

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

May 11, 1946. Vol. 2

No. 6

50 pfg.

IN FRANCE: 6 FR.
IN HOLLAND: 13 CENTS
IN BELGIUM: 2 FR.
IN DENMARK: 30 ORE.



THE CLASS OF MAY '46

(See Page 6)

S. Earle

GOOD - BYE ★



Field-Marshal Montgomery of Alamein said good-bye to Rhine Army HQ before leaving for England to assume his new appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. As the Field-Marshal entered the Headquarters perimeter for his last visit as BAOR Commander-in-Chief, his car was stopped and towed through the troop-lined streets.

In a personal message to British troops in BAOR on relinquishing his command here, Field-Marshal Montgomery wrote:—

1. The time has come for me to give up my command in Germany and return to England to prepare myself for the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff.
2. When I think back to the day I took over 21 Army Group in January 1944, at that time getting ready to start its great adventure, I feel amazed at what has been achieved. We crossed the Channel, won a great victory in Normandy, advanced through France, Belgium and Holland, and, after a winter of bitter fighting with a long L of C, were rewarded by the unconditional surrender of our enemy. We had at last gained the long awaited victory.

Progress of Control Commission

3. A new task then faced us.

We had landed in Normandy with an organisation known as Civil Affairs. When we entered Germany this name changed to Military Government; even that name is now no longer suitable, as the Army has recently withdrawn from any function of Government.

With the invaluable help of civilians from England — men and women — we have gradually built up a Control Commission worthy of our country, which, working alongside the Army, Navy and Air Force, has successfully overcome so many of the initial problems and is marching forward with confidence.

4. Sailors, soldiers, airmen, civilians — men and women — we have all been in this business together. I would like to thank each one of you for the support you have given me in my task. The great results that have been achieved have been due to the united effort of a magnificent team, of which I think I can justly say each one of us can be proud to have been a member.

5. And so with a sad heart I say good-bye, wishing all of you on your return to England, whether it be now or later, the happy home you deserve.

W
E
L
C
O
M
E



The New Chief—

MARSHAL of the Royal Air Force Sir Sholto Douglas, GCB, MC, DFC, succeeds F.M. Montgomery as C-in-C of the British Forces in Germany, Military Governor of the British Zone, and British Member of the Control Council for Germany.

New GOC-in-C, Rhine Army, is Lt.-Gen. Sir Richard McCreery, KCB, CB, DSO, MC.

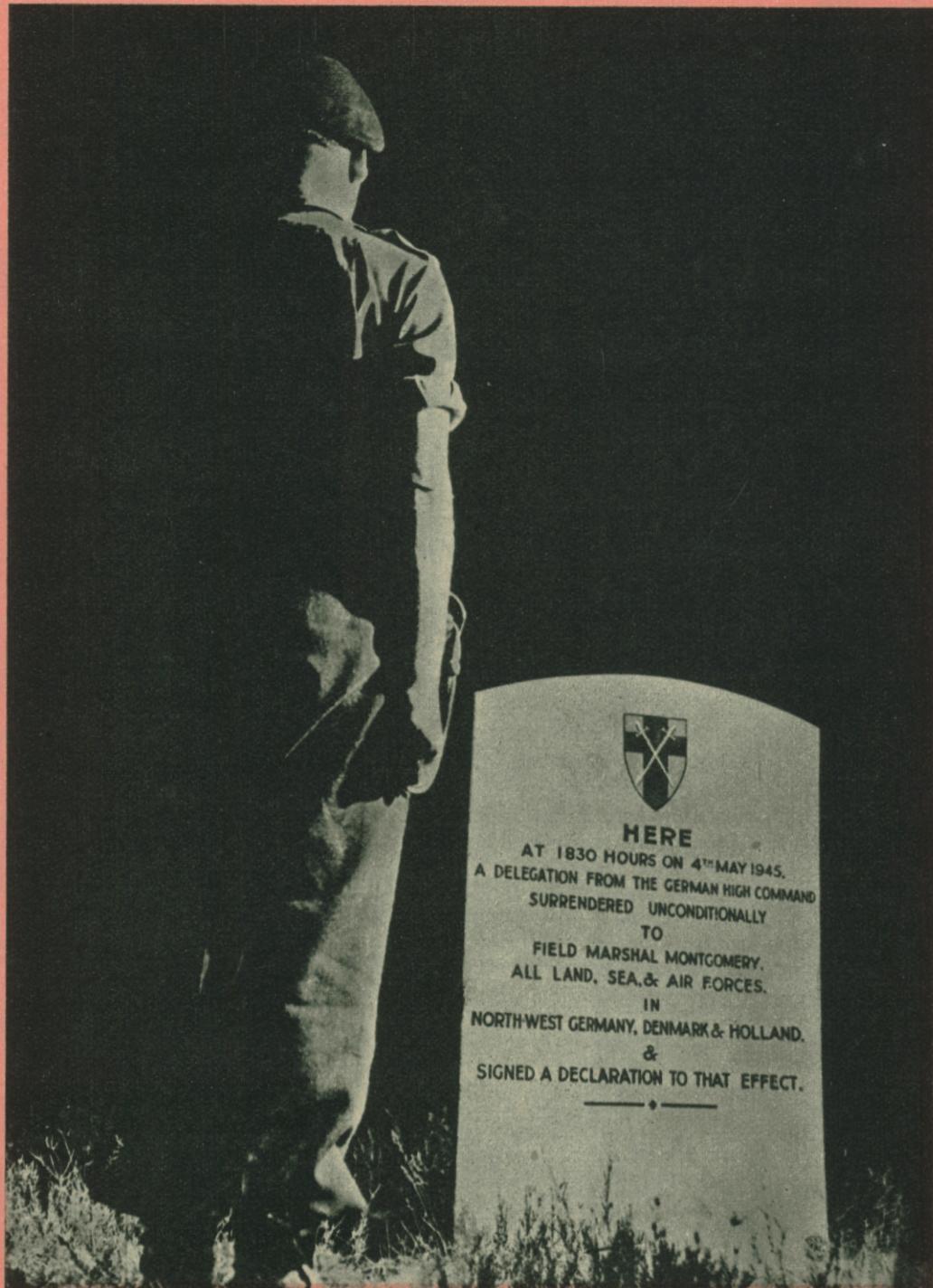
As Air Commander-in-Chief, British Forces of Occupation (Germany), Sir Sholto Douglas was responsible for policing the Reich from the air, disarming the Luftwaffe and destroying the German aircraft industry.

During the war he was head of Fighter and Coastal Commands and RAF chief in the Middle East, where he had the satisfaction of seeing the Desert Air Force help to drive the enemy out of Africa.

At 20, Sir William joined the Royal Artillery at the beginning of the First World War, soon transferring to the Royal Flying Corps.

A YEAR AFTER—1

*Sonnet
from*



Luneberg Heath

Here, on the heath, the formal words were spoken.
Nothing of pity; no exchange of hands.
Slaked were the fires; the crucibles were broken;
Ribs of the robots strewed the cratered sands.
Thus were fulfilled a maniac's demands:
Filth in the fields and corpses in the fountain;
While, in their thousands, slaves from looted lands
Crept from the cold black belly of the mountain.
Here, to this meeting, shrugging off the blame,
Tramping in step, the cold-eyed generals came,
And read the terms, and set their names beneath.
To rear this sign unnumbered lives were spent.
Let no neglect betray their monument,
Written in English, on a German heath.

E. S. T.

Back to

Berlin



In 1870 Germany's aim of world conquest began when the French were beaten in a war engineered by Bismarck. A lofty monument was raised to celebrate the victory. Two generations later it looks down upon a British bulldozer digging up the Tiergarten. The moral needs no pointing.



Above: Two sides of the picture of Berlin life today. The arrival (left) of a load of potatoes from Brunswick is a great event for the ordinary man. Right: Arrest of a suspect in a night club where gambling and black market luxuries went hand in hand. Below (left): The rusting AA gun still points to the sky in front of the ruined Reichstag with its symbolic inscription, "The German People." (Right) The memorial the Red Army is erecting to victory.



IT is appropriate that in Berlin today, on the anniversary of victory, the shabbiness of the streets is relieved by the bright colours of campaign ribbons. In the Kaiserdom the man who helped to conquer Rome gazes into a cafe window. An airborne soldier wounded at Arnhem drives slowly down the Charlottenburger. The Sapper who bridged the Maas and the Rhine looks on the wilderness that was the Tiergarten.

"Berlin or Bust" — that was the soldier's catchphrase since September 1939. It was a long journey, milestone in little defeats, in bigger victories, in the roll and pitch of landing barges, in right flankings and mortar stonks, in slit trenches and sand in the tea... in empty places at the table at home.

Memories

For wherever men fought, and fell, the main objective was always this centre of Nazism, whether the battle to reach it was 10,000 or only 10 miles away. The evil and greed of Germany which in '39 challenged the men of Britain from office and plough today are buried in the ruins of the Wilhelmstrasse. The brains are knocked out. The swastika is buried. It took some doing.

Johnny, get fell in. Double up there. You're in the Army now, my lad. Cover off to the left. Press on the butt. Glide the last 15 inches. Now, one more for the sergeant-major.

Memories come back as if by return spring when you come to the Brandenburger Tor, symbolic of Berlin as Piccadilly is of London. The giant archway is chipped and battered. Its surmounting statuary is smashed. It stands derelict in a sea of rubble, casting a shadow across the lone figure of the policeman directing the traffic below. Like an edifice of Roman times, it looks a thousand years old; part of an empire that has now vanished from our existence. In blatant contrast, a newly-painted board announces that you are about to leave the British sector.

The policeman wipes the dust from his brow. No longer does the Tiergarten, Berlin's Hyde Park, give him any shelter from the breeze. The trees have been felled for firewood, and a bulldozer tugs at the stumps in preparation for potato planting. Across the open space the wind carries the grime from the ruins. He watches the British, American and Russian troops walk through the pillars into the Russian sector.

Righto, Johnny, keep your head back, hold your breath, take the first pressure... washout. Better luck next time, lad.

Fragment of Crockery

In the days before Britain got down to business, black-uniformed SS goose-stepped through the pillars, their arms raised in open-palmed salute, their eyes fixed on the wide street which stretches past Reichskanzlerplatz in the direction of France and England. There were no thoughts in their Nazi heads then that one day the Tor would divide the armies of the east and west.

The Russian sector contains the city's Whitehall. Turn right from Unter den Linden and you are in it—the Wilhelmstrasse. The corner building stands gutted, its ground floor piled with masonry and twisted girders. A soldier stoops and picks up a piece of broken crockery. Carefully he blows the dust from it and reads the inscription — "Adlon Hotel." Diplomats, foreign correspondents and distinguished visitors once slept between its sheets. Drop in now and you would drop straight into the German today.

A hundred yards on and Hitler's Chancellery stands forlorn, many of its doors and windows missing from their sockets. Two burnt-out armoured vehicles stand sentinel in the courtyard. Today you can walk in and look around.

Little more than a year ago an ambassador might not have got beyond the main reception hall.

Close your eyes and for a moment in your mind you can see the light coming through the windows in Hitler's study, throwing opaque patches on the maps of England hanging on the walls. Arrows point to the east and south coasts. You can hear the sound of the sea and the steady tramp of the sentry on the Sussex cliff top; you can see the moonlight glistening for a second on his bayonet. Then the maps change. Libya, Tunisia, Sicily, Southern Italy, Moscow, Stalingrad come and go. And Normandy, with the arrows pointing the other way. The echoes of telephone bells sound across the giant rooms. Hurried footsteps bite into the thick carpets. Stern faces collect round the map and little flags are moved to positions near the Channel coast. A pencilled cross is made at a town called Caen. Black arrows represent panzer divisions and SS troops. A blue flag marks the spot where Johnny patrols the ruins and in the evenings swats the mosquitoes invading his slit trench.

A line is drawn across the Brest Peninsula, an arrow shows the Canadian advance towards Falaise. A shaking hand removes the little flag marked with a swastika from Paris, from Brussels and then from Antwerp.

Johnny, struggling along the road towards the line of the Maas, is slowed up by supply difficulties. The stern faces smile a little when an airborne attempt at Arnhem fails to clear the Scheldt Estuary, but they are still worried, because somehow Johnny keeps pushing on the blue flag. Somehow he has got to be stopped. How is it going to be done?

The Last Round

That fellow Rundstedt has the answer. SS dressed in Yankee clothing, tanks bearing Allied markings, fake surrenders and treachery. Good chap, Rundstedt. The maps look fine now. The little panzer arrows point into the Ardennes. But the map lies. It does not show two of America's finest divisions sitting north-west of Malmedy and along the tip of Luxembourg.

The winter light shows the swastika moving back across northern Rhineland. The Canadians round Cleve, Second Army and 9 and 1 US Divisions facing the Rhine. Two million Allied and one million Germans face up to the last round.

Johnny leaps the river. He has pushed his little blue flag to the Weser, and the arrows point across Germany towards the Elbe, towards Bremen, towards Hamburg. The little swastikas have dropped on the floor, the map hangs at a slant with one corner flapping against the wall. There are sounds of approaching Russian troops from the east, the plaster from the ceiling smashes on the polished furniture, the carpets are scorched from incendiary raids, the giant chandeliers fall one by one.

The uniformed staff officers who starved the occupied countries, who gave the orders for the razing of Rotterdam, and the stonking of London with V-weapons, and who planned Belsen, are no more. The map has been torn down. The furniture, the carpets and the pictures have gone. The great building which once might have been lifted straight from a Hollywood set stands empty and shabby.

