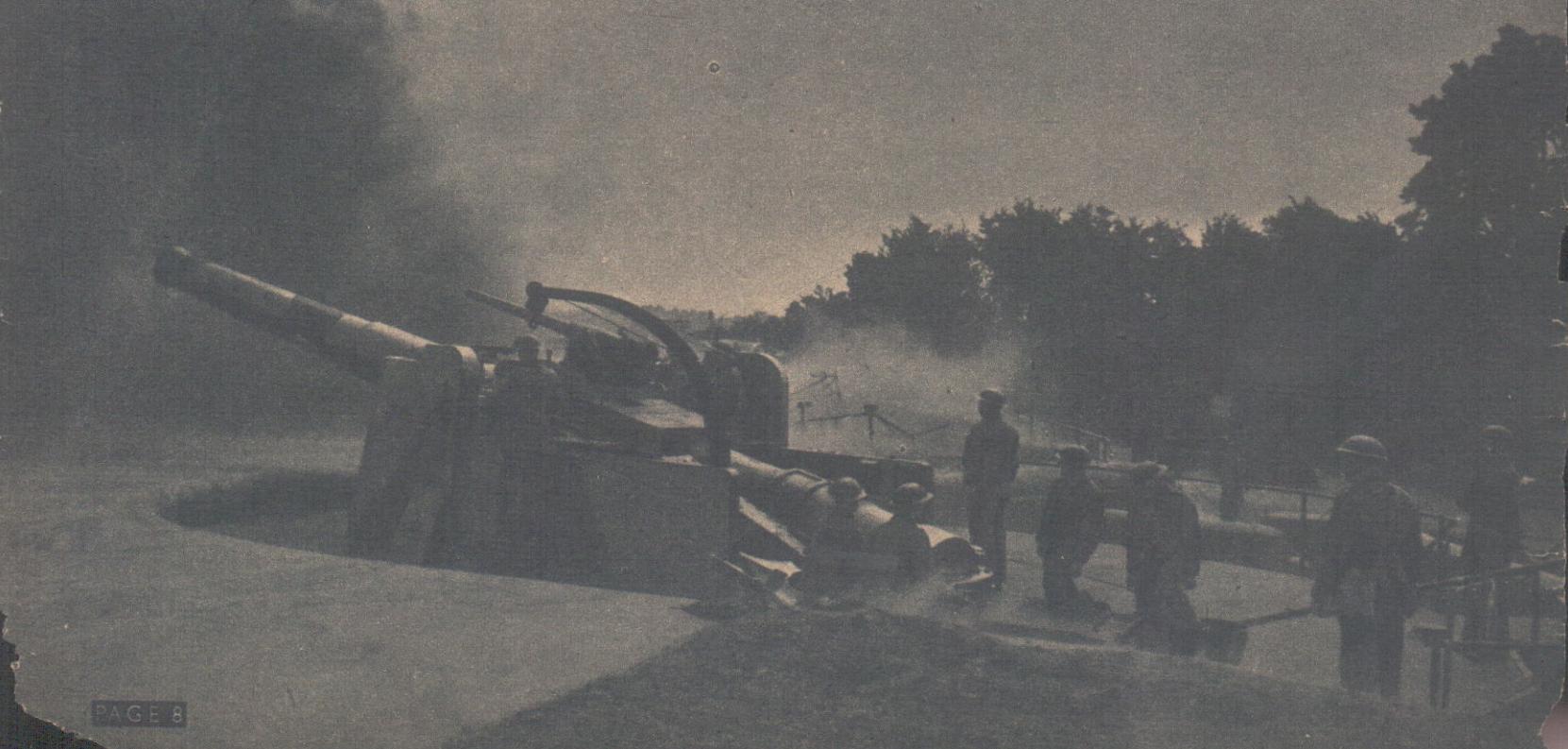
Above: ammunition in a chamber below a 9.2 is wheeled on a circular "railway" to the hoist, which traverses with the gun. Below: The 9.2's, like this one, in the Dover area have a range of more than 30,000 yards and blasted at German shipping during the war.

LIKE many other old-established arms, Coast Artillery learned a lot of new tricks in World War Two and most of them it learned in and around Dover.

After Dunkirk coast artillery for the first time took on an offensive role. New guns, with more modern equipment, were installed around Dover—15-inch, that could land their ton-shells on the French coast, 9.2's that could menace the German-used shipping channels, batteries of eight-inch and six-inch with all the latest devices. These were the Army's coast artillery guns, not to be confused with the 14-inch land guns manned by the Royal Marines or the 12-inch anti-invasion howitzers.

The new guns were to close the Channel to German shipping. New equipment came, too: radar and searchlights. The first radar, in the 150 cm sets, was useful until the Germans began to jam it; then it was useful because the jamming stations were plotted and provided targets for the Royal Air Force. But the Germans never succeeded in jamming the 10 cms surface-watching sets, a chain of which was later handed over to the RAF for spotting low-flying enemy sneak-raiders.

One February day in 1942 the sets picked up intense mine-sweeping activity in the German-used deep-water channel; obviously something big was going to happen. Coast Artillery was standing by when a telephone-call was received in Dover that the coast-watching set at Fairlight had burned a valve and there was no replacement. A REME officer set off by road with a spare, but his truck broke down on Romney Marsh; luckily another vehicle passed by. It was full of Infantrymen,





but the REME officer commandeered it and left its occupants stranded.

At Fairlight the set was soon in working order again and not long afterwards it gave the first report of shipping coming up the Channel—the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau making their desperate run to the North Sea. The ships came into the range of the 9.2's for just 17 minutes, travelling at 30 knots or more, and 33 rounds were sent over. It was later reported that they dropped in the target area.

That was Coast Artillery's first offensive action from Dover, but it was not the last. There is evidence, rotting on the Channel bed, that running the gauntlet of Coast Artillery's guns was not a healthy pastime. For the Germans, the only alternative was to sail right round the North of Scotland.

The Dover guns, early in the war, set about E-boats that came across to attack convoys in the Dover area; the first time, the E-boats, not too sure of what was hitting them, began firing among themselves. The combination of air, sea and land attack proved too much for them and after a while they shifted their attack area to the East coast.

In the fight against German mine-layers, Dover's Coast Artillery played its part with and without guns. Its radar sets plotted the activities of mine-layers and informed the Royal Navy just where to go to sweep up the mines. Its searchlights, given the codeword "Aladdin" when conditions were satisfactory, would flick on along the shore to provide a light-screen against which the Navy's small craft could see enemy mine-layers.

When the German batteries were being attacked from the land coast artillery at Dover were asked for the 15-inch guns to fire on to German batteries. They did—and got a direct hit on one German gun, at 40,000 yards.

Those two 15-inch guns—Jane and Clem to their friends—fired 1243 rounds and wore out four barrels each during the war. Though they were shelled and bombed and suffered casualties and slight damage, not one of Dover's guns was put out of action.

## THE GUNS THAT CHANGED THEIR JOBS

After D-Day a remarkable collection of coast artillery kept an active eye on the Continental end of Allied sea communications. It was mainly remarkable because it had no British Coast Artillery guns.

Coast artillery, because of its limited uses, has a low priority for men and material unless there is definite evidence that it is going to be needed. So when the invasion of Europe was planned, all the coast artillery that was put on the list was a headquarters, four fire-command posts with radar and searchlights—a total of some 60 officers and men. The guns? Heavy anti-aircraft 3.7's were to be used in a secondary role as coast artillery and the rest was to be made up of captured enemy guns, manned by available gunners.

The first coast artillery went ashore on D-Day, with the object of providing defence for the beach and of the bridges near the mouth of the Orne. One troop of 3.7's was allotted for a primary coast artillery role and was shelled out of its position; another battery was formed of four captured 88 mm, three captured 50 mm, one captured 20 mm and one British Bofors 40 mm gun, and it was very much under shellfire within the beach-head. This second battery had one engagement—a coast artillery look-out spotted a midget submarine attack on the important lock gates at Ouistreham, on the canal to Caen; it was beaten off by the guns. On another night coast artillery radar picked up a ship leaving Le Havre with a cargo of "devices"—human torpedoes, midget submarines and so on—to attack the invasion fleet off shore. That ship kept out of range of the guns, but the Royal Navy got it as a result of coast artillery vigilance.

From the beach-head, the coast artillermen ranged up the European coast to Kiel, cooperating with the other services in coast defence. One coast artillery officer acted as OP for anti-aircraft guns being used in a field role to put down a curtain of fire on Le Havre while the RAF carried out a raid—which is a pretty fair sample of cooperation.

It was on the Scheldt, however, that coast artillery came thoroughly into its own. One night six German explosive motor-boats, operated by suicide volunteers, set out from Flushing to attack the valuable canal that meets the Scheldt at Terneuzen. AA guns, with a coast artillery fire commander and the aid of the coast artillery searchlight troop, demolished five of them and the sixth escaped.

A party of midget submarines assembling for another attack on the Scheldt was spotted by coast artillery radar before the attack was due and sailed into a warm welcome. In later raids, the midgets gave warning of their entry to the Scheldt when they passed over anti-submarine "loops" and were then prey for naval motor-launches which depth-charged them and which, in thick weather, were kept on the track of the midgets by coast artillery radar.

On one such raid three midgets were sunk by gunfire, three more were depth-charged and there were several "probables".

So constant were the midget submarines in their use of the tides that when they had been spotted off Flushing by aircraft, coast artillery could forecast their destination and probable time of arrival hours ahead and in one case were only ten minutes out. Frogmen were also legitimate prey for coast artillery and one cold January night they picked up a party of them pushing a barge somewhere near Flushing; the guns disposed of them.



RF WILES

**I**N seven different languages, including broken English, they call him "Mr. Fix-It." And for a very good reason, too, for CQMS Percy Whiting, one-time machine-gunner in the Middlesex Regiment and now Camp Quartermaster at 59 Displaced Persons Assembly and Collecting Section at Wentorf in Schleswig-Holstein, has been fixing things for thousands of destitute Displaced Persons for more than two years.

It all began in May 1945 when 32,000 men, women and children of almost every European nationality poured into Wentorf Camp, which had been hastily set up by the Army. There were political prisoners from concentration camps, soldiers, sailors and airmen from PoW Camps, criminals, lunatics, and forced labourers — a polyglot flow of flotsam suddenly set free in a country where all was chaos.

Among the camp staff was CQMS Whiting and his job was to feed and clothe this ragged, near-starving rabble. He admits, with some pride, that he did it by "fixing things." He scrounged food from nearby military units, begged and borrowed from military dumps, unearthed a number of German food dumps, arranged a good supply of Red Cross parcels.

In a few days he had not only sufficient food to feed 32,000 mouths, but had obtained all



## THEY CALL

Into the Camp Quartermaster's office comes a visitor seeking the whereabouts of her parents. If the information can be found, CQMS Percy Whiting will find it.

the stoves, spoons, knives and forks. Many of the freed prisoners were clad only in rags; thousands had no boots or shoes. It was Colour-Sergeant Whiting's job to see they got them — and they got them.

How? Never at a loss for an answer, the Colour-Sergeant fitted some out with old Army equipment, captured German stores, and clothes from the Red Cross. But there wasn't enough to go round so he organised a levy on all the German families in a large area around Wentorf. Some families gave boots and shoes, others bedding, and others

dresses and suits until the British NCO had all he needed. CQMS Whiting smiles grimly when he recalls those days. "It was a nightmare. I had never seen so many pathetic cases before and I hope I never shall again. Thousands who had been behind barbed wire for years were just skin and bones. Nothing was too much trouble if it meant saving their lives or at least giving them a little comfort and happiness before they died from exhaustion and malnutrition. And that happened in hundreds of cases."

In those days CQMS Whiting

rarely went to bed before one o'clock in the morning. He would rise at five a.m., snatch a bite of breakfast and a cup of tea and then begin his daily routine of sending out search parties, supervising cooking, completing indents and returns which were always out of date within a few hours, holding inspections and listening to hundreds of complaints and suggestions.

"I'll fix it" the colour-sergeant would say and he did.

Today at the same camp, where there are now only 3500 DP's, Colour-Sergeant Whiting is still listening to complaints, put-

## SOLDIER to Soldier

**H**OW To Cut The Forces is number one talking-point among the initiated and uninitiated alike. Someone could do worse than make it into a parlour game for Christmas. The rules would go like this:

1. The game known as *Cutting the Forces* may be played by anyone above the age of five.

2. The object is to bring the most soldiers home in the smallest number of moves, using the minimum number of ships.

3. Troops upon a base marked "Flash-point" or "Waiting for UNO" must remain stationary during twelve moves by an opponent. Troops on a base marked "Rebellion Imminent" must be reinforced by one division from UK. Troops on territory marked "Natives Friendly" may be withdrawn at once.

4. A player who moves a transit camp before the last troops have passed through, who transports troops on a ship marked "Reserved for Exports", or who leaves dumps behind after evacuating troops, will be disqualified.

5. Caretaker troops must be left on specified bases.

6. The game is not considered finished until all wives and dependents have also been brought home.

And so on. Unfortunately it's not such a good game for the men who have to play it in earnest. One of these is "Monty." He has to work out Army cuts in terms of armoured squadrons, ordnance dumps and mobile bath units. He has to maintain efficient "police" forces in a score of lands. At any given moment he has to be ready to stage one of those exercises in modern war (already considered old-fashioned in some quarters) which involve dropping tommy-guns, signallers, demolition experts, doctors and chaplains with a prodigal hand from the heavens — just to show that the British Army is a functioning machine. He has also to convince himself that the back-room boys are not wasting their time and will be able — if the time comes — to push buttons with spectacular results. And all the time he must play his hand

in another game called *Revising Empire Defence*, which is a game and a half.

Who would be CIGS?

**T**HERE is a type of man who can fit into the firm pattern of the Army but who goes to pieces in the shapeless pattern of civilian life and tries to live by his own rules.

That is why, every so often, you hear of a man described in the courts as "a good soldier but a bad civilian." (So far counsel for the defence has refrained from quoting Lord Wavell to the effect that a good soldier should contain something of the cat burglar, the gunman and the poacher.)

You never hear of a man described as "a bad soldier but a good civilian." Probably because there is no such phenomenon. A bad soldier (which doesn't just mean a man who is clumsy at rifle drill) is a man who is disloyal and undependable in a crisis: qualities which will assuredly never make him a good civilian.

During the late war there were men — some of them restless individualists, others creatures of comfortable habit — who professed to be bad soldiers and claimed that they had been perfectly good civilians before they were called up. When the crisis came they usually surprised themselves (but no one else) by turning out to be good soldiers after all.

**I**F you want to be reminded how time flies, think of *Benghazi* (which crops up in an article on Page 20).

When that name first came into the news a huge proportion of today's soldiers were at school. Many of them were devouring boys' adventure stories which described how two plucky lads (one armed with a cricket bat) routed an Axis division in Libya every week, throwing panzers into the ditch by the simple expedient of spilling ice-cream in front of them.

These stories were solemnly criticised at the time as being preposterous stuff on which to feed the minds of lads whose brothers had been through Dunkirk and Crete.

Well, the lads who read these stories are in khaki today, their heads purged of fancies. From ruined cities, from lands of unrest, from the scrap-littered sands of *Benghazi* the day-dreams of youth look very faint and far.

**In a camp for the outcasts of the Third Reich men and women of many nations look to a British NCO as the man who can be relied upon to find things and to fix things. He and his three fellow-soldiers have brought simple humanity into a community long starved of it**

## HIM "MR. FIX-IT"

ting things right and generally "fixing it."

Administration is in the hands of Control Commission officials who are assisted by British Red Cross and the International Red Cross in their work of housing, rehabilitating and sending home Displaced Persons. In addition the camp deals with hundreds of Displaced Persons, mostly Poles, Lithuanians and Latvians, who are going to Britain as miners, textile workers and domestic servants under the scheme called *Westward Ho!*

The Commandant, Mr. W. H. Potter, is proud of his camp with just reason, for it is one of the few which has its own hospital, its own newspaper, a miniature Broadcasting House by which messages are given to the inmates and musical record programmes are relayed. Large numbers of the inmates are unable, for a variety of reasons to return to their homeland and it is the job of Mr. Potter and Mr. J. M. Cottam, his assistant, to settle them in homes, find them work with military and Control Commission units and generally look after their welfare. Each family occupies a room or two rooms in the huge barrack blocks, which during the war were used by the *Wehrmacht* for training Hitler Youth battalions, and they are encouraged by every possible means to become worthy citizens of their own small colony. They even have their own police force, numbering 70.

The Camp Surgeon is a Pole who in two years has carried out more than 120 major operations without having a single failure. And the radio station is run by another Pole who was active in the Polish underground movement throughout the war. Among the inmates are doctors, clergymen and teachers, even a High Court judge.

Twice a week the small army of homeless people flock to a cinema which has been built in a huge garage and periodically there are camp concerts, football and baseball matches with other camps, handicraft exhibitions and baby shows.

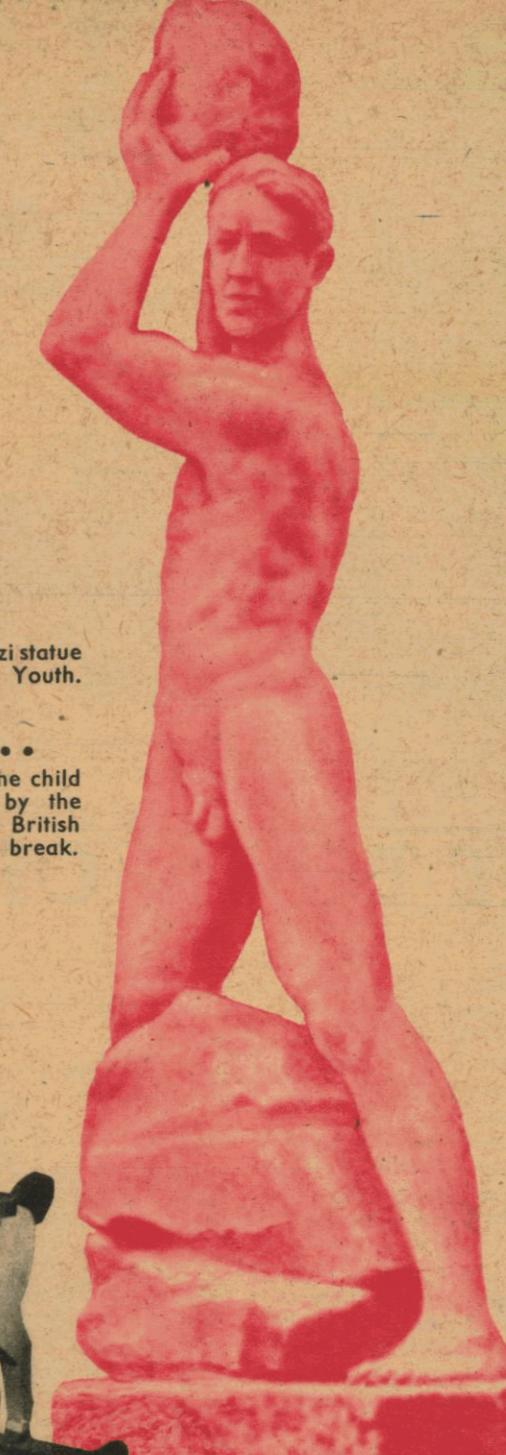
CQMS Whiting's assistant is Sjt. Maurice Woodward, Royal Tank Regiment, whose duties include inspection of quarters and

### THE NEW ORDER . . .

In the grounds of the camp is this Nazi statue embodying the ideals of the Hitler Youth.

### THE NEWER ORDER . . .

In the grounds of the camp plays the child of one of the families trampled by the Hitler Youth. Already he knows the British soldier as the man who gave him a break.



Holding the baby is no new experience for RQMS Charles Haskins. Sjt Maurice Woodward also seems at home in the domestic background.



