

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE
May 25 · 1946 · Fortnightly · Vol. 2—No 7



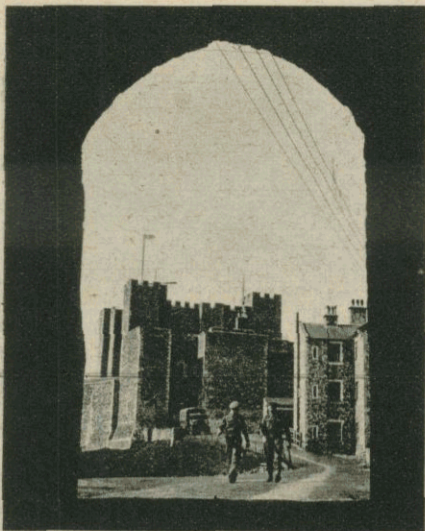
THE LOCK AND KEY OF ENGLAND

(See Page 2)

50 pfg.

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

Soldier COVER PICTURE



THE LOCK AND KEY OF ENGLAND

No building in Britain seemed in greater peril of bombardment and disfigurement during the war than Dover Castle. Yet miraculously this ancient fortress, sitting on the hottest spot in England, came through without a scar. The only "incident" was when an oil bomb dropped beside the Keep. Probably the Germans realised that such explosive as they could hurl against it would have little effect upon the 30-foot walls.

New visitors are being shown once more through a building which has a history second only to that of the Tower of London.

The custodian of the Keep, Mr. H. T. Leeming, who was there all through the war, is again acting as guide.

Dover Castle was built for £4,500—the cost, today, of a couple of bungalows. However, in the days of Henry II the pound was worth rather more. Most of the stone was specially shipped across the Channel from Caen.

Early in its career—in 1216—the castle was besieged by the French who were supporting King John's rebellious barons, but it was held by Hubert de Burgh who, when urged to surrender, gave the castle its historic nickname. "I would rather be hanged outside its walls," he said, "than surrender the castle, for it is the lock and key of England."

In World War II the defence of Dover was directed from the ancient castle. The visitors' book shows that most of the great war leaders came to visit it.

Mr. Leeming, the guide, from his vantage point in the keep saw the first naval casualty, the "Kittiwake" limping into Dover harbour after striking a mine off the Goodwin Sands. He also saw the "Ajax" pass through the channel after the Battle of the River Plate, the Ostend boats going out and being bombed by the Germans, the oil depot ship "Sandhurst" ablaze in the harbour after a bombing attack, and—one of his happiest memories—he saw 17 Italian raiders shot down in two minutes. Another story Mr. Leeming tells is of 17 shells falling within a radius of 50 yards, and of a man who lived in the area saying "We'd better get out of here" and promptly being blown out, still seated in his chair, landing upright and quite unhurt. The most inspiring day for Mr. Leeming was when he stood at the top of the Keep and watched a fraction of our vast invading army crossing the Channel on D-Day.

The best Dover story? Well, there is always the one about the two American soldiers. They had heard a great deal about Dover and came to have a look at it. On the beach they picked up several bits of chalk from the cliffs. Later they went to see the police superintendent and told him they intended to send the chalk home. He asked them how they were going to prove that it came from the white cliffs of Dover, and they asked him to put his office stamp on every piece. He did as he was asked and the chalk was sent to America, where it is to be hoped it was appreciated.

A. C. S. WALEY (Lieut.)

LETTERS

RELEASE BENEFITS

What will my war gratuities be when I am released? My rate of pay at present is 7s.3d. per day, and I get 3s.9d. per day after deduction of allowances. My A & S Group is 26, and I shall have spent six years in the Service on 5 March 1946, with 3 1/4 years overseas. — **Spr. McGloughlin, No. 1 Platoon, 279 Fd Coy, RE.**

★ Rate of pay has no bearing on the amount of war gratuity payable, which is based entirely on rank. The rate for a Sapper is 10s. per month for each month of reckonable colour service since 3 Sep 1939. If you are referring to release benefits other than war gratuity, you will receive 56 days paid leave plus one day's paid leave for each month of overseas service, subject to a minimum of six months overseas service. The pay for this period of leave will be that in issue at the date of dispersal, or that for any higher paid rank or lance appointment held at any time since the date of cessation of hostilities in Europe or, in the case of those released more than a year after that date, the highest paid rank or lance appointment held during the year preceding release. Post-war credits at the rate of 6d. for each day of paid colour service on and after 1 Jan 1942 will also be paid at the same time as war gratuity. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

T. A. BOUNTY?

I joined the Territorials on 1 March 1938 and consequently have received the TA Long Service medal, wartime service counting double time. The fact that TA men get this medal shows that the TA is still in existence. Therefore, having received two £5 bounties in 1938 and 1939, am I entitled to the other £50? — **L/Cpl. B. Nash, "D" Platoon, 552 Coy RASC (Armd Bde).**

★ The yearly bounty for Territorial Army soldiers (subsequently replaced by a Pro-ficiency Grant) is payable only in respect of service on a peacetime basis. On embodiment, and throughout his embodied service, a TA soldier receives normal Army rates of pay, etc., as for any other serving soldier, and is not, therefore, entitled to any special benefits which he received in peacetime as a TA soldier. He will, of course, receive war gratuity in accordance with the normal rates in respect of his embodied service. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

NOT RECKONABLE

Is it true that some soldiers have had their W/T Reserve release counted as reckonable service in the same way that some RAF men had? — **Pte. F. Flickman, 5 Sec W/S, 744 Coy RASC (SM).**

★ No. Certain RAF personnel were given a guarantee that W/T reserve service would

be reckonable for release, but there was no promise to the Army. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

HE WHO HAS SERVED

Newspaper reports state that the Opposition are urging the Government to adopt a period of conscription. Two years has been mentioned as the time limit.

If and when such a measure is introduced what will be the position of men who have already served that time? For instance, if a period of two years was laid down, would a man who has served two or more years be in line for demob as soon as possible? — **Gnr. J. Watt, 62/20 LAA Regt. RA.**

BEF QUERY

Was there at any time an official ruling regarding documentation for the original BEF? AF's B. 103 were completed for embarkation; but never, to my knowledge, for disembarkation. — **SSM R. Say, 61 BSD, RASC.**

★ There were instructions in force for the entry of embarkation and disembarkation

THE FOUR JUST MEN

FOUR civilians have been appointed as Regional Commissioners for the British Zone of Germany.

Their job is to see that local German bodies are encouraged to pull their weight in the administration of the British Zone, and to ensure that such administration is efficient and in accordance with Control Commission policy.

The Commissioners are: North Rhine — Mr. William Asbury, ex-railway guard, ex-Sheffield councillor, ex-Deputy Regional Commissioner for Civil Defence; Schleswig-Holstein — Air Vice-Marshal Hugh Champion de Crespigny, once the youngest major in the Royal Flying Corps, and in this war commander of the RAF in Iraq and Persia; Westphalia — Mr. Henry Vaughan Berry, a business man, formerly with the

Air Vice-Marshal
Champion de Cres-
pigny.



Rhineland Commission; Hannover — Lieut-General Sir Gordon Macready, chief of the British Army Staff in Washington since 1942.

"There is good material on which the new Germany can be built if it is properly used and encouraged,"

said Mr. J. B. Hynd, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, in announcing the appointments.

He was thinking of the German men and women who had stood out against the Nazi regime, and who are expected to play a big part in rebuilding their country.

The Commissioners will have power to adjust policy to meet local conditions, and will be expected to report its effect in their regions. They will liaise closely with the Corps Commanders on internal security matters and where necessary with the Divisional Commanders of Rhine Army. The Corps Commanders, in the last resort, will have over-riding responsibility for internal security.

The Commissioners will be expected to deal personally with important issues as they crop up, to watch over the well-being of Control Commission officials, and to give an example of inspired leadership to their subordinates who are trying to help the wrecked Reich rebuild itself.



Lt. Gen. Sir Gordon
Macready.

THE GOLDEN BOROUGH

LUCKY is the ex-Serviceman who lives in the London Borough of Wimbledon and has decided to start in business for himself. In this go-ahead borough, they have a fund called a Resettlement Fund. In the last six months, more than 200 have been given interest-free loans amounting to between £4,000 and £5,000, and there is plenty of money still available — about £8,000 and more to come.

Everyone who has served in the Armed Forces and the Merchant Navy is eligible for help; ex-Servicemen, too. The only qualification is that the applicant must live in Wimbledon.

To the Fund's Executive Committee have gone men who wanted help to open fish shops, set up as builders, start as ladies' hairdressers, as bakers, as advertising agents, as cleaners, as printers and as gardeners. They have been helped with loans of up to £150.

But help has not been restricted to budding businessmen. The arts have not been forgotten. An ex-Serviceman with wide experience of the stage wanted to develop a repertory company. He had a fair amount of capital but needed just a little more to put on a show. The Fund obliged. It obliged also a musician who wanted an instrument so that he could take a job and, with kindness, added a bit extra so that the musician could buy a decent suit.

Wimbledon is like that. It is a borough with a heart of gold. Its Resettlement Fund has bought furniture, has paid to train a young woman as a secretary, has footed a hospital bill, has bought tools by the dozen. It has even contributed towards the cost of a wedding.

Strangely enough, there have been no takers for one of the borough's most attractive offers — to provide a year's

rent for the first three ex-Servicemen who apply to the Council for shops.

This offer was made by the "big brothers" of the Wimbledon scheme, Kennards of Wimbledon Broadway. Mr. R. V. Ross, managing director, has promised that his firm's window dressers and maintenance staff will lend the new shopkeepers a hand.

"I made the offer six months ago and it still stands," Mr. Ross said.

Applications for assistance from the Fund are heard each Friday night, usually by the chairman, Mr. T. Reed Daniel, last year's Mayor. Fifty-six names were on the last agenda.

"Most of the applicants are pretty capable fellows who will probably succeed in the business they enter," said Mr. Ross. "We do get cases of men who want to go into a business without experience and sometimes we try to dissuade them. Just now, for instance, there is plenty of building work but I think that far too many men are going into it without the necessary experience. I am not too happy about it."

"We try to help applicants in every way we can apart from giving them loans. Businessmen on the Committee give them advice. If my own offer to men opening shops is taken up, the Committee would take care that the applicants got the necessary building and other licences before they started. I should go with them every inch of the way until they are on their feet."

The chairman has authority to make immediate grants of £20, and the only delay is when the Executive Committee is not satisfied with an application and enquiries have to be made.

1-A General Steps Up McCREERY: Horseman into Tankman

IS there such a person as a typical English general? I have been talking at the Cavalry Club in London to Lieut-General Sir Richard Loudon McCreery, KCB, KBE, DSO, MC, who this summer is taking over the post of GOC-in-C, British Army of the Rhine. I have looked up Sir Richard's life in the reference books. He is Eton-educated, a cavalryman, a polo player, a family man with five children. Surely he should fit in with the average Englishman's conception of a typical English general? But I doubt it.

"Dick" McCreery is tall, agile, brown-faced and diffident in manner. A Russian war correspondent who met him soon after Alamein described him as having a velvet voice and clever eyes — which is exactly right. A peppery, bad-tempered person? General McCreery smiles easily and swiftly. There is nothing even remotely Blimpish about him.

In Germany Last Time

McCreery, one of the architects of the Eighth's victories in the Desert, victor at Salerno when he commanded X Corps, hammer of the Germans through Naples and Rome, began his soldiering young. He was in the 12th Lancers when he was a lad of 17 and by the end of 1915 was in France. When the Armistice came, he had been wounded and had collected an MC.

Continuing soldiering, he took part then, as now, in the occupation of Germany and later was in Ireland during "the Troubles", were a brother, also an officer, was murdered.

Back at Tidworth in the "twenties", Dick McCreery found that things were happening. The "New" Army was in process of creation and his own Regiment and the 11th Hussars had been selected as the first to be mechanised. Of course, in some ways he regretted the changes — like his father and brothers, he had loved horses all his life — but that did not prevent him from taking up the new soldiering enthusiastically.

The Regiment went to Egypt but McCreery stayed behind at the Staff College at Camberley and afterwards spent four years as brigade major of the 2nd Cavalry Brigade at Tidworth. The Regiment had remained in Egypt, completely mechanised and trained in desert fighting. But it was now due for a tour at home, and when the Abyssinian crisis meant a return to the Western Desert only a year later Lt-Col. McCreery was in command. Times were anxious. To the sound of Fascist war-cries by Italy's sawdust Caesar, McCreery's Regiment took part in the British Army's biggest desert mechanised training exercises. This period was really the start of the famous "Desert Rats". The 7th Armoured Division was born soon afterwards. There was no trouble at all in British territory but Abyssinia, which had only

spears, was conquered. The 12th returned to England for more peacetime soldiering.

When World War Two broke out, McCreery was G 1 of the First Division, a full colonel. He crossed to France and after the "phoney war" period, went into action again on the familiar, blood-stained fields of the Somme front. Towards the end, on two of the worst days of the fighting, he was under the command of a stern, cool, efficient French colonel named de Gaulle.

"I remember de Gaulle well", General McCreery recalls. "The French were on the point of collapse. They were on their last legs. But I was very impressed by the bearing of de Gaulle. After directing a strong counter-attack at Abbeville, he was rushed off to Paris as military secretary to the French Prime Minister".

By this time, nothing could save the British troops in France, and after fighting a bitter retreat between the Somme and the Seine, in which he earned a DSO, McCreery and his men came out through Brest.

A fresh, frantic start had to be made. New divisions were formed and McCreery, still commanding the 2nd Armoured Brigade and recognised as one of the Army's tank experts, was picked to take over the 8th Armoured Division. Equipment was pitifully short, but McCreery saw that his men made the best use of what they had and his new division came very well out of the big exercise "Bumper", held in October, 1941. "Monty", then C-in-C, Home

Forces, singled out McCreery for special commendation after the exercise and the "Times" military correspondent spoke of the "skilful and decisive way" McCreery handled his tanks.

Tanks for the 8th

But it was the Middle East, North Africa, and later Italy where McCreery's reputation was made. First as Middle East GHQ's tank adviser, he had a big job trying to keep the Eighth Army supplied with AFV's suitable for action — "a thankless task because of the unreliability of the Crusader", says General McCreery until the Shermans began to arrive in numbers before the El Alamein victory. And secondly, as General Alexander's Chief of Staff, he played a decisive part in planning the campaigns which threw the Nazis out of Egypt and overwhelmed them in the Western Desert, Tunisia, Sicily and Italy.

Between service in North Africa and Italy, McCreery, now a knight, had a short spell at home. He hardly had time to get acclimatized. In July, 1943, he took over command of Eight Corps in Yorkshire. A month later, on the eve of the Italian landing, Lt-General Horrocks, commander of Ten Corps, was badly injured in an air raid on Bizerta. McCreery flew out to succeed him and lead the attack on Salerno, and after the landings, the thrust through Italy. Salerno, originally planned against only light opposition, developed into a grim defensive struggle.

At Salerno, General McCreery had

one of his narrowest shaves of the war, when he was ambushed while on a 'recce'.

"The bridgehead position was very restricted at the time," he said, describing the incident to me, "but about on the boundary between the two Divisions there was a considerable 'no-mans-land', where I thought we had established 'recce' patrols. I wished to have a look from a good OP in this area. We drove forward and I suddenly suspected that we had gone rather far. I got out and ordered the scout cars to turn round while I looked through my glasses. Just as they were doing it, anti-tank guns opened up at very short range on the vehicles, setting them on fire, and small arms fire made it pretty hot for us. We had almost done what has been done so often in this war, motored straight into the Hun".

At the end of September 1944, General McCreery succeeded Lt-Gen. Sir Oliver Leese in command of the Eighth Army, when it was within sight of "the promised land" the Po plains. He will always regard their great pinch offensive in April 1945, when the Germans were overwhelmed in 12 days heavy fighting south of the river Po, as one of the Eighth Army's finest achievements. Never have veteran soldiers responded more gallantly to their leaders call.

