

SOLDIER

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V-Day 1946

(See Page 3)

William Scully





THE C-in-C SEES FOR HIMSELF

THE Commander-in-chief of the occupation forces, and Military Governor, of the British zone, and British Member of the Control Council, Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir William Sholto Douglas GCB, MC, DFC, made his first big public appearance since his appointment as C-in-C, when he visited Hamburg on May 28 and 29.

He was on a different mission however to the Field-Marshal. Sir Sholto was investigating some of the problems which face him in his new office.

His tour of Hamburg's shattered districts took him to the Alsterdorfer Strasse school where the children had gathered, in the rain, to meet him.

At a communal feeding centre in Bogenstrasse the C-in-C spoke to people as they came in for the mid-day meal and tasted the soup that was being issued.

Through cellar dwellings and up to attics, Sir Sholto saw how hundreds of Hamburg's citizens have to exist under extremely difficult conditions.

When Sir Sholto spoke to a gathering of the Zonal Advisory Council on the second day of his visit, he told them that his appointment as C-in-C of the British zone of Germany coincided with the inception of a new phase in administrative policy. It was not an alteration of Field-Marshal Montgomery's policy but a carefully considered plan which had his full approval.

Much of the zonal administrative responsibility would soon be transferred to German organisations, although they would not yet have direct authority.

Sir Sholto told his audience that he would look to them for advice on all domestic matters, and would consult them before issuing directives.

Marshal Sir Sholto Douglas has had four different Air Commands during the war. In 1940 he was appointed AOC-in-C of Fighter Command. In November 1942 he took command of the air forces in the Middle East, and was responsible for the magnificent RAF support given to the advancing Eighth Army.

In January 1944 Sir Sholto took over Coastal Command... a very important mission at that time. He remained there until the summer of 1945, the summer of victory in Europe, when he assumed command of BAFO in Germany. His promotion to the rank of Marshal of the RAF was announced in the New Year Honours list.

SOLDIER AN ANNOUNCEMENT

Starting in the first week of July, SOLDIER will become a monthly magazine of 40 pages, in a more convenient format. It is confidently expected that the new SOLDIER will prove even more popular than the present version. The discontinuing of fortnightly publication is a step which has been taken with regret. It was rendered necessary through difficulty in retaining enough men with the requisite editorial and technical skill. The steps which have now been taken will, however, ensure that the high standard of the magazine is maintained. The policy will remain unaltered. SOLDIER will continue to be printed in Germany — and will still be in colours.

The last of the fortnightly issues will be that dated 22 June.

The price of the new SOLDIER, to be published in the first week of each month, will be one mark, or its equivalent in other currencies. Existing subscriptions will be continued on this basis.

To make sure that you get the new SOLDIER, fill in the order form on Page 23.

FIXED SERVICE FOR NEW CONSCRIPTS

The Minister of Labour and National Service, made the following statement in the House of Commons on the Government's plans for calling up men to the Forces in the immediate future.

Mr. Isaacs said that many of the factors are still uncertain, especially the extent of our future responsibilities in the field of foreign affairs, but the Government consider that young men reaching the age of 18 can no longer be kept in suspense regarding their call-up. They have accordingly decided that as a transitional measure young men called up during 1947 and 1948 shall serve for a fixed period. Those called up during 1947 will serve for two years, and if no unforeseen circumstances arise this period will be progressively reduced for those called up during 1948. Thus men whose service begins in January, 1948, will serve for two years and those whose service begins in December, 1948, will serve for 18 months.

As by the end of 1946 all fit men between 18 and 30 years of age still in civil life will be in work from which they cannot be spared if essential production and services are to be maintained, the call-up to the forces in 1947 and 1948 will, with certain exceptions, be confined to men reaching the age of 18 in those years. It is possible that a few men over the age of 18 whose call-up has been deferred may cease to be

employed on the work for which they were deferred. In such cases they will be found equally important work. The number will in any case be negligible and to call them up could not have any effect on the rate of release of those already serving in the forces.

Deferments on industrial grounds will cease to be granted after the end of 1946, except that in 1947, and later if necessary, call-up may be deferred as at present in the case of men employed in coalmining, agriculture, building, and the production of certain building materials.

Apprentices

The Government have been concerned to ensure that apprentices and learners receive a proper and thorough training. With this end in view they have decided that deferment may be granted to young men to complete their training where my Department, through the machinery of the man-power boards, is satisfied that a genuine and satisfactory apprenticeship exists. Others in a similar position to apprentices will be treated in the same way.

Men already serving in the forces at December 31, 1946, will be released according to the existing age and length of service scheme. All such men will be released before the end of 1948, that is, before any of the men called up in 1947 are released. Moreover, the Government will aim at releasing during 1947 all men called up before January 1, 1944.

THE POLES DEMOB

Mr Bevin's plans

A statement on the future of the Polish troops serving in our Armed Forces was made in the House of Commons by the Foreign Secretary. Mr Bevin said:

In the House of Commons on March 20 I expressed the hope of his Majesty's Government that as many members of the Polish armed forces under British command as felt able to do so would recognise it as their duty to return to Poland in order to take part in the reconstruction of their country. As for those who could not return I made it clear that his Majesty's Government could not preserve them as an armed force under British command.

I said that the problem of their settlement would be studied with sympathy. What plans could be made would depend very largely on the numbers of those still remaining, but in any case a demobilisation plan would be worked out.

No Overnight Demob

If these men had been British soldiers most of them would have been demobilised already under the age and service scheme. The particular circumstances of their case meant that orderly demobilisation would take some time. There was no question of discharging them overnight.

I am now able to give some further details of HM Government's plan. Those of the Polish troops who have volunteered to return to Poland are being repatriated under arrangements which we have made. They return to Poland as soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Since it is for the Polish Provisional Government to decide whether to retain them as members of the armed forces, or whether to demobilise them, and since in the latter case the Polish Provisional Government has promised them the same rights to grants of land as the demobilised soldiers of Polish forces in Poland, men returning to Poland have not hitherto been paid gratuities from British funds.

Eight Weeks' Pay

We have, however, recently reconsidered this matter and have decided that those men who return to Poland from this time on shall be eligible, subject to their having the necessary periods of qualifying service for war gratuity, a money grant equivalent to not more than eight weeks' pay in lieu of release leave, and an issue of civilian clothing.

As for those Poles who do not wish to return to Poland, it is our aim to demobilise them as quickly as possible, and to arrange for their settlement in civilian life either in Great Britain or overseas. Those serving abroad will be brought back to this country starting with those in Italy.

Special Corps

Since it would be both impracticable and unfair to these gallant men, many of whom do not know our language, to launch them wholesale upon the labour market here, and leave them on their own resources, his Majesty's Government are going to enrol them into a specially created resettlement corps which will be a British organisation, and will for convenience be administered by Service Ministers.

Enrolment in this corps will give an assured status to its members. Conditions of service and rates of pay will be the subject of a detailed announcement later.

Cover design is
by SOLDIER's staff artist,
Sjt William Scully

IS YOUR SIGN HERE?
Standards bearing signs of the Divisions which
battled to victory paraded for the Army's
"Drums" ceremony in the Albert Hall.



V - PARADE, 1946

1. The First Tank

RUMBLE of heavy tracks on the streets of London heralds the armoured contingent of the British Army. At its head is a brand new Comet, a specimen of Britain's latest and finest cruiser tank, resplendent in spotless green paint against which her spare track-links contrast their shining black.

Sitting in her turret, earphones over his beret, is a tall, rangy figure with a weather-beaten face, a typical cavalry officer: Lt. Col. R. G. Byron, DSO, 4/7 Royal Dragoon Guards, commander of the tank and commander of the armoured contingent.

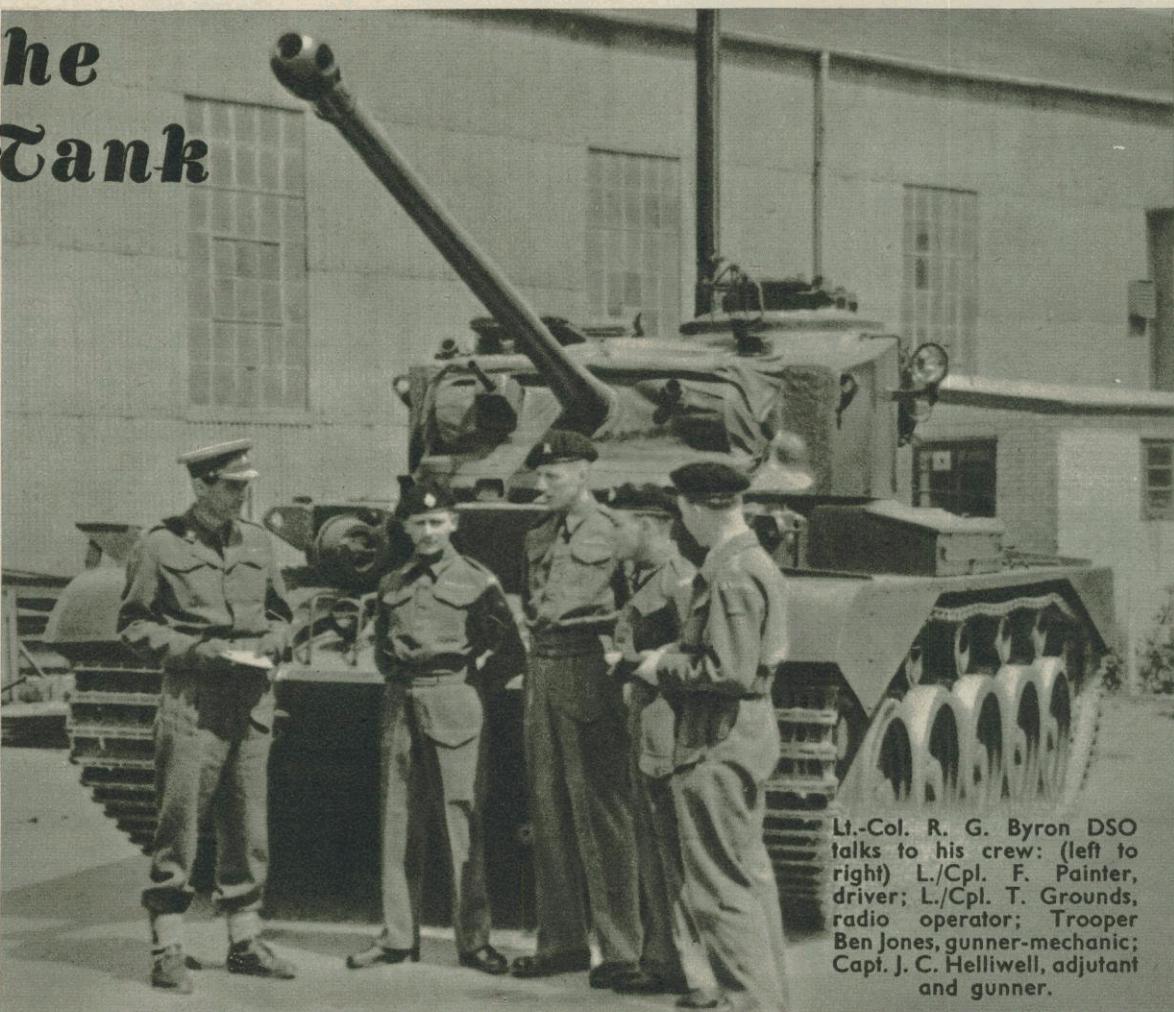
The commander, whose home is at Winchester, has been in the Army since 1918. He was Military Secretary to the Governor-General of New Zealand when war broke out in 1939.

An Arnhem Corporal

Hurrying home, he rejoined his regiment, served in the BEF and came out through Dunkirk. Later he took command of the regiment and landed with them on D-Day in support of 50 (TT) Div, earning his DSO on the Normandy beach-head.

Inside the tank, unseen by the crowd, are the other four members of the crew. In the gunner's seat is Capt. J. C. Helliwell, RAC, adjutant of the contingent. Before the war he was assistant conductor of the BBC's Overseas Orchestra. A fortnight after the procession he will be released, ready to go back to the BBC.

Keeping the Comet's tracks exactly in their scheduled place in the procession is her driver, L/Cpl F. Painter, (CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



Lt.-Col. R. G. Byron DSO
talks to his crew: (left to
right) L/Cpl. F. Painter,
driver; L/Cpl. T. Grounds,
radio operator; Trooper
Ben Jones, gunner-mechanic;
Capt. J. C. Helliwell, adjutant
and gunner.

Continuing

PARADE 1946

The First Tank

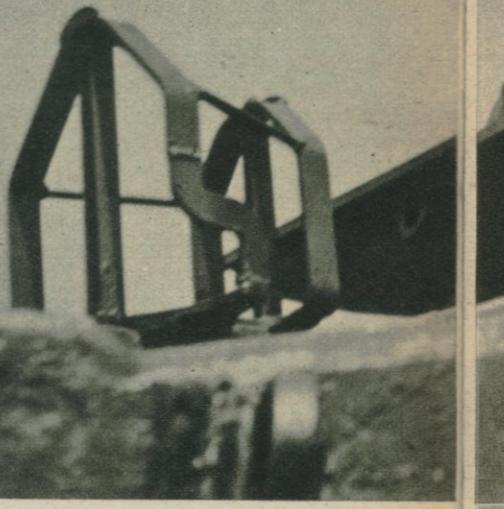


Above: Trooper Ben Jones is one of the new call-up. To him goes the privilege of riding with veterans in the leading Comet. Below: A fine study of a sergeant drummer in the Grenadier Guards: Sjt. G. Hughes.

Royal Tank Regiment, of Chelmsford, Essex, who seconded to the Parachute Regiment when it was first formed, fought with the 1st Parachute Brigade in Italy, was taken prisoner at Arnhem and rejoined the RTR when he was liberated. Driving a new tank is no worry for him. Before becoming a parachutist he served at the AFV school and drove tanks of all kinds.

At the radio set, through which the commander controls his contingent — scout cars, armoured cars, light tanks, Comets, Churchills, Shermans, Crocodiles, flails and bridgelaying tanks — is L/Cpl T. Grounds, 25th Dragoons, of Buxton, Derbyshire. A solicitor's articled clerk in civil life, he served in India and Burma with his regiment and saw fighting on the Arakan front in 1943-44.

With the veterans of Dunkirk, Italy, Burma and Normandy in the tank is one of the new generation of soldiers, 18½-years-old Trooper Ben Jones, RAC, of Leominster. Gauge-maker in an engineering factory, he volunteered for the Army six months before his eighteenth birthday. He is gunner-mechanic.



2. The First

THE drum-major's staff comes down with a firm gesture and the 60 musicians of the Grenadier Guards set the Infantry columns moving with a swinging step.

Those first notes set up a direct link between this triumphant procession and seven drummers who enlisted when the 1st Guards Regiment was raised in 1656. On those seven drummers the Grenadier Guards band was built.

In charge of the band now is the Grenadier Guards' director of music, Capt. F. J. Harris, formerly bandmaster of the East Yorkshire Regiment and the RA (Salisbury Plain). When he was appointed four years ago, he took his place in a list of names famous in military music — the great Dan Godfrey, who became bandmaster nearly a century ago; Dr. Williams, who succeeded him in 1897 and held the post for 25 years, taking the band to the United States and Canada; Lt. Col. George Miller, who was director of music for 20 years and took the band to Australia, South Africa and the United States.

Partly as a result of Miller's tours, the band has its own Empire contingent in the procession: a New Zealander, Musician William Eastoe, who heard the band in the Antipodes in 1934 and was so keen on joining that he travelled back to Britain with it; and Musician W. Fleming, who met the band in his native South Africa in 1931 and travelled here a year later to join it.

Both Eastoe and Fleming play the

clarinet, and so does an Australian, Musician A. Gartrell, who worked his passage to Britain 15 years ago to see the Old Country and joined the Grenadiers' band when he got here. He intends to complete 18 years' service and then go back to Australia.

On the right of the rear rank is Sjt. T. Cullum of Hull and on its left Sjt. C. Tudge of Bolton. They joined up together 16 years ago and have played clarinets from the same stand ever since.

Thumping the big drum is Sjt. Tudge's young brother, Jim, who is the tallest man in the band. He enlisted in 1938 and became big drummer the next year.

One of the Oldest

The soldier playing the French horn is the oldest member of the Grenadier Guards and one of the oldest serving soldiers: Sjt. S. Watkins, who spent 21 years in the Royal Artillery before joining the Grenadier Guards 18 years ago. Besides the French horn, Sjt. Watkins plays the violin.