Hats in the hallway at Mission HQ, Bad Salzuflen: they belong to British, Russian, Belgian, Greek and Czechoslovakian officers



## THE TOWN OF MANY MISSIONS

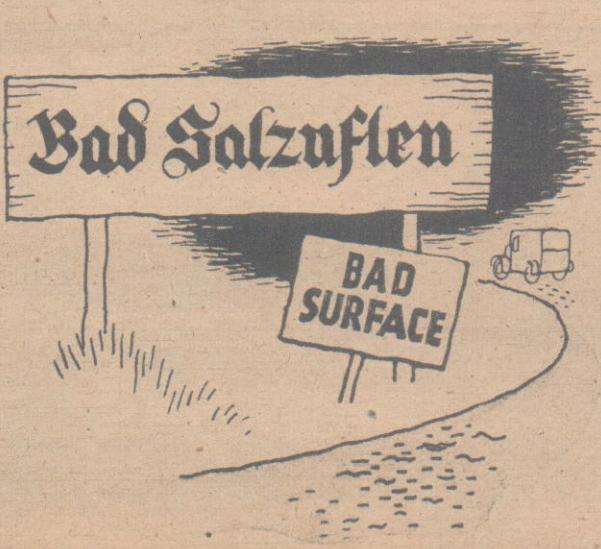
**B**AD Salzuflen, once a German health resort, today is the home of a miniature UNO over which the British Army spreads benevolent wings.

Its tree-lined streets are bright with the uniforms of 11 Allied nations whose missions live and work there. The town is the headquarters of the Allied Liaison Branch, an organisation set up by BAOR headquarters and the Control Commission of Germany to co-ordinate the work of the various military missions established in the British Zone.

Under the command of Brigadier M. A. Carthew, the Branch translates policy into practical instructions, helps the Allied Mis-



A British liaison officer holds a conference with Polish officers. The subject? Probably repatriation of ex-prisoners of war.



sions in their work and is responsible for housing, feeding and supplying them.

Attached to the Branch are Missions from Belgium, Denmark, France, Luxembourg, Holland, Norway, Czechoslovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Greece and Russia.

The British work in three sections: Western European, Central European and Eastern European. Each officer must have a working knowledge of the languages of the Missions with which he deals. In addition to French, Dutch, Norwegian, Danish and Flemish, the Branch can make itself understood in Russian, Ukrainian, Bulgarian, Serbo-Croat, Greek, Spanish, Italian, the Chinese Mandarin dialect and Afrikaans. The officer who speaks Mandarin also has some knowledge of Siamese, and other officers many with years of service

in the Far and Middle East, have more than a smattering of Hindustani and Arabic.

What kind of work do the missions tackle? Much of it is concerned with repatriation of Polish ex-prisoners of war, of Soviet and Jugo-Slav nationals and displaced persons of all nationalities. There are many trade questions affecting Jugo-Slavia and Czechoslovakia, and claims for the restitution of Rumanian, Bulgarian, Hungarian and Albanian property.

Liaison with the Western European countries involves discussion with the French on such questions as frontier control, with the Belgians on import regulations and with the Dutch on the documentation of Netherlands subjects in the British Zone.

JOHN HUGHES.

# They Went Back Home - to Spy

ONE morning in July 1940 a major in the Royal Marines and a subaltern in the Royal Hampshire Regiment sat in a room in the Admiralty watching the door. Presently it opened and a perspiring porter entered struggling with a long brown paper package.

After he had gone the major turned to the subaltern. "There is your canoe — the best Gammages can supply. It will get you to the Guernsey beach, only don't let any Jerries catch you."

Twenty minutes later 2/Lieut. Hubert Nicolle, 20-year-old Channel Islander, was in a taxi heading for Paddington. The canoe

In a canoe bought at a London store a 20-year-old soldier from the Channel Islands paddled from a British submarine back to German-occupied Guernsey, in July, 1940. He was the first of several Britons to whom fell the strange and perilous task of spying on their own homes

took up most of the room. He and the major had carried it down three flights of Admiralty stairs. A second porter, when sent for, had refused to handle it. His union said it was a labourer's job. "Let's be labourers" said the major to Nicolle.

In the Plymouth train the Guernseyman's mind swept back over the previous 48 hours. Two evenings before he had returned

from an Aldershot course to his battalion in the Isle of Wight. With his comrades he had discussed the German occupation of his island home. "A submarine somewhere off St. Martin's parish, a suit of civvies and I could wander about the place for days getting information," he had remarked.

He had not been back in his quarters five minutes before his

Second-Lieutenant Hubert Nicolle and a Naval sub-lieutenant paddle to the enemy-held coast: an artist's reconstruction.



adjutant sent for him. "You are to report to the War Office tomorrow morning," he was told. That was all.

In a War Office room he found himself facing Colonel H. Cantan, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. The Colonel had been his adjutant in his Royal Guernsey Militia days.

"Hello, Hubert," said the Colonel. "We've a little job for you."

The Colonel introduced Nicolle to a major in the Royal Marines, from Combined Operations. The two went round to the Admiralty. Over his desk the major said: "The Prime Minister has ordered a Combined Operations raid on one of the Channel Islands. He decided an islander in civilian clothes could be landed by submarine and wander about getting useful information beforehand. Are you prepared to undertake such a recce?"

He was. He was interviewed by a general in the Marines. "You understand that if you are caught you are liable to be shot?" He did.

At the Admiralty's submarine HQ Nicolle was asked to choose his landing point. He thought of his schoolboy days when he searched the steep cliffs for gulls' eggs. One little bay was rarely used and the cliff paths were merely narrow cuttings in the bracken. It was called Le Jaonnet, west of Icart Point.

Before he left Nicolle was briefed. It was thought there were about 600 Germans on the island, but he was to confirm the exact number. He was to get full information about defence posts, weapons and security measures. The submarine would go within three miles of the island, and he would be rowed ashore by an officer who would return with the canoe. The submarine would collect him three days later.

At nine o'clock in the evening they left the Plymouth quayside and by 2.30 am they were submerged. Once or twice they came up to look round and the Commander had the canoe unwrapped. The sailors practised getting it in and out of the hatchway and eventually removed some of the central struts to make it easier.

Nicolle got into a dark blue Guernsey pullover, and borrowed some slacks and a shirt from the crew. By midnight they were three miles from the Guernsey coast.

With a sub-lieutenant he climbed gingerly into the canoe and silently they made for the beach. As he tried to climb ashore the craft capsized and they dragged it onto the sand. They emptied it, refloated it and Nicolle pushed the other off. He spent the night among the undergrowth of the cliff. When his clothing had dried he walked across into a nearby field where he saw a man milking his cows. Nicolle recognised him as an ex-

Below are the five Guernseymen who went back... Four of them won the Military Cross, the fifth the Distinguished Conduct Medal.



In the uniform of the Royal Guernsey Militia: Lieutenant Desmond Mulholland. He died tragically just after the war.

Today a Civil Servant in Guernsey, Lieutenant Hubert Nicolle studies the map of the island on which he landed twice.



Lieutenant Philip Martel arrived with Mulholland to carry out reconnaissance for a Commando raid. Today he is a jeweller.



Major Jimmy Symes accompanied Nicolle on his second trip to the island. He is serving in the British Zone of Austria.



"Ferby" — Sergeant S. Ferbrache — was sent to take off Martel and Mulholland. They had had to surrender two days before he arrived. Ferbrache escaped.

## Continuing **THEY WENT BACK HOME — TO SPY**

member of the Militia. What was more, the man recognised him. Here he knew one of his main troubles would start. It was not the Germans he was afraid of so much as the islanders, for they would talk. Although 23,000 (out of a population of 43,000) had been evacuated, many people would recognise him as the son of the States Secretary (a post equivalent to town clerk in English boroughs) and would know that he was a British Army officer. If the word got round too quickly he was finished. He spoke to the farmer, who told him that there were few Germans in that part of the island, and then set off for the airport with the words: "Forget you have ever seen me."

Near the airport lived a farmer whom Nicolle joined for breakfast. Against the background of revving aircraft engines Nicolle said, "Tom, I want you to watch the airport and get all the information you can for me."

Borrowing a cycle Nicolle rode to his home in St. Peter Port, which he made his headquarters. His next-door neighbour was the managing director of the largest island grocers, who had been given the task of supplying the Germans with produce. He knew the exact ration strength (which was 461) and the position of each unit. A relative at the harbour was able to supply details of shipping. Thus, within ten days of the Occupation, a British officer had full details about the German garrison.

Nicolle memorised his information, bade his parents farewell and before curfew (11 pm) disappeared into the scrub at Le Jaonnet. In the early morning he saw three figures approach the shore in a strange-looking craft. He soon realised it was a dinghy with the cheery face of the sub-lieutenant in the stern. The other occupants were 2/Lieuts. Philip Martel of the Hampshires and Desmond Mulholland of the DCLI, both former Militia officers. They had arrived to carry out special reconnaissances for the Commando raid.

There was little time for greet-

ings, and much to the sub-lieutenant's discomfort both managed to swamp the boat while climbing out. It was brought to the shore, emptied and refloated. Nicolle clambered aboard and it immediately turned turtle. Then followed something out of a pantomime. Twice more it deposited both himself and the sub-lieutenant into the sea before they both sat in it. Then the Navy man pulled away at the oars without success. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Blimey, I forgot to weigh anchor. Here's a knife. Cut the rope." Nicolle leaned over to do so, and the dinghy again capsized. With the help of the other two they eventually got under way and reached the submarine. Back in London Nicolle was sent for by Mr. Churchill, but the Premier was suddenly prevented from seeing him because of a conference. Nicolle was sent on leave.

In the early hours of Wednesday 11 July Mr. A. C. Michael, an artist, and his wife were woken by the sound of tapping on the window of their bungalow overlooking Petit Bot Bay. A rather tired voice said, "It's only Desmond — can I come in?" Mr. Michael went to the door and let in his stepson, Desmond Mulholland, who started to strip off his saturated clothes.

"Whatever are you doing here?" asked his mother.

"Simple," replied Desmond. "Tomorrow night there is to be a Commando raid. Philip Martel and I are to recon the areas of Petit Bot, Icart and Le Gouffres Bays and to signal the parties ashore. They go on to the airport and we go back with the boats. If the raid does not come off we shall get picked up at the Jaonnet on Saturday by submarine."

That evening he set out to find out all he could about Le Gouffre and Point de la Moye. Already Martel was searching the area of Petit Bot, one of the most picturesque beaches on the south Guernsey coast. The Germans he discovered, had already taken possession of the Martello tower there.

On the evening of Friday the

At "Commando Bay" — where British raiders made their first assault on British territory — today's holiday-makers trace their names on the peaceful sands.





Over Petit-Port Bay, where the Commandos landed, the Germans later built observation posts. The cliffs are 300 feet high.

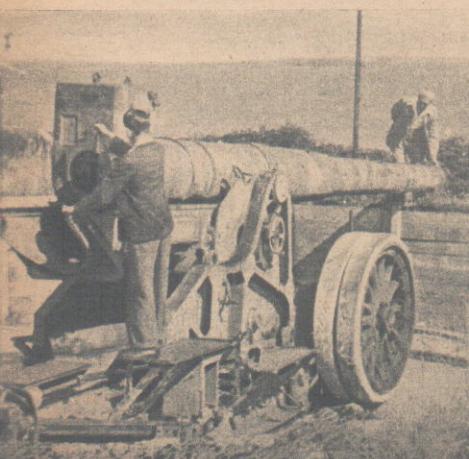
13th they waited at their respective landing areas in the Petit Bot area, but no raid took place. Unknown to them a sudden change of wind and a last-minute change of tactics prevented the destroyers carrying Commandos from Plymouth leaving port. On the Saturday they decided to wait at Le Jaonnet for the submarine. They had been told that if there was no raid every attempt would be made to pick them up one night during the weekend. But no boat came. On the Sunday they waited again but instead of the submarine they heard a plane which they thought was a German machine looking for them. Suddenly ack-ack fire went up from the airport area. It was on that night that the Commandos actually came ashore.

From a destroyer off St. Martins, Colonel Cantan watched the men climb into the landing craft. They made for Petit Port (instead of Petit Bot) because as a result of Nicolle's report it was found that most danger came from the troops in St. Peter Port further to the north-east. Their job was to block the roads leading from the town.

The second destroyer carrying the force briefed for the airport raid did not arrive. The first party had already climbed the 268 steps leading up from Petit Port and at the top laid a temporary road block of rocks from a neighbouring rock garden. They also cut the telephone wires.

Because the second vessel failed to arrive the Commandos had to be called off Guernsey hurriedly. There had been delay in getting ashore and dawn showed signs of breaking. One of the boats capsized and Brens and ammunition were lost. Some of

To counter further assaults from the sea, the Germans installed heavy guns on the cliffs.



the men could not swim and had to be left behind, but apart from one craft which made its own way back to England the remainder reached the destroyer.

For the next two nights Martel and Mulholland went to Jaonnet Bay to await the possible arrival of the submarine, but owing to a mechanical fault and later to bad weather it failed to put out. Mr. Michael left food under a hedge each evening. Once they nearly got away in a boat but the moon came up and they returned to shore. They visited Sark on the local ship, *The Staffa*, and chatted to German troops who little realised they were British officers, but they failed to get a motor boat in the little island. Friends then attempted to get them absorbed into the Guernsey population but without luck, for the news got around that the Germans were on the look-out for them. Because of the risk of retaliation against their relatives they gave themselves up, but not before a high Guernsey official had obtained British uniform for them.

They were sent to a British POW camp and Mrs. Michael and Mrs. Le Masurier (Martel's sister) were sent to France where they were detained for five months. But before they went, and two days after the men had given themselves up, a man appeared at Mrs. Michael's bungalow.

"I am Ferby — Sjt. Ferbrache of the Hampshires, I have come to collect your son."

"You are just too late," Mrs. Michael replied.

Early in September Hubert Nicolle landed again, this time accompanied by Jimmy Symes, a

Guernseyman who was also an officer in the Hampshires. They had been sent by the Foreign Office to collect information on conditions now that winter was approaching. This time they landed at the Commandos bay, Petit Port and climbed a path which later they found was strewn with mines. Symes made for a house on the outskirts of St. Peter Port while Nicolle sought information from his previous sources. Three nights later they met at Petit Port but no boat came for them. Symes then made for his parents' house in the Bouet and Nicolle went to his home. For a few days, too, they lived in the pavilion of their old school, Elizabeth College, where the groundsman, Bill Allan brought them food. All attempts to ab-

## 1000-YEAR-OLD MILITIA

THE Royal Guernsey Militia, to which officers mentioned in the story on these pages belonged before being transferred to the British Army, can trace its history back to the year 900 when it was raised for island defence. King John, it is said, sent bows and arrows from the Tower of London, and later it had mounted as well as foot units.

Before the war it was the only force with powers of conscription in Britain, but there were so many volunteers that the powers were rarely used. In World War One its members formed the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry for service in France and their places in the Militia were taken by their fathers.

In 1939 its members joined English regiments and elderly islanders carried on in the Militia. The demilitarisation of the Channel Islands before the German occupation was the first break in the Militia's 1000-year history. Soon it is to be reformed as a Commando unit under the Royal Marines.

The Germans heavily defended the island. Giant underground hospitals and forts were built by 10,000 slave workers. The German occupation forces grew to as many as 22,000 and on the day of surrender 11,000 gave themselves up to a token force of 25 British gunners.

Out of a population of 100,000 Channel Islanders, 10,000 served in the Armed forces. They fought, it has been said, not only to defend liberty and democracy but to regain it, for their people suffered near-starvation under the German jackboot.

Second by fishing boat failed when the Germans withdrew fishing licences after a party of islanders had escaped to England. The War Office sent an officer of the South Lancashires, whose father lived in Guernsey, to look for them. Unfortunately he was spotted by a German patrol a few minutes after landing at Le Gouffre.

A final chance of escape was provided by a local fisherman who offered his boat and fishing permits, which had been re-issued by the Germans, to the two men. At the last moment permits were again withdrawn and there was no means of getting away undetected.

Later the Germans ordered all relatives of serving British officers to register their names and the Bailiff (President of the States) was forced to issue a declaration that any British soldiers hiding in the island must surrender before 21 October 1940 if they wished to be treated as prisoners and not as enemy agents. With no alternative they gave themselves up on the last day, and, as in the case of Martel and Mulholland uniforms were found for them by one of the island's Crown officers.

Altogether 17 people, including the present Bailiff, Mr. A. J. Sherwill MC, were roped in and of these 13 sent to a Paris prison. Their treatment there was far from pleasant and one morning Symes's father was found dead from wounds. Eventually, just after Christmas, orders came from Berlin that the helpers should be released. Mr. Sherwill was not among the party sent to Paris but later he was deported to Germany.

Hubert Nicolle and Jimmy Symes were released from prison camp at the end of the war. They, with Mulholland and Martel, were all given Military Crosses and Ferbrache who made a number of landings, the DCM. They were the first British troops to act as spies in an enemy-occupied part of Britain.

Today Nicolle works as a Civil Servant with the island States. Martel helps to run his family's jewellery business in St. Peter Port. Symes is a regular soldier with the Allied Control Commission in Vienna and Ferbrache is foreman at a Guernsey vineyard.

Desmond Mulholland returned from prison camp to London. While awaiting orders to join the Control Commission in Germany he took a few days rest at Brighton. He was having a bath in a guest house when fumes from the hot water heater overcame him and he was dead before help could be sought.

PETER LAWRENCE.



**SOLDIER's cameraman, Desmond O'Neill, found British tourists taking their last look at the war relics on the Dutch and Belgian coasts before the overseas travel ban descended**

# BOOK HERE FOR THE ATLANTIC WALL



Before the war Jeff van Hoorebeke and his English-born wife ran excursions to the battlefields of World War One. In 1940 the Germans took away his buses. Now, as his sign shows, he runs tours to the battlefields of two world wars. Inset shows him in British Army uniform, worn when he conducted a highly successful "tour" of the Royal Dragoons in 1944.



Litter Must Not Be Deposited On The Foreshore... The tanks in this Walcheren picture are the despair of the beach attendant.

Up to a point, Jeff van Hoorebeke's story is a typical Belgian story of the past few years. The Germans destroyed his living, the business he had built up, and Jeff then helped to destroy the Germans.

But Jeff's story is out of the ordinary because he can now make use of the German occupation to rebuild his business.

Between wars, Jeff ran a touring business. Its head office was on the sea-front at Blankenberge, and besides booking seats in buses to Bruges, or Ghent, the World War One battlefields, or places in Holland, you could buy postcards and smokes there, or get your films developed.

Then came 1940 and the English notices on the outside of Jeff's shop began to lose their paint. The buses had been requisitioned by the Germans; the Belgian coast was no place to be taking a holiday, anyway. And Jeff was in the Underground.

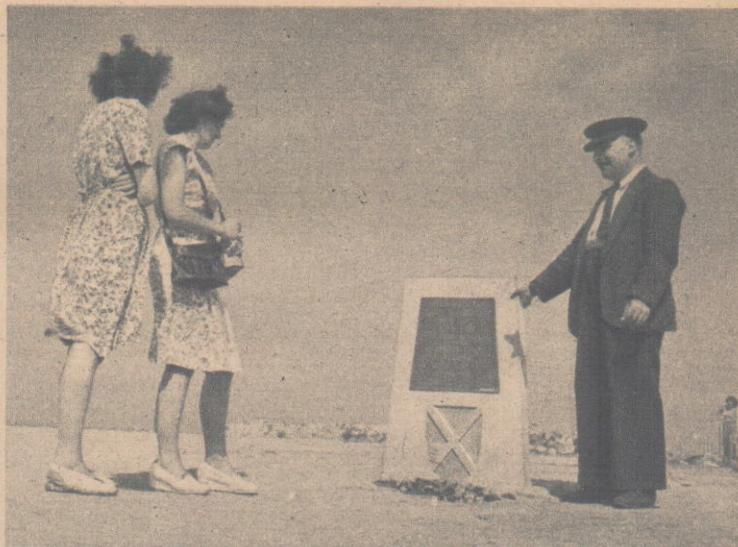
But in 1944, a section of Royal Dragoon armoured cars crossed the Franco-Belgian border to find Jeff waiting for them, ready to show them around. Jeff stopped with the Royal Dragoons for three months, until the Belgian Government recalled him to Brussels.

