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FOR NIGHTLY
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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



THE HARD WORD

For this, the third issue of SOLDIER Magazine, you are being asked to pay.

It is wholly a matter for you; from this department there comes no persuasion, no plea, no exhortation.

The first two issues were free, the idea being that you should have a fair look at SOLDIER magazine and see whether you thought it was a worthwhile proposition.

Now we are on the market like any other commodity.

Any special reason ?
Yes.

SOLDIER Magazine is produced by the Army for the Army and the cost of it falls, in the long run, upon the tax-payer.

The last named, friends, includes you.

We could argue that therein lies the main reason why it should be paid for; but we won't. We will only say that the best things we've ever had have NOT been free. We've paid for them in blood, in tears — and in cash.

The order form is on Page 19.

2 fr. (BELG)

IN FRANCE : 2 FR. 50

IN HOLLAND : 13 CENTS

IN GERMANY : 50 PFGS.



THE MAN ON THE JOB

BLA
EDITION

RELEASE
and
RESETTLEMENT

Pages
2 and 3

RELEASE and RESETTLEMENT

An Article of

WHEN Germany is defeated many of you will be released from the Forces. The Government has published a booklet to tell you all about the release scheme, the Reinstatement in Civil Employment Act, interrupted apprenticeship, professional careers, resettlement grants, overseas settlement, pensions, insurance—in fact all a soldier needs to know to return to civilian life with a decent opportunity to make a success of it.

After reading an advance copy, **SOLDIER** has this to say about the booklet : "It is an article of good faith."

Whether or not you are due for early release, the Government want you to know exactly what your rights are, and what is being done to help you in getting back into civilian life.

They declare : "If you are not due for early release you can be sure that your rights will be safeguarded. All the help and advice described will be waiting for you when you return."

CLASSES A and B

THE CASH A BUSINESS

EMIGRATION

THOROUGH examination has shown that the fairest and simplest scheme of release is one which is based on a combination of age and length of service, with the special provision that men of 50 years of age and over will be treated as a priority class to be released (if they desire) before other men. In general, war service means whole-time service in the Armed Forces since 3 September 1939, which counts for Service pay.

Owing to Service considerations, release will proceed at different rates in the different Services. In some it will be necessary to deal separately with the several branches and trades, and probably with ranks in those trades.

You will be placed in the appropriate group according to your age and length of war service, non-reckonable service such as periods on leave without pay, time spent in undergoing punishment being taken into account.

You will understand that any scheme of release which is to be operated while the war lasts must always be subject to war requirements. If you do not wish to be released when your turn comes you will be given the opportunity to volunteer for further service under conditions in force at the time.

The general scheme of release by age and length of service described above will be known as Class A release. It will come into operation as soon as is practicable after the defeat of Germany, but a short period will elapse before releases begin, so that the Services may complete their arrangements. If you are in an age and service group due for release a replacement may be necessary before you leave your unit. If you are serving overseas, transport and shipping must be provided to get you home as near your turn as possible, and every effort will be made to do this wherever you may be.

Certain urgent work of reconstruction, mainly building houses, will have to begin at once when the war with Germany ends. A limited number of men of certain specified occupations will therefore be given the option of being released out of their age and Service order to industry vital to the nation, subject to special conditions. This will be known as Class B Release.

Men who accept release in Class B may be sent to work anywhere in the United Kingdom though they will be employed near their homes whenever possible.

Releases in Class B will not begin until a start has been made with Class A, and it will be open to you to refuse release in Class B and to await your turn for release in Class A.

All persons released will remain liable to recall during the period of the emergency. Final relinquishment of commission, or discharge, will be effected when appropriate after the emergency is formally declared by Order in Council.

The arrangements for release from the Forces will also apply to women, with the addition that a married woman, if she so desires, will be granted release whatever her age and service group, provided she is not operationally vital, and provided she has served for a minimum of six months.

NOW comes the question of cash. On release in Class A you will be granted a minimum of 8 weeks resettlement leave with

full pay and allowances. Payment will be made by an advance on the day of release, the remainder being paid at regular intervals. You will be granted a further period of leave, with pay and allowances on the same basis, in respect of foreign service. Your foreign leave will be assessed at the rate of one day for each completed month overseas, subject to a minimum of 6 months foreign service.

On release, if you have had at least 6 months war service, you will be given civilian clothes, and in addition you will be allowed to retain certain articles of Service clothing. The leave payments will be made whether you enter employment during your leave or not. War gratuities and post-war credits will be paid to you as soon as possible after release.

If you are nominated for and accept Class B, you will be given 3 weeks' transfer leave with full pay and allowances. Any payment in respect of war gratuity or post-war credits will be held in suspense until the end of the war.

War gratuities will be assessed on total period of war service on full pay from the day the war began up to the date of your release from a dispersal centre. Your rate of gratuity will be based upon the substantive or war substantive rank held at the date of release or (if more favourable) upon the highest paid rank held during the war for a period, or periods, not amounting to less than six months.

If you have had both service in the ranks and commissioned service, your gratuity will be calculated separately for each period of service.

Women members of the Forces will, in general, receive two-thirds of the rate for corresponding male ranks.

If you have served in the ranks since 1 January 1942 you will receive as a deposit in the Post Office Savings Bank the special war credit, which is 6d a day.

So you want to go back to your own business, or start up a new one?

If you were in a business of your own or in work on your own account, and need help to restart after the war, you'll be able to apply for a grant from the Ministry of Labour and National Service. You may also apply if you've been disabled, even though you were not in business before. But in that case, you will have to show that your disability is of a kind which justifies a grant being made for that purpose, and that your resettlement is more likely to be helped in this way than by your taking employment.

Reasonable assistance will be given to enable a soldier to get going, where it can be shown that his own resources, including, of course, war gratuity and post-war credits, are not enough for that purpose. The maximum grant will be £150.

Short courses of training in business subjects will be available. These will be given at Government Training Centres, Technical Colleges and specially selected works. If you're interested in the scheme ask your Commanding Officer for a copy of the forthcoming leaflet, "The Government Vocational Training Scheme".

The scheme does not apply to assistance for resettlement on the land of those who were working their own holdings before joining the Forces. This will be dealt with by your former employer.

Mr. Ernest Bevin, Minister of Labour, speaking in the Commons on seeing D-day men off to battle : "But one question they put to me as we walked through the ranks was, 'Ernie, when we have done this job are we coming back to the dole?' It hurt, it stung. Both the Prime Minister and I answered, 'No, you are not.'"

the Ministry of Agriculture and the Department of Agriculture for Scotland.

Grants will not be made under the scheme for resettlement in business outside the United Kingdom.

Before you can be considered for a grant, you will have to clear up the question of any licence or permit which you may have to get from the Government Department concerned. The Resettlement Advice Office will be able to tell you about this.

If you have set your heart on settling in the Dominions when the war is over, and if you are prepared to make your own arrangements for the journey, it is not likely that you will find difficulty in securing admission.

That is, provided that you are in a position to prove that you will be able to maintain yourself from your own resources afterwards.

Your best policy is to get information from the Office of the High Commissioner in London of the Dominion concerned before your departure from this country. He will be able to tell you about the possible openings after arrival in the Dominion in which you propose to settle.

If, on the other hand, you desire to know what help can be given to enable you to settle in the Dominion, the answer to this question depends not only upon the British Government, but also upon each of the Governments of the Dominions. A decision has not yet been reached on this point, but as soon as it is possible to say anything definite about it further information will be made available to members of the Forces.

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On release in Class A you will be given a leaflet which explains how to claim rights to reinstatement given by the Act. It is open, of course, to any soldier to apply to return to his old employer, but in order to have legal rights to reinstatement you must satisfy conditions which are given in the leaflet.

There are two major qualifying points : You must have started a period of whole-time service in the Armed Forces (or corresponding women's Services) after 25 May 1939; and you must have been employed within the 4 weeks before you started this whole-time service in the Forces. If you had more than one employer in these 4 weeks, any liability for reinstatement falls on the last employer.

Reinstatement will not be possible in some cases, because your former employer has gone

RELEASE and RESETTLEMENT

Good Faith

Now what is this help and advice? There is cash, gratuities, business aid grants and so on by way of immediate help. And the advice is practical. So that you may receive every possible assistance in getting it the Ministry of Labour and National Service has set up a Resettlement and Advice Service, whose offices are being opened in every town of any size.

Some of us may feel doubtful about discussing our personal domestic problems with an officer of a Government Department, but this worry is uncalled-for. At the Resettlement Advice Offices all interviews will be held in private, and we shall be able to discuss our problems quite freely and in the strictest confidence.

One thing more. If on your release you need help in getting a job you go to a local office or Appointments Office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service. **SOLDIER** deals with this more fully in the survey below.



THE CASH A BUSINESS

EMIGRATION

YOUR OLD JOB

CIVVY COURSES

INSURANCE

PENSIONS

out of business. If, however, the business in which you were employed has passed into other hands, you have a legal right to apply for reinstatement.

In other cases—for example, where a factory has been turned over to war work, or has been blitzed—it may be some time before reorganisation will make it possible for you to be reinstated. If so, you should take up other work, but you may keep your application alive by renewing it from time to time so that your old employer may offer you a job when he is able to do so.

If you were an apprentice or a recognised learner in a skilled occupation when you were called up, you may wish to resume your

If you decide to remain in the Army for a further period of war service, or for any other reason, any rights you may have will be preserved, but you should remember that your former employer is not under any obligation to reinstate you under the Act six months after the end of the present emergency—that is, the day beyond which men and women cannot be retained in the Forces under the National Service Act.

The training will be given at Government Training Centres, Technical Colleges and specially selected employers' works, under conditions as nearly as possible resembling those in which you would work afterwards.

It will be free of cost and, in addition, you will be paid allowances to live on during training. These allowances will be increased if you have dependents.

Once you are released from the Forces you can apply for training at any local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

If you want to resume or start training for a professional career, you can obtain advice and information at an Appointments Office. If you have not yet made up your mind about your future career, you will find on your return to civilian life that the Ministry of Labour has set up an Advisory Careers Section at each of their Appointments Offices.

Your Commanding Officer can get you a handbook called "Careers for Men and Women".

If you know you cannot undertake the training required for the career of your choice without financial assistance, you can apply for an award under the Further Education and Training Scheme.

Previous attendance at a secondary school or its equivalent, though desirable, is not essential. The test will be whether an applicant is capable of taking full advantage of a course.

Any grant made under the scheme will vary according to your obligations and financial resources, and will be in two forms: the payment of training costs and incidentals, and a maintenance allowance during training.

The Government have announced their proposals for a new Social Insurance Scheme. Until that scheme comes into operation the arrangements for Health, Pensions and Unemployment Insurance and Unemployment Assistance will be as follows:

All who have served in the ranks of any of the Armed Forces or the Auxiliary Services (A.T.S., W.R.N.S., W.A.A.F., or the Nursing Services Reserves) will, with very few exceptions, have been compulsorily insured under the National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions Schemes during their service; in addition many officers will also have been compulsorily insured. If you have been insured during your service the contributions paid under those schemes will help to secure or maintain your rights in the schemes and will count as ordinary contributions for the purpose of qualifying for benefits in civil life.

These benefits are normally available for at least 18 months after return to civilian life, and this period may be extended by continued payment of contributions or by sickness.

If you were already a member of an Approved Society on entering the Forces or Auxiliary Services, or have joined a Society during your service, you will remain a member of the Society, and any claim for cash benefit insurance benefits after return to civilian life should be made to the Society. If although insured during your service, you are not a member of an Approved Society, you

will be notified specially of your position and the steps to be taken if you should wish to claim cash benefits.

If you have been insured during your service a medical card will be issued to you as soon as you return to civilian life. The medical card contains instructions on how to obtain treatment when required.

These arrangements are subject to modification in the case of persons who go to Eire on release. If you take up residence and employment in Eire your health insurance will ordinarily be transferred in due course to that country, and it may also, in certain circumstances, be transferred if you become resident there on release but do not take up employment. Medical benefit, however, is not provided under the scheme of National Health Insurance in Eire. Moreover, the arrangements for transfer of insurance do not extend to contributory pensions insurance, but it will usually be open to you to maintain your insurance for pension, while in Eire, by becoming a voluntary contributor for those purposes under the schemes in force in the United Kingdom.

Contributory pensions under

(100% representing total disablement) and is assessed by comparing the condition of the disabled man or woman with that of a normal healthy person of the same age and sex, without taking into account earnings or occupation. Where the disablement is assessed at 20% or over, a pension is granted. Where the assessment is less than 20% a gratuity, or a weekly allowance for a limited period, may be awarded.

If you are released from the Forces in Class A you will be given a form of application on which you may apply for a pension if you consider that you are suffering from a disablement which is attributable to, or aggravated by, war service. The form will indicate what information should be furnished and will tell you how to apply.

If you are released in any other class, or if you mislay or lose the form, or if for any reason you did not receive one, you can apply to the Chief Regional Officer, Ministry of Pensions (whose address can be obtained from any Post Office) or to the Resettlement Advice Office.

Should you be discharged on medical grounds, the documents relating to your service will be referred to the Ministry of Pensions to determine the question of entitlement to pension. If you are about to be invalided you will be examined by a medical board before discharge and given an opportunity of stating how, in your opinion, the invaliding disability arose, and whether war service caused or has had an adverse effect on it.

If it is found that you require medical resettlement treatment on account of the pensionable disablement, such treatment will be provided by the Ministry of Pensions if it is not already available from other State sources, such as under the National Health Insurance Scheme. Artificial limbs and eyes, surgical boots, spectacles, dentures and other appliances which are required as the result of war service, are also provided by the Ministry of Pensions. Normally liability cannot be accepted for the cost of any treatment, or limb or other appliances obtained, without the prior authority of the Ministry of Pensions.

Should your claim to a pension be rejected by the Ministry of Pensions, this Act gives you the right to appeal against such rejection to an independent Tribunal. In such cases you will be given detailed instructions on the procedure to be followed.

Subject to certain conditions you may, in addition to a disablement pension, be granted allowances in respect of wife and children, education allowances for children, and a special allowance if the disablement necessitates constant attendance for treatment.

Government statement on its full employment policy : "We are turning our backs finally on past doctrines and conceptions about unemployment and opening a new phase... this is not final. It is pioneering, blazing a new trail. It is turning our backs on an old system, introducing conscious direction for automatic control..."

of employers.

On release in Class A you will be given a leaflet which explains how to claim rights to reinstatement given by the Act. It is open, of course, to any soldier to apply to return to his old employer, but in order to have legal rights to reinstatement you must satisfy conditions which are given in the leaflet.

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Reinstatement will not be possible in some cases, because your former employer has gone

training. The Government have arranged a scheme under which you will be assisted to complete your apprenticeship with your former employer, so that you may qualify as a person in your trade.

TRAINING is necessary for nearly all responsible jobs, and a Vocational Training Scheme administered by the Ministry of Labour has been set up to meet this need in the case of the skilled manual occupations and of the "black coated" types of work.

IT'S YOUR WAR...



Day and night the supplies go rumbling forward across this, the first Bailey Bridge over the Rhine. Its story is told below.

The Bridge was just a Job

THE Battle for the Rhine has been won, and forgotten by many. Yet to the Sappers the Rhine is not a memory but a reality. They are still there every hour of the day and night maintaining the bridges you crossed days ago — and building new ones.

Here is the story of the fine work done by 7th Army Troops Engineers in the building of a Tactical Bridge. This Bailey Bridge — the first across the river in the British sector — was completed about 36 hours after the Rhine assault opened and is probably one of the most remarkable feats of bridge building this war.

Mr. Churchill's Bridge.

Sixty hours the Sappers were given as a time limit. The bridge was complete, and the first vehicle across, in 24 hours. In the first 24 hours 250 tanks and 3,160 wheeled vehicles went across and in 48 hours the bridge had felt the weight of 564 tanks and 8,887 wheeled vehicles.

It was across this bridge too that Mr Churchill and Field Marshal Montgomery walked.