Outside in the sunlight a British soldier balances his camera on the edge of the balcony where Hitler once yelled himself hoarse to the crowds below. He photographs a pile of rubble which marks the spot where the Propaganda Ministry stood. Alongside the ruins the remains of a car, its chassis now thick with rust, lies still waiting for the club-footed little man who will never use it. The War Office, the Air Ministry and a variety of Government buildings surround the area of the Wilhelmstrasse. With roofs and walls missing they lean against each other in dejected apathy. As you walk back through the Branden-

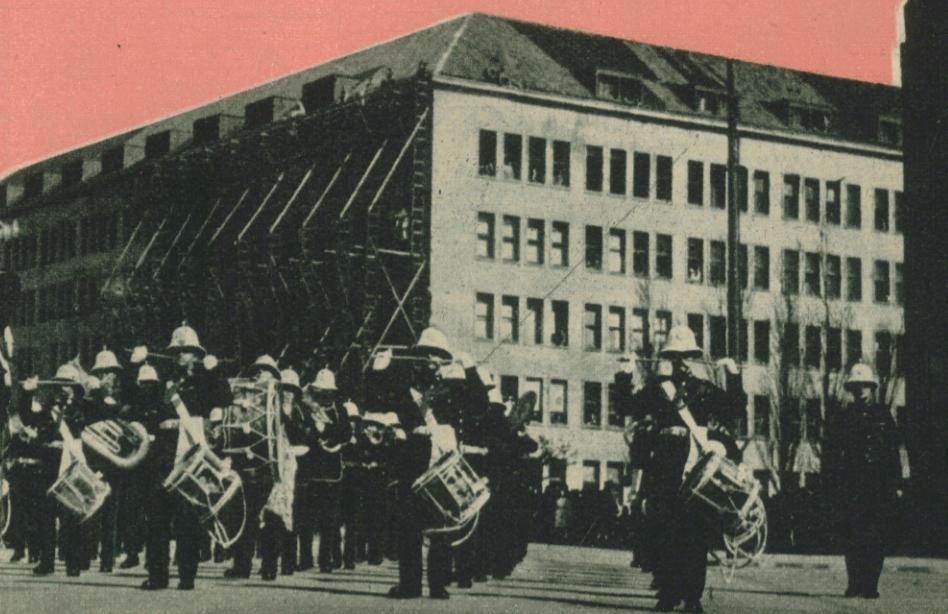
burger Tor you feel you have turned your back on what is historically and geographically the earth's blackest spot.

Unique

While the home of Nazism is now enclosed in the Russian sector, the area under British control is nevertheless a source of interest to the soldier garrisoned there. With three other nations sharing the work of occupying the city, Berlin has a cosmopolitan flavour found nowhere else. The four sectors are open to all troops and the entertainment world is the gayest in Germany today.

In the British sector alone, three theatres, an opera house and five cinemas provide entertainment ranging from local German shows to large-scale presentations from the London stage. Unlike in the British Zone, there is no charge for admission, an arrangement made to preserve uniformity with the ruling in the American, Russian and French sectors.

There is no curfew for civilians. Troops are allowed out until midnight without a pass, and to two o'clock with



Above: In the shattered city colour is provided by military ceremonial, flags and uniforms. Here Berliners have come out to hear and see the massed bands of the Royal Marines. Below (left): Life at the primitive level of the backwoods is all that remains for many Berliners, but this family has made itself comparatively comfortable. Right: Maj.-Gen. E. P. Nares, CBE, MC, GOC British Troops, Berlin, talks to Col. F.T.R. Darley, his Col. A/Q.



the whole of the British sector there are 43 football and 10 hockey pitches.

Berlin remains the premier station for the British soldier. Its welfare arrangements can hardly be surpassed anywhere in Germany. Even special underground trains are run to take soldiers home late at night. The multitude of notices in three languages, the variety of uniforms, the cars bearing national flags lend colour to the city.

Near the Brandenburger Tor you pause to gaze at the Russian victory monument now being erected. It consists of tanks and field guns, and is surmounted by a large figure of a Red Army soldier, his left hand slightly outstretched, as if clasping the hand of a comrade. Who is that comrade? Perhaps he is the man who fell at Stalingrad or on the outskirts of Moscow. Or maybe he is the British, American or Allied soldier who helped to push on those little blue flags — men whose resting place is marked by a white cross at Caen, at Falaise, on the Maas, at Arnhem, at the Rhine. Perhaps one of those who said in September '39, "Berlin or Bust."

Thank you, Johnny.
PETER LAWRENCE (Capt.)

THIS IS WHERE WE CAME IN

THE CLASS OF MAY '46



The new intake gives the Army a big smile. Edward Fox (right) of Finchley, London, junior bank clerk, wants to make the Army his career.

Things are a bit different for the 18-year-olds who roll up with their suitcases at the training centres today. There's no war on — not even a phoney war — but there's a big job for the newcomers to do just the same.

"OULD you like tea or coffee?" asks the ATS girl. "Just help yourself to eat-

les. There's real eggs in those sandwiches—I made them myself—and the sausage rolls are good, too. That cake with the red cream on is nice but some people like the green cream better."

The conscript recruit of 1946 looks a bit surprised. This is his first meal in the Army. Of course, he knew things had altered a good deal since the rough old days, he's heard about so often, when Dad joined up in 1914. But this is a lot different, too, from the story his big brother tells of his first day in the Army as recently as 1939.

In 1939, it seemed, you were welcomed with, "Orright you men just line up there we'll attend to you in a minute — LINE UP I said." And the corporal who marched you away was heard to thank God for the Navy.

War-Time Schoolboys

The recruit of today takes his food and coffee, and stands by a group of comrades who are munching silently. As they finish, one of them produces cigarettes, looks round and sees an NCO smoking. More confident, he offers his packet to the other boys in the group. Not one of them was more than 11 years old when Hitler invaded Poland. Many of them have never seen a German — not even a POW.

The atmosphere is still a bit strained. Breaking the ice with a visible effort, one of the lads says, "Well, since we're going to be here together, we might as well know who we are. My name's Bill."

The face of the man next to him lights up. "That's funny," he says, "so's mine." The ice is thoroughly broken after that and in a couple of minutes the group is deciding to stick together, if possible, during the first phase of its military career.

An NCO comes up to the group and says, "If you lads have finished eating we'll get down to business. There's a lot to do today."

Clutching their little suitcases and self-conscious in their best blue suits

Guard-room mirror which will enable recruits to see if they look like Dapper Dan or Slovenly Sam when they go out on pass.

HOW DO YOU MEASURE UP?



The brew-up — with egg sandwiches and cream cakes — is their first contact with the Army. George Morris (right), ex-cadet, wishes to become an officer.

recruit he will have added 10 pounds to his weight and an inch to his height.

Now, just as he is becoming aware of what it is all about and realising that officers and NCOs are human beings after all, he is shifted to a Training Centre. His nursery days are over. With a jolt that has been cushioned by his first six weeks, he finds out what the Army is really like. From now on he is on his own, but at least he knows his way around.

How do they view the Army on their first day, these 18-year-old militiamen? Here are the views of some of them as they waited to draw their battle-dress.

An LCC clerk: "I don't really mind. After all, it's an obligation for everyone, isn't it? I think I shall enjoy it."

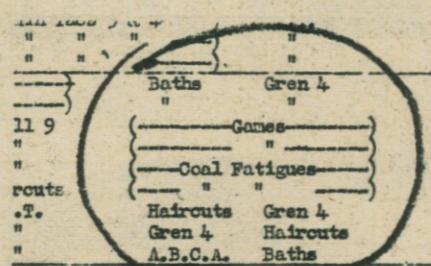
A rivet-carrier from a shipyard: "I expect I shall get used to it. I'm a bit bewildered just now. I don't like interrupting my civilian job, but now I'm here I'm ready to do anything the Army wants me to do."

A laboratory assistant: "I've been looking forward to this. You see, I've been in the Cadet Force and always enjoyed that. I want to get a commission."

A machine-hand: "I don't really know whether I like the idea or not. But now I'm here I hope I shall get a chance to come into the Army, but it's not as bad as I thought. Now I'm going to move on to something new and that'll be interesting."

A public school boy: "I didn't really mind joining up because I hadn't decided what to do for a living. I'm finding it quite a good adventure."

A bank clerk: "I'm looking forward



Recruits are quickly inured to fatigues. ABCA is one item which did not appear in training programmes of 1939.

Very Good Material

Those are the views of the boys on the Army. Here are some of the Army's views on the boys:

A grey-haired major wearing the ribbons of the DSO and MC: "There's very good material in these lads, especially those who come to us after being in the Army Cadet Force. I should say the ex-Cadet starts with a 50 per cent advantage over the other fellow. Most of them are watched as potential officers."

The company commander of the intake, who has held every rank from private to major in 24 years' soldiering: "When I first joined up we had a supply of good men coming into the Army. Then, in the '30s, the quality dropped badly. In the war, of course, we had all kinds, but now we seem to be getting back to the sort of chaps who joined up when I was first in the Army."

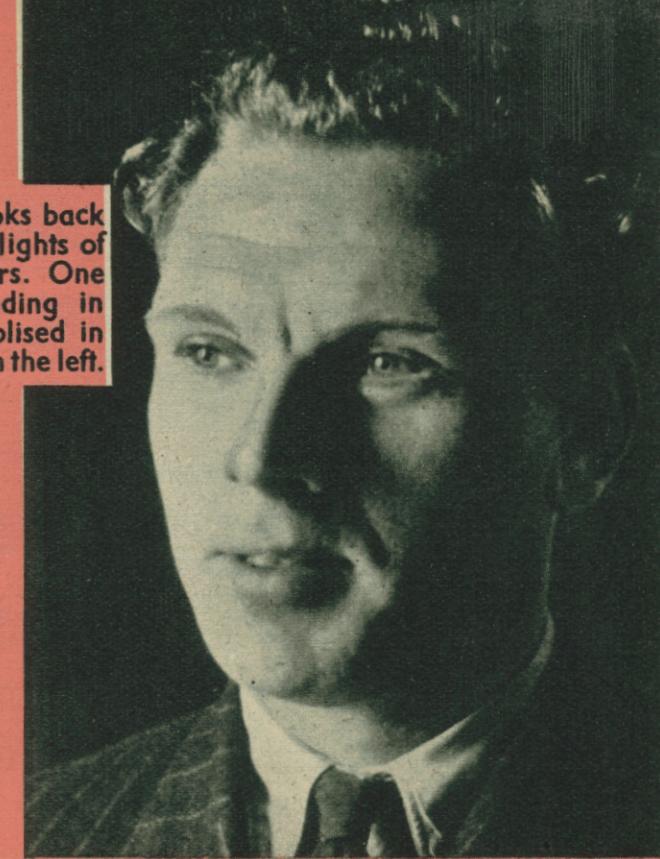
A subaltern who joined in 1939 and served for three years in the ranks: "The lads are all right, but I sometimes wonder if we spoil them a bit."



THE CLASS OF JULY '39



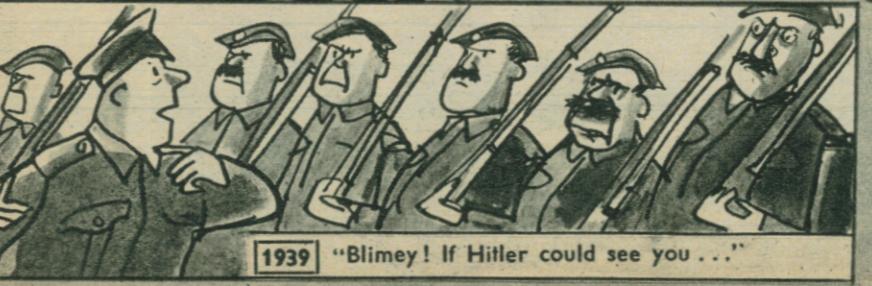
Alfred Ryall (right) looks back in memory at the highlights of his six-and-a-half years. One of these was the landing in North Africa — symbolised in the composite picture on the left.



SIX YEARS in the life of Alfred Ryall



Ryall and his comrades took part in the ill-starred invasion of Norway. Like most of his fellow militiamen, he learned the lessons of World War II the hard way.



1939 "Blimey! If Hitler could see you..."

Here is the story of a militiaman who was called to six months' service in the summer of 1939. Those six months became six-and-a-half years of campaigning — latterly with a guerilla band in the hills and plains of Italy.

In July 1939, Alfred Ryall came away from the green slopes, dappled with slag heaps, of the Rhondda Valley to Cardiff. He was a 20-year-old Welshman who, like his father, had spent most of his life amid the coal mines. At the age of 14 he had gone to work underground, carrying coal from the coalface to trucks. Later, through night-study, he had managed to take over an engineering job on the surface. He had worked at this until within a few weeks of receiving his calling-up notice. At that time his job became redundant, and, with a sense of relief, he left the mines to become a bricklayer. Now he was off to receive his first taste of the Army.

Training with the Welch Regiment proved a very much more pleasant affair than Ryall had dared hope for; he had an innate sense of discipline which made the restrictions of Army life more easily bearable. And he was a good athlete.

Shortly after the outbreak of war he was posted to 8 Sherwood Foresters. He played the cornet, so when he arrived at his new unit they posted him to the band. There followed more weeks of training, much of the time spent in a small town in Co. Durham, where Ryall found himself once again in the shadow of the pitheads.

Retreat in Norway

His first experience of action came in the spring of 1940, a few days after the Nazis invaded Norway. The 8th Foresters formed part of a slender force whose task it was to drive the German forces out of central Norway, and control the iron ore route from Sweden.

The Foresters had not been in position long before the Germans succeeded in scattering the Norwegian resistance, and pushing through to their forward positions. There followed a running withdrawal to the naval craft at Andalsnes. The stretcher-bearers were kept busy during this journey, carrying the wounded in requisitioned Norwegian vehicles. The roads were in a bad state

of repair, the nights intensely cold, and the days harassed by the fire of German artillery. Ryall found that action in the shade of the Chamberlain umbrella was not the fun it was cracked up to be.

The years 1941 and 1942 passed with little event. Ryall married his childhood sweetheart, and, later, was transferred to the Ack-Ack platoon of 2/5 Foresters. These events alone stand out against a flatland of training and cookhouse fatigues.

Within a few months of joining his new battalion he went into action for the second time.

Before Norway Ryall had looked upon the art of war as easy. He had a touching faith in certain powers, almost supernatural, which enabled the British to win walk-over victories against the toughest opposition. But Norway had taught him otherwise. Ryall was more guarded in his judgment: he knew that to belong to the right country is no counter for lack of arms and equipment. Still — he was hopeful.

Distance Lent Enchantment

Ryall's battalion landed at Algiers within a few weeks of the first flight. The spearhead forces were then well on their way to Tunisia, and this time the Allies had control of the air.

He found Algiers a disappointing city. It had looked so fine from the sea in the sunlight of that warm January afternoon; but when he got there he found it dirty, worried, and in need of a face-lift. The Arabs seemed to him tick-infested and racket-ridden, the French perplexed and suspicious.

The First Army's role when Ryall arrived at the front was to act as a stop force, preventing Rommel forcing his way into Algeria to escape the Eighth Army. As in Norway, the trouble began for him when the battalion moved back from one series of positions to another. The Germans selected that moment to put in a local attack, which resulted in Ryall being taken prisoner.

During the first few days of captivity the victim is too tired and too stunned to appreciate what it means. Truth takes time in asserting itself, and when



"It was like this..." Ryall, after the long ordeal is over, tells a friend about ...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN

it does so the realisation is gradual, like part of the body coming to life after a local anaesthetic. So it was to Ryall. The last days in North Africa are a mass of confused impressions which he is still unable to interpret.