Demobilised, he set about rebuilding his business. The buses had disappeared with the German armies, but he was able to buy a new one and hire some others. To the old list of places of interest he added new ones for the benefit of British tourists: to Arras and Ypres, he added Dunkirk; instead of Mons, he offered the West Wall; to the attractions of Walcheren he added the relics of the battle there — the flail and mortar tanks, the buffaloes and the guns, the coast defence batteries and the sections of Mulberry which plugged up the holes in the sea-wall.

Along the West Wall, van Hoorebeke's guides point out the gun positions and forts, now used as bathing huts by enterprising visitors. They are word-perfect; they should be, because they learned their patter from their employer and he played no small part in wrecking the defences.



These English girls found that Hitler's Atlantic Wall bunkers make useful dressing stations.



A Belgian guide points out the memorial marking the landings at Westkapelle.



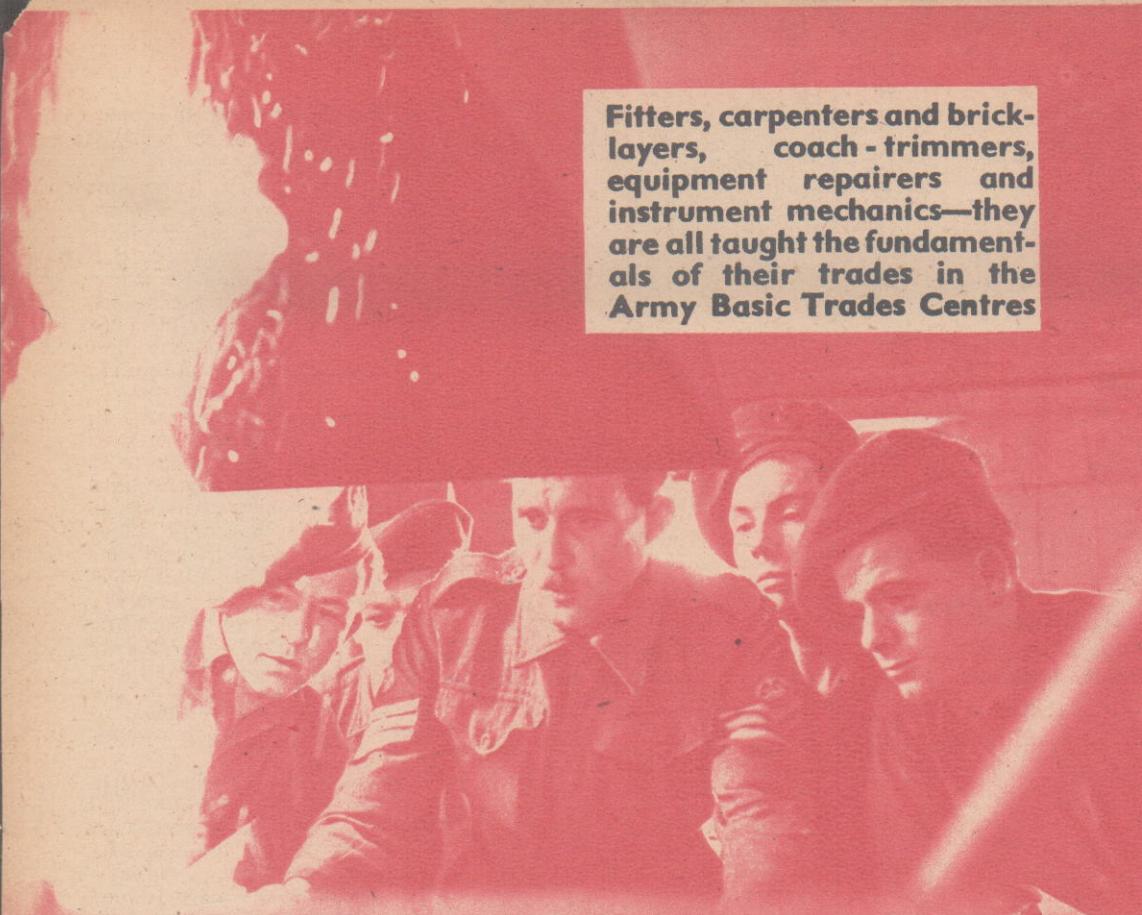
Corroded by the tides, barnacled and stripped of all small pieces—a Flail tank at Westkapelle.



Joy-riding DUKW's are no monopoly of British coast resorts: here is one at Blankenberge.

Tourists on the Walcheren beaches stroll past the wreckage at the scene of the landing. In the background are sections of "Mulberry" towed from Normandy to plug breaches in the island's dykes.





**Fitters, carpenters and brick-layers, coach-trimmers, equipment repairers and instrument mechanics—they are all taught the fundamentals of their trades in the Army Basic Trades Centres**

# EVERY FITTER MUST MAKE THIS SPANNER

**J**UST a small adjustable spanner—the sort of thing the amateur calls a shifter and the experts, in some parts, call a King Dick.

Of black steel, its parts were smooth and shiny, the corners neatly finished off. As you turned the adjuster, the jaws opened and closed slowly and evenly. It was the sort of tool any mechanic would covet.

It was made out of two pieces of metal by a trainee at No. 2 Army Basic Trades Centre, near Malvern, as an ordinary exercise during his 18-weeks basic course as a fitter. He made it by hand, with only such tools as he could put into a tool-box and carry around with his rifle and the rest of his Army kit.

Every trainee on the fitter's course must make one of these adjustable spanners by hand. Of course it would be quicker if he were allowed to use the machines of a big workshop—but that would defeat the object of his training. A tradesman in the field must be able to do his work anywhere, in any circumstances, so he must learn his craftsmanship from A to Z.

If he found himself on a battlefield and in need of an adjustable spanner, he would have no elaborate workshops to fall back on to make it with mechanical tools. So, finding a derelict gun, he could salvage a piece of metal from which he would fashion the spanner.

That is where the Army tradesman scores, frequently, over his civilian counterpart. A civilian apprentice fitter entering a big factory would start with all the facilities of a well-equipped workshop at his disposal and he would

At the forge fitter trainees are shown how to temper a chisel.



Raw material and finished product—just an exercise for trainee fitters.



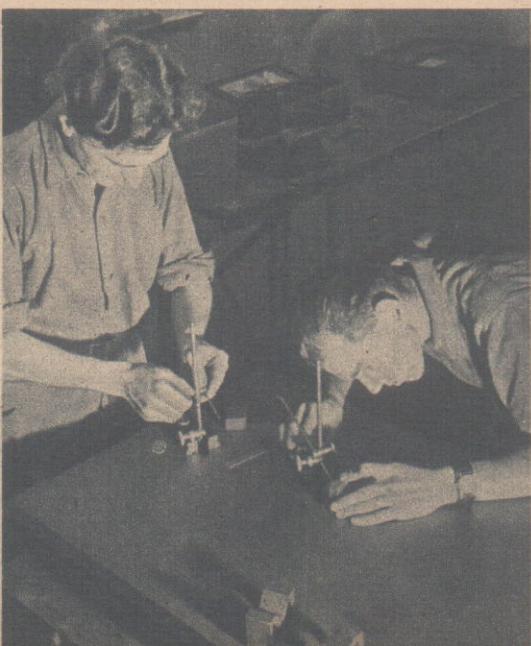
The carpenters' shop. The arch-form will be used by student bricklayers building arches.



A building every soldier will recognise. Trainees at No. 2 Basic Trades Centre are erecting their own NAAFI, complete with counter-flaps.

Electrical trades students learn all about coil ignition from the real thing.

On the surface plate, as near perfect a flat surface as possible, metal is marked off for cutting.



probably learn only the operations necessary for the work of that factory.

The Army fitter learns his trade from its very fundamentals, studies it for its craftsmanship rather than for its production value before he graduates to the kind of tools that make the job easier. He is the better fitter for it, as the seaman who has learned his job on a sailing vessel is a better man, when it comes to working a steamship, than the steam-trained seaman.

Many of the men who go to an Army Basic Trades Centre have already had some experience in their trades—but it may not be much. One soldier said his experience as a fitter had consisted of fitting women's corsets; another had spent years fitting exhaust pipes to aeroplane engines, but nothing else. Carpenters may have worked on nothing but window-frames, or electricians only on house-lighting.

The Army Basic Trades Centres—there are two operating and two being formed—have been started to replace the war-time technical training groups, members of which were trained at civilian establishments. Soldiers who go on these courses, mostly straight from Primary Training Centres, get a thorough training in basic Army trades—as fitters, carpenters, electricians, bricklayers, instrument mechanics, painters, decorators, plumbers, coach trimmers, equipment repairers—and then go to Corps where they get experience and, if necessary, specialised training. Thus a trained fitter may be taught to specialise on guns. As one officer at No. 2 Army Basic Trades Centre summarised it: "We teach them how to drill holes; they teach them where to drill holes."

Practical training has many advantages within the Basic Trades Centre. In the carpentry shop at No. 2 you can see arch-forms and scaffolding-trestles which have been made by the carpentry students and which will be used by the bricklaying classes. The bricklayers, the carpenters and the electricians have combined to turn some of the Centre's accommodation—a derelict American Army hospital—into classrooms and have built their own NAAFI. The fitters have turned the salvage from ancient baby cars into working chassis on which the electrician can learn the complexities of electrical equipment in motor transport.

Most of the trainees leave the Centres as 3rd class tradesmen, but some leave as 2nd class tradesmen. If they stay in the Army long enough they get the experience necessary to be recognised as fully-fledged tradesmen by the trade unions before they are released from the Army. If not, they leave at least with the knowledge that they are more competent than they would have been without Army training.

RICHARD LASCELLES.

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# HERE PRIVATE'S PLAY POLO

## in The Garden of Heaven

FROM its ordeal by fire—five times occupied in two years—Benghazi has emerged thinner than in opulent Italian times but with a strong pulse and a purposeful air.

Old petrol tins filled with sand, the Eighth Army's bricks without straw, still fill shell-torn gaps in houses and shop walls and barbed wire still hedges many streets; but starting from scratch the town's temporary British military administrators have contrived to put the capital of Cyrenaica on its feet again quickly and economically.

Benghazi (née Euhesperides) is credited with being the mythological Garden of Heaven. At nearby Lete troops can descend into literally Stygian darkness to the underground caverns where run the waters of the Styx. To pay Charon, ferryman of the dead, for the journey "to the other side" which began here, Greeks of those far-off days were buried with a coin between their teeth.

But the younger brothers of the men who made the latest legends in Benghazi—the men who slogged from Alamein to



A tussle at Benghazi Sporting Club. Even the photographer who took the picture was on horseback.

After a game of polo there's nothing the Arab horses—and their riders—like better than a canter in the Mediterranean.

British troops who are helping to run Cyrenaica while the Foreign Ministers argue over its destiny relax by playing polo on Benghazi Aerodrome

Tunis—have a healthy disregard for the purely classical amenities of the district when they have sampled them briefly, and they have inaugurated their own sporting club on the disused Italian aerodrome in the town.

Started with only five Arab horses, bought from the Senussi tribesmen who added their own special page to the North African chapter, the club has expanded till now it features 10 regular race meetings, complete with "tote", in the cooler winter months.

For a moderate subscription, the 400 members can enjoy riding, polo, tennis, badminton and roller skating. A golf course now under construction is soon to be opened. In the clubhouse a restaurant supplied by NAAFI provides essential refreshment and nourishment after an hour's hard tennis or a long ride across the aerodrome to the beach under the bright Mediterranean sun. Like most of Benghazi's clubs, the Sporting Club, which has the blessing and help of Welfare, is run by an elected committee of all ranks.

Benghazi's second-line leisure pursuit is shopping for gifts for home in the *sukh*, the native bazaar. Unlike most Mid-Eastern bazaars, accessible only to Europeans with stout stomachs or a temporary cold in the nose, Benghazi's native market is clean and bright. There is little haggling over the great and colourful variety of Bedouin sandals and head-dresses, and most vendors will strike a ready bargain with the more experienced squaddie.

At Barce, agricultural capital of the fertile Gebel Akhdar area of Cyrenaica, the Army is gentleman farmer of 30,000 acres on which wheat is grown for consumption in the country. Forty tractors manned by local Arabs till the land in autumn and 11 combine harvesters, with a total cut of 236 feet, cut and sack the grain. Strict fire precautions must be taken when the crop is ready for harvesting, as a carelessly thrown cigarette end could send a miniature forest fire sweeping for miles across the plain. Caterpillar tractors, with deep disc harrows mounted behind, stand by ready to cut a deep moat round any conflagration to prevent it spreading.

Following the combines come a thousand reapers, some wizened with age and others children still in their mothers' arms, to harvest what the power-driven reapers miss. Senussi policemen of the





Crack horseman: Driver William (Ginger) Pound, riding instructor at the Sporting Club.

Cyrenaica Defence Force mounted on Arab steeds keep the gleaners back from the standing crop and guard the sacks of grain dropped from the combines until they are carted off. It's all part of the work of the British Military Administration.

The Gunner serjeant at Alamein who wished for a penny for every shell flying overhead wasn't the only man who saw money to be harvested from the Western Desert sand that has never grown a crop. The battered tanks and guns, the live ammunition and

valuable equipment — among them range-finders and detectors partly built of precious brass, bronze or copper — which were abandoned by both sides are being sold back now to the countries which produced them by local contractors who compete for the monopoly each year.

Hundreds of Arabs daily risk life and limb and many are injured gathering the scrap harvest, often in unmarked minefields. Then on horse-drawn carts they bring the valuable scrap — worth £10 a ton to them — which once

cost thousands of pounds to fashion into a tank or SP gun to the central dumps around Derna and Tobruk where it is sorted, examined for any explosives, then shipped to London Docks or Italy.

The first Arabs to be allowed to resettle in siege-town Tobruk are now filtering back into this shell of a seaport with its 130-odd vessels in the harbour — all of them at the bottom. The first shops and civilian cafes to cater for them are now being opened under licence from the British Military Administration but still Tobruk is a barrack town, the uniformity of its khaki-clad inhabitants relieved only by welfare workers in civilian clothes and soldiers wearing the Middle East "walking out dress" of sports shirt and khaki drill trousers.

Two hundred and fifty miles from Alexandria, Tobruk is watered by Egypt's great river, the Nile. Every week 700 tons of fresh water are brought by sea from Alexandria for drinking purposes. The only wells in the area

give brackish water barely fit for drinking.

Life in Tobruk for the British garrison is quiet, the arrival of a trooper or supply vessel providing table-talk for days before and after. Handling the biggest and trickiest job in the area is the Western Desert Clearance Team charged with the gigantic task of clearing all the mines and unused ammunition still lying in the desert. At one time 100 tons of ammunition was being dumped daily three miles out in the Mediterranean, but progress now is slower as skilled ammunition examiners are being released. "It looks as if we've got a job for life," remarked one regular in the team.

Living a desert "island" existence, with the Mediterranean to the north and vast sand seas stretching to the Sahara all around them, troops in Cyrenaica await the Foreign Ministers' plan for the future of the country. In the interval they have helped to return the ravished desert towns to normal, and in doing so have won new and lasting friends for Britain among the Arabs of the Senussi Brotherhood. When the destiny of Cyrenaica is finally debated at the conference table, Desert Rats now at home can rest assured that the caretakers in Libya have done a good job.

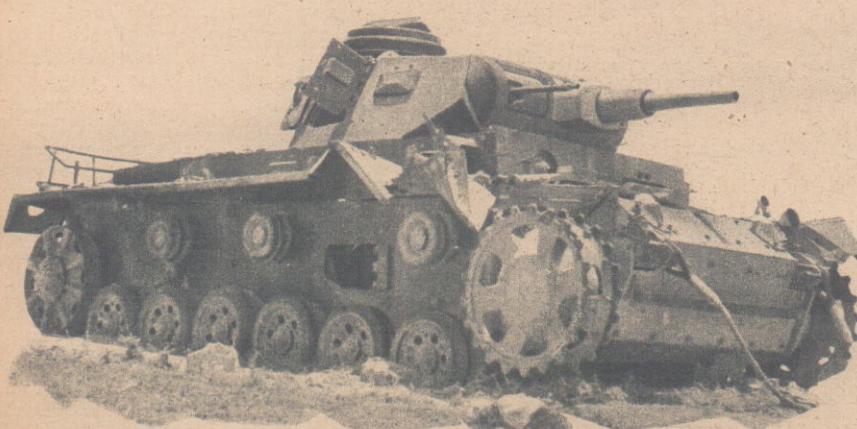
STANLEY MAXTON.



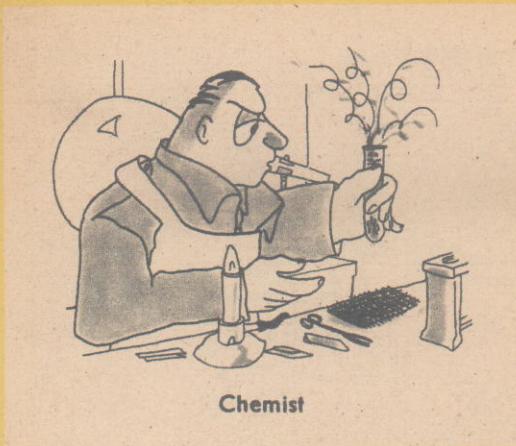
It's not all play in Cyrenaica: the British Military Administration farms 30,000 acres of wheat on the Barce plains.



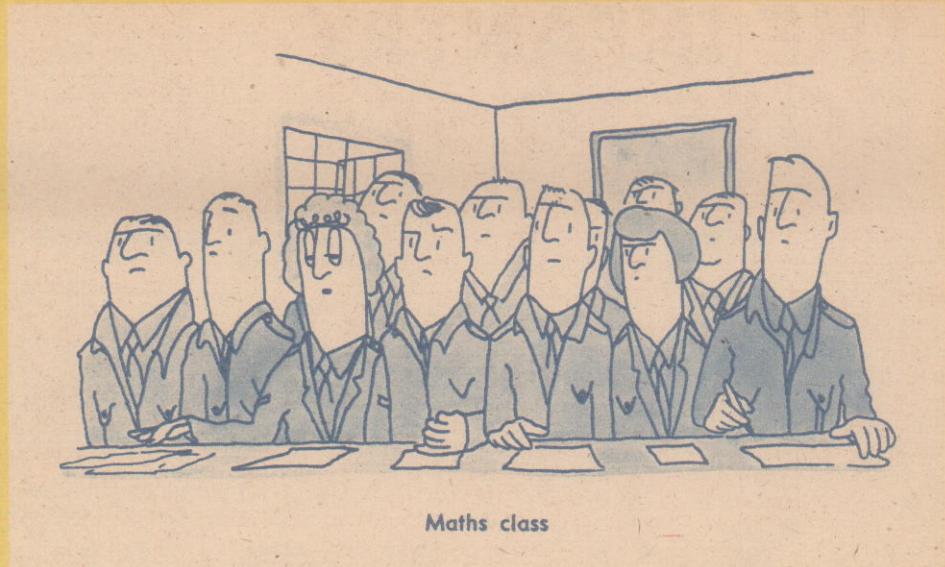
"How much for this one?" Oddly enough, there is little of the traditional Eastern haggling in the Benghazi bazaars.



Like milestones along the Italian military road lie knocked-out enemy tanks. Most of them are pointing westwards.