He became GOC-in-C, British troops in Austria and British member of the Allied Control Commission in Vienna, last summer. "But my present job is as difficult as any I have done," says

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



Continuing McCREERY: HORSEMAN INTO TANKMAN



General McCreery riding in the Italian mountains. Although a brilliant tank general he retains his interest in horses and is a distinguished steeplechaser and member of the National Hunt Committee.

General McCreery. "It is not easy for a soldier to become politician-cum-diplomat".

Impressed the Allies

But the General has done his "diplomatic" job very successfully indeed. He has an Anglo-American family background and has got on well with the Americans, who gave him their DSM in 1945. And the Russians have not withheld their admiration for such an efficient administrator and outstanding horseman.

Horses are General McCreery's hobby. When I asked him what his peacetime recreations were, his answer was "Anything on a horse". He and the late Maj-Gen. H. Lumsden are the only two generals who have won the steeplechasing Grand Military Gold Cup. McCreery has won it twice. He is a member of the National Hunt Committee, which governs steeplechasing, and he has also played polo for the British Army against the American Army. He likes other people to enjoy racing, too. Soon after life was restored to something like normal in Austria, he agreed to let POW's lay out a race-course and wrote to his racing friends at home for spare racing gear. At the first "meeting" there were even race-cards, printed by a handy Army printing unit.

General McCreery has no illusions about the job of the troops of his new command. But neither has he any doubts about the way they will do it. When he went to Austria, he told his men: "Our job is just as important as the work we did in the War." Many months have passed since he made that remark but he believes his words still apply equally to the job of the men who will serve with him in the BAOR.

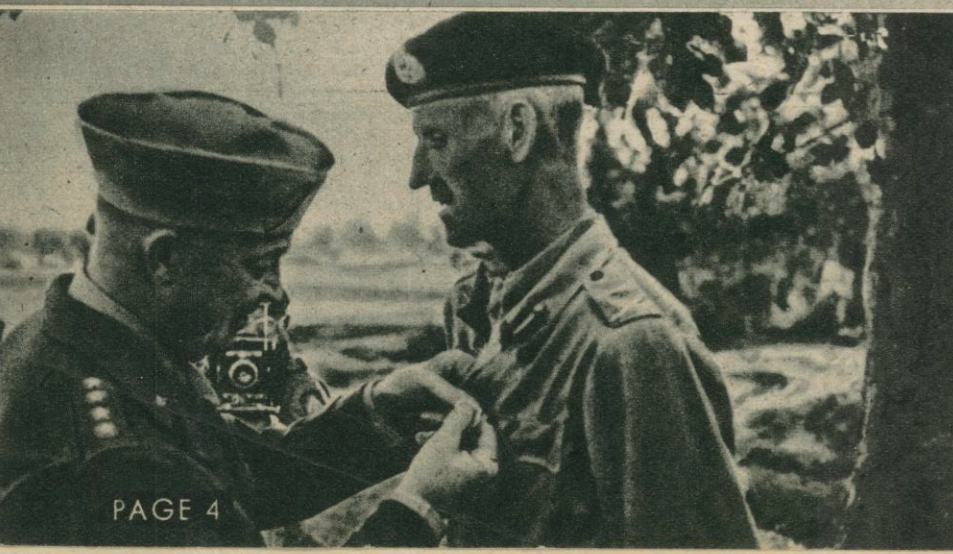
R. JACKSON (Capt.)



Below: The King knighted General McCreery in the field, and is seen assisting him to rise after the ceremony.



Above: The General, while GOC 8th Army, visiting the neutral Italian state of San Marino.
Below: General Eisenhower decorates him with the Legion of Merit (Officers' Class) in October 1943.



Above: With the Italian mountains making an impressive background the General gives his farewell address at Main Army Headquarters, to men of the 8th Army on its disbandment on 25 July 1945. He recalled the Army's triumphant record and thanked its soldiers for their splendid work while serving under him.



Above: The Brigadier, rather cramped, finds the gears hard to sort out, but it's a sunny day and the General isn't worried.

Below: While in Austria General McCreery took a keen interest in the population in his Command and is seen admiring a piece of workmanship in a village shot-gun factory.



2 - A General Steps Down ADAM: FOUNT OF NEW IDEAS

EVEN in the days when a soldier couldn't read, wasn't expected to think and was treated for physical and mental *malaises* alike with a "Number Nine," the job of Adjutant-General to the Forces could have been no sinecure. In twentieth century warfare the Adjutant-General must not only mobilise his civilian army, but must look after its dress, its discipline, its morale, its health, its education, its entertainment, its news, its radio, its leave, its medals, its family problems; and then must demobilise it, all in good order. That is the weighty job of Adjutant-General which General Sir Ronald Adam has just handed over to General Sir Richard O'Connor.

It was under the paternal eye of General Sir Ronald Adam that *SOLDIER*, the British Army Magazine, emerged, and the early staffs had every reason to be grateful to him for helping it through the period of gestation. But *SOLDIER* was only one in the world-wide chain of Army newspapers and magazines — from Bagdad to Tripoli, from Singapore to Venice — which were sponsored by the Adjutant-General. Combing his army constantly for experts, he would choose his editors, interview them, visit them on his world tours, defend them if necessary; he even defended his favourite characters, Jon's "Two Types," against accusations that they were bringing officers into disrepute!

Encouraged the Experts

Sir Ronald took a boyish, as distinct from an old boyish, interest in watching his technicians at work. Under him

were hundreds of assorted experts. He dropped in on them often to encourage them, but never tried to teach them their jobs. He was an excellent listener yet not the type who could be "blinded with science."

One of the general's successes — a twofold one — was the launching of ABCA; firstly, because it was something of a triumph to allow soldiers to hold organised discussion groups on topics of the day; and secondly, because it was a distinct triumph — for the general as much as for the private soldier — to have these discussions held in "Army time." The success of ABCA is measured by the fact that it has become "civilianised," and is fast becoming a national institution.

Army's Toughest Job

In World War One Sir Ronald Adam served in France and Flanders, and was awarded the DSO.

In a tribute to General Sir Ronald Adam in "Picture-Post", Mr W. E. Williams, wartime director of ABCA, says:

"If he were merely a successful administrator or general he would deserve the customary seclusion of a colonial governorship. But at the age of sixty Ronald Adam is of metal more rare than that. He has a genius for human relations which has earned the fullest scope — and if Ernest Bevin is really and truly looking for a man who can reveal and endear Britain to foreign countries he might take a close-up of Ronald Adam. As they saw much of each other in the days when Bevin was mobilising our manpower, the right decision may have been already taken."



General Sir Ronald Adam, Bt., KC, DSO, OBE.

JOINT PATROL

British and Russian police share the same jeep in Berlin

WALKING through the streets of the British Sector in Berlin you may notice a jeep flash by carrying British Red Caps and Russian troops. You will have seen something that exists nowhere else in the world—a combined British and Russian Military Police patrol.

Because of the language difficulties and because troops of the four nations are allowed in each other's sector, it was decided by the four Powers that a Russian officer and five men should be attached to the headquarters of the British Provost Company in Berlin. They do not go out on foot patrols, as some people imagine. Instead they remain at headquarters and drive off in a jeep if any incident is reported. Sometimes days go by without a call coming through for them. Then a phone bell rings, a Russian-speaking German lifts the receiver... and a few minutes later the patrol sets out.

The guard room of this Company bears signs in four languages. Inside a double row of desks face one another. From the telephone conversations that go on, the men seated at those desks might be working for the foreign broadcasts' section of the BBC. Dutch officers and German civilians speak German, French and Russian. Sometimes an American accent is heard, for the US Provost often looks in.

Why She Complained

Here is a typical "incident": A Dutch officer walks into the Russians' private room where he finds them sitting talking and smoking those long, white cigarettes. He explains to Lieut. Nikandroff, the 21-year-old officer in charge, that a German woman has reported that she has two Russians in her house. The

Russian officer goes into the guard room to hear the story. How long have they been there? The little old woman, her head hardly reaching above the desk, is very excited. Twelve years, she says. There is a roar of laughter. Twelve years? Surely she has made a mistake. Are they soldiers?

No Gun-Play

The woman is very agitated and she talks almost too fast for the interpreter to understand her. It appears that the two Russians are civilians, but a Red Army man and his wife are visiting them. She always gets frightened when soldiers of any nationality come to her house. A serjeant and private soldier are detailed for the job, and with two of our men they climb into a jeep. The little old woman is lifted in as well.

When they reach the house the old woman is lifted out, but she remains by the vehicle, the top of her head looking over the bonnet. The British and Russians carry guns and she is certain in her own mind that her flat is going to be turned into a blood bath. The Russians take the stairs two at a time and on the top landing ring the bell. The door is opened and they walk into the sitting room. Four people sit round the table, one of them a Russian soldier. The serjeant asks him why he is there. He says he is visiting friends with his wife.

Does he know that he is not allowed to sleep in the British sector, the serjeant



Off duty in the canteen, members of the patrol relax without distinction of rank or country.

asks. Yes, he does. In fact, he is leaving at eleven o'clock. The serjeant looks at his watch. Five minutes to go. The soldier and his wife will accompany the police back to the Russian sector now. The jeep ride will save them a walk. The soldier shrugs his shoulders. He couldn't care less, he says.

The British and Russian Red Caps and the Russian couple walk down the stairs. At the bottom the little old lady stands with her fingers in her ears. As the party files past the Russian serjeant gives her a wink.

And so another routine case closes. They are not all as simple as that. Sometimes a drunken brawl has to be

broken up, or a search is made for deserters. Occasionally firearms are used, but, as in the case of our own men, only as a last resort. Those who object to law and order have a healthy respect for the Russian police weapons. Each magazine holds 72 rounds.

High Distinction

British patrols are out all the time. By phone they report anything from a fight to a car accident. Then a jeep patrol from HQ goes out to deal with it.

Not all the information comes from the outside men, however. Germans themselves report anything amiss. A cafe proprietor whose establishment is out of bounds has been known to phone through with the information that soldiers have entered. It is every cafe proprietor's ambition to be chosen "in bounds" and many would rather tip off the police than have them walk in unexpectedly.

But the police are not out to catch the British soldier. They are there to protect him against the dangers which exist in the unrecognised beer houses. One day an airman walked into the guard room and said he had been charged 400 marks for two drinks, and because he couldn't pay the proprietor had taken an umbrella from a girl friend. The cafe was not in bounds and the German thought the RAF boy would be afraid to go to the police. He did not realise that the out-of-bounds ban did not, in those days, affect the RAF. The Military Police visited that cafe within ten minutes.

Many incidents of human interest take place within Provost HQ. The Germans, with their troubles, would rather go there than to their own police. On one occasion what amounted to nothing more than a lovers' quarrel was sorted out. The Berliner knows that the Red Cap is a sign of justice, something that Germany has not known for very many years.

P. LAWRENCE (Capt.)

The combined British and Russian patrol sets out on a job under Lieut. Nikandroff (nearest camera). All calls are answered by jeep.



THE COLONEL KEPT A DIARY



THOSE LITTLE THINGS

ON D-Day 27 officers and 565 men of 1st Bn. the Gordon Highlanders landed on the coast of Normandy. By the time 51 Highland Division had reached Bremen, after ten months' continuous fighting, 1st Gordons had lost — in killed, wounded and prisoners — 75 officers and 986 men.

That is why Lt-Col Martin Lindsay, DSO, writer, explorer and Member of Parliament for the Solihull division of Warwickshire, calls his newly-published war diary "So Few Got Through." (Collins 12s 6d.)

Colonel Lindsay — a Lowland officer, by the way, and no lover of the kilt in battle — writes an intimate personal record of the progress from the Calvados country, through Holland, the Reichswald Forest and over the Rhine into North-West Germany. It is a record of hasty moves, of recesses, patrols and "imperial stonks," of valued comrades falling one by one; but it is relieved by mention of those oddities of the campaign which can be remembered only by the man who painstakingly keeps a diary. (And keeping a diary in active service conditions is an act of strong self-discipline; as Colonel Lindsay says in his entry of 8 January 1945: "Why the hell I drive myself to write up this flaming diary each night, heaven knows.")

Among the intriguing items in Colonel Lindsay's diary is the story of the Jock who, relieving a German field cashier on the island of Walcheren of the equivalent of £1,100, gave him a signed "receipt" which read: "This bastard had 11,000 guilders. He hasn't got it now." He tells of an American jeep with the inscription, "Dedicated to the men who died in the jeeps from which this jeep was built"; of a noticeboard in Normandy which read — "Honour the Black Watch Regiment who fought here with courage in 1940," and which was never taken down by the Germans; of the German girl who said, "We know quite well that the Highland Division is the Scottish SS, you needn't think you can hide the fact. But we think you are worse than the SS, who did at least take us into the long grass"; of the intercepted chat from two German radio operators in

observation posts: "What shall we report?" "Oh, better say 'nothing to report' as otherwise they will get the wind up behind"; or of the RAF squadron-leader who said to the author in a Brussels bar: "So you are in the 51 Division. I hear you are not prepared to advance any further unless you are guaranteed no air support."



Lt. Col. Martin Lindsay, DSO, who dedicates his book "To the Infantry Company Commander."

Divisional rivalry — never long dormant — is likely to be whipped up by many of Colonel Lindsay's remarks. He is bitter about the impression which was so often given that all the fighting was done by Allied or Dominion troops. "How much morale would go up in the Army if they would release unit names, and how bucked our Jocks would be to see '1st Gordons' in print each month or so!" Later, however, he records: "I hear that 53 Welsh Division are very annoyed about all the publicity the Highland Division have been having. They say it is only because the English papers want to increase their circulation in the North of Scotland." The colonel is bitter, too, about the "monstrously inadequate distribution of awards to other ranks."

If it had no other claim to distinction, Colonel Lindsay's diary would still be notable because it contains an admission by the author that he had his jeep stolen in Paris!

There is plenty of controversial matters in the book, starting with the dedication: "To the Infantry Company Commander, British, Canadian and American, who played a greater part than any other individual in the liberation of Europe 1944—45."

THIS letter appeared recently in JOHN BULL, and earned the author a guinea:

"It is just over a month since I was given a nice trilby hat in exchange for a forage cap.

"Maybe I am just a bit home-sick for my barrack-room pals. Maybe I miss the little things they used to do for me (and I for them) without any thought of reward. If I was getting late for parade I used to find someone pulling through

my rifle or giving my belt a rub over. If Ted or Jack were a bit seedy, a cup of hot tea would appear magically for him.

"I miss it all very much. Nowadays I sit in a train concealed behind a newspaper or look glumly out of the window and realise that no one cares whether I exist or not. I lost the old comradely spirit when I left the Army." — Philip Culwick, 51 Highfield Road, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

"EXERCISE BOWLER"

THE urge to leap up on the stage of a theatre and break up a bad play is one which most of us have felt but have managed to suppress. Something of the kind has been happening nightly in a London theatre. "Exercise Bowler" is the name of this unorthodox entertainment, which even drama critic James Agate has been pleased to call "exciting, witty and entirely convincing."

The curtain goes up on a "play about the war" which has been running for five years. A succession of clichés about life in the Army are thrown out until shouts of dissent are heard and three men in battledress storm the stage from the audience. They then, in a series of short scenes, show the outraged actors their idea of what life in the Army is like. When the curtain goes up again the three soldiers are being lectured by the stage manager, who points out that their play has lasted only for one act, and that there are still two to go. Would they care to go on and show what they think the future will bring? They would and they do.

The second act is bitter and cynical; the soldiers come up against the frustration and disillusion encountered by many after the last war. Then, in the third act, the soldiers get a chance to play all over again, and they find the right road.



Marjorie Stewart, leading lady, was in Special Air Service and undertook more missions than any other Servicewoman.

When the play was first produced the author's name was given as "T. Atkinson," which was rumoured to be a pseudonym for either Ian Hay or J. B. Priestley, but which covers the identity of five people: William Templeton; Peter Powell, the producer; William Fox and Torin Thatcher, founder-members of the Reunion Theatre (for ex-Service actors); and Alec Clunes, director of the Arts Theatre. When rehearsals started, only the first act was written, and the play was finished just a week before the first night.

The play is acted by an all-ex-Service cast; that includes the leading lady, Miss Marjorie

Stewart, the first woman to qualify as a parachutist. As a member of the SAS, she had more missions to her credit than any other woman in the Forces.