Capt. F.S. Halford, M.C., Field Engineer, said to *SOLDIER*: "The chaps worked splendidly in spite of lack of sleep. No praise is too high for them. It was a fine job of work".

The men themselves regarded it as a routine job.

A reconnaissance was carried out about 6 days before "D" day. The C.R.E. accompanied by a Naval Officer, crept to the near bank. Before they left it was essential to discover the actual depth of the river. There was no time to waste.

The Naval Officer hurriedly undressed behind a house. Then within full view of the enemy swam around the river bank

until he was certain of its depth. He quickly dressed and they departed as speedily and quietly as they had come. The plan was ready.

The main assault went in at 0200 hours. A few hours later the C.R.E. and O.C. of one of the Field Cos. investigated the far bank in a motor boat. They had a swift look around, took notice of the mines and hurried back. Bridging the river there would not be difficult but the mines had to be removed. A party of Sappers were immediately sent across to deal with these.

It was zero hour for the Engineers. "Send up the men and materials" went the call over the wireless. Within 10 minutes Sappers and bridging vehicles were on the spot. The great operation was on. There was spasmodic heavy shelling and mortaring from the enemy but the Sappers continued their job. Theirs was an urgent job. DUKWS and motor boats were used to take men and stores to the far bank.

Snatched Sleep

The bridge builders did not stop until 8.30 that evening. They snatched a few hours sleep in a former Hitler Youth camp and were on the job again at daybreak next morning. The bridge was completed at 4.30 that afternoon. It had been completed in just over 24 hours.

A.A. crews kept their watch. The Luftwaffe paid two or three visits. Once they raked the bridge with machine-guns and holed two of the floats. The damage was repaired in 20 minutes.

The bridge was designed as a temporary structure. Meanwhile a stronger bridge is being built alongside which no doubt will carry the Armies of Occupation. But the Sappers are proud of their achievement for across their bridge went most of "the final round stuff".

FIVE young huskies of "The Fighting C" — their combined ages only just touch the century — are the men who make this story. They brought a brand-new Sherman across the Rhine and were cruising around looking for trouble up Bremen way when I met them.

Their brand new band-wagon had lost its show-case appearance. After a fortnight in action it was a mud-caked, battle-scarred veteran that had pumped something like 200 rounds of 75mm HE and the Lord knows how many belts of Besa into the places where it hurt the Nazis most.

The boys themselves were scarcely at their parade-ground best. After all, they had been promising themselves a wash and a shave for the last five days...

That's how it goes with our spearhead tank crews. Once on the move they keep on moving — unless they're unlucky enough to get in the way of an eighty-eight or, more common these days, a bazooka shell — until the job is done. And, remember, this is the job that is going to "do" Herr Adolf's Third Reich for good and all.

And now for the introductions. Our five young huskies belong to 4th troop, "C" Squadron (The Fighting 'C'), 5 Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards — and that gives them the right to call themselves Desert Rats, though all they know about the desert is what they've read in the novels of Hull and Dell.

Seven Year Wait.

First and foremost there's Sjt Albert Martingale, the crew commander. Twenty-three years old, tall, fresh-complexioned. When he isn't looking through his periscope or barking out an order it's ten to one he'll be gazing at a picture — a picture of Mrs Martingale and his two-months-old son. Albert joined the 10th Hussars as a boy soldier when he was 16 and was a full-blown sergeant at 20.

"I signed along the dotted line because I wanted to see a bit of the world", he told me. "But I had to wait almost seven years before they'd let me out of England. At the time when volunteers for foreign service were being drafted before they had time to change their minds, they wouldn't have me because I was a D and M instructor. I got into this show just before Caen and now that I've seen a bit of France, Belgium, Holland and Germany — specially Germany — I feel a bit happier about things."

Secondly, meet Tpr Jack Neave, of Ilkeston, Derbyshire, the driver. Those big, capable looking fists were made for the job of manipulating the sticks. "Strong in the hand, weak in the head — that's me", says Jack. But let anyone else say it... Back in the old civvy street days he was a welder to trade, and when those small tickets back to the home town were handed out he hopes to carry on where he left off.

Two Bank Clerks

Co-driver, Tpr Johnny Burnett, of Coventry, and gunner, Tpr Eric Howard, of Stalybridge, were both in the banking business back home. "Between us we sort out the world's financial problems at least three times every week", says Eric.

Fifth member of the crew is Tpr Jack Weselby, of Nottingham, the wireless operator. What Jack doesn't know about the 19-set could be written in schoolboy hand on one side of a threepenny piece. Before the war he drove a truck, but when the war's over he wants to do something in the technical line.

So there you have the team: a "regular", a welder, a couple of bank clerks and a truck driver. Five men in a tank — one self-contained battle unit. Five pals, each with a working knowledge of the other fellow's particular job. And it's the same the tank-world over. Don't forget that...

Deadly Sniping.

Since the Rhine crossing it has almost invariably been a case of hull down from dawn till dusk. The pitched tank battles of the desert days are now only a memory. But if the Nazis can no longer afford to be extravagant with their armour they have plenty of anti-tank stuff left and their sniping, not to put too fine a point on it, is deadly. To stick your head out of the turret during day-light is simply asking for it. The crew commander's

ON THESE PAGES YOU READ OF THE MEN WHO ARE FIGHTING THE LAST ROUND AGAINST HITLER, THE MEN WHO ARE "SWANNING" ALL OVER THE ONCE-SACRED REICH — AND THE MEN WHO HELPED TO GET THEM THERE. STORIES ARE BY STAFF WRITERS OF "SOLDIER" AND OFFICER OBSERVERS WITH 21 ARMY GROUP.

best friend is his periscope, says our Albert — and Albert should know.

Working along the left flank from Borken to Ibbenburen in the sweep towards Bremen, Albert's tank, like the others in No. 4 troop, was kept constantly in action clearing the way for the infantry, demolishing road blocks, silencing SP guns or cunningly concealed Spandau nests. Around Borken our advance was held up almost a whole day by a 75mm anti-tank effort. A road block barring the approach to this troublesome fellow took a pasting from 52 HE shells before it caved sufficiently to allow the boys of No. 4 troop to crash through.

At dusk the troop were left with five AP shells between them — and Jerry was still around. Jack Weselby sent out the SOS for fresh supplies and he and his pals felt decidedly uncomfortable until those small tickets back to the home town were handed out he hopes to carry on where he left off.

Lt Henry Woods, the troop's 20-year-old leader ("one helluva good guy") was put out of action with a leg wound at the approaches to Ibbenburen. The troop was basing for the night along with the infantry company in whose support they were acting. Lt Woods set off on foot to confer with the infantry commander when a Spandau opened up from what had appeared to be an empty house. Seven 17-pounder shells plus a belt of Browning were thrown at it and there was silence for the rest of the night. "You'll take my place", Lt Woods told our friend Sjt Martingale. "I'll be back with you in three weeks".

Toughest Since Caen

Ibbenburen was No. 4 troop's toughest job since Caen — thanks to the defence put up by a company of about 500 Jerry warrant officers and NCOs from a battle school in Hanover. They had chosen their positions so well, and had dug themselves in so tightly and above all they had such a tremendous amount of guts that it took three days to dispose of them. They exploited guerrilla tactics to perfection and despite the weight of metal against them came out of their dug-in positions on two occasions and delivered strong counter attacks, temporarily cutting the road through which the 11th Armoured Div. pushed on in the great chase.

"The best scrapers we've met — or are likely to meet until we reach Berlin.

What do you say, boys?" Sjt Martingale's question brought a chorus of "Sure, sarge" from the members of his crew.

Between shooting matches the five young men of "Fighting C" dig out the decrepit looking portable gramophone they have carried with them all the way up and proceed to "amuse" themselves. Says Johnny Burnett: "The next time we're caught short of ammo I'll put on our best record and stick the thing on top of the turret. We won't have to shoot the opposition. They'll give themselves up". It isn't quite so bad as that, but I will say I've heard better!

When time permits — and time doesn't permit much often than once a day as a rule — the frying pan comes out for an airing. More often than not it's a hurried brew up accompanied by biscuits and something out of the combo box.

The boys are all keen letter writers, but for the past couple of weeks or so they've had to make do with the old stand-by — the Field Post Card.

Just a word about the band-wagon. I've mentioned that it started life as a combat tank at the time of the crossing and that it's been working over-time ever since. So much so that the boys hadn't had time to perform the christening ceremony.

The lull in the scrapping and the appearance of a 15-cwt truck labelled "SOLDIER". Magazine provided the opportunity and the inspiration. The sergeant didn't break a bottle of bubbly over it — or anything like that. He picked up his pot of sergeant-major's tea, looked at the band-wagon and said simply — "Beginning now your name is Soldier". We drank to "Soldier" there and then.

And now I say "Thanks for the compliment". Good luck to you, Soldier, and good hunting...

R.A.S.C. HELD LINE

MILITARY history was made — it can now be revealed — when the boys who bring the ammunition, petrol and supplies to the front picked up rifle and Bren-guns and held the line, so that the infantry might enjoy hot baths and cinemas rather longer than would otherwise have been possible.

Those R.A.S.C. men in a Corps of the Second Army endured in the front-line conditions which were about as wretched as they could be.

I remember one particularly bleak night (writes a Military Observer) during the Second Army drive from north of the Dutch town of Sittard to the line of the River Roer. My jeep was halted as a long line of 3-tonners bumped their way up an appalling road, their little slits of light gleaming mistily down the column, while sheets of rain slashed their windscreens. Everywhere it was a mass of slush. And I could not help thinking, as I saw the drivers straining to see a few yards ahead, how much of the vital, gruelling toil of the R.A.S.C. too often goes unappreciated not only by civilians but also by the rest of the Army.

Sometimes your driver's truck may be less by the side of the road; he had no hands, and his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens lay a few feet from him. Knots of prisoners walked by us... mines like cabbages lay on either side of the road. We passed a doughboy lying motionless by the side of the road; he had no hands, and his misshapen, ooze-filled mittens lay a few feet from him. Knots of prisoners walked by us... mines like cabbages lay on either side of the road.

The next day I went to our forward platoons. I saw a dough baling his hole out with his canteen cup, saw our planes dive-bomb Jerry in the distance... I saw a dead G.I. slumped in his last living position in a hole that was too deep and too narrow to allow his body to settle; a partially smoked cigarette lay inches from his mouth...



Objective Secured...

THESE extracts from a story by Sgt. Howard Brodie, staff artist on "Yank" magazine, give as good a soldier's eye view of battle as any we've read:—

The right flank was getting some small arms fire.

Objective two loomed ahead — a large building enclosing a courtyard. A cowshed, stables, a tool shed, a hay loft, and living quarters opened on an inner court... We filtered into the courtyard and into the surrounding rooms. The executive officer started to reorganise the company.

Corps Felt Warm

A dying G.I. lay in the tool room; his face was leathery yellow. A wounded G.I. lay with him. Another wounded dough lay on his belly in the cowshed, amidst the stench of dung and decaying beets... A couple of doughs started to fry eggs in the kitchen. I went into the tool shed to the dying dough. "He's cold, he's dead", said Sgt. Charles G. Turpen... I took off my glove and felt his head, but my hand was so cold he was dead.

Lt. Bob Clark organised the company and set up defence... The wounded dough in the cowshed sobbed for more morphine. Four of us helped to carry him to bed in one of the rooms. He was belly down, and pleaded for someone to hold him by the scrotum as we carried him... "Press them up. It will give me support." A pool of blood lay under him. I went back to the cowshed.

Man Floating in the Air

We had five objectives, the farthest about two-and-a-quarter miles away... We were an assault company of the 3rd Battalion.

H-hour was approaching. A shell burst outside the window, stinging a couple of men and ringing our ears. We huddled on the floor. It was time to move on... I followed in the footsteps of Pfc. Joe Eaz, platoon runner. He had an aluminium light-case upon which I could easily focus the corner of my eye to observe... if I followed in his footsteps I wouldn't have to look down at the large house. Mortars and 88's came in... An 88 crashed into the roof and a platoon leader's face dripped blood, but it was a surface wound... We made the CP in the cellar, and the wounded were brought down there. Stray Jerries were rounded up and brought to the rear... Pfc. Frank Pasek forgot he had a round in his BAR and frayed our nerves by letting one go into the ceiling. A pretty Jerry girl with no shoes came through the basement. The doughs were settling down now. The C.O. started to prepare a defence for counter-attack.

Girl with No Shoes

I crossed the courtyard to the grain shed, where about 60 doughs were huddled... We got out of there and our tanks joined us. I followed the tank... The next two objectives were taken by platoons on my right... we were moving up to the final objective now — a very large building, also enclosing a courtyard. Our tanks spewed the town with fire... black bursts from Jerry time fire exploded over our heads... we passed Jerry trenches... Jerries streamed out of the large house. Mortars and 88's came in... An 88 crashed into the roof and a platoon leader's face dripped blood, but it was a surface wound... We made the CP in the cellar, and the wounded were brought down there. Stray Jerries were rounded up and brought to the rear... Pfc. Frank Pasek forgot he had a round in his BAR and frayed our nerves by letting one go into the ceiling. A pretty Jerry girl with no shoes came through the basement. The doughs were settling down now. The C.O. started to prepare a defence for counter-attack.

I looked to the right flank and saw a man floating in the air amidst the black smoke of an exploding mine. He just disappeared... a piece of flesh sloshed by the face of Sgt. Fred Wilson. Some of the men did not get up. We went on. A couple of men vomited...



Herrenvolk Squeaking

HERE are a few statements, taken at random, from Boche prisoners interrogated in our lines:

"We had very little ammo left, but our captain put us in position in the front line. 'When you run out of bullets', he said, 'Throw rocks at them.' Then he retired to the rear."

"We have respect for your commandos and raiders, with their black faces. Our men are afraid of their barbarous weapons like knives and axes. We can fight you well at a distance, but we fear close combat with you."

"Germany has to fight on until the last bullet is spent... If Germany should lose I shall rush home and shoot my wife and baby... I would rather see my loved ones dead than have them live under Bolshevikism... The German mind will conquer the superiority of Allied war material. Our VERGELTUNGSWAFFEN (revenge weapons) will swing the tide."

"You think too much in your Army about saving lives."

"Hitler is finished. Germany is finished. I never had my heart in it anyway." (Note: On the belt buckle of this soldier was inscribed this legend: "My honour means loyalty.") ***

German prisoners, under interrogation, unconsciously provide some humorous items. Instance the P.O.W. who said the Germans in training had stopped using the word "LOSANTIN" (anti-gas ointment) because some recruits had confused the name with SACCHARIN and "sweetened" their tea with it — with dire results to their gastric systems.

TIGER CUBS

SO ingrained into Hitlerite youth from its kindergarten days is hate for everything that is not German that a 15-year-old German boy in preparatory school in Southern Rhodesia is about to stand his trial on a charge of culpable homicide of an English boy in the same school.

This boy's death followed a reign of terror, during which the English boys at the school had been beaten and persecuted unmercifully by a gang of German boys who were numerically superior. The former were made to get on their knees and recite a prayer the gist of which was that Hitler would win the war.

Ivan Thompson, the dead boy, died from contusion of the brain, following a blow from the German gang's leader, Schalk Heynes. Another German boy named Venter also awaits trial in connection with his death although the charge is only one of grievous bodily harm.

A German girl might be as good to look at as an English girl — but she has a different way of thinking. She's been taught the Nazi way, and the Nazi way is to hate. Steer clear. Don't fraternise.



The Mind of The Hun

THE German Press and Radio conducted an intensive campaign in 1940 against the British Home Guards. A fairly extensive search through German propaganda during this period shows that the enemy was more inclined to scream about the wickedness and illegality of the Home Guard rather than to sneer at them as ineffective.

The German Government in fact sponsored a world-wide campaign, particularly amongst neutrals (America was one then) warning the British Government not to pursue its policy of arming the British civilian.

21 July, 1940: Bremen Radio broadcasts in English: It is once more emphasized in Berlin official circles that the preparations which are being made all over Britain for guerrilla warfare are contrary to the rules of International law. The British Government must be aware that it is the British people who will bear the bitter consequence. British people! You will do well to heed this warning!