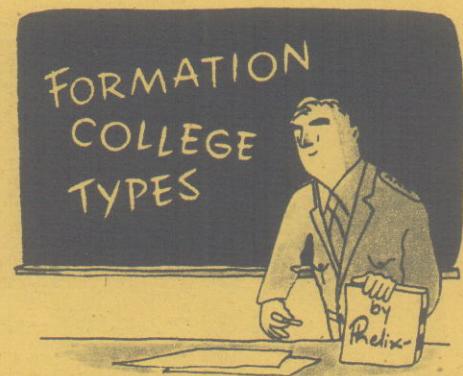
Chemist



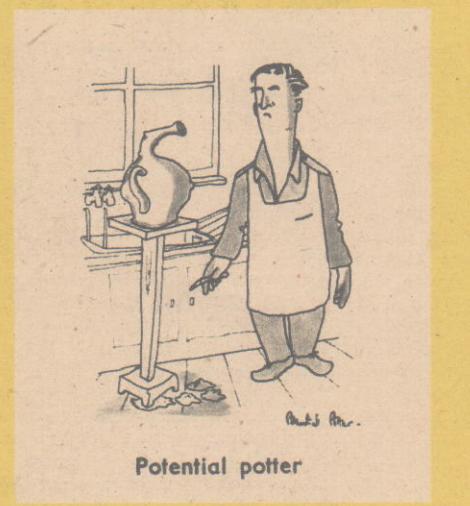
Maths class



Surveyor



Voice production



Potential potter



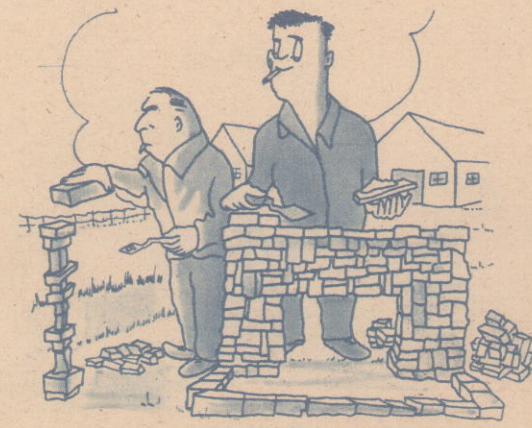
Artist



Home management



Weaver



Empire builders

# THE INFANTRY GOES TO SEA

**S**OLDIER's cameraman set out one Sunday morning recently on an experimental voyage of the School of Infantry's yacht *Robbe*, which has been acquired to teach Infantry officers the arts of seamanship.

This 100 sq. metre yacht was sailed from Cuxhaven, where she was used to train German naval officers, to Portsmouth by a British naval crew. From Portsmouth she was taken over by Capt. T. L. Gossage, KOYLI and a scratch crew, and sailed to Lymington.

The *Robbe* (which means seal) has accommodation for six, but at a pinch she can take twelve. There is likely to be many a pinch.

Today's Infantryman must be a master of all trades; he never knows when he may have to sail a yacht or drive a locomotive. And sailing a sea-going yacht calls for the qualities of initiative, quick decision and, as often as not, guts. That's why the Infantrymen of Warminster decided to take to the sea at week-ends.

The *Robbe* used to train German naval officers at Cuxhaven. Now she is sailed from Lymington by officers of the School of Infantry.



No room for landlubbers: the *Robbe* spanking up a choppy Solent.



The School of Infantry flag is hoisted when the *Robbe* sets out from port. It's a flag which makes master mariners rub their telescopes.

# IT'S ALL YOURS, PRIVATE ANGELO

A punch-drunk former enemy is groping back along the road to health. The British Army, its task done, moves out of Italy

THE British Army is pulling out of Italy, after 662 days of hard-waged war and 867 days of waiting for a peace treaty.

Italy has "worked her passage." Now, trimmed of her northern territories, her islands and, perhaps, her African empire, she must settle her own domestic problems and rebuild her pulverised towns.

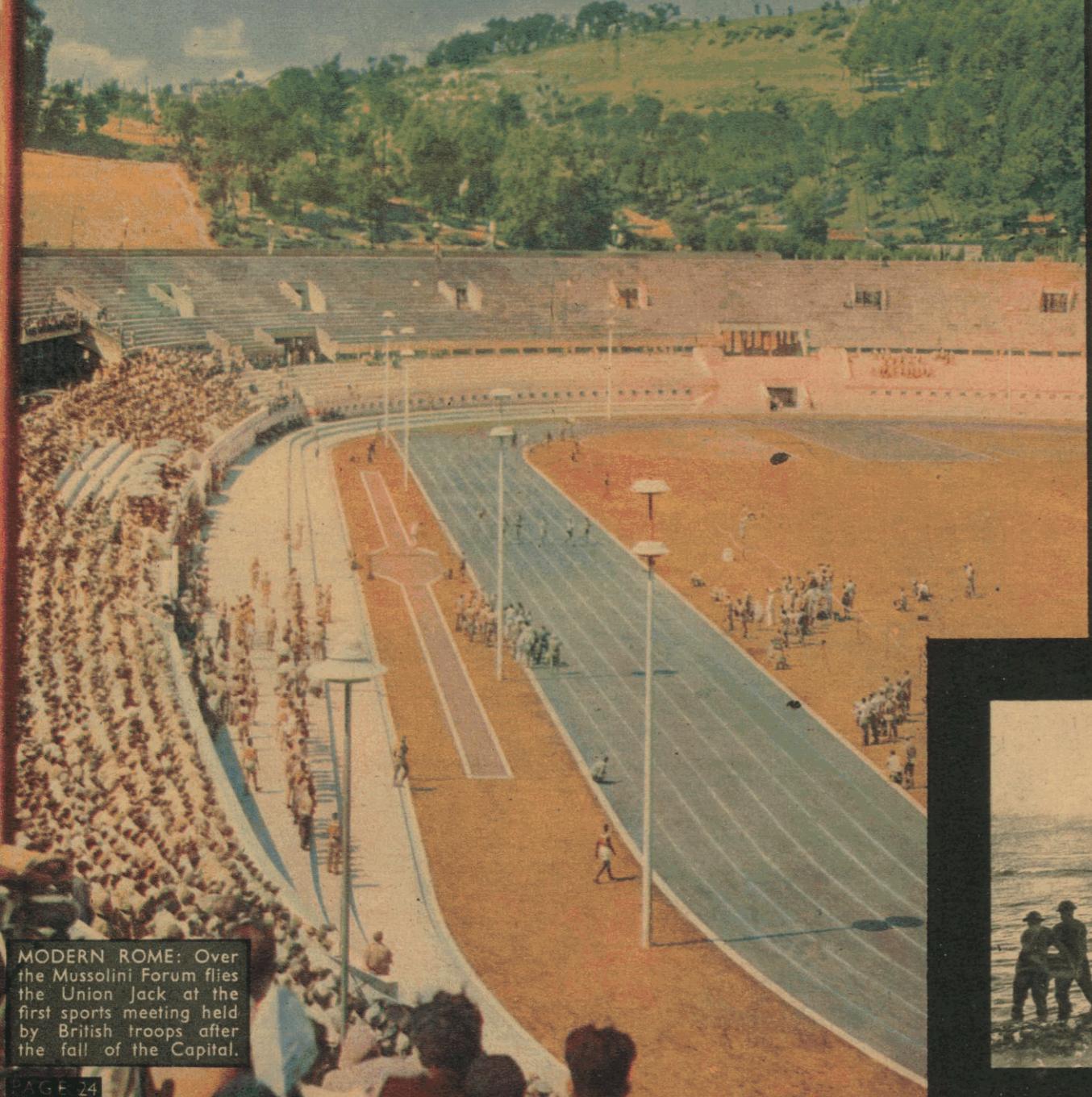
To the battle honours of British and Allied regiments will be added the names of Salerno, Cassino, Anzio and half the rivers of Italy; victories won bloodily in a gruelling and exasperating campaign.

It was a campaign which opened with high hopes; it had hardly begun when the deflated Mussolini fell. To public, press and politicians it seemed all over bar the shouting; now what about that Second Front?

The Germans had other ideas. Hitler's strategy was to defend the Inner Fortress from as far away as possible. Let the ancient cities of a treacherous ally take the shock... Besides, the Apennines were built for a delaying action and the plains of the Po were not. And in those northern plains were the big industrial cities still turning out the weapons of war. So the German divisions in the Apennines were strengthened, the Italians ruthlessly held down and the delaying war was on.

One of the ablest of the war correspondents, Alan Moorhead, has written:

"Looking back on the Italian campaign, one sees there was a chimerical quality about the whole operation. Success



MODERN ROME: Over the Mussolini Forum flies the Union Jack at the first sports meeting held by British troops after the fall of the Capital.



ANCIENT ROME: Guide-book in hand, a British soldier reconstructs the past. In the background are the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux.



FLASHBACK...

Left: Sicily's D-Day. Ammunition comes ashore by the oldest method of all. Right: one of a hundred Italian towns which suffered "the red-hot rake of the battle-lines."



Continuing

## IT'S ALL YOURS, PRIVATE ANGELO

seemed to be forever just round the corner. Each time the commanders reached forward to grasp it, something went wrong; the light died out — and then suddenly flickered up again in some other place. Off we went in pursuit of the new hope, until that, too, in its turn died away."

One of the heartbreaks of the Eighth and Fifth Armies, operating under 15th Army Group, was that incessantly the troops and ships they had been nursing for major assaults were drawn off for other operations. At an early stage the redoubtable 50th, 51st and 7th Armoured Divisions were called home to prepare for a bigger D-Day. Later, crack French and American forces were diverted to the attack on the South of France; other troops were despatched to Greece. This was all part of the wider pattern of war, but it was gall and wormwood to the commanders and men on the spot, who forever had to fight harder and longer than they had a right to expect.

Never has a single campaign been waged by a greater variety of Allies. Under Eighth Army command (first Montgomery, then Leese and McCreery) were British, South Africans, Canadians, New Zealanders (including Maoris), Sikhs, Gurkhas, Poles, Greeks and Italians. Under Fifth Army command (Mark Clark) were British, United States regulars, a Negro-American division, a US-born Japanese unit, a Jewish brigade, Brazilians, French and the Goums of North Africa. To Field-Marshal Alexander fell the task, not only of directing strategy, but of uniting these heterogeneous units.

It is a familiar story how the Germans in their retreat, under Field-Marshal Kesselring, blew every bridge and viaduct, sowed every road with mines, loosed landslides, fortified castles and hilltop monasteries. The Allied Sappers, presented with a dismaying variety of problems, never let down the Infantry.

Finally came the Gothic Line, fortified not merely with hastily dropped mines but with concrete emplacements, pill-boxes, deep tank traps and acres of mine-fields. It was almost impossible tank country, and bad weather

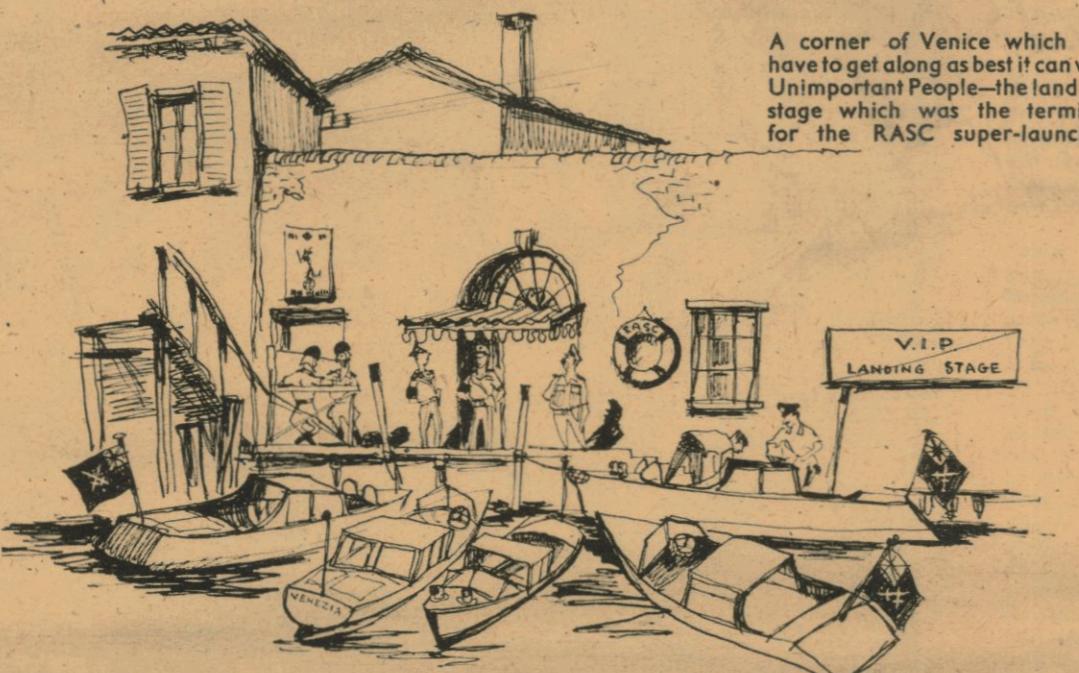


"Who said Sunny Italy?" But this tankman wasn't downhearted. He was an Eighth Army man.

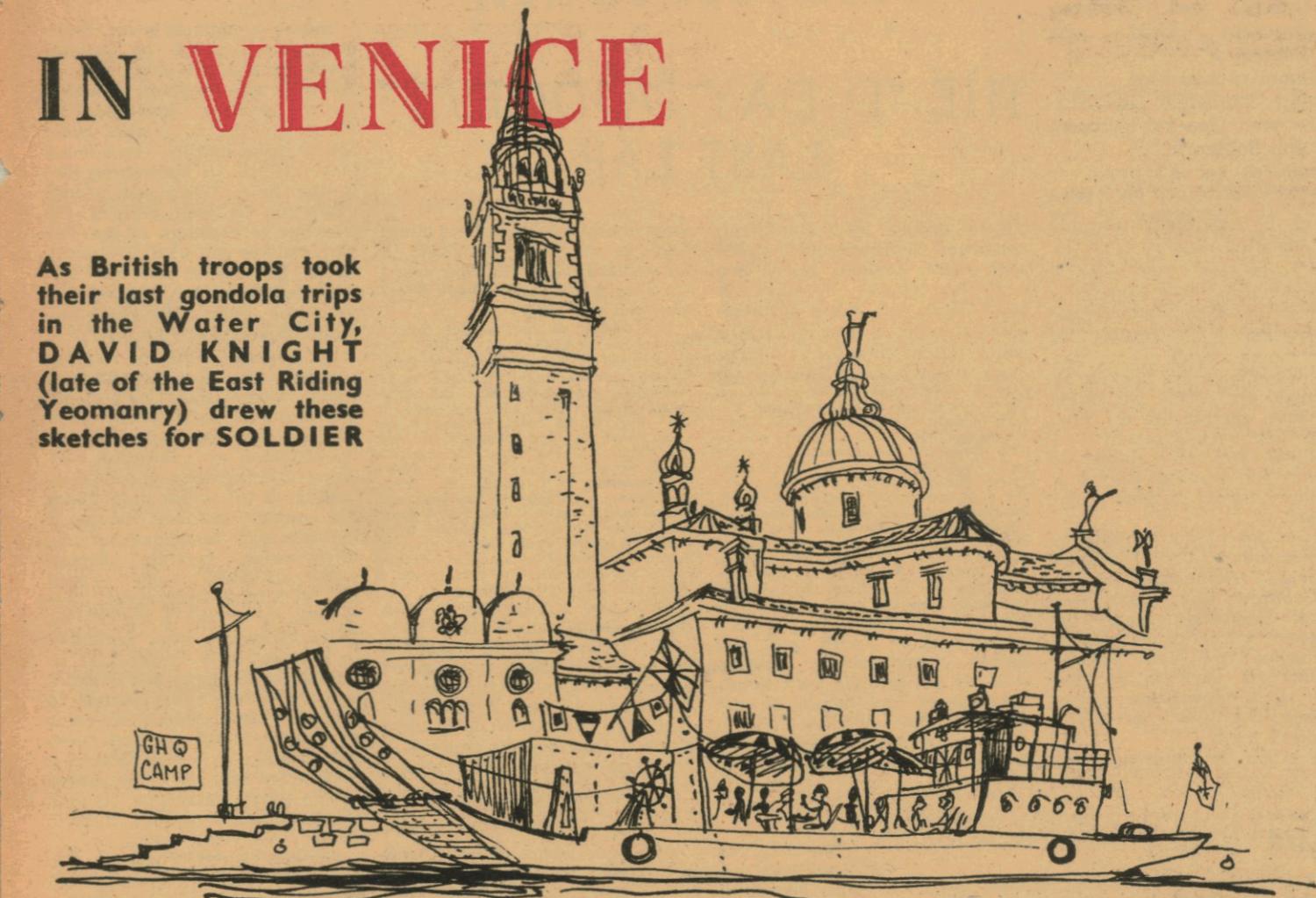
# SKETCHBOOK IN VENICE



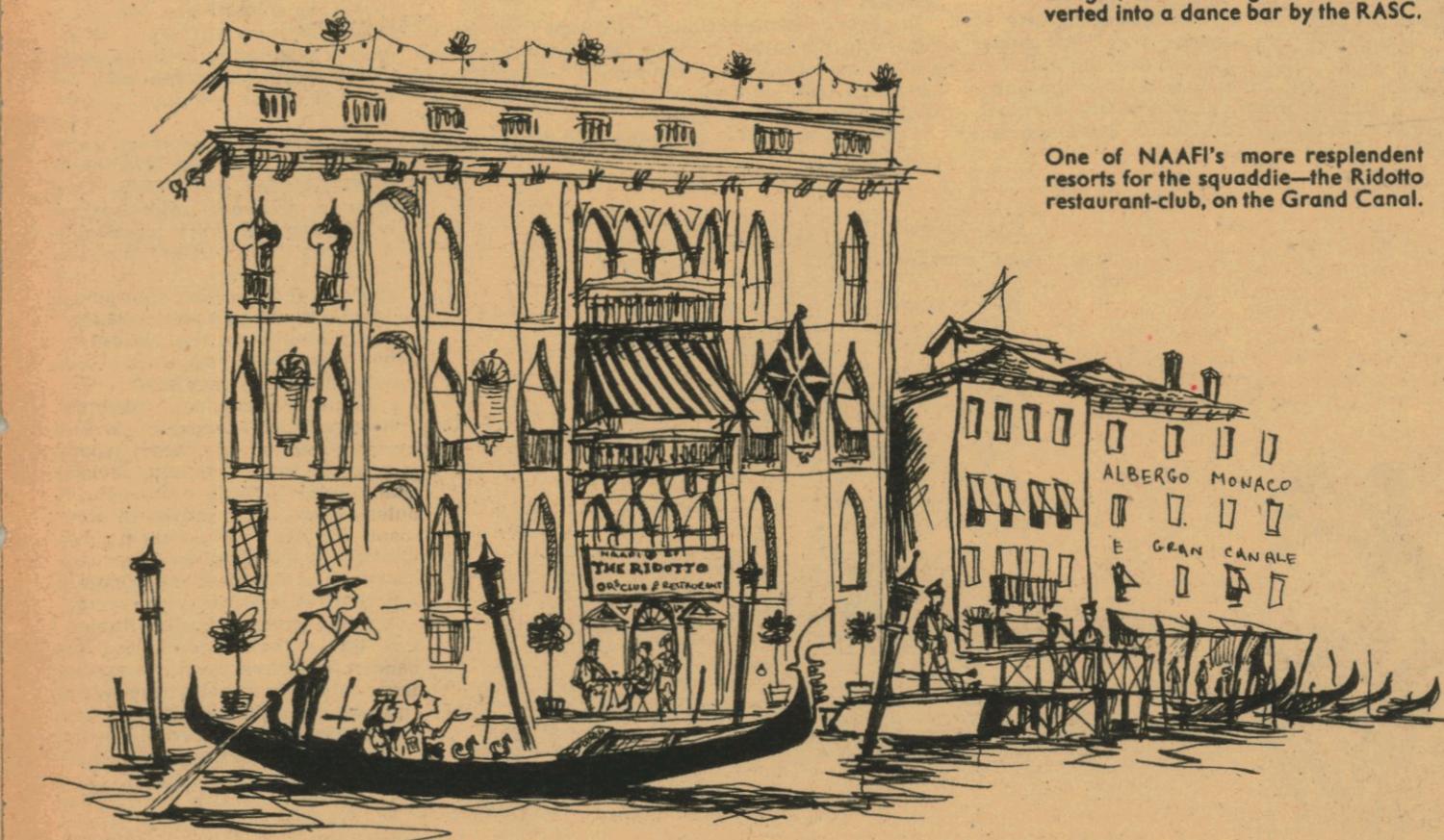
The power and the glory:  
Redcaps on the Grand Canal.