1st Gordons moving up to battle positions near Loon op Zand Holland, where 51 Division were engaged in heavy fighting in Oct—Nov 1944.



Breaking up the party! The Army takes over the running of the play in "Exercise Bowler", and disposes of the scenery by main force.



COMMANDOS DO THE JOB AGAIN

Down on the beach by Dover strange scenes have been taking place in the small hours: glow of flares, mines exploding, Sten guns rattling and landing craft nosing in to evacuate the "wounded." This ghostly battle was staged for the film "Top Secret" and some of Britain's toughest war veterans took part in it.



In the foreground the film cameras; in the background — on the cliff top — is the German "radar station."

ANY passing mariner staring from sea at the shores of St. Margaret's Bay, near Dover, must have wondered what was happening.

The white chalk cliffs of the shoreline were floodlit with the hard brilliant light of an arc lamp. Through the shattered houses of a tiny war-battered village at the foot of the cliffs leapt shadowy figures carrying mortars, rifles, Bren and Tommy guns. A yellow-grey smoke rolled belchingly down the street, bursts of small arms fire cracked out staccato from the houses, bombs exploded, and masonry flew violently into the air. As if to crown the whole scene a huge German radar set stood on the top of those Dover Cliffs, looking oddly out of place as it stared out on the English Channel.

There was obviously something "phoney" about this battle that raged in the village. For further down the beach a group of people stood contentedly warming themselves around a brazier, and on a nearby breakwater, apparently oblivious to what was going on, sat a mixed bunch of British paratroopers and "German" soldiers idly throwing stones into the sea.

Keen eyes would soon have found the answer to it all, for tucked away in the shadows were two movie cameras busily at work. The production unit of the Two Cities film "Top Secret" — a story, partly factual, partly fictional, of the making of radar — was on location. Time had slipped back. Dover was no longer Dover but a part of the French Coast, and the "battle" on the shore was a script-made version of a combined operation raid on German radar equipment assembled there.

Plenty of Discomfort

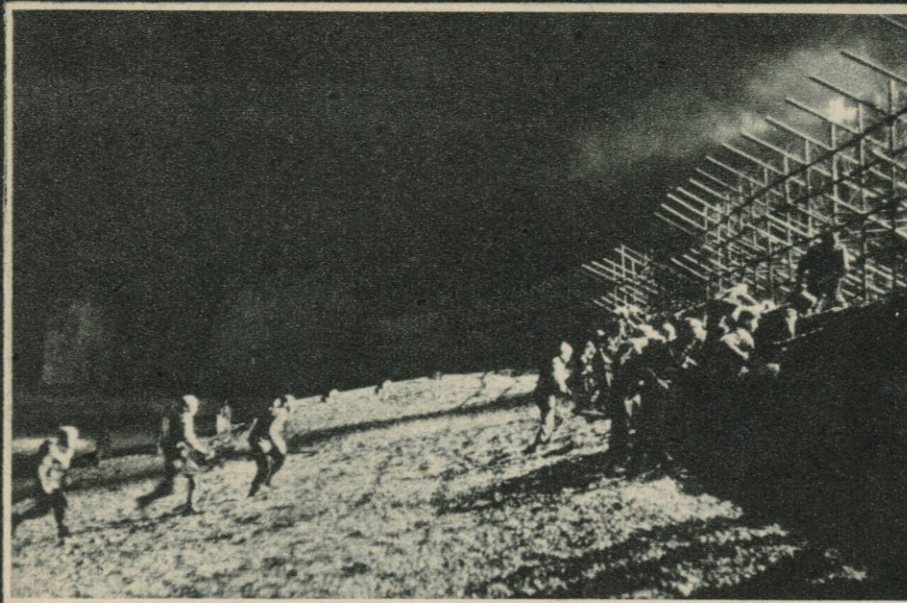
But the men "playing soldiers" were genuine troops — some hundred-odd Royal Marine Commandos and Army Paratroopers, mostly veterans of Africa, Italy, France and Arnhem. For them there was little glamour in this film extra work. As a change it was fun, but there were entries in the debit account. Hands were torn on wire and rubble, several were badly bruised by falling masonry, most were soaked to the skin in the beach landing and evacuation scenes.

Critically watching the filming was Capt. John Timothy, MC and two Bars, a paratroop officer who had taken part in a genuine raid on German radar equipment — the highly successful Bruneval raid of February, 1942. For the last three months he had been acting as technical adviser on the film. Besides correcting small mistakes — like actors wearing their equipment wrongly or giving incorrect fire orders — he advised the film directors on the battle scenes, and often differences of opinion arose.

What was good film was often bad battle tactics. In the shooting of an evacuation scene paratroops had to bring back captured radar equipment through the village to the landing craft waiting on the beach. The film directors planned to have the men rushing madly from the village towards the cameras positioned at the end of the street. Quietly it was pointed out that in previous scenes men had been wounded. The evacuation, therefore, would not be in a rushing rabble but would be carried out to suit the slow pace of the wounded.

Shooting battle scenes became a matter of compromise and co-operation. The director told the officers in charge of the troops what he wanted. They agreed, or made suggestions based on their battle experience, and then passed the orders on to the men. When lights, cameras and such were ready the director blew his whistle and the men went into action. But it was never as easy as that, for something invariably went wrong. Back would come the troops to be met by their pals standing by shouting jeeringly, "You'll never make Clark Gables." Swearing softly but good-naturedly about this "bloody shambles", they would form up and have another go, on an average four or five times before a successful "take" was made.

But film-making had its bright moments, especially for 15 of the paratroops who had previously spent a fortnight down at Denham Studios doing



Landing on the "French" coast—under the glare of studio arc-lights. Old 1940 invasion defences give an additional touch of realism.



Street fighting was exhausting work for sometimes five or six attempts had to be made before a scene was considered perfect.



Big event of the night for troops taking part was arrival of the YMCA tea-van at the location. A brew-up was never more welcome.



"Follow me, men!" shouts the captain as he rushes past the camera at close range to capture the village (an old battle-school).



Some of the Dover people who lost a night's sleep to watch the filming. It reminded them that six years ago the drama might have been reality.



The evacuation. Troops rush through the surf to a landing craft while a cameraman (bottom right-hand corner) shoots the scene.

interior scenes. One paratrooper, "Taffy", described it as "smashing", and if you have ever heard that word spoken in the soft sing-song Welsh voice, you will know that everything was fixed up very nicely, thank you. "Smashing" was also the word "Taffy" used to describe the director of the film, Peter Ustinov, recently released from the Army, whom he met at Denham. In the 24 years of his life, Peter has been playwright, film scriptwriter, actor, director and private in the Royal Sussex Regiment. Many will remember him as the café proprietor in "The Way Ahead" of which he was part-author, and as one of the commentators in "The True Glory".

Director Was Private

A heavy, shambling, lumpy fellow, Peter in battledress must have been a pain in the neck to his sergeant-major when he joined in 1942. He was still a private when he was asked to write and direct "Top Secret" some six or seven months ago.

He tells an amusing story of his trip to Malvern where he was sent to pick up background material for the film. On the day he was due to go he stood outside his home dressed in his baggy uniform waiting for transport which he was told

would take him there. Up the street swept a large saloon staff car. A lance-corporal leaned out of the window and motioned him. "P'sst, you. Do you know where number 32 is?" Peter mildly pointed a finger at his home. "Oh. Do you know this 'ere Ustinov bloke?" Meekly Peter pointed to himself. In the horrid silence that followed the baggy private got into the back of the car and settled himself into the luxury of a staff vehicle.

But the fun didn't finish there. Arriving at Malvern, the car stopped outside a huge Officers' Mess. Inside the hall paced high RAF and Army officers. With timorous amusement Peter stood quietly on one side waiting for something to happen. Finally, a colonel spotting him breezed up with a "Well, what can we do for you young man?" attitude. Meekly Peter explained that he was staying there. Complications. Surely not? There was a nice big camp for him five miles down the road, and so on. The bulky figure stood his ground insisting that he was at the right address. Ah well, most irregular, let's see — and sure enough the name P. Ustinov was on the guest list. A few minutes later, relaxing on the bed of his private suite with bath and lavatory attached, Peter the Private contentedly thought of the group-captains obligingly

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

COMMANDOS DO THE JOB AGAIN (CONTINUED)

doubling-up in single rooms, and of the many days he had spent lying on hard billet floors.

Most of the paratroopers and commandos at St. Margaret's Bay never went to Denham. The highlights of their film career were the sleeping-in on the following morning, the odd spot of chatter with the village girls watching the filming, the occasional tot of rum doled out to them when they were soaked to the skin, and the nightly arrival of the mobile YMCA van where hot tea, biscuits and chocolate were served to them by two charming young girls. Said one commando as he came away with a cup of tea in his hand, "Did you hear that? She asked me am I a real soldier or just a film extra?"

The Bangmaster

But it was after midnight, when the canteen van had driven away and most of the village sightseers had gone to bed, that the filming really got under way. Having a lot of fun was commando officer Lt. Shove, who prepared all the explosions. To get realistic explosions in the water for the beach landing and evacuation scenes he made special floating bombs of his own design. Ingredients: 1½ lbs of explosive in a condensed milk tin plugged with pitch from a Nissen hut, 2 ft of string as a float, and 4 ft 6 inches of safety fuse. Some of his explosions for the street fighting scenes were a bit too fierce for one of the film actors so he obligingly took his place in the scene, but his best chance came when one of the trees on the cliff edge was in the way of a camera view. Slapping twelve pounds of explosive around the base of the tree he blew it up. The blast broke one of the basement windows of the hotel at the top of the hill where the film unit were staying. Result—one thoroughly outraged and nerveshattered cook resigned on the spot.

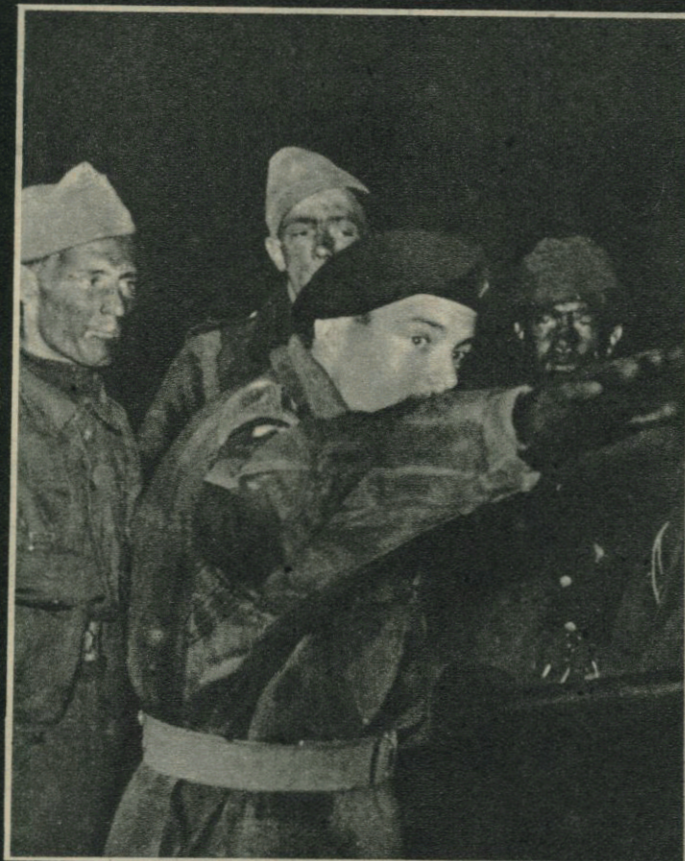
At four o'clock in the morning the filming packed up. The director shouted over the Tannoy, "Okay, Break-up. Company call to-morrow at eight o'clock". Cameramen covered equipment, lighting men dowsed the arcs, troops shouldered their rifles and marched back to camp, and the beach returned to peace. As they swung up the hill some of the men marched silently, cheered off; but others, generally the younger ones, marched with a tired but defiant "Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed." Although there had been little blood spilt or the "raid" there had been plenty of "sweat and toil."

And the reward? The pleasure of a short break from normal Army routine, and the possible thrill in a few months time of nudging the wife or girl friend in the cinema with a "There you are, Gert. See me? The one poking his nose around the wall, third from the right."

C. W. SMITH (Capt.)



The tedious side of film making. Commandos find that it isn't only in the Army that you wait around while someone makes a decision.



Major De'Ath, DSO, RM Commandos, gives instructions for a street fighting sequence. "Let your imagination take charge," he says.



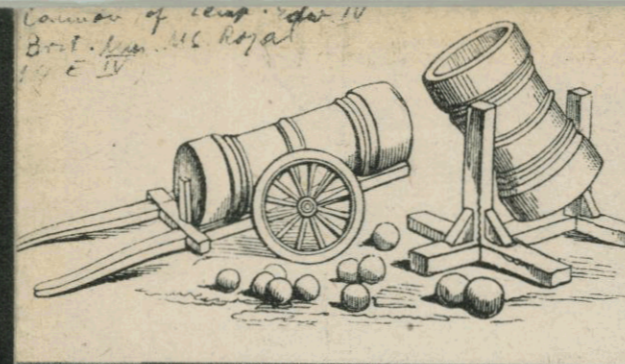
Producer Geoffrey Brown (left) ex-RAF, talks to Captain John Timothy, MC and two bars, the film's technical adviser.



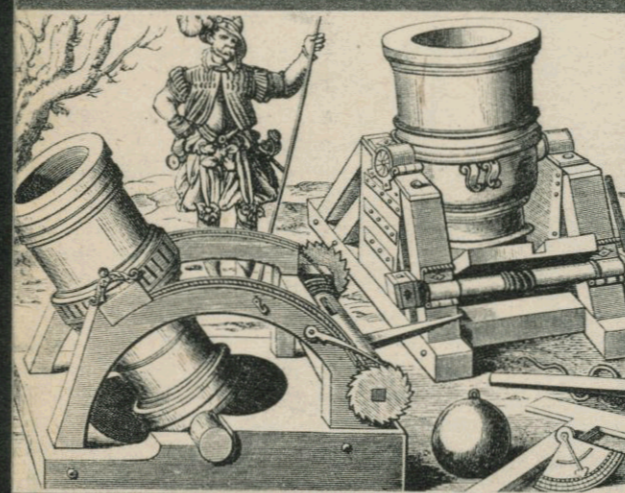
Tilly Day, former RSM in the ATS, who handles film continuity, exchanges reminiscences with a paratrooper and RM Commando.



Story without words. As the hours went by and no call came for them these paratroopers found good use for a convenient table.



Left: Two versions of the "Bombard," used at Crecy, and two German 16th century mortars on movable carriages.



Right: The British 4.2 mortar, used in the Normandy campaign when it was still a new weapon, and the three-inch mortar, a development of the 1914-18 war Stoke's Mortar.



MORTARS ANCIENT & MODERN

EVER since some prehistoric armorer invented the catapult, one of man's military ambitions has centred round slinging a projectile as far and accurately as possible. Throughout the ever-changing field of gunnery devoted to this cause the mortar has remained the weapon most faithful to its origin. The method of projection has varied from the red hot poker applied to a touch-hole to the simple expedient of dropping a bomb on to a firing pin, but its tactical role, governed by its high trajectory, has remained very much the same.