Great occasions like this find the musicians of the Grenadier Guards completely without stage-fright. Regular soldiers, every one of them, they include veterans of many a pre-war ceremonial "do" and overseas trip. Each one wears the Italy Star to remind him of a 300-concert tour of North Africa and Italy, under Capt. Harris, during which some of them, in their off-duty moments, managed to fire a few unofficial rounds at the Germans from the weapons of their audiences.

No job for a weakling: Musician Jim Tudge, tallest man in the band. His brother is a clarinetist.



Lt.-Col. R. G. Byron DSO in the turret of his Comet. He is commander of the armoured contingent.



The Band of the Grenadiers: Changing Guard at Buckingham Palace is a job which hardens them to crowds and ceremonies.



Empire bandsmen with the Grenadiers: Musicians W. Fleming (South Africa), A. Gartrell (Australia) and W. Eastoe (New Zealand). All three play the clarinet.

3. The First Infantry



Colour-Sergeant F. Gibbons tells his comrades of the other Victory Parade in which he marched — in 1919. He earned his Military Medal in the Mareth Line.

LEADING the Army's marching column are the men of the Queen's Royal Regiment — the Second of Foot. (No, the Royal Scots have not been disbanded, but they are marching at the head of the Scots contingent later in the procession).

On the chest of the men of The Queen's Royal Regiment are the Paschal Lamb badges, which earned the regiment the nicknames of "Mutton Lancasters" and "Kirke's Lambs," glitter gaily.

Heel-and-toeing as springily as any young soldier is a grizzled colour-sergeant with two rows of ribbons on his breast. Now and again a faraway look comes into his eye: he is remembering incidents of that other Victory Parade in which he marched in 1919.

A Territorial soldier, then as now, he was already a veteran with two years' peace-time and five years' wartime service. It is 34 years since young Fred Gibbons joined what is now the 1/6 Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment.

Was Group One, But —

In civilian life, Colour-Sergeant F. Gibbons, MM, is a driver employed by Bermondsey Borough Council. But Bermondsey will have to wait before it sees him at the wheel again. He could have been released with Group I but he signed on until general demobilisation. "I thought I might as well help finish the job," he says.

Marching with him are veterans of all the main fronts on which British troops were engaged.

There is Sjt. H. Sharman of Newcastle, a regular with 14 years' service, who served with the 2nd Battalion in Africa and Burma and was one of Wingate's Chindits. Two other ex-Chindits are Colour-Sergeant R. Furlong of Beacontree, Essex, a tailor by trade, who did reconnaissance with the Chindits, and Pte. Alfred Boorman of Rye, Sussex, who joined up in 1941 to become a regular.

Two members of the famous 1/5 Territorial Battalion are Sjt. A. McLeod, a Peckham milk roundsman, and Cpl. F. Cottrell, who works in a Bristol wine and spirit warehouse. They fought at Alamein, joined the 7th Armoured Division and went to Italy and then to BLA. Both were wounded in Germany.

Two other veterans of Africa and Italy are Pte. A. Clark of Caerphilly, North Wales, a steel-worker, and L/Cpl. E. Harman of Coventry, a miner, who were with the 2/5 Battalion. Veteran of the 56th Division's 2,500-mile forced march from Baghdad to Tunisia is Cpl. R. Read of Hornchurch, Essex, a civilian bank clerk.

Letter to a Rhine Army Recruit

My Dear John'

DO you remember D-Day? That was the day they let you out of office—or was it school?—an hour earlier in the afternoon. Some of us have cause to remember it too.

Well, we got through to Germany. Now it's your turn to take a trip here. You hadn't quite expected that, on D-Day.

Do you know just why you're coming to Germany? It's not a place where a man kills time for a couple of years with fatigues by day and ENSA shows by night.

It's not a land where you come to fix up yourself and your friends with Leicas.

It's not a land of freebooting and free love. It's not a land where you abstain from chocolate in order to be able to indulge in everything else.

It's not a land full of friendly-at-heart people all of whom were tricked into war against their own will; though you'll find plenty of frauleins who will tell you that.

The Putty-Faced People

It's a land of hungry, putty-faced people who wouldn't be hungry or putty-faced if they had won the war. They're a sorry people. Sorry for themselves. Sorry they lost. Not noticeable sorry—as far as we out here can see—for the countries which suffered at their hands.

They're disillusioned. They're humiliated. It's humiliating to have to live in a hole in the ground, or with ten others in the same room. It's humiliating to be called to bed by a curfew siren. It's humiliating to see ships rusting in the harbours and great factories being dismantled. It's humiliating to be reminded all the time of Belsen, of Buchenwald.

Remember, the Germans fall into three classes: those who are honestly ashamed of Belsen; those who are ashamed of Belsen but who will take no blame; and those who have still to be convinced that Belsen happened. You'll come across them all.

We're trying, to the best of our ability, to re-educate the Germans, to feed them, to protect them from exploitation by their own criminal elements, to teach them justice, to let them rediscover the ways of civilised government, to convert their factories for peace.

This Is Your Job

Your job is a mixture of policing and helping to administer Germany. But it's more than that. Nine-tenths of your job, smug as this sounds, is setting an example.

Everything you do matters.

The way you walk down the street matters.

The way you look at a girl matters.

What you do with your cigarettes matters.

What you do after a few beers matters.

A British magazine recently published one of the worst pictures of the peace. It showed a drunken occupation soldier—it wasn't a British soldier—being helped on to a train by two German youths.

You could preach a lot of sermons from that picture.

Some people did. You could also criticise the magazine for publishing it; which would be unfair. Magazines are there to show life as it is.

We fought the war for two reasons: to save our skins, and to show the Germans that our way of life was better.

If we show that we are bad winners, that we can be bought, that we owe no responsibilities to women, that we cannot carry the burden of victory, we have succeeded in only one of our war aims—that of saving our skins. That's always something, but it won't carry the world very far.

Seller and Buyer

There's a lot of good old-fashioned temptation in Germany today. More than in Britain. You'll find a land riddled with black marketeering, organised and otherwise. You'll find a land full of people yammering for cigarettes and food. You may find comrades who are prepared to satisfy this demand, at a cynical price.

During the Italian campaign someone hailed as a sign of the moral degradation of Italian women that some of them were willing to sell themselves for a tin of beef. The degradation in a deal like that is quite obviously on the part of the seller. Anyone who can't see that isn't fit to live in a civilised community.

There is nothing distinguished in selling favours of any kind at a high price to the hungry, whether they are willing to pay a high price or not.

I don't say that you're going to find your new unit a hot-bed of corruption. I am convinced that the British soldier is the best soldier of occupation the world could produce. Indeed, many people will argue that it's not corruptibility we have to worry about; it's the British soldier's sense of decency. In the early days of non-fraternisation many soldiers argued that the

only way to let the Germans see what was wrong with their way of life was to let the British soldier get his feet under the table and tell them. That's true up to a point. But can you and your comrades—schoolboys during the war—stand up to a German family busy

explaining, ingeniously, that the war was nothing to do with them? They know all the questions; do you know all the answers?

Much to Live Down

Nobody wants to preach "hate" at this stage. It's hard to hate the hungry, whatever their crime. But you must remember that the German people have a great deal to live down. Don't believe all they tell you. Equally don't believe what the tempter in your midst may tell you—that since the Germans gave us a hell of a time, wrecked our homes and killed our friends and neighbours, we may as well make as much as we can out of them now, while they are down. That way lies nothing, except perhaps World War Three.

It's been said a hundred times; but the plain truth still is that winning the peace is just as important as winning the war. And if only to keep yourself out of the next war and myself out of the Home Guard I advise you to take this job in Germany pretty seriously.

Good bye and good luck.

Yours affectionately,

The Old Sweat

Spoils of Peace

NIGHTLY CONTINGENTS of Servicemen arriving in London from occupied Europe bear amazing burdens of "spoils" from occupied Germany.

Three soldiers in one party recently had among them a child's tricycle, a rocking horse and an outsize teddy bear.

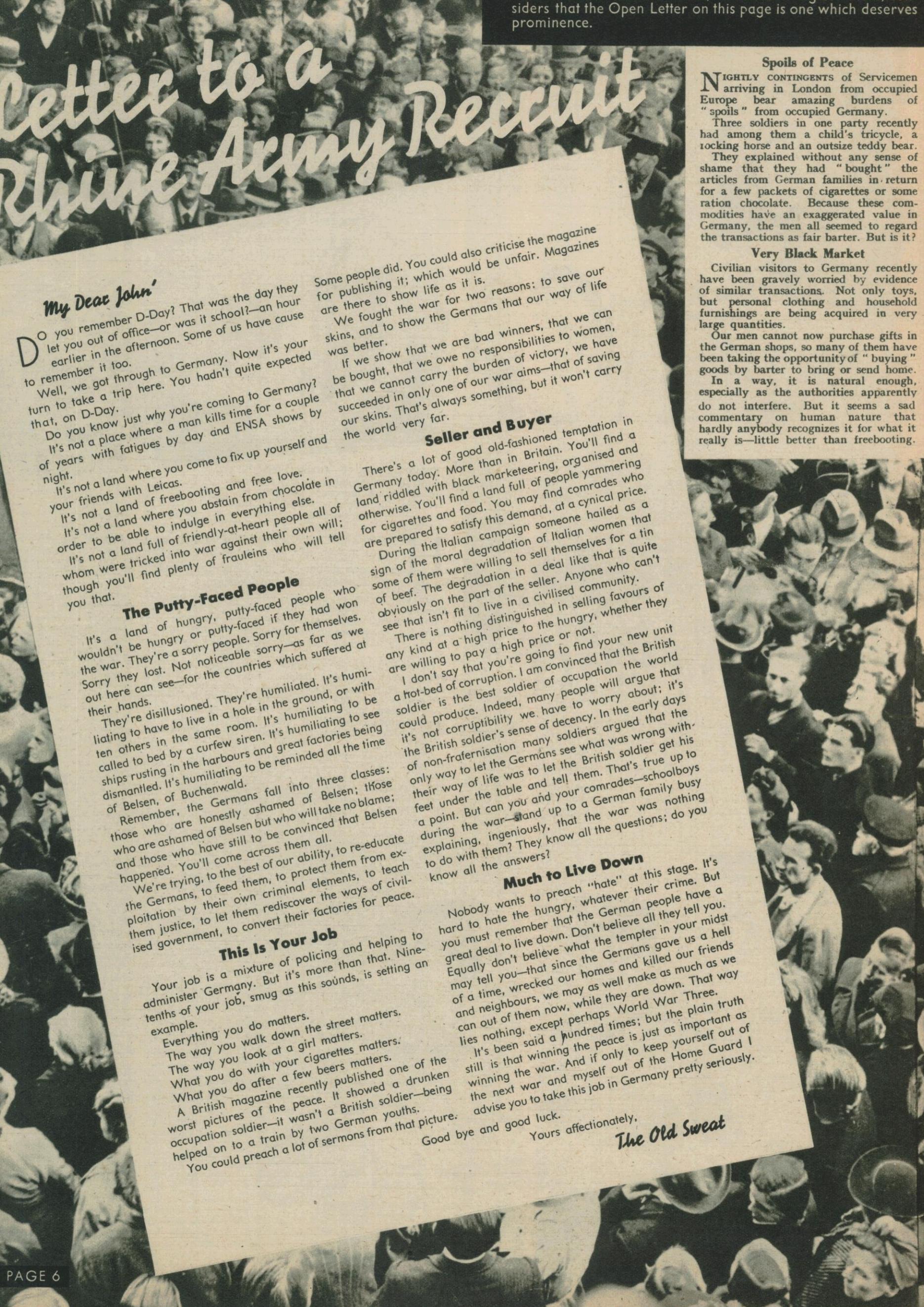
They explained without any sense of shame that they had "bought" the articles from German families in return for a few packets of cigarettes or some ration chocolate. Because these commodities have an exaggerated value in Germany, the men all seemed to regard the transactions as fair barter. But is it?

Very Black Market

Civilian visitors to Germany recently have been gravely worried by evidence of similar transactions. Not only toys, but personal clothing and household furnishings are being acquired in very large quantities.

Our men cannot now purchase gifts in the German shops, so many of them have been taking the opportunity of "buying" goods by barter to bring or send home.

In a way, it is natural enough, especially as the authorities apparently do not interfere. But it seems a sad commentary on human nature that hardly anybody recognises it for what it really is—little better than freebooting.



SOLDIER *Miscellany*



AN OASIS IN BERLIN

ODD is the story of Erich Seifers. Twenty-seven years ago he came back to Germany from a British internment camp to found the English Society of Berlin. Despite the Nazis, despite the Gestapo, his monthly meetings — attended by Berliners whose friendship for Britain came before all else — continued after World War Two broke out.

Even when neighbours tore down the sign outside his office and painted on the door "Spies of the Secret Service" Seifers laughed and carried on the work he had set his heart on doing when he was behind the wire in the Isle of Man.

Seifers, a printer's son, had gone to England in 1911 with the idea later of travelling to America. In London he changed his mind and decided that the Brixton Hill printers where he was employed suited him. Two months after war broke out in 1914 he was interned. "It was four years holiday," he says with a smile.

The Gestapo Were Angry

Membership of Seifers' society grew from a handful to 125 in 1939. Almost yearly trips were organised to Britain. A large brown book Erich Seifers has in his room contains pictures of their visits to London, Winchester, Swansea, Bournemouth. In addition there are letters from friends in Britain, and in New Zealand.

The Gestapo were angry because they could find no members of the Party on the membership list, and no Jews. No members of the Party were allowed. Names of Jews kept secret. Also the Gestapo were angry because the official correspondence did not end with the words "Heil Hitler!"

On the outbreak of war the Society were told that the name on the door must be changed from English to German, and that no more meetings must be held. The writing was changed, but the meetings went on — in secret. Because of the obvious danger of being connected with the organisation — Seifers was arrested 11 times — the membership dwindled to a dozen. These people said they were going to Seifers' house to learn English, which was partly true. But a lot else went on. Lectures on Britain, discussions on the news, competitions. The large brown book tells the story. It contains a cutting from "The Times" of 23 June, 1943, headed "Warsaw 'Dead' Man Alive And Well." The news story was a repudiation of a Nazi propaganda report, and a prize was offered for the best translation.

They Left the Flags

How did "The Times" reach the Society? One member worked at the Foreign Office and smuggled it out at night. The next day it was back in its file at the Wilhelmstrasse.

Turn over the pages of the brown book. Pictures of Christmas parties held during the war. In 1942 they were careless. "We forgot to remove the British and American flags when the picture was taken," says Seifers.

At 56, Seifers now confines his printing to a few odd jobs. His shop was destroyed on 29 April 1945 — almost the last day of the war.

OUT OF THE PAST

THE other day we met one of a band of Forgotten Men — a Military Expert. He was a survivor of the gallant strategists who, quoting Clausewitz as a bishop quotes his Bible, wrote powerful pieces on the front pages of the national newspapers, explaining how many divisions were trapped in the latest pincer movement, why somebody's arrowhead was going to get blunted, where the next bulge was going to be and who was going to fan out of it. "Beachcomber" set out to debunk the military experts, and they were never quite the same again.

This military expert had found himself unemployed, through no fault of his own, in August 1945. Since then he had been doing various less glamorous jobs in Fleet Street. Once he even had to go out and cover a fire. He was a worried man and his stomach was troubling him. Also, they were threatening to raise his rent.

It is encouraging to find that military experts are human beings, or nearly so. As a racket, it is rather like the leader-writing racket. An American writer once pointed out that in the old days a man had to go out in the wilderness and come back dressed in a leopard skin, and wearing



a long white beard, before anyone would listen to what he had to say. Nowadays he bought a newspaper and called himself "The Telegraph" or "The Tribune." But all the time it was only Joe next door.

If military experts had had to sign their names and addresses to their articles the industry would have died. Would you have read a piece entitled "Rundstedt's Last Gamble" — by Cyril Simpson, 33a Acacia Crescent, Sydenham Hill?

* * * * *



WEDDING RINGS WHILE YOU WAIT

THE picture above of an Army-taught workman making wedding rings for DP's out of junk shows strikingly the ingenuity, not to mention the helpfulness, of the Army salvage men — the men who claim to have saved a pound for everybody in Britain. Most people think of salvage as a dreary business of collecting old, tyres and tins (they have never known the delirious joy of running a steam roller back and to over enormous mounds of tin cans). But there is much more to it than that. Salvage men have broken down pills into their component chemicals, they have converted wornout gramophone needles into drawing pins.