He sailed from Africa in a freight boat owned and manned by Italians. Of those days of captivity he now remembers little more than when he had enough to eat, or when he was very hungry. His early days in Italy are a record of working for farmers and refusing to work for farmers. When he learned that the bulk of the grain from the land on which he was working was going to feed the German forces, he decided upon a one-man "go slow" strike. This resulted in banishment to a punishment camp where conditions turned out to be very much better than in the one from which he had been sent. He remained there until the Italians came out of the war.

On the day of the Italian armistice Ryall and his friend, Leslie Paradine, took advantage of the prevailing confusion to slip over the wall of the camp. They set off for Switzerland.

To cross the Plain of Lombardy, which in those days was swarming with Germans, was no mean task. Ryall and his friend had not travelled very far when they decided that it might be better to head south in the direction of the British and American lines.

The two friends had not been at large long when they fell in with two Italians who were later to play leading parts in the partisan movement against Germany. These men gave the two Englishmen food and shelter, providing them with a pied-à-terre in their village.

From all around came reports of escaped POWs being recaptured. Every village received a notice threatening death to anyone who should befriend these men. A German wireless detachment set itself up on a hill some yards from the house in which Ryall and his friend were hiding. Additional precautions had to be taken. One of the villagers conducted the men to a broken-down shed in the middle of a vineyard, telling them not on any account to come out during the hours of daylight. Food was brought to them by night.

On the Partisan Strength

But the partisan movement was growing, and the Italians were obviously not going to lose the services of two such capable fighters as these British Infantrymen, and the two men were enrolled in the guerilla organisation.

For 18 months Ryall and his friend fought the Germans with the partisans. Their activities included everything from raids on transport to marking up maps for a secret agent. Once they raided an aeroplane factory, destroying or damaging 22 engines and getting away with a considerable quantity of benzine. On another occasion two German deserters joined the group. As a test of their fidelity to the Allied cause, these men were induced to blow up the barracks in which their own regiment was stationed. The operation went without a hitch.

The campaign, so far as Ryall was concerned, reached its climax when the two remaining English members of the group led the Italians into Turin, and captured the city before the arrival of the American forces.

Ryall returned to England, and, after several months of work at an officers' transit mess, he was demobilised. He spent a short holiday at home before attending a Civilian Resettlement Unit.

During this holiday he summed up his impressions of the Army and the future. He considered — this veteran campaigner — that peace, if it is to have any permanency, must have a police force to back it up. The frailty of nations is like the frailty of man. Both are occasional criminals, to a greater or lesser degree. He thought that Great Britain must remain one of the military leaders of the world. Her integrity and wisdom are such that she can handle armed power without jeopardizing a peaceful brotherhood of nations. To help in the perpetuation of a civilian army, Ryall considered that the Territorial Army might be revived as a follow-up to a man's militia training.

Peace — With a Guarantee

Ryall's days in the Army were not unhappy, and he appreciated the increased interest in the soldier's welfare that the last few years have brought about. All that he asked was that he might be permitted to live out his future in peace: a peace of armaments and conscription if those are the demands of peace.

* * *

SOME days ago SOLDIER paid a visit to Ryall at his home in the Rhondda. Along the street a couple of tough mountain sheep straggled in from the hills, nuzzling the ash-cans outside each front door. It was raining, low clouds covered the higher ground, with here and there an anomalous slag heap forming a sharp-pointed growth on the green slopes. Everywhere were the pit-heads — the symbol of prosperity and slump in the Rhondda. Ryall told of the dark days of the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, when jazz bands did their best to revive the flagging spirits of the unemployed; when he and his father combed the slag heaps for the odd chunk of coal.

Ryall, like so many other sons of miners, has a horror of returning to the cramped space, the dust which so often leads to silicosis, and the sweating heat of underground. Before his military service he was about to become a bricklayer: the CRU put him on the right lines to take up the threads of building where he put them down. After six weeks at this helpful unit he was due to take the Government training scheme, emerging as a qualified tradesman.

Ryall needs all he can earn to support his wife and their baby daughter Shirley. Once he was worried; now his troubles seem to be at an end. Ryall will build, and as he builds houses, so will he build his brave new world.

R. S. GARRETT (Lieut.)



...the struggle up the beaches of a new continent to find a picture-postcard city which was riddled with fleas ...



...the years of partisan warfare in the hills of Italy, when as an escaped prisoner he teamed up with desperate men.

Below: And so to bricklaying. Ryall, to whom mining no longer appeals, learns the tricks of his new trade at the Civilian Resettlement Unit located in his native valley.



A JOB OF WORK IN JAVA

THIS is the story of Semarang, a city in Java. To this once-prosperous settlement, fringed by primeval jungle and dead volcanoes, came 5 Parachute Brigade (who won their spurs in North-West Europe). They found it a city of the dead.

Javanese extremists, who had encircled the town, had allowed no food to come through and had cut off the main water supply. There was no civic life, the local government having fled. Business was stagnating. Men, women and children were slowly starving to death.

First the Brigade set about restoring order and confidence. A perimeter to the town was set out and patrolled by the Brigade's three battalions — 7 (Light Infantry) Parachute Battalion (which originated from 10 Somerset LI), 12 (Yorkshire) Parachute Battalion and 13 (Lancashire) Battalion — to ensure against looting and raids by terrorists.

The Forward Observation Unit, RA, started from scratch in policing the town. They gradually enrolled Indonesians for traffic control and work where local knowledge was imperative.

The heads of the services set out to reorganise the public administration. The senior Medical Officer became the Medical Officer of Health, organising hospital services, testing water supplies and fighting disease; the Officer Commanding the Brigade Engineers became the Borough Engineer and got local labour working on roads and verges, monsoon ditches and drains, water and electricity. The Officer Commanding the Signals section improved the working of the small suburban exchange and repaired and reopened the main exchange in the town.

The Chief of Police (an RA major) divided the town into four divisions, began a CID department, instituted a training section for local recruits and fostered the anti-vice squad to clamp down on gambling and prostitution. An Infantry captain became Governor of Semarang Gaol and succeeded in making the grim buildings almost attractive.

Perhaps the most outstanding achievement was that of an Infantry captain who in a few weeks set up a system of food rationing, price control and individual registration with retailers. He registered between 80,000 and 90,000 consumers, and his stranglehold on the black market in food brought the latter's prices down to almost controlled level. He even organised inspectors to check food adulteration and graft.

plete with cinema, dance hall, restaurant, library and many other amenities.

There is no RAF contingent at the airport but the traffic which three or four Dakotas bring every day is handled competently by a company of 12 Battalion, who combine airport duties with patrolling for terrorists and shooting wildfowl.

One task remains to be completed. In Semarang there are hundreds of destitute children, some orphaned by Japanese atrocities and ruthlessness, others abandoned by starving and indifferent parents. Kampong leaders have been ordered to round up these

waifs and see they are fed and cared for.

Semarang today is comparable to a fading bush which has been given much-needed water. Men no longer shrink from the stranger within their gates; native women in colourful sarongs walk confidently along the broad streets. Kerbside markets have sprung up all over the town, and shops and cafes are opening. The 5 Parachute Brigade has given them new hope, new confidence and the full realisation of the British purpose in the Netherlands East Indies.



Searching suspects during the preliminary cleaning-up in Java. Investigators are Pte. G. McGreish, of Paisley (left), and Pte. G. Laws, of Hull. After search the suspects were passed on to an interpreter for questioning.



Lt-Col. K. T. Darling, of Hull, watches a suspect being questioned by a Dutch Intelligence Officer.



Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, inspecting the Brigade.

ATS ARE LEARNING

① How to make up

THE British Army shrinks from nothing—not even from running a beauty course. A course, moreover, which is in no sense vocational training; it is designed simply to teach ATS how to make the best of themselves.

Girls of 5 London District Group asked Junior Commander F. E. Denton, of their Social and Study Centre, if classes could be arranged where they could be given the latest tips on make-up, hair styles, manicure and so on. The answer was yes.

Sjt. Doris Dale, who is in charge of the course, has sat in nearly every beauty salon in London to obtain information for her mother, who has made beauty culture her life-long hobby and claims to have in her library every book published in Britain and America on the subject. She has taught English, music and PT since

joining the Army, but considers teaching the arts of glamour to ATS comrades the most important of all.

The course lasts 14 days. It is relieved by periods of rowing on the Serpentine and visits to perfume and face powder factories. In working hours the girls are shown the correct way to brush their hair, how to experiment with different shades of powder and lipstick to find the combination which suits them best. There are lessons in face massage, deportment, care of hands and feet. There is PT, too. It takes the form of rhythmical exercises.

Towards the end of the course Sjt. Dale gives a talk on "Preparing for a Pig Night." Pressed to explain, she said: "Well, it's a night when husbands and brothers and all males are out of the house and a girl can let her hair down and mess around with her face without fear of being seen. The effect of looking frightful and then beautifying herself is tremendously exhilarating."



Sjt. Dale sets to work.

② How to wear dresses

IN the School for Mannequins near Hanover Square, London, ex-ATS and civilian girls alike go through a three weeks' comprehensive course to fit them for the job of displaying Britain's fashions to the world.

Most of the ex-ATS girls get their introduction to the School from their Service Employment Office in Eaton Square, where former Chief-Commander Joyce Cambridge deals with about 200 applications for all kinds of jobs weekly.

Sheila Curtin, a former ATS driver, of Romford, started that way. Like almost every girl who makes enquiries at the School she had already made up her mind. All through the war she had waited for the day when she could discard her khaki. While the rest of her

sex worried about clothing coupons she intended to spend her working days looking like a debutante.

She signed on for the course of instruction, and a record was made of her waist, bust, hip and ankle measurements. Then, sprightly Mrs. Pauline Bond (who received a medal of commendation from the King for her work as an ambulance driver in the Croydon blitz), introduced Sheila to the rest of the class. When a SOLDIER staff-writer looked in, Sheila and her colleagues were doing rhythmical exercises and physical jerks to the music of a radiogram.

Physical well-being is essential to the mannequin-to-be, and although many girls loathed PT in the Army they find themselves enjoying these exercises. Work starts daily with PT, followed by

lessons in deportment, when the girls are taught how to carry themselves in everything from dinner gowns to swim suits. Make-up is also taught. The course ends with another check-up with the tape measure.

"I guarantee to get three inches off their hips and up to an inch-and-a-half off their ankles in three weeks," Mrs. Bond said. "The ideal mannequin is between five feet seven and five feet eight inches in height with 36-inch hips, 24-inch waist, 35- or 36-inch bust and ankles under eight inches. When the girls finish here they conform almost exactly to these standards, and they've got everything else a good mannequin should have."

Below: "Now, what's wrong with that?" Mrs. Pauline Bond gives a tip or two to Beryl Wallace, while Sheila Curtin (in PT shorts) and Rose Wright (ATS driver) look on. Right: Is this PT really necessary? It's necessary. "I guarantee to get three inches off their hips in three weeks," says Mrs. Bond.

The School helps its graduates to get jobs. Some of the girls go to big stores in London and the provinces, some are engaged as models, and a lucky few sign contracts for film work.

What are a mannequin's wages? Anything from £4 to £10 a week. In



"It is necessary to suffer to be beautiful." The guinea-pig is Sjt. Doris Dale, who runs the beauty course. She starts from scratch (top), quickly grows to resemble the Bride of Frankenstein, re-emerges as a pin-up serjeant.

some cases much higher rates are paid to highly talented girls. But it's not so much the wages or the conditions of employment that matter to these girls. It's the thrill of being able to dress like a duchess.

R. C. SCOTT (L/Cpl.)



SOLDIER *Miscellany*



THE COLONEL Turns DETECTIVE

THE story of the looting of the bells from the Low Countries, and of the recovery of many hundreds of them by Colonel Joseph de Beer, has already been told in *SOLDIER* (Vol 1 No 16). Colonel de Beer — museum curator, President of the Belgian Bells Commission, war-time Resistance leader — has now pulled off another success. He has tracked down the German officer who, in the role of Fine Arts Officer, pillaged the carillons of Western Europe to feed Germany's foundries.

Lt-Col. Rosemann is the man the French, Dutch and Belgians will find it hard to forget. It mattered not to him that the great bells were cast from the rings, coins and ornaments thrown into the melting pot at the ceremonial casting, and that for centuries they had called the people to worship. To him they were just non-ferrous metals.

Surprise Visit

It was a chance word by a Canadian officer that put Colonel de Beer on the trail. Rosemann, he was told, was now a professor in the seminary of arts and history at Gottingen. Colonel de Beer and Flt-Lieut. D. King, of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Department of the Military Government at Hamburg, paid a surprise call on the university. Rosemann was not in his office when they arrived, so they sent for him.

The former German officer did not know why he had been summoned. Flt-Lieut. King said they had come about the bells. Rosemann turned a little white. He was then introduced to the Colonel, who turned slowly and faced him. It was a meeting charged with drama.

Three years before, Rosemann had been the colonel, and Colonel de Beer the professor. Now he was the professor, and the man who had "assisted" him was the colonel. In stature, too, they had changed. Rosemann had shrunk from his former thickset self.

The meeting did not last long. It was long enough, however, for the Colonel to get the information he wanted — the names of all the Germans who worked with Rosemann during his days in Belgium. This information will be invaluable to the Belgian Government.

Stricken Rosemann went out of the room with a new respect for the quiet professor who had seemed so co-operative three years before. Probably he still does not know how ingeniously he was thwarted by the Bells Commission, or of the smuggling, spying, forging, radioing and photographing which went on behind the picturesque walls of Professor de Beer's Folklore Museum at Sterckshof.



In the grounds of the Folklore Museum, Sterckshof, Antwerp. In these innocent surroundings went on smuggling, forgery and espionage...

IT'S NEVER THE LAST

FOR years now newspapers have been announcing the death of "probably the last survivor" of the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, at the time of the Indian Mutiny. Happily, they always turn out to be wrong.

The other day "The Times," usually very cautious in these matters, recorded the death of Maj.-Gen. Sir Henry Hawkes, who was 25 when



he took part in the march, and described him as "possibly the last" survivor. Other papers were more positive that he was the last. But a "Daily Mail" reader wrote in to announce that in Shanklin, Isle of Wight, lives Mr. George Oakley, aged 87, also a survivor of the march. There may well be other men living who were in Lord Roberts' band — 10,148 strong — who in 1880 marched with their 8,143 native troops and 11,224 pack animals from Kabul to Kandahar in three weeks and then fought a successful battle. (General Sir Ian Hamilton fought in the Kandahar battle, but did not take part in the march.)

In Scotland editors frequently receive paragraphs from their district correspondents announcing the death of "one of the few remaining survivors" of the notorious "Wet Review." By such events are the lives of the oldest soldiers measured.