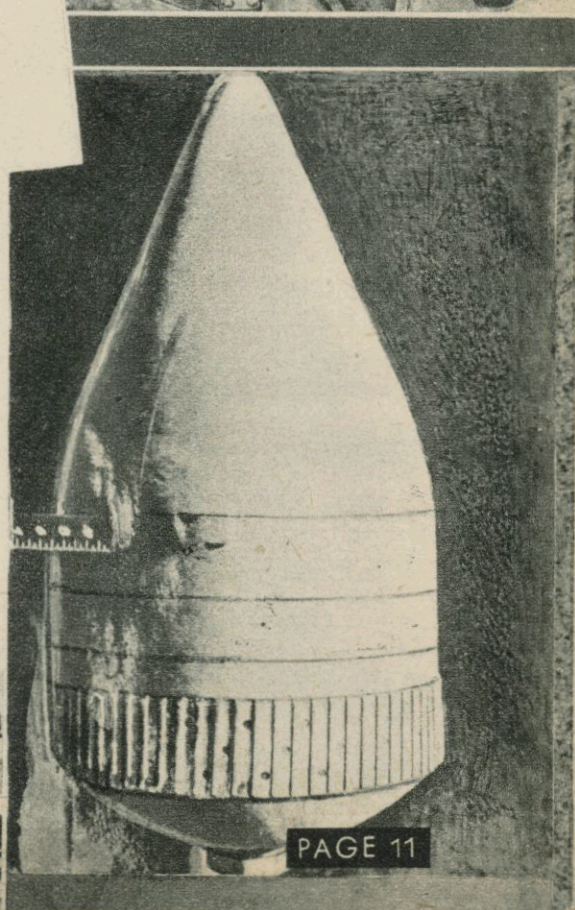
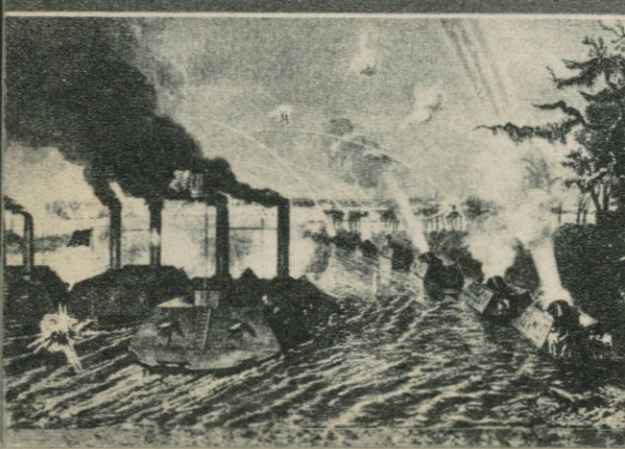
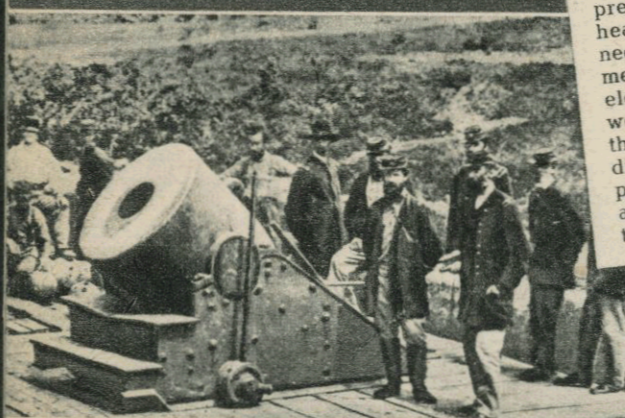
The first example of a mortar being used in action is the "Bombard" of Crecy fame. This weapon was completed in the year 1346 with the idea of out-distancing the obsolescent catapult in the art of shooting heavy stones at the enemy. The smiths who built this gun fired it in action.

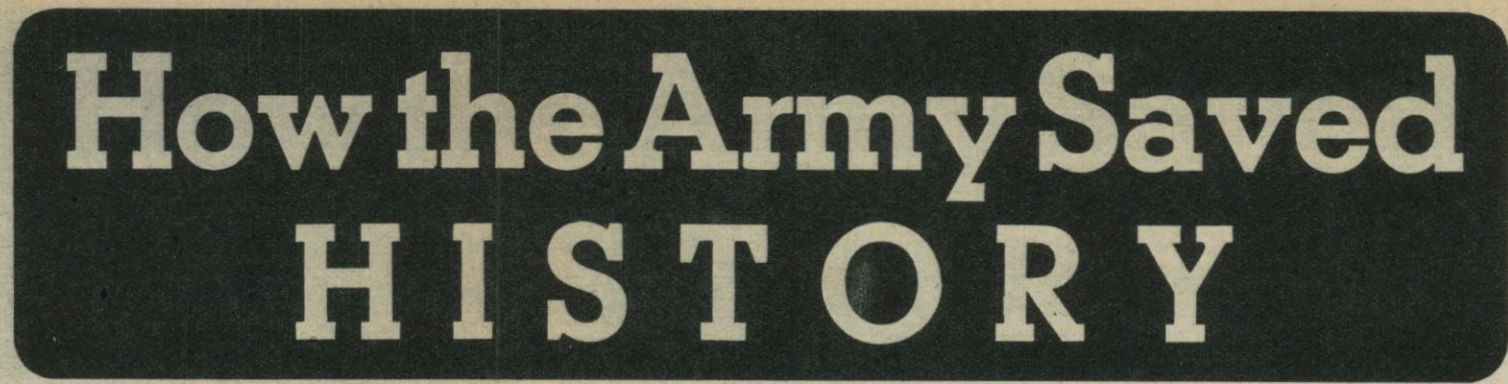
The "Bombard" was essentially a simple weapon and very much a preliminary speculation in the field of heavy weapons. Improvements were necessary to provide a satisfactory method of aiming. Although ways of elevating and depressing the barrel were soon discovered, the problem of the mortar remained one of lateral direction. If the weapon were not pointing directly towards the target, adjustments had to be made by moving the entire gun.

The mortar bomb has progressed from the large stones of Crecy, by way of iron cannon balls, to an explosive missile detonated first by a time fuse, and, later, by the shock of hitting the ground. The calibre of the projectile has varied, reaching its maximum of 36 inches on two occasions. The first of these was a British mortar ordered for the Crimean War. This projected a 2,395-pound bomb up to a range of 2,759 yards, but was completed too late to take part in any campaign. It now stands in the grounds of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich. The second is the American 36-inch mortar, announced by the United States War Department at the end of the war. This massive weapon, which has a range of eight miles and fires a two-ton shell, was also completed too late to take part in the war which inspired it.

The three- and four-inch mortars of the British Army owe their origins to the Stoke's Mortar of the First World War, being amendments to one of the most simple weapons ever invented—and one of the best.

Left: Gun and mortar boats used on the Mississippi in the American Civil War. Above it is the "Dictator", a heavy mortar used in that war. And above that—the "Bombard" goes into action. Right: The USA recently released these pictures of the biggest mortar in the world: it weighs 200,000 pounds, fires a two-ton shell eight miles and has a 38-foot barrel.





Italy

Libya

A black and white photograph showing a group of men in traditional Venetian work clothes (capelli, trousers) pulling a large, ornate stone lion sculpture on a wooden sled. The lion is the famous Lion of Saint Mark. They are in a courtyard with a building featuring a series of arches and circular windows in the background. The scene is captured in a wide-angle shot, with a large black circular object partially obscuring the top right corner. A white rectangular box with the text "PAGE 13" is in the bottom right corner.

Continuing How the Army Saved HISTORY

3

N-W Europe



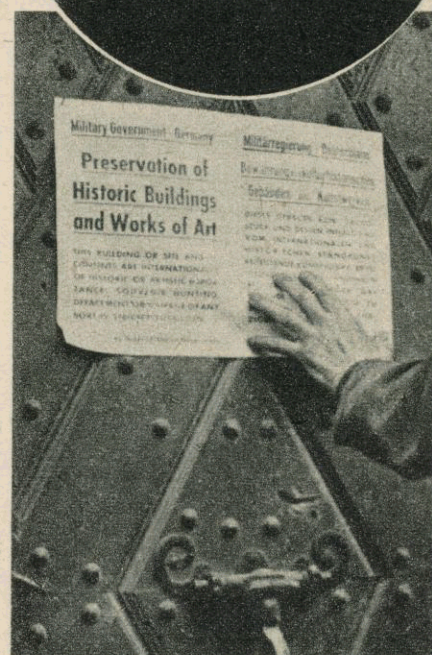
Cultural shock-troops moved forward with the Infantry in N-W Europe and, often working under shellfire, rescued paintings, sculpture and other treasures. Above: Removing pictures from a house in Xanten to a cellar during shelling. Below: Sorting the rubble of a library for old and valuable books.

400,000 tons of ammunition and quantities of other military supplies had been stored. The contents of the mine were inspected on 27 April 1945 by seven men from an ordnance depot.

In the course of their investigations they noticed a masonry wall built into the side of the main corridor about 500 metres from the elevation shaft. Noticing that the mortar was still fresh, they made an opening, and, after tunnelling through masonry and rubble to a depth of more than five feet, uncovered a frame lattice door padlocked on the opposite side. Breaking through this, they entered a room divided by partitions into a series of compartments filled with paintings, boxes, tapestries, and hung with brilliant banners. Among the contents of this room were the coffins of Field-Marshal and Frau von Hindenburg, Frederick William the First, and Frederick the Great. Also found were the crowns of the coronation of Frederick the First and Sophie Charlotte in 1701 (the jewels of which were missing—having apparently been sold), various pieces of State jewellery, and a collection of priceless paintings by Watteau, Chardin, Lancret, and other masters. This was Hitler's private store of treasure.

The caskets containing these items were removed from the mine, where they had been in constant danger of destruction by explosives, and driven by a convoy of eight trucks to Marburg.

R. S. GARRETT (Capt.)



Military Government locks the door on the souvenir hunter. These notices were prompt to appear after a town had been occupied and saved a great many works of art.



Above: Lt.-Col. Geoffrey Webb, a Cambridge don, examines some of the altar side-pieces in the Great Church of Cleve. Below: The realistic statue: a memorial to French troops of World War 1, rescued by Americans.





1 Hair from Army barbers and hairdressers all over Britain arrives in sacks supplied to the senders by the Hackney factory.



2 The hair is checked over carefully, and rough-cleaned. Surely those blonde tresses come from an ATS hairdresser?



3 The hair is next given a good shampoo in acidified soap solution to wash away grease and impurities.

Soldiers' Hair Turns into PENICILLIN

A German scientist has hit on the unlovely idea of making an edible paste out of human hair. Probably of more use to humanity in the long run is the process of turning hair into penicillin, as carried out in a factory at Hackney, London.

Hundreds of pounds of hair from Army barbers finds its way to Ashe Laboratories, where it is boiled in bubbling cauldrons to make a substance

known as cystine used in the manufacture of penicillin. This factory has been operating for some months, and is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

"The cystine we make," says Mr. K. J. Archer, works manager, "is used to give a larger yield in the manufacture of penicillin. We had a difficult task to make the process work at first, but now it is going well and we get a better yield than can be obtained in laboratory experiments."

S. E. WEBSTER (Lieut.)

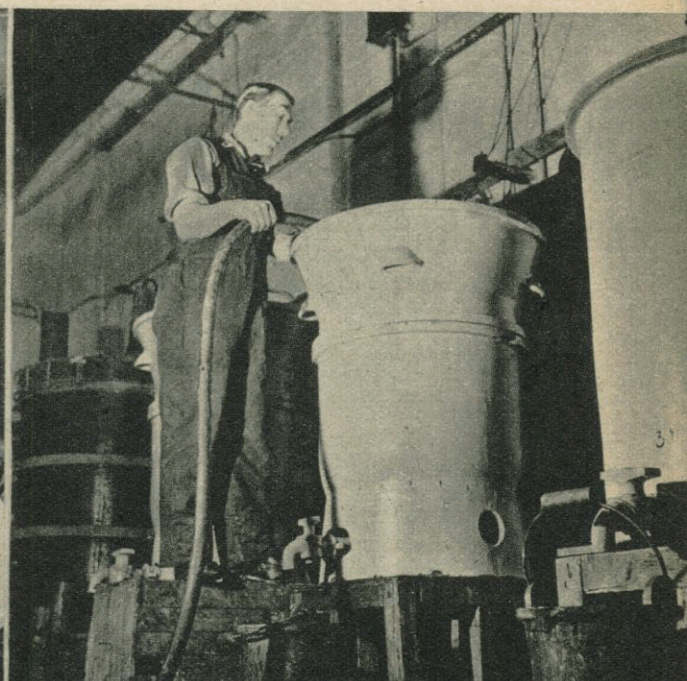
4 It is dried, then boiled all night with strong acid. The result is filtered and then given shock treatment with caustic soda.



5 What's left is piped into a basin—a scummy black mess looking like the kind of thing the witches brewed in "Macbeth."



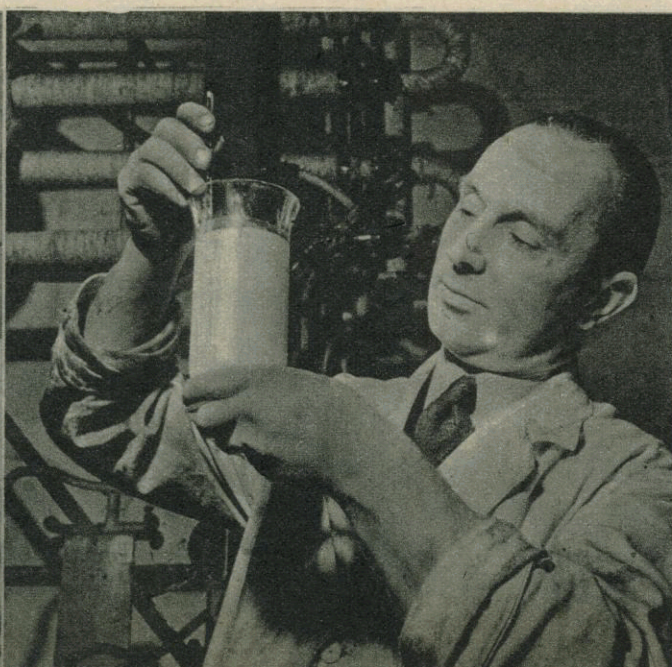
6 The black liquid is piped uphill into this contraption, which is just another filter. The process isn't through yet.



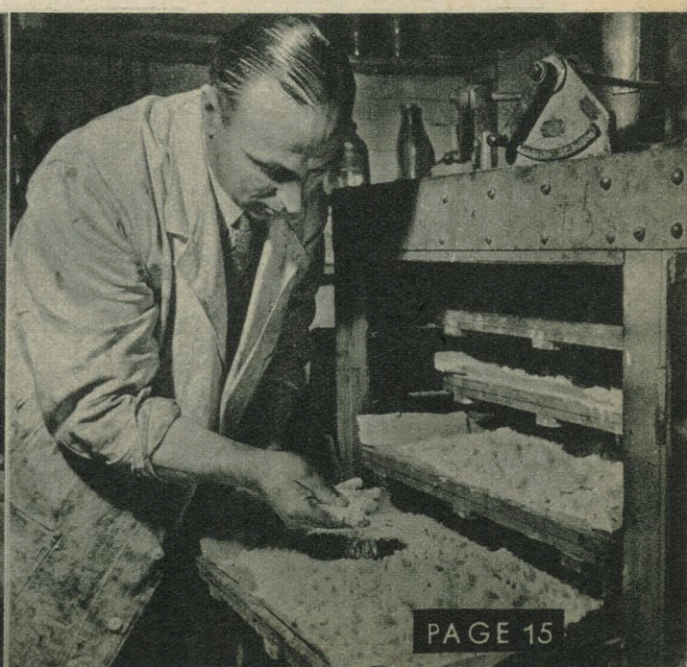
7 More caustic soda is added. The hair, which is getting pretty weary by now, gives up the struggle and cystine separates out.