It's hard, at times, to make people salvage-minded, but in some receptive minds salvage becomes something of a religion. One man in the Second Army, stung by the slogan "Jerry can, you can salvage cans" brought in 4,207 jerricans in a week, single-handed.



A GESTURE FROM NORWAY

NORWAY does things handsomely. British troops who liberated that country have received certificates of thanks signed by Prince Olaf. Ex-Private John Richard Bates, RASC, proudly displays his certificate (framed by tins of Norwegian brisling) in the window of his shop in Sandgate, seaside suburb of Folkestone.

Private Bates, who served through the siege of Malta in the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, and who was one of the British troops who liberated Greece, helped to tidy up after the Wehrmacht in Norway, and in particular to dispose of their food stocks. He opened his grocer's business during his release leave.

The certificate reads: "The people of Norway wish to thank you, Private J. Bates, RASC, of the British Armed Forces, for your valuable services in helping to restore freedom to our land."

* * * * *

LEAVE DIALOGUE

SOLDIER, on leave, goes to Jug-and-Bottle Department to try to buy six bottles of beer. This dialogue ensues:

Soldier: Have you any beer?

Assistant: Have you any bottles?

Soldier: No, why?

Assistant: Well, you can't have any beer unless you bring me some empty bottles.

Soldier: But I've been away for six years.

Assistant: Sorry, but we really only serve registered customers. And they must have bottles.

Soldier: Well, can I be a registered customer?

Assistant: Sorry, but we can't take on any more registered customers.

Soldier: ???

SOLDIER will award a book prize for the best (printable) reply.

* * * * *

FROM THE KITCHEN FRONT

IT was bound to come. A month ago SOLDIER recorded that while numerous ex-Servicemen were organising home cleaning services, they had all jibbed so far at doing the washing up. Now, according to the "Daily Mirror", Lieutenant J. F. J. Pocklington and Major D. R. Burnet have set up a Domestic HQ in North London, and are organising a washing-up service, with insurance against breakages. It is said that the major had to get up to the elbows in grease before he could get his men to follow him into action.

We just mention this in case you missed it.

* * * * *

THE GRAND (CANAL) MANNER

THE British Army Newspaper Unit stationed in Venice is also faced with distributing its editions — in this case Eighth Army News and Union Jack — with the aid of little more than two men and a boy. But they have one advantage over SOLDIER when it comes to transport. They simply lean from a mulftoned window, whistle for a gondola and stack the edition on board. The hot news is then borne tranquilly down the waterways for someone else to worry about; a much more agreeable proceeding than rushing it through cratered streets in a venerable 15-cwt.

However, if SOLDIER were printed in Venice it is probable that the collisions on the Grand Canal caused by boatmen's preoccupation with the new pin-up would add a new hazard to life in the Water City. Here in the British Zone there are enough people as it is walking into walls while studying the pin-up.

This is

EMERGENCY HOUSE



Above: Here are some of Ravenswood's 28 children setting out for a walk in the Berkshire countryside. On Saturdays they go down to Crowthorne village to spend their weekly pocketmoney. Many buy writing paper so that they can send letters to their fathers and mothers in the Forces.

Below: "Sweets up!" Popular time in the afternoon is when Matron Harniman serves out the daily sweet ration. The home provides the children's clothes — colourful and strong-wearing ones.



When crisis comes to a soldier's home, who looks after the children? As often as not, the answer's SSAFA

Rhine Army men have just subscribed £30,000 to this organisation, which runs admirable temporary homes like the one pictured below.

STANDING on the terrace of a cool white house set in the middle of the beautiful Berkshire countryside, Matron Harniman looked on her 28 "children" and was happy.

Tottering through the long grass, eighteen-months-old Marie steered an unsteady course for a hillock of grass — a place to be sat upon. Precocious five-year-old Anastasia, "a real rake", scrambled to the top of a tree. The deep brown curious eyes of five-year-old Peter twinkled as he stuffed mud down a pipe, and in a play-pen at her side puckish-faced one-year-old Daniel made "goo-ing" noises at the sun. For a few months the 28 children playing in the grounds would be her family; the house behind her, Ravenswood, would be their home.

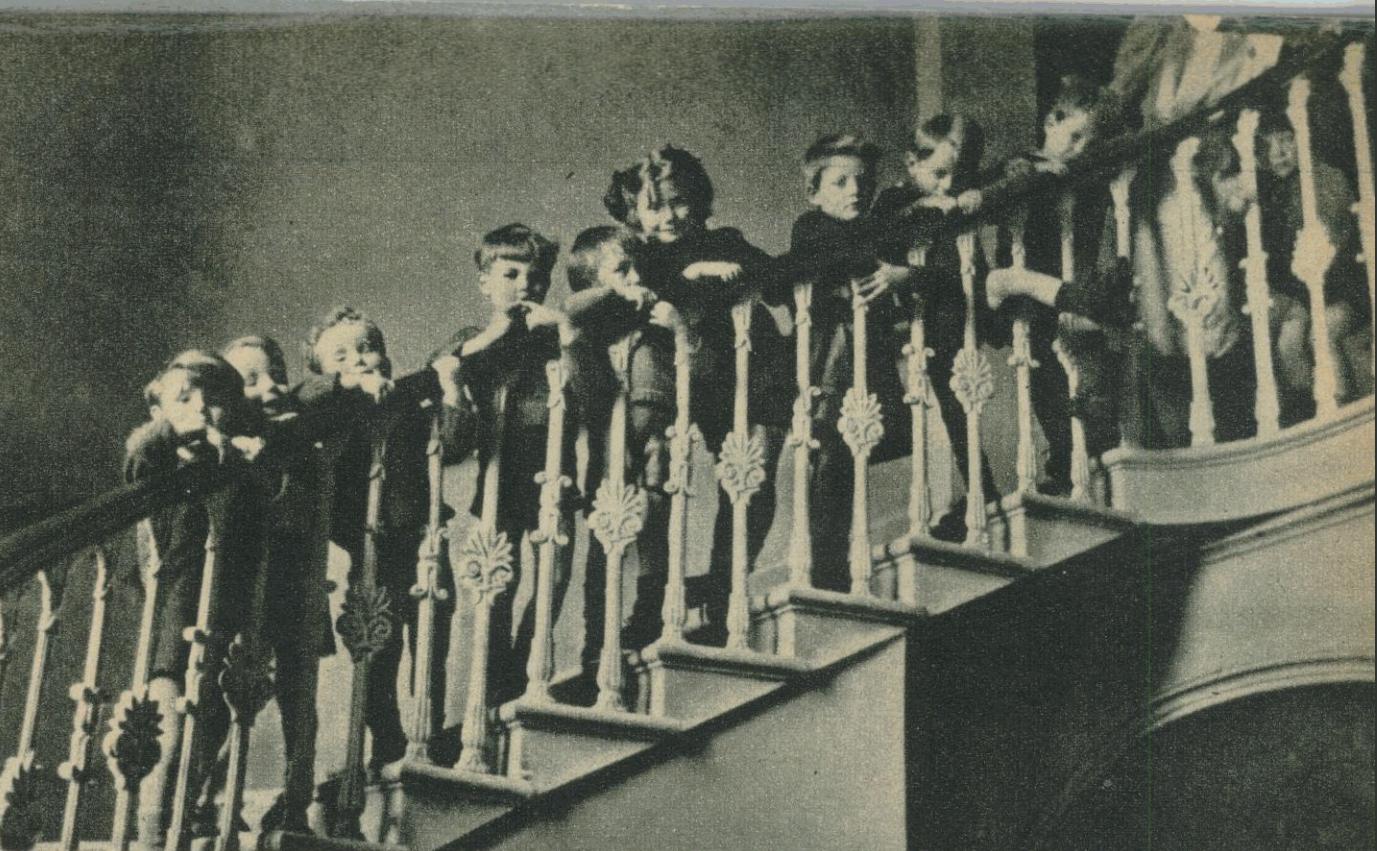
Officially Ravenswood is one of the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association's 18 Children's Emergency Homes. It is a home in the proper sense of the word. Here there is no touch of the institution. The rooms are large and light, the furniture simple and modern in pastel shades. The grounds are a place where a child can have fun — no cut lawns and marshalled flower beds, but long grassy slopes to roll in, bushes to hide behind, and trees to climb.

Miss Harniman surveyed her flock out of her warm kindly eyes. The children playing in front of her were all children of Servicemen, the sons and daughters of Pte. Jones, LAC Smith, and Seaman Brown. A few weeks before they had been causing their fathers and mothers a lot of worry. The two boys and girls playing around the bushes

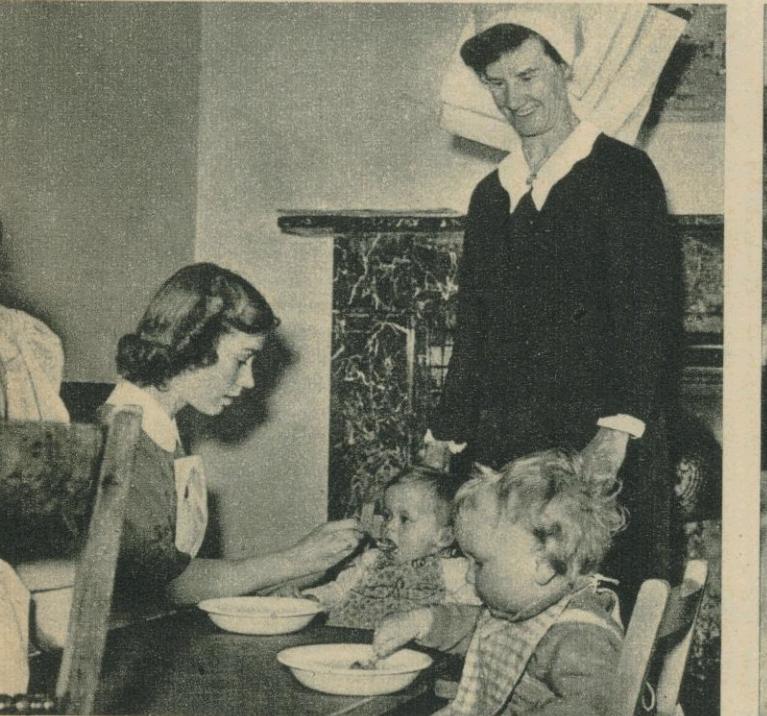
were all one family — Albert (10), Agnes (8½), Christopher (4) and Anastasia (5). Two days before they had received a letter from their mother in hospital saying they had just got another sister, making nine in the family. But before going to hospital their mother had been worried. Who was going to look after the children while she was away? Her eldest daughter (14) was able to look after four, but eight was too much. Her husband, a soldier serving abroad, far away from home felt helpless. But SSAFA was at hand to help. While she had the new baby and a long rest after confinement, they could look after the four children at Ravenswood.

Turning towards a group of girls singing "Poor Jenny is a-weeping" at the end of the terrace, Miss Harniman's eyes picked out three sisters — Ann (10), Betty (9), Sandra (7½). Their case was a sad one. Their mother and father had separated and were awaiting divorce. Legal care of the children had been given to the father, an Army NCO serving abroad. Meanwhile, as the children waited for their father to come home on release, SSAFA took care of them.

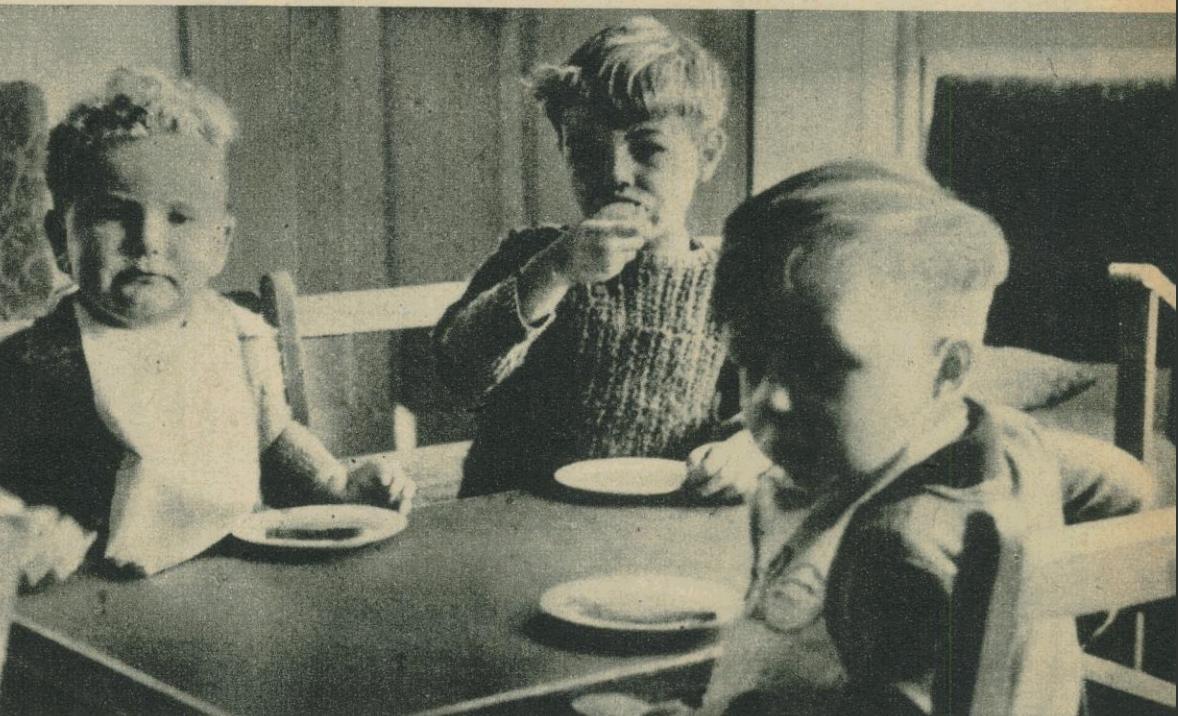
Miss Harniman looked around at her children, remembering each one's history. But supper had to be got ready, and by seven o'clock they had all to be in bed. She got up and walked inside the house.



"Just like a lot of little Chads..." Some of the children poke their noses over the banisters to say good-night before going to bed.



Matron Harniman looks on while two of her children have tea. On Sundays she herself does the cooking while the cook takes a holiday.



The under-sevens eat their tea of bread and butter, jam, chocolate biscuits and milk. The young man with the caricature on his bib looks like a future Regimental Sergeant-Major.

Two years after D-Day SOLDIER prints this tribute from a Private of the Rhine Army to the men who fought

It is when a soldier is wounded that he fights his last and greatest battle. It is when the surgeon has done all that is possible, and he has received all that medicine and surgery can give, that the balance lies in his hands. From that moment it is the patient who decides.

That much we learned in Normandy working in the fields outside Bayeux, during those hectic first weeks of the Invasion.

We had an ordinary double-ridge tent. It was divided into two parts. The first half contained the standard Army operating equipment which is issued to all Field Surgical Units. The second contained between eight and ten full-sized spring beds, complete with mattresses, sheets and pillows. A canvas partition divided the two departments: we opened up on the afternoon of 10 June, and operated in a big way till the end of the month. Between 10 June and 30 June Major Stanley Aylett completed 139 operations. They were all major operations. And the most difficult and interesting of these cases passed the canvas partition, and occupied the eight spring beds that constituted our ward.

Now It Is History

We had abdominal cases. We had sucking wounds of the chest. We had double amputations. We had

complications of gas gangrene, severe shock, internal bleeding, and mental incoherence. On the fighting side we had fresh whole blood flown from England. We had anaesthetics and penicillin, which was then still in its experimental stage. We had plasma, and glucose saline, and the sulphanilamides. We had that most useful of battle anaesthetics, pentothal. We had good supplies of dressings, an autoclave for sterilization, antiseptics and surgical towels. Everything that required thinking of had been thought of during those pre-invasion months in Cambridge, when we raided the civilian hospitals for empty containers, and improvised. The soap dishes on the scrubbing-up table were plaster of paris containers, cut down and painted white. Our operating lamp shade had been made for us by a member of a CCS out of empty petrol cans and solder. And that was how we went into action on that blazing June afternoon in 1944.

We were attached to a Casualty Clearing Station. Our tent led off from the Resuscitation Ward, where shocked patients were given blood and plasma before operation. Immediately outside we had a Field Transfusion Unit and a Blood Bank. For three weeks we worked for 20 hours a day. In the end, sleep became a trivial thing, that had to be endured if we were to carry on with the work.