A corner of Venice which will have to get along as best it can with Unimportant People—the landing-stage which was the terminus for the RASC super-launches.



Moored off the Isola di San Gorgio, this landing-craft was converted into a dance bar by the RASC.



One of NAAFI's more resplendent resorts for the squaddie—the Ridotto restaurant-club, on the Grand Canal.

limited the sorties of the powerful Allied air fleets. Yet the Gothic Line was breached, and the twin armies pressed down into the plains of North Italy. There the Allies took 230,000 captives and — on 2 May, 1945 — accepted the surrender of a million men.

Perhaps the best "epitaph" on the Italian campaign is contained on the last page of Fred Magdalan's "The Monastery", which is one of the best books to have come out of World War Two. It describes the taking of Monte Cassino, through the eyes of the fighting soldier.

*The eyes of the Infantry, smarting from the fine white dust, stared as usual from the backs of the trucks, resting for the last time on the Monastery, as it slowly receded from view. They had beaten it in the end. It had taken a bit of doing, but they had beaten it in the end. Or had they? As the corner stone of enemy resistance it had certainly fallen. But as a memorial to courage and a symbol of something much higher than human folly it stood where the monk, Benedict, had founded it fifteen hundred years before. If Benedict had been in the back of one of those trucks he might have been having a quiet laugh to himself. He could not have felt other than proud that his abbey, still noble in ruin, should become a natural memorial to the humble greatness of the Infantry private soldier.*

roads, handing out cigarettes and pep talks in equal quantities... of the smell of Death and garlic...

Many books have been written about the Italian campaign; many have still to be written. Besides "The Monastery" there is, for instance, John Hersey's "A Bell for Adano," which tells of the struggles of an AMGOT officer to bring back self-respect and prosperity to an Italian town demoralised by the war. But outstanding among the literature inspired by the Italian campaign is Eric Linklater's "Private Angelo". This describes with bitter wit the misadventures of an Italian soldier, born without the "gift of courage," who is bandied about between the rival armies, seeking only discharge and the domestic life. The background of ruin and corruption is superbly sketched.

It's all yours now, Private Angelo.

Turn to Page 28 for a review of the latest book on the Italian campaign: Geoffrey Cox's "The Road To Trieste."

UNDER Rommel in the Desert was General-Leutnant Graf von Schwerin.

Rommel sacked him.

Under Rundstedt in Normandy was General-Leutnant Graf von Schwerin.

Rundstedt sacked him.

But the Graf turned up a third time — as commander of the 90th Panzer Grenadier Division in Italy. When he arrived the New Zealanders fired over a volley of pamphlets containing a transcript of an intercepted conversation in Normandy in which harsh words about the Graf's bungling were spoken by his superiors. The pamphlets must have got him on the raw, for he fired back a selection of pamphlets full of abuse of General Sir Bernard Freyberg, VC, the New Zealanders' commander.

This is one of the behind-the-scenes stories told in "The Road to Trieste" (Heinemann 12s 6d) by Geoffrey Cox, who was General Freyberg's senior Intelligence Officer on the staff of the famous 2nd New Zealand Division. He used to be, and again is, a newspaper correspondent; but this is essentially a soldier's book.

It is a book which gives an in-

## A NEW BOOK ON ITALY

### THE "D-DAY DODGERS" LAST LAP

timate insight into that overshadowed campaign which ended with New Zealand tanks and Jugo-Slav infantry storming the Law Courts of Italy's farthest-east city. But it was a victory which left no time for rejoicing:

We found ourselves overnight not only in a new area but in a new era, the post-war era of suspicion and distrust between the Eastern and the Western Allies. The rest of the world outside still glowed in the warmth of wartime unity against a common foe. But in Trieste the glow was already fading. In the outer world the hard words of diplomatic battles and newspaper and radio disputes had not yet even brushed the crowds who prepared now to rejoice in the streets of New York, London and Moscow. For us, however, the transition was immediate. We passed at one stride from the problems of war to the problems of peace.

Cox's story starts with the Eighth Army before Bologna. Already the soldiers' girl friends back home had begun to call them "D-Day Dodgers," so in grim irony they chalked "D-Day Dodgers" on their trucks as they

pressed on through endless mine-fields to the River Po. Then, in the orchards of North Italy, came once again the battle of the Sherman and the Tiger:

The reports of the debates in the House of Commons, in which Mr. Stokes used to challenge Churchill about the inferiority of our own tanks, made fascinating reading for our own Armoured Brigade when they appeared in the army *World Press Review*. I am certain that our tank regiments had not the slightest doubt about their views in the argument. The Tiger was definitely superior, as a tank in close country, against anything the American and British armies put in the field... I know which side the 4th New Zealand Armoured Brigade would have put its money in the duel to which Mr. Stokes challenged Churchill — Stokes to use a Tiger and Churchill a Sherman.

But, the author points out, Britain could not afford to build a 60-ton tank like the Tiger as we could not afford to build big enough bridges for it. For the retreating Germans it was different. The solution to most New Zealand tank experts seemed to be: Why not something lighter

than the Tiger but better than the Sherman?

The book contains some admirable pen sketches of General Freyberg and his tough brigadiers in action. Freyberg — hailed by a revelling Australian in Cairo as "the b... who swam ashore at Gallipoli" — was in his eleventh year of fighting service in the field: "four and a half years on Gallipoli and in the trenches of Flanders in the last war, and five and a half in Greece, Crete, the desert and the Italian mountains in this war, a period of active duty which few other officers have known."

Of especial interest is the chapter on the "Intelligence truck" which was Cox's headquarters. His duties, briefly summarised in the Field Service Pocket Book as "collection, collation, interpretation and dissemination of all information about the enemy," included running a high-pressure telephone service, interviewing visiting officers, war correspondents and prisoners, identifying infernal machines carried up to the truck for inspection, issuing what amounted to a secret daily newspaper, attending conferences and explaining the enemy's disposition to brigadiers and generals. An error of interpretation or deduction, or a mistake in a map reference could adversely affect the course of the whole campaign. "It was the best mental training I have known," says the author.

Another story? There is one about an American broadcasting team who were giving a running commentary on a strafe by US bombers before the Senio. "Here they come again," said the announcer, "the sky is just full of these big ships. I can see them clearly from here, folks... Now folks, I'm going to hold the mike in the open and let you hear the roar of those engines. Listen now..."

The mike dangled down from the window, in front of a lower room crowded with Kiwis. One of them was not proof against temptation. In very creditable American, he intoned into the mike: "God damn, if there isn't another of our ships shot down — and there goes yet another." To the delight of the spectators, the insert was apparently unnoticed by the operators.

Finally came that "fraternisation without friendship" in Trieste, in which the Maori troops were the only ones who seemed to find anything in common with Jugo-Slavs. The writing of slogans on the walls became too much for the Kiwi soldiers, now under the command of Brigadier Parkinson, and they began chalking up "Zivio Brigadier Parky." It was a tense period, and has been tense ever since. Says Cox of Trieste: "It was the place where for many of us the last war ended. I, for one, do not want it to be the place where the next war will begin."

His book is a fine contribution to the war's literature. Historians will find as much to interest them as the layman. And it is one of the few books which contain a generous tribute to the part played by the Italian partisans.

### EXIT UNION JACK

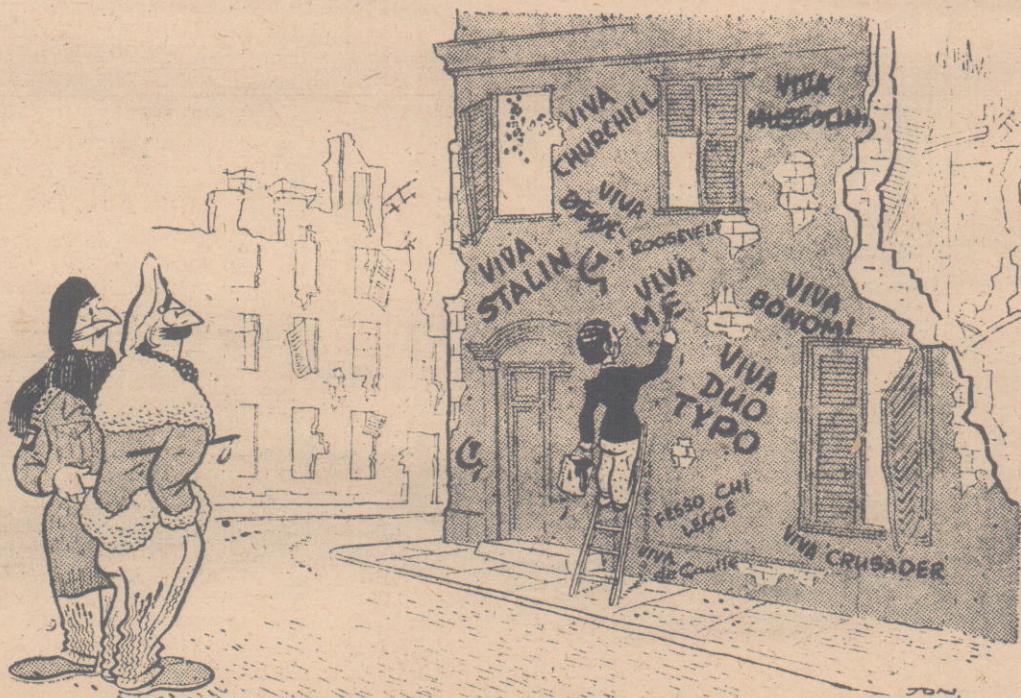
THE last issue of *Union Jack* in Italy has been published. Of the paper which served troops in North Africa and then crossed the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, only one edition is now left — the Athens *Union Jack* which serves the British Troops in Greece.

*Union Jack* was born in Constantine in 1943, to serve First Army. Its founder was Capt. (later Lieut-Col.) Hugh Cudlipp, in civilian life editor of the *Sunday Pictorial*. From Constantine, the paper spread to Algiers, where its office was a corset-shop, then it took over the *Tunis Telegraph* and published in Tunis as well.

Skipping Sicily and Bari, where Eighth Army News was published, *Union Jack* started its first Italy edition in Naples, then spread to Rome, Florence, Venice and Athens. The Athens edition broke away to come under command of MELF; the other offices closed with the run-down of British troops, until only the Venice edition was left. Now that is finished, too.

Brightly presented, *Union Jack* kept CMF up-to-date with the news; it aired their grievances and sealed the fate of the despised "V" cigarettes; it answered their queries; and it gave them a daily laugh with Jon's Two Types.

Below, by way of a flashback, is a characteristic Jon cartoon.



"Damned good job there were no walls in the desert!"



This canteen opened on the night cigarettes went up to three-and-fourpence. Hence the title.

EVER since Battery-Serjeant-Major Arthur Youens was downgraded after the Salerno landings in Italy in '43 he has been feeding soldiers. Millions of them. Mostly at railway station buffets the Army calls meal halts.

His satisfied customers range from the Russian colonels who presented him with boxes of red-star "gaspers" to a Jugo-Slav general who delayed the train until an interpreter was found, so that he could write a word of thanks to the serjeant-major for the good meal he had eaten.

When the first British families passed through his station BSM. Youens heated the babies' milk bottles. When former Field-Marshal Kesselring took his last train ride for some time—from a Venice war-crimes court to prison in Austria—the serjeant-major took a plate of roast beef and baked potatoes to his heavily-guarded compartment.

Today BSM. Youens—known as "Busty" Youens to legions of soldiers—is running the last railway feeding halt in Italy.

Many of the world's leading restaurateurs are plump, cheery types, living advertisements for their kitchens' good fare. So is "Busty" Youens' ample 17 stone.

Then there is his apple-cheek grin that welcomes hungry, sometimes weary travellers, and makes them remember his halt above all others.

After the grin comes the music of a ten-piece German band, playing their theme-song to home-going troops: "Coming Home, My Darling." As the music plays attractive girl waitresses serve well-filled plates of food to tables decorated with flowers and plates of fresh fruit.

The dining room walls decorated with sketches of the CMF's famous war-time characters, the "Two Types," take "Busty" and his small staff back to the days when things were different. Then there were no orchestras,



Just one of BSM. Youens' millions of satisfied customers: an ATS girl bound for Trieste.



The Serjeant-Major briefs his Italian waitresses. Germans are employed in the kitchens.

For 364 days in the year Serjeant-Major Arthur Youens has been welcoming troops at Udine, North Italy. Feeding a Slav general or heating a baby's milk bottle—it's all the same to him

## HE WILL SERVE THE LAST MEAL IN ITALY

They call him "Busty"—a tribute to the meals he produces, because BSM. Youens eats what the customers eat.



no flowers and no waitresses—but there was always a meal in spite of difficulties. Those were the days when "Busty" served as many as 15,000 troops in one day.

Then all ranks piled off the train and scrambled into a queue with a chipped enamel mug in one hand, and the other outstretched for a bully sandwich or perhaps a hot tin of M & V.

Those were the days when coal supplies to heat the stoves were uncertain. The serjeant-major remembers waiting for a train to arrive, then going to work on the engine driver with his Sunday smile to scrounge a few lumps of coal to heat a meal for the next trainload.

When the engine driver had fallen for his sad tale the cooks in their whites would rush out of the kitchens to hump sacks of coal across the tracks.

The serjeant-major laughs now as he recalls the winter morning when he rose at 3.30 a.m. and found that a fierce overnight blizzard had snowed him in his billet. Again the cooks came to the rescue and dug him out before the train arrived.

With the war over things improved. "Busty" managed to acquire some old mosquito nets and soon his halt boasted table-cloths, curtains and artificial flowers.

Now all trains run by day and most of them are more or less on time, but BSM. Youens and his small British staff of one serjeant, one corporal and two privates still work a seven-day-week.

There is only one day a year when a train does not pull in and that is Christmas Day.

When "Busty" took over the Udine halt an Army Catering Corps officer told him, "Keep your kit packed, and when the last troop train from Italy comes through, give the boys a good meal, then hop into the last coach with your kit-bag."

One thing is certain—when the last train stops at Udine the boys will get a good meal.

HENRY THODY.

# "AS MUCH OF PIETIE AS ARMES"



Above: "Lieutenant Coronell" William Prude, in the Warriors' Chapel at Canterbury — "a Souldier till neere Sixty from Sixteene."

Below (left): Wellington's memorial in St. Paul's, is gigantic. He also has a great tombstone in the crypt.

Below (right): The East India Company erected this memorial in Westminster Abbey to General Sir Eyre Coote, who defeated Hyder Ali in 1781.



In the parish church of Ruskington, Lincolnshire — amid the flat fields where the gliders took off for Arnhem — a simple tablet has just been unveiled to the memory of the Airborne who did not come back.

That, to modern sentiment, is just as fitting a tribute to brave men as the erection of a mass of marble in a great cathedral.

The fashion was different in those aptly-named spacious days, when there was room in the cathedrals of Britain to honour individual soldiers who had died in their country's service. At Canterbury, at Westminster and St. Paul's are plaques, tablets, busts, bas-reliefs and statues big and small erected by pious relatives and friends to soldiers whose feats in ancient "warres" are long forgotten.

So well has the past looked after its heroes that there is little room for even the most outstanding heroes of the present. The Commando statue designed for Westminster (SOLDIER, August 1946) may well be the last of its kind in the Abbey.

They are well worth looking at, some of these old memorials; even those to the "unknowns". Often the writers of epitaphs were anxious to pass on a message to posterity, as in the case of the eulogist who wrote the verse on the tomb in Canterbury Cathedral of "William Prude Esq., Lieutenant Coronell in the Belgick Warres slayne at ye siege of Maxtritch the 12 of Iuly 1632". It is a curious blend of piety and platitude, and contains something uncomfortably like a pun in the last line:

*Stand Soldiers Ere you march (by way of charge)  
Take an Example here that may inlarge  
Your minds to noble Action, Here in Peace  
Rests One whose life was Warre, whose rich in-  
Of Fame and Honour from his Valour grew [crease  
Unbeg'd, unbought: For what he wonne he drew  
By just deseart having in service beene  
A Souldier till neere Sixty from Sixteene  
Years of his active life; continually*

● This is the Month of Remembrance. Today sentiment is all for modest memorials; but our ancestors liked to honour their soldiers with wealth of marble and rich eulogy

*Fearles of death yet still prepar'd to dye  
In his religious thought; for mid'st all harmes  
He bore as much of Pietie as Armes  
Now, Soldiers On; and feare not to intrude  
The gates of death by example of this PRUDE.*

It is not necessarily the greatest soldiers who have the biggest stone tributes to their memory. True, Wellington has more stone-masonry in his honour in St. Paul's than any other single person — a memorial that towers 40 or 50 feet above the main floor as well as a tomb-stone the size of a family living-room in the crypt. But if size is any standard, there are plenty of anomalies.

Handsomely remembered are the officers whose memorials were erected by the Honourable East India Company, whose interests they preserved in the course of their duty. One of these, in Westminster Abbey, is to General Sir Eyre Coote, who drove the French out of the Coromandel coasts in 1761 and defeated Hyder Ali's forces in 1781. Coote's memorial is about 20 feet high and 12 across.

By contrast, the only memento the visitor will see to FM. Lord Allenby, a great soldier, in St. Paul's, where he is buried, is his name shining up from his tomb-stone between a chair and a prie-dieu.

A soldier who holds a record is Gordon of Khartoum, who has a bust in Westminster Abbey and a tomb with a full-size effigy in St. Paul's. He is the only man to have a memorial in both cathedrals.

Briefly recorded in epitaph and sculpture are stories of the gallantry that historians take for granted in the British soldier. Often they are covered by the words "Fell at . . ." or "Was mortally wounded at . . ." Now and again you can get a hint of what lay behind those words.

In Westminster you can learn that Lieut-Col. Roger Townshend was killed at 28 while reconnoitring the French lines at Ticonderoga in 1759. But the bas-relief, with British and French troops dressed for no good reason as Roman soldiers, gives no details of the incident.

There is a little more detail of the pathetic story

OVER →

This Westminster memorial to Major John Andre reconstructs the scene as Washington refuses his plea to be shot instead of hanged as a spy after being found behind the American lines in civilian clothes.

