

# SOLDIER

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Royal Body Guard  
(See Page 2)



# ALL-RANKS CLUB FOR HAMBURG

THE Marlborough Club evenings at Hamburg's Atlantic Hotel on Mondays have now ended with the opening of a permanent NAAFI Marlborough Club at 19 Holstenwall, five minutes walk from Broadcasting House towards the Bismarck statue.

Until VE-Day, the new premises were used as an exclusive club by the people of Hamburg. They have just been entirely redecorated, and Sjt.-Major Ronchetti, former head waiter at the Savoy, has transformed them into one of the best centres for the Services in the British Zone.

Membership is free and is open to men and women of the Allied Forces, and CCG. The rules are as follows: no officer or OR can enter without bringing another Service member and the guest must not be an officer if invited by an officer, or an other rank if invited by an other rank.

The club has an orchestra and ballroom, and there is ample room for sitting out.

## Lunch for Six Marks

Meals are of the same standard as in officers' clubs. Lunch and dinner six marks each. Tea, two marks per head. No spirits are allowed to be served under King's Regulations, but beer costs half a mark. Sherry and port are obtainable and various brands of champagne cost 24 to 29 marks a bottle.

Lunch is served in the panelled dining room from 12.00 to 14.00 hours. Dinner from 18.30 to 21.30 hours. Tea with music in the lounges is obtainable from 15.30 hours onwards.

As the only Marlborough Club in 8 Corps area 19 Holstenwall is proving a popular rendezvous.

Picture shows the ballroom, which has one of the best floors in the city.



10 German News Service (Brit. Zone)

## HANG ON TO THOSE COUPONS!

HANG on to those 90 clothing coupons you will receive on release! The women of England have been doing a four-and-a-half year stretch on four coupons a month, and that little packet of tickets you hold in your hand represents for them 90 glorious units of glamour. Be firm, unless you intend to do your post-war resettlement in a nudist colony.

THE fact that the Board of Trade gets some 1,200 furious letters each week, many of them from released Servicemen saying they have not got enough coupons, suggests that a little careful planning beforehand would save you a lot of headaches in providing yourself with a practical wardrobe.

In the next column is a suggestion from the Board of Trade showing how you might spend your coupons. Current coupon rates are shown in brackets.

Besides the 90 coupons in the supplementary clothing book you will get the civilian ration, but this does not amount to much; the current period April-August 1946 provides you with 14 coupons.

The outfit listed may look a bit thin but it is comparable to the average civilian wardrobe today.

One bright spot in the clothing hunt

is that elastic has come back on the market, and you don't have to give any coupons for braces.

What you'll want (Minimum)	What you'll have (Service kit and Release kit)	What you'll need to buy	Completed wardrobe
Hat .....	1 (0)	—	1 (0)
Greatcoat .....	0	—	—
Raincoat .....	1 (16)	—	1 (16)
Complete Suits .....	1 (26)	1 (26)	2 (52)
Shirts and Collars .....	1 (7)	3 (21)	4 (28)
Woollen Gloves, prs. ....	1 (1)	—	1 (1)
Drawers, prs. thin .....	2 (6)	1 (3)	3 (9)
Drawers, prs. warm .....	2 (10)	—	2 (10)
Vests, thin .....	0	3 (9)	3 (9)
Jersey Pullover .....	1 (6)	—	1 (6)
Vests, warm .....	2 (12)	—	2 (12)
Pyjamas (suits) .....	0	2 (16)	2 (16)
Shoes, prs. ....	1 (9)	1 (9)	2 (18)
Ties .....	1 (1)	—	1 (1)
Socks, prs. ....	2 (4)	3 (6)	5 (10)
Handkerchiefs .....	6 (3)	—	6 (3)
Total Coupons .....	101	90	191

## SOLDIER Cover Picture



HIS Majesty's Body Guard of the Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms was raised by Henry VIII in the year 1509. The King in his ordinance announced that he was dissatisfied with the number of young nobles who lacked the military training and skill in horsemanship attained in other countries. The Corps was therefore established to act as a military officers' training corps, coupled with a role as Cavalry bodyguard to the Sovereign.

The strength of the Corps amounted to 50 Spears, all of noble birth, and each possessing a complete suit of armour and a minimum of three war-horses for man and page. Besides this, each man commanded a coustrell—a man-at-arms so named because he was armed

with a "coustrille", a species of long sword—and two good archers.

The Corps served with Henry VIII in his campaigns on the Continent, taking part in the Battle of Guinegate and the Siege of Boulogne, both of which appear as battle honours on their standard. The next two Sovereigns were Queens, excluding the brief reign of Edward VI, and the Corps had no opportunity to take part in active service. James I was an unwarlike Sovereign, and it was not until the time of Charles I that the discipline and training of the Corps improved.

Last occasion on which the Corps was called up for duty in the field was during the Jacobite rising of 1745, when the King decided to join his Army on Finchley Common. The Body Guard was ordered to attend him with horses and attendants, all fully armed.

The Corps now comprises ex-Army officers who have seen active service in the field, and have received a decoration.

(Print from the Lawson Collection)

## Snapshot (13) on JOBS

### THE CIVIL SERVICE

SPECIAL examinations open to Servicemen and women are being held during the reconstruction period for recruitment to the Civil Service. The special conditions include relaxation of normal age requirements, a simplified scheme of examination, and reservation for Service personnel of a minimum percentage of vacancies ranging from 50 to 75 per cent of the total.

### VACANCIES

(a) Shorthand typist, typist and clerical assistant. There are 20,000—25,000 unmarried women's vacancies for those who hold School Certificates or who had continuous education up to 15. Applicants must have been born between 2 August 1915 and 1 September 1928. Entrance fee is 5s., and, in addition to the general examination, typists and shorthand writers will be tested for speed and accuracy. Pay for shorthand typists is 40s. weekly rising to 80s. and for others slightly less. Consolidation addition is 24s. weekly.

(b) Clerical classes (general and departmental). There are 10,000—15,000 vacancies for men and women who had continuous education up to 16 or who hold School Certificates (or equivalent, which includes the Forces Preliminary Examination). There is a special section for Regular Army men up to the age of 45 who have done 12 years' service and hold a First Class Education Certificate. Pay for men is from £105 to £350 a year plus consolidation addition up to £78 a year. Women get slightly less.

### HIGHER GRADES

(c) Executive class. There are 2,000—3,000 vacancies. Whole-time education up to 17 or Higher Certificate is necessary. Pay for men is from £150 to £525 plus consolidation addition up to £90 a year. Women get slightly less. There are opportunities for promotion to higher grades.

(d) Officer of Customs and Excise. There are 700—800 vacancies. Candidates must have had whole-time education up to 17 or possess a Higher Certificate. Pay is from £180 to £600 a year plus consolidation addition of up to £90 a year.

(e) Appointments in the Administrative class of the Home Civil Service and in the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. These require the educational standard of a University second-class honours degree.

### HOW TO APPLY

All grades are pensionable but women normally retire if they marry. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained through CO's or direct from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W. 1.

Applicants who satisfy the conditions of eligibility will sit for a simplified examination designed primarily to test intelligence.



# HERE A STAR IS BORN

TODAY IN THE ROYAL MINT THE EIGHT CAMPAIGN STARS FOR THE SECOND WORLD WAR ARE BEING STAMPED OUT IN THEIR MILLIONS

**I** HAVE just watched the birth of a star—a beautiful, glittering star that some time this year will be on its way, with millions more like it, to a British fighting man who has earned it in this war.

Eight campaign stars — Africa, Burma, Italy, Atlantic, Pacific, France & Germany, Air Crew Europe, and 1939-45 — have been announced for World War II, but until now we have had to be content with ribbons.

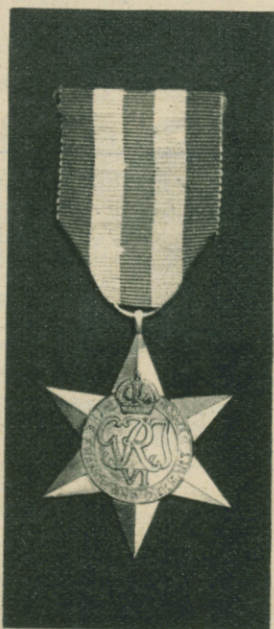
When the war was on, it was decided to postpone manufacture of the actual stars until victory was assured. Now, it is going ahead on a very large scale at the Royal Mint, which made the dies for the stars and is striking them, and at Woolwich Arsenal.

What goes into the making of a star? What processes turn a small piece of metal worth a few pence into a star which has cost at least half-a-guinea? I found out when I saw one of the first of them born in

a building on the much-blitzed fringe of London's East End.

"The Royal Mint?" said the policeman in Mark Lane, when I asked the way. "Why, it's on the left just before you get to Tower Bridge. And you might bring me a sackful of 'arf crahns, too, sir, on your way out."

Like the bobby, and no doubt a great many other people, I had been under the impression that the Royal Mint's sole occupation was money-making. But the Mint does a good deal more than make coins. It makes a great variety of stamps and seals, and made its first war medal as long ago as 1643. Many of the last-war medals were struck at the Mint, and, on and off, they have made medals there ever



since. Therefore Royal Mint officials were not surprised when they were told that the task of making dies for World War II campaign stars was theirs. It was part of their post-war programme.

From the Royal Mint point of view (though maybe not from yours) a star's gestation period is not long. A little, if anything, over three months had elapsed from the time they were instructed to go ahead to the time I held in my hand a shiny star, fresh from the crucible. And that, considering the work involved, is very short indeed. As soon as the word was give to go ahead, the Royal Mint had two things to do immediately: first, get the design for the star, and second, order the metal.

The design was unexpectedly easy. A good many patterns have been struck since the first medal was awarded, and naturally design has become more difficult. But in the case of World War II stars the King, who, as Commander-in-Chief, approves the design of the medals, clasps and stars before they are struck, had very definite ideas about what he wanted. Mr. W. J. Newman, a Mint engraver, prepared designs which met with approval and consequently it was decided not to invite outside artists to submit designs, as is usually done. All the stars are alike, except for lettering showing where the star was won. The first to be made was the Africa Star.

There's nothing secret about the composition of World War II stars and it isn't particularly expensive metal. The stars are made from what is known in the metal trade as tombac, a Malayan term; it is a mixture of 92 parts of copper and eight parts of zinc. Without

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)



# CONTINUING HERE A STAR IS BORN



Designer Newman breaks off from work on one of the dies to talk to a visitor.

**S**TAR designer, black-haired, amiable, 36-year-old W. J. Newman has been a Royal Mint designer and engraver for 19 years. He has designed scores of medals of one sort or another but had never designed a military medal until he was asked to design the Africa Star as a model for the other stars.

"I drew the design as part of my day's work but I expected an outside artist's design to be accepted," says Mr. Newman. "Nobody was more surprised than I was when I heard that my design had been accepted."

The design took Mr. Newman two days to draw but more than a fortnight to cut in steel, which is not a long time when you are working to half a thousandth of an inch; some medals take as long as a couple of months to cut.