* * * * *

The ARMY in the AGONY COLUMN

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
RATHER LAZY but intelligent Army Officer requires interesting OCCUPATION from September onwards. Write Box D.1649. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
DEMOBBED, docketed-dazed couple, cold after Cairo, yearn for 2-3 room self-contained unfurnished flat, Bayswater pref. Alan Jenkins, 63 Mayfield Road, Sanderstead.

BOX D.1100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
EX-COMMANDO, capable, willing, requires SITUATION any part of the world. — Write Box P.99. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
THREE Australian officers, two majors, one captain (2 M.C.s), young, excellent physical condition, six years infantry war experience S.W. Pacific and Burma with Australian and British armies, seek any adventurous undertaking or occupation (legitimate) anywhere in the world; little regard for personal safety. We are now serving with a British regiment in S.E.A.C., but expect early demobilization. — Write Box O.1856. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
HURRAH! Daddy's back," said my brave family in November. We are still homeless! Have you a low-rent cottage/flat (near London) or surplus furniture, &c., at gratuity prices? — Write Box P.975. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
WANTED, PASSAGE to INDIA. — Ex-Junior Commander, A.T.S., willing to act as secretary or children's nurse, unpaid, in return for passage. — Write Box E.773. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
ARMY Officer, 29, bachelor, B.A.(Oxon); Sudan political service pre-war; staff, operational, parachuting; war experience; speaks French, Arabic, German, Serbo-Croat; available responsible POST early in 1946. — Write Box D.1146. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
EX-NAVAL Officer, intelligent, fit, able, aged 24, seeking any Hazardous Occupation, legitimate, or adventure, home or abroad, for one year. — Write Box H.505. The Times, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
DEMOBBED OFFICER (29) seeks remunerative post. Qualifications: Common-sense, tact, good at figures, smart. Will try anything (legal) anywhere in England. — D.5556, Daily Telegraph, E.C.4.

BOX 100, THE TIMES, E.C.4.
COUPONLESS Bride of ex-P.O.W. urgently REQUIRES TROUSSEAU; size 5 shoes; height 5 ft. 1 in. — Write Box D.1146. The Times, E.C.4.

"FORCE 69"

THOSE who have experience of Special Service units may enjoy this quotation from Eric Linklater's newly-published novel, "Private Angelo" (hard-worked administration officers almost certainly will not): —

"To join and remain in Force 69 it was necessary that an officer should be naturally brave, uncommonly resourceful and know a great number of people by their Christian names. In common with all other civilised armies, the British Army used many thousand tons of paper to promulgate its orders, instructions, plans and policies; but that was merely to conform with modern practice and provide a livelihood for elderly majors and disabled captains in areas remote from battle.

"Operations in the field were governed otherwise, and decisive action was taken only in consequence of something that General Oliver or Colonel Peter had said to Dicky This or Nigel That. The executive order usually wore the look of a friendly suggestion, and the officer who loosed the fury of a barrage or led his squadron to death and glory was almost certainly responding to the syllables that had dripped upon his infant face with the water of baptism, or with which he had been labelled in the Lower Fourth. Battles were fought and won by Christian names — and many privileges were granted to those who knew them."

* * * * *

CLEANING UP CIVVY STREET

THE newspapers, which usually lose no opportunity of waxing merry at Army "spit and polish," have been devoting much of their meagre space to praiseful descriptions of the many "spit and polish" services now being run in Civvy Street by men released from the Army. One of the first was Richard Godley (ex-Guards, ex-Marines, ex-Pioneers) who launched a "Clean Homes" service



in London. In his original team were 10 ex-Servicemen and women. Scrubbing formed a separate department.

A similar service, called the West End Cleaner Company, was begun by a six-foot Arnhem officer, Lieut J. P. Barrett. His men are put through a course by a woman, who shows them how to use a vacuum cleaner (as if they didn't know), to clean paintwork, silverware and gas cookers. They draw the line at making beds and washing up — no one has started a service for that yet. Lieut Barrett's latest idea was said to be a "Midnight Pub Squad," which from midnight to dawn would service clubs, public houses and dance halls.

Quite big headlines went to the lieut-colonel who started a bathtime service at Putney — collecting clients' utility shoes and returning them with a Guards gloss on them. Then there was Pte Leveson-Gower, from Rhine Army, kinsman of a Scots duke, who put up a notice outside his home, "Practical Chimney Sweep." (What is a non-practical chimney sweep, by the way?)

Tail-Piece

Something rather easier than a "spit and polish" service — or is it? — is reported to have been launched by ex-soldier Leonard Laturink, who has started a "listening service" at 15s. an hour. Wives whose husbands just won't listen make up the majority of his clients. Leonard doesn't give advice, apparently. He just listens.

Personally, we'd rather shine a shovel any day!

Victory Parade - HOW IT LOOKED last time

Men and women stayed up all night, slept in parks, waited hours perched on wall-tops and lamp-posts to see the mammoth pageantry of victory when 20,000 Allied Servicemen and women followed their war leaders in a seven-mile-long procession through the heart of London on V-Day, Saturday, 19 July 1919.

Elaborate V-preparations included decoration of Nelson's column with 20 tons of laurel and the erection at the foot of the Victoria Memorial of a white-pillared royal pavilion with a roof of green and gold. The procession route was lined with flags.

Crowds began to throng the city on 18 July and by evening all West End thoroughfares were almost impassable. Best viewpoints on the procession route were occupied by dawn on Saturday, although the procession was not due until the afternoon; and the sardine-tight press of spectators whiled away the hours with community singing.

5,000 Americans

Then "the people near the Victoria Memorial had just sung one of the popular songs of the war," wrote a "Daily Express" reporter, "when, with dramatic suddenness, General Pershing, riding a fine chestnut, came past the pylons at the top of the Mall and so into view of the thousands round about."

Behind the General marched 5,000 Americans in companies eight abreast, steel-helmeted, with bayonets fixed. They were followed by Belgians, French, Italians, Japanese, Rumanians, Serbians, Siamese and many other nationalities. The French, led by Marshal Foch, on a black horse, had tied hundreds of tiny Union Jacks to their bayonets.

The British Naval contingent of 4,000 blue jackets, led by Earl Beatty, marched to the tune of "A life on the ocean wave," accompanied by WRENS "marching with a fine swing." Sir Douglas Haig rode at the head of a group of famous war generals, followed by the officers and men of 1914, the Household Cavalry and massed flags, and then came "four Whippet tanks, snorting and puffing out smoke."

The procession took two hours to pass the Royal Pavilion, after which Foch, Beatty, Haig and Pershing took their places with the King and Queen.

An Accident

V-celebrations went on far into the night. In Hyde Park massed bands of the Brigade of Guards accompanied the 10,000 members of an "Imperial Choir of Peace and Thanksgiving." Later, firework displays were given; and at Southend the Fleet was illuminated.

Victory flying took place at Hendon. Captain H. A. Hammersley who won the 20 miles cross-country handicap in 17 minutes 27 seconds, flew a 35-hp Avro baby biplane and received a 6½ minutes start.

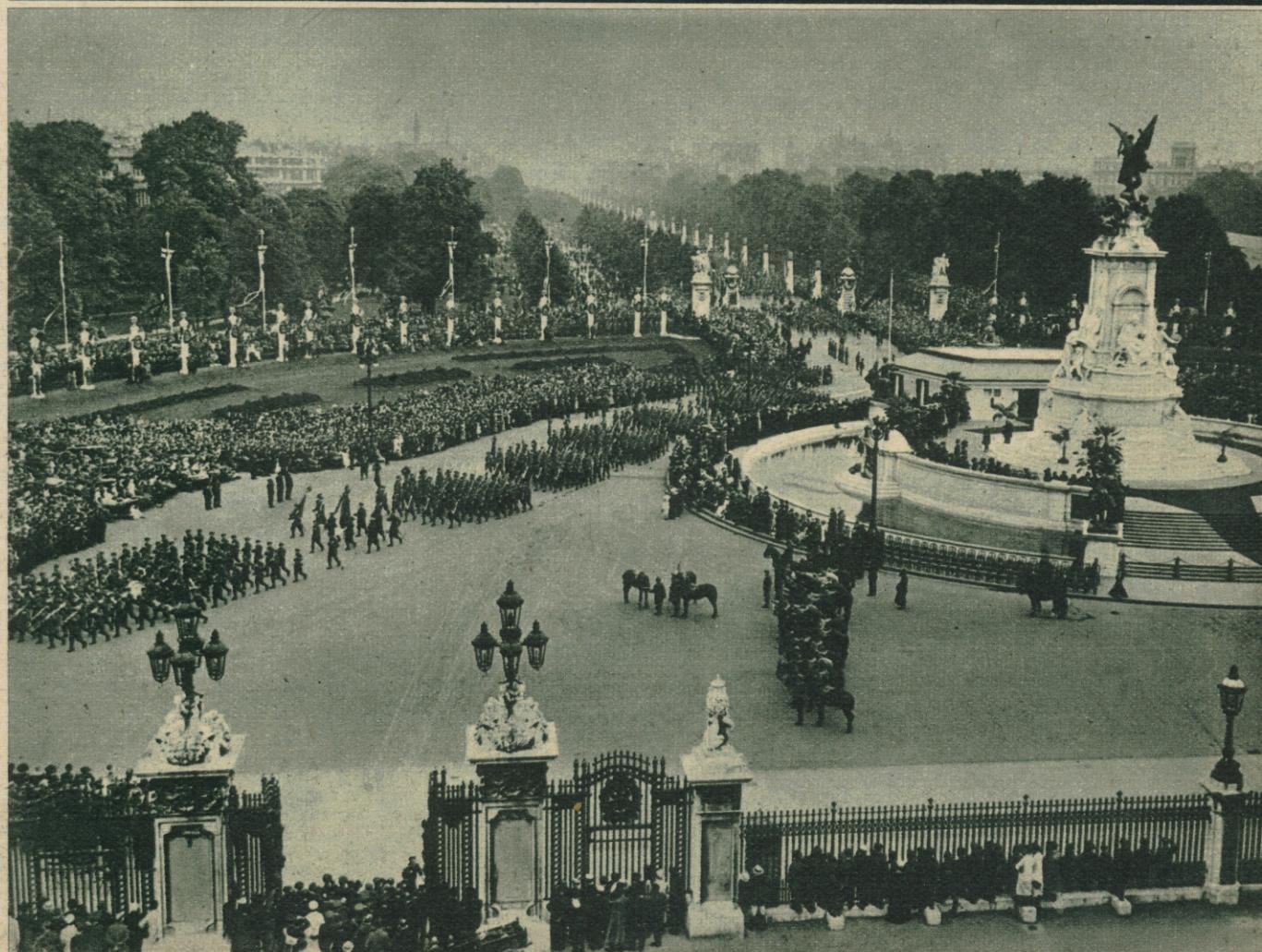
Lady Diana Cooper, newly married to Mr. Duff Cooper, DSO, fell through a glass skylight while trying to watch the firework display from the roof of a house in Park Lane. Burnley went gasless and tramless because the Corporation employees refused to work during the official Peace Celebrations.

At Camberwell bands played from noon till midnight, a pickpocket was ducked by angry spectators in a horse trough, and profiteers sold oranges at a shilling each.

Despite special transport arrangements, crowds of revellers were stranded and spent their second night out — many sleeping in door-ways. Yet everyone was happy and well-behaved, and the police "made no arrests."



Above: Probably the greatest weight that any London bridge has ever borne — this was what Westminster Bridge looked like when spectators closed in after the troops had marched by on 19 July 1919. Below: The Guards, with band playing and colours flying, passing the saluting base at the Victoria Memorial, outside Buckingham Palace.



The first tanks were there, too, bearing an unmistakable resemblance to their descendants, the Churchills of a quarter of a century later. Below: The Cenotaph had already been erected and was guarded by soldiers with reversed arms as the troops marched down heavily beflagged Whitehall.



American troops taking part in the march. A generation ago their uniforms were hardly distinguishable from those of the British.



Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig on his charger: In Whitehall today you can see a similar study of the famous soldier in stone. Below: Nelson will again survey a scene like this on 8 June 1946 — but the Japanese flag, so prominent here, will be absent.



THE MEDALS THEY LEFT BEHIND

Old Soldiers Never Die . . . But when they fade away their treasured relics remain

EVER since it became the practice to issue awards to troops taking part in campaigns, the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, has been collecting medals. Its collection, which runs into hundreds, consists entirely of medals left to the Hospital by Chelsea pensioners who have died.

During the war they were hidden in a safe place and not all of them have been brought out yet, but in the Great Hall of the Hospital, next to the table on which the Duke of Wellington lay in state, is an airtight showcase containing specimens of all kinds of medals issued to soldiers over the last 150 years.

Once upon a time the practice was that only senior officers received medals of gold and silver to commemorate victories. The only exception to this was the Dunbar Medal, awarded to all Parliamentary troops who fought in the battle of Dunbar in 1650.

The Royal Hospital collection starts with the next campaign medal to be issued to all ranks — the Waterloo Medal, issued in 1816 to "every officer, non-commissioned officer and soldier present on that memorable occasion," as the "London Gazette" had it.

The Waterloo Medal was in silver with the head of the Prince Regent on the obverse and on the reverse a seated Victory with a palm branch in her right hand and a sprig of olive in her left, the word "Waterloo" with the date, 18 June 1815, and the name of Wellington.

Wellington Opposed It

The Duke of Wellington suggested the Waterloo Medal and pushed for its award, yet for some reason he opposed the issue of the Military General Service Medal, 1793—1814, which was to be the reward for all the long and savage campaigns which preceded Waterloo.

Eventually, through the efforts of the Duke of Richmond, Queen Victoria sanctioned the issue of the Military General Service Medal in 1847—34 years after the last of the battles for which it was awarded. Many of the men who were entitled to the medal had died of old age, but more than 30,000 made successful claims for it.

Fifteen bars were awarded for the various battles and two men successfully claimed all 15. A specimen in the Royal Hospital collection has nine bars.

One of the most prized medals in the Royal Hospital, from the collector's point of view, is the Crimea Medal with the "Balaklava" bar. It was left to the hospital by a pensioner named A. Sheridan, of 8 Hussars, who took part in the charge of the Light Brigade.

The China Medal, 1857—60, issued after the second China War, recalls

some of the finest looting — officially sanctioned looting, at that — which has come the way of British troops. After a joint Anglo-French force had routed the Chinese army and reached Pekin, it was found that a number of prisoners had died as a result of Chinese atrocities.

The order was given that the Summer Palace, where the atrocities had taken place, should be razed, and the British and French troops set to work with a will. The Summer Palace consisted of 30 buildings in grounds stretching for six miles and was packed with gems of art, jewellery and goldsmith's work.