But the bravery of the men we tended is something we shall not forget. A soldier knows when he is

The Last Battle

lying near to the border-line of life and death. He knows also that everything that can possibly be done for him is being done. And he knows that whether he gets well and gets back, or peters out and "fails to return", depends largely, in the last analysis, upon himself.

Never gave in

A soldier who is deeply wounded must never give up. That was the first thing we impressed upon the men who found their way into our eight spring beds. And provided that the patient was coherent and logical, and was able to understand the situation, he rarely did give up. I can count upon the fingers of one hand the number of men who did "pack in" psychologically, and those men failed to survive. The bravery and the patience of the others was grand to see. It was a privilege to us that we were in a position to be of service to them.

I often wish that I had kept a diary. But we were far too busy. Days and nights merged into one another, in a jumble of successive "shifts". Patients were operated upon, nursed the requisite number of days, and sent by ambulance to the air-field, to be flown to England. More patients came in, and the ward was full. The men fought, and we worked, and together we came out of the experience so much richer than we had dreamed we could be.

LESLIE G. JONES (Pte.)

MIND MY ARMY'S MOTOR-CYCLE CIRCUS GOES INTO TRAINING IN AUSTRIA

TRICK cyclists" is the soldier's affectionate name for psychiatrists. But the Army has its real trick cyclists just the same.

The photographs on these pages (by Lieut G. Loughlin, Army Film and Photo Unit) show despatch riders of the Royal Signals Corps rehearsing for an Inter-Allied Searchlight Tattoo in Vienna. A team of 24 riders was chosen from

volunteers. The trainers are CSM Peach and Captain Angell, the latter has instructed Army display teams in Britain and India since 1920.

All the machines used in these pictures are the same as those in normal use by despatch riders. Instruction includes lessons in how to fall off a motor cycle if you have to. Too many people do it the hard way.



This balancing feat is performed on a rough football pitch. That's Signalman T. MacKenzie, of Kilmarnock, on top—and he stays there.

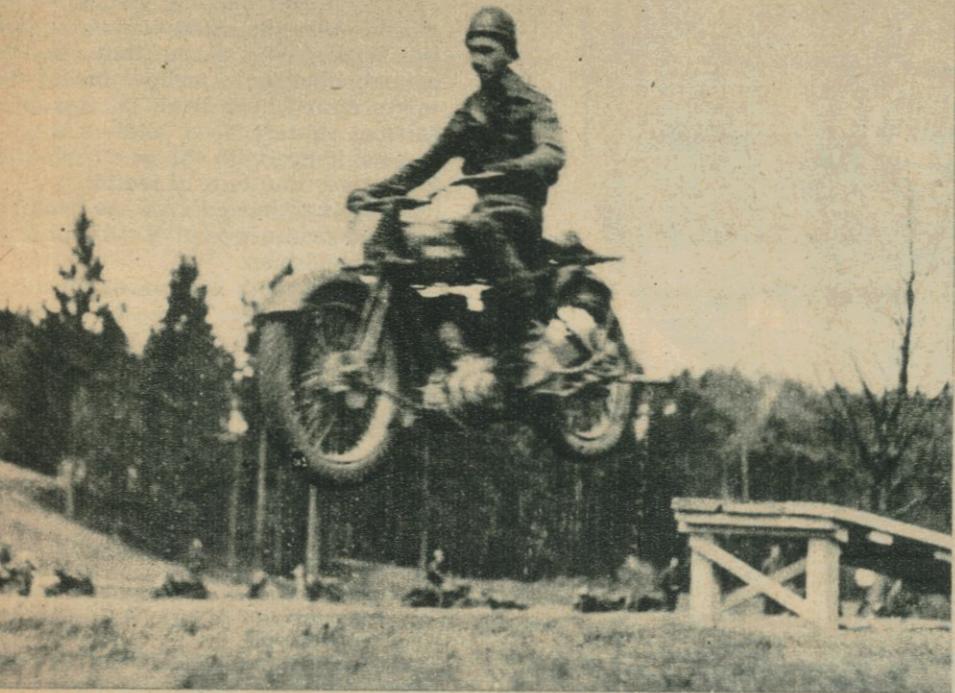


There were twelve men on this motor-cycle, but the twelfth man has just slipped off his centimetre of foot space.



When you feel saddle-sore, just get your pillion passenger to hold you aloft like this. It breaks the monotony.

Bike!



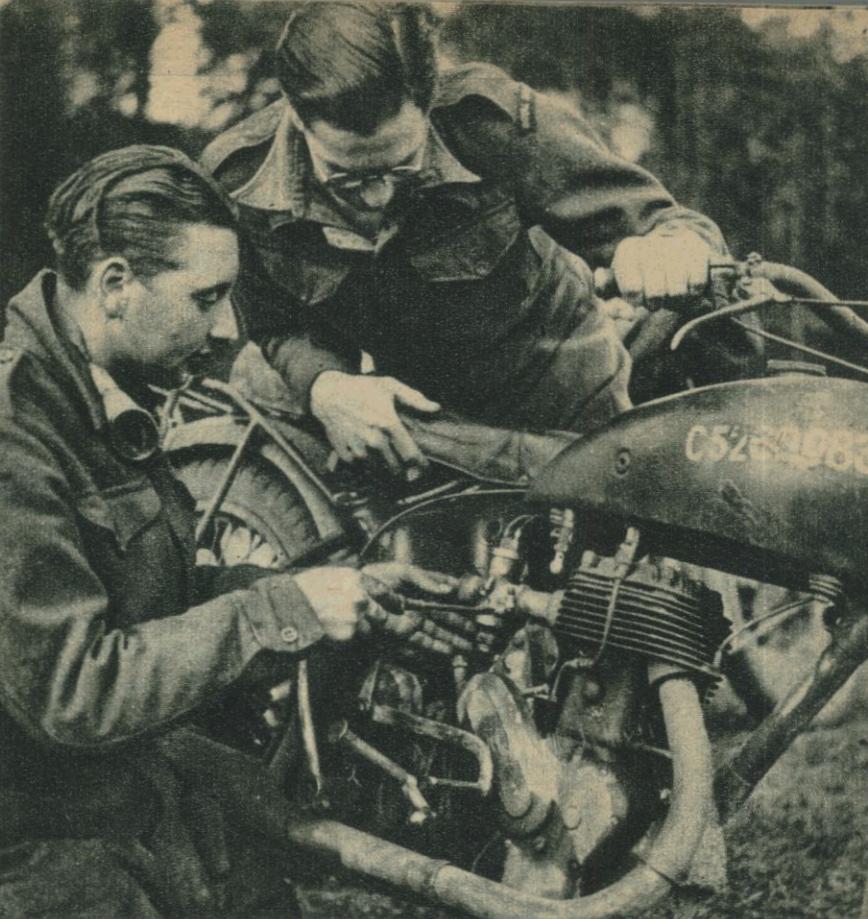
This part of the jump is easy—why, it's just like riding on air. It's making a two-point landing that's the trouble.



If a motor-cyclist is about to run you down, why not leap-frog over him? This man would seem to have a future as a matador.



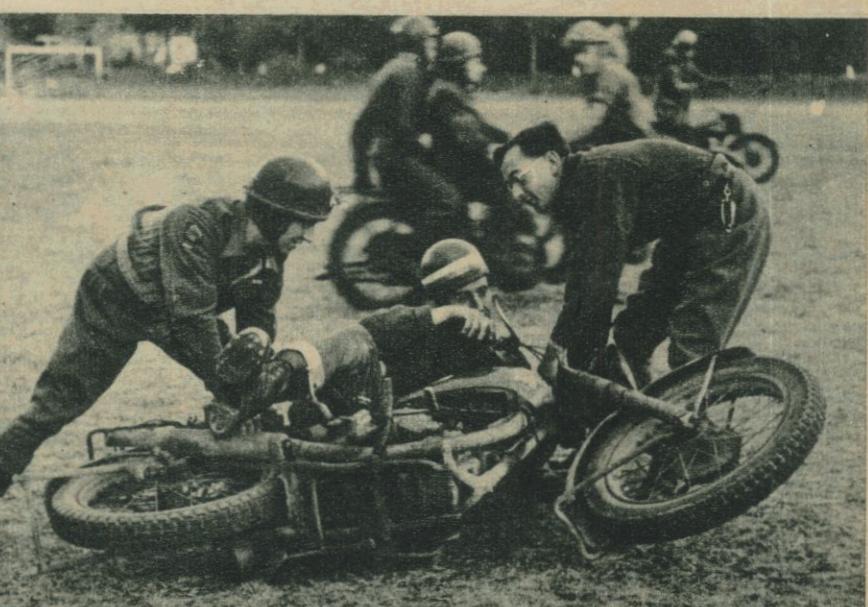
"Who can ride standing on his head? Don't all speak at once?" The sergeant-major sorts out his volunteers.



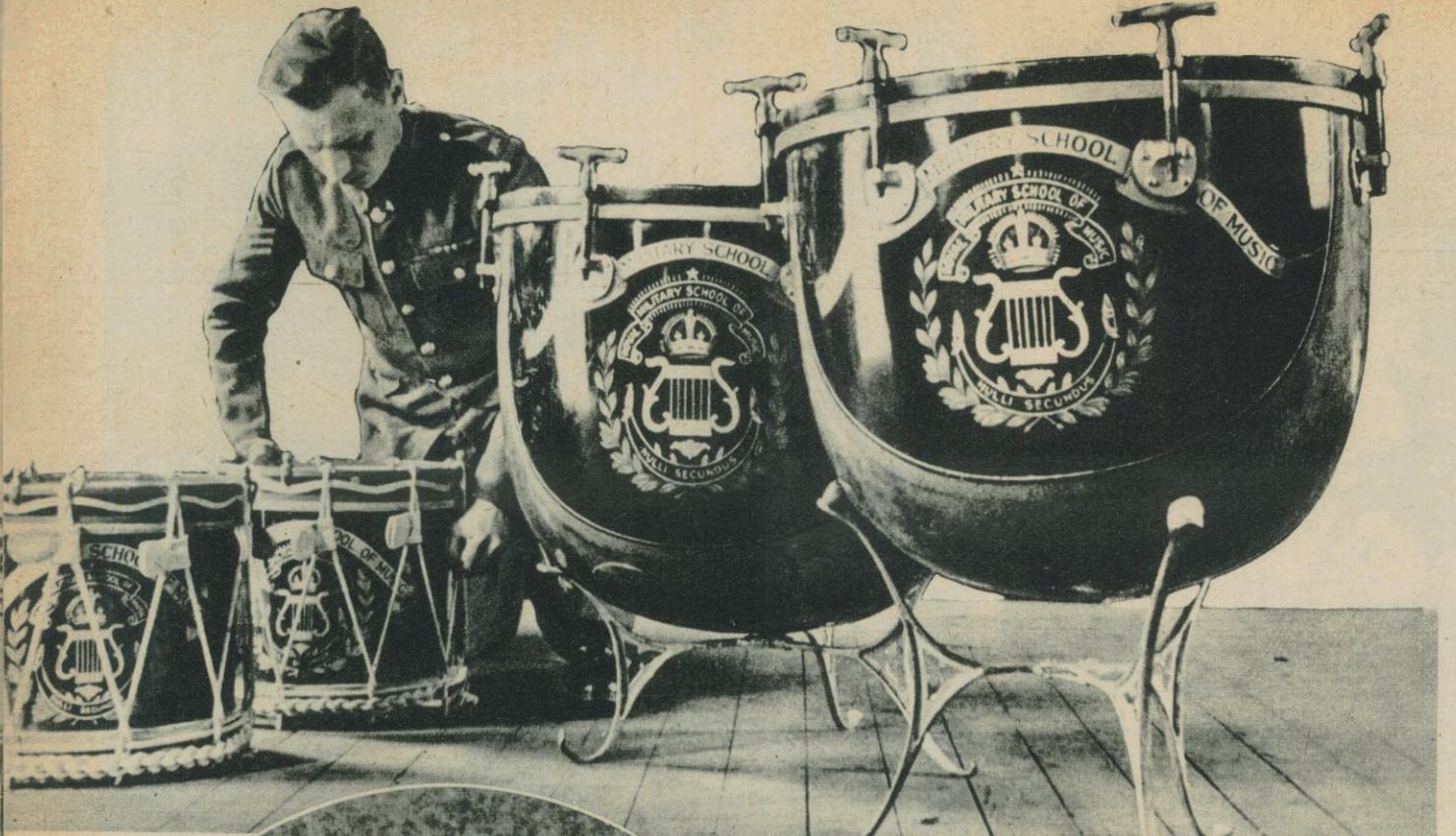
A well-adjusted carburettor is half the battle. The machine must be as reliable and disciplined as a circus horse.



A sight which would mean eight summonses on the Brighton Road; but it's the highlight of the display at Vienna.



You're bound to fall some day, so the thing is to fall as comfortably as possible. This rider won't be reporting to the MI Room.



Above, top: A sergeant at the Royal Military School of Music tightens up his drums for rehearsal. Note the glitter on the tympani. Left: The cap badge of the School. Right: "The Music Goes Round and Round..." Soldiers on the instructors' course play the Horn — not the easiest of instruments. Below: This bandmaster is giving aural instruction. Pupils learn to pick out the notes as they are played on a piano.



Bringing Back the Bands

AS you go down the lines of Aldershot's Malplaquet Barracks you find yourself keeping step to a military march. Inside the long dark barrack-rooms the steady rhythmic grunt of the bass and euphonium cavorts with the shrill treble of the flute, the smooth tones of the clarinet link with the solemn oboe in a mellow fusion, the cornet and the Horn cut keen into the mixture, and over it all the saxophone sobs throatily. Further down the lines solemn, earnest-faced soldiers wave musical batons in a fragile 1-2-3-4 motion in compliance with the gruff exhortations of their "Queen" in front to use their arms "less like legs of mutton".

Spring has indeed come to Malplaquet Barracks. Its coming marks the long-awaited resurgence of the Royal Military School of Music, forcing-house of the Army bandsman.

Six long years of war drastically cut down the School's activities, but the arrival of the first spring of Peace meant for them the start of a drive to help the Army's regimental bands strike up again in full pre-war force. The drive, designed to raise the standard of Army bands at present suffering from lack of personnel and training, consists of an intensive four months instructor's course for band NCO's and a year's course for young bandsmen showing talent.

The Bands Vanished — and Returned

The trouble is that musicians with plenty of time still to serve are difficult to find, and ready-trained band boys are about as rare as soft new boots in a quartermaster's stores.

The regimental band, along with many other peace-time Army institutions, had been dealt a crippling blow by the war. At the outbreak, the majority of regimental bands disappeared almost overnight. Bandsmen were quickly returned to regimental duties, and the training of band boys almost came to a standstill. Bands were a luxury war could not afford.

A typical example was that of the two bands of the Middlesex Regiment. They were broken up at the beginning of the war, and by the time of the Battle of France had started many of 2nd Battalion band were serving as stretcher-bearers, others were platoon NCO's, and some had become casualties. More unfortunate was the 1st Battalion band, which was captured in Hong Kong in 1941, and later lost men while being shipped over to Japan on the Japanese transport "Lisbon Maru", which was torpedoed.

But the regimental bands were not to be silenced by the war, and were destined to strike up again.

As the grim months following Dunkirk, letters began to appear in the Press asking: "Where are our military bands, and why don't we hear them?" Behind these demands was sound human reasoning. The Army was spread all over the country busily training for the battles to come. Few people, especially those in the blitzed towns, had the time or opportunity to see them. But, it was reasoned, if the Army couldn't come to the people then the bands could, and there is nothing like a lusty military march to rouse and stir the spirits of the people.

Mr. Churchill, quick to see this, took action. In so many words he told the War Office: "Get the bands going again. Get as many going as possible and as quickly as possible."