Mr. Newman is married and has three children. He comes from an artistic family, his father and brother being monument engravers. When he relaxes, Mr. Newman likes to work in the garden of his Cheam home.

seeking a definition from the Colour Council, I should say it is a lightish bronze, which becomes slightly lighter after polishing.

The work began. The design went to the engraving room upstairs and the metal was carted off to the battery of gas-fired furnaces—to be melted and converted into bars.

In the engraving room, skilled craftsmen, who have grown old in the service of the Mint, prepare an artist's design for die-making. Normally, an electro-type copy is taken—in the same way as a plate is made for a page of a newspaper—and the job of getting it to the size required is done by a reducing machine. This was not so in the case of the stars, however, the dies for which were cut by hand only.

## Cutting the Die

"It's a tricky job, matrix and die-making, and you need plenty of patience for it," Mr. R. E. Murchison, the chief engraver, told me. "As many as 20 of these gravers (he held up a small chisel) might be used on a single job, all different shapes and sizes. Even then, we have probably got to make a tool or two in addition before we can finish the job. You don't find many lads with the temperament for this sort of work today."

Mr. Newman cut his own die, and when it was finished it was about three inches in diameter and two inches deep.

In this room the stars are polished and put into trays ready for dispatch to the War Office.

From this matrix—as the master die is known—working dies were made on a medal screw press by means of a hammer dropping with a blow of about 100 tons pressure. Usually a coin die can be made in one blow but each star die had to have about 10 blows before it was perfect.

The dies cannot be used as they are,

of course. They go to the hardening shop, to be heated to 850 degrees and cooled under a double jet of water. Then, amid a cloud of hissing steam, they are pronounced hard enough for use on the mass production machines.

With a Mint official as guide, I followed the progress of the metal which had been bought for star-making. I saw it in



The designer puts the finishing touches to one of the dies.

crucibles, red-hot and sizzling, and giving off a flame of the most beautiful green colour. I saw the crucibles of molten metal craned up shoulder high and poured into moulds. When it had set, the metal was in handy-sized bars. In this noisy shop, danger seemed to lurk amid the flames and showers of sparks, but we were unscathed.

## Made From Strip

The same mills that roll out the bars into the correct thickness for coins were rolling out the metal for the stars. They rolled the bars into longer and longer strips without increasing the width, but, as the process continued, springiness developed and had to be remedied in the annealing furnace.

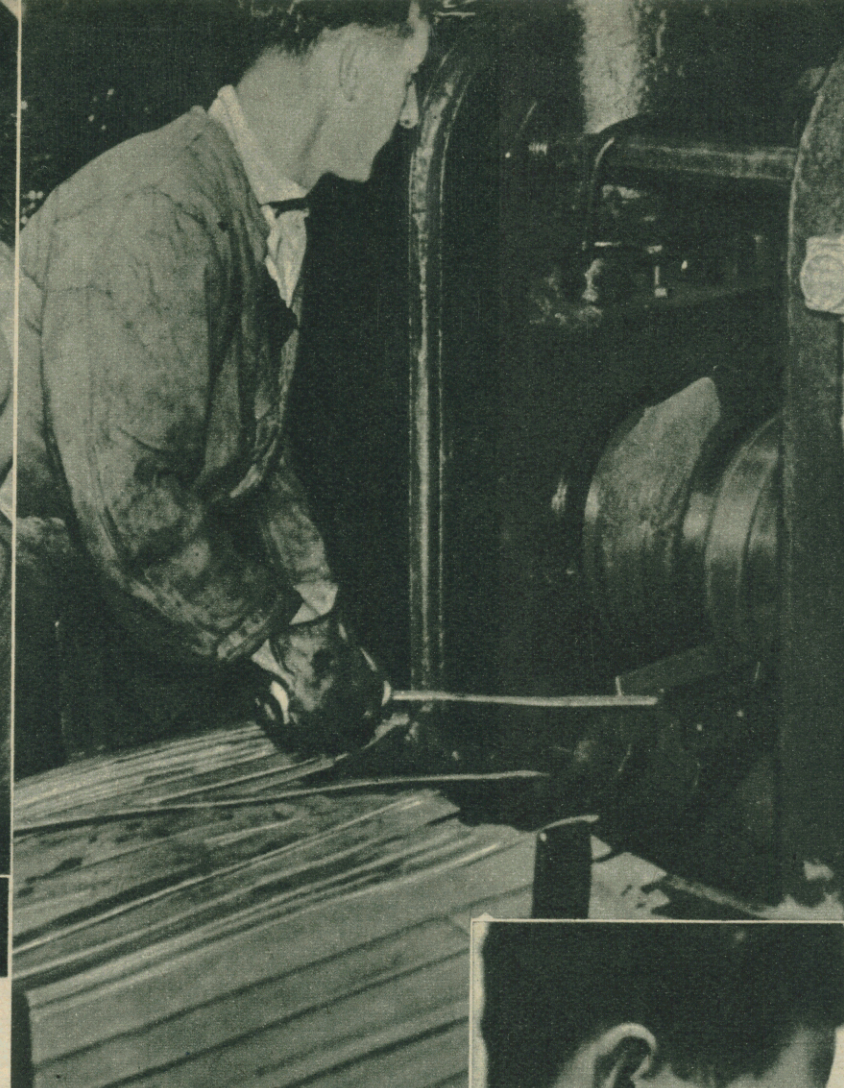
The star-makers work with fairly thin metal. It was .145 ins. thick before it was ready for what is technically known as the "blanking" operation, which produces from the strips roughly the shape on which the star is to be stamped.

This work is done by a metal presser which, with a deep, steady "thump," punches out the shapes from the strips at the rate of 80 blanks a minute. At last something like a star begins to emerge.

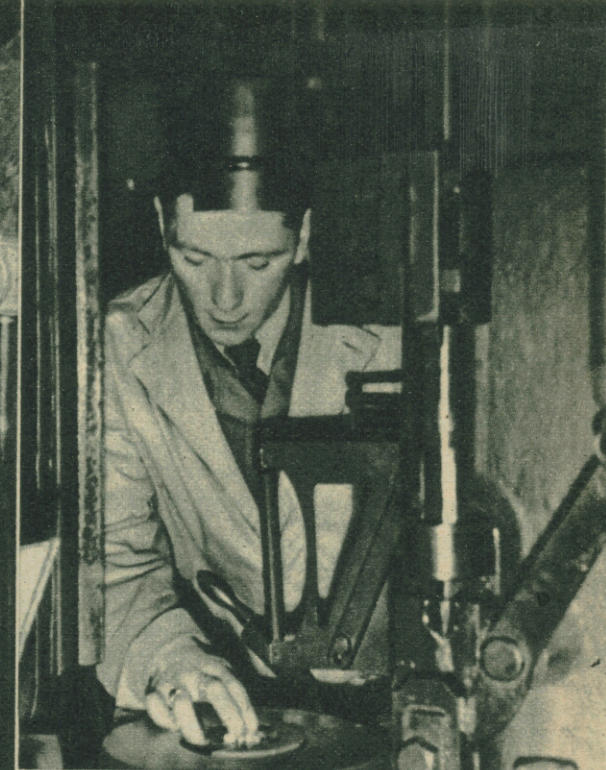
The blanks are piled into boxes, annealed, pickled and washed in acid to remove impurities collected, and carted off to the stamping or striking room. Here the star dies are fitted to the bed of 200-pound hammers. The blank fits snugly into the die and the operator pulls a handle. Down comes the hammer and, as it recoils, the blank does a meek little somersault clear of the bed. It is no longer a blank but a star with the design neatly imprinted on it.

So, at last, the complicated engineering processes produce the goods. The birth pangs are nearly over.

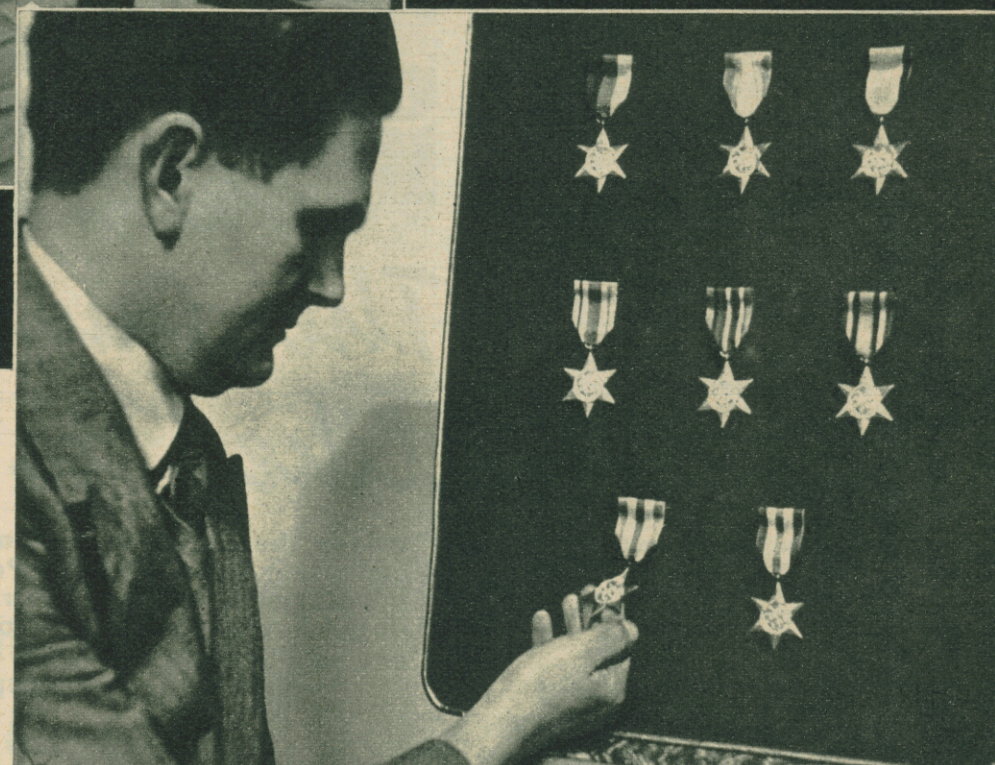
The star is given more pickling and annealing and a second blow with the hammer before the makers, many of them ex-Servicemen, are satisfied with it. The second striking ends the rough treatment. The noisy processes are over, and from now on the stars are dealt with in a sedate atmosphere. They are handled gently, smartened and primped mainly by girls in what was once the Mint Museum.



Rolling out the metal: bars must be rolled into strips .145 inches thick before they are ready for "blanking."



All set for the stamping: in charge of the 200-pound hammer is J. Dodds, who was captured in the Western Desert while a private in the K.R.R.



Above: Mr. Newman examines one of the finished stars. The designs were approved by the King. Below: a corner of the production line.