It took the troops two days to burn the Palace down and the individual loot collected was fabulous. The British commander ordered that the loot taken by British troops should be sold by public auction and enough was given up to raise a sum of money of which each private's share was £4. The value of the loot that was not given up has never been estimated.

The medal for this war was the same, except that it had no date, as that issued for the first Chinese War of 1842. It was issued again, slightly altered, to the British contingent of the international force that fought against the Chinese in the "Boxer" rebellion in 1900. Pensioner Tommy Beston, RA, aged 72, can be seen at the Royal Hospital wearing the Boxer medal today.

The Abyssinian Medal, 1867—8, was

issued after a campaign in which Napier captured Magdala, then the capital. That campaign, in which troops, each carrying 55 lbs, marched over mountainous

country which men who took part in the East African campaign of 1940—42 remember vividly, was notable for the fact that for the first time Snider rifles were used in warfare, and it is reported that in one hour every man fired 90 rounds in a battle before Magdala. That battle also gave a foretaste of developments in World War II, for a Naval Rocket Battery fought very efficiently.

End of a Tyrant

A medal awarded for the first Ashanti expedition of 1873—4 was left to the Royal Hospital by a pensioner named R. Duxbury, of the Rifle Brigade, who also left an Indian Mutiny medal. This Ashanti expedition brought to an end the reign of one King Koffi Calcali, in which, according to a contemporary writer, "Murder pure and simple, monotonous massacre of bound men" was "the one employment of the King and the one spectacle of the populace."

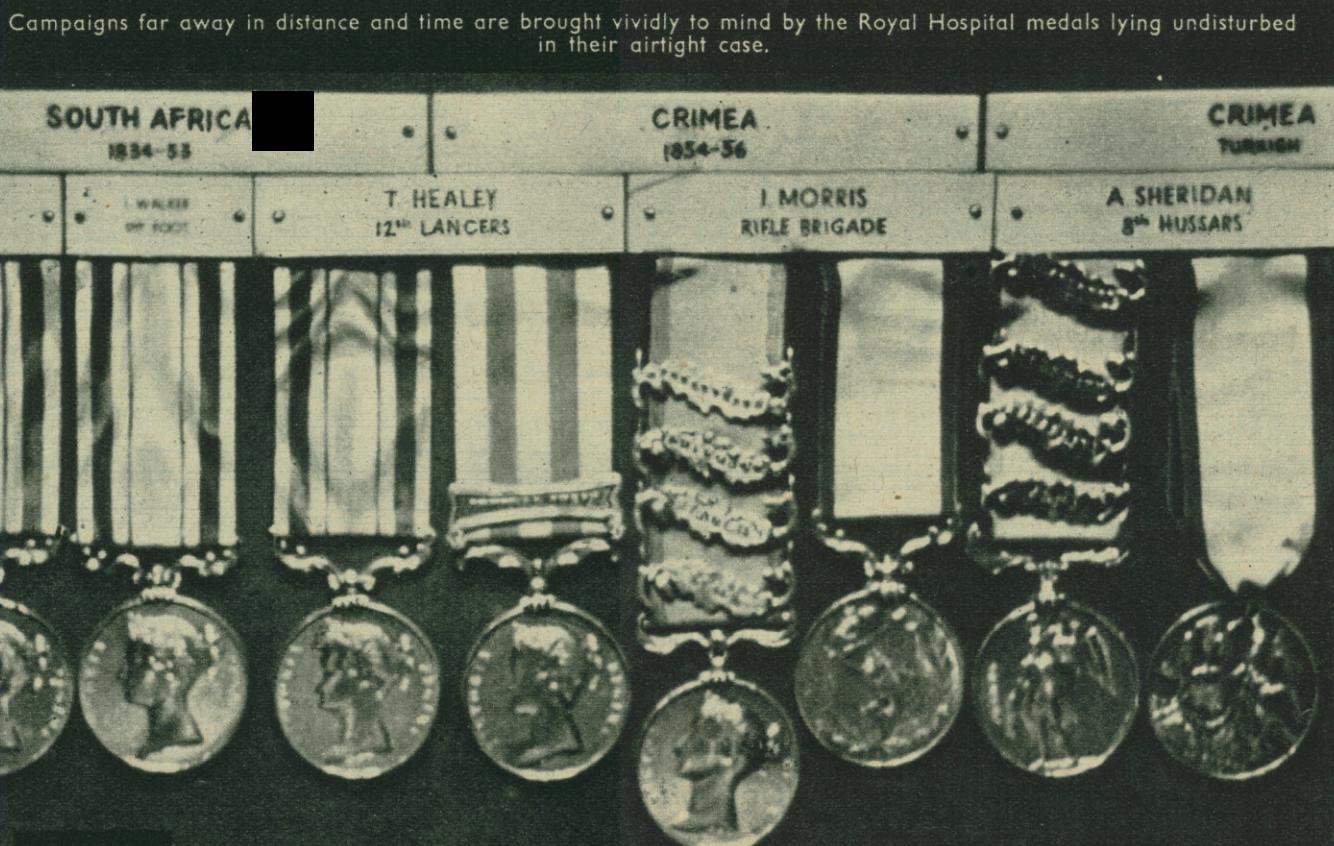
The only gallantry medal in the Royal Hospital collection is a DCM, left to the Hospital by A. E. Hebron, RE, who was Whitster (in charge of the laundry) at the Hospital up to 1914. Hebron also had the Egyptian Medal with the bar for the Nile, 1884—5 — commemorating one of the campaigns which followed the murder of Gordon — the South African War medals and the 1914—18 medals.

If you ask at the Hospital why there are no Military Medals in the collection, you are proudly told that every Pensioner who holds the MM, which was instituted by King George V in 1916, is still alive.

RICHARD ELEY (Capt.)



Pensioner Harry Anson, 82, thrills a little boy with stories of the battles which won these medals.





"No MANIAC ... more wildly raves than the GAMBLER, tottering on the precipice of ruin."

A Forgotten Colonel's

COLONEL John Goulston Price Tucker had a lot of things to say about the behaviour of the subalterns of his day. He said them at great length and with many italics and capital letters in his "Hints To Young Officers," published in Boulogne in 1826.

Frivolity, the Colonel warned, does not pay. "The man who is weak or vain enough to sacrifice his time to amusement, or to idle occupations, will never be respected or relied upon by his superiors..." The rewards for eschewing entertainment in favour of industry "can never fail to be glorious... they find their best source of delight in our own bosoms."

Learn to Spell

He goes on: "...unlettered BOOBIES have been, through family interest, exposed to observation by the possession of high rank." But there seems to have been some justice in the Colonel's world, for "... an illiterate expression, or a misspelt word, has often branded the name and character of an officer *through life*; it is, therefore, one of our first duties we owe ourselves to acquire a perfect knowledge of our own language, in order to escape derision and contempt." It seems that the subaltern's knapsack should carry an English primer.

An officer, if he is to be a credit to his profession, must be well graced in the various arts and elegances. For instance, horsemanship. "HORSEMANSHIP is not merely an ornamental, but a very useful part of education to an Infantry Officer, without which he can never be deemed fit for a staff appointment..."; and, "I have seen some BRAVE officers who have shewn manifest marks of trepidation on horseback... exhibitions of this sort must

have been exceedingly painful to the rider, and afford much derision to those whom he may command..."

But the real meat of the Colonel's tract lies in his exposition of the vices of drunkenness and gambling. "INEBRIETY is so completely exploded from every *genteel* circle in society, and is so odious in, and so RUINOUS to, any officer, that it is only met in desperate FOOLS, who have lost all hope of ever enjoying fame or comfort in the profession to which they have become a disgrace! DRUNKARDS AND GLUTTONS have only two pitiful objects in human life: dinner and supper! They can never respect themselves, and are contemptible to *all* the rest of mankind."

Poison Draught

"Equal to the ruinous, ungentlemanly, and almost *obsolete* vice of drunkenness is the fatal, overwhelming, and destructive, though common, 'propensity to gamble!' It may be justly termed a BLAST FROM HELL, a leprosy of the mind, the accursed curse of heaven, suffered, not sanctioned, like the other vices or miseries of human life, to punish the vanity and expose the weak-

★ Don't Be a glutton

★ Don't gamble

★ Don't bring drill manners into the drawing room

★ Don't be a Dirty Dandy

ness of mankind! it is more to be dreaded than PLAGUE, PESTILENCE OR FAMINE... When once the *poisonous* 'PUS' has been infused into the human brain, the inquietude and restless desire, to encounter and sustain the *violent* and *electric* SHOCKS, which GAMBLING excites, absorbs every other feeling... No MANIAC, within

the confines of BEDLAM, more wildly or more violently raves than the GAMBLER tottering on the precipice of ruin..."

The young officer, we read, must be well graced in the niceties attending social functions. For instance: "Although all words of command should be given in an *authoritative* and *firm tone*, it does not follow that drill manners should accompany the officer into private society. They would, indeed, be most unpalatable, nay *absolutely* DÉGOUTANTES, in civilised, enlightened, and well-bred societies." Dress, too, must follow the strict lines of Army turnout when the officer goes out of garrison in civilian clothes. "We sometimes encounter a DIRTY DANDY, and a more contemptible being is nowhere to be found!"

In his summing-up the Colonel, per-

haps in recompense for his outbreaks of wrath and the ascetic life which he has laid down for the Army's young, gives two examples of the quick road to success. They are printed here: who knows — they may make all the difference to somebody's career!

Tips for the Ambitious

"I once had the pleasure of knowing an excellent officer, who owed his rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army to the natural *benevolence* of his disposition, which led him to assist an old gentleman into a stage coach who was tormented by a painful fit of gout." His benefactor turned out to be a leading light at the War Office — perhaps the Duke of York.

The second example is one of personal initiative bringing home success, and comes from the Colonel himself. "A Subaltern Officer may often recommend himself to the notice of his superiors by the superior style in which a common Guard Report is made. I once obtained an excellent dinner from an excellent General Officer by presuming to deviate from the beaten track in my Guard Report... Instead of adopting the usual expression 'Nothing Extraordinary,' I ventured to insert 'Nil mirabile, nil ridiculum risu'."

If these tips show anything, it is that the demands of the Goddess of War on her priests, deacons and acolytes were as exacting in 1826 as they are now.



"GLUTTONS ... can never respect themselves, and are contemptible to ALL the rest of mankind."



"Drill manners would, indeed, be most unpalatable in civilised and well-bred societies."



Hostile and desolate desert landscape, typical of the country in which No. 1 Demolition Squadron operated.

POPSKI'S PRIVATE ARMY

The full story — for the first time

Legend was quick to gather round the subject of "Popski's Private Army." Was it a unit — or a legpull? Until quite recently many Members of Parliament were ignorant of the activities of this peculiar unit, but Mr. Jack Lawson, War Minister, was able to give them some facts which satisfied them.

There WAS a Popski, although his name wasn't really Popski. And there WAS a Private Army, though it wasn't really private. This article tells the full story of the men who wore the "PPA" flash — Records knew them as No. 1 Demolition Squadron — for the first time.

IT all began in 1941. A Belgian-born sugar manufacturer of Cairo, Major V. Peniakoff by name, was in the habit of making trips into enemy-occupied Cyrenaica to build up a system of collecting military intelligence, and to organise the Senussi. At a later stage these sorties were enlarged to include up to four British officers and three WT operators.

The Long Range Desert Group took the parties from Egypt as far as Djebel Akhdar, and there they were left for as long as five months. Once in the desert they lived off the country, employing local transport camels and horses, and keeping a daily radio link with GHQ Middle East Forces — some 600 miles away. The work of demolitions was added to that of intelligence-gathering.

Between May and August 1942, one of these patrols succeeded in blowing up some 200,000 gallons of petrol from hitherto unknown dumps, arranging the escape of 45 South African POWs from the cage at Derna, and conveying 16 RAF men, who had either forced-landed or baled out, back to Egypt.

When Col. Hackett, OC Special Forces ME, was planning his part of the El Alamein offensive it occurred to him that a unit working on the lines of Peniakoff's patrols might well achieve valuable results by harassing the enemy in their retreat from the Alamein Line.

Because of his considerable knowledge both of the desert and the Arabs, it was decided that Peniakoff should operate unhampered by the restrictions confronting a detachment from a larger unit, being able to select his own objectives, and attack them by his own methods. Consequently "Popski's Private Army" came into being.

The name of the force owes its origin to the return of Major Peniakoff (by then nicknamed "Popski") to Cairo after a five-months stay in the desert.

In the press of events following the German push to the Alamein Line his detachment had been disbanded, and the Paymaster seemed to have forgotten his existence. When Popski attempted to express his justified indignation at this, he was greeted by the heartless accusation of "running a private army for his private war to satisfy his private pleasure, and why should he be paid for it anyway?" From this ribald jumble

TODAY'S NEWS IN M.P.'S' QUESTIONS

Popski's Army enters Hansard

POPSKI'S Private Army marched into Hansard yesterday.

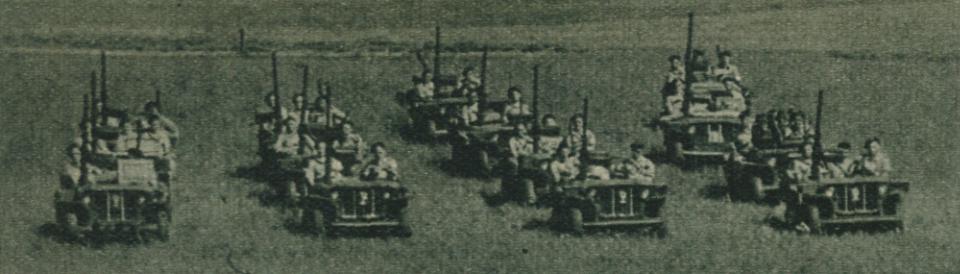
Mr. Jack Lawson, War Secretary, told M.P.s that No. 1 Demolition Squadron, formed in Egypt in 1942 under the command of Major V. Peniakoff, D.S.O., M.C.

One hundred and ninety-one men served with the unit, and gained 15 decorations and medals and five mentions in despatches.

What Mr. Lawson did not state is that Popski's Private Army — originally a nickname, this became the official title — were also known as the "Cleaver and Dagger Boys."

Behind the lines in Africa they lived on the Arabs, whom they paid with tea. They worked in Italy too. Their specialties were the dawn strike against outposts; the lightning raid on dumps and convoys.

— from the "Daily Express."



They may have looked like toys on parade, but they were handled with infinite craft and courage.



Fewer than 200 men were entitled to wear the unit's cap badge, which symbolised the part navigation played in its exploits.

At 8 pm on 9 September 1943 the jeeps of Popski's Private Army were the first vehicles ashore at Taranto, where the unit landed in the van of 1 Airborne Division. By six o'clock on the following morning the unit had visited Brindisi, and, on 11 September, Bari.