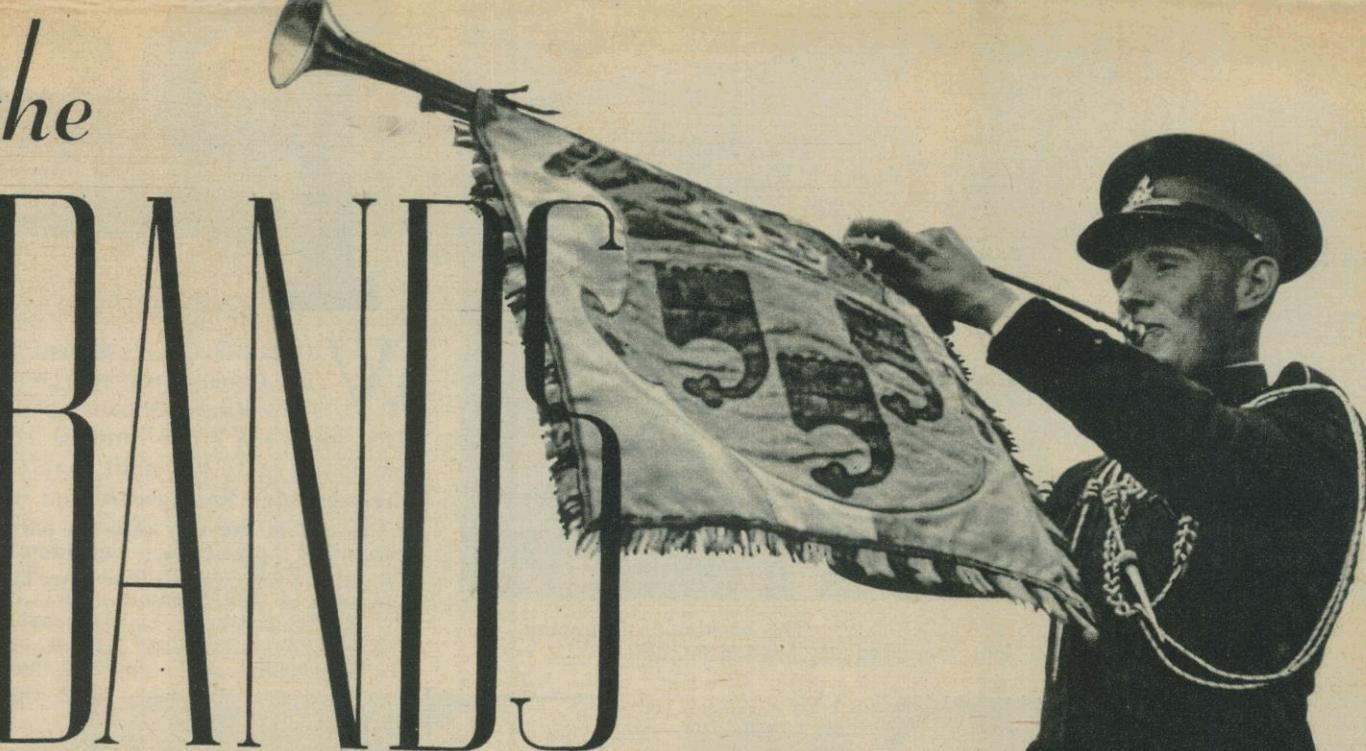
The Bandmasters Were Gloomy

The bands rapidly began to form, although in many cases not with their original members nor in the same strength as in their pre-war days. Attached mainly to training depots, they played to the Army and to the people — in camps and factories. They played at passing-out parades, concerts, dances, and on tours abroad. They played at National Saving Campaigns and "Salute the Soldier" weeks until finally their most welcome playing came with the VE and VJ celebrations.

With the end of the war and the steady release of men from the Forces, the bands found themselves faced with another musician shortage. As they watched their bandsmen disappear one by one, regimental bandmasters gloomily poked their noses over their rostrums and sighed "Wot, no music?" Out of the 167 regimental bands in existence before the war there were left this Spring only 102. It seemed that if new bandsmen were to be forthcoming they would have to be trained from scratch.

It was to meet this demand that the Royal Military School of Music started their new courses, though undoubtedly the main burden of training will fall on the regimental

C.W. SMITH (Capt.)



Above: A student sounds a trumpet fanfare. The School sends its trumpeters to sound fanfares at Coronations and other big ceremonies.

Below: Having learned the art of holding a baton, the pupil tries his hand at conducting and controlling a band. Each student in turn takes his place at the conductor's stand. (Inset). Playing the bass — a job which calls for plenty of concentration — and wind.

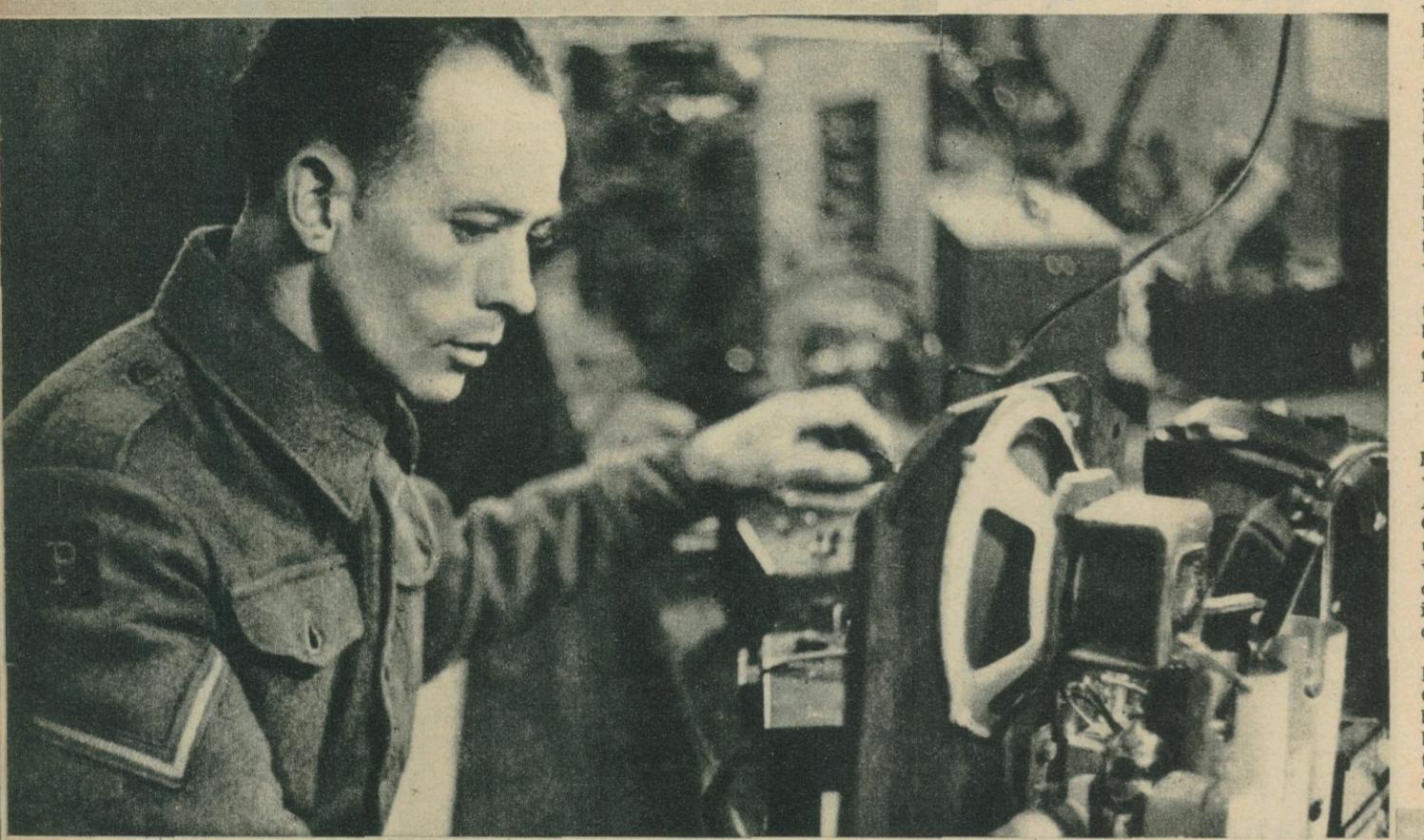


Below (left): The band which got there ... to play at the victory celebrations in Berlin. Right: The band which didn't get there ... but which played on even in captivity. This is the regimental band of the 1st Bn the Middlesex Regt, captured in Hong Kong, photographed playing in their POW camp.





"The town of X is ready to surrender... The backbone of Phantom organisation is the light armoured car fitted with radio."



Above: One of Phantom's back-room boys, L/Cpl. W. Tone, whose work as NCO in charge of radio mechanics made him essential to Phantom's efficiency. Below: Another view of the light armoured patrol car, fitted both to receive and send messages.



Above: Sjt. Norman Cotton, as MT serjeant, was responsible through France and Germany for keeping Phantom mobile. Below: Sjt. Owens, who was awarded the MM for his work as a radio operator parachuting behind enemy lines with the SAS.



P STANDS FOR PHANTOM

WHEN Mr. Churchill visited General Montgomery's Headquarters on an evening in March 1945, excitement was high. Had the retreating Germans really left intact a bridge across the Rhine? That night the Prime Minister and the future Field-Marshal decided they would not go to bed until confirmation came through. An hour later came the message "Remagen bridge intact". It bore the signature "Phantom".

The end of the war saw the partial removal of the veil which had shrouded the mysterious organisation of Phantom. Born in 1939, Phantom — or 3 GHQ Liaison Regiment — rendered invaluable service to the Allied Armies, and, by its peculiar and highly complex

organisation, often foisted the enemy. Comprising some 1,000 souls, it was charged with the custody of a million top secrets. It was aware of the plans of great battles many hours before the actual attack by legitimately intercepting and transmitting vital information which, ordinarily, would have been known only to commanders at a high level in accordance with a time embargo.

It was Phantom who signalled to SHAEF the first news of the D-Day landing. It was Phantom who helped put the Allied Commanders in the picture during Rundstedt's Ardennes offensive. It was a Phantom squadron who dropped hundreds of miles behind the German lines and transmitted valuable information which assisted the RAF to bomb vital targets.

Today the regiment, which is one of the few units born with the war not to be classed as redundant, has its headquarters in a picturesque town in Germany.

Hopkinson Mission

Phantom started life in 1939 as the Hopkinson Mission. Its primary function was liaison between the British and Allied Armies. In those historic days, Col. Hopkinson, chief of the Mission, used his meagre resources to collect vital information from as many points of the shifting front as he could. This information proved vital to the Staffs controlling the Dunkirk withdrawal.

On his return to England, Col. Hopkinson (Maj. Gen. G. F. Hopkinson, OBE, MC, was killed in Italy in September 1943 when commanding 1st Airborne Division) was asked to reconstitute Phantom as No. 1 GHQ Recce Unit, a part of the defence forces under the

direct command of GHQ Home Forces. Organised in three groups, each of four scout-car patrols, Phantom had wireless as its chief method of communication, supplemented by DR and an extensive pigeon service.

Much of the credit for the later success of Phantom was due to the way in which Col. Hopkinson insisted that wireless communication must at all times be maintained, whatever the limitations of the set used, the atmospheric conditions or the distance between stations.

At the peak of the war the basis of a Phantom squadron was the officer patrol, usually comprising six men, an armoured car, a Jeep and a wireless set.

Phantom recruited its men from all arms,

although preference was given to RAC. They were picked for their specialist knowledge and above-average intelligence. The original commitment of Phantom in the North-West European theatre was limited to Regimental HQ and the two squadrons with 21 Army Group. These were increased later, and during the battle for Cherbourg a special detachment of

Phantom was re-grouped at extremely short notice in Scotland, and flown to the peninsula to augment the supply of information from the Americans. After this battle, Sjts. Wood and Owen, who were attached from Phantom to SAS (Special Air Service), dropped behind the Germans in the mountains some 250 miles south-west of Paris. There they assisted in collating important information, most of which had been obtained from the Maquis, and passed it on to guide the RAF in bombing targets.

In the opinion of Sjt. Woods, the best

piece of news that mission obtained was the location of Rommel's HQ. The information confirmed the uncertain report which already lay on the table of the officer who eventually despatched

the aircraft to bomb and kill the German commander.

Throughout the campaign secrecy was an indispensable part of Phantom's make-up. "They were dangerously in the picture over momentous decisions, but none talked", said Major I. R. Mackrill, 2 i/c of the regiment.

Phantom embarrassed Intelligence Officers and completely flummoxed many Allied commanders by the extent of their knowledge. Imagine the surprise of a US colonel who, after thirsting for hours for news of a particular formation after the break-through at St. Lo, was

casually told by a Phantom officer

"There you are, sir, your 5th Armoured Division is now 25 miles to the south of here" (pointing to a map). "And how the goddamned hell did you find that out?"

"Phantom, sir". This news was confirmed 12 hours later.

As the Allied Armies swept across the Continent, liaison squadrons which had been accredited to each Army Headquarters were hard stretched. It was their job to supply each Army commander with up-to-the-

minute information obtained from the several areas of combat by Phantom patrols. In many cases the news consisted of "odd bits and scraps" picked up from our tank formations, information which would normally reach the Army HQs. Phantom facilitated the receipt and despatch of top priority messages, with the result that the commanders knew the plan of campaign many hours before receipt through the usual channels. Phantom, battle-trained and experienced, claims a 36-hour faster transmission service than that of normal chanceries.

Men of Phantom were liable to be called at a moment's notice to another campaign or assignment. Such was the case during the Rhine crossing. A fortnight before the river assault, a

Phantom officer stepped out of a jeep and detailed certain men of a squadron to report immediately to the nearest aerodrome. No questions were asked. The men landed in England, went through some refresher courses, and 14 days later dropped with the Airborne troops in the Rhine bridgehead. To Phantom it was just another assignment.

As "the eyes and ears of the British Army", Phantom secured the growing confidence of the Americans and French commanders. Cherished possession of the regiment to-day is a stack of telegrams and congratulatory messages from men like General Crerar, Canadian Army, and Generals Patton and Bradley. When the war ended, the Americans were, in fact, in the process of forming their own Phantom regiment.

It Didn't Make Sense

The Germans, aware of the existence of Phantom, tried unsuccessfully to break down the code system. It is on record that the enemy could never make head nor tail out of anything which, allegedly, had been intercepted from Phantom. How useful it would have been to the enemy if he could have made sense out of the highly complex bulletins which were collected and transmitted daily to Allied Commanders on the powerful transmitting set nick-named "Golden Arrow". This set was the only type of its kind in Europe. The job of marking Field-Marshal Montgomery's personal map at Tactical HQ was entrusted to a Phantom officer, Capt. A. S. Davies, assisted by Sjt. Nicholson.

Every man who has served with Phantom rates it as a high honour to have been associated with the outfit that was something of a mystery to the outside world. They alone shared the knowledge — hitherto unpublished — that Field-Marshal Montgomery moved his HQ 28 times during the European campaign. The regiment, too, must be classed as unique in that, according to 32-year-old Sjt.-Major Hopper, who grew up with Phantom, no man has yet been put on a charge.

J. GALLAGHER (Sjt.)

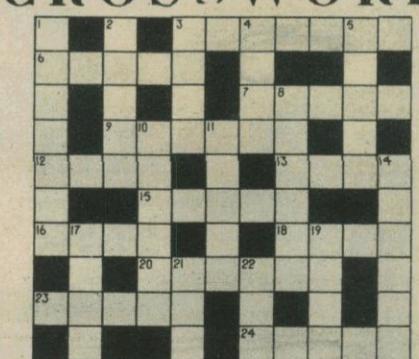


HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- Which authors created the following detectives: (a) Sherlock Holmes; (b) Hercule Poirot; (c) Philo Vance; (d) Inspector Hanaud; (e) Father Brown?
- If you wrote: "Consequent on these animadversions, it is regretted that implementation cannot be authorised" you would be guilty of (a) persiflage; (b) prolixity; (c) plagiarism; (d) passementerie. Which?
- Anything wrong in this sentence: "Alderman J. Johnson, of Dundee, today opened a new memorial hall in a Dundee suburb?"
- Complete: (a) Romeo and ...; (b) Troilus and ...; (c) Frankie and ...; (d) Darby and ...; (e) Hansel and ...
- Which was the first of the present Government's nationalisation bills to be passed by the House of Commons?
- A rebeck is (a) a migratory bird; (b) a gesture of disgust; (c) an ancestor of the modern violin.
- If you were introduced to David Langdon, you might appropriately remark:

(Answers on Page 23)

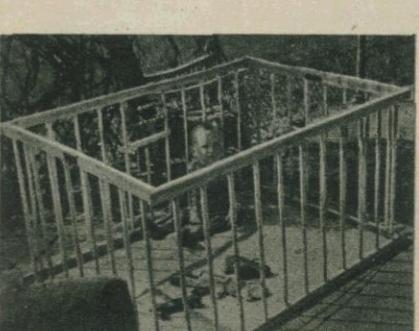
CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 3. Herman's tank, perhaps, but not Goering's! — 6. Battleground of sorts, an age back. — 7. Refreshing spot for a Desert Rat. — 9. The rest may be associated with a lad. — 12. Band instrument, possibly. — 13. It might be amphibious, yet full of water. — 15. This imprecation gets us involved with the CRE. — 16. "About turn" for 12. — 18. Wherein the Allies in Italy have to conform to local customs presumably. — 20. Sicily, for example, is one. — 23. After "17 Down", the 42nd Highlanders. — 24. One of the "blues" but not the Household Cavalry. — 25. Gave his name to an Indian Army cavalry regiment.