28 July, 1940: The British Government is evolving a type of warfare in which weapons will be carried openly in the hands of civilians and in which individual men and women will threaten the lives of German soldiers from ambush with every conceivable kind of weapon." — Boersen Zeitung.

31 July: Robert Ley, German Labour Minister, says this about the Home Guards: "England will defend herself obstinately and with all her energy and the conflict will be difficult, but our might is greater and our faith gives us greater strength."

2 August, 1940: German Radio: Civilians who take up arms against German soldiers are, under International Law, no better than murderers, who-

Last Ditch Army

THE chaps whose job it is to train Germany's hastily-formed Volksturm (Home Guard) are having a bit of a headache instilling discipline and *esprit de corps* among the men, according to a document concerning morale which fell into our hands. Here are some of the brighter observations:

"It cannot be tolerated that a formation commander should get drunk, then wander about the roads at night shouting and firing with his pistol at the sentry; such behaviour harms not only the prestige of commanders in the eyes of their men, but especially the name of the German Wehrmacht."

"It shows little discipline in a company, on the occasion of a discussion about captured loot, when members of that company called each other 'twisters'. Drastic measures are to be adopted in such cases. Statements like those are apt to incite discontent."

"A unit shows little *esprit de corps* if it can happen that a soldier declares that, owing to difficulty in walking, he can no longer serve with the artillery, as he could not escape quickly enough if Tommy arrived."

"It shows lamentable carelessness if one soldier, while cleaning his arms, injured four comrades by sheer negligence and in such a way that they will not be able to do any duty. Before cleaning weapons, in particular new weapons, sufficient instruction must be given in stripping and assembling so that everyone who may have to use these weapons is fully conversant with their use."

"No fewer than eleven desertions have been reported in the last eight days, seven of which were to the



enemy lines. Had roll-calls been made among the units, it should have come to light much earlier if anyone was missing and not only after several hours."

THE German man-power barrel is dry — the last which it contained is now forming front-line reinforcements. Youths, girls, old men and lame men — last members of the Volksturm — anyone, in fact, who can lift a rifle, these are being thrown into battle. Some of them, placed next to the young paratroopers fighting and dying in a wave of fanatical splendour, are doing well. Others are useless. They clutter strong points manned by the Wehrmacht, they scatter before Allied attacks. They spread panic instead of the spirit of resistance of which they themselves supposedly serve as the supreme example.

Hundreds of Volksturm aged between 50 and 60 have been fighting bitter street battles, do-or-die efforts in cellars and subways.

Volksturm are armed with little else but rifles. But they have been used in some of the most vital sectors, and in their ranks are old Nazis who have ripped party emblems from uniforms to escape Allied punishments through military courts to deal with offences committed in combat or during service with the regular German army. Juvenile members do not escape. They are tried by tribunal in the same way as adults. Courts with supreme authority in C-in-C Heinrich Himmler deal primarily with Volksturm who "didn't make the grade".

Each man to fight to the last...

PASSED TO YOU



DEATH HAS A TELESCOPE

The Jap sniper makes up in cunning what he loses in bad marksmanship.

A smart Jap once held up a patrol for hours. He operated from a tree top. The advancing troops halted when fired on, located the sniper and fired. A body fell from a tree. They advanced and were fired on again. They stopped, fired and made another "kill". Then the same thing happened all over again. Investigation showed that there was only one Jap in the area. He had placed dummies in several trees, and these were attached to pulley arrangement so that after being "killed" they could be hauled up again for a repeat performance. This method was used elsewhere on the same front — New Guinea — but the snipers did not get away with it. One of them made his last mistake by pulling up the "dead sniper" too soon after letting it fall.

They Snipe — And Tell

There should be no under-estimation of the value of getting a really intelligent man for first-class sniping. Snipers are often in a position to observe enemy activity. Such activity he must be able to assess in importance if he is to be of help to his commanders.

Finally there is a little matter of human patience. Any deer-stalker will tell you that an impatient marksman does not qualify for the description. You cannot be restless and invisible at the same time. You cannot catch the Hun with his pants down unless you wait, and then wait and wait and wait, until the time comes when he does offer you a line in your sights. And you cannot stay alive as a sniper if you don't wait, for the Hun, remember, is anxious to cut notches as you are.

Good snipers are careful men. Bad snipers are dead ones. ★

"THE object of sniping is to make

round holes in square heads."

This is the sniper's first definition. This is his last thought before squeezing the trigger. Unless the sniper realizes from the beginning that this is his only object he will eventually become a dangerous liability to his comrades.

What is a sniper? Is he one of the best shots in the battalion armed with a standard weapon, or is he something more? Most certainly he is much more.

A sniper must be:

- a) a marksman — not just a good shot;
- b) armed with a specially accurate rifle with which he is fully acquainted;
- c) skilled in fieldcraft, camouflage and stalking;
- d) courageous, self-reliant and patient.

Such men are not always easy to find.

When they are, it takes weeks, sometimes months to train them. Snipers are hunters, skilled "killers".

Now on German ground it is the Hun's reaction to sniping we must consider. Does he like to use snipers? The answer is yes.

Where will he use them? Usually whenever possible. One of the first notices to be erected on the frontier of Germany was "Beware snipers". It was put up for a good reason. Germans believe that you should not leave such obvious stumbling blocks as woods and villages without adding something unpleasant for new residents. They will often leave behind, in addition to a magnificient variety of booby traps, a scattered delaying force of picked men — all of them snipers.

Yes, But Whose?

That common phrase "snipers in the area" is often misleading to troops. It tells them little of any help. Whose are they, theirs or ours? Alternatively the difference is not of great consequence to those who know the mind of the German soldier. Snipers hunt snipers. There is often only one way to eliminate such sources of trouble. You must send a sniper to catch a sniper.

Here is some proof that good snipers are invaluable for distracting the enemy's counterpart. T/Sgt. Frank Kwaitek of the U.S. Army has already mutilated some of his government's equipment. He will not be punished. Nineteen of the notches,



1. When taking time may save your life. They are locating the farmhouse window used by a sniper. Rushing at it would be suicide.



2. Puzzle: Find the Sniper. No wonder his guard is keeping so close. An example of perfectly adapted camouflage.



3. His costume resembles a leopard skin — and he strikes with the speed and surprise of a leopard, too. Now his teeth have been drawn.

QUIZ -

Here is the third of SOL-DIER's series of Questions and Answers on the Services' release scheme. Is your question here?

Q. Is any priority given to Colonials or members of the Dominions who enlisted into British Units?

A. No.

Q. If, subsequent to my call-up, my job was filled by another man and we are released together, who has priority of reinstatement?

A. The man who was first employed by the firm.

Q. If I marry during my release leave can I draw marriage allowance?

A. Yes. You must apply to your Record Officer.

Q. Can I be released in the country in which I am serving?

A. Yes, provided the government of the country accepts you as a resident. There will, however, be no direct release in 21 Army Group. A man who applies for release in the country in which he is serving will be treated as if for repatriation. He will be posted to a unit in the United Kingdom and he will be repatriated from there.

Q. Will regular soldiers be offered release in Class "B"?

A. No.

Q. Can the time of the passage to and from an overseas station be counted as foreign service?

A. Yes, all service from embarkation to disembarkation is reckoned.

Q. How does a disability which renders me unfit for my pre-war work affect my reinstatement rights?

A. There are special arrangements for disabled men to resume civil life which will be fully explained in due course.

Q. Am I a soldier, subject to military law during my release leave?

A. Yes.

Q. Is there any length of service required before a married woman can claim release?

A. Six months minimum service holds good for everyone.

Q. Is there any possibility of men released in Class "B" being sent overseas for reconstruction work?

A. Yes. The American husband must take action through his own Government.

- ON WHO GOES OUT?

Talking about MEN

SOLDIER INTO BOOKSELLER

NEW YEAR, 1942, found 36-year-old William Leonard Vaughan in his civvy job with a firm of wholesale booksellers. The following September, Trooper Vaughan of the Royal Tank Regiment was out in the Western Desert waiting for Monty to give the word "Go!" for the battle of El Alamein. There was little luck in that battle for Trooper Vaughan — at least, so it seemed at the time — for on October 24 he lost his leg. But just over two years later he became the tenant of a little shop in London's Tottenham Court Road.

First step. A visit to the Employment Exchange, where he has a friendly reception.

He had achieved the object of many Servicemen's ambitions. He had become his own master.

While he was in hospital a Ministry of Labour official came to see him, took down details of his past experience, and arranged for him to start work in an aeroplane factory in Middlesex. Before his sick-leave was up, he had started work there as a secretary. But he had always had ideas of starting a shop of his own, and in October, 1943, he filled in a Board of Trade application form for a licence to trade. As he had been in the book business before the war and was a disabled ex-Serviceman for whom, the Ministry of Labour said, retail trade offered good prospects of resettlement in civil life, the Board of Trade granted him the licence and Trooper Vaughan started to move into his new shop.

Smartening Up

The shop looked far from new, having had all its windows blown in by a flying bomb, but Trooper Vaughan got round the lack of glass by allowing the bookshop to be open to the street, so that the public were almost inside before they realised there wasn't a window. Assisted by friends, he got to work with the limited amount of wood he was allowed and built shelves, which were afterwards given a coat of wartime paint. The books having been arranged in an attractive display, the shop opened for business last January. Already trade is increasing, and with it the supplies of books.

For all those who are thinking of reopening their shops, or starting on their own, the following points from Board of Trade regulations are worth noting.

The licensing arrangements apply to ex-Servicemen as well as other people, but the Board of Trade has established a Register of retail traders who have had to close during the war. This Register applies to all retail shops except food shops, and to all shopkeepers who were in business for a substantial period before closing down. The Government have laid down that during the transition period after the end of the German war the Location of Retail Businesses Order will continue. This means that during that period not all who wish may set up shop, but licences will be granted on application, and as a matter of course, to people on the Register who wish to reopen.

It is therefore most important that Servicemen who had businesses before the war should put themselves on the Register. New licences will be granted to ex-Servicemen who have been disabled (as in the case of Trooper Vaughan) only on condition that their setting up shop would not prejudice the possible future trade of anyone on the retail traders list.

Keep Your Eyes Open

If, like Trooper Vaughan, you are thinking of going into business on your own when you are released, here are some more points to remember:

Should you be buying a business already established, get an accountant to check the turnover and profits, including those before the war if possible. Don't pay a fancy price for the good-will.

Don't expect both big profits and a big turnover. "Small profits, quick returns" and vice versa still holds good. With books, for example, you get about 25 per cent. profit, but turn over your stock only two or three times a year. To make good in grocery you will have to turn over your stock 30 to 40 times (much of it is perishable) at a profit of 5 - 7 per cent.

Many businesses were, and are likely to be, overcrowded. Before the war, for example, only a small proportion of petrol stations were profitable. To make a real success of a garage you need quite a lot of repair equipment and the "savvy" to use it.

War conditions are abnormal. When peace comes there are likely to be big shifts of population and industry, so make as certain as you can that you will not be left high and dry such changes.

In addition to the assistance given by the Ministry of Labour, many of the leading trades are setting up advisory panels to help newcomers. Get in touch with them.

5. One more small business safely launched.

WHEN you're touring Shakespeare in wartime you can't take a shipload of props and costumes with you — and what's more you're going to find it a job to get a cast together. So when the British Council decided that the farthest parts of the Empire ought to get a chance of hearing some Shakespeare in spite of wartime conditions, they chose one of our best-known actresses, Marie Ney, for the task.

It was a good choice. Miss Ney's voice and presence are among the most moving on the stage today, and she has full command of those overtones of character which mean all the difference between a competent and an inspired recital. And, as you see, she doesn't need to dress the part to get her effects. Battle-dress, in a theatrical sense, is what you stand up in, and Shakespeare with Miss Ney to interpret him survives the test triumphantly.

Miss Ney, who was educated in New Zealand and made her first appearance on the stage at Melbourne, is used to travel. Nor is she merely on nodding terms with Shakespeare, for she was at one time leading lady at the Old Vic, that stronghold of our dramatic tradition.

"Then came the war," she said. "Like many other people I was just beginning to make my way. I tried to rejoin the Services, but they turned me down on medical grounds. Then I heard about Air Transport. During my spare time before the war I had managed to get an 'A' pilot's licence, but after being turned down by the R.A.F. I didn't think I stood a chance. To my surprise they accepted me. For three years I flew anything from a Tiger Moth to a Stirling bomber. Then my health went back on me and I was discharged."

But while he was serving Frank Weir had, like many of us, decided that what he wanted when he got back to Civvy Street was something a bit better than he had before.

"First I gathered a band round me — as many as possible of them ex-Servicemen. They had plenty of new ideas and they were willing to listen. We gave the public something new in dance music. It was a hard fight to get recognised again, but after we had our first broadcast success soon followed."

After only twelve months as a civilian Weir is already well established. He admits he is making "plenty of money". He thinks that what he has done other men now serving will be able to do.

1 Macbeth, encouraged by his wife, covets the throne of Scotland. She hatches a plot to entertain Duncan, the reigning King, at their castle and there murder him secretly. Her husband has some scruples about this piece of treachery: Lady Macbeth none. What is more, she undertakes to do the deed of blood with her own hands.

On the Night of the Long Knives at Dunsinane she summons the spirits of evil to nerve her to the crime.

Lady Macbeth: "The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. Come, you spirits that tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here, and fill me from the crown to the toe top-full of direst cruelty!"

2 King John has usurped the throne of his infant nephew, Arthur, and hopes to make his position secure by an alliance with France. He therefore arranges a marriage between his niece, Blanche of Spain and the Dauphin, Constance, Arthur's mother, on hearing of this, realises it will mean the end of her son's claims.

Constance: "I will instruct my sorrows to be proud; for grief is proud and makes his owner stoop. To me and to the state of my great grief let kings assemble..."

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, is obsessed with the thought of his father's guilt in marrying the slayer of her husband. He suspects everybody of a conspiracy to hide the truth, and thinks his best friends are in league to deceive him. Even Ophelia, who sincerely loves him, comes under his lash, and is savagely rebuffed when she tries to approach him.

Ophelia: "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!... That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me, to have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

3

Austerity Shakespeare

Talking about WOMEN

She Also Serves...

UNABLE to write her own letters, because of infirmity, Mrs. A. R. Cooper-King of Kensington, London, decided to learn to type. That was some years ago. She little realised that her self-taught effort, in itself a triumph over physical handicaps, would play its part in the life of men in the front line, and help to while away the weary hours passed by the wounded lying in hospitals.

Like millions of others this plucky little woman heard the call for voluntary workers in the early war days, and had a burning desire to respond. Because of arthritis she can walk only with the aid of a stick, and then but for a short distance. Canteen work, sewing, packing parcels, and all the other normal voluntary tasks were beyond her, even as a work-at-home job.

She was still itching to do something when she heard that a mile from her flat a number of women no longer in their first youth and unable to engage in very strenuous tasks were sitting daily in a borrowed house mending and binding the thousands of books given by people at home for distribution to the Services in all theatres of war.

Many of these books have a page or two missing, or defaced by mischievous youngsters, but a duplicate copy of the book concerned is obtained and sent to Mrs. Cooper-King who types a copy of the missing page for the mutilated book.

"You can't imagine how overjoyed I was when the opportunity came to do this little job," Mrs. Cooper-King said when SOLDIER's London correspondent called on her in a blitzed Kensington square. Workmen had not long finished effecting repairs to her flat, which had been doodle-bugged, and where she lives alone.