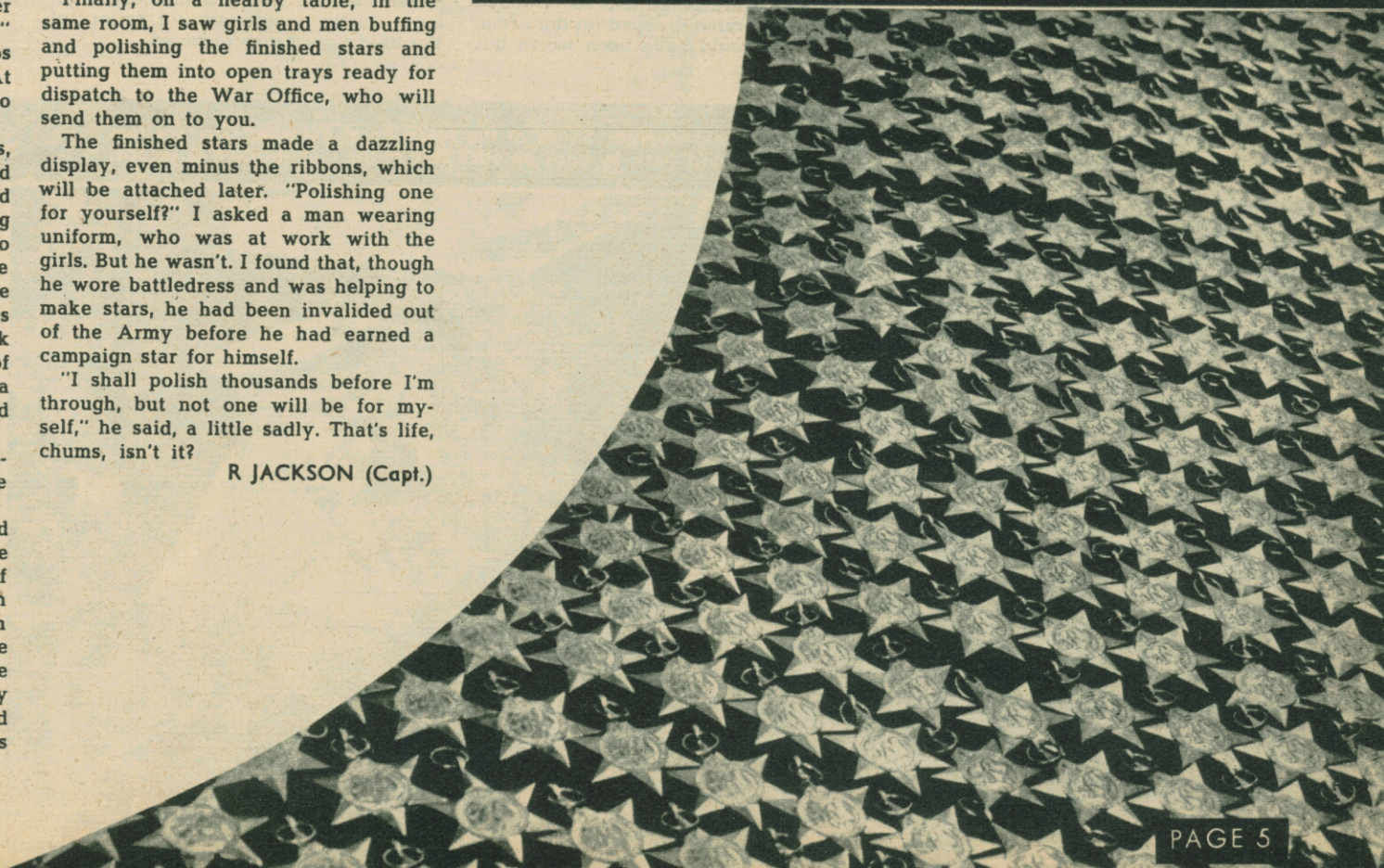
## Final Operation

Finally, on a nearby table, in the same room, I saw girls and men buffing and polishing the finished stars and putting them into open trays ready for dispatch to the War Office, who will send them on to you.

The finished stars made a dazzling display, even minus the ribbons, which will be attached later. "Polishing one for yourself?" I asked a man wearing uniform, who was at work with the girls. But he wasn't. I found that, though he wore battledress and was helping to make stars, he had been invalided out of the Army before he had earned a campaign star for himself.

"I shall polish thousands before I'm through, but not one will be for myself," he said, a little sadly. That's life, chums, isn't it?

R JACKSON (Capt.)





ONE of Britain's war-time showpieces, the Hyde Park Ack-Ack site, has received its last batch of visitors.

While Londoners may forget the distinguished people who considered it a high honour to visit the site during the war years, they will remember the shabby prisoners-of-war who have been clearing up the site as the few who came against their will...

To visitors during the dark days the Hyde Park Ack-Ack defences seemed to symbolise Britain's will to resist, her ability to give punch for punch, and for that reason alone the value was incalculable. The presence of the site helped raise the morale of the ordinary Londoner, too.

"Londoners knew little of other gun-sites, but knew what lay behind the Dannert cordon in the Park," Brigadier K.A. Holmes-Tarn, who took over 26 AA Brigade in March 1943, told a SOLDIER staff writer.

### Gave Confidence

"The Hyde Park site was unlucky in the sense that it was in the middle of an AA defence area and consequently not presented with the opportunities of other batteries, but the spick-and-span turn-out impressed civilians and gave them confidence in our defences."

Even though the Hyde Park site may have become Britain's showpiece by reason of geography, there is still immense credit due to the gunners of 313 Battery (52 Regt) and 481 Battery (137 Regt) who found time for public exhibitions in the midst of action as hectic as that of any other batteries in the city.

Now, with gun-pits shattered and broken down and the neighbouring Home-Guard-manned rocket site cleared of all traces of military occupation, it is hard to recall the war-time picture of freshly-painted Nissen huts, white-washed paving stones, the soft tints of rhododendrons in summer and the fiery girdle of flowers around the camp. But behind the Dannert fencing lay close-cropped gun-pits half-concealing four 3.7s, deadly with their up-to-the-minute conversions, Radar installations, and a host of technical devices which the imagination of the arm-length civilian often translated into Wellsian dimensions.

### Always Spotless

No matter how untimely the visit, ATS and male gunners showed no signs of the ordeals of the night. The equipment was always spotless, and well-groomed gunners, assisted by ATS with powdered noses and curls peeping saucily from steel helmets, were always ready to put on a sparkling show for the visitor.

The Queen, the Princess Royal, ex-Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Mrs. Churchill, Field-Marshal Smuts, foreign statesmen, diplomats, Eastern princes in ceremonial robes — they were all impressed by the precision and crispness of the Hyde Park gun crews.



## The Gun-Site Which Liked to be Visited

**Under the blows of a two-ton "basher" the famous gun-site in London's Hyde Park is being demolished and the gun park will soon be grassland again. This gun-site at the hub of the Empire, overlooked by luxury hotels and within a stone's throw of "Speakers' Corner," was probably the most-inspected site of the war.**

During 1943 the number of sightseers increased to such proportions — there were as many as three visits and demonstrations daily — that Brigadier Holmes-Tarn had to call a halt.

A showpiece, yes, but there was action in plenty, too. In April 1941 three men were killed and 15 wounded when a land mine dropped on the camp. Casualties would have been worse but

for the presence of mind and courage of Gnr. E. G. Ayres who, seeing the mine hovering above him, ran round the huts warning his comrades to take cover and, although injured in the explosion which laid waste part of the camp, seized a fire pump to prevent the flames from spreading to adjacent buildings. Justly proud were 313 Battery of the BEM Gnr. Ayres received.

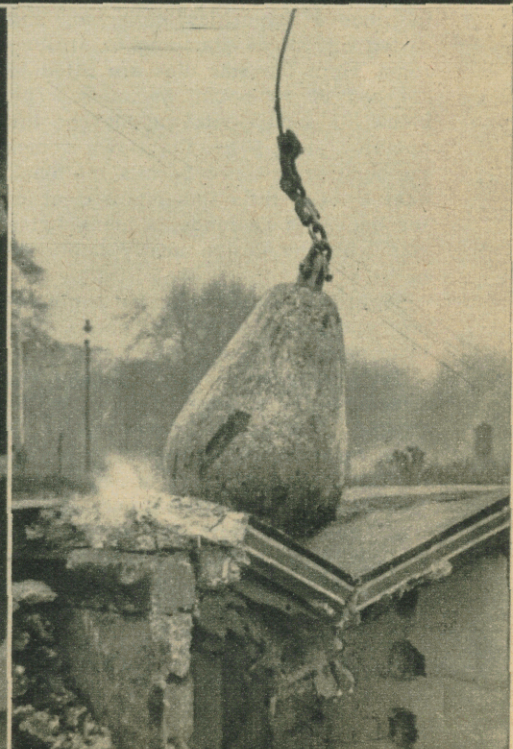
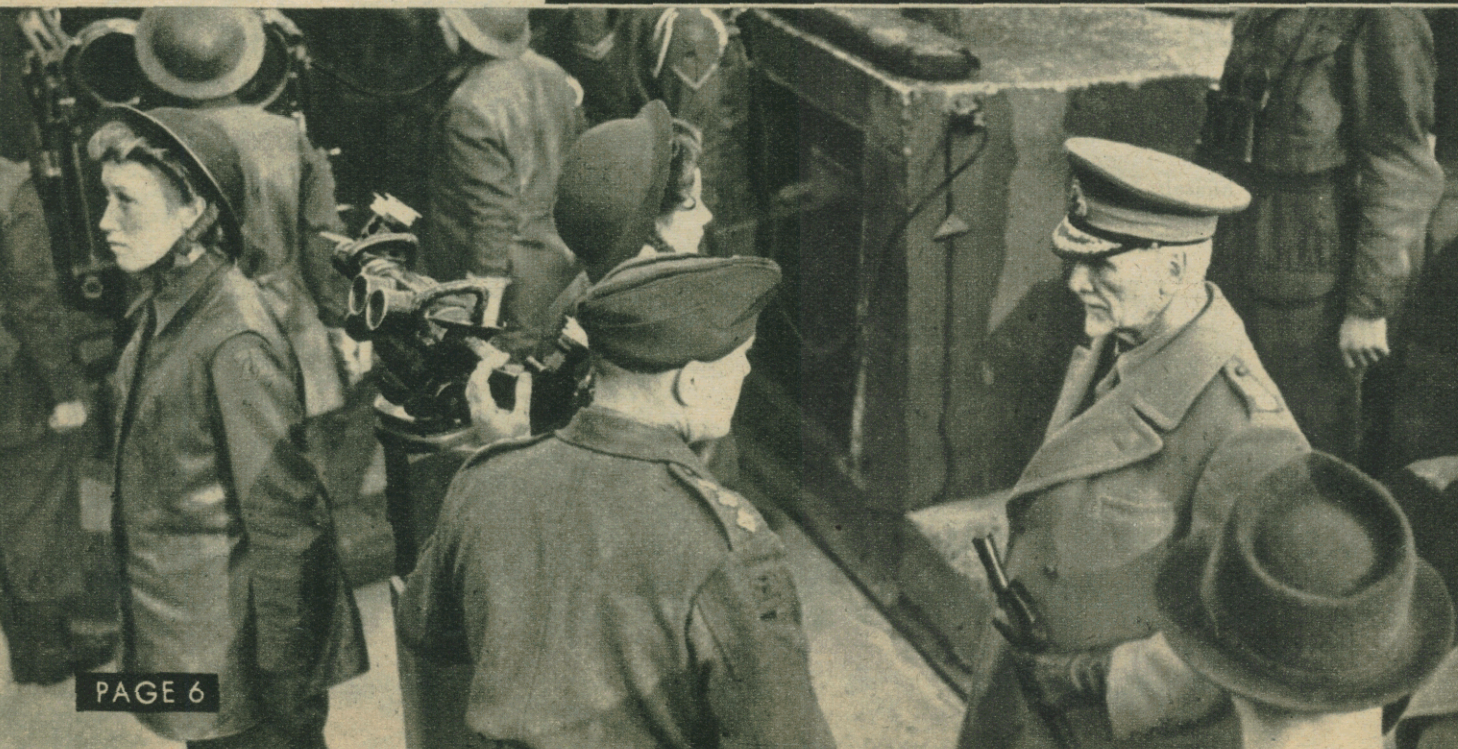
Another decoration — the MBE — went to Junior Commander Molly Oakey, plotting officer. She was succeeded later by Junior Commander Mary Churchill.