The role of PPA was to get behind the German forces opposing the Taranto landing, and to find out their strength and composition. By a stroke of luck the German quartermaster was captured with all his books, and by 14 September, the detailed ration strength of all German units in Gravina, Altamura, and Gioia del Colle was signalled back to Div HQ.

Towards the end of October conditions altered completely. As the battle moved forward the country became more mountainous, and the reinforced German units were linked together to form one continuous line. It soon became evident that there was no more scope for desert tactics, and PPA pulled out after 47 days in action. During the following two months the unit was again reorganised to meet new conditions, and reinforced to a strength of over 100.

On their next big operation a party set out in 10 jeeps travelling overland. Working with local partisans they spent four days building a track over the mountains 5,000 feet high, and eventually all the vehicles were got across.

A foot party, which had landed previously, had carried out a preliminary reconnaissance of the mountain crossing, and now joined up with the main party. The Germans on the far side of the mountains were taken by surprise. The town of Camerino was entered, and given to the partisans to hold until the arrival of our main

forces. The mountain-crossing tactics were repeated by two more PPA patrols, and four more towns fell by this means.

At one point, later in these operations, the enemy was holding a series of positions under the banks of a river — in farmsteads, haystacks and among the coastal dunes. All the approaches were covered by minefields, and the forward elements had good artillery and mortar support. Popski's Private Army made a succession of landings behind the enemy lines. Assault boats were used to cross rivers and the fields which, in many cases, were flooded. Sometimes jeeps had to be towed along flooded roads by oxen. In spite of these difficult conditions enemy relief parties were ambushed and destroyed. One sector was intimidated into surrender by bringing up under cover of an early morning mist 10 jeeps, and opening up at close range with 20 machine-guns. Five other positions yielded 76 prisoners to these methods without firing a shot. Under this constant pressure, outflanked, harassed and puzzled, the enemy, although greatly superior in numbers, was forced to withdraw — losing men as they went.

One of the most successful of these operations was the capture of the Caserma dei Fiumi Uniti — a strong position in a mediaeval watch tower at the mouth of the river covering the approaches to Ravenna. The tower was first of all kept under observation for two days by a small party hiding out in bushes. As soon as the habits of the defenders became known, a party of 15 men landed on the coast at night. They hid in a barn some 40 yards from the tower until eight o'clock on the following morning when the Germans called in everyone to breakfast. The patrol followed a moment later, entered the

town of Chioggia to 12 men in five jeeps.

Popski's Private Army was disbanded on 14 September last year. The story of their daring and initiative will be told often in the future.



Major V. Peniakoff, "father" and organiser of the gallant band which bore his nickname, and which became famous in two theatres of war for the audacity and destructiveness of their sorties.



The ideals of mobility and firepower were realised in the "Army's" jeeps, either bristling with machine-guns (above), or equipped with a flamethrower (below).





YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT PIGEONS

IT is a curious fact that, while each step in telegraphy and radio from 1900 onwards seemed as if it must reduce the value of the racing pigeon in war, the reverse has proved to be the case. Pigeons were used more extensively in World War II than in any other.

We owe the means of developing such a service entirely to the British racing pigeon fancier and the intelligent thoroughbred evolved through generations of long-distance racing.

In 1939 it was decided to organise a voluntary National Pigeon Service made up of civilian pigeon fancier volunteers, organised by a National Pigeon Service Committee, under the Air Ministry, to provide "a pigeon service for the Services." When the war came, however, it was found that an all-civilian organisation was unsatisfactory, and the RAF Pigeon Service was organised by recruiting pigeon fanciers and appointing experts as technical officers.

The RAF Pigeon Service demanded an unusually high degree of long-range reliability in difficult conditions. Not only were many air crew lives saved, as a result of pigeon communication, but Naval small craft, Civil Defence, the Intelligence Services and SHAEF made use of the RAF's services with success. This service extended from Iceland to Singapore and from the

and for a time men were recruited and trade-tested by the RAF until the new organisation got on its feet.

From this small beginning the very extensive Army Pigeon Service developed, covering almost all the theatres of war.

The over-running of the Low Countries and France in 1940 had a marked effect on the employment of pigeons. Firstly, the threat of invasion led to the organisation of emergency pigeon services by the Army, Police and Civil Defence; and, secondly, the situation brought enemy-occupied territory, in which the civilian population was friendly, within effective pigeon range of this country.

The Two Pioneers

Use of home-based pigeons for communication with agents in enemy-occupied Europe began in a small way in October 1940, when the Air Ministry, selecting a famous civilian loft, equipped an agent with two pigeons for a task which, from the pigeon point of view, presented considerable difficulty, since the pigeons would have to be maintained under cover in France, by a man without previous experience of pigeons, for a week or more while he obtained the necessary information. The agent was very carefully instructed in pigeon management, and the result was extremely successful, the two pigeons arriving almost together from a point more than 300 miles distant in 6 hrs. 40 mins, after 11 days' detention. October, by the way, is normally about the worst month of the year to fly a pigeon any distance, owing to the state of the moult and other circumstances.

The civilian owner, the late R.W. Beard of Kenley, received letter of congratulation and thanks from the Secretary of State for Air, which he fully deserved for the skill with which he had prepared the two pigeons for their task.

Following this success the use of pigeons by the Intelligence Sections gradually increased, with varying success. The Dutch Section in particular, using RAF Felixstowe with in-

YOU CAN'T DO WITHOUT PIGEONS

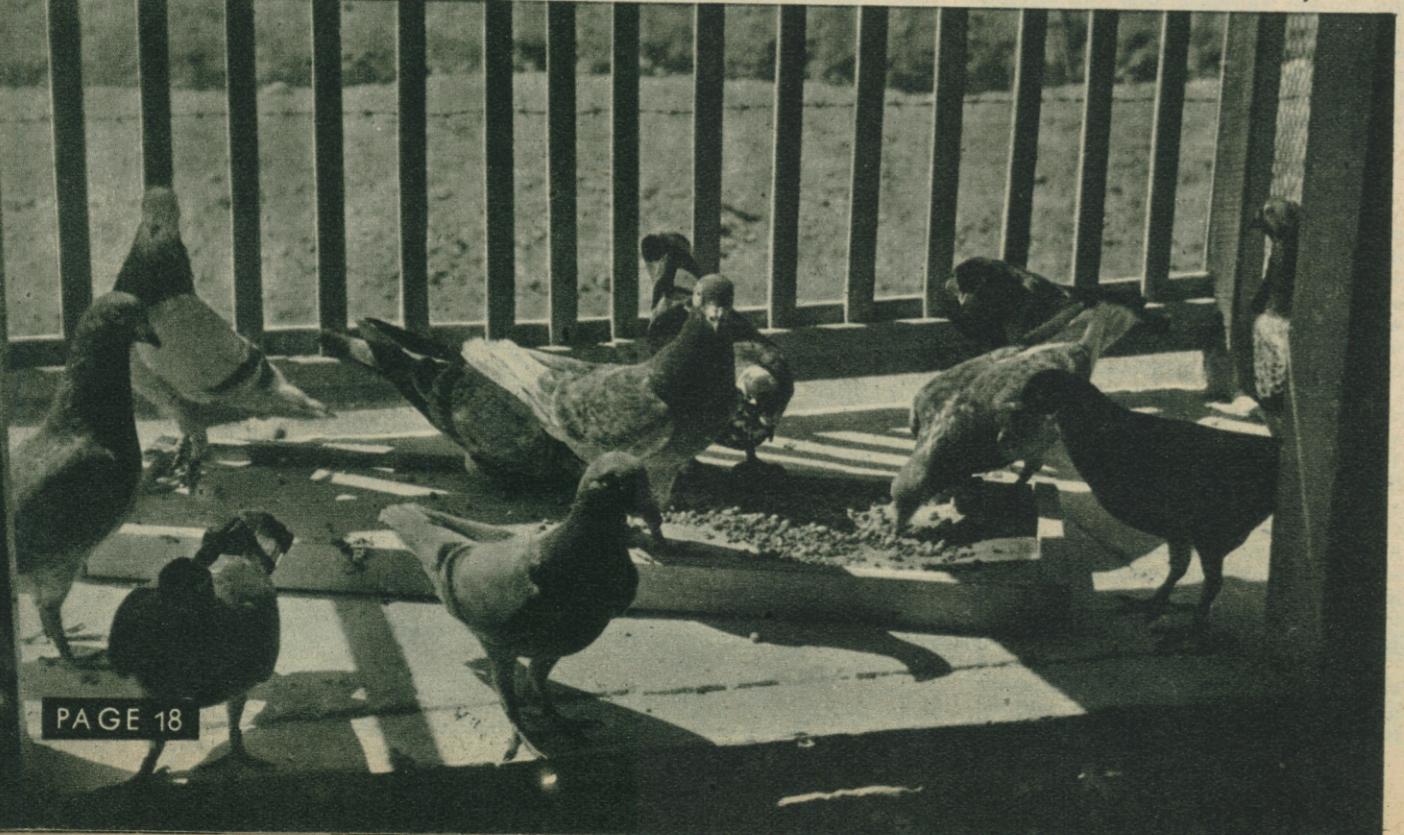
"In the Siege of Muting in the year 43 BC the besieged General communicated with the relieving forces by means of Columbae (carrier pigeons), to the feet of which letters were attached." — Pliny, "Natural History."



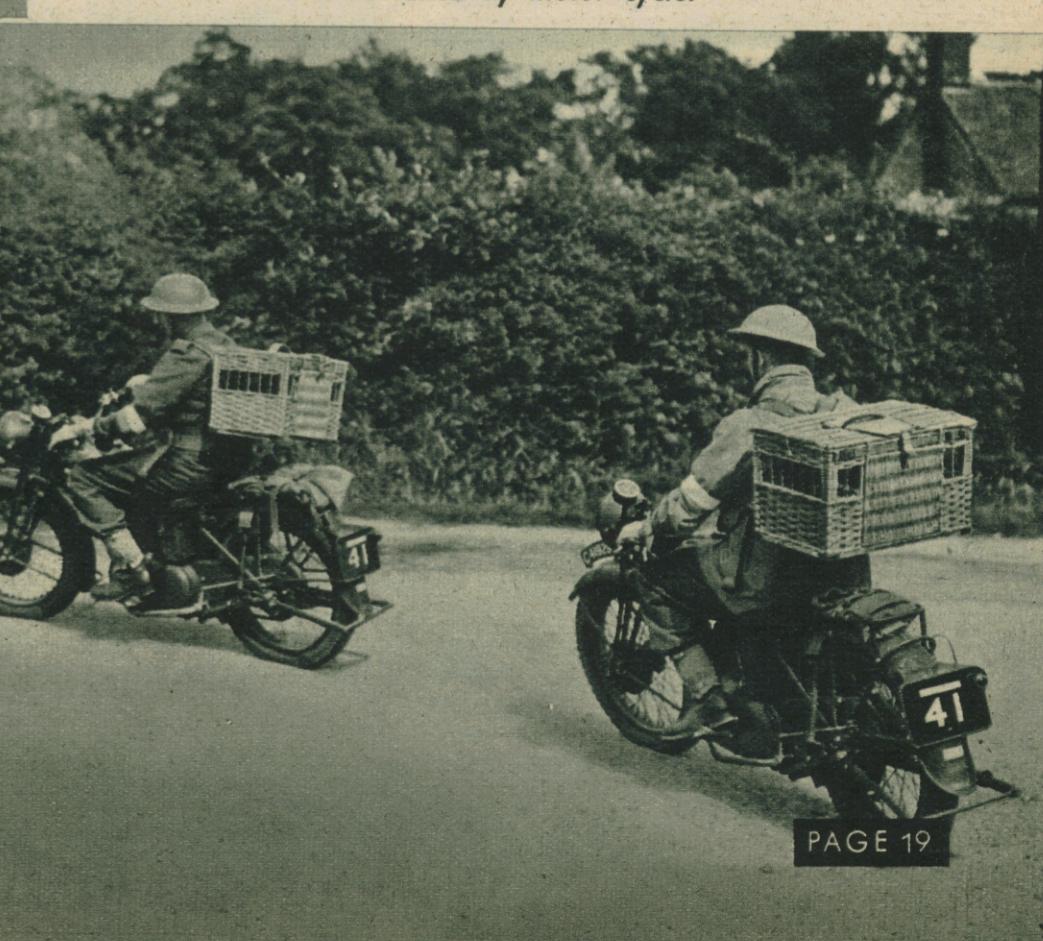
Releasing a pigeon during exercises in Southern England. It was the threat of invasion which established the importance of Army pigeons as a regular messenger service.



Above: Pigeons went with the paratroops on D-Day to take back news of the progress of operations. One is seen here being placed in a container. A famous airborne pigeon was "William of Orange," which flew back from Arnhem to London—260 miles, including a sea passage of 135 miles—in four-and-a-half hours. Below: Army pigeons feeding in one of their spacious and airy lofts.



BERLIN
LONDON



creasing confidence, obtained an average return of about 70 per cent despite the hazards. Their best loads were 38 micro-films on one pigeon and an eight-page message, with diagrams and 2000 words, on another.

In

pre-aeroplane and pre-radar days, one of the chief difficulties was delivering the pigeon to the agent or even to a given area. If the pigeon was smuggled through, as it had to be in the old days, the long detention in cramped confinement was a severe handicap for the subsequent flight, if not a disabling one. Nowadays, however, we possess the means to direct an aircraft accurately, at night if necessary, to a pinpointed location, and it is this factor, more than any other, which resulted in the use of pigeons by the Allies more extensively in the 1939-45 War than in any previous war.

It was this factor also, in conjunction with the presence in Southern England of large numbers of civilian lofts, most of whose pigeons had experience of racing from France in peace-time, which led to the most extensive Intelligence operation of the war. It was important to obtain information on the mood of the civilian population in enemy-occupied territories which were not effectively covered by our agents. This operation was organised by the Special Section of the Army Pigeon Service in liaison with the Intelligence Section concerned.

The method, in brief, was to convey a large number of suitably trained pigeons to the desired area by air at night and there to drop them singly in small cartons with parachutes. The cartons contained full directions to the finder, and usually a questionnaire as to the information desired.

It was, of course, a matter of chance as to whom the finder would be and, indeed, whether they would be found at all. There was also the hazard of the drop itself. It was inevitable that the losses would be heavy, so heavy in fact that no Service loft could sustain them and remain operational. But a large number of civilian owners were organised in groups in the south and south-east counties, and, subsequently, in the Midlands, and these in turn supplied the pigeons, stood the loss, and re-

The degree of control and adaptation to special tasks, which is possible in the employment of pigeons, goes far beyond boomerang, as has been demonstrated by the Research Section.