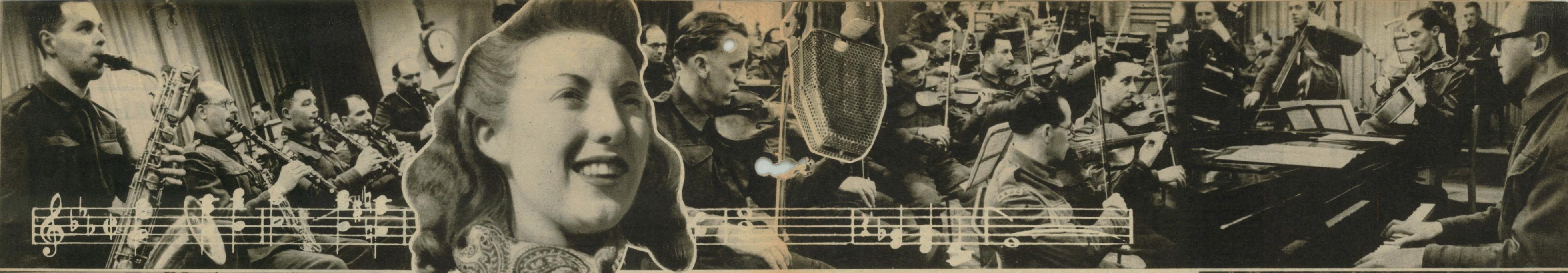
A rug round her legs, her stick by her chair, she was typing a page from a thriller. "I love the work. It's so interesting, and such a variety of books are sent me," she says. "I am sorely tempted to read them all. I wish I could do more, and stick in the pages when I've typed them, but my fingers are not strong enough. I've been doing this work for a year or two, and it gives me such pleasure to be able to do my little bit."

At the house a mile away where the principal book repair depot is situated our correspondent found a score of women and an 80-year-old retired stock-broker sitting at tables in a spacious drawing-room, each surrounded with pots of paste, strips of blind holland and offcuts of binding, busily mending books. Five of them at least have been doing this for nearly five years, all are anxious to go on when hostilities cease — for the benefit of men of the Armies of Occupation.

The number of books repaired by each person each day varies according to the condition of the books when brought in, but a fair average is six. In a little under five years the seven voluntary depots where the work is carried out have between them repaired 147,865 books.

It was during the last war that the idea of such depots originated. Miss Sylvia Steuart, B.E.M., daughter of an Army officer, started to collect and distribute books, and when this war broke out was the first to answer the War Office appeal for literature for the troops. The little band of workers she gathered around her has increased to over a hundred, and they all expect to be busily occupied for a considerable time after the "Cease Fire" has sounded — including the lady of the typewriter.

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WORK IN PROGRESS

VERA LYNN creates a song

THIS is the story of the creation of a song. The song is "Yours" and the creator is Vera Lynn. Its history is typical of half the tunes which are hummed and whistled the world over.

The tune "Yours" was written in South America in 1932 by a gentleman named Gonzalo Roig. Its first title was "Quieren Mucho" ("I love you so much") which didn't signify a great deal on this side of the water. In due course, however, it drifted over, just another tango tune, and some lyrics in English were written for it. This time it appeared as "Love me my Loved One", but even so no one perceived its possibilities. It kicked around until 1937 when the English lyric writer, Jack Sherr, wrote the verses of "Yours" for the tune.

Still it lay on the shelf in Charing Cross Road, London's Tin Pan Alley, and acquired that layer of dust which is not unusual for the work of aspiring composers.

It costs a publisher very little (say £20) to acquire the first rights on a song in manuscript. If it attracts the attention of a star crooner or a band leader, then and only then is it printed, copyrighted, recorded and published. After that the big money starts to roll in — or not.

Tempo Troubles

So "Yours" lay on the shelf along with scores of others and the dust accumulated over it. Then early in 1940, Walter Ridley, who "sets" songs for Miss Lynn, marked it down for a trial. "Out of twenty-five songs", says Vera, "He sorts down to about five possibles. We run 'em through and if they're any good we have a do. If not they go back on the heap. 'Yours' turned out to be just what I was looking for to sing in 'Apple Sauce' at the Palladium." She and Ridley then get to work on what is called the routine. A song in manuscript is written "straight," that is, in one rhythm only, maybe waltz or fox-trot or what you please. "With this time," Miss Lynn explains, "I have the first chorus ad lib, then I sing the verse in tango — the six-eight rhythm you know — and so on to the next chorus in Beguine, which means a South American dance tempo."

It's an exacting process, this trying out of a song in every shade of appeal. No one can calculate how many songs have been scrapped which might have brought fame to their composers if they had been written in a slightly different tempo. But that's part of the luck of the game. With the methods used by Miss Lynn and her assistants there's not much chance of a song good in other respects being discarded because of this defect. If

it's got any good in it at all, from the point of view of popular favour, this kind of work-out is guaranteed to reveal it.

With this decided, the next stage of a song's career is that it goes to an orchestrator, in this case Stan Bowsher, who does all Miss Lynn's music for her. He arranges the individual band parts and turns the original tune from a single idea into a fashionable, finished piece of modern music, ready to go into the programme as a full-fledged "number".

Can't Read Music

Vera says "I learn a tune pretty easily, although I can't read music. I get the words into my head and then run them over and over again until I don't have to bother any more because they just come naturally. Then I can think about the singing."

There speaks the natural, born singer. Vera, in fact, sings like a thrush, as sweetly and spontaneously. The fact that she cannot read music may astonish some people, but, after all, there's no reason why, if she can memorise a song and render it with every shade of feeling, she should go through the purely academic process of reading it on paper. There are plenty of people who can read music who could not sing like Vera in a thousand years. And there are not many who would not give their ability to read music for a voice like hers.

"Apple Sauce" at the Palladium was a success. So was Miss Lynn with her new, and still unpublished, song. After three months the public, which means the people who buy sheet music — the smaller dance bands and the amateurs — began to demand "Yours" in printed form. Finally Tin Pan Alley put it on the market, and a quarter of a million copies ran off the presses before the demand began to slacken. It was recorded for the gramophone and sold 180,000. Like "Lili Marlene" it ran around the globe, and was whistled by soldiers from Burma to Saskatchewan. Men in dusty bivvys in Tobruk or grim barracks in Aldershot listened for it on the radio or hummed it to mouth organs. There haven't been many best-sellers to match it.

Catch in the Throat

So there it is: the success story of "Tipperary" of this war. Like most other popular melodies it went through the routine mill, but just happened to come out on top because it had that particular something which gives men a catch in their throats and makes them remember. With "Lili Marlene" it was the husky, intimate whisper of the cabaret singer broadcasting to the Afrika Korps in the Western Desert which caught the imagination of men on both sides. With "Yours" it was the golden voice (doubly

so, for it earns many thousands of pounds a year) of Vera Lynn.

A song, like a novel or any other written matter, is copyrighted by its sale in print to the public. Until then it has no real existence. Until a star crooner or a big band has taken it up it's just an untried runner in the publisher's stables, not nominated for any particular race. Its manuscript pages may never see printer's ink. Once launched by a singer or a band, its fate is with the public. No amount of "plugging" (playing encouraged by backsheesh from the publishers) will make a soldier whistle a tune if it doesn't take his fancy. But if it just happens to catch on, then even the shortage of paper, which is pretty acute these days, won't stop it.

The Rewards

What about the rewards of success? The average writer gets a royalty of 5% on each copy sold for 1/- The singer who has particularly identified herself with the song gets nothing out of this, but cashes in on the sale of the gramophone records at up to three-halfpence a disc, which may amount to a nice, steady income, with luck. Even so she earns most of her money by just straight singing, and here all singers are shy of admitting the figure for which they will perform. The top liners earn £150 a week and up — right up — on the halls for a twenty minute turn.

But don't think it's easy to get up to those rarefied heights. You've got to be able to fight your way up through a whole crowd of people who think they're much better than you, and are, from experience, expert at marketing their wares.

Vera's success, let us recognise, is exceptional. She doesn't owe it to her voice alone, but also to exceptional grit and a resolution to follow her star through thick and thin. These are qualities which aren't so common.

And the Next?

What's the next hit going to be? Miss Lynn thinks "Do you ever dream of tomorrow?" may be a world-beater, but recognises that the decision is with you. It has most of the aids, a good, simple melody which people who can vamp at all will be able to pick out on the piano, and a nice, appealing lyric. Difficult "jive" tunes rarely sell in big quantities — almost the only big success of this type is "In the Mood" which, curiously, is comparatively easy to play.

So, if you're minded that way, turn your thoughts to another "Isle of Capri," a "Lili Marlene" (half a million and still going strong) or a "Yours."

Miss Lynn's publisher says he tried to alter this trend a month or so back, thinking maybe the public was getting tired of Junes and Moons and Love with Stars Above. But not a bit of it. The sentimental song is still the undisputed top of the market and, try as it may, Tin Pan Alley can't alter your mood. It can only reflect it by putting out for your consideration the tunes you may decide to whistle.

And day after day the search for new ones goes on.

P.Y.C.

BIOGRAPHY

VERA LYNN was born in East Ham as Vera Welsh, the daughter of a plumber working for the London Co-op. She won't say how long ago that happened. "I don't mind now I'm young, but I don't want people saying 'Why, she must be 90' later on."

She's a blonde, with blue-grey eyes. Weighs 9 stone 4 lbs. and is 5 ft. 6 1/2 ins. tall.

EARLY DAYS

FIRST engagement at the age of seven at Dagenham Church Hall for a Charity Concert brought her in 7/6 for expenses. She's never looked back.

Starting crooning with Joe Loss and his band, she did her first broadcast for him in 1935 at the old No. 10 studios by Waterloo Bridge — "Red Sails in the Sunset."

She's worked also for Charlie Kunz and for Ambrose, with whom she first met her husband Harry Lewis, the clarinettist, now invalided out of the R.A.F. They married in August 1941.

TRIP TO BURMA

NOW she stars on her own ("She's Miss Joe Practical, you know," says Harry) and tours with her pianist and conductor, Len Edwards. With him she flew 22,000 miles on a trip for ENSA to Burma last year, the first girl to get as far as that.

Hobbies are painting, dressmaking ("Just my summer frocks") and gardening. She's very energetic about the last for she's just bought a lovely estate on the South Downs after being bombed-out at Barking where she used to live.

FUTURE PLANS

FAN-MAIL varies from 300 to 600 a day, a lot of it from the Far East. "I'm very rationed over my photographs nowadays — it's a job to know who to send them to, even the little ones which are all going strong" or a "Yours."

Plans? "To retire before I'm finished — I don't want any 'charity' bookings. To get the garden going properly. And a couple of kids, maybe, when I get time."

According to the publisher, "The secret of the kid's success is that she's genuinely sincere, and sounds it. That," he says, "always gets 'em."



The song is sung by Vera in the Albert Hall. It is still unpublished, but if the public demand is sufficiently keen, it will go into print. Paper is scarce, so publishers go for songs for which there is an established popularity.

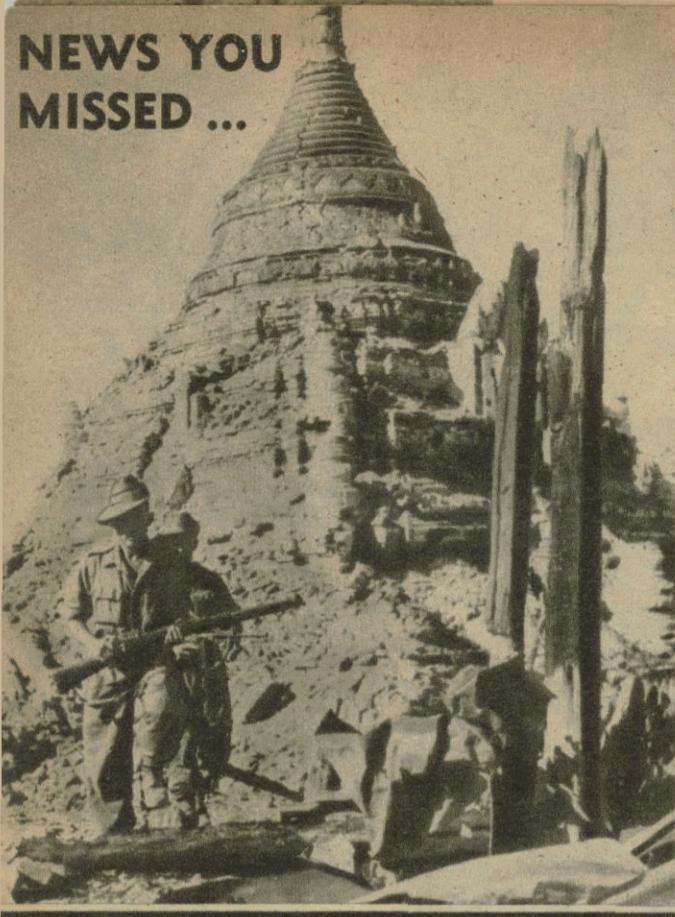
The song is chosen. Walter Ridley has run through the publisher's stock of manuscripts and winnowed the "possibles" down to two or three "probables". Vera can't read music, so Ridley advises her in the early stages. Later he "sets" the music, deciding the various rhythms in which verse and chorus will be played.



The "Arrangement" is planned. Stan Bowsher (left) who will be doing the orchestration of the song, for the piano and band-parts, discusses the problems with Walter Ridley (at piano). Jimmy Phillips, the publisher (centre) keeps an eye on the job. Vera likes orchestrations with plenty of work for the strings.



The record is made. This is the final stage in the launching of a song. Vera sings with an orchestra conducted by Len Edwards to make a record for Decca. Again, musicians and materials are scarce and only the likely hits are made permanent. Once recorded, the song is well on its way to success.



Two 14th Army men searching shell-blasted Mabein for Jap survivors. There were none.

THE men of the 14th Army fighting the Japs in Burma will be pleased when they hear I have told their story to you. In Europe every move you made was listened to over the radio and read in our newspaper "SEAC". They knew you had a tough job. They knew you were finishing it. They want you to know what they are doing too.

Mandalay is not the end for them. It is a punctuation mark in a 700 miles journey; a journey through jungle; across some of the widest rivers in the world; over 10,000-feet peaks; through mud and monsoons; through dust and heat — and all this fighting against an enemy who never surrenders. He fights to the death or clears out. Very rarely does he clear out.

Not Like Kipling

And what about the morale of your comrades that I left after they had beaten the Japs out of Mandalay? Many of them have been fighting on half rations, cigarettes are five per man per day (some men were unlucky and went days without a smoke). What of their morale? The highest in the world. That includes your morale too.

Mandalay is an important rail, road and waterway centre. It's the hub of Burma. When I left, the city was broken and smashed by war. But even before

this happened it would have disillusioned any soldier who imagines Kipling's familiar descriptive lines to be true in detail. There are no flying fishes on the road to Mandalay, for the city is a long way from the sea, and flying fishes are not common even in the Bay of Bengal. The dawn that is supposed to "come up like thunder outer China 'crost' the bay" is not in accordance with geographical reality. Sunrise in Burma is a wonderful sight, but there is no seashore between the city and China.

That road to Mandalay could scarcely be called a road at all. It was at best a track originally marked by Burmese carts, its ruts deepened by our transport, bulldozed and roughly levelled; simply wheel tracks leading across bone-dry paddy fields — tracks euphemistically described on my map as "motorable in dry season". They are covered inches deep in dust, grey dust. Every vehicle sent up a cloud of it which spread over

THE FALL OF MANDALAY

By Captain

Bernard A. Wedgory (Indian Army) who flew from Burma to Britain to tell the story of the fall of the second city in Burma to the 14th Army.

everything, and coming along behind I found it dropped slowly down and we churned it up afresh. A dense grey fog, allowing the advancing transport a couple of yards' visibility. I drove through this cloud of negative grey dust as our infantry were in the outskirts of Mandalay. My jeep was part of a column of jeeps, trucks, lorries, guns, infantry mule trains. The jeeps heaved wildly over paddy ridges and into fields to get past slower vehicles. Mules on the move — scores of them — plodding onwards, heads down, jolting side to side and, near the head of the train, two small, narrow wheel carts. In the back of one of them hung a blackened fire can and, peeping over the top, head between two paws, a little white puppy rapidly turning grey like everything else.

Wild West Touch

Soldiers with bush hats at odd angles, and handkerchiefs draped over the lower part of their faces, lent a bizarre touch, but the final incongruity was a man riding a horse, red handkerchief over his face and a rifle held loosely at the ready across his saddle. He was reminiscent of a bandit in a Wild West film, only his rifle wasn't a prop — the Jap makes it a necessity.