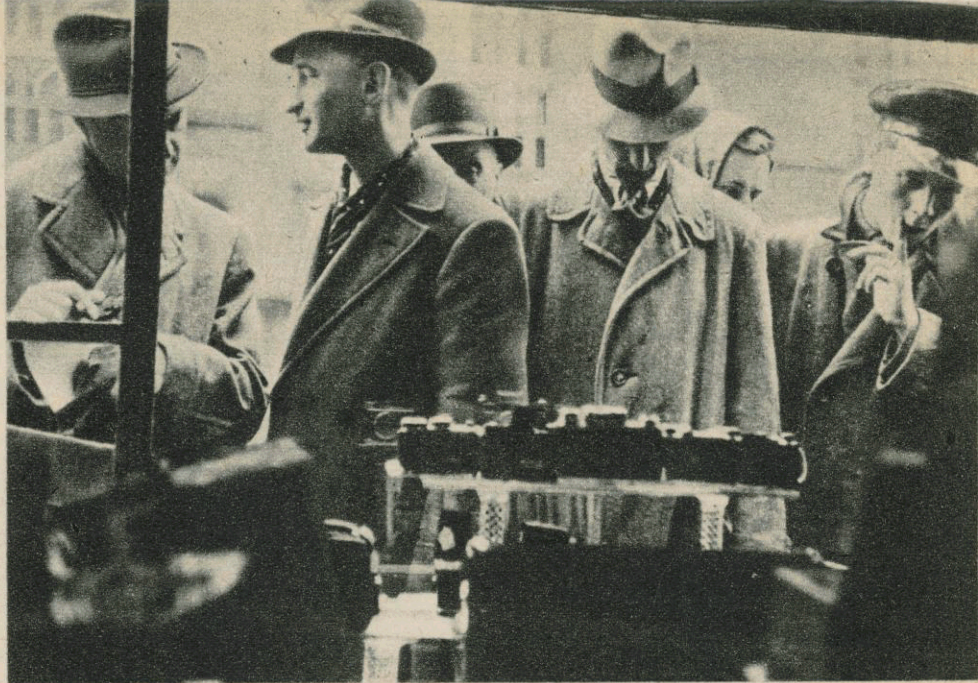
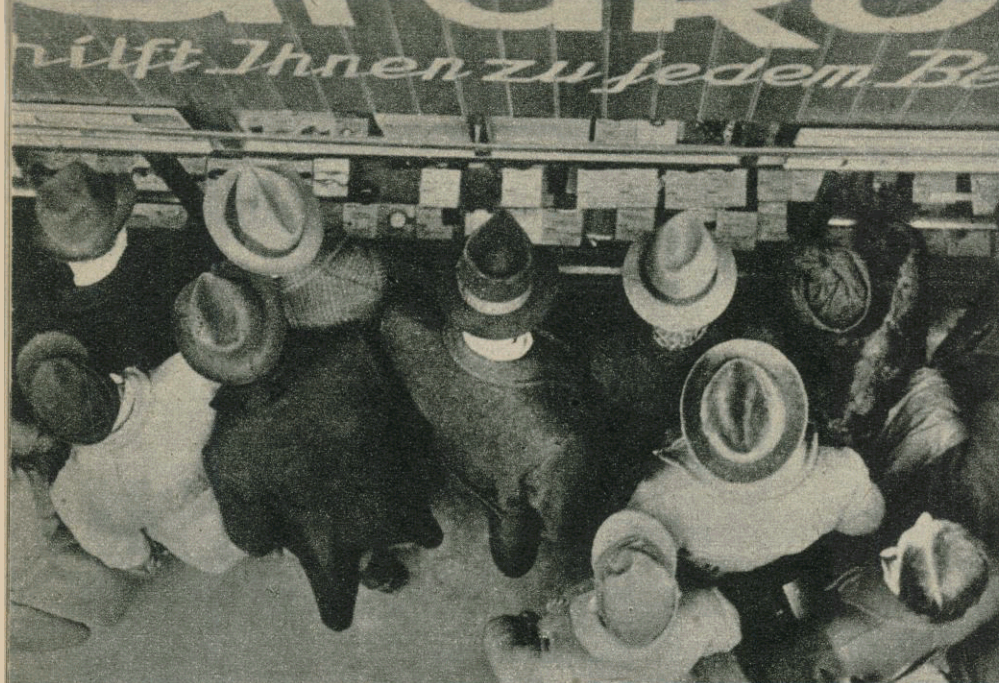


8 Pure cystine separates as a brilliant white powder which is filtered and dried. Charcoal is used in the cleaning process.



9 Here's the finished product. It's come a long way, but it's a worth-while trip if it means a more plentiful supply of penicillin.





All day and every day, Sundays included, Hamburg citizens crowd the pavements outside the barter shops, seeking bargains. A few are interested in the hundreds of cameras displayed in the shop windows, but the large majority want clothes.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A Barter Shop

RENATE George, 22-year-old opera star who played to German audiences in Berlin, Vienna, Hamburg and Danzig during the war, fumbled in her handbag for an old silver wristlet watch, an heirloom left her by her grandfather.

"Will you take this for that pair of dancing shoes?" she asked the girl assistant behind the counter. The flaxen-haired counter-hand examined the watch carefully and nodded her head. The wristlet watch, last but one of the few pieces of jewellery and trinkets Renate was left with after her Berlin home was destroyed in an air-raid, joined a heap of other watches piled high on a show-case shelf.

The dancing shoes were taken from the stand and Renate George, one-time idol of German opera audiences, left the shop clutching her newly-won shoes as though afraid they might be taken from her. Renate had only one more piece of jewellery to barter — a silver brooch which she hoped to exchange for a dancing costume so that she might go back on the stage.

Incidents like this happen every day in any of the hundreds of barter shops set up by the Military Government in the British Zone for the direct exchange of second-hand goods.

The value of the mark is so false that money means nothing to the German civilian except that it buys the official rationed foods and pays the taxes. Clothing and essential articles which provide creature comforts are the real gold nuggets of German commercial life, and most people are prepared to effect fantastic exchanges for a good hard-wearing shirt, a suit of clothes, a dress or a pair of gloves. Today these barter shops are the only

shops where any great amount of trading is done, and it is true to say that they are a vital part of German economy.

Before the establishment of the barter shops all transactions of this nature were conducted in the local black markets throughout Germany. Everyone was, in some way or another, a black marketeer, and the man in possession of the greatest quantity of priority goods "cornered" the market. "Prices" — generally in food and valuable jewellery, clothing and bedding — rose rapidly and the average German found he was unable to meet the demands of the Big Men. It was largely because of this situation that the age-old system of bartering was introduced, and there is little doubt that, until German internal economy is put on its feet again and consumer goods are on sale for marks in the shops, it will continue.

The system is controlled at the highest level by Military Government, but licences are issued by the local German authorities in each city and

town on the basis of one shop for every 20,000 people in large cities, and no more than two barter shops in towns of a population of less than 20,000. The shops and those who deal through them have to conform to a strict set of rules drawn up by Military Government and designed to eradicate the influence of black market gangs. There is very little opportunity for "back door" trading or under-the-counter tactics. If discovered to be involved in any shady dealing, the shop is closed down and the barter goods returned to their original owners. Periodically Military Government Officers swoop in a snap-check on stores, and examine books. If the business is not being conducted correctly a warning is issued. After that, there is no second chance.

Hans and his Skates

To understand the system let us follow the procedure when Hans Kleune, a Hamburg citizen, decides to offer a pair of ice-skates for a pair of gloves. Hans, who served in the Wehrmacht and is now a labourer clearing up the rubble, lives in an underground cellar with his wife and child beneath a pile of brick-dust and rusted girders. He has no need of his ice-skates when his hands are in danger of becoming frost-bitten. That is elementary common-sense. So Hans tucks his ice-skates under his arm and goes to the nearest barter shop situated in the basement of a destroyed building.

He agrees that 50 marks is a fair price and declares his wish to exchange them for a pair of gloves. But before he can get any nearer to the gloves Hans has a lot of questions to answer. His name, age, address, identity card number, and occupation. All these particulars are written down in one of the huge ledgers kept by the barter shop and then Hans is free to inspect the odd assortment of gloves in the stores

room and stacked in the show-cases. Each pair of gloves bears a numbered ticket showing the articles the owner desires in exchange. A nearly new pair of fur-lined gauntlets catches his eye — but the owner wants two shirts for them. Another pair is offered for a dress, another for a pair of shoes.

He Must Wait

There is no demand for ice-skates just now. If there had been, the ticket number on the gloves would have been turned up in the ledger, the owner traced, and the barter effected. As it is, Hans will have to wait, so he deposits the ice-skates in the safe-keeping of the barter shop and pays a sum equivalent to 15 per cent of the value of his offer.

The ice-skates are labelled with a numbered ticket and particulars of Hans' barter offer, and placed in the large shop-window for all Hamburg to gaze upon, so that everyone who wants a pair of skates and has a pair of gloves to spare has an equal chance of doing a deal. When someone wants to effect the transaction Hans will be called to the shop and will receive his gloves.

If the skates are not exchanged within two months of the date of deposit Hans will receive by registered post a letter asking him to remove them from the shop. If he fails to do this within six months he will be ordered to pay a fine equal to the amount he paid when the transaction first began, and his ice-skates will be confiscated and offered by the shop owner.

If, in the beginning, the shop manager has any reason to suspect that the skates are stolen property he has the right to refuse to accept them, just as Hans would have had the right to cancel his offer at any time during the first two months.

E. J. GROVE (Capt.)

In the shops where all the customers are dealers, the particulars of anybody wishing to start a transaction are carefully checked and recorded. Hundreds of such entries are made by this girl assistant every day.

She takes a last, lingering look at her camera before handing it over in exchange for the fur coat which her daughter needs. The onlookers obviously appreciate the tension of the moment as she makes up her mind.



THE MEN WHO LIVED ON THE RUN

WHEN a birthday cable was delivered to a girl at Folkestone, Kent, she did not know it had been despatched by her brother, "somewhere in South-East Asia," from the jungle near Moulmein, miles behind the Jap lines. Neither did she know that her letters to him ended their journey from the red pillar-box in a parachute container heaved from a supply-dropping Dakota.

The brother was one of the men in "V Force," about whose doings in Jap-occupied Burma and Malaya before the liberation there has been only a trickle of information.

The men of "V Force," like those of Long Range Desert Group, the Maquis and other secret groups, lived on their wits, and to the men of the 14th Army were little more than a legend. Sometimes they were seen, like the little group that emerged one day near a Divisional HQ at Tamu — bearded, covered with mud, with bleary and bloodshot eyes, back from a 500-mile trek. "V Force," someone said. They disappeared into some *bashas* and no one quite knew where they had been or what they had done. No one quite knows now.

The organisation of "V Force" was the work of Brigadier A. Felix Williams, who had spent almost a quarter of a century in Burma. When British, Indian and Chinese troops were pulling out of Burma in the Spring of 1942, Brigadier Felix Williams was told to organise 10,000 guerillas along the India-Burma frontier and to "hold the border for six months." "V Force," which then consisted of nothing more than a dozen officers and a head-quarters, had few guns and little ammunition. A closely guarded secret, the embryo organisation was known to a few in those early days as "Plan Five" — hence the derivation of the "V".

Brigadier Williams commissioned tea and rubber planters and others who had spent years in Burma. These men were later supplemented by volunteer officers from other units, who had heard whispers of "V Force" and liked the sound of the unorthodox adventure it promised. And provided.

With the help of these men Brigadier Williams succeeded in organising the tribesmen into groups of "levies". They developed an extensive intelligence system, harassed the enemy lines of communication and killed large numbers by ambush. Guns were bought in the bazaars and a collection of weapons which had been seized from the tribesmen on India's North-West frontier were requisitioned and sent into Burma.

Links of the Chain

As British and Indian troops moved south in their offensive in 1944 units of "V Force", now comparatively highly organised, were transferred to Army command as soon as regular forces penetrated their operating areas. "V Force" operated for the most part as units. Usually one "unit" consisted of an officer and his band of "levies", perhaps Burma tribesmen, perhaps Gurkhas or men of the Assam Rifles. Each "unit" was grouped with five other "units", to become known as an "area", usually under the command of a major. Two such "areas" were known as a "group", commanded by a lieutenant-colonel and on a higher level corps commanders dealt with "groups". That was the organisation as it eventually became, varying in size from five to eleven groups, ranging Burma from the Arakan to Ledo.

Many picturesque figures emerged from "V Force". There was the man they called the "Pirate". A six-foot, 14-stone former Wasps rugby player, a strong swimmer, the "Pirate" had many adventures over two years. Once, with a few of his followers, the "Pirate" raided a house where there were two Jap officers. It was an ambush. The Japs had pickets all round the trap. Two or three of the "V Force" men were killed and the "Pirate" and other survivors had to keep on the run for quite a time. They lived that way.

Many awards came the way of "V Force" men, like the posthumous award of the George Medal to Mohamed Shaffi, who led numerous fighting patrols into enemy positions. He played

a prominent part in the capture of a badly wanted Japanese prisoner. Finally he rescued an RAF pilot from 25 miles behind the Jap lines, a task which Navy men had thought impossible. For this rescue he took a fishing boat through heavy monsoon surf down 25 miles of enemy-occupied coast, landed, found the pilot and brought him safely back to base. On another occasion he also rescued a pilot from behind enemy lines while under heavy fire, and a bare year ago he engaged single-handed an enemy patrol eight strong, killing one and capturing equipment.

Jungle Queen

One of the most romantic stories of the war was of the wedding at Shillong of Miss Ursula Violet Graham Bower MBE, known as the "Queen of the Nagas", to Lt-Col. Frederick Nicholson Betts, 2 Punjab Regt., attached "V Force". For many months during 1943 and 1944 when the Japs were in full occupation, Miss Graham Bower lived in a rough *basha* on a solitary hilltop

two days' march from the nearest township. She organised Naga tribesmen against the Japs and established a network of observation posts which gave the 14th Army one of its most valuable intelligence sources. Lt-Col. Betts was one of the officers who met her to compare notes on the undercover war which they were both waging separately.

In London recently was an officer with the "V Force" flash and badge — the badge being a design of their own specially made knives in the form of a "V". His last adventure was when, after being dropped from a Dakota near Moulmein, he organised a band of 200 levies. They relied on food supplied by villagers, supplemented by an occasional Dakota supply drop, when it had been possible to get a map reference through to HQ.

Captain "X" lived "on the run". Often he heard from villagers that the Japs were going to beat the forest for him, his group of soldiers and levies. But as the forest was 100 square miles in size and he knew he could slip through the "net", he did not worry. A more exciting moment was when a villager came to him when he was still in bed and said there were 50 Japs searching the village for him. Captain "X" and a party of 15 levies with him in the village moved off in a hurry.

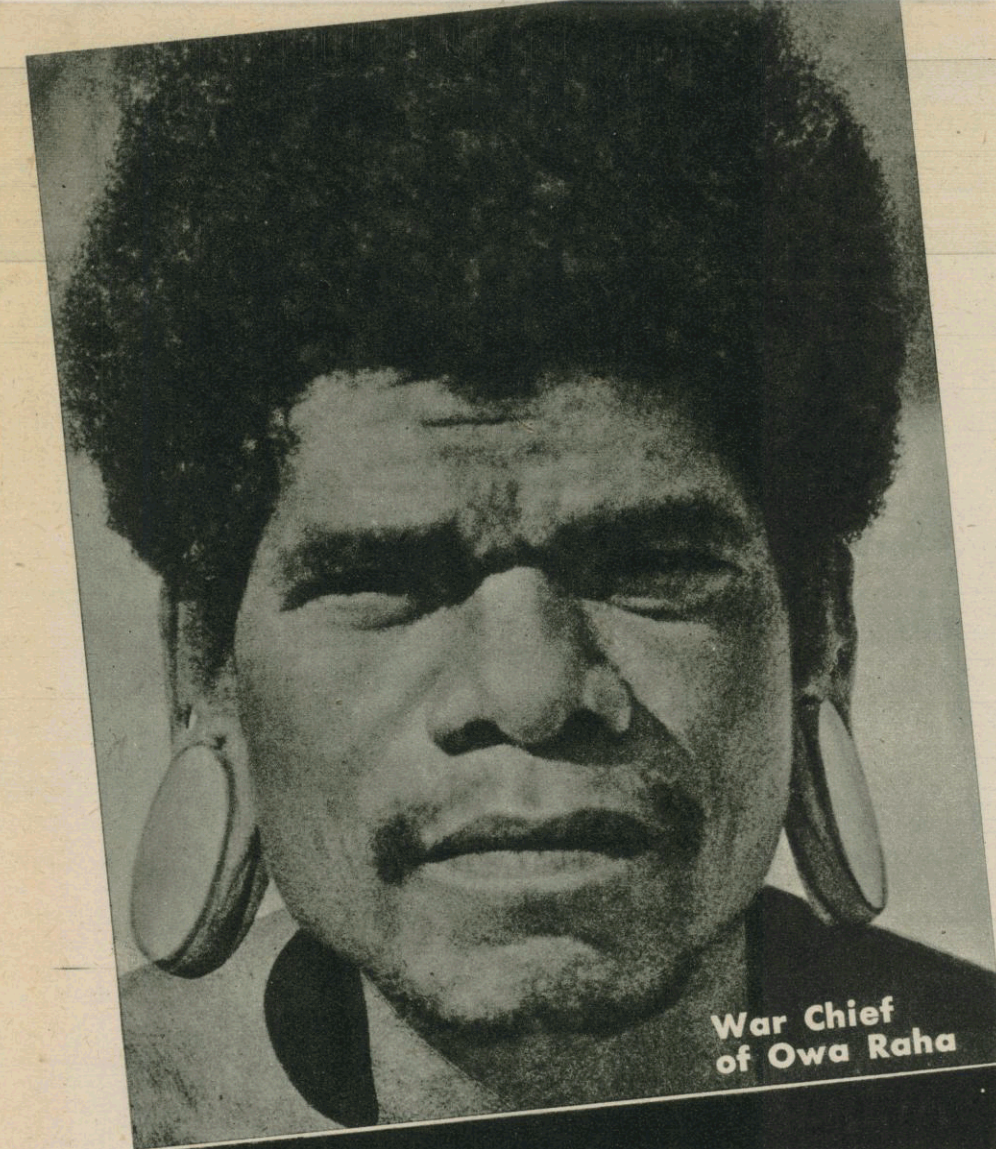
End of a Hunt

His worst time was between 31 July and 24 August, when hit by fever, in hiding, cut off from any wireless communications and short of supplies. This situation lasted until he heard the Japs were releasing political prisoners. Capt "X", feeling "pretty certain there had been an armistice", made a bold move. With his 15 levies, all thoroughly scruffy and short of food, he went in to see the nearest Jap colonel. Captain "X" was not sure of his reception, especially when — as he later found — the first officer he saw was the man who had been organising the hunt for him during the last four months. The Jap colonel ordered him food and accommodation. The villagers brought chickens, ducks and eggs. He was the first free European they had seen for years. The job was done.