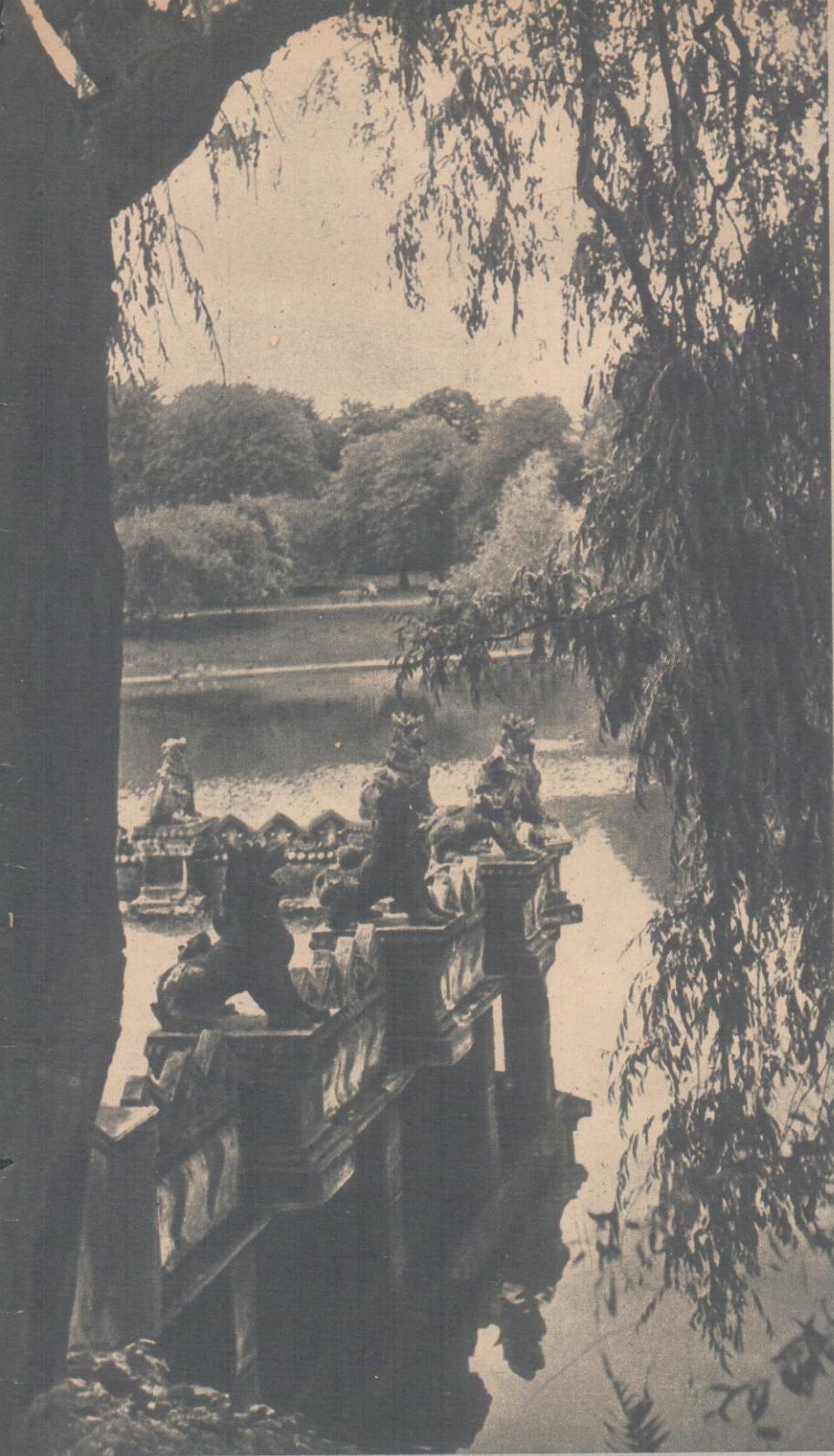


Above: Besides this bust in Westminster Abbey, Gordon has a tomb-stone in St. Paul's, the only man to have a memorial in both buildings.

Below: "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note . . ." A sculptor's symbolic version in St. Paul's of the burial of Sir John Moore at Corunna.







As a change from seeing live animals at the Hamburg Zoo, soldiers can inspect these dragons on the Chinese terrace, which is also an excellent place from which to watch the zoo's water-fowl.

(Sgt. F. Wallace)

A young Cypriot takes a bird's-eye view of his native valley and of distant hills, where olive groves and vineyards flourish.

## Quiet Page



The Boot Inn, Eastgate Street, Chester, was licensed in 1643, but the timber on the outside is modern. A boot, passed round the customers by the landlord, raised nearly £300 for charities during the war.



## JAPAN

## HE SELLS PEARLS TO SOLDIERS

THE man with the highest income in Japan today, they say, is 90-year-old Kokichi Mikimoto, king of the Far East cultured-pearl industry, who has made about £100,000 selling pearls to the occupation soldiers.

A wizened little man in a brown kimono and a black bowler hat, he told a SOLDIER correspondent, through an interpreter, how it all began.

"In 1890," he said, "I heard a Japanese zoologist lecture on the possibility of cultivating pearls. He suggested implanting an irritant, like a grain of sand or a fragment of mother-of-pearl in a baby oyster to see if the oyster would coat it with layers of nacre and so form a pearl."

Mikimoto set up an experimental factory on the shore of Ago Bay, which has prolific oyster beds. For four years he had a lot of financial worry — and then he got his first "culture" pearl. It was a disappointment in its size, and its shape and tint were imperfect. But it was a start and in 20 years he had worked up the process to the pitch where amateurs could not tell the difference between real and cultured pearls.

Planting 3,000,000 seeded three-year-old oysters each year, he got saleable pearls from about one in 20 when they were eight or nine years old; in times of depression he burnt nearly a million pearls to keep the prices up. His prosperity grew and in 1939 America was buying half his output.

World War Two stopped his progress. B 29's destroyed his Ago Bay factory, but on the floor of the bay the oysters continued to work for him. Meanwhile, he improvised from his damaged plant and ground low-grade pearls and oyster-shells into a



Kokichi Mikimoto has 2000 diving girls. His best customers are occupation troops.

the authorities stepped in to regulate the trade. Now you can get a pretty good string from 30s to £5.

Today Mikimoto has about 2,000 girl workers diving for him and seeding young oysters with mother-of-pearl bead. But he doesn't like present trade conditions and is saving his finest-grained strings for the day when the signing of a peace-treaty opens the world's markets to Japan.

## LIBYA THE CRY IS "FATTO" — OR "NON FATTO"

ANXIOUS eyes still scan the Libyan desert near Tripoli for tracks. Tactics and strategy are still everyone's talking-point.

The reason is Bocce, which has taken staff officers and ATS/EFI girls, RSM's and privates, by storm and has studded their conversation with a new jargon in which the cries "Fatto" and "Non Fatto" figure largely.

This Libyan sport was adopted by Eighth Army in Tripoli when sand "courts" were found about the length of a cricket pitch and three times as wide. In some were sets of wooden balls, each with one smaller ball, rather like bowling woods but rougher and unbiased.

The troops soon framed their



It's an exact science, this game of Bocce.

## GERMANY

## THE UNIT IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE

A trip to Berlin from the British Zone of Germany used to be a bit of an adventure. Once you passed through the no-man's-land at Helmstedt, into the Russian Zone, you were completely on your own. For 117 miles the autobahn stretched empty ahead of you.

With the occupation forces came a boom in Mikimoto's trade and black market prices soared to £50 for a string of pearls, so

orderlies, a sapper and three general duty men — live and work. Except when they get water from Burg, seven miles away, they are not allowed to stray from their compound.

But they have plenty to do. The Military Police patrol the autobahn, checking vehicles and keeping an eye on things generally; sometimes they carry out snap checks on German trucks using the axis, to make sure there are no illegal migrants to or from the British Zone. They also look out for goods stolen from the British Zone, which German passengers might be carrying, and are always prepared to help any Allied vehicles which may need their services.

The REME men, who have a breakdown wagon capable of towing the biggest vehicles using the highway, have about 100 breakdowns a month to keep them busy and the solitary sapper finds that looking after the post's power-plant is a full-time job. The only man who is not constantly being called out is Driver Tommy Hulton, RASC, who drives the ambulance; accidents are rare, so he lends a hand in other ways.

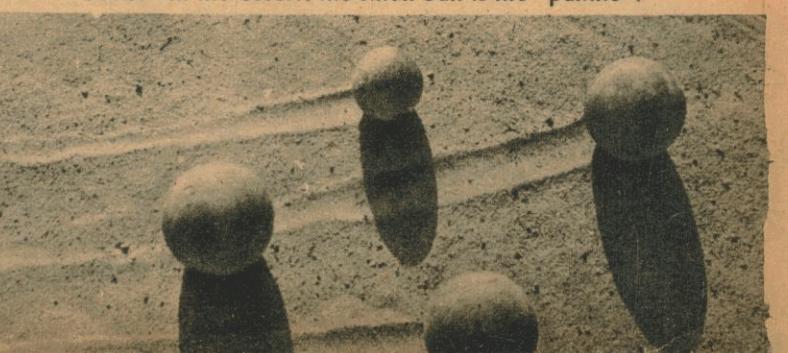
The traveller on the autobahn has his number taken when he sets off; if he does not turn up at the other end in reasonable time a patrol goes out to look for him. If anything is wrong, then either station can provide medical, recovery and minor repair facilities.

Today Mikimoto has about four wooden huts, set back from the autobahn and fenced off from the surrounding Russian territory. It is not big enough to allow the men a football pitch. There, Capt. Frederick Green, King's Own Scottish Borderers, and 17 men — craftsmen from REME, a section of Royal Military Police, RAMC

own rules. Now the game has found so many adherents that a regular league is in full swing under rules laid down by the Sand Club.

Bocce courts (dimensions immaterial) can be made anywhere

"Bowls" in the desert: the small ball is the "pallino".



## BRITAIN

## GM SAID "PAY WHAT YOU LIKE"

IN the Belfast blitz, Sgt. R. R. L. Young of the Maritime Regiment, RA, single-handed rescued some people from ruins. He was awarded the George Medal.

In the big fire that killed hundreds of people in Bombay in 1944, Sgt. Young and two other people boarded a burning, deserted ammunition ship, put the fire out and saved the vessel. He was awarded the British Empire Medal for that. His battle-dress blouse sported ten ribbons by the time he was released, as Lieut. Young of the Seaforth Highlanders.

Now he is a sergeant again — a Territorial in the London Scottish — and he earns his living as a landscape and market gardener at Kingston. Landscape gardening is doing him very well, but during the summer market gardening wasn't so good. There was a glut of nearly everything. Mr. Young had grown; he had a job to get a fair price for it.

So up came the spirit of initiative that won the GM and the BEM. Mr. Young got his car out, filled it up with lettuces and went round Chelsea, where he lives, calling on the pubs at closing time. He didn't offer his produce for sale at a fixed price, he just told customers to help themselves and give him what they thought was a fair price. Things prospered. Most people gave him more than shop prices; some didn't give him anything at all. But when tomatoes glutted the market and they were selling at 6d a pound in the London shops, Mr. Young was getting an average of ninepence to a shilling for them, and three shillings a pound for grapes against half-a-crown in the shops.

"I get a fair price that way," he says, "and the customers give me what they think is fair, so we're both satisfied."

Not that Mr. Young is entirely satisfied with the world as it is. He has longings for agriculture on a bigger scale. "I've been thinking," he says, "about trying to get a job in this government peanut-growing scheme in East Africa. That should be a good life."



Vendor (left) is former Lieut. R. R. L. Young, GM, BEM. "Help yourselves" he told his customers.

## EGYPT

## WHERE THE ARMY REPAIRS PIANOS

TROOPS at Fayid are now reaping the benefit of the foresight of a Welfare officer, Major W. Redditch, who worked there, at the headquarters of the Canal South District, two and a half years ago and who is now released.

At that time, just after the end of the war in Europe, there was a good deal of spare material lying around. Major Redditch had the idea of turning salvage to good use for the comfort of soldiers in the area.

From salvaged timber and sheets of corrugated iron he built a Welfare factory, staffed by prisoners-of-war. Salvaged machinery and tools were reconditioned to equip it; precision instruments were bought out of Welfare funds.

Today, with the Canal area crowded with troops, the factory can't keep pace with all its orders. Its main activity is producing furniture for Welfare and unit clubs and canteens. In the carpenter's shop frames for

armchairs and settees and complete tables, including fancy little occasional tables, are being turned out at full pressure.

The upholsterers' shop tries to keep pace, springing and stuffing the chairs and settees and providing detachable cushions for other kinds of armchairs. The upholsterers also recondition old chairs and settees. In the blacksmith's shop metal furniture is being made for the lidos on the Great Bitter Lake, as well as the metal parts of the great umbrellas that shade the tables on the sands.

Another branch of the factory is given over to pianos which can be repaired and retuned, ready to knock out "Daisy, Daisy" in a canteen or Mozart in an Education centre.

## THE ARMY'S BEER

BEER for soldiers was one of the luxuries that had to take a back-seat sometimes during the war.

Not always — Winston Churchill made it a first priority for troops in Italy when he visited the front there — but generally, when shipping was tight the soldier didn't get a chance to enjoy a pint.

And the worse the place, the greater luxury was a bottle of beer. As Eighth Army moved up the Western Desert, two bottles of beer in a month was good going; Fourteenth Army's ration was three bottles a month — if you were lucky — some of it fairly good Canadian beer, some indifferent Indian brew.

ex-Lieut.-Colonel F. H. V. Keighley, who was Assistant Provost Marshal, Second Army.

Another veteran of pre-

NAAFI days in the brewing trade is Captain Freddie Drury,

who has just retired from NAAFI in the Middle East.

Born at Burton-on-Trent, he



joined the military supply side of Messrs. Ind Coope and Co. in 1902 and one of his early jobs was arranging beer supplies to the troops' canteens organised at Carnarvon for the Investiture of the Prince of Wales.

In 1913, he went to Egypt as the Ind Coope representative and kept his firm's beer flowing to the Army's canteens there right through World War One. In 1917, during the Turkish advance towards Gaza, a canteen run for Allenby's army turned over £1,000 a day. Now he and Mrs. Drury are going to retire to Southern England. "And it'll be a treat to get a pint of draught bitter — even austerity strength," he says.

## JERRICANS

## FOR SALE

12/6

TASTEFULLY stacked in the window of a London West-end store recently was a pile of jerricans.

They were freshly painted and looked very much smarter than the rusty, battered objects which strewed the roads of North Africa and North-West Europe. The price? Seven shillings and sixpence each. Elsewhere in London they are on sale at twelve-and-six.

There are plenty of ex-Army "bargains" in the London shops these days. The other week housewives were buying for five shillings (and four pence) boxes containing three concentrated Army meals — a dubious picnic surprise for an ex-soldier husband. In the magazine *Exchange and Mart* are advertisements for ex-Army bell tents at £8 15s, and for used Army and RAF boots, "every pair reconditioned and ready for resale," at the rate of £50 for 100 pairs. "Fair wear or a fresh pair" say the advertisers. There are also "African New Army Boots" at 14s a pair. ATS leather jerkins are on the market too — about 35s.

Sandwiched amid offers of tame white mice and "Forever Amber" (£3), are appeals for such things as American Army combat jackets, paratroopers' jackets, parachute carriers, helmet plates, badges, medals and decorations.

"AIR SUPPLY IS STILL



### THE DRIVER'S ON HIS WAY TOO

"Put it there, if it weighs a ton," said the Halifax pilot. It did weigh a ton — a loaded jeep — and the airborne troops hoisted it into the belly of the great plane.

The following day, over the airfield at Netheravon, Wiltshire, the Halifax's bomb-doors opened and the jeep dropped out. Four giant parachutes opened and the jeep sailed to the ground. Within a minute the jeep was driven away.

Around it men and supply containers, guns and jeeps had also dropped, buffeted by the wind, as 2nd Parachute Brigade showed spectators how they would capture an airfield and consolidate their gain.

## IN ITS INFANCY" DESERT AIR-DROPS SAVE LIVES

THE first of the Army's air despatch companies — No 223 Air Despatch Company, RASC — is experimenting in new methods in the deserts of the Middle East.

It has plenty of experience. In its early days it supplied partisans in enemy-occupied Europe; then helped the men who invaded Europe, losing one-third of its men in supplying the airborne troops at Arnhem. It has all the knowledge gained in the Burma campaign, where whole divisions were supplied by air for months on end, as well.

The Company is stationed at Fenara, in the Canal Zone of Egypt, and its main task today is air, sea and desert rescue. Recently a York aircraft crashed

chutes, they wear safety belts attached to the inside of the aircraft because there is always a possibility of falling out when they are working near the open door. Each man carries a Commando knife to cut away parachute rigging lines if they should foul the aircraft's tail.

Supplies are packed in panniers, mounted on roller conveyors running through the fuselage. As the aircraft approaches its dropping zone at about 600 feet, the Air Despatch crew (an NCO and three men) are given the order "unlash the load," which means undoing the straps that stop the panniers from breaking loose in evasive action.

Next the pilot sounds a buzzer and the panniers roll down the conveyor to the open doorway, where they are held by a bar until the order to eject the load comes through. Then the crew work feverishly, pushing the panniers off the rollers and out of the opening. They can get eight panniers away in seven or eight seconds.

Sometimes panniers go out without parachutes in a "free drop". It is risky, both for the goods and for anybody who happens to be walking near the dropping zone but it was used with some success in Burma for supplies like mule fodder.

Recently 223 Company experimented with a free drop of ripe tomatoes and three-quarters of them arrived on the ground intact. Correct packing was the secret.

Air Despatch crews have equipment similar to that of the RAF flying crews. Besides para-



It may be food, ammunition or even the rum-ration. A supply drop does not lie long before ground troops collect it.



**Cheering..Energising..Sustaining**

DELICIOUS "Ovaltine" is a worthy favourite with the Forces. Its warming, cheering nourishment builds up body, brain and nerves, and helps to sustain strength and energy throughout the most strenuous day.

At bed-time, too, when you feel the need of a really good night's rest, a cup of "Ovaltine" will go a long way to ensure that your sleep is fully restorative. Remember to order "Ovaltine" in your canteen.

Drink delicious  
*Ovaltine*

OVALTINE TABLETS  
for eating

"Ovaltine" Tablets, containing the sustaining and energising properties of "Ovaltine" are the best emergency ration. They are packed in handy sizes for the pocket. Prices 4d & 1/3d.



You're on to a good thing when you wolf a Mars! This mouth-watering combination of chocolate, glucose and milk is a feast in itself — sustaining, energising and nourishing you.

**Mars**

360lbs. Try it sometime. You will be lucky if you manage ten strands. He was also the first man ever to achieve 200 lbs with a Single Arm Press and he accomplished 356½ lbs with two hands with a Military Press.\*

Thomas Inch, still hale and hearty and living in London, sums up his art thus: Weight-lifting needs perfect muscle control, good balance, and split-second timing in your lifts. Mr. Inch is contemptuous of the suggestion that you acquire success at weight-lifting by a "knack". He insists that it is just as scientific as boxing and more so than wrestling, and says that it would be a good thing for the nation's health if more and more people became interested in it.

Two other old-timers were John Price, the Gloucester blacksmith, who once lifted 430 lbs of iron from the ground to his knee, and Alfred Danks, who used to eat seven pounds of meat at each meal while in training. In more recent years the greatest lifter was Ronald Walker, of Wakefield, the Modern Samson, who later turned professional; another top-liner was the appropriately-named Bill Pullum, who reigned as nine-stone champion for 15 years.

One of the most remarkable weight-lifting stories is that of John Wright, of Fleetwood, who was told by his doctor after two operations that his case was

## FIVE MINUTES OF THIS—

Jim Halliday, former prisoner-of-war under the Japanese, built himself up from nine to eleven stone to beat the Danish middle-weight champion. The winning lift: 231½ lbs.

## —IS EQUAL TO A FIVE-MILE RUN

ONE of Britain's "Cinderella" sports is weight-lifting. To most people it means nothing, but to 50,000 others it is a very serious matter indeed. And weight-lifting has a prominent place in the recently issued programme of next year's Olympic Games at Wembley.

In London alone there were 40 clubs before World War Two, a league and weekly inter-club matches which created tremendous interest. That activity goes on.

Weight-lifting, though you might not think so is not confined to man-mountains dotted all over with bulges and muscles the size of ostrich eggs. Some of our greatest exponents size up only to feather-weight boxers, and perhaps the greatest weight wizard of them all, Norman Holroyd, of Elland, Leeds, is a mere nine stone six pounds.

Nor is a sedentary occupation a handicap to weight-lifting champions. Doctors, waiters and clerks compete on equal footing with dock labourers and farm workers for "lifting" is an applied science of great skill and not just brute force and ignorance. Speed, agility and technique all count.