The eye caught dead Japs — swollen and grotesque. We were nearing the city and our column spread into fields, widening and flattening-out for the attack. Later in the day we dug fox-holes and made camp for the night. Tins of bully were swapped with Burmese for fresh eggs and pails of water. Guns and rifles were cleaned. The Army's tail piled itself up. More guns and machines got

into position. They had come a long, hard, gruelling road, but they were ready for the final stage of the three weeks' fight for Burma's second city. Sweating and cursing, but on the top of their form, the men of the 19th (Dagger) Division knew they had the Japanese in Mandalay beaten.

Our assault was helped by Dakotas carrying combat cargo which they dropped from roof-top height. USAAF air evacuation service carried British and Indian wounded back to hospital only an hour or two after air strips were taken.

End of a Monastery

I watched our guns firing point-blank at Japs in Fort Dufferin. The enemy used a monastery as an observation point, and reluctantly we had to put paid to it. The Japs were disorganised and bewildered by the speed of the Dagger Division's advance. After we captured Mandalay hill our men crossed the racecourse and broke into the city. There they met Jap artillery and machine-gun fire. There were Jap snipers everywhere.

From an aircraft I viewed our green-clad Army closing in. I saw building after building burst into red-black flames as the Japs destroyed what they could not hold, and then at the eleventh hour, when the fighting was at its hottest, the live Japanese turned and fled.

Mandalay was ours, but Mandalay was knocked flat. We had beaten the Japs and we had won the hub of Burma. That was good enough for the 14th Army. Meanwhile, onwards until the Japanese are pulverised as you have pulverised the Germans.

It is 75 miles from Hopin to Mawlu, fourteen days' journey through a monsoon-swept jungle, over Japanese road blocks, through devastated villages where every track is mined, along the jagged rocks of river beds or thigh deep in oozing clay. Men of the 14th Army swept a roadway through the jungle and captured Mawlu to make another 75 miles of the road to Tokio safe for the advance. Here some of them are seen fording a river in their path with a mule train.



Eddie Hapgood
tells of:

My Greatest Cup Final Thrill

I HAD only been in the Arsenal first team little over a year when we beat mighty Huddersfield Town in the 1930 Cup Final. It was a great win, and a great moment for the old Boss (Mr. Herbert Chapman) who had made Huddersfield into a wonderful side, and who had then come on to make us an even greater team. It was the start of our great run. In the next eight years we won the League five times, were runners-up once, and finished third on another occasion. We also won the Cup and were beaten in the final.

There was a lot of newspaper criticism about our first goal. One school of thought had it that Alex James committed an infringement when scoring. Others argued that it was quite legal. We of the Arsenal contended then, and I do so now, that is was fair.

Fair Tactics

Alex was fouled somewhere near the penalty area, and, almost before the ball had stopped rolling, had taken the free-kick. He sent a short pass to Cliff Bastin, moved into position to take a perfect return, and banged the ball into the Huddersfield net for the all-important first goal. Tom Crew told me that James made a silent appeal for permission to take the kick, and he waved him on. It was one of the smartest moves ever made in a big match and it gave us the cup. I contend that it was fair tactics; for if Alex had waited a few seconds for the whistle, the Huddersfield defence would have been in position, and the advantage of the free-kick would have been lost. Jack Lambert got the second goal late in the second half, also from a move by Alex.

During the second half there occurred one of those incidents which make a match of this kind even more dramatic. There is always a lot of noise in a Cup Final, but, above the hubbub, we heard a deep resonant booming, and, over our heads, there floated into view the German airship, "Graf Zeppelin", looking like a great lazy trout as it drifted in the sunshine. It flew the length of the stadium and dipped in salute to King George V.

The luck doesn't always run smoothly, even for Arsenal, much as many people would have us believe, and it went against us in my second Final, against Newcastle United, in 1932. I still think their first goal should have been disallowed, but there's nothing I can do about it now. We were appealing for an "over-the-line" incident?

Was It Over?

Boyd, the Newcastle right-winger, cut inside to chase a long ball from Sammy Weaver, but I was there first and hit it upfield in the direction of Jack Lambert, our centre-forward. Meanwhile, Richardson had run out to the wing, when Boyd cut inside. Davison, the Newcastle centre-half, intercepted my clearance and banged it down the right wing. Richardson chased after the ball.

It was a long ball and I could see that it would be a desperately close thing if he were to catch it. Richardson, travelling at top speed, drew up to it and centred first time. But, by that time, we were appealing for an "over-the-line" ball. At the same time, Allen cracked the centre into the net. But although we protested strongly to the referee (Mr. W.P. Harper, of Stourbridge), he allowed the goal to stand. Allen got another later

on, and we only scored one, through Bob John. But that's the luck of the game.

If I were asked to say which was my greatest match, without hesitation I should plump for the last England-Scotland international at Hampden Park before the war, April 15, 1939. Not for twelve years had England won at Hampden, and I figured our lads had a sort of inferiority complex when they went to Glasgow. Mind you, the whole atmosphere is enough to upset even the most iron-nerved. Glasgow is football mad at big match time. The Scots eat, drink, talk and dream football, and, naturally, the visiting side are affected by this atmosphere. The English teams which had been beaten were, on paper, good enough to hold their own, but there you are, not since gallant Jack Hill and his lads had snatched an odd goal win in 1927, had proud Scotland been humbled on their own soil.

Going up in the train I used all my eloquence on the rest of the team and told them the Scots weren't supermen, that eleven Englishmen were as good as eleven Scots any day, and other things to the same effect. In the hotel I continued my pep talk, and carried on in the dressing-room until I must have hypnotised the team into thinking the match was as good as won.

Roar That Stuns

We had a good team that day. Woodley was in goal, Morris (Wolves) and myself backs, Willingham, Stan Cullis and Mercer, half-backs, Matthews, Willie Hall, young Tom Lawton, as big as a house and full of confidence, Len Goulden and Pat Beasley, my former Arsenal colleague, who so narrowly missed a cup winner's medal in 1936 and who, not long before this game, had been transferred to Huddersfield, were the forwards.

The Scottish team also looked a good 'un: Dawson (Rangers); Carabine (Third Lanark), Cummings (Villa); Shanky (Preston), Baxter (Middlesbrough), McNab (West Bromwich); McSpadyen (Partick Thistle), Walker (Hearts), Dougal (Preston), Venters (Rangers) and Jackie Milne (Middlesbrough), another former colleague at Highbury.

We followed Scotland on to the field, getting the back-wash of the tremendous welcome, which had lifted itself to the

The Graf Zeppelin hovers over the Cup Final at Wembley, April 1930.

skies. There is no other soccer roar on earth like that of Hampden. It smashes back and forth across the world's largest stadium, stuns you, and leaves you gasping for breath.

We won that day, we won as I knew we could, the better side, and with no hard luck stories. The match had its ups and downs early on, and Scotland got the first goal when Dougal, the quicksilver Preston forward, set the Scots a-roaring. But young Pat Beasley, bless his heart, banged in the equaliser for us 20 minutes from time, when the Scottish defence was definitely struggling.

Nerves on Edge

And that's how the score stood until a few minutes from time, when, although we were giving all we had, I began to despair of breaking that Hampden hoodoo. The crowd was still there. The great struggle had gripped them as it had got us, and pressmen, high up in that draughty eagles' eyrie in the Main Stand, have told me since that they found it difficult to concentrate their thoughts for the morrow's story in the electrical atmosphere. Every move was cheered. The Hampden roar smashed and echoed every time the Scots looked like attacking. The minutes ticked away, until there were only three left.

Then Len Goulden sent a long pass looping up the right touchline. Stan Matthews was there to pick up that ball. A bewildering juggle beat McNab, and he was away. The other England forwards ran into position while the Scots' defenders dropped back to cover this new danger. Still Matthews went on. Cummings was in attendance now, but Stanley took the ball right down to the corner flag. Cummings tackled desperately, but Matthews, evading the outflung boot, cracked the ball into the middle. Big Tom Lawton was there, and his head flashed the ball into the top corner of the net past the leaping Dawson. We'd beaten Scotland.

Conquering Heroes

It was a tragic disappointment for those fanatics over the Border, but they took it like sportsmen and gave us a terrific

ovation as we trooped off the field, most of the players tired, nay, exhausted. It had been a hard game, but I was so elated that I ran round the field, patting my team on the back. Joe Mercer, who had played himself to a standstill, said he envied me my fitness. But we were, oh, so happy. And the scene in the English dressing-room was like Mafeking night. Eleven grown men, most of them tried and tested in the international field, some with half a dozen or more caps to their credit, chattered and laughed like excited schoolboys. And I was the happiest of them all. I think that was my greatest playing memory.

Nineteen-twenty-nine was a year of destiny for Arsenal — and myself. In that year the foundations were laid of the mighty side which was to sweep everything before it, and which was to become the greatest club side soccer history has known.

During the season which ended in April 1929, I had finally clinched my place in the Arsenal team, while Herbert Roberts, Charlie Jones and Jack Lambert had also made their appearance. During the following summer, Herbert Chapman made two of his greatest 'buys', to change, materially, the fortunes of our club.

He signed Alexander James and Clifford Sydney Bastin.

James was 28 and brought, from Preston, a reputation which cost Arsenal £9,000; Bastin was barely 17 and had been a professional footballer a matter of weeks. What a contrast and what a wing!

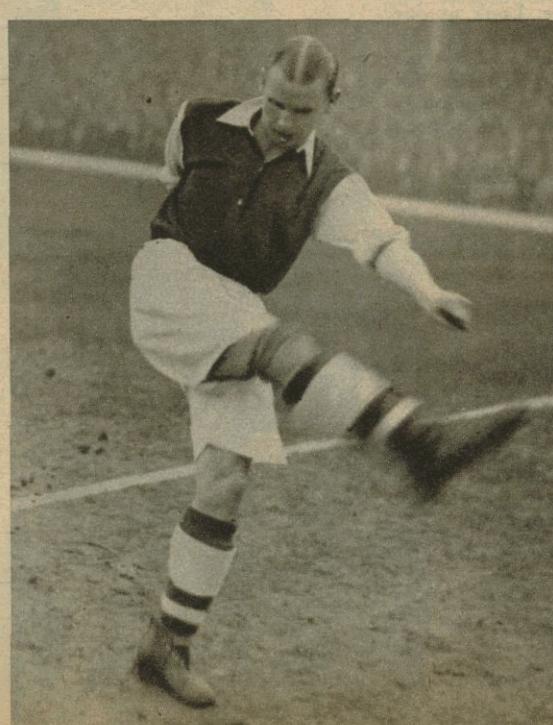
Study In Contrasts

Brought together from clubs as far apart as Preston and Exeter; one a tough little Scot from Bellshill, hard as a nut, commercially-minded, determined to get much out of football, who had joined Arsenal because it offered the best possibilities of improving his position; the other, the son of sturdy West Country folk, who was born to be great, quiet, reserved, but, even then, with the infinite ability of being able to play football with the touch of the master... their destinies were irretrievably interwoven. The James-Bastin wing was a natural.

It was with more than ordinary interest that I met Alex when we reported from training that August. I had met Scots, many of them, in this great game of ours, but never one with an accent like Alex's. But when I got to understand his dialect, we had much to do with each other. Alex believes in speaking his mind, a failing, or virtue, of mine, so we had that in common.

Apart from his accent, Alex also had an amazing pair of legs, "the most kicked legs in soccer", they were once called. However many times he was kicked during a match, and it was usually pretty often, the bruises never showed. And, frequently, until he got used to it, Tom would say Alex was swinging the lead, when he went to the Whittaker "surgery" for treatment.

The above is an extract from "Football Ambassador" (Sporting Handbooks, 9s.6d.) by Eddie Hapgood, who played 43 times for England and captained the side on the record number of 34 occasions.



A fine action picture of Clifford Bastin who, says Eddie Hapgood, was "born to be great, quiet, reserved, but, even then, with the infinite ability of being able to play football with the touch of the master." He came from the West Country to be one of Arsenal's stalwarts, and was in the side which made soccer history.

How are they at Home?



Who Gets The Beer?

DURING the past few years there have been periodic shortages of beer, particularly in country districts. We are now warned on good authority that the shortage is likely to get much worse this summer. Extra supplies, including sugar, given to brewers last year to increase their production, have been withdrawn. British brewers have been sent to operate breweries being opened in France, Belgium and Italy, and the brewers still say that home supplies are being sent abroad for troops in increasing quantities. Without wishing to deny that this is so we can only report that without exception every soldier we have met returning from Italy or B.L.A. denies that he has seen a pint this six months.

Local publicans here, spreading an atmosphere of alarm and despondency, tell us that they are laying in, under instruction from above, large supplies of ginger beer and lemonade, in the anticipation that the best customers can hope for this summer is a shandy. However, we are glad to learn that troops who took the German town of Mainz found the brewery intact.

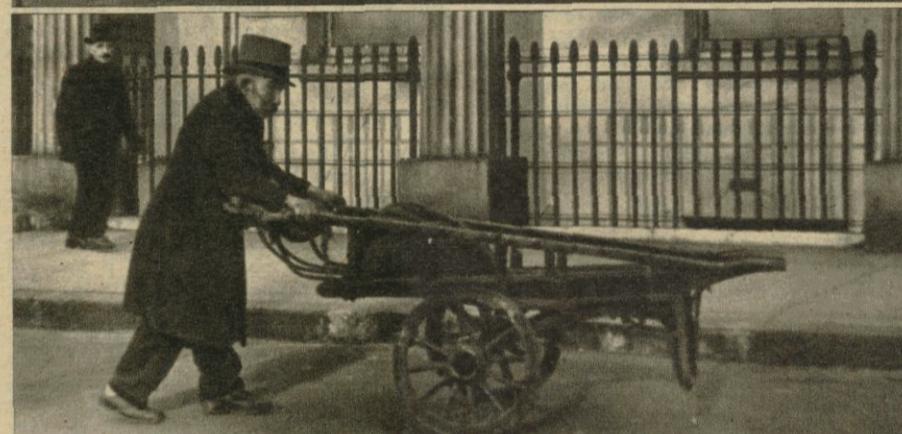
Tons of Money

ON the occasions when we have two pennies to rub together we often find that they are not pennies at all but halfpennies, or, at the beginning of the month, even threepenny bits. The reason for this is that since 1939 the Mint has struck 300 million halfpennies, but for over four years no pennies were issued. The idea was to save copper for munitions by issuing more of the twelve-edged threepenny bits. The Mint has struck 360,000,000 of them since war began, instead of 1,080,000,000 pennies, and has thus saved 8,000 tons of copper.

Our Vigilantes

ONE thing that this war does not seem to have affected is the activity of such "Universal Spinster Aunts" as the Lord's Day Observance Society and the London Public Morality Council. One English habit that is not rationed is minding somebody else's business. The London Public Morality Council is pleased with the wartime theatre and seeks to explain this improvement over last time by the lack of imported foreign naughtiness. "In the last war some plays, particularly from abroad, were poor. It is different this time. Some of the older plays used to have objectionable scenes, but such scenes seldom appear in modern plays." The B.C. are also complimented by the Council on their purity. So far as we could find out no mention was made about E.N.S.A.

M. M.



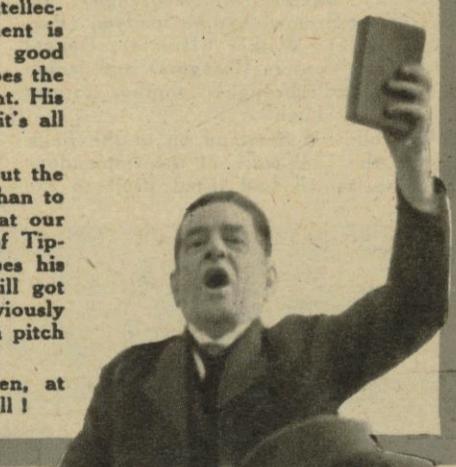
- they're still there!