"V Force" men lived a harassing life, but they had their satisfying moments; such as when they heard Liberators high overhead, going to bomb targets about which they had given information, or saw the Spitfires out on a strafe.

REG FOSTER (Lieut.)





War Chief of Owa Raha

SOLOMON Scouts

IN all probability the only force in the world which fought a war after being disbanded is the British Solomon Islands Protectorate Defence Force. It was formed in 1939 and was about a company strong. Before it had seen any action it was formally disbanded, in 1942. But the disbandment was never carried out.

When the Japs were approaching the Solomons it was planned that district officers should remain at their posts in the islands to form a "coast watching" organisation with the natives. They were given commissions in the Defence Force, authorised to enlist natives, and supplied with portable radio transmitters. Then they established food dumps and retired to native villages.

Hidden Eyes Watched Japs

At first the Japs did pretty much as they liked in the Solomons. But their every move in the 900-mile stretch of water over which the islands are scattered was reported to British or American authorities. One officer, Major D. J. Kennedy, DSO, with the help of his islanders, provided information which was responsible for the destruction of scores of Jap aircraft, forced the enemy to abandon 92,000 gallons

of petrol, and resulted in the sinking of a destroyer and a cargo vessel. The Japs did not discover his whereabouts until too late.

The Solomon islanders, blackest skinned of all the Pacific races, and head hunters until 30 years ago, joined in with enthusiasm. Men of the Defence Force would work for the Japs for a few days and then slip away to report to their officers what was being done. In this way the Americans learnt that the Henderson airfield on Guadalcanal was being built and all the details of its dumps and defences.

When the Allies landed in the Solomons a district officer named Clemens organised a Service Battalion of the Defence Force which carried out patrol and intelligence work and was later used in New Georgia. The Solomon Islands Labour Corps, also formed shortly after the American landing on Guadalcanal, built camp sites and telegraph lines, unloaded ships and operated small auxiliary supply vessels. It grew to a strength of 2,580 officers and men.

Reports from the scouts to their officers led to some ingenious descriptions. One man who had been inside a Jap AA position was asked the calibre of the gun and replied "all same small beer bottle," which was just the information required.

FIJI Commandos

THE greatest jungle fighters of the war were the frizzle-haired men from the Fijis, devout Christians whose ancestors were notorious cannibals less than a century ago.

From the 110,000 Fijians scattered over the 80 inhabited islands of their group, a Brigade Group of about 6,000, including three battalions of Infantry, two commandos and ancillary services was raised. They were trained and partly officered by New Zealanders and came under the general military control of the New Zealand General Staff. Operationally they were under American command — and they were able to show the Americans a thing or two.

"Attack" with Chalk

An American general training troops in the Fijis was worried about his men's casual attitude towards security, so one night he ordered them to be especially on the alert, with double guards and any other precautions he could think of; he then set the Fijians to "attack" his men with sticks of chalk.

Examination a few hours later discovered chalked crosses on the sentries' Tommy-guns, on chairs in the guard-room and on every bit of vital equipment in the area. Not one Fijian

had been seen moving around the American camps.

The Fijians' stealth and ability to take cover did much to shake the Japs' confidence wherever they met them. One company of 1 Battalion, Fiji Infantry Regiment, had only one casualty during a month and a half of scouting operations behind the Japs lines on Bougainville, yet accounted for scores of Japs and sent back vital information to base. Another party of Fijians lay in ambush behind the Jap lines with a Bren gun, waited until 40 of the enemy were gathered five yards away to discuss an operation, then liquidated the lot.

VC Islander

Fijians fought on Guadalcanal and in the New Georgia landings, but the story of their war effort reached its climax on Bougainville, when Cpl. Sefanaia Sukanaivalu of 3 Battalion, Fiji Infantry Regiment, won the first VC to be awarded to a non-European Colonial soldier in the war. After rescuing several of his men under heavy fire he sacrificed his life to save the remainder.

Ironically, Cpl. Sukanaivalu's name meant "returned from the war." He was born in 1919, after his father had returned to the Fijis with the Fiji Labour Corps, which had served in France and Italy.



Trumpeter of Fiji Defence Force

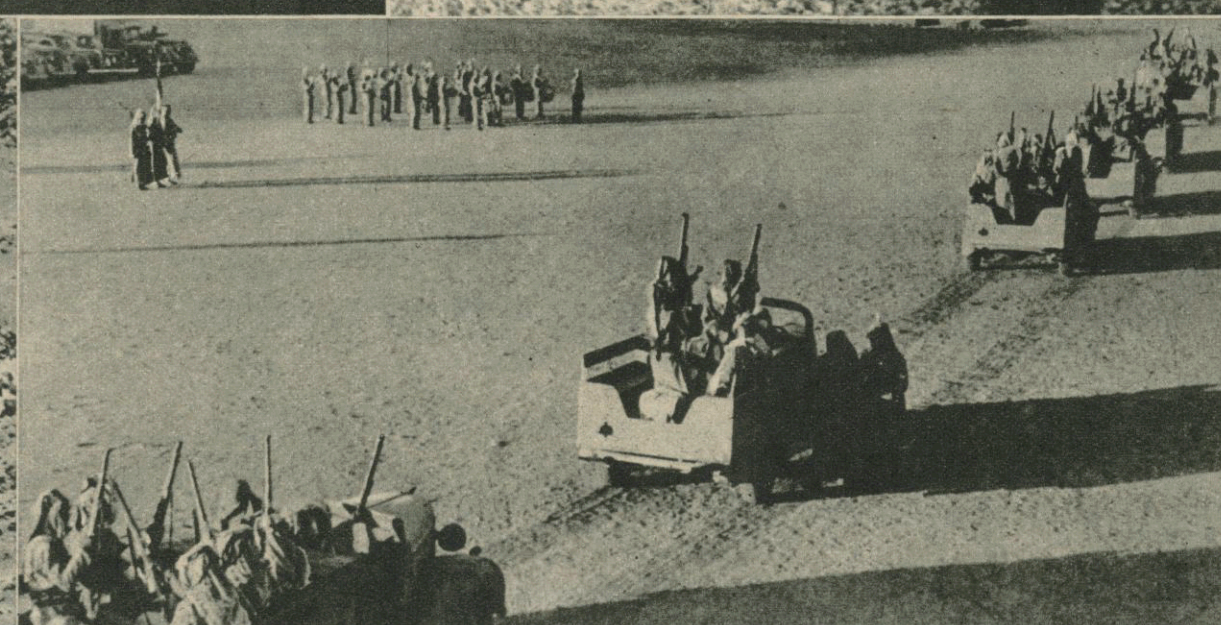
BRITAIN'S OTHER ARMIES No 7 THE OUTPOSTS OF EMPIRE



Recruits of the Royal Malta Artillery in training.



Cypriot muleteers bringing up supplies in Italy.



March past of the Arab Legion Mechanised Brigade.

MALTA'S CRACK GUNNERS

WHILE the people of Malta have had much well-deserved praise for their stoicism under bombardment, little has been said of the active part Maltese military units played in the defence of their island fortress.

When war broke out, Malta had the Royal Malta Artillery, which is an integral part of the regular British Army, and the King's Own Malta Regiment, a Territorial unit, both of which were expanded as part of the garrison. To them were added, in 1942, the Malta Army Service Corps, Army Ordnance Corps and Army Pioneer Corps, all raised on a Territorial basis.

These units had behind them a long military tradition. Under the Arabs, more than thousand years ago, the Maltese became the most formidable corsairs in the Mediterranean.

Fought Napoleon

Their military spirit was strengthened under the rule of the Knights of St. John, which began in 1530, and under the Knights they fought off a long siege by the Turks — as deadly in its day as that of the Axis later — and on one occasion, in 1565, Maltese soldiers fought the would-be invaders with knives, waist-deep in the sea, to repel them.

When Napoleon's troops invaded the island, it was the Maltese who besieged 4,500 of them in Valetta for two years, from 1798 to 1800, with no material aid from the British until the last six months. The service of the Maltese of that time is commemorated by the

date "MDCCC" on the colours of the King's Own Malta Regiment, formed in 1923.

Other Maltese troops fought outside the island in the Napoleonic wars, and a thousand of them met attacks on Capri by six times their number of Frenchmen. They finally surrendered on honourable terms and marched off the field with their arms, and their drums beating. Before the capitulation an ensign and two sergeants returned to their former position to rescue the Colours, which they got away wrapped round their waists.

The first embodiment of Maltese troops under British officers was in 1800, when the Maltese Light Infantry was raised to help defeat the French garrison. At the same time the Maltese pioneers were raised and operated against the French in Egypt. These two units were disbanded in 1802. Of the units which followed them the most famous was the Royal Malta Fencible Regiment ("fencible" indicates a soldier liable only for defensive service), formed in 1815 as an Infantry battalion. In 1861 this unit became the Royal Malta Fencible Artillery, which in turn became the Royal Malta Artillery in 1889, when a militia Infantry unit was raised. A detachment of 100 "Fencibles" took part in the fighting in Egypt in 1882 and acquitted themselves well.

During the siege of Malta in the last war the RMA manned heavy and light AA guns and coast artillery, with great success, and the King's Own Malta Regiment assisted in the defence of the island and the maintenance of airfields and aircraft right through the blitz. Thus Malta's soldiers played their part in earning the island's George Cross.

CYPRIOTS

THE first Colonial troops to serve against the enemy in the war were Cypriots.

Five hundred of them enlisted in the Cyprus RASC in 1939 and in January 1940 were serving in France as muleteers. They were evacuated from France and went to the Middle East.

The Cypriots, who are swarthy men with black eyes and black, wavy hair, mostly speak Greek as their mother tongue, though some speak Turkish. When they joined the Army and went overseas they had to start shaving themselves every morning instead of spending a social hour or two, now and again, at the barbers. They gave up their lifelong taste for thick Turkish coffee and became addicts of the Army's sweet, milky tea. Good cooks, they got the very best out of their rations.

Priority Pipeline

Their first big task in Middle East was to lay a water pipe in the Mersa Matruh area, during Wavell's first push. They handled ammunition and supplies. One of the first of a long series of decorations to Cypriots was won at Sollum by a corporal for gallantry while unloading a ship during air raids.

From the Western Desert they went to Greece where, to quote one of their officers, they were "at the beck and call of every branch of the Army." In addition to sheer, hard manual work they relieved Infantry of guard duties. Many of them were captured in Greece, after fighting side by side with Britons,

TRICKED GERMANS

Australians and New Zealanders, when the Germans sent tanks and motorised Infantry against those who were left behind in the evacuation of Kalamata, and Italian submarines pumped shells at them from the sea.

Private Jakovos Theodoulou, who escaped to the hills after the battle, eventually made his way to the island of Kimolos, where he teamed up with the Greek crew of a German schooner, laden with ammunition and explosives for Bardia, and organised them in a plan to steal the ship and sail for Alexandria. As they left port they gave a party for the two German guards on board, during which Theodoulou improved the Germans' wine with some cigarette ash. When the two Germans were thoroughly bemused the Greeks, led by Theodoulou, threw them overboard and headed for friendly territory. Theodoulou was awarded the DCM for this exploit.

Private Georgios Petrou, who was captured at Kalamata, escaped and joined forces with a party of British and Imperial troops. His knowledge of Greek was invaluable to them and so, instead of arranging his own escape, which would have been easy, he stayed with them as, in the words of the citation for the MM he received, "general assistant, messenger and interpreter. He risked returning to Salonika in their interests and did not leave until many were able to escape."

Back in Africa Cypriot units were doing invaluable work in Eritrea and Abyssinia, while others went to Syria. They shared the vacillations of the desert campaigns and then went on to Italy, where more than 6,000 of them served, invaluable with their mules in the mountains, until the end of the war.

ARABS AS DESERT GUIDES

FROM the Bedouin of the Transjordan is recruited one of the world's most desert-worthy fighting units — the Arab Legion. It was formed after the 1914-18 war and from 1926 to 1938 was purely a police force. Formed of men born and bred in the desert, and who know everything that is going on in the sandy wilderness, the Legion is a vital factor in keeping the peace in Transjordan.

Wandering tribesmen, planning a raid, generally find a couple of carloads of the Legion, with an officer, suddenly pulling up at their camp. They are politely asked what is going on, in a tone which indicates that the question is merely a formal one, and are gently persuaded to call the raid off. Then back they go to their lawful business.

Although the Transjordan Frontier Force, recruited in both Palestine and Transjordan, and a squadron of the RAF are normally stationed near the frontier and are ready to deal with any trouble, they have little to do in Transjordan, so well does the Legion operate.

At the outbreak of war it was agreed between the Emir of Transjordan and the British Government that there should be a military section of the Arab Legion; it was built up to a total of about 5,000, consisting mainly of a mechanised brigade. This expansion was still going on when the Legion was

given the task of guiding a British mechanised column 500 miles through desert country to the Euphrates, to engage pro-Axis Iraqi who were causing trouble. The Legion did the job and then led a detachment of the British column to cut the Mosul road and descend the Tigris to Baghdad, where they scared away the rebel leaders.

In June 1941 the Legion guided a column from Iraq to attack Palmyra, in Syria, and added to this job a victorious action of their own.

Magic Name

Commander of the Arab Legion is Brigadier John Bagot Glubb — Glubb Pasha — who has often been likened to Lawrence of Arabia. Glubb is a man with a deep understanding of Arabs and a gift for inspiring affection and confidence in them.