Now the home-from-home Nissens of the war years are occupied by men and women of 1st AA Group HQ, and but for the urgent need for de-requisitioning civilian premises the huts might have been removed with the guns and the rocket battery. For the present the camp will remain, and there must be many who would like these few acres of parkland to perpetuate the memory of the days when the guns of Britain spoke for the world.

R. C. SCOTT (L/Cpl.)

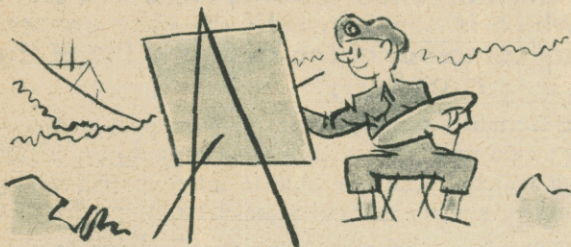
Field-Marshal Smuts at the Hyde Park gun-site. Girl spotters stand back to back on each side of the identification telescope.

Demolition in quicktime with a two-ton weight.





SOME while ago SOLDIER threw out a few words of counsel to Rhine Army poets whose contributions were piling high in the "IN" tray. This served as an immediate challenge to the hardier aspirants; certainly it was not intended as a deterrent. Since then, however, the



poets exuberance has subsided a little — or is it that they have found something else to do?

At present artists are winning all along the line. Almost every mail brings SOLDIER a selection of very competent cartoons. Indeed, the number of humorous artists in the Rhine Army is a most gratifying — and so far unexplained — phenomenon. Not only SOLDIER reaps the benefit; their work appears in the scores of formation newspapers and magazines published in the British Zone. SOLDIER's most prolific contributor of cartoons was, of course, Gnr. Fred Wilkin, of No 1 Interpreters Pool. He called to see us the other day in his "demob suit." He is now one half of a variety act: a versatile fellow, this Wilkin.

Meanwhile, what has happened to the writers of prose? SOLDIER's pages are open to anyone who can turn in a neat and not-too-solemn description of Army life as he lives it. Are you a signaller who lives in a church tower above the floods? Do you patrol the mountain tops at dawn, looking for fugitives slipping through the pines? Are you an ATS girl teaching soldiers to dance? (Hard luck, if you are!) Let's hear about it some time.

## SAFE-BREAKERS, ARMY-TRAINED

It is to be hoped that the millions of readers of the "News of the World" will never open their paper to read of a safebreaker who, on being asked why he took to blowing locks, replies, "I was taught to do it in the Army."

Certainly none of the law-abiding members of 19 Bomb Disposal Company RE is likely to achieve headlines in this way, though it is quite true that the Army taught them the best ways of breaking into lockfast places with explosives. Theirs was one of the companies which operated with "T" Force as Germany crumbled. Split into platoons, they forced open about 100 safes in the areas of Osnabrück, Hanover, Bremen and Kiel, handing over to Military Government much valuable material, including one haul of nearly four million marks. Their explosive technique involved the use of a well-known but never-mentioned-in-print article which has frequently been put to useful if unorthodox employment in the Army.

Documents were never damaged by these Sappers. When it was suspected that photographic materials or chemical warfare specimens were in the safes, the soldier cracksmen discarded the explosive method and used an old-fashioned oxy-acetylene cutter. They did not encounter one booby-trap, though they came across some unwired charges.

## DIGGING A HOLE

Early in the war a paper-backed book called "Bless 'em All" had a succès de scandale. It was a



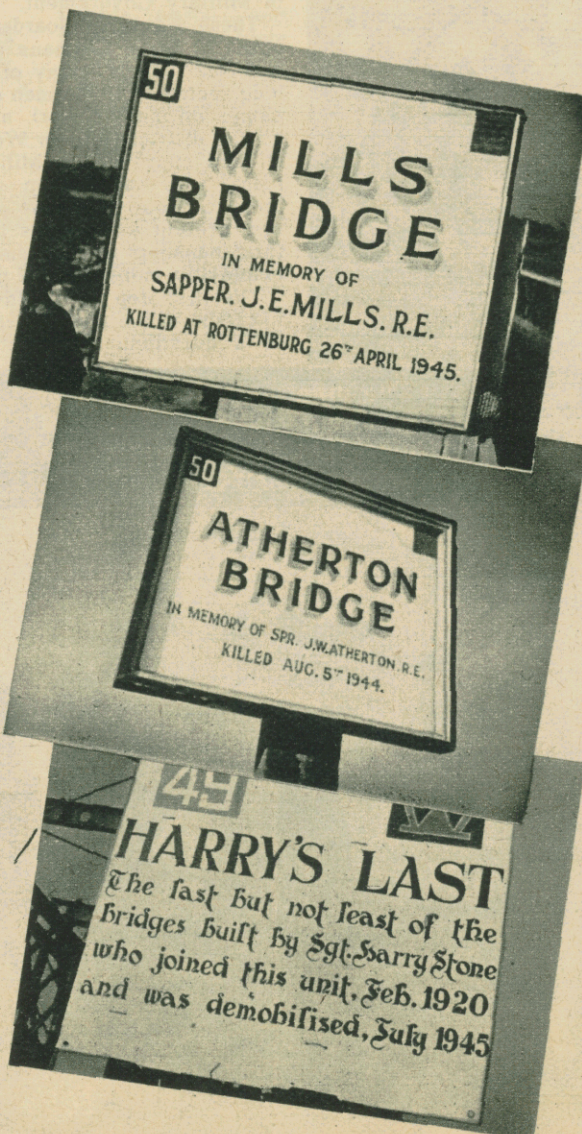
very critical study of supposedly out-dated Army methods. Questions were asked in Parliament about it.

The other day someone turned up a grubby and well annotated copy which had fallen behind the shelves of a company office. The book once again acted as flint for a fiery discussion. There was a passage about how the Army digs a hole. How absurd (says the author, in effect) to go about it by causing six men to parade at two o'clock, calling them to attention, marching them left, right, left to the tool store to draw spades, then marching them to the scene of operations, ordering them to dig, then falling them in again, marching them back to the tool store to hand in their spades, then marching them somewhere else to be dismissed. Surely a hole could be dug in a more efficient way?

One half thought that this was well-merited criticism. Spokesman for the opposite camp (a cynical fellow) said that if you asked six men, in a gentlemanly way, to dig a hole, explaining what the hole was for, this is what would happen: two men would arrive at the scene of operations at two o'clock without spades, saying they didn't know they had to draw them; another man would arrive five minutes late with a spade for himself and nobody else; a fourth man would arrive, spadeless, ten minutes late, saying that he had had to go to the lavatory; a fifth man

## The Bridge Builders

"If you seek a monument, look about you..." The tag is apt in the case of the Sappers of the Rhine Army. Signs of the type shown in the photographs below (taken by a SOLDIER cameraman on his travels) are to be found all over the British Zone. Two of those reproduced are in honour of Sappers who were killed; "Harry's Last" is a rather happier monument.

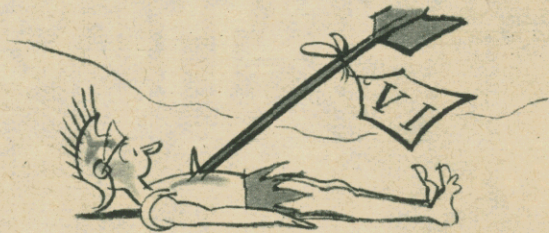


would eventually be found in the NAAFI; and the sixth would say that he thought you meant tomorrow, not today.

The argument was still going on at a late hour. It has been going on, for that matter, since the Army began.

## VALOUR AT AN END?

"The significance of the missile, or projectile, was foreseen and expressed more than 2,000 years ago by the Spartan king, Archidamus, who, on seeing a



dart fired by a machine brought from Sicily, exclaimed, 'O Hercules, the valour of man is at an end.'

But, says B. H. Liddel Hart, from whose newly-published "The Revolution in Warfare" (Faber 5s.) the above is quoted, Archidamus was too long-sighted. Mechanised warfare, until quite recently, still left room for human qualities to play an important part in the issue. "Automatic warfare" — which means V1, V2 and the atom bomb — is something else, however. "Archidamus," says Liddel Hart, "is at last being justified. Courage, skill and patriotism become shrinking assets."

## LOOKING FOR AN ISLAND

It was the same after the 1914-18 war. The odd individualist, freed from the Forces, would decide to try to "get away from it all." How better than by finding a lonely island?

Now comes Anthony Pogson, formerly a radar operator, who advertised in the "Bournemouth Echo" the other day for someone to share a tropic isle with him; not only to share the isle, but to share some of the hard work of knocking it into shape. Pogson says



that it was the Western Desert that did it. Out there he learned to appreciate space, colour, light, shade and — silence. Never again, he thought, could he live the humdrum life of a modern city.

However, the island which Pogson is looking for (preferably in the Fijis) must not be too remote; that is, it must be within about three hours' sailing distance of another island which has cinemas and cocktail bars. Whoever joins him must be prepared to invest a fair sum of money for equipment, for there is no question of living in loin cloths and sleeping in leaf huts. The island house will have every "mod.con." including electric light. Pogson proposes taking a de-luxe radiogram, a collection of "desert island discs" and a selection of Shakespeare, Keats and Dickens.

So far his advertisement has produced 21 offers, two letters of advice and one copy of St John's Gospel.

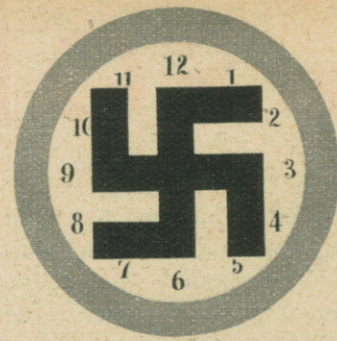
## AND HERE'S A TAILPIECE

God made the bee,  
The bee made honey.  
Pioneers do all the work,  
RE's get the money.

The above is extracted, not from SOLDIER's post-bag (though it might well have been), but from a trench newspaper of the First World War.



# Every Two Minutes A NAZI IS FOUND OUT



The other day the newspapers described a big-scale "swoop" on the German underground. Here is a story of the "battle" which is never headlined—the unspectacular day-to-day comb-out of the rank and file of the Nazi Party.