WHAT has happened to the odd types of London — those queer figures who stick in our memories even after we've forgotten how some of the streets used to look before the blitz? Lots of them are still about. Remember the old gentleman with the grey topper and the barrow who tours the streets, pausing every so often to shout or sing? SOLDIER's photographer caught him the other day, cruising along under his own steam, just as raffish and picturesque as ever. Toppers (and even bowlers) in a more dignified form are still delivered daily to select West End addresses by Messrs. Scotts' impeccable equipage which can be seen in Piccadilly.

The Hyde Park orators are still going strong. Above, on the left, is an intellectual. Persuasive and brainy argument is his line of country, and being a good speaker he gets a fair crowd. So does the more spirited performer on the right. His subject? Well, if you must know, it's all about another injustice to Ireland.

Religion is still the main topic, but the crowds flock to the orator rather than to the matter of his discourse. Look at our old friend Ras Monolulu, Prince of Tipsters, whom we display below. Does his audience listen for advice (he's still got a horse) or for entertainment? Obviously the latter, for they follow him from pitch to pitch.

And on our way out, gentlemen, at Hyde Park Corner is the coffee stall!



A Day By The Sea

THOSE who went in search of Easter amusement as the seaside found themselves in as bad a state as this reporter who went to write about it. There just wasn't any. For the first time, Easter Sunday papers carried no news about crowded trains and long, patient queues at the railway stations. For what reason the great British public decided that their journey wasn't necessary we cannot tell. Anyway, we can only report a lonely and chilly vigil at that most popular resort, Southend-on-Sea, waiting for the crowds which did not materialise.

This was the first Easter that Southend had been open to the public since 1940, but the 80,000 people who flocked down by rail and road at Easter 1937 did not come to renew their acquaintance with an old friend — and who should blame them? There would have been nothing to do if they had come, but gaze at a receding tide or walk almost all the length of the famous pier, which had been opened to the public the day before the holidays began. Only superior Naval types could take the electric tram.

Come to the Fair

MOST of the boarding houses and small hotels have been requisitioned by the Army for a long time, and there is practically nowhere to stop. A day trip means bringing your own food for, though the Ministry of Food makes a special allocation for seaside restaurants at holiday time, it does not provide the staff to cook and serve the meals.

Along by the Kursaal, that dreary skeleton of noisy fun, a miniature fair was doing its best against a cold wind and lack of patrons. There was a V2 exhibition, and despite the fact that most Londoners have had more than enough of this secret weapon a desultory few were willing to pay six pence to see a hastily put together mock-up of the "bursting gas main" and its launching sites.

The Optimist

WE asked the "barker" outside what he thought of the small crowd. With typical British philosophy he blamed it on the weather. "They get down here," he said, "and they feel the cold wind and then they ops in for a cup of tea or a drink." When we pointed out that we had looked in the cafes and the pubs and had found, to our surprise, empty seats and plenty to drink, that there was every sign that far from hopping in for one they had preferred to stay at home, he looked hopefully at the grey sky and then at the muddy, wind-swept Thames Estuary and said that he guessed they'd be down later.

M. M.



Off Parade

FILMS

THE men of BLA are a highly exacting film audience. Battle does not render them uncritical — rather is the opposite true. In consequence the Army Kinema Service comes in for a fair amount of abuse which should be more accurately aimed at the film producers.

The truth is that the soldier's requirements often vary with his mood. If he is on 48 hours leave or in a back area he likes solid stuff like "Henry V" or "Western Approaches". If he has still one foot in a battle he prefers musicals.

In many places AKS has opened special shorts and newsreel theatres in forward areas to cater for soldiers who are too tired to sit through a full-length programme. As a general principle the same films are distributed in forward and rear areas, but adjustments have sometimes to be made to suit the soldier's mood. Sixty titles are booked each year, and in BLA these are shown at roughly the same time as they are being shown in Britain.

Mobile cinemas have carried the weight of service entertainment since D-Day. It is their special function to visit small units cut off from the more solid amenities of leave towns and rest centres.

Horses To Bury

These mobile cinema teams are called on to operate in widely different conditions. One week they may be working twelve hours a day to crowded houses in a rest camp. The next week they may be paddling about in a DUKWS to isolated Ack-ack or naval units in the outer Dutch islands. One week they may be showing to 5,000 men in the open air in a transit camp. The next week they may be showing to frontline troops within gun-range of the enemy, having spent the afternoon patching up holes in the roof of their improvised theatre and burying a few dead horses in a neighbouring field.

In the early days in Normandy the area we occupied was so small that the soldier could get in quite easily to the cinema. But as a general rule the cinema comes to the soldier.

An AKS mobile team is self-supporting. It has its own transport, carries its own operators, its own prints and its own generator. If possible it likes to show in a fair-sized hall, but in an emergency, it can show to 60 or 70 men off the back of its own truck.

THE following films are now being shown to BLA units by Army Kinema Service. **SOLDIER**, anticipating your tastes, has starred theme and hopes you will agree with the rating.

HENRY V ***

(British; Laurence Olivier).

William Shakespeare's chronicle play, first produced at the Globe Theatre, London in 1600, and now presented for the first time in colour.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE **

(American; Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins)

John van Druten's stage play, a domestic comedy turned into a film, and finely acted by two great stars.

LOST IN A HAREM *

(American; Abbott and Costello)

Knock-about farce with music.

LAURA ***

(American; Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews).

A smooth-running comedy thriller, very well played.

MRS PARKINGTON ***

(American; Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon).

A romantic drama about 19th century American millionaire's life at home and in Britain.

WESTERN APPROACHES **

(British)

A fine documentary in colour dealing with wartime naval conditions in the North Atlantic.

UNITED STATES **

(AKS production).

Designed to give the British soldier a picture of American life and history.

BLA has a generous allowance of mobile cinemas. There are at present 160 functioning in N.W. Europe, plus a number of locally purchased projectors and a few unit-owned "pirates". One section of 10 mobile teams is manned by ATS, the first of its kind to leave U.K. The number is steadily increasing, until, in a month or two's time, there will be one mobile dual projector to every 2,000 men.

Mobile cinemas are part of the order of Battle of Formations and go wherever the soldier goes. They are allocated in liaison with Army Welfare Service on a proportional basis. Every man, whether fighting or administrative, should get his fair share of cinema entertainment.



Hedy Lamarr — repeat Hedy, er, repeat...

Strange Goings-on at Herr Pottmayer's...

HERMANN Pottmayer never dreamed it would come to this... never dreamed that one day British troops would enter Pottmayer's Emporium, arrange the wax dummies from the window into a macabre Greek chorus, then sit down on the long counters and cry, "Bring on the dancing girls!" — the dancing girls being an ENSA front-line show.

Bizarre indeed have been the surroundings in which ENSA has operated in the forward areas. It does not follow that because a barn is half shot away that it is unsuitable for a show; a few shell holes in the roof make a useful overflow gallery.

STAGE

The smallest stage was probably that used by Sylvie St Clair, who gave a one-girl show from the turret of a tank.

And not only ENSA... The first ATS girl to entertain the troops in Germany played in a well-ventilated margarine factory at Goch, a building only slightly less damaged than the rest of the town. She was Yolanda Palumbo, 23-year-old blonde, who has been one of the "Stars in Battledress" for about a year. It was like singing in the ruins of Pompeii. There was no electric power, and the company were dependent on a generator belonging to an AKS unit showing films in the same building. But the men of an armoured brigade just lapped it up.

Like "Jane"

In a scene powerfully reminiscent of a "Jane" adventure in the "Daily Mirror", one ENSA company in a broken-down truck reached its destination under tow by a farm horse. In another scene more reminiscent of Abbott and Costello, a Re-diffusion van (or "mobile juke-box" to the Canadians) found itself in the

forefront of an advance. The sergeant-driver, after entertaining a forward unit with a recorded programme, took the wrong road. He hooted to overtake two carriers, then happened to look in his driving mirror. He saw a startling sight: carriers in battle formation, and troops strung out across the fields. The Re-diffusion van was leading the big push. But the only barrage it encountered was a barrage of witticisms as it scuttled to the rear.

The same driver had three of his four loudspeakers carried away by a German shell. These loud-speakers have a range of three-quarters of a mile. Bob Hope might care to know that when the shell hit the van the record being played was "Yodel Boy" sung by Bing Crosby. Anyway, the van finished the programme on one loud-speaker.

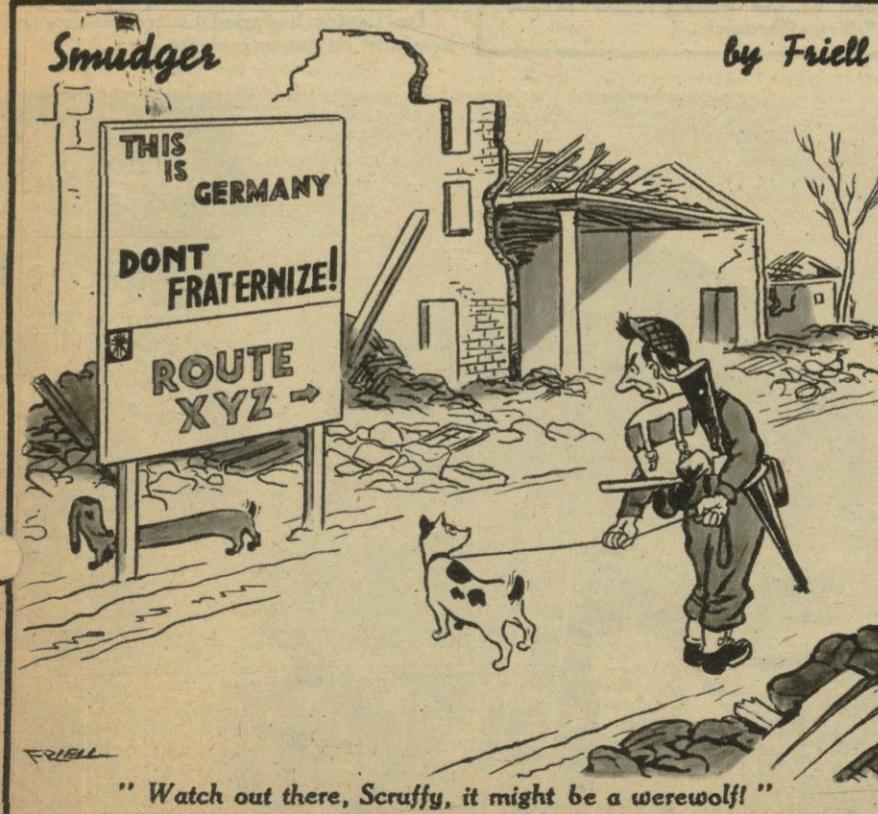
SMALL TALK

"As long as the notes go down and come up again, I am beginning not to mind." — Irene Kohler, the pianist, when warned about BLA pianos.

"I thought it was the film in which Charles Laughton ate a chicken with his fingers." — Alleged statement by unknown BLA man, after seeing "Henry V".

Things you wouldn't know unless we told you: The French title for the film "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is — "Miss Ba".

Things we should never have dared to do: the clowns Devine and King played a "swing" version of "Lady Be Good" on the ancient carillon at Ghent.



"Watch out there, Scruffy, it might be a werewolf!"

BRAVE NEW WORLD

Collective Farms for Britain?

asks
Vernon Bartlett
M. P.

and they had no way of paying for them except by sending us meat or wheat in return. But during the war these agricultural countries have built up great factories of their own. Canada built no ships for twenty years before this war; she is now one of the great shipbuilding nations of the world. Australia and the Argentine will have much less incentive than they used to have to send us food. And anyhow we shall find it very difficult to pay for what they still may send, for we shall be a debtor nation, and not a creditor one, with the result that overseas governments will no longer have to pay interest to us in the form of food.

YET we talk of social security, a higher standard of living. We are determined, thank God, that after this war we shall not read of fishermen having to throw their catch back into the sea, because it cannot be sold at an economic price. Some better system has to be found than a system whereby men were unemployed outside the gates of factories whose machinery was going rusty. If we are to plan for full employment we shall have to plan for maximum production of food for the employed to buy. We shall have to import as little as possible, for even at the old standard of living we bought a lot more than we sold and that system could not continue. We shall have to limit our imports to the necessary raw materials for our factories, so that we may still be able to sell manufactured goods abroad, and the necessary food for our population. The necessary food. That means the food we cannot possibly grow ourselves on our own land.

The world, one fears, is going to be in a considerable muddle for years to come, and that may be one more reason why our factories will find it difficult to get back their markets overseas. Another reason, of course, will be that thousands of new factories will be switching over from munitions to peacetime goods. That being so, British manufacturers, looking for people to buy their goods, will realise more and more that there are a lot of possible British purchasers, working on the land.

BUt British farming is now as highly mechanised as any farming in any country in the world. How can the poor devil of a soldier with a few hundred pounds in his pocket hope to buy not only a farm but also the machinery to farm it? The answer is that he can't. But the War Agricultural Executive Committees in each county have been remarkably successful during the war in hiring out the machinery needed to assure the highest production even from the most poorly-equipped farm. These Committees, too, have given help and advice, for they consist almost entirely of prac-

tical farmers — the best example yet produced of indirect and inoffensive control by Whitehall. Similar committees will certainly carry on after the war is over. Some development of the collective farm is the most probable solution for the man who wants to convert his sword into a plough-share, or his Bren gun into a combine-harvester. For example a central farm and depot, with a number of small farms around it and calling upon it for the required machinery.

THERE are still plenty of people in the City who used to make a good thing out of our export trade. The shipbuilding industry is still very influential — as it should be, for the man in the Merchant Navy deserves at least as square a deal as the man on the farm. There are still many manufacturing towns in which men who work on skilled but monotonous jobs have no idea that the farm labourer has to possess an astonishing variety of knowledge and abilities. All these groups may want to push agriculture into the background once the war is over and the importance of home-grown food is a little less obvious. But this time I believe they will fail.

The Author

VERNON Bartlett has always been a keen lover of the country-side, and has spent a lot of time studying the farming affairs of his Bridgwater (Somerset) constituency since he became its Progressive Independent M.P. in 1938.

He has come to the conclusion that world peace depends on a prosperous agriculture in the countries of the world. So two years ago he founded an all-party agricultural committee in the House of Commons, with the idea of interesting members from the cities in agriculture. This committee, which now has a membership of 140, aims at influencing the Government's long-term agricultural policy.

Born half a century ago, Vernon Bartlett served in the infantry in the first two years of the last war, was wounded and invalided out in 1915. He applied to the late Lord Northcliffe for a job as reporter on the "Daily Mail" and was taken on. He quickly made his way in journalism, and since 1934 has been one of the leading lights of the "News-Chronicle."

EARN MORE —
LIVE LONGER

MANUAL workers whose incomes are below £350 a year are two-and-a-half times more likely to become serious cases of tuberculosis than people in the £350-£800 a year class, according to facts and figures issued by the Medical Research Council.

That the "under £350's" are four times as likely to contract the disease as the "over £800's" is another discovery. In fact, there are no serious T.B. cases of people whose incomes are over £800.

Some thousands of factory workers were examined, and revealed that three to four out of every thousand workers needed sanatorium treatment. T.B. is more frequent among women workers under 35, but among men workers over 35.

Because three research scientists at the Glasgow Royal Infirmary wanted a couple of dozen human burns more severe than one normally receives in every-day life, a number of volunteers allowed themselves to be burned deliberately on the arm in order to provide data for new first-aid treatment for injuries of this sort.

Baring their forearms, they had copper tubes attached and then waited while the research people passed water at temperatures of 55 and 60 degrees centigrade through the tubes for little under a minute. The burning had to be a slow job because it has been found that a long burn at moderate temperature has a worse effect than a quick burn at a higher temperature.

The experiments were made primarily for medical or hospital use, and follow the revelation that after the battle of El Alamein it was found that one in four of the casualties were from burns or scalds.

Two points arising from the experiments are worth noting for domestic first-aid measures, however:

Small accessible burns should be covered with a freshly laundered towel or sterile cloth.

Extensive burns should not be first-aided at all, but the patient kept warm, given morphine if necessary, and rushed to hospital.