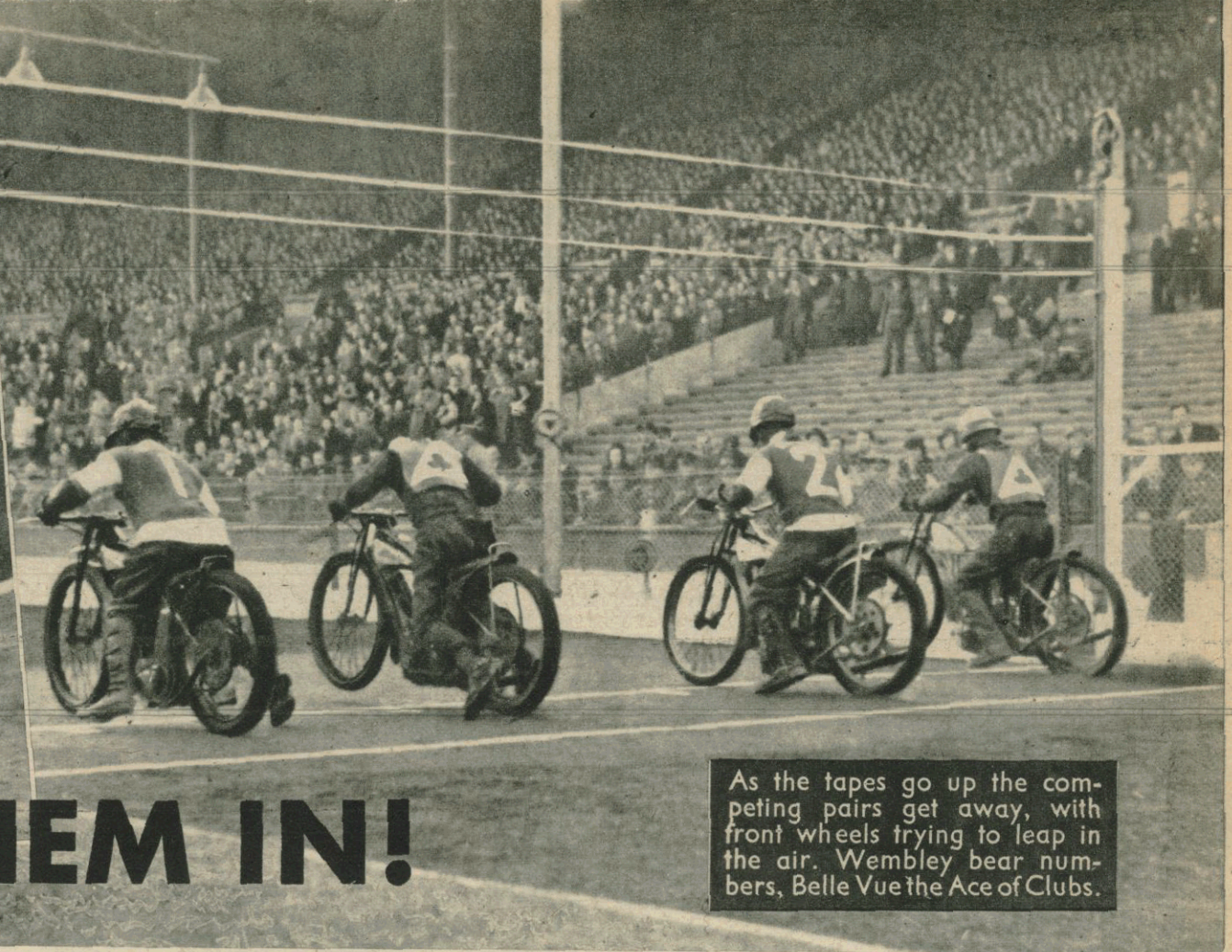
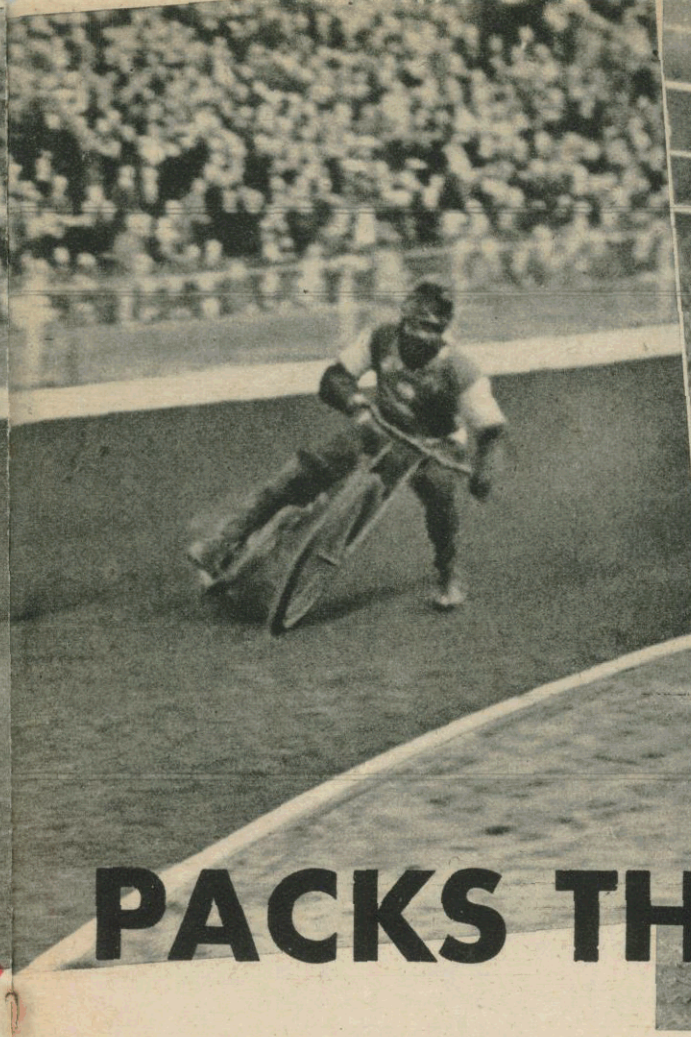
He was thrice wounded and won the MC in World War I, went to Iraq as a Sapper subaltern in 1920 and left the Army in 1926 to take a civil job, in which his work consisted largely of taking away from the Arabs arms they had received while helping Col. T. E. Lawrence. He transferred to the Transjordan in 1930 and was second in command of the Arab Legion in 1939, when he took command.

Glubb lives in tents with his men, eats their food, speaks their language, understands their problems and is careful never to give offence by breaking their desert codes. His second in command is an Arab, and the Legion is the only Colonial force in which the native officers outnumber the British officers.



Making final adjustments before the start. Riders are amply protected against showers of cinders, and the possibility of a spill at speed on the gritty track.

SPEEDWAY



As the tapes go up the competing pairs get away, with front wheels trying to leap in the air. Wembley bear numbers, Belle Vue the Ace of Clubs.

SPEEDWAY! Thousands upon thousands of young, excited, cheering men and women... supporters' clubs... "good luck Billy"... "come on, Billy boy"... flying cinders. The atmosphere round the pits is thick with a fruity mixture of exhaust gases smelling like old-fashioned incandescent gas lamps. Engines burst into a splutter and roar all around. Everyone is covered with cinder dust, oil and grease. Everyone stops as two riders round the bend neck and neck, stick their steel-shod broadsiding foot hard down, slither round crabwise—no! he's down... the engine dies away and the rider disentangles himself. The crowd roars to a crescendo. Speedway!

Well, what is this sport—new, as sports go in this country—which in the early National League matches is drawing bigger crowds than ever? Sixty thousand at Wembley, forty-three thousand at West Ham, twenty-eight thousand at Bradford, crowds to delight a football manager. Many of the spectators are in the early twenties and late 'teens. Most are. Not here the staid gentlemen of the Oval, with their sandwiches and reminiscences. Somehow I do not think it is a typical football crowd.

Speedway racing is drawing its own crowds of young people who like the noise, the excitement, the quick-cut decisions, the swift changes of fortune and, I suppose, the element of danger.

Speedway has definitely "got something", though, writing as an old gentleman who remembers Bill 'Itch and all that, I am not quite sure what it is. But each meeting is two hours of breathless performance, truly "never a dull moment". It is the only sport in which its heroes cannot hear the noise of the crowd as, seated over their roaring engines, they crash and skid and throttle their way round the track.

Deaf to Applause

Coloured club scarves wave encouragement, rattles add their staccato urge, and everybody cheers, but the padded,

helmeted gladiators themselves know nothing of all this. All they are aware of is 70 or 80 seconds of concentrated battling. Then back to the pits, to have the caked cinders wiped off their faces; then, a race or two later, back to the noise and sweat and fears.

It is speed all the way and all the time, from the first race to the last, but everyone always knows exactly what is going on. The usual perfect Wembley Stadium arrangements ensure that. A yellow flag signals one lap to go, a black-and-white check flag the finish. Coloured lights indicate before each race the riders going to the starting line. A band plays in the interval, and to ensure no second of boredom a trick

motor cyclist puts on a show. Can you wonder the young people like it? There are few disputes or fouls, though the stewards have absolute powers to ensure fair riding and may exclude a rider for any unfair practice.

At present six teams make up the National League, and there is also a Northern league. At some tracks it is not so much a question of drawing the crowds as of getting them in.

Payment by Results

Riders are graded according to their skill and receive points money according to their grade, so that a grade one man receives thirty shillings a start and thirty shillings a point, and the newcomers in grade five get ten shillings a start and ten shillings per point. Riders may be up or down-graded according to their success on the track, and they may ride four or five nights a week in different parts of the country. At the moment of writing the riders are nego-

PACKS THEM IN!

tiating for higher payment. Some do not like the grading system which may put them up or down the scale. But it is doubtful if the supporters are interested in these domestic arrangements. They go for the thrills and they get them.

The secret of success, track experts tell me, lies in the broadsiding technique which takes riders round bends with the least loss of speed and seconds, together with the daring that leaves the throttle open to the last split second of safety. Many a man who has thought himself pretty hot on a motor bike, racing motor cyclists and despatch riders who know a thing or two about rough going, have found slithering round a track not so easy as it (may) look. Yet the glamour, the hero worship and the chance of making big money attract innumerable would-be recruits from young men. Wembley alone have received hundreds of applications for trials in the past year, but the truth is the ideal speedway rider has to start young and go through two

or three seasons' intensive training before he acquires the technique that may knock a second off a track record.

Could You Qualify?

Further, the good rider has to have split-second reactions. Daring and guts are not enough. The body itself must be tough and resilient, ready to take the hard knocks and escape from a fall without serious damage. It is not, repeat not, a game for quick success, and in point of fact many of the top riders are not youngsters. Colin Watson, a leading West Ham rider, is nearer 50 than 40, and the average age of each team is nearer 30 than 25. So do not think that because you can ride a motor bike fast you are destined for fame on the track. There is a lot more to it than that; nor is it just a matter of taking risks, or you may find yourself sprawling over the track instead of passing the other fellow.

Special alcoholic fuel costing eighteen shillings a gallon is used for the ma-

chines, which are a triumph of mechanics' skill. In fact the mechanics play a big part in any team's victory. Some riders have their own ideas on tuning; others have little technical knowledge. They know how to get the bike round, but rely on their experts to keep it in condition. The five hundred cubic-centimetre capacity JAP engines are stripped, brakeless and gearless. Some look shabby enough, but it is the way they go that counts. And how they go! Not that speeds are high, perhaps not more than 45 miles an hour. It is cramming the maximum speed in the shortest distance, plus broadsiding technique, that takes the rider first past the judge's flag.

And how the crowd love it all! They seem to know all the riders by nickname and there is probably a closer affinity between the crowd and the teams than in any other sport, even including football.

Before the war Wembley had a supporters club 60,000 strong, and although

it has not yet been reformed the Stadium still make their own arrangements to take their followers to away matches. Thirty coach-loads went to New Cross—and it takes a big football match to do that. It is the intention of the management to revive the club soon, because the whole success of speedway racing is tied up with the social side.

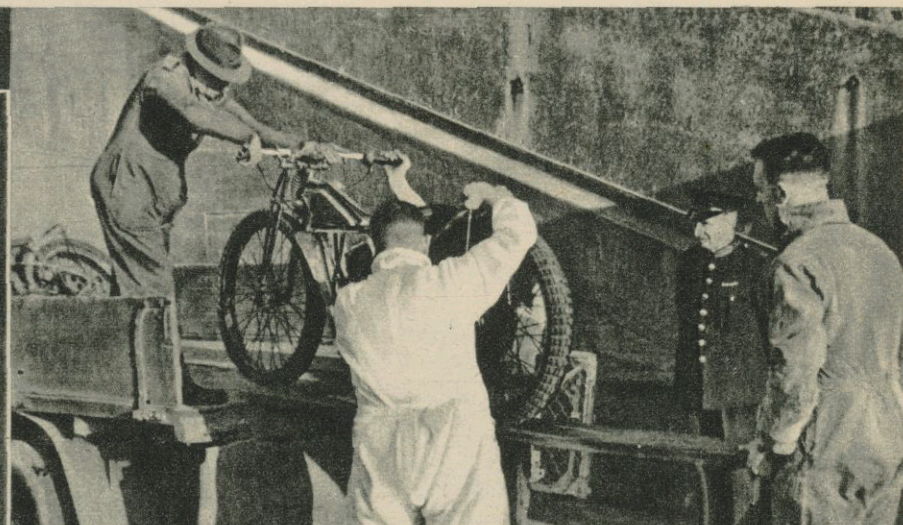
Social Sport

That is why it becomes a family sport as well as one for the youngsters. Supporters proudly wear their club badges and fly club flags on their cars and cycles, and after each meeting at Wembley there is dancing in the restaurant where fans may meet their heroes in the flesh.

There is no other sport in which such close personal contact is possible, and that may be one secret of speedway's success. Is this a tip to football clubs? How often do you hear of a football club putting on a dance for supporters and teams?

REG FOSTER (Lieut.)

Bob Wells, begrimed but happy winner of a heat, is an ex-POW. He was in the RASC and was captured at St. Valery.

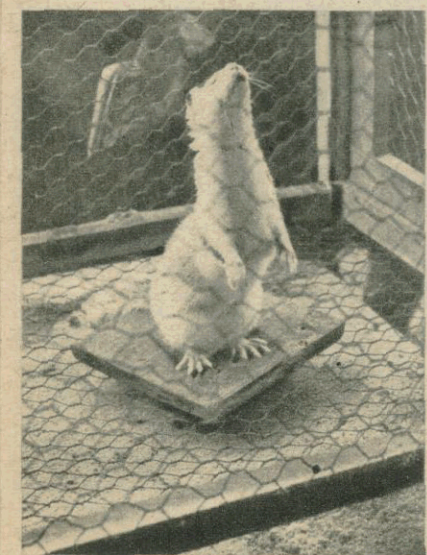


Above: Mechanics take over a machine in the pits. It must be groomed to mechanical perfection for the race. Below: Supporters take close personal interest in their club riders. "Broncho" Wilson, Wembley star, inspects a photograph taken by spectator friends.



HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- Who are the Members of Parliament for the following constituencies: (a) Woodford, Essex; (b) Lewisham; (c) Ebbw Vale; (d) West Fife; (e) Chester-le-Street? (They're all well-known.)
- Pemmican is (a) a perfume; (b) A South American seabird; (c) an 18th Century card game; (d) a dried meat-cake eaten by Red Indians. Which?
- What is this animal?
- Mr. La Guardia, one-time Mayor of New York, has a new job. What is it?
- Gordon Richards was champion jockey of 1945. How many winners did he ride?
- If you were a gourmet you would be (a) a kind of ferret; (b) fond of good food; (c) a French policeman; (d) consumptive. Which?
- Who was the star of the film "Lost Horizon" and who wrote the

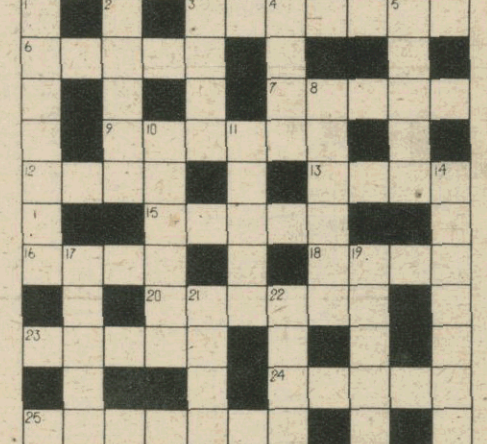


novel from which it was adapted?

- There are six countries in the Balkan Peninsula. Name them.
- A famous airman and a famous versifier are both "Sir Alan." What are their surnames?
- Which of the following words is out of place: (a) Organdie; (b) Worsted; (c) Fresco; (d) Serge?
- Leonard Stokes is the real name of a famous conductor. What is his stage name?
- In which country would your name be mud if you forgot "Mother's Day?"
- What was the family name of the ex-Kaiser of Germany?
- The "Stern Group" are (or were): (a) a clique of futurist artists; (b) armed terrorists in Palestine; (c) Republican opponents to President Franklin Roosevelt; (d) a famous gang of bucket-shop swindlers. Which?