THE task of cleansing Germany from the taint of Nazism is proceeding rapidly and will go on until every German occupying a position of responsibility from which he may be able to influence his fellow countrymen has been examined and his activities and sympathies checked.

So far nearly three-quarters of a million Germans have been "vetted."

The magnitude of the plan to eradicate for ever all trace of Nazi doctrines from the economic, social, political and public life of the new Germany is perhaps best gauged by the fact that since the capitulation last May one Nazi every two minutes has been arrested, eliminated from office or debarred from holding any responsible appointment.

As the close-mesh net spreads wider and wider to include not only those holding intermediate posts in the German civil service, the police forces, schools, public offices and the thousands of factories and firms now working under the watchful eye of Control Commission, but also every worker who may still believe in Nazism, the entire German population in the British Zone will be subjected to the closest scrutiny.

## Turn of the Small Fry

The Nazi Party leaders and their henchmen have already been dealt with or are standing trial to answer for their crimes. It is now the time for the little Nazi to be drawn into the net from which many had hoped to escape. Few will do so, for the British plan leaves no loopholes.

In their drive the Control Commission have set up thousands of Advisory Boards throughout the Zone, all directly responsible to appropriate departments of Military Government.

These Advisory Boards, each composed of three Germans all of proven anti-Nazi beliefs (many of them served long sentences in German concentration camps during the war), are nominated by the district German Workers' Council and approved by Military Government, who have given authority for them to enquire into the past activities and present sympathies of the directors, managers and foremen of all firms employing more than 24 persons.

The first step in the investigation is the issue to the man under examination of a questionnaire. The man has to

answer all the questions contained in the form and may be required to appear before the Board at their discretion. After stating whether he was a member of any Nazi Party organisation (every separate party body and affiliated organisation is listed), the man has to declare any title, medal or honour he has received and any speeches and writings of a political nature he has made since 1923.

## Tainted Incomes

Particulars of employment since 1930, the reasons for cessation, and military service often lead to the detection of a "dyed-in-the-wool" Nazi, but the question that throws most light on the past activities of the man is that dealing with his income since 1933. It is not difficult to detect a Nazi who earned the equivalent of £400 twelve years ago, and for no apparent reason three or four times that in 1939.

After careful consideration of the completed form the Advisory Board, one member of which has personal knowledge of the man being examined, recommends the course of action to be taken to Military Government. If the evidence contained in the answers is sufficient the man is arrested immediately, removed from his job, or allowed to continue if his record is satisfactory. In some cases where the man is classified as "doubtful" he is re-examined when more particulars of his pre-war and war-time career are known.

## Drawing their Teeth

If a German recommended for dismissal owns a shop or factory he loses his business and is replaced by a custodian known to be anti-Nazi. He is deprived of his car and his telephone, and his bank account is blocked, although he is allowed to draw sufficient money to keep him and his wife and family fed and clothed and to pay taxes. These men and those dismissed from their posts have then to forward



Some of the checking staff—they range from a Norwegian to a Chilean—receiving instructions from Lt.-Col. Wright, chief of Special Branch, formerly Supt. of the Staffs Constabulary.



Miss Kitow (left), stateless daughter of a Russian father and a Polish mother, checks questionnaires with Miss Emily Busch, a British girl born in Germany. They do 1,000 a day.

their employment cards to the local Military Government headquarters, to be endorsed with the Advisory Board's recommendation. They are sent to the Labour Exchange and put to work on jobs suited to their physical capabilities. In no case are they allowed to occupy a position of responsibility or to control others.

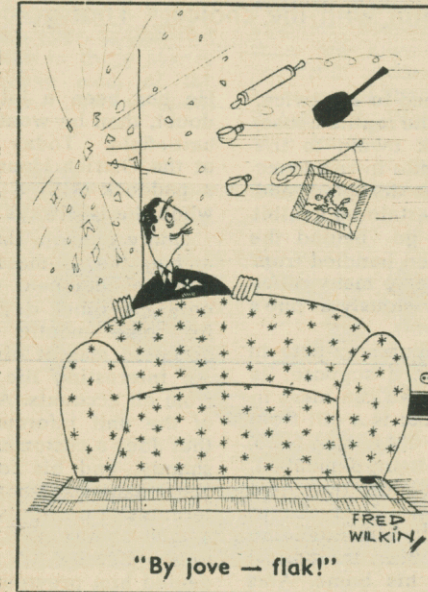
In most instances, having lived on the loot of Europe since 1939, these men are perfectly fit for the heaviest manual labour. Most who have been dismissed are now wielding shovels and picks, clearing away the rubble of ruins they themselves helped to bring about. Nor do wives and children escape, for the form contains a section asking for details of their political activities. Where the widow of a German, proved to be a Nazi, is drawing a pension, the grant is stopped. Dr. Ernst Kuchenmaier, a physician who lived in Harburg on the outskirts of Hamburg, was a Nazi, typical of the thousands who believed they would be able to elude punishment for their activities. Today he has been deprived of all privileges. His car has been con-

fiscated and his bank account closed. The answers he was forced to give in the Fragebogen branded him as a Nazi Group Leader, a member of the SA from 1928 to 1939, and of the Nazi Corps of Politische Leiter from 1935 to 1945. Any doubt that he was a Nazi

was removed when he declared that all records of his earnings from 1933 were destroyed in what he described as a "terror raid," although he admitted receiving a salary of 60,000 marks in 1941.

Figures recently issued show that up to the end of February nearly 90,000 Nazis or collaborators with Nazism have been removed from public office and employment in responsible posts, and nearly 50,000 have been refused employment. Arrests have now reached well over 50,000. Five judges in Hamburg were removed

after a denunciation by a committee of former German political prisoners, and more than 30 officials of the Hanover labour office were recently dismissed. Hundreds have been prosecuted for giving false answers to the questionnaire, and thousands refused employ-



"By jove — flak!"

ment in any but the most unimportant jobs because of their association with Nazism.

Yet the plan to rid Germany of Nazism does not rest here, for each Military Government headquarters employs a staff of trained policemen, all of them police officers in Britain before the war, known as Special Branch. These are the "back-room boys" who are ultimately responsible for seeing that no Nazi slips through the net. It is essential for them to make a quick arrest before the suspect has an inkling of what is in the wind.

## These Women Remember

At Special Branch headquarters all the questionnaires forwarded by the Advisory Boards are filed and particulars entered into huge ledgers. They then go for checking to a number of officers trained in "sorting the wheat from the chaff," and it is here that many enquiries are started which lead to the arrest of a Nazi who may have been clever enough to conceal his associations with the Party.

Many of the girls who file these

forms have their own axe to grind in the clean-up of Nazidom, for a number were separated from their parents during the German occupation of European countries and sent to Germany for forced labour.

Mrs. Ritter, an American wife of a German-born husband who was on the staff of an American Consulate in Germany, was detained by the Nazis when her two young children were taken from her in 1941. Following a legal action which dragged on until 1942 her children were returned to her, but she was not permitted to leave the country.

Miss Gundersen, a 22-year-old Norwegian whose father worked against the Nazis in Norway, and who joined the underground movement with her 18-year-old brother, was sent to Germany for forced labour.

Miss Ahrens, a Chilean, Miss Marika Kitow, a stateless girl born of a Russian father and a Polish mother, and the sisters Edith and Doris Haynes, daughters of an English father and German mother, all take more than a lively interest in their occupation.

These files, containing details of 75,000 cases, are being constantly referred to as new evidence comes to light.



Hemmed in by her work Miss Rita Ahrens, a Chilean, pursues her task of helping to sort out the sheep from the goats in the "Fragebogen" completed by suspected Nazis.



Above: In the heyday of the Third Reich they flourished their Nazism arrogantly in the face of the world. Now their one desire is to escape recognition.

Below left: The quiet-mannered men of whom they go in fear—officers of Special Branch, all fully trained detectives, some from Scotland Yard.

Below: Questionnaires being checked and sorted by some of the 18 girls whose war-time experience of Germany often leads to the detection of a wanted man.





# Soldiers *help to stock the* ZOO



Pollyanna the reindeer, who recently died after three years in Regent's Park, was presented to the Zoo by a submarine crew who brought her from Russia. Even under the best conditions reindeer rarely mature away from their native climate, but Pollyanna attained great popularity during her short life.

Bambi, Children's Zoo favourite goat. She pushes prams, dances on her hind legs, and her voracious appetite for cigarette ends would make her a useful member of a fatigue party. She was an RAF man's pet, but after two days of Bambi's lively pranks his wife faced him with the choice, "That goat or me!"

The other day an RAMC private walked into the London Zoo and handed over a five-foot cobra which he had bought in India. He believed it harmless, since the fangs had been drawn. They had, however, grown again, and the snake was lethal. This article tells of other live gifts — not always such dangerous ones — by soldiers to the London Zoo.

I often wonder how the London Zoo would have fared during the war without the help of the Services. The connection, I admit, is not at once apparent. But it becomes clearer when you run your eye over the long and imposing list of animals which, during hostilities and since, have been presented to the menagerie by members of the Forces.

## Pets and Mascots

During the war, of course, all organised imports of livestock for the Zoo ceased. The menagerie was therefore dependent to a very large degree for the replenishment of its stock upon the private donor; and although these benefactors were often civilians parting with their pets (this often happened during the call-up), many were also members of the Army and Air Force serving overseas.

We can, I think, classify these gift animals under two heads—creatures presented privately to the Zoo by Servicemen, and animals which had previously done duty as regimental

Bobby, a regimental mascot of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, is fetched from the Zoo, where he was bred, by Goat-Major Jones.



mascots. As many of them are still living at Regent's Park today, let me introduce a few, and show you how they are entertaining the public.

## Flying Salamanders

One gift that is certainly causing much interest just now at the reptile house is a collection of 10 Spotted Salamanders—small, lizard-like amphibians about six inches long. These welcome arrivals were sent by Gnr. R. Rodick, of BAOR, who, as he explained in a letter to the Zoo superintendent, caught the animals near Lubeck.

"Gnr. Rodick had the right idea," the superintendent told me later. "Instead of destroying the Salamanders, as many finders might have done, he put them in a tin, along with some worms and beetles on which they could feed, and got a friend of his, who was coming over by air, to bring the salamanders with him as a gift to the Zoo."

The salamanders have done well during their brief sojourn at Regent's Park. Only a week or two ago one of the females surprised the authorities by giving birth to a strapping family of 17, all of which have now been taken "on the strength."

A near-by neighbour of these amphibians is another important acquisition—Frederick, a baby Nile crocodile. Baby crocs, of course, often reach the Zoo from Africa; but Frederick is unique. He is a gift from Mr. D. D. Boucher, until recently an Army officer serving in West Africa. Mr. Boucher, who brought Frederick up to the Gardens himself, had an unusual tale to tell. One day, he explained, when off duty, he went for a stroll along the bank of the River Ogon, at Abeokuta, Nigeria, and to his surprise almost trod on a crocodile egg. Taking it back to his quarters he kept it warm, and subsequently it hatched. He then fed Frederick (as he christened his queer pet) on worms and small fish, and brought it back to England with him. He asked if the Zoo would like it.