A new healing treatment likely to benefit thousands of war casualties and others suffering from wounds that refuse to heal is being tried out by Service medical authorities. It is an ointment containing insulin, the substance generally associated with diabetes treatment.

Six years ago, glands expert Nevil Leyton, doctor son of a doctor father and doctor mother, applied this ointment as an experiment to the arm of a 14-year-old boy whose skin tissues would not heal following a compound fracture.

Recently, when in charge of an R.A.F. Laboratory, Dr. Leyton met this boy, now a young airman, and learned that the action of the ointment six years ago had been so successful that the old wound had never reopened despite the fact that the airman has been wounded in action and has made several parachute jumps.

Dr. Leyton has tried his treatment successfully on other patients.



YOU want to become a farmer? To keep out of an office and the dusty stuffiness of a city? To see some result for your work as your heavy sacks of wheat are dragged away from the threshing machine or your cows come plodding down the lane at milking time? But will British agriculture pay after the war? Or will there be a slump, as there was after the last war, when farmers all the world over (and here more than in most countries) found themselves called upon to sell food for less than it cost them to grow it? How many thousands of British soldiers put their little capital into chicken farms, and were subsequently ruined by the millions of cheap imported eggs?

I BELIEVE there is a good chance for the farmer after this war, and this article will put forward a few reasons for that belief. Most important of them all is the extent to which people have been taught, by the blockade and the Ministry of Food, something about the different values of foods. Good food, we have been taught, is more important than cheap food. Before 1939 one-third of our people were under-nourished. They had enough food, but not enough of the particular foods that are wanted to keep them healthy — fresh milk, fresh eggs, and fresh vegetables for example. These are the foods that the British farmer can most easily produce. And as the war goes on, more children in more schools are given free milk and free meals. That system will develop after the war — with a dwindling population it is more obvious than ever that at least the children must be healthy — and the more it develops, the more certain the British farmer will be that he will have a steady market for his goods.

IN the past many countries overseas have sent us food. In some cases their governments subsidised the farmers so that this food was sold to us for far less than it cost to produce. The governments had no choice, because they were buying British coal or British manufactured goods,



QUIET PAGE

How Much Do You Know?



"English Barmaid"

(On seeing a sign bearing the above inscription in the window of a Belgian tavern.)

Is "English Barmaid" here at last,
Dispensing Belgian beer?
I never dreamed they would transplant
Britannia's universal aunt,
Confessor, solace, confidante,
To a back-street tavern here.
I saw her last inside "The Grapes",
(Or maybe "The Dun Cow").
O eye that lures! O mouth that mocks!
O forearm that could fell an ox!
O morals strictly orthodox!
Are you with us, here and now?
I see her leaning on the bar,
In confidential chat;
And, vast as mountains and as rude,
And never more than half subdued,
Her bosom's rolling amplitude —
But that's quite enough of that!
Her hair was brass with copper lights;
Her age I could not tell.
Her lips were red, her looks were free
(That line is borrowed; don't blame me)
She laughed to hear our jeux d'esprit —
And the blackout shutters fell.
Is "English Barmaid" here at last,
Abundant in the beam?
The old, embattled, saucy She,
That rock of coarse propriety?
I hesitate; it might not be.
And I'd rather have my dream. E.S.T.

Curious Things, Ideas...

PEOPLE who mark passages in books are among the worst pests, if only because they can annoy so many people by so little effort. One second of their work, and an offence is created that will last as long as the volume itself.

No-one can escape them. Be the plot ever so absorbing, the writer's paradoxes ever so finely drawn, as soon as the reader's eye catches that pencilled comment the fine link between reader and writer is snapped.

One wonders exactly what sort of satisfaction these people get from their activities. The only reasonable excuse is in those cases where passages are marked for later reference — perhaps to help in composing a lecture or to illustrate a theory. But you rarely come across a book where this is the obvious explanation. Quite clearly the majority of these marginal impertinences are meant to impress the infantile personalities of their authors upon the mind of anyone else who may take up the book.

There is little variety in their work. Pest One is eagle-eyed. He must call attention to every printer's error, little realising that by so doing he is but commenting on the usual high standard of

the craftsman's labour. Pest Two knows more than the writer. He must correct the spelling of names, or query a statement of fact. Pest Three — and he is usually the most annoying — must underline a phrase or add a series of exclamation marks as though to call attention to the glory of Nature that has made yet another man with a brain capable of amusing him.

Yet having hated the tribe as deeply as any, it did not seem strange when, on a train journey, I found in an unusually thoughtful library book that some previous reader had marked all the sentences that appealed to me. Possibly it was what I considered to be his good taste in reading that softened his offence, possibly it was the gentle, hypnotic effect of the rumble of the train and the warmth of the steam heat. But I found myself beginning to look for the pencil marks of the unknown third person as though for signposts.

It seemed only fitting that when taking my place in the chain I should underline mentally the phrases that the unknown person had thought fit to underline.

I should think he was a poor man

because this idea had tickled him very much: —

"I began to ask myself why I wanted a banking account, and I found out it was just so I could take time off later to do the things that I wanted to do now."

And he was also a bit of a romantic or a mystic, if the evidence of these passages could be taken: —

"What is there stronger than an ideal buried in the secret recesses of a hundred million hearts?"

"The truth never lies on one side of a question. The excesses of any revolt lead always to the ridiculous. A single view is always and implicitly wrong because of its singleness and exclusions. Classic or romantic? Comic or tragic? Gay or sober? Or indeed wine or beer? The fact that such opposites exist and that our minds respond to them through this balancing of black and white shows how false any single view can be."

Again, of men talking about women: —

"Timid romancers hiding under tough skins. The terms they used were rough, vulgar, but promoted by the same flow of desire out of which came a Romeo or a Troilus... Wagner re-creating out of his memory of a great love the music of Tristan, in which the very tone and tension of the body could be heard in deathless strains — prompted alike, but in their issue how different... the secret hungering to find beauty, power, joy."

He would have liked, apparently, to be a god for half an hour. The sea of scraps of talk that one hears in an inn, in the streets, or going into a party fascinated him: —

"... 'the sweetest dress'... 'slump on the market to-morrow'..."

"She wouldn't come across'... 'and I said to him'..."

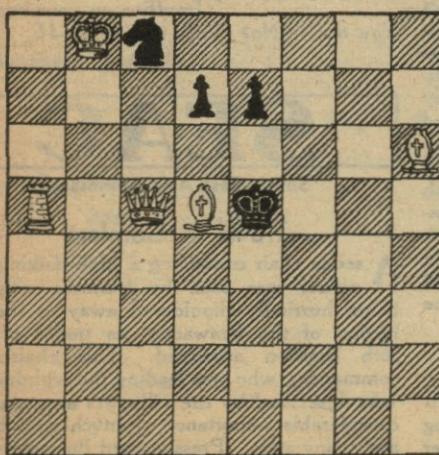
Meaningless in themselves yet full of life, important to those who spoke them. If some superior intelligence could fit them together what unexpected pattern might they not show?

Curious things, ideas.

Like seeds and germs they use many forms of transport to get about the world and do their job.

J.H.

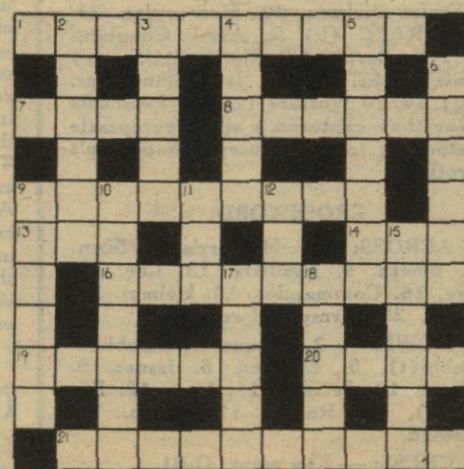
CHESS AND... QUICK CROSSWORD

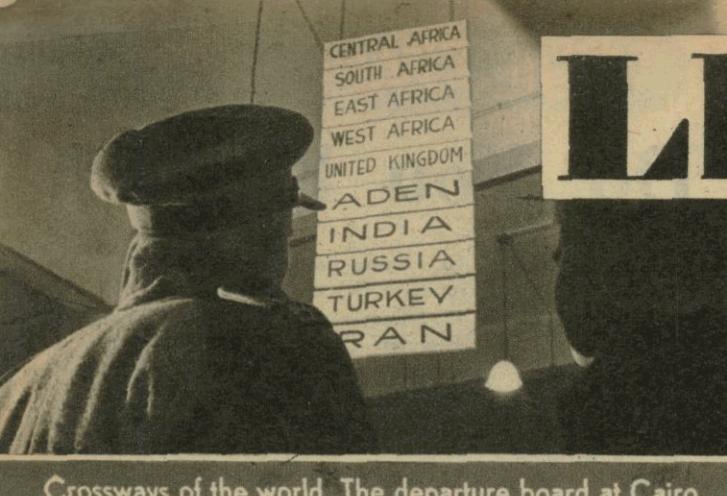


White to move and mate in two.

CLUES ACROSS. — 1. Fruity port! 7. Oriental country in Asia Minor (but it's not!). — 8. Bulldozers may deal with road ones. 9. Royal, Northumberland, Scots, Irish or Welsh. 13. In the middle of the fleet and — 14. — the middle part of a beret. 16. Shock troops. 19. Battle bowler. 20. Would this 'plane be attracted to a searchlight site? 21. Given over the counter in N.A.A.F.I. canteens? (two words).

CLUES DOWN. — 2. Look to your badges, you gunners! 3. Disney creation. 4. Tailless bunny! 5. How ex-Duces may be let off. 6. They may take the form of rum or rockets. 9. Jerries take to this when they see the R.A.F. in it. 10. Lay — but not as a gun. 11. Part of a flamethrower. Beat it! 12. Are up to time. 15. The leave one is of primary importance. 17. That of the Royal Artillery is given above. 18. Encountered, probably, by many a "Desert Rat".





Crossways of the world. The departure board at Cairo airport.

jambo

East Africa

They Sit And Stare

VERY great difficulty has been experienced in attempts to introduce the plough into the country of the Nandi. It took a long time to discover the peculiar antipathy to it that these particularly intelligent people had. Finally it was discovered that the objection to ploughing is that you need oxen to pull ploughs. They have oxen admittedly — several million of them, in fact. But if you use oxen for ploughing you cannot sit outside your hut and contemplate them all day long, criticising their lines and admiring their sleekness, or marvelling at the absence of it. For to the Nandi, contemplation of cattle is a whole day's work — and a busy one at that. They have no word in the language for "idle"; anyone who has spent a day in regarding his cattle has earned a good night's rest after his arduous labours.

Legal Dilemma

IT is a custom obtaining among many African tribes that when a man dies leaving a widow, the widow is entitled to marry a "wife" and, for that matter any number of "wives". And any children that these "wives" may have are the children of the original widow, who becomes their father. This custom was recently put to an ingenious but unfortunate use in Nairobi, where one such Kipsigis widow married a large number of wives. In order that she should become the proud father of many children she enlisted the services of innumerable askaris (who paid a small fee) whose function it was to get children by these wives. It was, in fact, no more than a common or garden brothel, the only difference being that it was perfectly legally established, and there was no law in existence by which it could be stopped.

Eighth Army News

Italy

Free-For-All

TANKS, tommy guns, kukris and bayonets were all used in a recent battle on the eastern banks of the Senio River, in which a company of Panzer Grenadiers attacking a platoon of the 18th Garhwal Rifles was wiped out. German positions among the ruins of farm buildings at Ghiarena were the objective. The first Garhwal assault shortly after dawn was dispersed by Spandaus. Screened by smoke and supported by tanks, the rifle-

Answers

(From page 17.)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ?

1. So be it. 2. Brazier, a fire bucket; brassière, a feminine garment; brasserie, beer-house or brewery. 3. Cela ne fait rien (That doesn't matter). 4. (a) Q (b) P. 5. David threw a stone. 6. Wrote "Gone With The Wind." 7. J. B. Morton. 8. Mitchell. 9. Daily Telegraph, The Times. 10. (a) A.E. Housman ("The Shropshire Lad"); (b) Wordsworth. 11. A lung disease. 12. Leonard Spencer. 13. A man who tried to turn base metals into gold. 14. Accommodate. 15. A collector of coins. 16. Caudillo. 17. 32,000,000. (Twice sevenpence-halfpenny is 1/3 d; twice 1/3 d is 2/6 d; eight times 2/6 d is £1; hence 32 sevenpence-halfpennies in £1). 18. Coty (scent.). 19. (a) A.A. Milne (b) Sir A. Conan Doyle (c)

Charles Dickens. 20. Montevideo. 21. (a) R.A.P.C. (b) R. Army Chaplains (c) R. Berks. (d) North Staffs. (e) East Yorks. (f) R. Inniskilling Fus. (g) 14/20 Hussars (in the Peninsula War they captured a silver receptacle belonging to King Joseph, Napoleon's brother).

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. Mulberries. 7. Siam. 8. Blocks. 9. Fusiliers. 13. Lee. 14. Ere. 16. Commandos. 19. Helmet. 20. Moth. 21. Army orders.

DOWN: — 2. Ubique. 3. Bambi. 4. Rabbi(t). 5. Excused. 6. Issues. 9. Flight. 10. Secular. 11. Lam. 12. Era (rev.). 15. Roster. 17. Motto. 18. Nomad.

CHESS: — Key move: Q-B1.

LINK-UP

with British Army Newspapers Everywhere

men made another attack. In ten minutes the tanks blasted the Germans with 100 shells. Then Jemadar Parbat Singh Kainth went forward with his section, while Havildar Nairan

Singh Negi took another section of the platoon to the rear of the enemy positions. The rear attack was a success, and with Kukris and bayonets Havildar Negi and his men killed several Germans and took ten prisoners. The remainder of the enemy company withdrew. Running bunched together across open fields they presented an excellent target for the tommy gun of Naik Gangau Singh Rawat, who shot ten of them.

Rebuilding Cassino

IN the whole of Cassino, Italy's most war-damaged town, only three buildings are repairable, but the Italian Ministry of Public Works is planning the town's reconstruction. The three repairable buildings will be used as public offices. Cassino's Mayor is expected to submit plans for immediate work on the lower part of the town. The wrecked upper part will be preserved in its present state as a war memorial.

Rebuilders will be faced by two major problems — mines which are scattered all over the area, and malaria which breeds in the water-filled shell holes.

TRUNK CALL

Persia and Iraq Command

Notes on the English

Places of Interest. British taverns (pubs) may be visited at certain hours. They are divided into saloon bars, public bars, jug and bottle, etc., for the various castes. There is a strange ceremony called "Closing Time" which takes place several times a day, in memory of a Pagan goddess called Dora. It is often accompanied by the singing of melancholy songs, such as "Nellie-ud-Din" which is "Helluv-ud-Din". A savage and warlike game called "Darts" is played here. Ancient inscriptions can be seen upon the walls, such as "Do not Spit", "Careless Talk Costs Lives", also very touching pictures of stags at bay, race horses, etc.

Attitude Towards Natives. Remember you are an invading force of Colonial Exiles. The people are bound to be frightened and suspicious, possibly hostile at first. They may throw stones, fits, etc. Do not attempt to take photographs of cinemas, or enter them without paying. The English consider their cinemas sacred, almost as sacred as money.

System of Government. The British have an elected Parliament, which has not been elected for over ten years. Its members do not legislate by impeaching each other and putting each other in Black Books, and they

are too backward to understand the value of corruption and assassination as political weapons. The actual running of the country, however, is carried on in a noisy building called the Stock Exchange, where the highest caste of all sacrifices Bulls and Bears in its religious fanaticism. A new kind of black silk fes (called a Toppah), is worn for these occasions. It is a very grave insult to tam-pah with a Toppah, which is sacred.

UNION JACK

Italy

Kiwis Alarm Huns

THE Kiwis of the Eighth Army are dangerous opponents, admit the Germans, whose 278 Division have good reason to fear them. A document captured recently from the Germans pays a reluctant tribute: "The New Zealanders, most of whom have volun-

in good weather", one of the NCO's said as he climbed out of his "armour" after a session with a man-killing Alsatian, "at the moment the exercise and jumping ground has been under water for several days. One of these days I'll bite back..."