(Answers on Page 23)

CROSSWORD



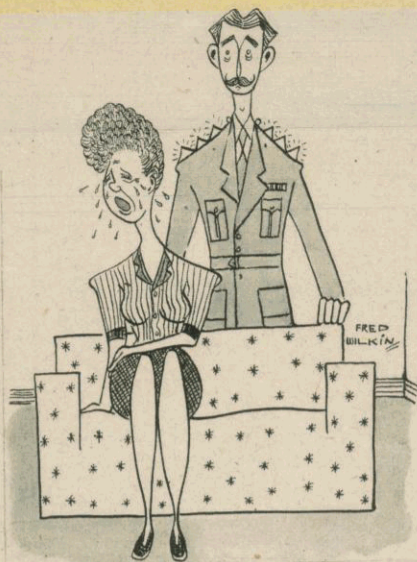
ACROSS: 3. With "9 Across" the Royal Scots are sometimes nicknamed his bodyguard. — 6. Napoo here, in India. — 7. Beachhead of ill-repute. — 9. See "3 Across". — 12. Try-out. — 13. One of the beans! — 15. "Recce" chap, perhaps. — 16. To be seen in many regimental badges, particularly Yorkshire & Lancashire. — 18. Should be familiar to anyone who's been to Borden Camp. — 20. Bengal, maybe. — 23. A "laddy" sort of lot, this! — 24. What goes 'pop' has lost its head. — 25. Not worn by the 51st with battledress.

DOWN: 1. F. O. O. perhaps. — 2. Almost defunct military formation. — 3. Bit of machine-gun mechanism, for example. — 4. Undilutedly tidy. — 5. "Pool" strength? — 8. Snuggle. — 10. Is felt differently. — 11. Look to your crest, ye men of Cheshire. — 14. Is the soldier a fool to start this as a matter of course? — 17. All ready for the consumer (two words). — 19. Guards, Fusiliers or 20's. — 21. Sufficiently remote to give a turn for the RAF. — 22. Of immortal memory in Normandy.

(Solutions on Page 23)

B A O R

h u m o u r



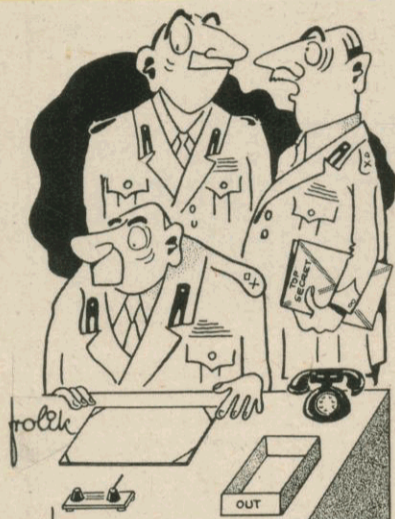
"Hurt you? Don't be silly Mabel, I merely gave you a severe rep!"



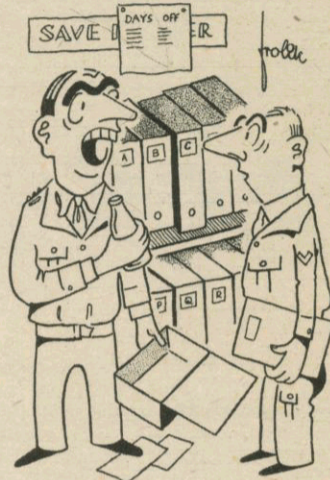
"Just a slight touch of flatulence, don't you think?"



"So you want to marry a Field Marshal—h'm—what are his chances of promotion?"



"Definitely 'old school'—still thinks in terms of aeroplanes and rocket projectiles!"



"It's time you knew that the office milk is filed under 'fresh supplies' and not 'Miscellaneous'."

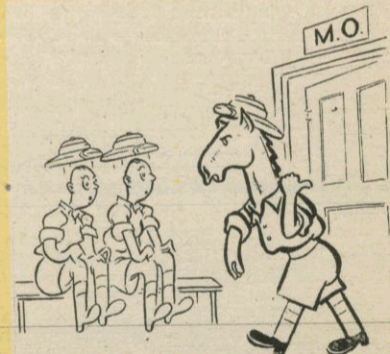


"Don't look around until they whistle a second time or they'll think us ever so common."

S E A C

h u m o u r

From "Laugh With SEAC," a selection of cartoons from the SEAC Army Newspaper.



"He's just a horse doctor, chaps."



"Yeah! Try five stupendous years!"



"Come, come Major—only on the shoulders!"



"... I ... have so little to give ..."

MORE LETTERS

NO MOTOR CYCLES

Can arrangements be made for soldiers to take their motor cycles from Britain to Germany? If so what arrangements could be made about petrol?—Sgmn. L. Wilson, 1 Corps HQ Dist.

★ It is impossible through Army channels. — Ed., SOLDIER.

EDUCATION AND POSTINGS

Is inter-divisional posting of men in the lower A & S groups unavoidable? Recently, a number of men due to be released within the next two or three months were transferred from one division to another. Instead of being able to continue the studies and courses which many had begun under the progressive policy of preparing for return to civilian occupations, they are now obliged to perform a "training" and barrack-life routine. No man wants to spend his last few weeks in the Army as though they were his first ones. Gnr. W. B. Heathcote, "G" Bty. 5 RHA.

SOUTH AMERICAN VOLUNTEER

I am a British Latin-American volunteer with five years' service in the Army, and have been told by the River Plate London Committee that we may apply for our release on completion of three years and two months' service. We are told to quote W/O Memo 19/Demob/521 (Demob. 1) of 26 Mar 46. Does this apply to BAOR, and if not what authority should be quoted instead? — Sjt. Lee, 332 FB Section, Inf. Corps.

★ You are eligible after three years and two months' service. When you apply you mentioned the authority named. — Ed., SOLDIER.

SNIPING STORIES

As an ex-sniping instructor I am desirous of collecting true stories of sniping and snipers (British and German) in World War II. I shall be very grateful to any ex-sniper who can give me authentic accounts of his activities. — C. Shore, 38, Vine Street, Hazel Grove, Stockport, Cheshire.

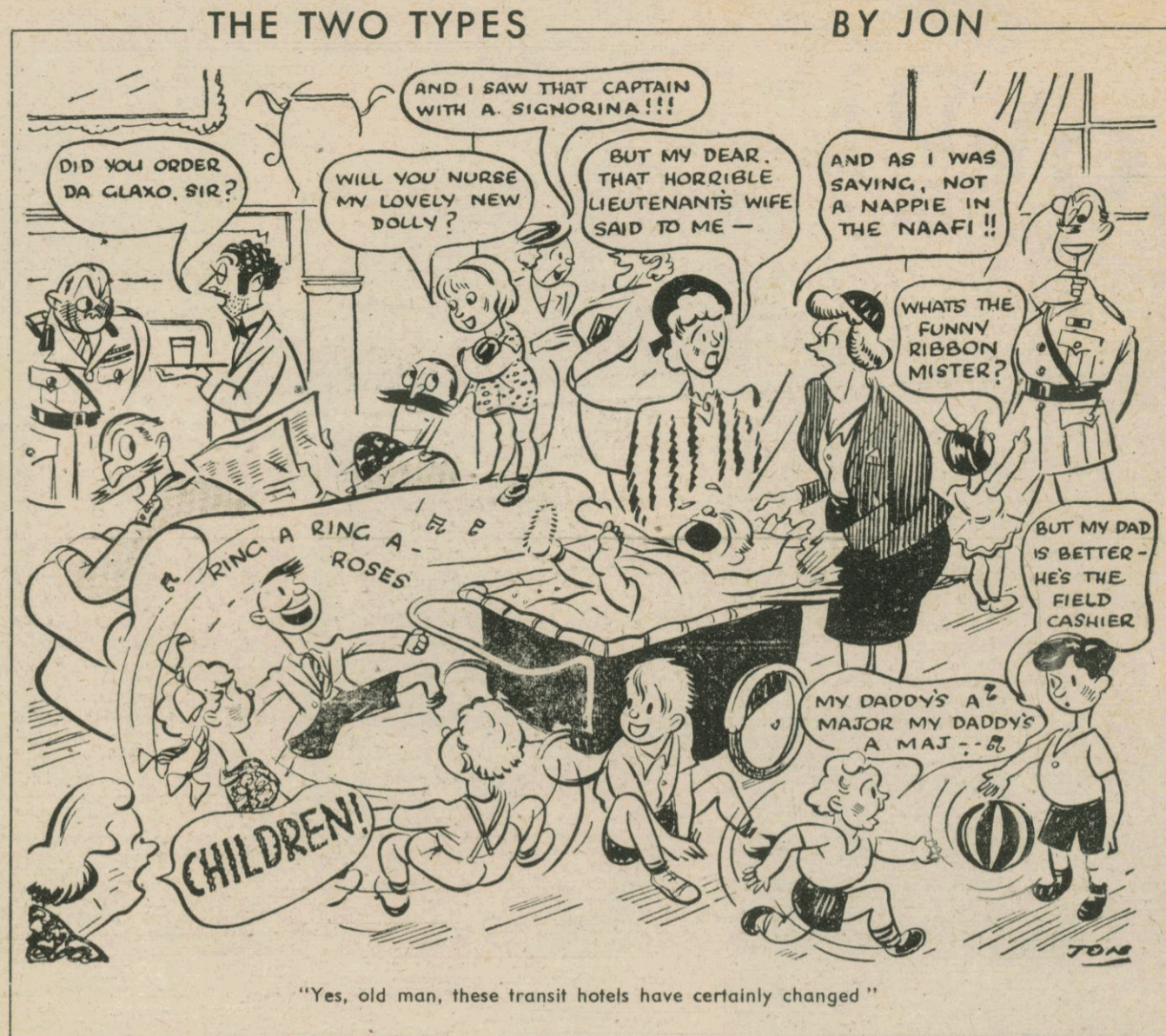
RE-ENLISTING

One of the reasons why a lot of soldiers won't volunteer for further service is because of the obscurity that seems to surround their ultimate destination. This is particularly the case in units scheduled for disbandment.

Could not something be done within reason to break down this rather awkward barrier. Its removal would give a tremendous fillip to recruitment in the BAOR. — RASC Driver (name and address supplied).

MONEY — AND MARRIAGE

I am shortly marrying a French girl and shall need to transfer English money to France for the wedding expenses. This is further complicated by the fact that I am at present in Germany. I have a banking account in England. Can I:— (a) Open a banking account in France and have money transferred to it? (b) Have money sent to me here from England to take to France later? If so,



how much? (c) Send money from Germany to France by postal or money orders? (d) Have money sent to me from England, as wedding presents, and to what amount? (e) Can money presents be sent by my relatives in England to my fiancée? — Pte. E. P. Evans, Wksp. Platoon, 36 Coy RASC, Army Tpt.

★ The War Office gives the following replies: (a) Your English bank will advise you how to do this; (b) and (c), No; (d) and (e) The easiest way would be to have the money paid into your English account and transferred. — Ed., SOLDIER.

A BREAK

If a soldier is posted from BAOR to UK for drafting to another theatre, but after having leave is returned to BAOR (1) Will his leave date be four months from his embarkation leave or from the day he landed back in BAOR, taking into consideration that his day of embarking was a month after his return from leave? (2) As he had less than two months' in UK, will this be considered as unbroken service with the NW European Forces? — Cpl. A. Baldwin, Room S. 2., 14 Fwd. Trailer Sect., RAOC.

★ (1) Soldiers must serve a minimum of 120 days from the time of landing in BAOR. (2) Six weeks in the UK constitutes a break in service. — Ed., SOLDIER.

OUT OF DETENTION

I have just finished 28 days' detention (not for absence) and was due for leave shortly. But the RHU will not even entertain the idea, and have issued an order saying that a man who has been in DB cannot expect leave the same way as a man who has behaved himself, and that all ex-DB's must wait four clear months after they are released before they get leave. Have I any appeal? — (Name and address supplied).

★ The ruling is that a soldier who has been in Detention Barracks must serve a clear 120 days from the date of his release before he is eligible for leave. In cases of hardship application may be made through COs to the Corps Commander, who will consider such cases individually. — Ed., SOLDIER.

NEWLY designed NAAFI buffet car has been attached to the daily leave train from Flensburg to Cuxhaven. The car can cater for 1,000 troops during the run. It has been designed by Lieut Hill, RASC/EFI.

NAAFI buffet cars have also come into operation between Minden and Krefeld, on the Calais—Hamburg route and on the Hook—Hannover, Hamburg—Brussels routes.

ANSWERS

(From Page 21)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- (a) Mr. Churchill; (b) Mr. Herbert Morrison; (c) Mr. Aneurin Bevan; (d) Mr. Gallacher; (e) Mr. J. J. Lawson.
- A dried meat cake eaten by Red Indians.
- It is a mink and is worth £150.
- Head of UNRRA.
- 104.
- Fond of good food.
- Ronald Colman. The novel was by James Hilton.
- Hungary, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Albania, Bulgaria, and Greece.
- Sir Alan Cobham; Sir Alan Herbert.
- Fresco. All the others are fabrics.
- Leopold Stokowski.
- America.
- Hohenzollern.
- Armed terrorists in Palestine

CROSSWORD

- ACROSS: — 3. Pontius. 6. Poona. 7. Anzio. 9. Pilate. 12. Test. 13. Soya. 15. Scout. 16. Rose. 18. Liss. 20. Lancer. 23. Staff. 24. (w)Easel. 25. Sporan.
- DOWN: — 1. Spotter. 2. Corps(e). 3. Pawl. 4. Neat. 5. Unity. 8. Nestle. 10. Itself. 11. Acorn. 14. Ass-ault. 17. On tap. 19. Irish. 21. A-F. A. R. (rev.). 22. Caen.

Get Your SOLDIER Regularly

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

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

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

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

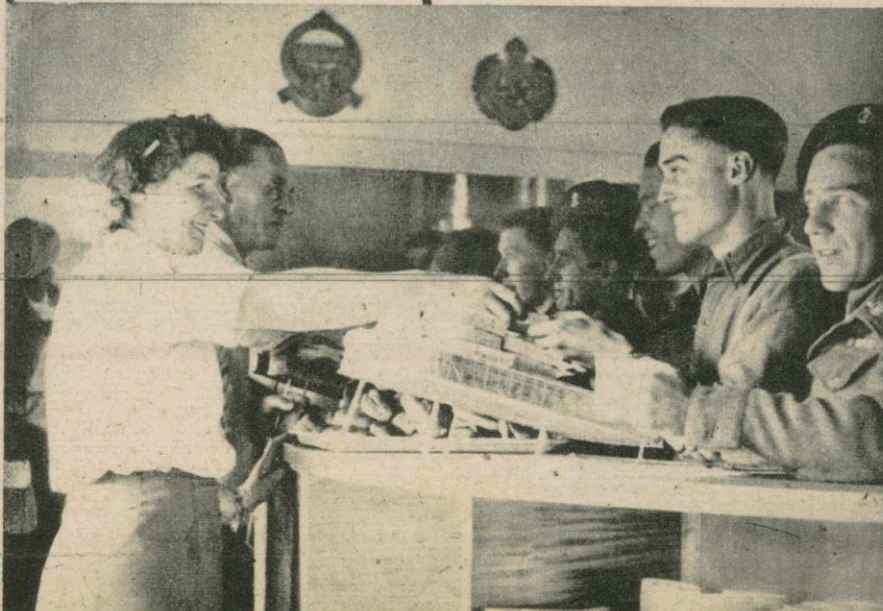
Please supply _____ copies of _____ issues to (Block Capitals)

beginning with issue No. _____

Enclosed please find Postal Order/Cheque for _____

Rank _____ Unit _____

Signed _____



SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



JOAN JAY

The Windmill Girls
Look down on earls
And dine alone each day.
A race apart,
They live for Art . . .
Would that be right, Miss Jay?

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

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