Well, there was no need to ask twice, for it so happened that the reptile house, sadly depleted of stock owing to the war, had no Nile crocodile in residence at all. So Frederick was accepted, and today is proving an entertaining exhibit for those who like to go "behind the scenes." For, having been handled from birth, he does not, as do so many other small crocodiles, snap viciously at one's fingers.

One of the most popular ex-pets in the Gardens just now, I suppose, is Bambi the goat, whom you can meet in the Children's Zoo. Bambi is a gift from

an RAF man who, on being demobbed, brought the goat back from Egypt with him, intending to keep the animal at his home. Alas for his hopes, Bambi had not been there two days before her owner was presented with an ultimatum—from his wife. "Either that goat goes—or I do!" the good lady told him. So of course Bambi's departure from private life became inevitable, and up to the Zoo she came.

The Children's Zoo was unquestionably the right place for Bambi, for she is a superb "comedian."

Ex-regimental mascots are nowadays almost as numerous at Regent's Park as are ex-pets. I suppose that is only to be expected, for most British regiments have at one time or another had some animal "on the strength." The animals, however, have not always remained with their units. Owing perhaps to the feeding problem, or because the regiment has to go overseas, or possibly because of misbehaviour by the "mascot" concerned, the animal often finds itself packed off without ceremony to the Zoo.

## Joey was off the Draft

One of the strangest, I suppose, is the kangaroo Joey, formerly the cherished mascot of a unit of New Zealand soldiers stationed at Camberley, Surrey. When, early in the war, the unit had to go overseas, it was felt that it would hardly be kind to put Joey in the front line; and so he, too, went to the Zoo.

He has been a lot happier there, no doubt, than he would have been on the battlefield. Today you can meet Joey at the Ostrich House, where he shares a paddock with a large wallaby with whom he is always "boxing."

Oddly enough, there is another Joey among the ex-mascots. He is a Himalayan sloth bear. This Joey arrived only the other day from India, where for some months he had been the accepted mascot of 222 Group SEAAF. An interesting life he led there, too, from all accounts. A letter from the CO of the unit informed the Zoo officials that Joey's customary drink was a beer shandy, and his food—porridge, mangoes, bananas, cooked vegetables and termites—luxuries which Joey, now in a land of austerity, is having to forgo today. But he has one big advantage denied him previously: the companionship of his own kind. He has already chummed up with two other bears, with both of whom he wrestles endlessly.

## Clarence Enjoys a Drive

Perhaps the most amusing ex-mascot, however, is the four-year-old chimpanzee Clarence, formerly the property of No 278 Wing, RAF, West Africa. "Pilot-Officer Clarence," getting too big to be manageable, was sent to the Zoo last summer, and, to the amazement of the authorities, arrived wearing a specially-made flying suit. Naturally, Clarence's flying days are over for good; but he still does a little motoring now and then. I often see him, on fine sunny mornings, in the front seat of a private car, being driven about the grounds by Mrs. Marion Pinto-Leite, one of his special friends.

It is diverting to watch Clarence being driven past the Monkey House, for he is, of course, immediately recognised by his larger (caged) relatives, who fairly hoot at him in derision.

Finally, there are the goats. Goats, of course, are popular mascots with the various units of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, who, as a rule, obtain all their animals from the Zoological Gardens. And, usually, the animal selected lives with its unit, thereafter, even going overseas with it.

Not all of them, however, turn out well. One of the "duds" was Billy, who, after many vicissitudes, was returned to the Zoo with the compliments of the goat-major, who had apparently been quite unable to control the animal. Billy had, it seemed, taken a rooted dislike to the serjeant-major, and too frequently had vented his spleen on the "seat of his pants!"

Craven Hill



# The War Around The Corner —

**J**UST after the first atom bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima, someone rang up the editor of an American magazine which printed scientific fiction and suggested that reality had begun to catch up on him. Somewhat austere-ly, the editor said that for some time they had been publishing stories of what happened after the world had been destroyed.

If you feel that some of the weapons of the Second World War were a bit much, consider those to be found in current "Scientification." Not all the writers have assumed the destruction of the world; a thing which is encouraging. It is hard, however, to find just what the world is like in these stories of the future, because most of the heroes spend their time hurtling about in spaceships, and when I say hurtling I mean hurtling.

Take the case of the spaceship "Llanvabon," for instance. I have been reading about her in the magazine "Astounding Science Fiction." We meet her when she is decelerating at full force because she is "a bare half light-year" from the Crab Nebula (itself six light-years long), where she proposes to do a reconnaissance.

The Crab Nebula, incidentally, is 4,000 light-years from Earth. Experts aboard the atomic-powered "Llanvabon" had been photographing the Nebula in the course of the journey "by the light which had left it from 40 centuries since to a bare six months ago." The speed of the "Llanvabon" had been increased to many times the speed of light by means of a handy device called the overdrive.

There is always a chance in inter-planetary travel that one may meet a hostile spaceship from another planet. In that case, as the skipper of the "Llanvabon" says, "Thank God for the blasters." The blasters are: —

"... those beams of ravaging destruction which take care of recalcitrant

meteorites in a spaceship's course when the deflectors can't handle them. They are not designed as weapons, but they can serve as pretty good ones. They can go into action at 5,000 miles, and draw on the entire power output of a whole ship. With automatic aim and a traverse of five degrees, a ship like the 'Llanvabon' can come very close to blasting a hole through a small-sized asteroid which gets in its way. But not on overdrive, of course."

"Of course" is pretty good. Not that the skipper really likes the idea of turning the blasters on to a possibly harmless spaceship from another planet. But there is still a lot of suspicion and distrust between planets. Argues the skipper: "Maybe they've tracers better than we have (all spaceships have powerful radar). Maybe they could trace us all the way home without our knowing it. We can't risk a non-human race knowing where Earth is unless we're sure of them. And how can we be sure? They could come to trade, of course — or they could swoop down on overdrive with a battle fleet that could wipe us out before we knew what happened." As Euclid nearly said, civilisations which are equal to deep-space travel are equal to anything.

In case you ever get hold of a copy of this magazine I do not propose to tell you what

in fact did happen when the "Llanvabon" met another spaceship. But I will record that they did not have to turn on the blasters.

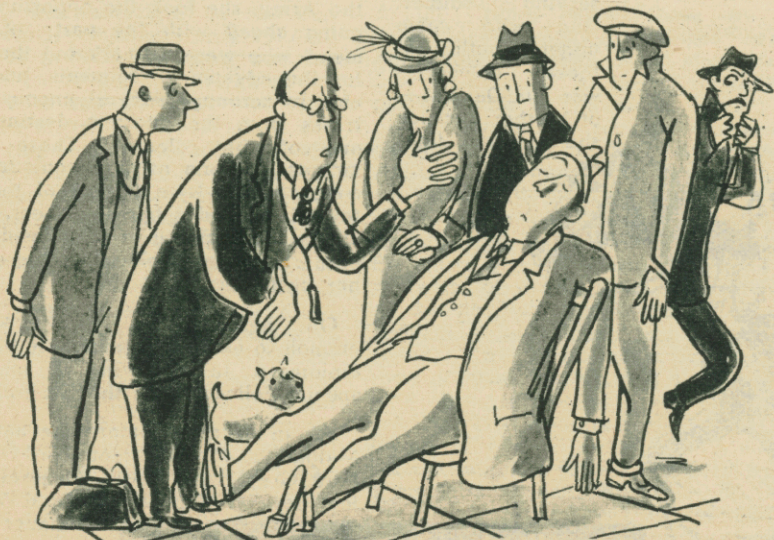
For all I know you may prefer another story in this magazine about a spaceship — the "Medusa." There's no warfare in it, except normal commercial warfare between the planets. (Mind you, that is the sort of thing that leads to real war, sooner or later.

Don't think that because spaceships have weapons like blasters there is no need for effective small arms. This, from yet another story, will give you an idea: —

"The smile whipped from the boy's face then, and one of his hands snapped out, lifting a small flame gun from



"... leaving only a limp, charred body."



"His nerves are cooked from the chest down."

his father's hip with almost invisible speed. It came up before the psychologist could register the emotions that might not yet have begun, and the flame washed out, blackening clothes and flesh and leaving only a limp, charred body on the floor. Jim kicked it aside..."

This is the kind of weapon which ought to be handed in at the nearest police station at once. That goes for the coagulator, too.

"Coagulator! Who carries an illegal coagulator here? Some one of you, because this man is paralysed by one."

"Mysteriously a doctor appeared and nodded after a brief examination. 'Coagulation, all right. His nerves are cooked from the chest down, and it's spreading. Death is certain.'"

Whoever used the illegal coagulator had left it too late because the victim had just made his greatest discovery — portable atomic power. Says one of the victim's henchmen:

"Now there will be no war: no power will commit such suicide against a nation whose men shall be equipped as ours shall be..."

There seems an ominously familiar ring about that speech.

E. S. TURNER (Major).



Armchair scientist's idea of inter-planetary warfare as carried on by the "Llanvabon" and her sisters.



"Now there will be no war."





The Army had privately-run "mobile field canteens" centuries ago. The owners were licensed, enjoyed official status of sorts . . .



**I**N the old days armies were fed by organised plundering of the civilian population or by compulsory contributions from towns and villages levied by army commanders.

There were also private traders who followed the armies in the field and ran catering concerns on a profit-making basis. These were often ex-soldiers, or the wives of soldiers serving in the Army. They were called sutlers and sold extra food and drink to the forces.

They can be seen in the paintings of the campaigns of Henry VIII, where soldiers are shown taking liquid refreshment in their booths or tents.

In Germany, as one might expect, they were regimented. One writer of the 17th century describes "The women who followed the army on horseback, having to ride in no other place than with the baggage, but they were very oft extravagant, gadding here and there and therefore, in some places they were put in companies, and having one or more to command and oversee them . . . I have seen them ride, keep troop, rank and file, very well, after that Captain of theirs who led them, and a banner with them which one of the women carried."

It must be remembered that, in the past, the food rations issued were of the most limited variety. In the Parliamentary Forces of 1645 they consisted of bread and cheese, and in Marlborough's Army in the Low Countries (1702) bread only was supplied by the Commissary. For all other supplies of food and drink the soldier's only resource was the sutler,

except, of course, for anything he might scrounge on his own initiative. That, however, was at the risk of being hanged if caught; the Duke of

Marlborough issued stringent orders against marauding.

By this time the sutler was a recognised individual with the Army, having a more or less official status and having to obtain a licence before starting his trade. Each regiment had one Grand Sutler and each troop or company one Petty Sutler, who received allowances of forage for their horses. The number of horses allowed was fixed at 14 to any battalion of Infantry, 12 to a regiment of Dragoons and 15 to a regiment of Horse. A regiment's sutlers were placed under the jurisdiction of the major, who was responsible for seeing that the provisions for sale were of good quality and were sold at the correct weight and measure.

#### Mother Ross

The sutler's trade was not without its risks, as one can well imagine. No compensation was allowed for the loss of stocks due to the exigencies of war.