Map-Makers' Adventure

BRITISH sappers of a survey unit of the Royal Engineers engaged in mapping hitherto unexplored regions of Palestine were "arrested" by Palestine police recently as enemy parachutists, and detained until their bona fides had been established. A call to H.Q. Palestine soon confirmed the sapper story, and the police patrol rode off, no doubt reflecting that the Army certainly gets around.

VICTORY

India

Great Moment

WE wait for the spluttering start of the engine that will push us up the river and put to sea to board our ship to Chittagong. The gleaming, greasy jetty down which we tramped in the dark two hours ago, a huddle of bashas, and a vivid stretch of green by the waterside — that's the Arakan. I look the other way. Sea and sky on the horizon dissolve in a slaty sky — that's the way to England. The last link between me and Burma

THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



teered for service in Europe from love of adventure, are dangerous opponents trained and commanded by General Freyburg. They specialise in night fighting. In attack they deploy widely after the German fashion. The New Zealanders have learned to keep well up to their artillery barrage, and have several times succeeded in catching their opponents off guard. They are even capable of attacking across difficult country without tank support."

is the rope that moors our lighter to the jetty. It is cast off. The engine starts, and the lighter wheels out into the river. I am on my way. One more moment like this when we cast off from the dockside in the troopship and see India slide away and I'll be well and truly homeward bound. I have seen men so crazy with joy at the thought of going home.

Iconoclast

Do you remember Paris in the Spring? Or old Vienna, dancing in the Fall? Madrid — the sun — browned faces in the bull ring, The acrobats beside the coffee stall? Remember the bridge at Avignon — the little puppet show;

The side-walk cafes of Buda in the night? The first delirious glimpse of La Pavlova's [toc? The effect of days in Davos on the appetite? Do you remember Berlin and the Wannsee, And the wild Dutch geese in wedges down [the sky? Grantchester — afternoon tea (the dish of muffins on your knee — You don't? No? Well, neither do I! (Michael Frederick.)

MID-EAST MAIL

Egypt

State Funeral

THE Guard, in blue and gold, lances upright — pennants dancing in the wind, staved straight ahead. Again there was the rat-a-plan of the side drums and the boom of the big drums — more soldiers, rifles at the trail, then a compact body of senior Egyptian police officials. Behind them came senior officers of the Allied forces, their breasts ablaze with medal ribbons. On their faces was written the sorrow they felt, the sorrow one sensed in the silent crowd. Senior officers of the Egyptian Army, men grown grey in their country's service, followed — and then behind them came the gun-carriage. There was a rippling murmur in the crowd as it drew near, then a voice cried aloud "Ah Ahmed Maher... may your soul rest in peace". The cry was taken up along the route until it filled the day with sound, a mighty shout of sorrow. An aeroplane wheeled sharply away to add its note of awe to the volume of a nation's grief.

Beware of the Dog

ONE of the toughest jobs in Palestine is held down by NCO's of the Police Dog Section of the CMP. Clad in heavy leather suits the men allow themselves to be attacked and worried by the dogs. "It's bad enough

SEAC

South-East Asia Command

Travel in Comfort

A sedan chair containing a high-ranking Jap officer was seen by Burmese villagers being hurriedly shouldered away in the direction of the Irrawaddy, as troops of the 36th Division advanced. This chairborne commander, who was leading the withdrawal, was described by the villagers as a man of considerable importance — much gold braid and many stars. Press-ganged Burmese were forced to make the chair and then to carry it hastily eastward.

7 to SOLDIER



"Talking About Women"

We hope Miss Pamela Frankau ("Talking About Women : SOLDIER No. 1) will accept our opinions as to why men in the Army do not always show the manners and chivalry that the average girl expects from a decently brought-up man. We have had experiences that make us dislike females in khaki. Often, when men speak to them, they think it is for some ulterior motive, and they look upon men with scorn.

We know the case of a girl who joined the Services. Soon afterwards her fiancé broke the engagement. She had changed a great deal in a short time and had lost the good habits she was brought up with. A few months ruined a friendship of many years. Whether this was the influence of the girls she mixed with, or the result of getting away from home care with no one to disapprove of the many things she was able to do in the Forces, we do not know.

Miss Frankau may say that it is a case for self-restraint in every person. Is it? You cannot be in bad company for long periods without becoming polluted yourself. This is the case with many decent girls who have gone into the Forces. After a few months one hardly recognises the same person. The ordinary soldier is not so much concerned about legs, or what kind of face a woman has. What he wants to see in the ATS is the nature and temperament in the woman, so that it is possible to give the courtesy and respect that every woman deserves. When women learn to treat us soldiers with civility and not abuse, then will Miss Frankau see respect and chivalry forthcoming from the men. Perhaps Miss Frankau wasn't in the ranks long enough to see the small, or should we say great things that have caused the average man to treat the ATS the way they do.

● Write to SOLDIER about it. But remember two things : Give us your name, rank and number. Keep it short and snappy !

Miss Frankau stated that in general the courtesy of English troops to their fellow women in uniform is bad. We would like to emphasise that there are as many, if not more ATS who are not only courteous but who have at many times failed to recognise British troops, and have preferred the company of foreigners.

We should hate Miss Frankau to think that we paint all ATS with the same brush. We have met a few women who have undoubtedly kept their self-respect, and in return we have not failed to show the courtesy due to them.

We hope that SOLDIER accepts such comments as these. The right to criticise has always been a vital part of our constitution, and one of the things we wounded people have been fighting for. — Pte. W. E. Morris, DLI; Tpr. D. Root, Dragoon Guards; E. A. Dyer, R. M. Commando; Pte. J. R. Stagg, DLI; F. A. Price, RASC; A. H. Simmons, RE; H. Mountford, DCLI; E. Smith, PWR; Pte. F. Roscoe, SLI; Pte. Gilham, RBR; LAC H. Bibby, RAF; from S 2B Ward, 25th British General Hospital, BLA.

They Frighten Him

Cfn. Douglas Day, H.Q. CREME, BLA: The suspicious attitude of the Army to the ATS, noted by Pamela Frankau, is, I think, quite natural. Englishmen are taught to regard women as their inferiors in all matters which require mechanical or professional skill or prowess. This is apparent also in civil industries, where men generally oppose the principle of "equal pay

for equal work," even though the underpayment of women constitutes a threat to men's security. It is an attitude which has survived two world wars and the unstable period between them, and which finds its expression in the not yet obsolete motto "The woman's place is her home".

When, therefore, women enter the Ar-



"... they deal a crushing blow..."

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Thanks, Yank

"A patient, indomitable, tough little man" is how the "New York Times" military expert, Mr Hanson W. Baldwin, describes the British soldier fighting in Germany. He writes : "British soldiers are less ebullient but perhaps more patient than American troops; for them great victories in the West mean a joyous end of the long, long trail. Tommy, gallant and enduring, is playing his full part in the final chapter of the war against Germany." In a long tribute to the British soldier this American writer gives praise to the superb courage and leadership of British paratroops and commandos. American diarist G. E. Neyroud, writing in the "News Chronicle", adds that today a spotlight has been turned on the British fighting man.

Proud Of Them

RAMC Captain (name and address supplied): I have just read Senior Commander Frankau's article "Talking About Women." I would like to tell Senior Commander Frankau that my friends and I are very proud of our sisters-in-arms out here. These girls, no matter the arm of the Service, are always extremely well turned-out, and they are often very much smarter-looking than the men. In my opinion they are a definite asset to the Allied Forces, and have done a great deal to raise the prestige of the British woman. Senior Commander Frankau should be justly proud of her ATS, as we are proud of them, and also of the WAAF, WRNS and Nursing Officers (QAIMNS and TANS).

Cost We Can't Afford

L/Cpl. A.E. Heymer, Postal Branch, 21 Army Group Rear H.Q.: Sgt. Jack Dane makes great play of the fact that he is able to make his way in the post-war world with quiet confidence and asks whether it is realised that the cost of state-controlled industry would have to be borne by the "man in the street". (SOLDIER No. 2) May I ask him whether he would prefer the public to bear the incalculable burdens which unemployment imposed during the years of depression — an unemployment due to the failure of private enterprise to meet the new demands of changing circumstances in industry?

The financial strain alone of giving unemployed persons the barest standard of living imposed a terrific burden on the taxpayer and the ratepayer for which there was no possible return. But the accompanying evils of unemployment, dire poverty, malnutrition, high infantile mortality and enforced idleness impose a cost which cannot be measured by pounds, shillings and pence. It is a cost which no nation can possibly afford.

Sgt Dane presupposes that a state-controlled industry would necessarily be a burden on the taxpayer. What burden does the Post Office impose upon the taxpayer? The London County Council operated the tramway system of London at amazingly low fare rates, so low that no private company ever reached that standard, and made a profit. What has happened to the low fares since the London County Council tramways were absorbed in the London Passenger Transport Board? Take on the other hand one private industry, that of coal mining. What a state it is in! It is the running sore of the Depressed Areas, more like a mad hatters' party than an industrial concern.

I do not advocate ALL industries coming under State control. I DO want to see all those industries which vitally affect the whole community operated by the Government.

I am not, by the way, a miner, and I have the sure knowledge that my job awaits me on my return to Civvy Street.

Big Parade

"Sapper" (name and address supplied): Who is the right marker when the entire British Army "fall-in" in three ranks?

The answer's probably an easy one to those who know but — and you'll hardly believe this — two or three of us got into such a heated argument on the subject in a transit camp that we nearly missed embarkation parade when coming home from SEAC.

I was taught in recruit days that it was a W.O. of the Royal Horse Artillery, the

battery quartermaster-sergeant, I think. But that's a long time ago, and it's all R.A. now.

It would be interesting to know, too, who is the left-hand man of the British Army — probably an N.C.O. in R.E.M.E. Can an "old sweat" oblige, please?

A Brussels Bouquet

Gnr. J. White, R.A. : "If ever a man suffered..." That man is surely the Brussels tramwayman. I come from a famous tram city — Glasgow — and it makes me shudder to see what the Brussels drivers and conductors have to cope with during rush hours. I try to think what a driver would say back home if about a dozen folk were pressing him hard over on to his controls; or what a conductor would think of allowing his passengers to overflow on to the running-boards, the rear bumpers — yes, and even on to the roof! But these stout fellows shrug their shoulders, as if to say, "C'est la guerre". And everybody gets home.

Brussels tramwaymen, we are proud of you!

Likes Us, But—

Cpl. J. K. Thompson, 7th Bn Manchester Regiment, BLA : Congratulations on your first issue. As the old saying goes, "Better late than never." I was beginning to doubt whether BLA would ever get its own paper, but now you have published one it's not a bad effort, though in my mind there is room for bags of improvement. My chief criticism is that it lives up to its title far too rigidly, and tends to be more like a "War Illustrated." Admittedly we like to know how things



"... relax from it all..." are going in the various theatres of war, the latest War Office "scoop" and so on, but I am sure most of us like to relax from it all with such things as Eddie Haigood's article. Except for that article sport is ignored, and what I suggest is to devote at least one clear page to latest sports stories.

Note: As sport becomes more widely organised in the BLA theatre, SOLDIER will cover it. — Ed., SOLDIER.

Non-Smoker Is Happy

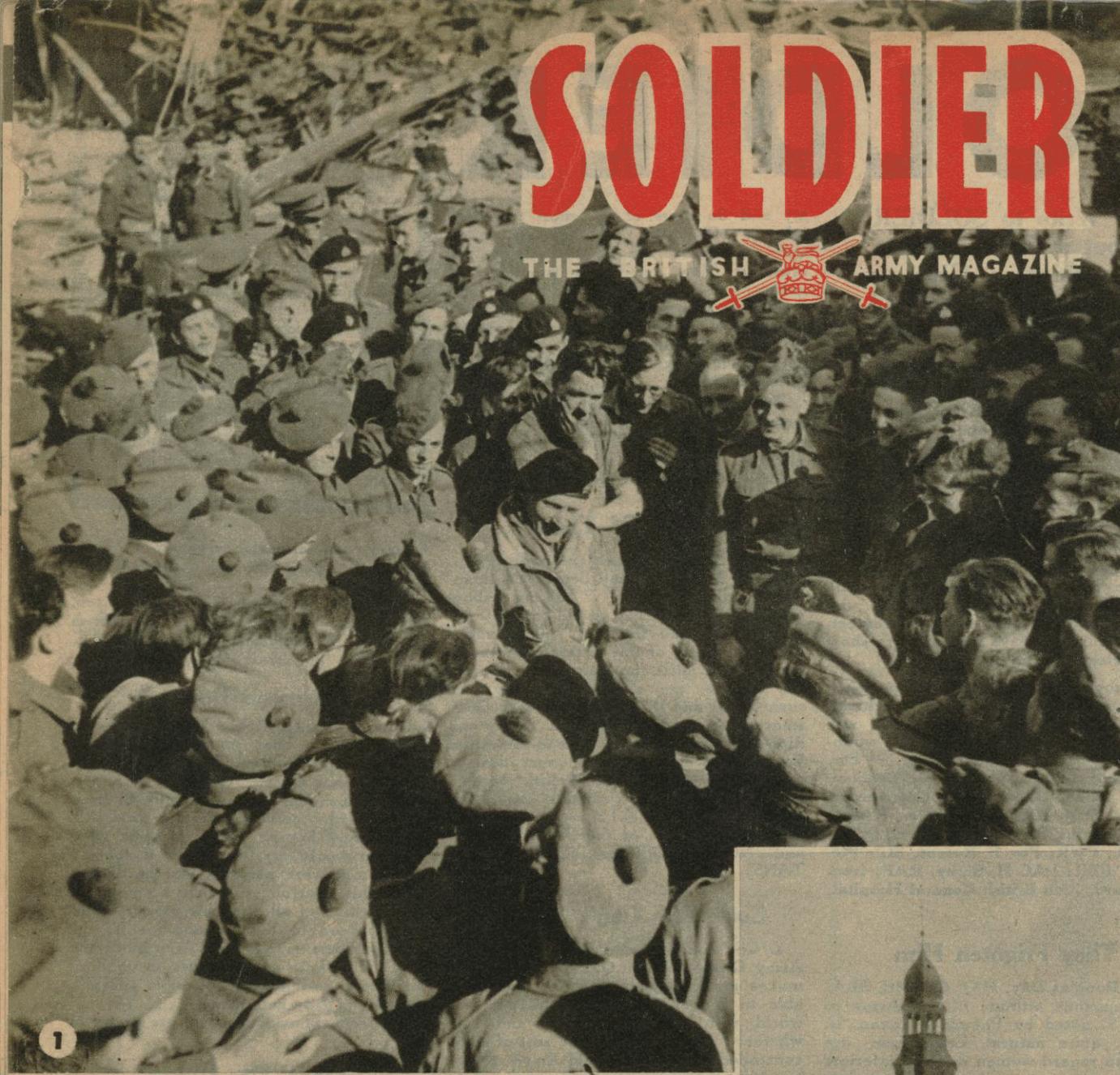
"GUNNER" (name and address supplied): Most of my pals in B.L.A. were amazed to find that it was not the custom to allow smoking in theatres and cinemas over this side. I think England is almost the only country in the world where anyone can light up any time.

As a non-smoker, I'm at present enjoying myself. I hope those who do smoke will appreciate just how indulgent the Home Country is towards them.

Remember — the Germans you see now are just the same people who strutted with pride when Warsaw was bombed; who roared approval when Rotterdam was flattened, who cheered when London burned. These are the same Germans. Don't fraternise.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



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The Last Word

WE weren't in on this conversation between American infantrymen and British tank crews, but we think we get the hang of it. Where did it happen? Somewhere in Germany where you were chasing the enemy East towards his twilight. We think the talk went something like this:

"Sure, he was a big boy but I got him all right — and you should have seen the one that got away." The British tankman then tells how he knocked out that self-propelled gun. The Don R looks on. Pretty soon he goes on his way and tells his mates some stories heard during a breathing space in the last stage of the German war. What's that in those bottles? Hm!