DOWN: 1. Harbour in a GC "20 Across". — 2. Back to Civvy Street, in short. — 3. Once worn by serjeants. — 4. Put up a ceremonial garland for the Bishopshop's shrieval. — 5. A dress. — 8. Back like a bird. — 10. Singular science of manoeuvre. — 11. Just the opposite of 2, shall we say? — 14. Hall of army music. — 17. See "23 Across". — 19. The aroma of a Continental river. — 21. Command to avoid (at your peril)! — 22. The winged part of the Federal Army.

(Solutions on Page 23)

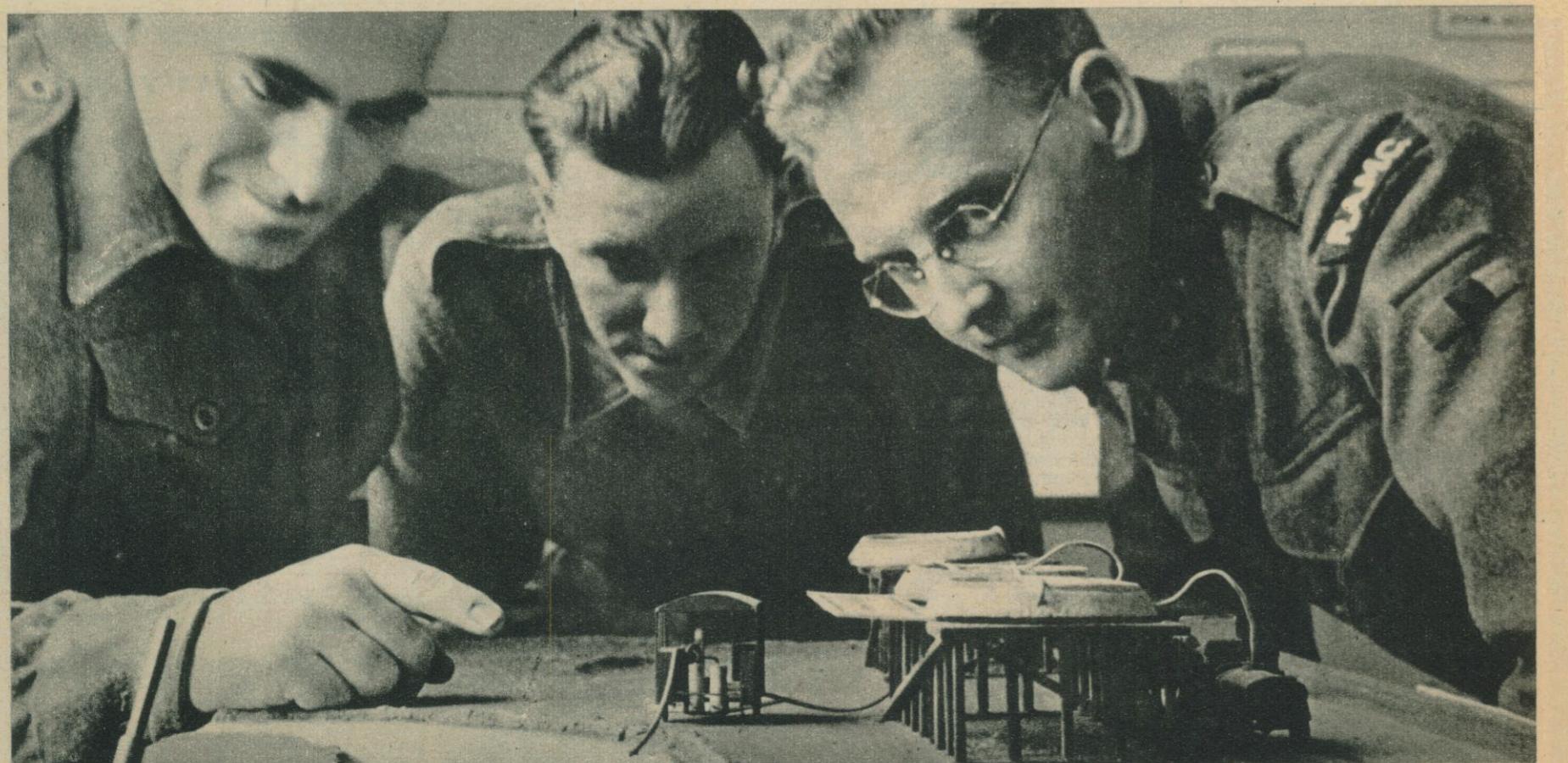




Dust-spraying to kill larvae of malaria-carrying anopheles mosquito in reedy water. But this is no tropical swamp—it's Mytchett Lake.



Many a sanitary student has paddled in this pond. This one is using an anti-malarial oil spray, for use in reedless water.



NCO's on a course are taught how to set up a water point with the aid of models.

Men Against Plague

IT is the British Army's boast that during the 1939-45 war it was the world's healthiest army as well as the healthiest army that Britain has ever put into the field.

For this it has to thank the Army School of Hygiene at Keogh Barracks, near Aldershot. From this school men went out to all parts of the world to guard the soldier's health, and because of their work British troops faced the world's most potent threats to fitness and stayed on their feet to fight.

It was the men from Keogh Barracks who fought and beat the anopheles mosquito of Sicily which carries the world's worst form of malaria. They defeated the Burma mites which carry deadly scrub-typus, a disease hardly known before the war. Their campaigns against the clouds of flies in India and the Middle East kept dysentery figures down to rock-bottom. From pestiferous water supplies they produced clean drinking water. Because of their efforts the louse and the typhus it carries were almost non-starters among British troops, and the Army was able to take over typhus-ridden Belsen without spreading the disease far and wide among its own troops and civilians. Their unrelenting watchfulness fought down yellow, dengue and sandfly fevers, and reduced to minimum proportions the nerve-grinding irritation of the bed-bug.

123,000 Pupils

During the war more than 123,000 people took courses at the Army School of Hygiene. They included men from the Empire and Allied armies, the Royal Navy and women of the ATS.

Newly-joined medical officers were taught how to look after the health of troops under active service conditions; specialist medical officers were given practical training in water purification and sanitation in the field before going on active service as hygiene specialists. And there were the thousands and thousands of men who were trained as sanitary orderlies and water duty

orderlies. In addition malaria field laboratories, mobile hygiene laboratories and entomological field units were formed and trained for overseas.

Training at Keogh Barracks is mainly practical. In the grounds round the barracks are scores of full-size models of apparatus that may be needed for hygiene work in the field. Water purifying and filtering devices include every type issued by the Army, and students can see them operating on the shore of Mytchett Lake.

The key-note is improvisation. There are very few of the models which cannot be made from material that a unit can procure in the field. Some of the models are extremely ingenious and it is a bit of a shock to the layman to note that there are more than 50 different latrines, based on six or seven principles, that can be made by ordinary units from scrap and salvage. In the School's workshops, students learn to make these models.

The Mess Tin Problem

In the laboratories, hundreds of small-scale models, from eastern villages and water-points down to tiny drain-pipes, are handy for lecturers' demonstrations. In the entomological and anti-malarial laboratories are some excellent large-scale models of disease-carrying insects. Models of this type are hard to get; only about three men in Britain are capable of making them and one of these, Corporal J. Richardson, spent some of the war years at the school making models. Since he has been released he has gone to Oxford University to make similar models.

In the experimental laboratory a major was carrying out research into the best way of cleaning mess tins after meals. The subject may seem trivial, but when a number of men wash their mess tins in the same water in certain conditions, it is quite possible for germs to be carried by the water and mess tin from a man to whom they are innocuous to another to whom they will do considerable harm.

R. ELLEY (Capt.)



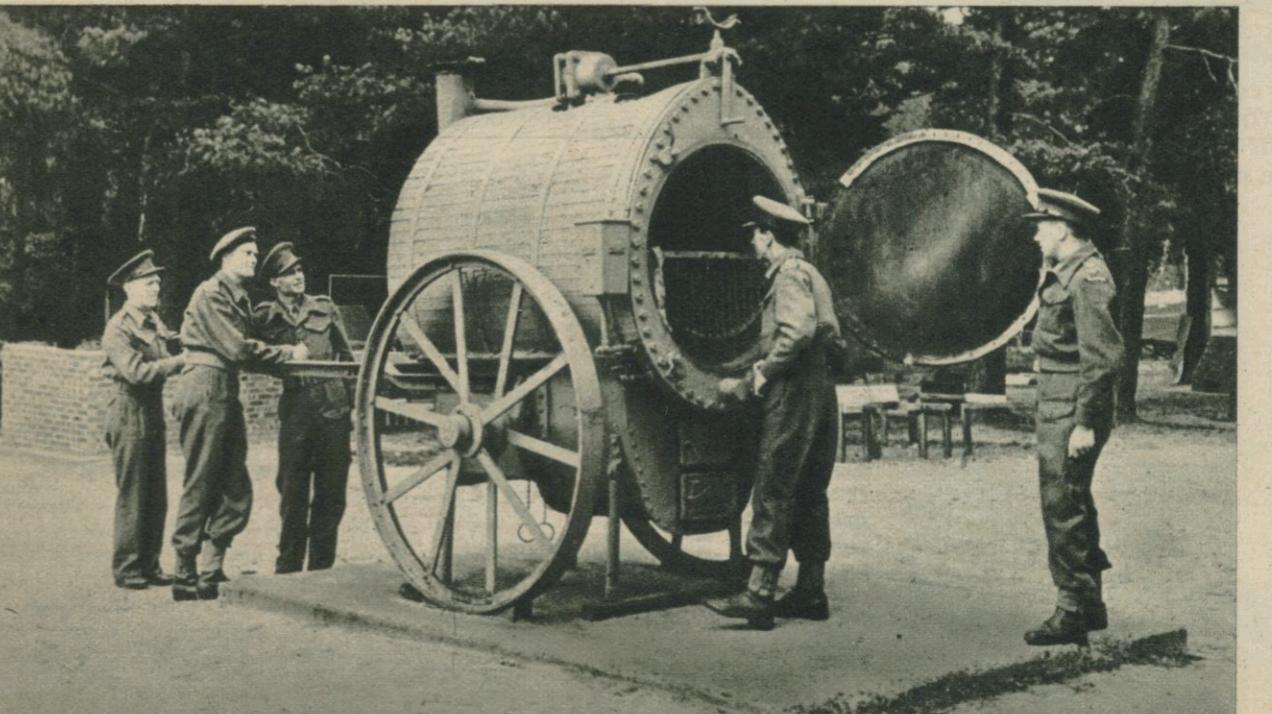
Mosquito—very much magnified. Corporal J. Richardson has a "corner" in the making of these models.



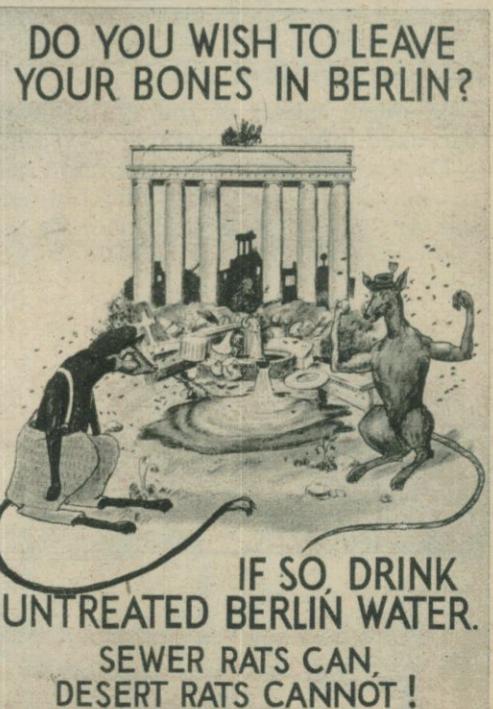
Typhus stalked in the death camps, but the Army knew how to fight it. One of the greatest medical feats of the war was preventing plague bred in such surroundings from scouring Europe.



In the Insectary a visiting hygiene expert examines cleverly constructed models of lethal insects. They're all "bugs" to an American.

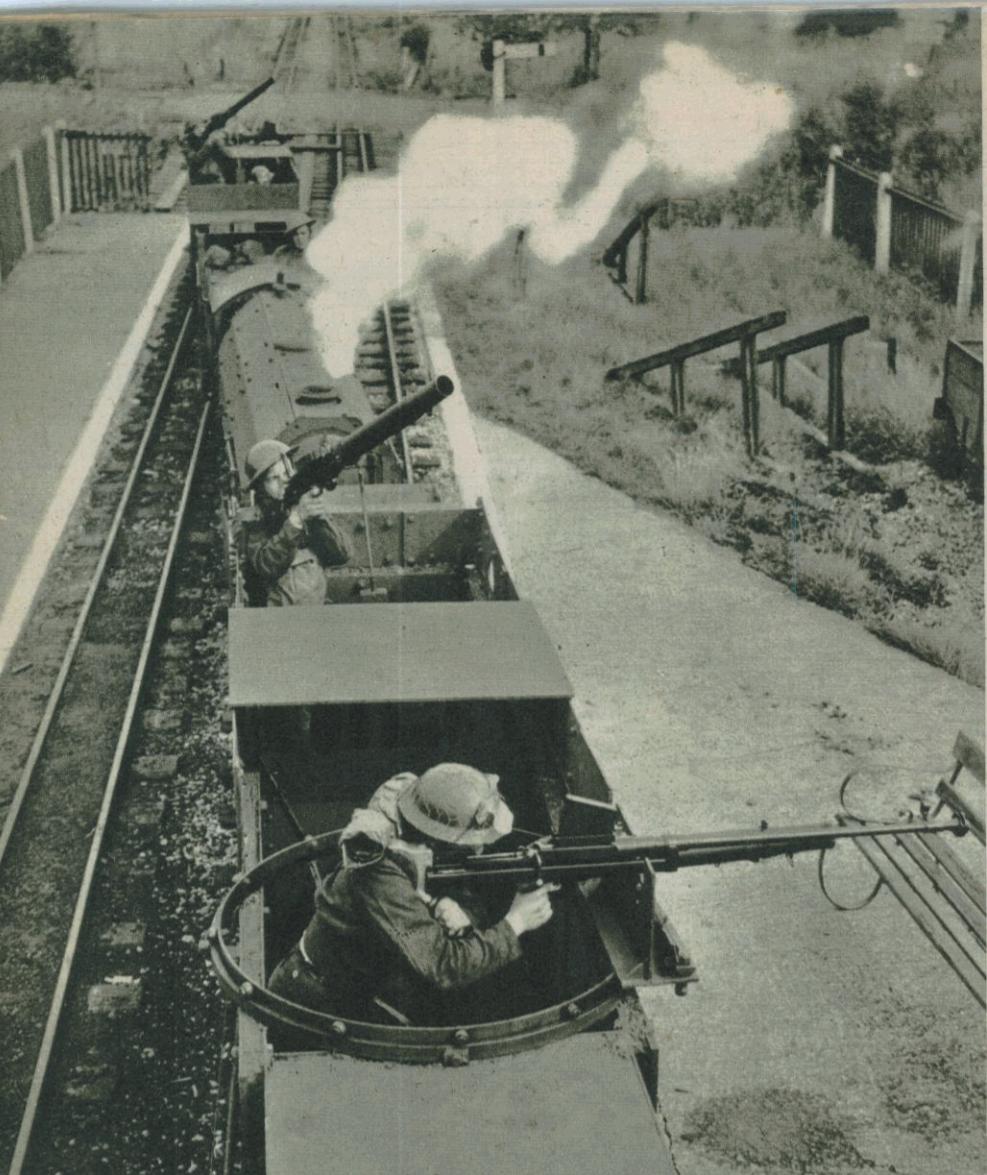


Nothing to do with Belsen: students examine a 1914-1918 disinfecter.