Indeed, it is claimed that weight-lifting gives a balanced muscular development, is good for the heart, is recommended by many doctors, and is an aid to physical fitness for the jaded

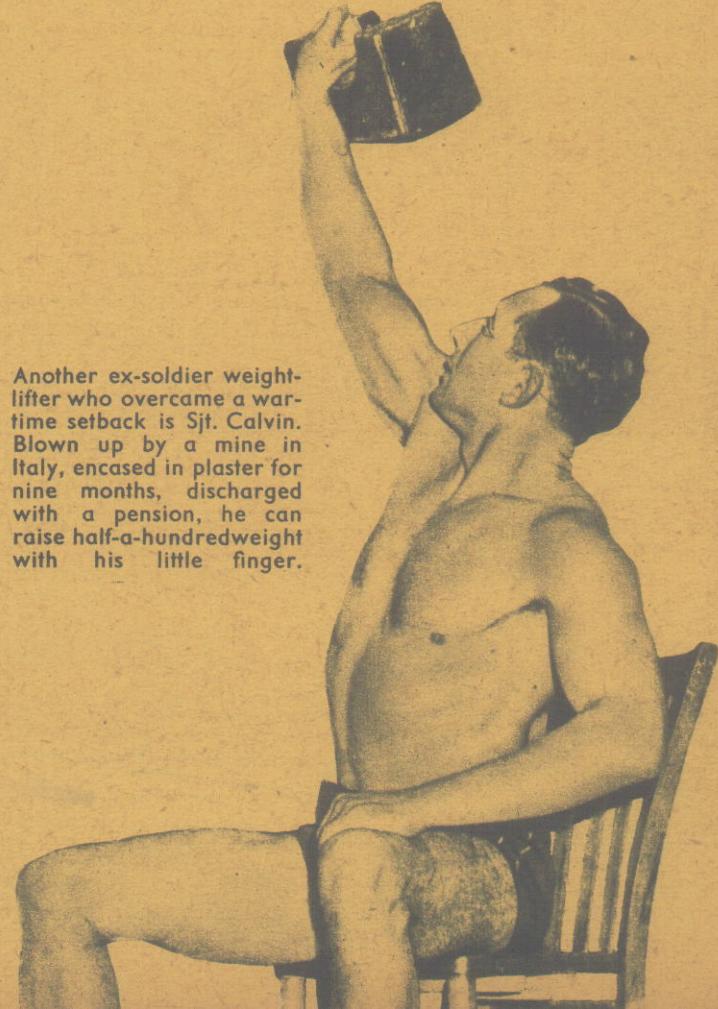
business man. Five minutes' weight-lifting is said to be as good as a five-mile run or an hour's P.T.

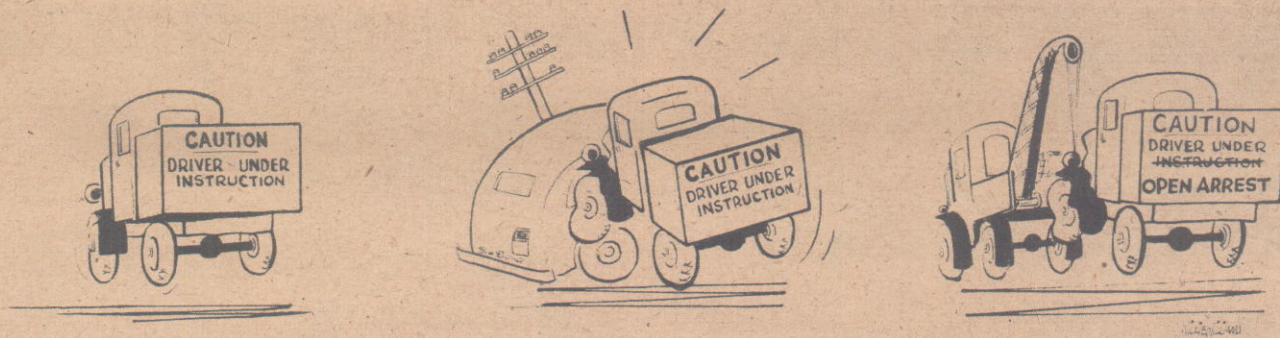
Many ex-Servicemen have turned to weights as a sport; an outstanding example is Jim Halliday, of Kearsley, Bolton, Lancs., who for three and a half years was a prisoner-of-war of the Japanese. He returned to England two years ago, built himself up from nine stone to eleven stone, and beat the Danish middle-weight champion Moretzen with a winning lift of 231½ lbs. And now he proudly wears the Union Jack badge of a British international.

The man who really put the sport on its feet was Edward Aston, a famous strong man once known as the British Apollo. He was for 22 years the secretary of the British Amateur Weight-Lifting Association. Perhaps the best-known of the press, snatch and jerk brigade was Thomas Inch whose prodigious feats of strength have become legendary.

Inch once pulled down from over his head with either hand an elastic expander of 30 strands, giving an aggregate pull of

Another ex-soldier weight-lifter who overcame a wartime setback is Sjt. Calvin. Blown up by a mine in Italy, encased in plaster for nine months, discharged with a pension, he can raise half-a-hundredweight with his little finger.





hopeless and that he could not possibly live more than 12 months. He took up weight-lifting as a hobby, managed to lift 260 lbs above his head and became a national champion.

Women, too, have entered the realm of weight-lifting, although ostracised by the National Association, and I well remember seeing Miss Ivy Russell, of Croydon, give an exhibition in 1938 when she lifted a 100-lb bar one-handed, from in front of her to above her head, and held it there for two seconds.

There are, of course, all sorts of comic people who attempt stunts such as holding back trains, preventing two horses from going in the opposite directions, letting motor cars full of people be driven over their chests, but the Association frowns upon all this, and will tell you that that is not true strength exercised in its most beneficial forms.

It is generally conceded that

the best weight-lifters in Great Britain come from Yorkshire with London second and Scotland third, and at the moment hundreds are training zealously to gain championships and so reach the Olympic team next year.

In the international field weight-lifting has given rise to the usual challenge to Russia's amateur status. There was a hullabaloo in Paris last year when a 13-nation conference cast a seven-six vote in favour of the team from Moscow being admitted. The British Association's honorary secretary, Mr. Oscar State, was very emphatic that the Russians were professionals, but nevertheless they can now appear at Wembley.

\*A One Arm Press is a jerk from the ground to elbow, arm pressing into the waist, and then a steady press upwards with feet straddled. A Military Press incorporates the same movements but finishes with the feet being brought to the position of attention.

ARCHIE QUICK.

## THE SPORTS CLUB WHICH HAS EVERYTHING

If they included "pot-holing" among their sports, the staff of the Olympic Sports Club—the British garrison's sports club in Berlin—could spend hours in underground exploration. Underneath the club are miles of passages and there are some which have not yet been explored.

"When we first came here, I gave orders that no one was to explore without blazing a trail," says Capt. J. Paton, who runs the club. "I have never seen such a maze of passages and you could quite easily get lost."

These extensive catacombs match the rest of the club in size. It has: 400 acres; 11 soccer pitches; 4 rugby fields; 9 cricket pitches; 3 swimming pools; 2 gymnasias; 4 badminton courts; 6 tennis courts.

In addition there are boxing rings, a fencing school, a riding school, an athletics track, massage rooms and a tea lounge.

The club was the centre of the Reichssportfeld, from which grew the Olympic Stadium for the 1936 Olympic games. Like Japan's Olympic Games hotel, it now serves British occupation troops. Today the club, which has a leave and transit centre attached, gives British Service men and women opportunities for recreation and exercise to counter the strain of service in Berlin's unnatural conditions.

When the first British troops arrived in Berlin, the field, in and around which there had been heavy fighting, was covered with the debris of war. Top priority was given to the repair work and soon football and cricket grounds and swimming pools were put in order. Repairs to the rest followed steadily.

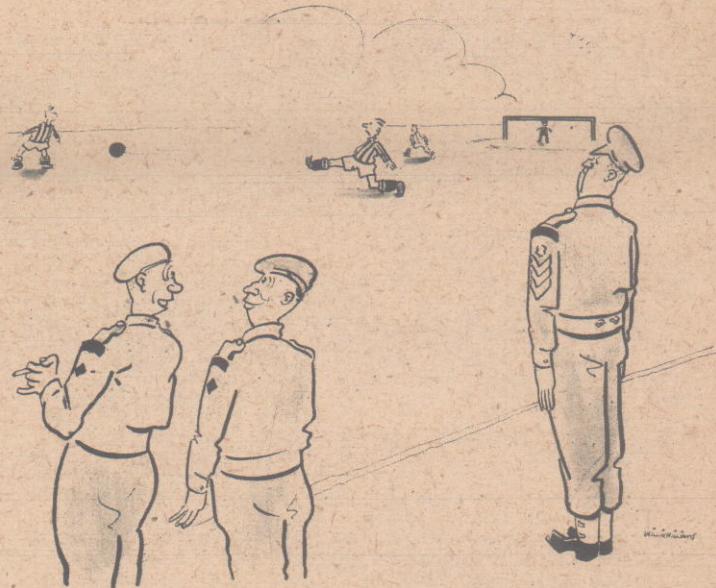
Today there are few war-scars left. All through the summer the open-air swimming pool, where water is kept fresh by an intricate underground plant, has been filled with bathers, the grounds have been booked to capacity and the gymnasias have been kept busy. Now the winter season has started. German swimming instructors, top-flight leaders of Reichsport before the war, have moved to the huge indoor bath; the boxing and jiu-jitsu instructors and the fencing master, a German champion, are busy every night.

The underground engine-rooms, repair shops and other maintenance works needed to keep the huge club going are working smoothly and numbers of Germans are employed on maintenance and clerical work.

## OLYMPIC SPORTS CLUB



Here is the imposing entrance to the Olympic Sports Club, Berlin. It claims to be the Army's finest sports club.



"It's a wonder 'e don't want to know if that pass was signed by an officer."

## SOLDIER HUMOUR

### THE BROTHERS WILES

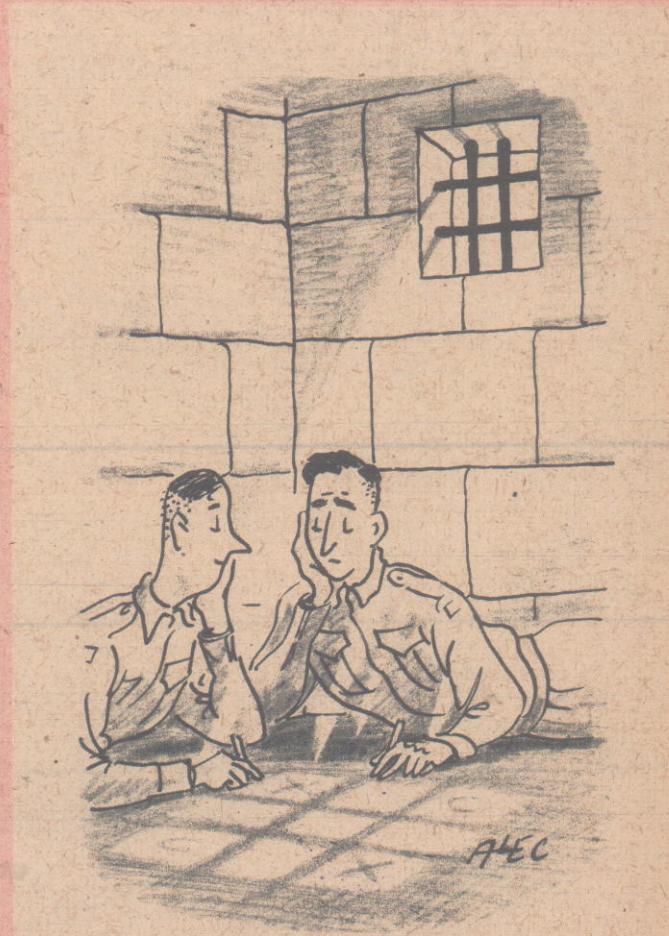
YES, there are two of them. Signalman A. F. Wiles has contributed humorous drawings to SOLDIER for many months; one of his sketches appears immediately below. Now his brother, 23-year-old Alec E., breaks into SOLDIER with the drawing on right.

Arnold F. had his first drawing in *Mickey Mouse* comic at the age of 12. Alec E. claims he held his first exhibition at the age of five, when the headmaster made him show the elephant he had drawn on his slate to the whole school.

"Alec E. volunteered for RAF at 18, drew humorous murals in Cairo, cartooned in *Gen*, and on repatriation used his "conscience-stricken pencil" at the Air Ministry to lure RAF recruits.



The man who "personally couldn't care less about the CO's drill parade tomorrow."



—MEGGESON & CO., LTD.,

LONDON, S.E.16.

# **COLDS THAT COME from NOWHERE!**

There are a lot of "surprise" colds about. Nobody knows how they come and where they come from. It's more to the point to know what to do when they put in an appearance. The answer is—use 'ASPRO' directly the shivery, depressing symptoms begin to afflict you. 'ASPRO' speedily prevents the further progress of the cold—soothes away aching sensations and promotes a healthy skin action, thereby helping to eliminate the poisons by way of the pores. This is the time of the year, too, when many complain of the return of rheumatic pains. But they have only to take the safe, soothing, pain-relieving action will troubles disappear in a matter of minutes—as though they had never been. Why not 'ASPRO' do all this for you—and save yourself from colds and rheumatic pain?

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## RHEUMATIC PAIN RELIEVED

Mrs. F., of Palmers Green, writes: "I suffer very  
body with rheumatic pain and find after trying almost  
everything that I cannot get anything as good as  
'ASPRO'. I have been taking them for many years and  
I cannot speak too highly of them for relieving pain."

**NEVER WITHOUT 'ASPRO'**

D. JARVIS, of 7, Hornby Terrace, Morecambe, writes :—  
"I am never really without a few 'ASPRO' tablets as they do dispel a cold. I am always out of doors on my job and we use 'ASPRO' at the least sign of a cold."

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The creative instinct is of all things in life the most worthy of development and expression. There are many folk with the gift to see and record life in the routine around them, with natures sensitive to the humour, pathos and excitement of their experience, who with correct guidance quickly could be expressing themselves in well-paid articles and stories and, perhaps, making for themselves a lasting name in the world of letters.

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There is a lesson all would-be writers must learn. It has usually only been acquired after long, painful experience. Now it can be learned quickly by those able and willing to profit from the crystallised experience of successful writers.

## **The Need for Direction**

There is today a great demand for good English fiction of all types. The shortage is so great that American fiction is invading the English markets. If ever there was an opportunity for the new writer, and the writer who wishes to expand his field, it is here now.

The old methods of selling stories have changed. New publications and periodicals are springing up almost week by week. There is no reason why everyone with a gift for expression and a feeling for words cannot almost immediately learn to use that gift and be paid handsomely for doing so. All that so many writers lack is direction on how and where to start, how and where to finish, and above all, where to sell. No ordinary friend can help. Prejudiced criticisms are no use. The Fleet Street School of Authorship Ltd. has been formed by authors who are writing in Fleet Street today. They have learnt their lesson from experience. They know that a man must eat as well as write, that he must earn while he is learning as indeed, they did themselves.

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The new Course is far more than a course to study. From the very earliest lessons it must be producing saleable work and actually introducing the writer to his market.

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All who feel that they can be helped by this Course, as described, and who feel their talent justifies the effort, are requested to apply for details of the new plan of writing to sell. The book, "The Prospects for Authorship" is sent under plain sealed cover without obligation. (Stamp for reply postage appreciated). Write to:

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# STOP COLDS QUICKLY

with this simple 'Two-Way' Treatment



## GARGLE FREQUENTLY WITH T.C.P.

to tackle the infection in the throat and nose—clear the head, relieve throat soreness.



## TAKE SMALL DOSES OF T.C.P.

to help the system to throw out the Cold toxins (poisons) that cause feverishness and headache.

OBVIOUSLY, if you feel a Cold coming on, the first place to tackle it is where the germs lodge and multiply—in the nose and throat membranes. But don't forget that the general symptoms of a heavy Cold—feverishness and headache—are due to toxins (poisons) escaping from the nose and throat into the system. So, to make reasonably certain of stopping a Cold quickly, you need to tackle it *internally*, as well as by gargling.

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a gargle and take internally as well. And it's the internal antiseptic action of T.C.P. that gives your system just the help needed to throw off the Cold toxins, before they can get a hold.

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# HOW TO STOP FOOT-ROT

IRRITATING, PAINFUL, BURNING FEET,  
PEELING SKIN AND CRACKS BETWEEN TOES

## RELIEVED OVERNIGHT

If your feet irritate, are hot and painful, look between the toes. That's where Foot-Rot starts. First it causes tiny blisters, then peeling skin and irritating, painful cracks between the toes.

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## MAKE THIS TEST

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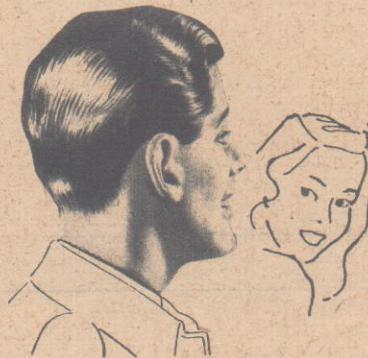
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A.B.I/7

Look what happens when  
you end Dry Scalp!



Two pictures of the same chap? Nonsense, she's not dumb enough to believe that! Just look at that Dry Scalp on the left! An untidy, lifeless head of hair, if ever there was one. There's dandruff showing at the parting, and quite a few bits on his tunic, too. His scalp is certainly short of natural oils.



Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day, using only a little because a little goes a long way.

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## How Much Do You Know?

1. A cask of beer is never full. The amount by which it is short of being full is called: (a) silage; (b) ullage; (c) pilage; (d) mullage. Which?

2. Which country operates air liners marked "Aer Lingus"?

3. Equity is—

- (a) The family motto of Sir Stafford Cripps;
  - (b) the British actors' trade union;
  - (c) a town in California;
  - (d) the name of a famous poem by Milton.
- Which?

4. If a man said "What like is it?" instead of "What is it like?" it is a fair bet he comes from:

- (a) New York; (b) Glasgow; (c) Stepney; (d) Newcastle. Which?

5. Who was the legendary barber who slit his customers' throats so that they might be made into pies in the shop next door?

6. "Keep the war won" is the slogan of—

- The United Nations' Association;
- The British Legion;
- The Daily Mail;
- The British League of Ex-Servicemen. Which?

7. "Bumbledom" is a term used to describe stupid, unimaginative officialdom. How did the word originate?

8. How many tramps are there in Great Britain: 1600; 16,000; 160,000; 260,000?

9. True or false? Edward Whymper was the first man to climb the Matter-

horn; The Statue of Liberty is green;

The Cinque Ports are Hastings, Romney, Folkestone, Sandwich and Hythe.

10. Who—

has Boynton for his middle name; owns a big farm on the Isle of Wight; usually has a play running somewhere; has written books treating Time as a fourth dimension?

11. This is a cynical parody of a famous verse by Walter Savage Landor:

*I fought with none, for none was worth my strife.  
Reason I loved, and next to Reason, Doubt.  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
And put it out.*

What was the original version?

12. Can you name—

A bicycle named after an explorer;

A radio set named after an Irishman?

13. A three-wheeled car is rated for taxable purposes as (a) a bicycle; (b) a tricycle; (c) a motor-car; (d) a light locomotive. Which?

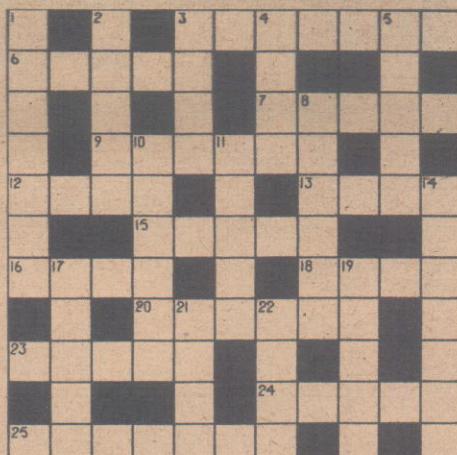
14. If London's Stage Street is Shaftesbury Avenue, what is London's Film Street?

15. The picture below shows:

- (a) Headquarters of the Welsh Eisteddfod, 1946;
  - (b) Headquarters of the Welsh Division, VE-night, Hamburg;
  - (c) Illuminations on Field of Waterloo, 1915;
  - (d) Sign advertising Warner's Holiday Camps, 1947.
- Which?

(Answers on Page 45)

## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 3. Endearment for an elderly bird (two words). 6. Sometimes called a mechanical brain. 7. Punitive in an open alliance. 9. Anything from the Queen Elizabeth to a coffee-cup. 12. The top. 13. Little Alexander. 15. A tickle may bring this fish's downfall. 16. Reflected sound. 18. A 9 across. 20. Reference to the insane letter; it is reconstructed. 23. Claus's other name.