W. D. LEA RAYNER (W/Cdr.)

The Berlin-London service recalls an earlier one—the pigeon post from London to Paris when the latter city was besieged by the Germans in 1870. It cost 5d. a word, and one bird carried 40,000 microphotographed messages.



Message brought by a pigeon to R. Sigs loft is detached and handed to a dispatch rider to take to its destination — one link in the chain in which pigeons played so important a part.



Above: Massed start! Pigeons being liberated with messages. Below: Various means of transport were used to take pigeons to the scene of operations, from which they "reported back" to their lofts. These baskets were designed for the occasions when they were taken by motor cycle.

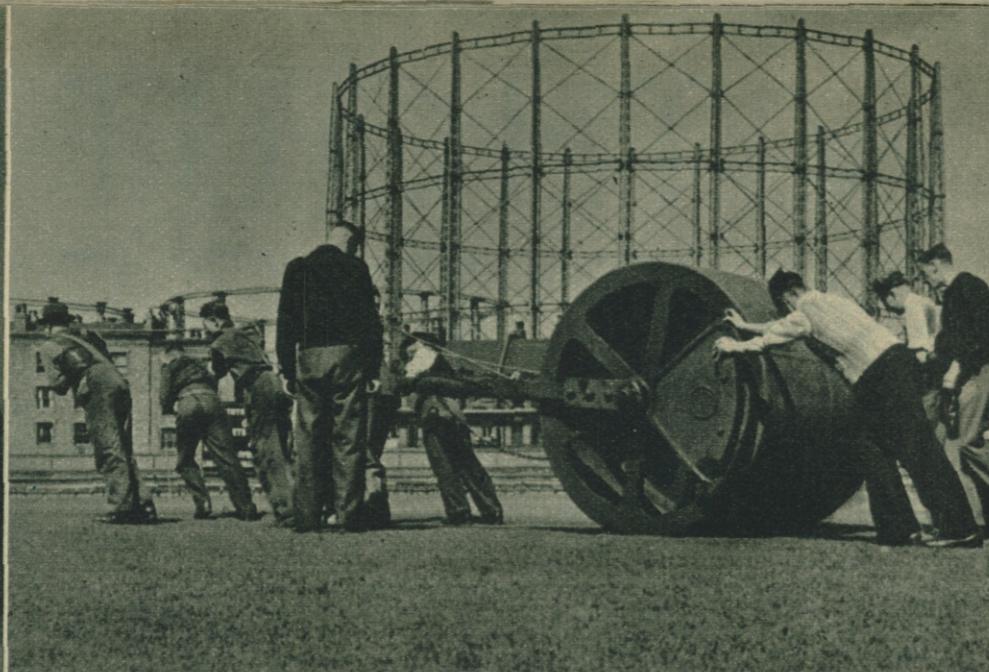


Laurie Fishlock, Surrey and England veteran, surveys the scene at the Oval and wonders what new talent the season will bring forth.



Above: Studious H. S. Squires demonstrates the classic style at the Oval nets.

Below: Ernie Withy, ex-Regular soldier, who makes the numbers click on the scoreboard. His busiest day was when Len Hutton made his record 365.



With the famous gasometer for background, the four-ton roller is brought out to flatten 30,000 new turves.

CRICKET

Reg Foster goes to the Oval for atmosphere

CRICKETERS, the biggest optimists in the world, have started their first peace-time season since 1939. The "one-padder" in the park, the flannelled immaculates of Fenner's, the club's "rabbit" hoping to reach his "twenty in May" (five innings), county secretaries and treasurers—all believe that, whatever has happened before, everything will be all right this season. Cricket is back.

From Pudsey to Lord's and down Kennington Road to the Oval, on village green and school playing fields, the story is the same. True, there are one or two difficulties connected with the Board of Trade, permits and points, which make that new bat still a dream, and an extra patch on the old boots a necessity.

By now they will be at it and any early disappointments will not yet have damped the opening enthusiasm. To the true cricketer they never do. He always comes up again, smiling, hopeful. How many of us never seem to produce our best form until the end of September?

That was the atmosphere I found down at the Oval, where Surrey, under their new captain, Major Nigel ("Eight Army") Bennett, hope to celebrate their centenary season with a good place in the championship table. It looks much the same as ever at the Oval now, but a few months ago you would not have recognised the place. It has been a prisoner of war cage, but never mind about that now. The gasworks stand where they did, so does Hayward's pickle factory—"they always seem to stoke up about lunch time," as Laurie Fishlock said.

As You Were

There is plenty of atmosphere round the Oval. The block of flats opposite the Hobbs Gates, on the site of Bobby Abel's old shop, are named "Lockwood House" after a great, lion-hearted Surrey hero. The old-timer I saw going in to have a friendly if critical look at the net practice had 60 years of Oval memories and talked of Tom Hayward and "the guv'nor" as though it was only yesterday they ran up the pavilion steps for the last time. They were taking in the beer there at the Oval, too, though the veal and ham pie may not be back, and the little printer's shop was getting ready to stamp out the cards again—"score to the last wicket." On the pavilion walls the whiskered, top-hatted old-timers look down. It is all exactly the same, this brave new cricket season of 1946.

Laurie Fishlock was at the nets. The

old England cricketer and Dulwich Hamlet and Millwall footballer was hitting them hard. "In aggressive mood, eh?" quipped bowler E. A. Watts, late Capt. Watts of the Middle East. "Pint on the stumps" urged Tom Barling, veteran batsman.

Andy Sandham, who has ended a great 30 years playing career, was there as coach, a little greyness about the hair, but boasting a keen eye and vast experience. One of the Bedser twins (heaven knows which) was batting. "I should have put that one on the off," murmured Sandham from behind the nets and then, "No, forward a little more."

Bespectacled Squires was taking catches in the long field. All the old Surrey firm were there as well as one or two new ones, like 17-year-old Tony Lock, whom they hope to bring on as a slow left arm bowler.

This will be skipper Nigel Bennett's first season of county cricket, succeeding H. M. Garland-Wells. He has just been released from the Royal Engineers.

Resettling the Pitch

There is a lot going on behind the scenes. Secretary A. F. Davey, who has done rather more than keep the club alive, has a busy season. Essential restoration of war damage has been estimated at £23,000 but only a fraction of the work has been licensed.

Bert Lock, 12 years at the Oval and a former Surrey medium-paced bowler, has worked wonders on the pitch. With the help of willing but technically unskilled assistants, he levelled the whole ground and laid more than 30,000 new turves in less than three months. And hidden somewhere in his office is old crowd favourite E. R. T. Holmes, concerned entirely with the club's £100,000 appeal to rebuild the Oval.

Finally, the King is expected to visit the Oval on 23 May to attend the one-day match, All England versus Surrey. The pre-war stars and the new Surrey hopes will be playing.

That is the general picture at the Oval but the same story is being repeated all over the country, where county clubs, realising that this is indeed testing season for them, are competing to produce their most attractive eleven ever. Everywhere a handful of old regulars are being supported by up and coming youngsters. Some will make their names known, others will not. But all are starting with boundless hope. It is reasonably certain that at least one or two names now not generally known will be among the "possibles" when we start thinking about Australia in the autumn.

And, before complaints begin coming in from north of the Trent, a word about Yorkshire, the reigning champions and



Nobody is happier than a cricketer going to the nets to work off that winter stiffness, as these Surrey stalwarts would agree.



Three Surrey hopes, G. Whittaker (left), tipped for future Tests, fast bowler Alf Gover and P. Pierpoint, watch the Surrey masters for points to remember.

COMES BACK

(say Yorkshire) the 1946 champions. Well, whatever southerners may say, Yorkshire are bound to be there or thereabouts. Herbert Sutcliffe has retired, though the stalwart Leyland, Bowes and Smailes will carry on for another season or two, with popular, shrewd Brian Sellers continuing in the captaincy. Paul Gibb hopes to play throughout the season. There has never been any shortage of good cricketers in Yorkshire and no doubt they are toddling to school in Pudsey at this moment.

Familiar Faces

Yes, it will be like old times. Joe Hardstaff is back from Burma and his net form is better than ever. Dennis Compton, hero with Hardstaff of many fine innings in India, is back, and another returned Chorwonghee wanderer, Peter Cranmer, will be back with Warwickshire. Hammond will be there, perhaps still England's best bat.

New favourites and old, but above all a new enthusiasm. Down in Hampshire and west in Somerset, at "headquarters" and in sunny Sussex, everywhere is realised the need for a new spirit if county cricket is to turn its 1946 enthusiasm into a more popular public sport. Many leaders of the game

have spoken of the need for a new vitality, for games to be finished. Some have even gone so far as to say it is "cricket's last chance." The public will be keen enough to roll up, though they do not expect to see a match begun at 11.30 am on the first day as though there can be no hope of finishing it. That has happened in the past.

Everything is in favour of cricket this 1946 victory season. The county championship is resuming with each club playing 26 matches, thus eliminating the old irritating percentages. The six ball over is restored, and a team may declare on the first day after scoring 300 runs. This concession may prove of the greatest value. It will give an incentive to every team to go out for runs "from the bell" in the hope of giving their opponents an hour or so before umpires call "last over." It means that even a weaker club that has "come off" with the bat may have the chance of putting a stronger team on their toes. Every bowler knows the value of that last hour, the chance of a quick wicket or two and the upsetting of one or two stars.

I think we are certain to see many more games finished than ever before, and if spectators are given good sporting finishes they will not mind too

much if "their" team is on the winning side or not—though it helps!

And of course, there will be other excitements. The Indian touring eleven is full of possibilities, given a little sunshine, and later in the season there will be the excitement of thinking about the test team to visit Australia. There are bound to be new faces in this MCC eleven, as it technically is.

Threepence Off

Touching finance, Mr. Dalton's remission in the Entertainment Tax is being passed on to the public (unless in the case of the football clubs) and the minimum turnstile price has been reduced to 1s. 6d. from the 1s. 9d. at first agreed on by the Advisory County Cricket Committee.

Well, I think it cheap at the price. The Oval (or Headingley, or Canterbury or where you like), a fine day, a packet of corned beef sandwiches, a glass or two of beer and two teams playing to win. What more can you want?

I am getting nearly as enthusiastic as the skippers and secretaries. Hullo—here come the umpires. How's that—for the beginning of 1946 victory season?



Footwork is as important to a bowler as to a boxer. Andy Sandham, Surrey coach, keeps an eagle eye on it.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- In which sports are the following famous: (a) Cecilia Colledge; (b) Dai Rees; (c) Tommy Carey; (d) The Bourne family? (e) The Emperors Hirohito. Which?
- This is an infant portrait of (a) Mr. Aneurin Bevan; (b) Greer Garson; (c) Hitler; (d) President Truman?
- A palimpsest is (a) a malignant growth; (b) a horse-drawn vehicle; (c) a surveyor's instrument; (d) a manuscript; (e) an ancient Egyptian feeding bottle. Which?
- Quito is (a) a Spanish Republican; (b) a character in "Don Quixote"; (c) the capital of Ecuador; (d) an opera. Which?
- A film has recently been shown in Britain which was made in Switzerland with a cast including Englishmen, Americans, Italians, Frenchmen and Poles, all of whom speak in their own language. What is the name of the film?
- In what connection has Wentworth Woodhouse been in the news?
- What jobs do the following do: (a) Don Iddon; (b) F. J. Bellenger; (c) Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe?
- One of these is not on trial at Nuremberg—which? Schacht, Goering, Bormann, Streicher, Hess, Frank.
- If you were given a medal when would you eat it?
- Is a biennial meeting held twice a year or every two years?
- Who wrote these variations on a common theme: (a) "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses."
- "A girl who is spectacled never gets her necklace."



wisest fool in Christendom?

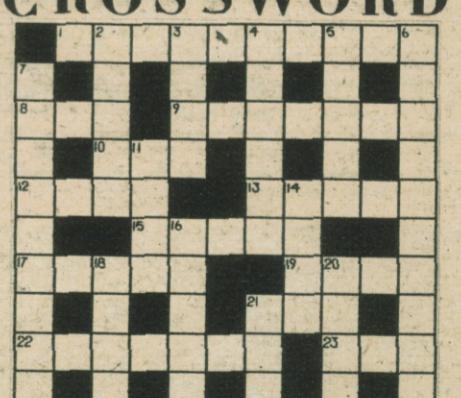
Shakespeare wrote a play about two gentlemen. Where did they come from?

Is a brief smoke for Alanbrooke? (a) Frank? (b) Meteor? (c) Recruit? (d) 24-Acre?

What is the absolute finish of Germany? (a) West Ridings? (b) West? (c) West? (d) West?

What is the name of the border designed to attract someone's attention, perhaps?

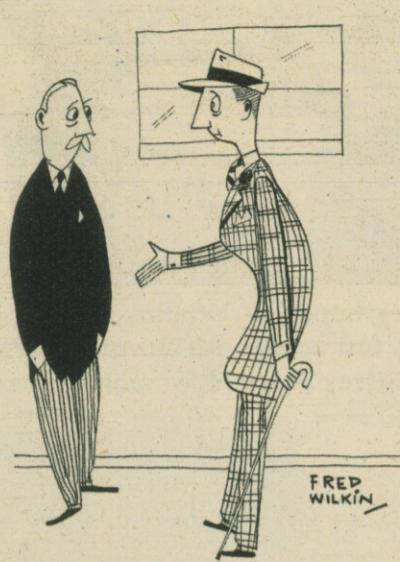
CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. The 42nd Highlanders (two words). 2. Descriptive of the North Lancs. 3. Brief smokes for Alanbrooke? 4. Frank? (b) Meteor? (c) Recruit? (d) 24-Acre? 5. Household word in Cossack circles. 6. By Kitchener's Army? 7. Partly Protestant experiment. 8. Old soldier without side. 9. It's just like Royalty when making a request. 10. No! He's in the "drink"! 11. Partly preferable to NAAFI beer! 12. A border designed to attract someone's attention, perhaps. (Solutions on Page 23)

(Solutions on Page 23)

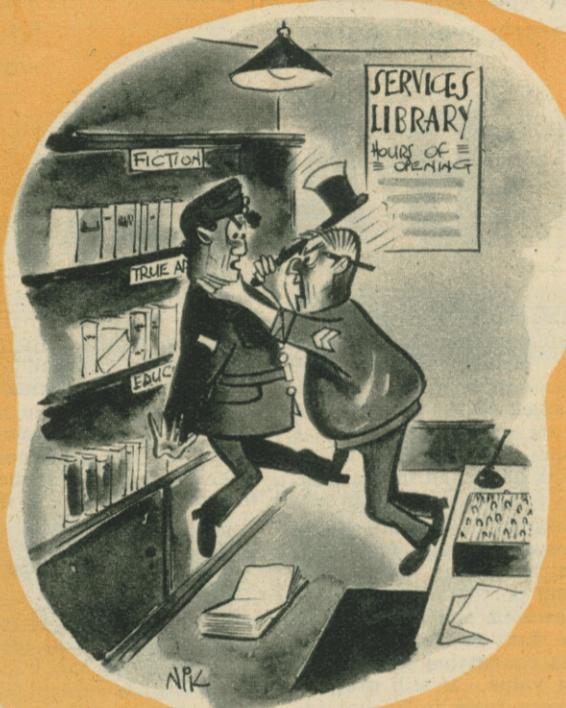
BAOR HUMOUR



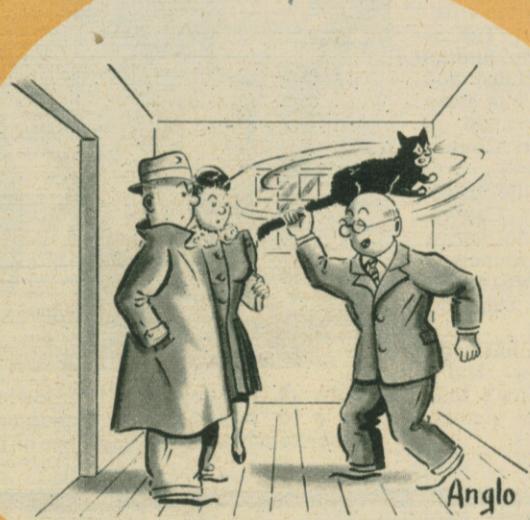
"Guess who I bumped into just now!"