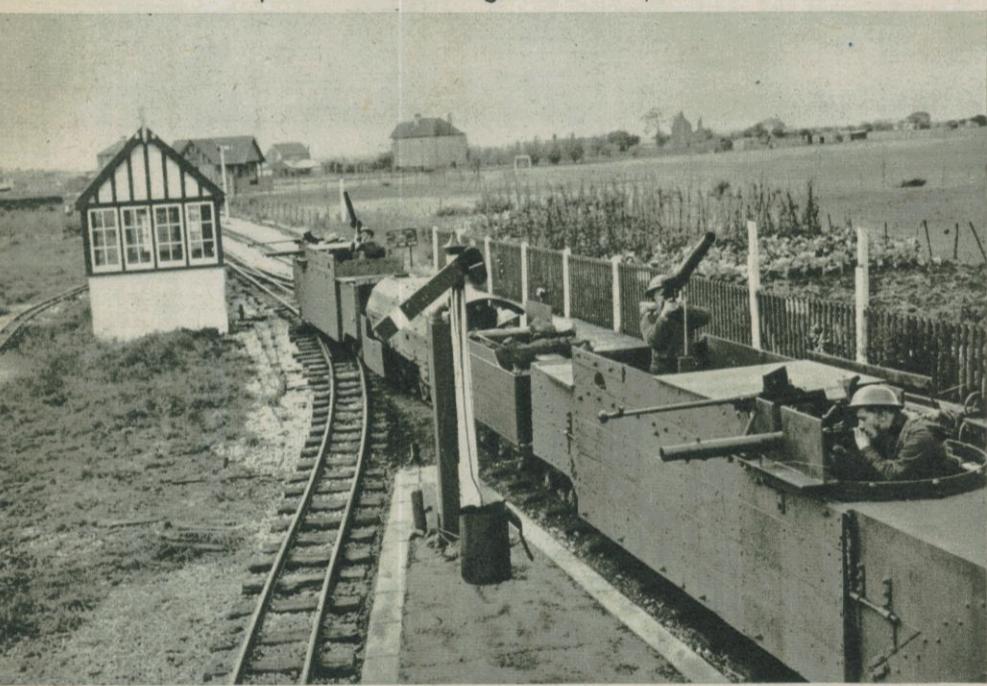


IF SO, DRINK
UNTREATED BERLIN WATER.
SEWER RATS CAN,
DESERT RATS CANNOT!

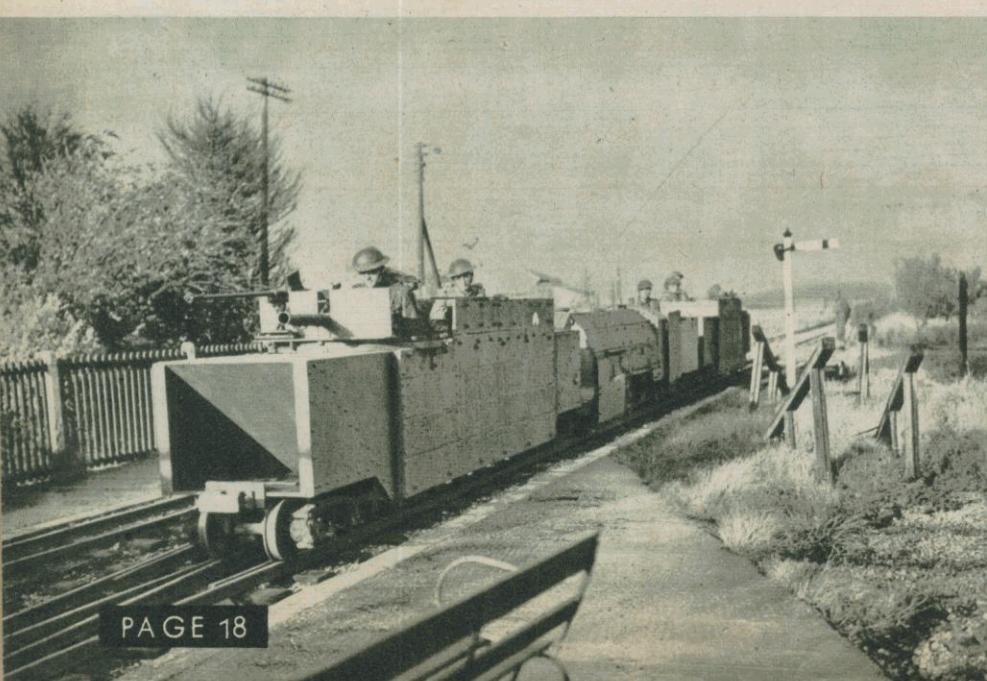
The medical men can't do everything — hence this notice which appeared in the German capital soon after its capture.



Above: Flashback to 1940. When invasion was hourly expected an armoured train appeared on the Romney railway, equipped with Lewis guns and A/Tk rifles.



Two more views of the diminutive armoured train. It was also used later to escort freight trains carrying Pluto materials to Dungeness for the construction of the petrol pipeline under the Channel.



Ex-Sjt. J. Beachey, relief stationmaster, is given advice by her driver before taking "Green Goddess" for a run.

Men of the

THE RSM was looking for a pub. Not just a pub to drink in but one to work in. After 22 years in the Army, he felt that dishing out the pints would suit him down to the ground.

But pubs are hard to come by in Britain these days. Not only are hundreds of regular soldiers taking their discharge dreaming of seeing their names over a door followed by the wonderful words "licensed to sell beers, wines and spirits", but people who had never given a great deal of thought to being that side of a bar are clamouring for public houses because becoming a publican is one way of getting living accommodation in house-starved Britain.

So the RSM—to be precise, ex-RSM J. H. Champion, Royal Berkshire Regiment, ex-Kent, Berkshire and Berkshire Wanderers Rugby player and heavy-weight boxer—was unlucky.

Still thinking of pubs, he went one

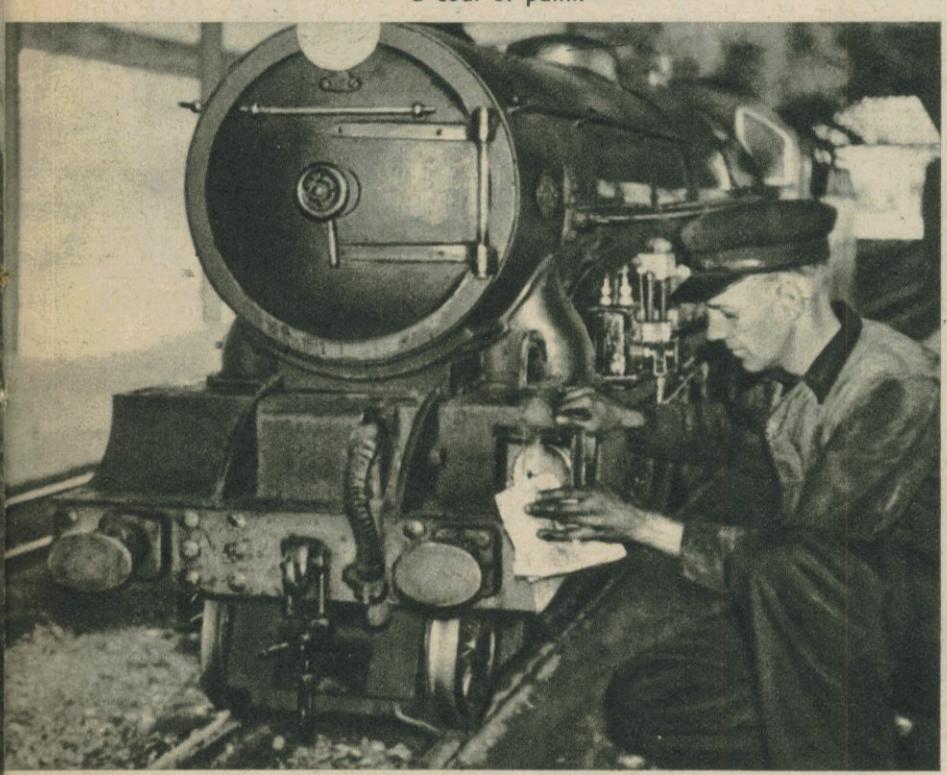
day to have a look at the Romney, Hythe and Dymchurch Railway, the miniature railway a rich man built across 15 miles of the flat Romney Marsh out of love of model railways, and which has since provided the highspot of summer holidays for thousands of British schoolboys and a useful service to the people of the Romney Marsh and Dungeness.

POW's Jump To It

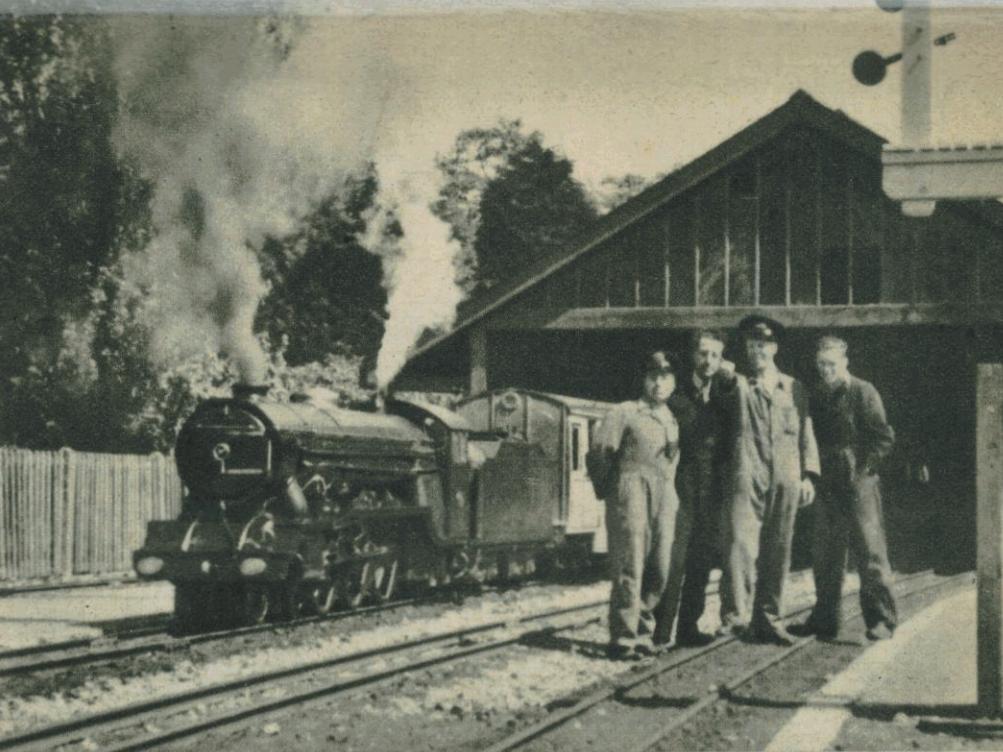
Being, like most RSM's, a chatty sort of fellow and not afraid to ask questions, Champion found himself talking to Major J. T. Holder, the railway's manager. One thing led to another and before they parted Major Holder invited the RSM to take charge of gangs of Italian prisoners who had taken a fortnight to weed and clean up about 200 yards of the little railway's track. Champion agreed, and in another fortnight the Italians had finished clearing the whole stretch.



When no train is expected Ex-Cpl. Pond leaves his box to give the signals a coat of paint.



L/Cpl. J. Fagg hopes to get "Typhoon" looking as bright as his motorcycle did when he was in the CMP.



Stationmaster Champion, Hythe (second from right), with three of his "recruits" from the Royal Berks.



Last minute instructions. Signalman Pond flags an urgent message to a train approaching the station.

ROYAL BERKS run this REGIMENTAL RAILWAY

Then Champion was offered a permanent job on the railway, dismissed his thoughts of the licensed trade like a squad of tired defaulters, hung up his release suit for off-days, donned blue denims and a blue peaked cap bearing the initials RHDR and was installed as stationmaster of Hythe, the main terminus of the line.

Pleased with the way his recruit was shaping, Major Holder went into a huddle with the owner of the railway, ex-Cavalry Captain J. E. P. Howey, and they decided to give ex-RSM Champion authority to go ahead and recruit ex-Servicemen for the staffs of the stations, among them men who had served in the Royal Berkshire Regiment with him.

Champion bumped into one of his old sergeants in a bus, and signed him up. He was delighted when an ex-Corporal from his company applied to him for a job; he wrote to a CSM he knew. Now he already has four of his Royal Berkshire Regt. colleagues working on the

line with him: Ex-CSM A. E. Smith, 14 years in the Royal Berks, who came out of the Army to become stationmaster at Dymchurch; ex-Sjt. J. Beachey, 12 years in the Royal Berks, who was appointed relief stationmaster; ex-Cpl. J. Pond, regimental lightweight champion, who took charge of the Hythe signal box; and ex-Cpl. J. Rootes, who joined the staff of New Romney station.

They all served with Champion in India.

And when the railway gets into full swing next summer, more ex-Royal Berkshires will come on the payroll.

Smartening-up the Line

Except for some old hands who were there before the war, every man employed by the railway is an ex-Serviceman.

Although each has his own job, work on the Light Railway, as it is known, means a good deal of mucking-in just now. Track and rolling stock suffered

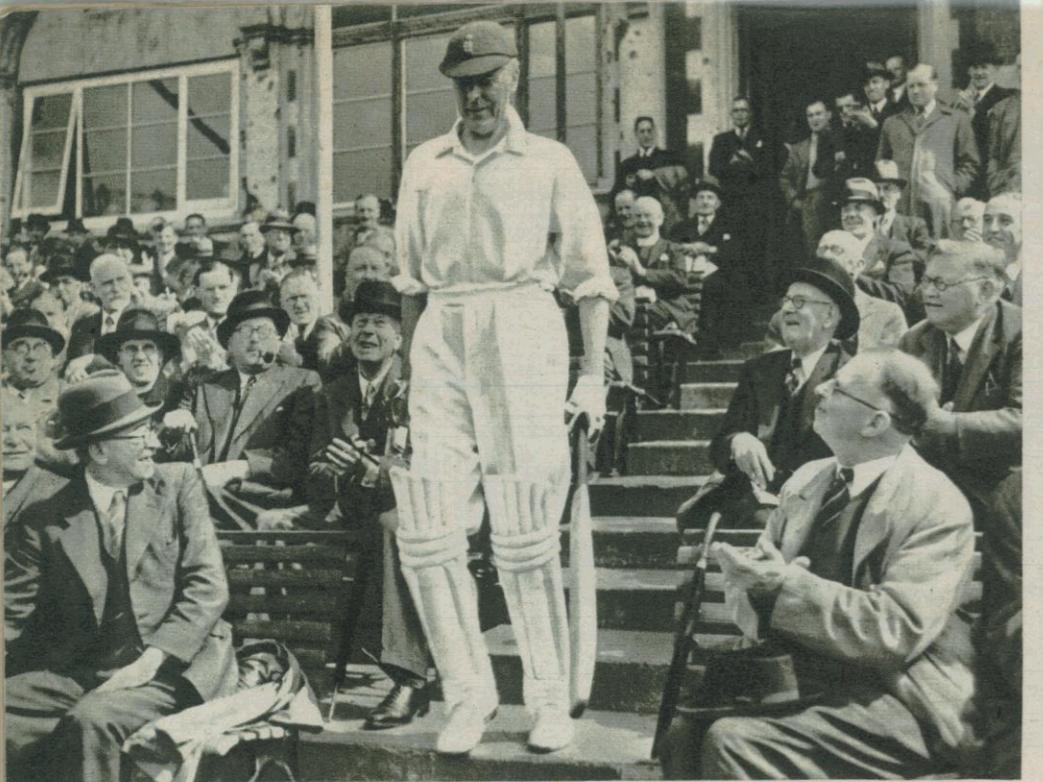
but as paint and materials become available, so the coaches and the stations are beginning to look bright again. At Hythe, Stationmaster Champion was busy repainting a fireplace in the booking office and Signalman Pond was repainting his signal-box.

Public Will Be CO

"The Army taught me at least one useful thing—and that's how to paint", said Pond. "But I'm keeping clear of whitewash and ochre for a while, even if this does look as though I'm getting ready for a CO's inspection."

By the time the summer rush starts, the Romney railway should be nearly back to normal, and passengers will find its stations organised as efficiently as a serjeants' mess party which, as anyone who has been to one knows, is pretty efficient.

R. ELLY (Capt.)



Frank Woolley goes out to bat for "Old England". It's a typical cricket "gallery". You don't see faces like these at a boxing match!



That was OLD ENGLAND:

A few days ago we said good-bye to an era when, at the Oval, "Old England" test stars, whose names are already legends to the young, appeared again for one day only.