24. Recently changed in the atlas.  
25. Not spat, but ready for roasting.

- DOWN:** 1. Before the mouth, eyes, nose, etc., in a book?  
2. Higher.  
3. Miss this couldn't lunch.  
4. Mug.  
5. Mania.  
8. Unpunctual in little Edward in high spirits.  
10. Exact.  
11. Assault.  
14. Two vehicles make one when joined by a letter.  
17. A hundred and a light producer fasten together.  
19. Describes a bad garden or a thin man.  
21. The direction of the seat.  
22. The maid in the middle.

(Answers on Page 45)

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employer. In the first six months of this year 31,104 men registered with the Association and more than 80 percent of them were found regular employment. The remainder were men taking part of their release leave before starting work, men waiting for a vacancy of a particular kind and men who could not leave their districts, where there were no suitable vacancies, because of the housing situation.

In short, the Association can find a soldier, sailor or airman a suitable job in almost any capacity if he can find living accommodation in the area. The way to get in touch? Get an Army Form B 134 at your release centre or write direct to the head office.

## TO REMIND YOU

\*\*\* HUNDREDS OF READERS are sending SOLDIER home. This is an idea to be encouraged, but don't forget that each copy must be stamped according to the rate for the theatre. Eg.: in Britain the charge is twopence; in BAOR one penny. Each copy weighs nearly four-and-a-half ounces.

\*\*\* IN CERTAIN CASES SOLDIER can supply prints of photographs appearing in this magazine. The charges are 1s 6d for halfplate and 2s 6d for whole plate. A preliminary letter should be sent to ascertain that prints are available. Address: Photographic Dept., SOLDIER, The War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1.

## THEY'RE THERE TO HELP YOU—NO. 1

### THE JOB-FINDERS

For the man who leaves the release centre to face the problem "What shall I do now?" the answer will probably be found by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen. Don't be put off by the title: they find jobs for non-regulars, too.

The Association, who have their head office at 14, Howick Place, Westminster, London SW 1, also have 53 offices in

the provinces, staffed by ex-Servicemen who can translate Service training into civilian terms and know the best places where it can produce civilian wages. But they are equally at home in placing men with non-Service training or no training at all.

Their card-index is so complete that the Association boast that after an interview they know all about a man. The next thing he knows is that he has an interview with a prospective



# LETTERS

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ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES

### THE DUKE'S CARS

It may be of interest to Capt. J. E. Gosling, RASC, (SOLDIER June) that the armoured cars used by the Duke of Westminster in the desert campaign of 1917 are still in existence today and are thought to be the oldest vehicles used by the Army.

There are nine of these armoured vehicles, powered by Rolls-Royce engines, in service with the Calcutta and Presidency Battalion A. F. (1) Armoured Car Company. These vehicles, manned by European volunteers, guarded Calcutta's dockland during the war, and have been used extensively in restoring law and order during periods of civil disorder. — Cpl. S. W. Scott, 2 Bn. East Lancs Regt. Calcutta.

### COLOURFUL

Well spoken, Captain Russell Steele (SOLDIER, September). I have considered uniforms should be more colourful ever since I took part in a regimental battle honour parade inspected by an elderly general. He said something which we could not hear and after we had cheered him lustily we enquired of an onlooker as to his words. They were, "When I joined the Army 60 years ago we all wore red coats". Very nice, too. I bet the girls gave him a devil of a time. Today we khaki-drabbed chaps could

### GOING DOWN THE MINE?

Can a soldier become a miner before his release is due?

Many readers have asked this question. Here is the latest information:

Except for those classes listed below, all Other Ranks, including Regulars, who have a minimum of six months experience in a colliery, either on the surface or underground, can be released in Class B if they are prepared to volunteer for underground work in the mines, provided that they are found suitable. They must be medical category A1, A2 or A3 and must have not less than six months full-time paid service in the Army.

Exceptions to this are those who have taken on a Regular engagement on or after 1 January 1947 and those previously released in Class B to the coalmining industry and subsequently recalled and who rejoined later than 31 March 1947.

Applications from those eligible should be made through their Commanding Officers. The form to be completed on their behalf is Appendix A to War Office urgent memorandum 19/Release/73 (Demob 2) of 8 Sept. 1947.

Men with six months coalmining experience who were called up after 1 January 1947 for a fixed period of National Service, and who have six months service, do not get a Class B release but are relegated to the reserve, which means they do not get Class B release benefits. The form to be completed for them is Appendix A to memorandum 19/Release/487 (Demob 2) of 15 Sept. 1947.

These releases are not granted to men who are without the necessary experience, but want to take up training in the coalmining industry as a career.

### ● SOLDIER welcomes letters.

There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full name and full address. Answers cannot be sent to "The Boys of 'B' Troop" or similar collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

do with a spot of morale-raising colour. Bad thing for active service, you say? Well, look at the Airborne and the Commandos? Red and green berets, and they wore them in action. Why were they given those colours? To give them a sense of self-respect and unit pride.

True, the new berets are a great improvement. As an addition why not let all troops wear lanyards of regimental colours?

Barracks, too, might well be more colourful. The ones I have been in are not so bright-looking as most of those to be found in Germany. The Army seems to cling to dull green, drab brown and a little faded buff when it comes to paintwork. Why not bright greens and reds and creams? — Cpl. J. N. Tarr (address supplied).

### SOFT-MINDED?

I have just read (*Daily Mirror* 6 October) that a Territorial regiment is starting a "girl friends' club" where men can bring their female admirers on parade nights, as it is considered that many men are reluctant to part company from their girls on even one night a week.

If men are so soft-minded that they cannot dispense with female society for one night a week there is something rotten in the state of England. — Rfn. James Henderson (address supplied).

### YOUNG WIVES

How old does a British wife of a Regular soldier have to be to go abroad? — Cpl. Bawden, 1 Bn. KRRC, CMF.

★ There is no restriction on the age of the wife. An officer or OR married before 30 June 1946 may apply for his wife to join him at his duty station (vide ACI's 179/46, 375/46 and 1003/46) irrespective of his age. Those married after 1 July 1946 must, in the case of officers, have attained the age of 25, and in the case of OR's 21 before they are eligible to apply for their wives to join them.

### WORK IN HOLLAND

Can I live in Holland after I am discharged, and still retain my British nationality? I have an offer of regular employment there. — (Name and address supplied).

★ You can retain your British nationality, but before you can work in Holland, your future employer must obtain a labour permit for you from the Dutch authorities. You will need a British passport to enter Holland but not a visa. As the "emergency" is still in operation you must obtain permission to leave Britain in accordance with ACI 949 of 1945. You should write, on your release, to the Officer in Charge, The War Office.

## DEED POLL

I want to change my name by deed poll. Can I do this while still in the Army? If not, how do I go about it in Civvy Street? I want to emigrate to America. What is the procedure? "Private", 1 KOYLI.

★ You should ask your unit to obtain the assistance of the Legal Aid Section, HQ BAOR, or if you wish to leave it until your release, you should see a lawyer. To emigrate, you must obtain the permission of the Officer in Charge Records before you can leave the country and then you should apply to the American Consulate, London. The waiting list is a long one.

## BADGE SEEKERS

One of your readers has asked for a tailor's trade badge (SOLDIER, September). I don't know whether these chaps think they are in the Army or the



Boy Scouts: do they want to go around looking like tattooed men? They should rid themselves of these stupid ideas. — Pte. J. Williams, 155 TVP, RAOC.

## CAPTAIN OR COLONEL?

May a retired Army captain who subsequently served as lieutenant-colonel in the Home Guard now describe himself as colonel? — S. Bosworth, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

★ Provided he has served satisfactorily for the required period, he is granted the honorary rank of lieutenant-colonel (Home Guard) and is entitled to style himself lieutenant-colonel. Army Order 32 of 1945 gives details.

## HE'S A STUDENT

I am a student. My date of attestation into the Army was 12 September 1946, and I am in Group 77c. Will it be possible for me to be released, in June 1948, in order to start at my prospective "Alma Mater" — Glasgow University — in September next year? If I do not obtain a release I will have to wait a whole year until the next term in 1949. — Pte J. P. Falconer, 77 SOS, RAOC.

★ The Ministries of Labour, Education and Health have issued a "memorandum of guidance" to vice-chancellors of universities and colleges on this subject for the academic year 1947-1948, but not yet for 1948-1949.

This memorandum covers Class B release for students to universities, agricultural and veterinary colleges, medical and dental schools, technical and other institutions for further education. These centres may apply for the release of students in any subject who are in groups up to 62. The students must be "highly promising", ready to take full time courses, and places must have been reserved for them. Special application may be made for the release of students over

group 62 who have had a period of employment on civilian work of national importance. All applications must come from the universities and colleges and not from individuals.

It is expected that a similar guidance will be issued for the next academic year, which will cover later group numbers.

## HOW LONG?

I was called up last April. Can I count on being released after 18 months or will it be two years? — Gnr. J. S. Taylor, 54 AA Regt. RA, Gibraltar.

★ SOLDIER prefers not to prophesy. Release dates depend on political decisions.

## THE CORNFLOWER

Officer Cadet Mackay-Paxton asks for identification of the cornflower unit sign (SOLDIER, September). I can tell him.

On 1 November 1938 the AA defences were extended, and 58 Searchlight Regiment was raised to establishment strength in Harrow, Middlesex. In view of the local associations of this TA unit it was decided that the sign adopted should preserve for all time the link with the school and citizens. At the annual Eton and Harrow cricket match at Lords Harrow supporters wear a cornflower in their buttonholes, and many Harrow citizens also wear it during the period of the match. Thus the cornflower became the outward symbol of Harrow.

I originated the cornflower as the regimental sign of my regiment in 1941. It was worn by members of 58 SL and the attached ATS from then until we went into suspended animation in 1945. On 3 September 1945 the old comrades' association of the regiment was formed and known as the Cornflower Club. The cornflower is its badge of membership. Last May the unit was reformed in Harrow as 593 (Mixed) HAA Regiment TA. The cornflower is again the unit sign. — Lieut.-Colonel E. Boggis, Commanding 593 (M) HAA Regt., RA, TA, Elmgrove Road, Harrow.

## THREE POSTINGS

I believe that an order was published to the effect that a Regular soldier is able at his own request to apply for and receive three postings. These postings must be made and cannot be stopped by his OC. Is this true? — Cpl. P. J. Parker, 121 Brit. Gen. Hospital.

★ Sorry. It's just one of those Army fables.

(More Letters on Page 46)

## Answers

(from Page 43)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Ullage.
2. Eire.
3. The British actors' trade union.
4. Glasgow.
5. Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street.
6. United Nations Association.
7. From Mr. Bumble, the Beadle, in "Oliver Twist."
8. 16,000.
9. True; true; false — for Folkestone read Dover.
10. J. B. Priestley.
11. Second line should be: *Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art.* Last line: *It sinks, and I am ready to depart.*
12. Raleigh; Murphy.
13. Tricycle.
14. Wardour Street.
15. Headquarters of Welsh Division, VE-night, Hamburg (Atlantic Hotel).

### CROSSWORD

- ACROSS. 3. Old cock. 6. Robot. 7. Penal. 9. Vessel. 12. Apex. 13. Alec. 15. Trout. 16. Echo. 18. Ewer. 20. Remade. 23. Santa. 24. India. 25. Spitted.
- DOWN. 1. Preface. 2. Above. 3. Otis. 4. Dupe. 5. Craze. 8. Elated. 10. Extort. 11. Storm. 14. Caravan. 17. Clamp. 19. Weedy. 21. East. 22. Amid.

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# MORE LETTERS

## BLACK BERET

What was the origin of the Black Beret? Is it a battle honour given us by the French or was it issued because of its serviceable nature? — **Tpr. K. P. Turner, 13/18 Hussars.**

★ *No, it was not a battle honour. At the end of World War One it was considered that a more comfortable and practical type of headdress was wanted for the Tank Corps. Near the Corps headquarters in France was a regiment of the French, the Tirailleurs Alpins, who wore the Breton type of beret. This was considered too small and the Basque beret was regarded as "too Continental" for the British Army.*

*It was then learned that a black beret was in vogue in some schools in England and a collection of various types was made. From these a black beret as now worn by the RTR was chosen and has proved very popular.*

## THREE-STRİPE CORPORAL

Can you tell me why lance-corporals in the Grenadier Guards wear two stripes and corporals three stripes? And why is a corporal wearing three stripes addressed as sergeant? — **L/Cpl. S. J. Lomas, KOSB, School of Infantry.**

★ *Custom is that the King's Guard must be mounted by a sergeant. At one time there were so few sergeants in the Grenadier Guards that it meant that they were doing guard duties all the time. To get over this corporals were made up to local sergeants (then called unpaid sergeants) so that they could also carry out the duty. Similarly with lance-corporals. Even now with the recent discarding of the lance-sergeant rank, corporals in the Grenadier Guards are called local sergeants, and lance-corporals are called local corporals.*

## TO WEST AFRICA

Can you give me any information about a transfer to the West African Frontier Force? I am a Regular. — **Cpl. W. Bayliss, RASC, Palestine.**

★ *Secondment (not transfer) to the RWAFF is still in operation on a limited scale. There are also RASC postings to West Africa. You can apply through your Commanding Officer for either.*

## PALESTINE POLICE

I am a Regular with three years still to serve. I have served for five years in the Middle East. Can I transfer to the Palestine Police? — **Pte. J. B. Shaw, Coast Artillery, Plymouth.**

★ *Recruitment of serving soldiers from the Army for service with the Palestine Police has recently been discontinued, and Class B releases for this purpose have ceased. (See ACI 737 of 6 Sept. 1947).*

## BUCKLES AND LACES

When was it that soldiers' boots with laces replaced the buckled shoes as we know them from pictures of troops in Marlborough's day? — **Cpl. Peter Buxbaum, No. 11 PCLU.**

★ *In the early 1800's the buckle was disappearing from civilian use, to the consternation of London buckle-*



*makers who, in an effort to keep alive their trade, petitioned Royalty to retain the fashion.*

*Army clothing regulations are not available for this period but it is believed that boots with laces were introduced in the Service about this time.*

## BERLIN TATTOO

Most men in this unit have been amazed by your account of the Berlin Tattoo, and of the preparation of the arena by the 2nd Northamptonshires. It has surely always been the task of the Engineers to undertake jobs like this, and the lot has seldom been left to the Infantry.

The long and arduous task began many months ago with the demolition of the Glockenturm Bell Tower at the Maifeld by this Unit. And from that day men of the Unit were employed in clearing debris.

In May the task of reconstruction was begun. This included the erection of boxes, including press boxes and control boxes, levelling of the terracing, electrical installations and numerous other tasks. One of the biggest jobs undertaken by the Squadron was the erection of the immense scaffolding

## Two Minute Sermon

Among the first words most of us were taught to say were "please" and "thank you". Now most of us seem to have forgotten they exist. For years we have been using these words less and less and it is not remarkable that with the decrease in their use the spirit of gratitude and appreciation has faded.

And yet, in spite of life's troubles, difficulties and hardships we all have much to be thankful for. The joy of living itself springs from a deep sense of gratitude for our many blessings—blessings which today we are all too prone to forget because they are an accepted part of our living.

We take so many things for granted and fail to appreciate our priceless inheritance, the blessings of home, health and loved ones and the beauty of the world in which we live.

The ability to take stock of ourselves and to show appreciation must be regained if we are to experience the joys of living.

It would do us all good to stop, even for a moment, and say "Thank you" to those who gave us so much in life that is good and happy.

If we compiled a list of all these blessings it would surprise us what God, our families, our friends and those who have gone before us have done.

which held the scenery. In order that the job should be complete by the target date, reveille was advanced to 0500 hours daily, and the 200 NCO's and men, under the direction of Lieut E. A. Saunders RE worked from 0700 hours until 1630 hours daily. The job was complete in time.

The fiery cross which appeared in the sky during the playing of the hymn "Abide With Me" was erected, lighted and operated by men of this Unit.

It was discovered at rehearsals that the side screens were not sufficiently thick, and the Unit turned out Saturday and Sunday, working till late evening each day to thicken them. During the performances the Unit supplied a team of 12 men daily for maintenance of the two generators which provided the lighting. The Unit was also called upon to work for two days on the car park, the entire area of which — about 1000 square yards — was covered in Somerfield track.

Even now, a month after the Tattoo has finished, a squad of men from this Unit is employed removing the scaffolding, the electrical installations and in cleaning up generally. We don't expect medals and banners for doing a job of work which is the task of the Engineers, but at least give credit in the right place to the right men. — **"The Forgotten Engineers" (2 signatures), 338 Construction Squadron RE, BAOR.**

★ *SOLDIER's report stated that "Sappers and resident troops" prepared for the Tattoo, but the impression was inadvertently given that Infantrymen erected the scaffolding for the scenery, which was a Sapper operation. Engineers did an excellent job of work all along.*

## LIBERATED NORWAY

I took part in the Liberation of Norway with the 2nd Bn South Staffs, 1st Airborne Division. Am I entitled to the France and Germany Star? Can I wear my old red beret for walking out? — **Pte. J. Hawkins, South Staffs, att RAOC.**

★ *The Norway operation did not come in the area covered by the star. The red beret is the property of airborne troops and as your regiment is no longer glider-borne you are not entitled to wear their hat.*

## THEIR £ 20

My friend and I were both awarded the Military Medal in World War Two. How do we go about claiming the £20? — **SQMS. Cameron, 11 Hussars, BAOR.**

★ *A White Paper will be issued in due course, giving details.*

## YEOMEN WARDERS

I am interested in becoming a Yeoman Warder at the Tower of London (SOLDIER, September). Where do I get details? — **Sjt. T. Freeman, Stoke-on-Trent.**

★ *Appendix 18 King's Regulations gives full details. Otherwise write to the Major and Resident Governor, Tower of London, EC. If you are accepted and then on your release from the Army find you want to change your mind, you are under no obligation to join.*

You state as one of the qualifications for a WO wishing to become a Yeoman Warder that he must be "not less than 5 ft. 8 inches". Appendix 18 to KR's 1940 (fully amended) states "not less than 5 ft. 10 inches". As I am only 5 ft. 9 inches, could you let me have the latest information? — **SSM. G. E. Robertson, Survey Training Centre RE, Warminster.**

★ *KR's 1940 Appendix 18, fully amended by Amendment 51 of June 1946, states "5 ft. 8 inches." Probably you were looking at "Ye-*

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

November



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: 30 Fleet Street, London EC 4. (Tel: Central 2786-7-8)

man of the Guard" instead of "Yeoman Warder at the Tower of London." For the former it is 5 ft. 10 inches.

## GUARDS ARMoured

Is there a book called "Guards Armoured Division"? — **T. Walton, Worms Ash, near Bromsgrove, Worcs.**

★ *SOLDIER cannot trace one. Can anyone help?*

## RELEASE LATEST

The following release dates were announced by the Ministry of Labour last month:

All Arms except RAC, RA, Infantry (including Foot Guards and Army Air Corps) and ACC: Jan. 1948, part group 63 and 64; Feb. part 64 to part 66; Mar. part 66 and part 67.

RAC and Infantry (including Foot Guards and Army Air Corps): Jan. 64 to part 66; Feb. part 66 to part 69 and 70; Mar. part 69 and 70 to part 71, 72.

ACC: Jan. 64 to part 66; Feb. part 66 to part 69; Mar. part 69 to part 70, 71.

ATS: Jan. part 68; Feb. part 68, part 69; Mar. part 69 and 70.

The release programme for the last three months of 1947 fulfills the Government's stated aim to release before the end of 1947 all men called to the Forces before 1 Jan. 1944. As already stated, it is the Government's aim that all men who were serving on 31 December 1946 (except those serving voluntary engagements for fixed periods) will be released before the end of 1948.

This accelerated programme, it is stated, must inevitably result in a wider disparity between the Age and Service Groups released from the three Services and especially between groups in the various branches, trades, and Arms within each Service if operational efficiency is to be maintained.

The new programme will make heavy demands on the limited shipping available but every effort will be made to carry it out in full.