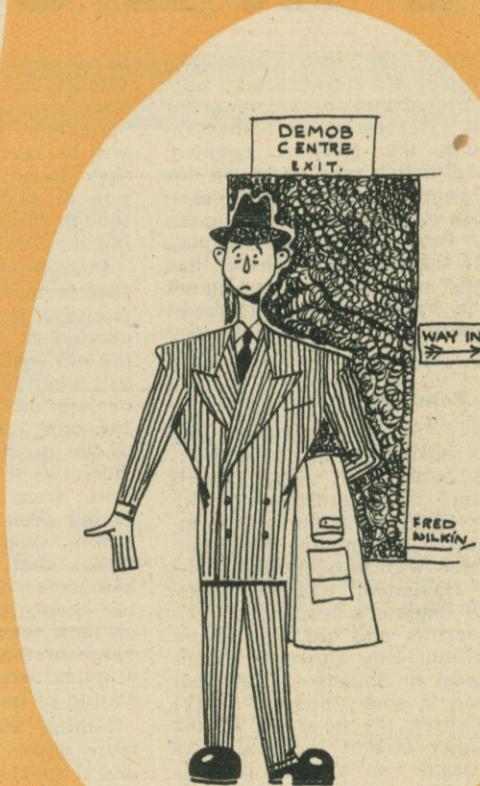
"Let me ride through those wide open spaces that I love ..."



"... and in the final chapter he gets his man and brutally hacks him to death... very good reading indeed."



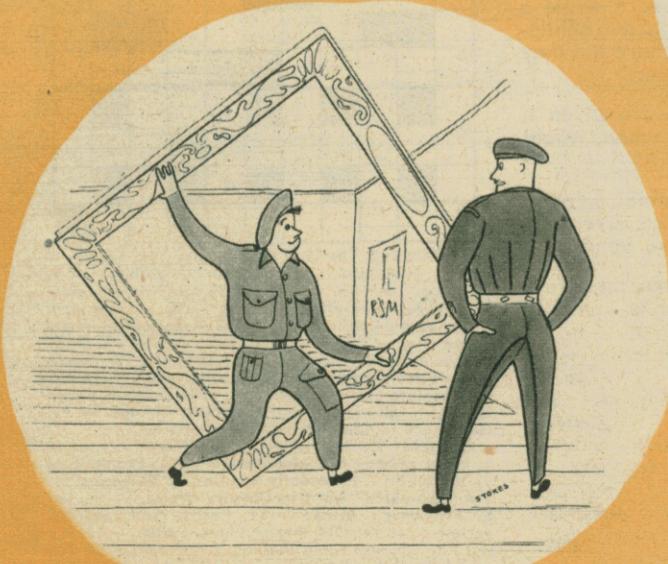
"See! These prefabs are bigger than they look!"



"I know, dear, but they're so comfortable."



"The boys would appreciate it if you would accept this little farewell gift."



"But, sir, the CO wants to put me in the picture."



"Our next request is from ex-Private Jones to Sergeant Tomkins — 'I get along without you very well'."

LETTERS

BALL-LIMIT CRICKET

With cricket here again, I should like to urge the advantages of ball-limit cricket, which would stimulate lagging public interest in the game and secure a decision where, under the present rules, a game fizzles out into a draw.

In ball-limit cricket, a batsman who has played a given number of balls is out, just as he would be were he bowled out, stumped, caught or lbw. For the ordinary afternoon match of ball-limit cricket, I have found 32 balls (four overs) to each batsman gives each man time to get two innings and guarantees a result. The quota could be increased for two-day or three-day matches.

As an Army officer, I saw the fruits of this innovation in games I organised between platoons and companies before D-Day, and I have urged the merits of ball-limit in proposals submitted to the MCC and the Army School of Physical Training at Aldershot, among other bodies. — Alan Tickle, Edgecliff, Sydney, Australia.

"ROYAL" PIONEERS

What about that "R" the Pioneer Corps should have had at the end of the war? Are we not good enough to be a Royal corps? — Pte. F. A. Edwards, HQ, 96 Coy PC.

★ In common with claims of many other regiments the Pioneer Corps application is up for consideration by the Honours and Distinctions Committee under ACI 209 of 1946. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Marlborough Club

A number of letters have been received concerning the rules governing admission to the new Hamburg Marlborough Club. These have been passed on to NAAFI HQ.

SEARCHING OF KITS

Returning from short leave at Brussels we stopped at Duisburg, Germany, for a hot meal. During this time German police began to search our kits. I understand that such searches are really necessary because of the black market, but surely it should be done by Allied HQ authorities, not by Germans, as the impression is given that BAOR soldiers are inferior to Germans. As one who fought with BLA from Normandy to Wilhelms-haven against the Germans I disagree with such a procedure. Can anything be done about it? — Cpl. A. Obarzanek, Polish Forces.

★ German police have no jurisdiction over Allied personnel in uniform. If such an incident occurred it is assumed that either with or without cause the German police acted in excess of their powers. — Ed., SOLDIER.

CHARITY BEGINS . . .

Sjt. R. W. Pagan, Rly Control Team, Hanover, asks, "Why don't the Forces start a food fund of their own, which could be collected by their units and passed on to UNRRA?" (SOLDIER Vol. 2 No. 3.) Hasn't he thought of

food being short at home? Surely our own folk should have priority — CMP (name and address supplied).

GERMAN OPINION

We hear about Germans in the British Zone forming new parties in conformity with democratic principles. We hear that many Germans like British films, particularly those which portray all the good things to be had under a democracy.

But why not have something in the nature of a Gallup Poll throughout the Zone to find out (even for fun) if all the Germans like all the things which we are using to fashion their future. — Regular (name and address supplied).

CLUB COMFORTS

On a visit to the NAAFI Club at Gottingen I was impressed by the furnishings and in particular by the curtains (of excellent material and pleasing modern design). I was similarly impressed while on UK leave recently with the NAAFI Club at Nottingham. The chairs, sofas, tables and curtain material appeared to be identical to those I had seen in Gottingen. This leads me to assume furnishings for NAAFI Clubs in BAOR are supplied from English stocks held by NAAFI. I do not advocate that the troops here be denied their comforts. But, at a time when many of our demobbed comrades are trying to put homes together, it seems illogical that furniture for clubs here should come from England. Let the beaten Boche supply it. — Cpl. M. Chanish, Inn's of Court Regt.

TWO BROTHERS

Can I claim my young brother in CMF? He is a driver, and also in the RASC. I have been told that I cannot claim him as he is in a different country. If this is



so, are any exceptions made on compassionate grounds? — L/Cpl. A. T. Bunn, "D" Pln, 9 Coy RASC (GT).

★ Latest instructions are that if you are both overseas and your brother is in a different theatre no claim can be made. From the compassionate point of view, all you can do is to apply through your OC, who may use his discretion whether to take further action. — Ed., SOLDIER.

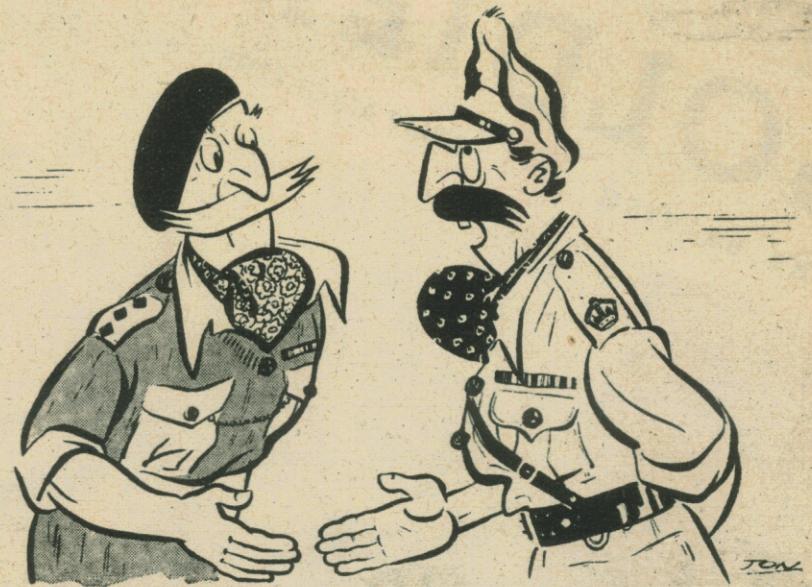
GOING WEST?

I wish to know how soon I can get to America after I am released, because I want to visit relations in California. How do I go about this? — Gnr. W. P. Coleman, "B" Tp, 233/68 Regt, RA.

★ After release apply to the nearest American Consulate — there are branches all over the UK. You will have to get a visa, and your relations in the USA must be able to prove that they can support you, as you cannot transfer your money. At present pros-

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Thanks, old man, but it's only local, acting and unpaid."

Answers

(From Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. (a) Ice skating; (b) Golf; (c) Horse Racing; (d) Rowing. 2. Hitler — aged one year. 3. A manuscript. 4. The capital of Ecuador. 5. Traviata is the title of an opera. The rest are wines. 6. It is a famous English mansion in the grounds of which open-cast mining has been carried out. 7. (a) "Daily Mail" American columnist; (b) Financial Secretary, War Office; (c) British prosecutor at Nuremberg. 8. Bormann. 9. "The Last Chance". 10. (a) King George IV as Prince Regent; (b) Charles II; (c) James I. 11. Verona. 12. If you wanted to eat it at its best you would wait till it was decayed. 13. Every two years. 14. (a) Dorothy Parker; (b) Ogden Nash.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. Black Watch. 8. Ely. 9. Gloster (Gloucestershire). 10. ATS. 12. Tale. 13. Liege. 15. Satyr. 17. Eyots. 19. OCTU. 21. Any. 22. Rhenish. 23. DWR (Duke of Wellington's Regt.). 24. Montgomery.

DOWN: — 2. Loyal. 3. CIGS. (Chief of the Imperial General Staff). 4. Wooll(e)y. 5. Title. 6. Horse-guard. 7. Kettledrum. 11. (pro) Test (ant). 14. Iron(side). 16. As-king. 18. Ocean. 20. Cyder. 21. A-hem.

Bottles . . . and Bottles . . . and Bottles

A total of 380 million bottles of beer have been exported to NAAFI's overseas canteens, clubs and bulk-issue stores since the beginning of the war. This total, given recently by the Chairman of NAAFI's Board of Management, Sir Lancelot C. Royle, includes 90 million bottles of beer sent out from the UK, 132 million exported from Canada, 54 million from Australia and 102 million from the United States. And all this, explained Sir Lancelot, is apart from beer brewed locally in overseas theatres where facilities have been available.

It is regretted that a photograph on Page 2 of SOLDIER dated 13 April was incorrectly captioned "Sjt-Major Ronchetti".

Two-Minute Sermon

A few weeks ago I was home on leave, and one evening I was entertained by a company of men and women who addressed each other as "Brothers" and "Sisters." These people were comparative strangers to me, but I felt completely at ease among them.

We today are not so fond of calling one another "brother" or "sister", but wherever this mode of address is used one does not only feel at ease — one also feels at home. AT HOME! These two words provide, I think, a workable solution of many of the troubles of the present-day world.

We, as Christians, have been taught to think of one another as Brothers and Sisters, and these words indicate the fact that we are part of

a family — "Our Father which art in heaven." So we link ourselves with the most mighty society ever — the great family controlled and strengthened from Above. Let us get the greatest human concern going as it should — the Brotherhood of MAN under the Fatherhood of GOD!

The old family businesses in our national scheme are dying, and they are being replaced by companies, combines and national management. But there never was a better form of business than the old family business at its best, with the mutual respect, love and help between the family and its employees.

So it is in the business of living, with this difference: that the biggest and best of all combines is God's family.

GET YOUR SOLDIER REGULARLY

SOLDIER will reach you regularly by post if you fill in the form below. It may be ordered in bulk by Unit PR's or individuals on a three- or six-month subscription, payment being made by British Postal Order or by cheque on a UK bank. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "Command Cashier" and made payable to "British Army Newspaper Unit". An order form is given below. Subscription rates are:

1 copy for next 6 issues (6 copies) 1/4d
2 copies " " " " (12 ") 2/8d
3 " " " " (18 ") 4/-
6 " " " " (36 ") 8/-
12 " " " " (72 ") 16/-
24 " " " " (144 ") 32/-

Note: (1) Stamps cannot be accepted. (2) BANU cannot undertake to post copies of SOLDIER to other than BAOR or ex-BAOR personnel. Ex-personnel should state both the home address to which they wish the copies sent and their former BAOR unit. (3) Back numbers are not available.

To:—SOLDIER, No. 1 British Army Newspaper Unit, BAOR.

Please supply _____ copies of _____ issues to (Block Capitals)

beginning with issue No. _____

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for _____

Rank: _____ Unit: _____

Signed: _____

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



Strong men waver
At sight of June Haver.
She stops the clocks
At Twentieth Century-Fox.

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



NAME

ADDRESS

As SOLDIER
weighs more than
two ounces, a
penny stamp must
be affixed here.