There was elegant grey-haired Frank Woolley, 59 by the years, a youthful 62 runs by the Oval scoreboard. There was dear old Patsy Hendren, only 56, still up to his tricks and scoring 94. Douglas Jardine, relentless England captain, showed with Woolley and Hendren how to play these Bedser-Watts boys. Such stroke play, said the old-timers, you never see now. Not true, of course, yet maybe we wonder where their successors are to be found. Pilcher, Hayward, Abel, Hobbs, Compton the line will never end while the Oval and Headington remain and score cards are printed.

No Overnight Fame

Now, having finally said good-bye to "Old England" our immediate concern is "New-England". As I write this I read that Denis Compton, of the supreme confidence, has scored two separate centuries at Old Trafford, a feat accomplished by only two other old favourites, J. T. Tyldesley and P. Holmes. So they still come along! Which brings us to the question: Who shall we see in the England teams of the next ten years? Denis Compton is hardly a new star, but is young enough not to have reached his best.

But here and there, in this season's early news, names pop out in a way that suggests they have come to stay. Forget for a moment the established stars still with us, the Huttons and the Hammonds, and look at one or two of

the newer names, new that is in the giants' class, for there is no overnight fame in cricket, only a steady consolidation of proved talent which sometimes has to wait a little to be recognised. A name destined for headlines is that of A. P. Singleton, already being called "Andy" by the two-bob side. His batting average at the moment is 67 for eight innings, his fielding is brilliant and he bowls. Put the Worcestershire skipper down for a Test chance and a "possible" for Australia. He had hardly left Varsity cricket when war started and at 31 must be regarded as young.

Then we have S. C. (Billy) Griffith, of Sussex, whose name must come up when Messrs Holmes, Robins, Sellers and Hammond choose the 22 Test trial men. There is a sprinkling of good amateur batsmen, men like B. H. Valentine and Paul Gibbs, but maybe they are not Australia Test standard.

Among the real new boys Surrey bowler A. V. Bedser is sure of a good trial. A bowler of the hostile type, Bedser so far figures well in the bowling averages.

No Scarcity

Now it is true we have to look a little for really "new" stars. The old Dulwich and Royal Marine boys, A. W. H. Mallett and T. E. Bailey, looked like qualifying among the starters, but we have not seen enough of them yet this season. Macindoe, the Oxford University fast bowler, is another possible and Laurie Gray, bowling well for Middlesex, seems sure of a trial. There is no lack of talent. The difficulty begins when you start to separate the merely good from those who may make their name for years to come. And all the time the pre-war top-liners show no sign of



The "Old Brigade" take the field. Left to right: Patsy Hendren, Tich Freeman, M. Tate, M. J. C. Allom and Percy Fender.



Cyril Washbrook, Lancashire's celebrated opening batsman.



Ex-sjt. A. V. Bedser, Surrey's new bowler, should go far.



S. C. (Billy) Griffiths is one of Sussex's strong men.



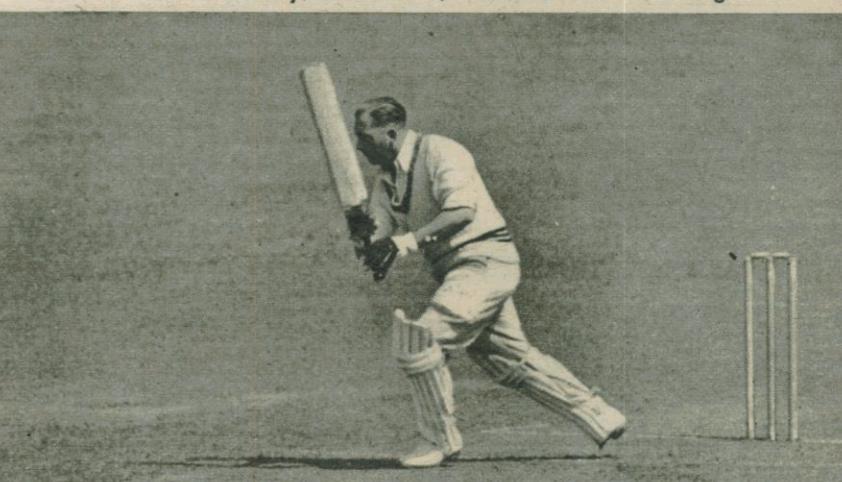
A. B. Sellars, who captained the Army, sneaks two from the Navy.



Innings over: victim is Laurie Gray, of Middlesex.



L. T. E. Bailey, ex-Marines, scores a fine one to leg.



Gimblett, Somerset opening bat, awards suitable punishment.



"How's that?" cries the photographer. Len Hutton loses a stump after scoring 104 (against Australia).

What about THE NEW?

giving in without a struggle. Top of the bowling averages at the moment is Warwickshire's Eric Hollies, so much improved this season that he is certain to be seen in one Test match. Then there is Lancashire's R. Pollard — eight Middlesex wickets in one innings and several more in the next. Ten years ago Pollard took ten Glamorgan wickets for 42.

One of the selectors' problems will be who, among the old and tried, to leave out in favour of the young and promising. It is a little difficult, when you have Leicestershire's veteran Les Berry set for one of the best season's of his career and Laurie Fishlock, Surrey's most consistent scorer, to date. On form alone bowlers Matthews, Clay and Goddard would need to be considered, but they are not youthful. There are many more.

A Trial Team

Still, let's have one crack at that old game of picking England v. the Rest teams, bearing in mind the need for a winning team, experience and the encouragement of youth.

England: C. Washbrook, J. Robertson, Len Hutton, W. R. Hammond (if fit) or A. B. Sellars (capt), D. Compton, S. C. Griffith, A. V. Bedser, W. E. Hollies, R. Pollard, D. V. P. Wright and E. P. Robinson.

The Rest: C. J. Barnett, A. P. Singleton, L. Fishlock, N. W. Yardley, J. Hardstaff, L. E. Ames, A. E. Wilson, D. H. Macindoe, B. H. Valentine (capt), A. Gover and L. Gray.

Now, please do not shoot. There are only 22 names. There might be 20 more. If you do not agree let us have your ideas, bearing in mind the need for new blood plus experience.

A Levelling

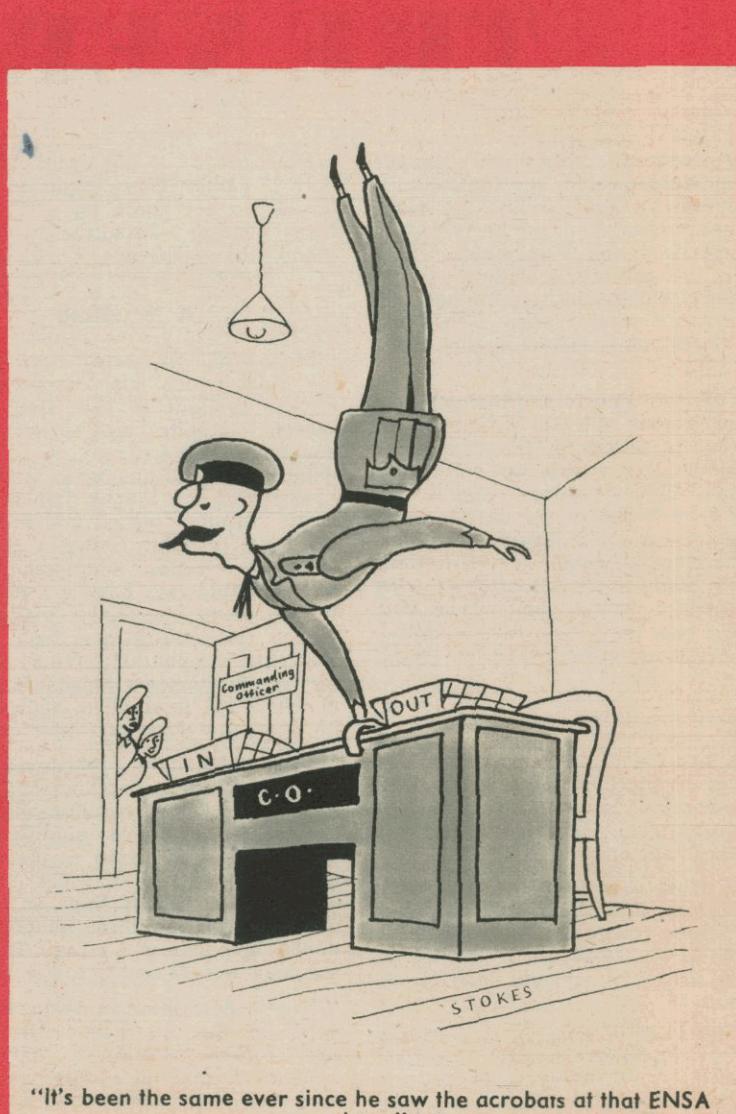
Meanwhile the early results justify the hope which supporters of county cricket brought to the first post-war season. Despite typical old English summer weather, rain, sunshine and wind in unequal quantities, attendances everywhere are bigger than ever. The early results seem to indicate a levelling of skill between the usual top-line counties and some of the others. Middlesex have a clear lead at the moment, but have played more games. Hampshire are high up and Yorkshire (of course) have so far taken full points from two games before being checked by a revived Leicestershire. Surrey have won their first game.

The weather has interfered with a number of interesting matches. It is a little early yet to sort the wheat from the chaff but it is significant that 13 counties have won at least one of their opening two or three games. A notable exception is Kent, so far without a point from three games, but no doubt their turn will come. They have the men but so far lack the form.

Everywhere there are signs of a new spirit in the old game. There is no need for the whiskered gentlemen to bemoan the passing of the great — only to thank them for what they have done.

REG FOSTER (Lieut.)

BAOR HUMOUR



LETTERS

REGULAR LOSES SERVICE

I enlisted in Feb. 1936 for "seven and five," and my release group was 24. On 1 Jan. 1945 I was sentenced by court-martial to two years hard labour for desertion. After six months in a military prison I was released on suspended sentence. According to the release book I lose time during which I was not paid by the Army—approx. 10 months, which puts me back five groups to 29. But my OC tells me I shall have to wait until 1952, because I am a regular soldier and lose my service. A friend of mine who was similarly sentenced loses only the 10 months. Can anything be done in my case? — Driver (name & address supplied).

★ If a regular soldier is convicted of desertion before completing his colour service he forfeits all his service before the date of conviction. If, as in your case, he has completed his colour service, he must complete 12 months service free of a regimental entry, dating from the day he rejoins his unit from detention. If he does this, and the remainder of his sentence is remitted (not just sus-

present owing to the necessity of absorbing 60,000 trained railway staff when they are released from the Forces, but there are still vacancies for some kinds of work. — Ed., SOLDIER.

NO PYTHON YET

What are my chances of Python leave? I am a regular and went overseas on 5 Oct. 1937, arriving back in UK on 25 Nov. 1943. On 12 June 1944 I embarked for France, and to date have spent just one year in England during eight years. I know I have broken my overseas service, but as I served over four continuous war years overseas before arriving in UK am I eligible for Python? — T/61,262 Dvr. E. J. Lawrence, "D" Pln, 525 Coy. RASC.

★ You will not be due for Python until 1948. The fact that you broke your overseas tour means that Python will be reckoned from the date of your last embarkation. — Ed., SOLDIER.

GOING TO FRANCE

I shall be released about the middle of July and want to spend most of my release leave visiting relations in France. I shall travel as a civilian, making my own arrangements and paying my own fare.

1. Must I get Army permission to go to France on my release leave?
2. Can I get my passport before being released?
3. If I have my passport can I then obtain a visa and permission to visit France from the French Embassy immediately?
4. If I cannot have my passport and visa is there any way in which I



... visiting relations in France ...

could reserve an allocation to visit France as soon as I am released? — Sigm. Church, Berlin, HQ Signals.

★ 1. Yes. Apply to your regimental records officer under ACI 949 of 1945. 2. Apply to the civilian passport office. 3. Yes. 4. No. — Ed., SOLDIER.

TOC H.

As secretary of Toc H 30 Corps North I have opened an office in Hamburg on the third floor of the Port Authority building (over the Carlisle Club). Telephone number — Hamburg — Standard House 228, postal address Toc H/CVWW, C/o "C" Mess 609 Mil. Govt.

All members of Toc H are particularly requested to get into touch with me as soon as possible. — C. Creffield.

BAOR RESETTLEMENT OFFICE

It notice in a reply to correspondence (headed "Male Nurse") in your issue of 11 May that you advise your cor-

FAREWELL TO THE TWO TYPES



"... and to think we never got the Burma Star!"

THE "Two Types" — as readers of the *Sunday Pictorial* will have discovered — are now facing the rigours of Civvy Street. They had a terrible time at the clothing centre getting what they regarded as suitable raiment. It is hard to think of them, bowler-hatted, pin-striped, jeepless.

SOLDIER says good-bye to the sand-happy veterans — and to their creator, the ex-Guardsman "Jon" — and wishes them rapid promotion — in the bus queue.

PERSONAL MAIL

If you communicate with SSAFA (Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen's Families Association), either at 12 Hanover Square, London W. 1, or at any of their offices in Germany, about the welfare of your family, please ensure that you give your full military address correctly. If you fail to do this, or if you abbreviate your address by using initials, you run the risk of SSAFA's reply not being delivered to you. — Desmond O'Neill, HQ. SSAFA C/o AWS, HQ. BAOR.

TT 89 OLD COMRADES ASSOCIATION

Reference the publication of my letter in connection with the above Association in your issue of 11 May. I wish to point out that membership is not open to personnel of the Divisional Workshops, but is exclusively open to those who have served with 151 Infantry Brigade Workshops REME, (50 Northumbrian Division), formerly 14 Army Field Workshops of Birmingham. — L/Cpl. J. E. Gilbert, 151 Infantry Brigade Workshops, REME.

SEARCHING OF KITS

In your issue of 11 May, Cpl. A. Obarzanek complains that on returning from short leave in Brussels, his kit was searched by German police at Duisburg.

If this incident occurred at Duisburg station, the Corporal should have immediately reported the matter to the RTO, when appropriate action would have been taken.

I would point out that the military leave and duty trains have not been routed via Duisburg station since the beginning of March, and at no time have there been any facilities for meal halts. This is the first time that any such complaint has been brought to my notice. — WO 11 C. Taylor, RTO Duisburg.

Answers

(From Page 17)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. (a) Sir A. Conan Doyle; (b) Agatha Christie; (c) S. S. Van Dine; (d) A. E. W. Mason; (e) G. K. Chesterton. 2. Prolixiy. 3. There are no aldermen in Scotland (councillors and bailies). 4. (a) Juliet; (b) Cressida; (c) Johnnie; (d) Joan; (e) Gretel. 5. An ancestor of the modern violin. 6. Venezia Giulia. 7. (a) five cents (US); (b) ten cents; (c) 25 cents (approx. twopence-halfpenny, fivepence, and a shilling). 8. The Kingdom of Nepal. 9. (a) St George; (b) St Andrew; (c) St David; (d) St Patrick. 10. Keen on archery. 11. The Coal Nationalisation Bill (passed May 20, 1946). 12. I liked your drawing in "Punch." 13. (a) Will Hay; (b) Lupino Lane; (c) George Robey; (d) Jack Benny; (e) Harry Tate. 14. Don't Fence Me In.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 3. Sherman. 6. Are-na (rev.). 7. Oasis. 9. Others. 12. Tuba. 13. Tank. 15. Curse. 16. Abut. 18. Rome. 20. Island. 23. (Black) Watch. 24. Azure. 25. Skinner(s) (Horse).

DOWN: — 1. Valetta. 2. Demob. 3. Sash. 4. Ebor (robe). 5. Align. 8. Asstern. 10. Tactic(s). 11. Enrol. 14. Kneller. 17. Black (Watch). 19. Odour (Douno). 21. Shun. 22. Alar.

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WORLD FOOD SHORTAGE AND DISPLACED PERSONS

It is quite understandable to the majority of people in particular British troops, why displaced persons do not want to leave Germany. They are leading a life of more or less perfect comfort, smoking British and American tobacco, eating Allied rations, and doing no work of any kind. It is amazing to me that these things are allowed to happen in a World craving for food. Why not employ these people on the land? There is plenty for them to do on the fields of Germany. They might at least earn the rations they consume.

I am sure that the people of England would have something to say if they knew the position, especially now when they have such meagre rations. — L/Cpl. C. C. Gwilt, 2 Bn. Gloucestershire Regt.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



The Girl on the sand is Carole Landis —
Perhaps the smartest United Artists.

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AND
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