As already mentioned, a sutler was often an old soldier or the wife of a serving soldier. One who came under both of these categories was Kit Davies — or Mother Ross, as she was later



The celebrated Mother Ross, an ex-trooper herself, turned sutleress and followed Marlborough's armies. She knew her black markets.

known throughout the Army. Her exploits as a Dragoon have already been described in SOLDIER. After being seriously wounded at Ramillies she was discharged from the service but continued to follow her soldier husband and the Army as a sutleress during the remainder of Marlborough's campaigns.

The story of her exploits in her new trade makes not only amusing reading but also gives us the only known description of the life of one of these adventurous Army caterers. Her resourcefulness and ingenuity are boundless. She tells us that she never missed a chance of marauding and describes how she used iron hooks to drag the wells, or probed any freshly turned earth in the villages in her search for the hastily hidden belongings of the local inhabitants, more often than not our Allies. No farm house or chateau escaped her in her search for food and forage. Once she even walked off with a couple of bottles of the Duke of Argyle's own wine.

At another time, when there was a general shortage of food throughout the Army, she took the opportunity of going ahead with the party of "flag men," who were to mark out the lines for the advancing regiments, and was able to scrounge several unconsidered trifles from the quarters destined for one of the colonels. These items included, among other perquisites, six couple of fowls, a basket of pigeons, four sheep and a barrel of beer, all of which she disposed of at a considerable profit, the colonel himself being among her customers.

Our heroine was always shrewd enough to employ considerable tact and diplomacy in reserving a meal of special delicacies for the General.

As an example, before the battle of Malplaquet she set before Lord Orkney, Lord Grey, Lord North, General Lumley, General Webb and General Withers a dinner consisting of fowls, bacon, sprouts, hung-beef and wine.

A sutler's booth of about 1800.



A group of militia officers with a cantiniere (from a photograph). The regiment to which these officers belonged was on garrison duty in the Mediterranean during the Crimean War.



# SUTLERESS *Becomes* NAAFI Girl

In spite of her propensity for looting there are endless examples of her practical kindness and good nature; she shirked no hardship or danger in taking up a good meal to her husband and the officers and men of his regiment in the firing line. During the siege of Ath, she carried a campkettle of boiling stew on her head through the enemy's outposts to her regiment.

#### What She Wore

She does not say in her memoirs if she continued to ride astride, but it seems unlikely that an ex-trooper of Dragoons would condescend to ride any other way, although she never mentions wearing anything but woman's clothing. Even this, however, would not have presented an insuperable difficulty, as a contemporary picture of a *cantiniere* of Napoleon's Army shows her riding astride in a long skirt, and followed by her team of pack mules. There is only one picture showing Mother Ross as a sutleress and that is a woodcut in the 1742 edition of her memoirs. Unfortunately this is too small to indicate if she is wearing any portions of soldier's dress.

During the campaigns on the Continent which continued intermittently from 1743 to 1793 the Army still had recourse to sutlers for extras in the way of food and drink. A new regulation was introduced which stated that "no serving soldier or soldier's wife should receive a licence to be a sutler," but whether this was strictly adhered to as far as the soldier's wife was concerned is open to doubt.

A painting done in 1751 for the Duke of Cumberland shows us a sutleress in the full glory of semi-military dress, made up no doubt from oddments of discarded uniforms. Her hat is a bright grass green with a band of edging of yellow lace; her jacket is also bright green worn over a red waistcoat decorated with white lace, ornamented at the ends with tufts or tassels; under her chin is a large blue bow; her stockings are bright red and her shoes have large blue rosettes. The rest of her costume is a dark brown skirt and blue apron.

There is no doubt that the custom of

the sutleress augmenting her wardrobe with discarded articles of soldiers' clothing was the origin of the military dress of the *cantiniere* or *vivandière*, who reached their greatest vogue in the French Armies of Napoleon III.

The Peninsular War of 1808-14 was a very different proposition from the good old days of campaigning in the Low Countries, where there was no lack of sutlers and contractors for the supply of food. In the Peninsula the whole supply of rations had to be undertaken by the Commissariat, who furnished bread, meat and spirits, but, even so, a sutler to each battalion or regiment was authorised.

After Waterloo, barracks were built in various parts of Great Britain and soldiers were no longer billeted in ale houses and inns. At first old soldiers were allowed to run canteens for the sale of spirits. Later the Government let the canteens to contractors who sold other articles besides spirits, all of poor quality and at high prices.

#### Brandy "Slung"

There seem to have been no canteens in the Crimea except those run by Levantines at prohibitive prices. In my collection, however, is a photograph (see sketch) of a group of militia officers with a *cantiniere*. This was one of the militia regiments sent out on garrison duty in the Mediterranean during the war. They took their *cantiniere* with them.

In 1860 the Volunteer movement was in full swing and the Leeds Volunteer Engineers had a *vivandière* to add to the *éclat* of their corps. She marched at the head of the Regiment with a serjeant on each side. Her dress consisted of a scarlet jacket with three rows of silver buttons, and a grey skirt with three stripes of garter-blue and scarlet. The trousers were of garter-blue with a broad red stripe. A small barrel containing brandy was hung from a regulation pouch belt.

There were canteens in the South African War but they were staffed entirely by men.

CECIL C. P. LAWSON  
(Drawings by the author)





# Surrender Salesmen

**C**AN an enemy be talked into surrender in the field? The Army's Psychological Warfare branch thought it could. And so Amplifier Units were born.

I had the honour to command one of these units, and mine was the first to land in Normandy with the American Army at the beginning of the invasion. For some time we were an object of derision. Talking the enemy into surrender! It was ridiculous. Jerry would shoot us up the moment our extraordinary-looking vehicle got within hailing distance. Not only that, they would strafe the whole area we were in, and woe betide the unit we happened to be working with at the time! So said the old sweats and some of the people at the top.

## News for the Villages

An Amplifier Unit consisted of a vehicle equipped with 10 loud-speakers on top, two microphones, a radio and gramophone turntable inside, and a generator. The crew were four: an officer or WOII in charge, a German-speaking serjeant, an electrician and a driver. In the early stages of the campaign in Normandy the vehicle was a converted four-stretcher ambulance with canvas sides, but this was later changed to an armoured White Scout Car.

The first three weeks of the landing saw us swanning about the Cotentin Peninsula carrying out our secondary but nevertheless important task of giving news bulletins in French to the

**This is a personal story by a an Amplifier Unit. Its job surrender. Once they asked records — but as a rule the**

dazed villagers of Isigny, Carentan and Valognes.

Our first news broadcast was in the tiny fishing village of Grandcamp on 10 June 1944. We ran into the market-place there, and in a matter of seconds were surrounded by a wildly cheering horde of fisher-folk with their wives and children. They climbed all over the van and bombarded us with questions, and it was nearly half-an-hour before we could begin our broadcast. Sitting in the front of the van, each with a microphone, my serjeant and I began to read the news bulletin in French. News was scarce at the time, and only the barest details of British and American progress were being released by the censors. But they hung on to every word, standing quite silent in that sunny little market-place, their tanned faces tense with attention, and in the background the sea on which one could distinguish in the distance the outline of ships bringing more and more supplies into the beach-head. As an accompaniment one could hear in the distance the muffled boom of guns as the battle moved very slowly inland.

At the end of the news I instructed the technician to play the "Marseillaise" from a record. This was the most moving moment of that memorable day. Every man, woman and child in that humble community began to sing, and they kept on singing long after the record had come to an end. Again and again we had to play it, and again and again they sang, holding their caps in their hands with the tears streaming down their faces. That was Grandcamp, and though we did many news broadcasts there in the days that followed nothing ever compared with the emotion of that first news bulletin.

And so it went on—in Carentan, then in Montebourg and Valognes, all the way up to Cherbourg as each town was liberated. Outside Cherbourg the First US Army came to a halt. The port was surrounded, but the Germans had a strong garrison, enormous quantities of ammunition and an arsenal in the centre of the town which was the nearest thing to an indestructible building the Air Force had ever met. They pounded it for three days with their heaviest bombs, seeming to make very little impression, while the Infantry and Artillery edged closer to the city boundary.

## Down in the Forest

Finally an American divisional commander had a bright idea. What about that goddammed public address outfit loaned by the British? Wasn't it a situation like this that it was intended for? Wheel it up then, fellah, and let's see what they can do! So it was that on the afternoon of 26 June I found myself with my little unit at Div. HQ examining a map of the disposition of the enemy forces and trying to assess the state of their morale from interrogation reports from prisoners. At length I found a spot that seemed as if it might yield some results. In a wood about 10 kilometres from the outskirts of the town an unknown force of German soldiers was known to be hidden. We were told they were comparatively few and in a very low state of morale. One of the reasons why they would not surrender, although quite well aware that they were surrounded, was that they had been told by their superior officers that the American Infantry carried knives for the purpose of removing their more vital parts, and furthermore that the American Army was composed almost entirely of negroes, from whom they could expect nothing but the most barbarous treatment should they surrender.

It was decided to send the Amplifier Unit up a lane leading into this wood,

**serjeant-major in charge of was to talk the Germans into him to play some Nat Gonella joke was on the Wehrmacht.**

and once installed we were to talk to the Germans through the loud-speakers and explain to them that if they surrendered they would be treated honourably as POW's, would be removed to cages far from the battle, would be allowed to write home at intervals, and, in short, would be granted the normal rights of POW's. On the contrary, should they not surrender, they would most certainly not live for long, as the big attack that was coming would grind every one of them to pulp. At 1700 hrs. that afternoon we moved slowly up the lane into position. The American Infantry was behind us, slightly jittery about the result of our experiment. They were by no means the only people jittery that afternoon. As we rounded a bend in the lane and the last Infantryman went out of sight I remember thinking of the joys of civilian life and whether I myself would be granted all the rights of a POW. We went on for about 10 minutes until we judged we were about in the centre of the wood, and then stopped. The wood was very dense and the silence was almost unbearable. The only sound was the dripping of the rain on to the tress, until the generator roared into action and the loud-speakers began to hum and crackle. In a few moments we were "on the air."

## The Bushes Parted —

My serjeant spoke for five minutes or so, putting the facts to them squarely and telling them to walk towards the van with their hands above their heads, displaying a white handkerchief or other object. Within two minutes the bushes 100 yards up the lane parted and the bedraggled figure of a German soldier was seen, hands above his head, a grimy handkerchief pinned in front of him. Behind him came another, then another, until the lane was a procession of German soldiers, all walking towards us as in some bizarre ceremonial parade. At that moment my electrician called out that more were coming from the rear. Sure enough another procession was coming up the lane behind us. And as the first soldier reached us others came in from each direction, until the van was surrounded and the lane was a mass of green-capped heads and waving arms.

Fortunately, not far down the lane the wood thinned out and there was a fair-sized field. We shepherded our captives into the field and lined them up while somebody went back and fetched the Infantry. The look on the American Infantry commander's face was indescribable. "It works," he shouted in great excitement. "Oh boy, what a scoop!" We had hardly finished congratulating one other when our attention was once more drawn to some figures coming down the lane towards us. Even at a distance we could see that these people were in rather better shape than our first batch, and though they were only three they marched abreast in step, the centre one carrying a white handkerchief. Halting in front of us, one of them saluted smartly and asked leave to speak. It seemed that the commanding officer of this ragged band was a colonel, and though he had heard our talk and all his troops had surrendered to us he was not willing to come himself until the surrender was more "honourable." He considered it a great loss of dignity for posterity to know he had surrendered to "propaganda" and would therefore only come in if we forced him to.

We said immediately that if he needed force he could have it, and plenty of it, though whether he would be in a position to surrender or not afterwards was a matter of doubt. But

it seemed the gallant colonel was not at all keen to be forced. All he wanted was some token attack that would make his surrender look more dignified. The leader of the deputation, a captain, suggested we might throw some phosphorous grenades in the direction of the colonel (taking care not to harm him, of course) and as the Germans had no effective answer to phosphorous he could surrender with a clear conscience and history would know that the surrender was honourable!

Well, this was a bit of a problem. I waited for the American to voice his opinion as, after all, it was his show and we had done our part. The American considered the request for some minutes, conferring with a junior officer who had arrived in the meantime, and it was at length agreed to throw three phosphorous grenades towards where the colonel was hiding.

## Honour was Satisfied

The American, with a sense of the dramatic, decided that the grenades should be thrown by each representative of the Army ranks. He therefore threw for the officers, I for the WO's and serjeants, and a buck private for the OR's. Solemnly the little procession moved through the wood led by the Germans to a spot near which their CO was. It was a little clearing in the wood, with tall grass and low scrub, the whole soaked through with the torrential rain. At a signal from the American officer we threw the grenades, watched closely and approvingly by the Germans. Owing to the intense wet the explosion was rather an anticlimax, as each grenade produced a puff of whitish smoke and a few crackles, seeming to be no more harmful than a penny squib on Guy Fawkes night. The Germans conferred, but after some discussion it was agreed that the wind was in their "favour" and the phosphorous smoke must have been seen by the colonel. They left us to investigate, and a few moments later came back with the colonel. All was well. He surrendered "honourably."

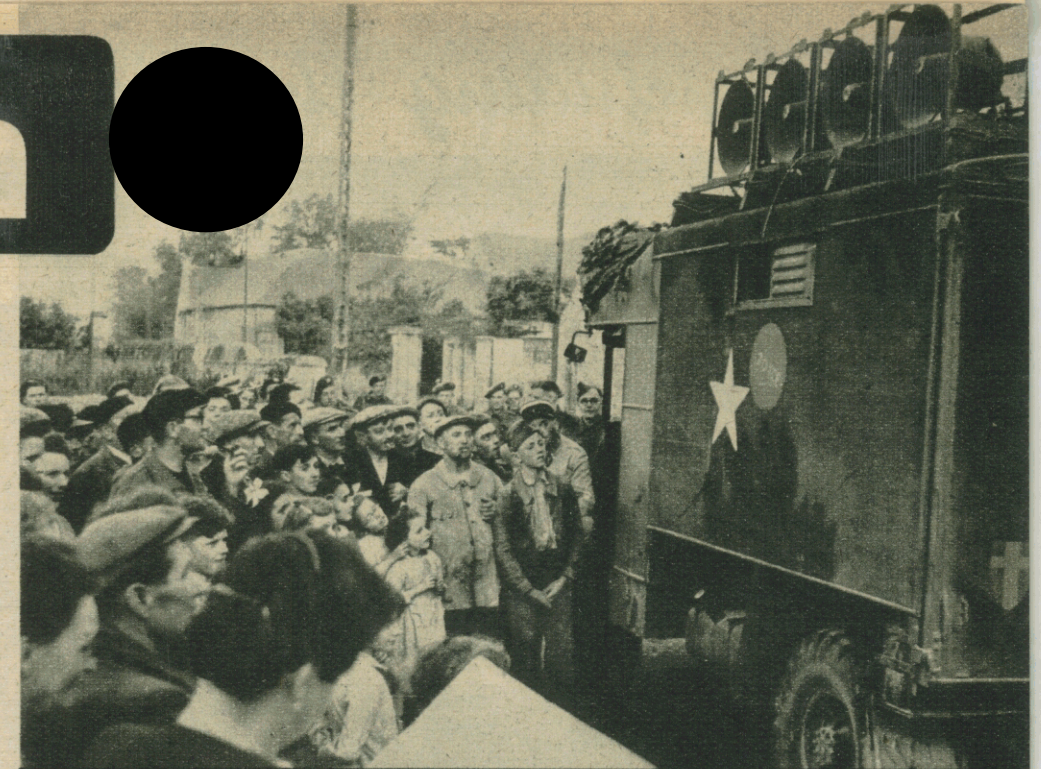
So ended our first real propaganda job. The following day we entered Cherbourg and found the general in charge of the German garrison sitting in the arsenal refusing to come out. Once more we wheeled up the loud-speaker van to a spot under the arsenal walls, trying to keep our voices steady in view of the ugly-looking 88's we could just see pointing in our direction. Two minutes talk and the white flag went up on the arsenal wall, and out poured German soldiers, Russian slave-workers, Frenchmen and a rabble the like of which I have never seen. But again the question of honour cropped up. It was the same story as the day before, but this time the general wanted a tank. Quickly we got on the phone, and in a short time a large Sherman ambled up to the arsenal gate and took up a position in a marked manner where the general could see it. A few minutes later the gorgeously-clad figure of the general appeared. Appearing to ignore the presence of the amplifier van, he walked past us with his nose in the air and surrendered to the tank commander.

## Success Story

The news of our success spread swiftly and reporters followed us about for days attempting to get the full story. From that moment we were in great demand on all fronts.

And so we went on across Europe talking the enemy into surrender, sometimes living in comparative comfort and only going forward for specific jobs, at other times living for weeks on end with the forward Infantry and doing most of our work in front of them in "No-Man's-Land," where we could best be heard.

All five of the amplifier units in Second Army were usually to be found



In the early stages of the invasion the Amplifier Units did valuable work in carrying the latest news to remote corners of the French countryside. Above: French villagers listening to a news broadcast.

Below: Discussing the news they have just heard.



well forward, and we worked our way up through Vernon, Lille, Ghent, Louvain and Eindhoven, where, in common with the rest of the Army, we went to earth for about six months, mostly giving news bulletins.

Once we returned to Belgium for the Ardennes counter-attack, and later we were called back to Dunkirk, where the German garrison were holding out, though completely cut off. After we had talked to the garrison for an hour one evening with no result, they sent over a civilian to ask us to play some Nat Gonella records as they were holding a dance in the officers' mess! However, we were soon back again and joined 3 British Division in time to go into Bremen with them, after a little shouting at a fast demoralised enemy. Bremen fallen, we tore across country to join 7 Armoured Division, who were sitting outside Harburg, and with them we worked on the SS astride the Soltau-Harburg road. Finally we prevailed on them to send two peace envoys over, but not until they had counter-attacked the battalion we were working with at the time, and lost far more men than they had intended.

My amplifier van had the honour to be one of the first Army vehicles to enter Hamburg on 3 May 1945. We rolled in with the tanks of 131 Brigade. When the war in Europe ended a few days later we could congratulate ourselves on having caused the surrender of over 4,000 German troops with our one van, fully justifying the name given us by the Americans in the far-off Cherbourg days: "Surrender Salesmen."

JOHN CAMP (CSM)



Above: CSM Camp, writer of this article, and his crew were the first British troops to receive the American Bronze Star. Below: Broadcasting to Germans near the front line.



Men of the Amplifier Units had to be resourceful, for the mounting of loud-speakers close enough to the enemy to be effective offered a constantly changing problem. Above: a loud-speaker is seen being fixed in a tree. Below: As a static target, necessarily within easy range of enemy fire, discreet siting and good camouflage of the broadcasting vans were vital.





# Concluding The Stories of The Divisions



Much of the country over which 5 Div fought in Italy was impassable by MT and mules had to be used.

THE 'Y' SIGN WAS CARRIED FOR —

# THIRTY THOUSAND



A machine-gun post of the Division in France in 1940.



**T**HIS is the story of 5 Division, with its three brigades—13, 15 and 17 Infantry Brigades—and supporting arms and services. Strictly, it should begin long before the outbreak of war, for the 5th is a regular division. But here the story begins in France in October 1939, and ends in Lübeck, Germany, in May 1945.

The stories of other divisions have already been told in *SOLDIER*, stories which also started before Dunkirk and ended in Germany. But how many divisions travelled 30,000 miles in the gap between, visited so many theatres, and served in so many armies and corps all over the world?

The divisional sign is a plain white "Y" on a khaki background. It was seen in Persia, in India, in Palestine, in Italy—and now it is seen in Germany. "Y" stands for Yorkshire. That was the peace-time station of the Division.

## France and Norway

**W**INTER 1939/40 was spent in France. The order of battle was little different from what it is today. 13 Infantry Brigade consisted of 2 Camerons, 2 Innisks\* and 2 Wilts; 15 Infantry Brigade of 1 Green Howards, 1 KOYLI and 1 York and Lancs; and 17 Infantry Brigade of 2 RSF, 2 Northampton and 2 Seaforth.† The three field regiments were 9, 91 and 92 Field Regiments RA.‡ Digging and field works were the order of the day while people at home talked of the "phony war." Then, rather suddenly, on 13 April 1940, 15 Infantry Brigade was detached from the Division and went home, and four days later embarked at Rosyth for Norway.

1 KOYLI and 1 Y and L landed at Andalsnes, south of Trondheim, after two days at sea, and were joined later by 1 Green Howards.

The story of the campaign in Norway is well known. The British Expeditionary Force was too small, much of it was only partly trained, and it was forced to dance to the tune of the German commanders. Two battalions of 15 Infantry Brigade were rushed 150 miles down country to engage the Germans at Sjøa, with 1 Green Howards in a defensive position 30 miles further north at Otta. Thus scattered, one brigade was facing a whole German division. The enemy superiority in the air and on the ground forced a withdrawal through Ottå to Dombas. On 29 April a German force got round the flanks of the British troops, and a local withdrawal became of necessity a general one. The Brigade reached the Verma tunnel by forced march, after the train had been derailed, and was evacuated by cruisers and destroyers from Andalsnes.

It was a short, costly, difficult campaign, but many lessons were learned from it.

Meanwhile, the rest of the Division, \* In July 1944 2 Innisks went to 78 Div, and 5 Essex replaced them. † In February 1940 2 Seaforth went to 51 (H) Div, and 6 Seaforth replaced them.

‡ In 1942 9 Fd Regt. remained in Madagascar; it never rejoined 5 Div, but was later replaced by 156 Fd Regt.

commanded then by Maj-Gen. Sir H. E. Franklyn, KCB, DSO, MC, was still in France. In May the Germans dealt the French a heavy blow, and were driving towards the Channel ports. The 5th (less 15 Infantry Brigade), part of an expeditionary force far out-numbered and out-gunned, was forced back gradually—with the rest — towards Dunkirk.

Twenty miles from Dunkirk, 17 Infantry Brigade formed one composite battalion, with the task of holding off the Germans while the evacuation from the beaches was being carried out.

So 5 Division came home in summer 1940 from Norway and Dunkirk. In February 1942, the King inspected 5 Division before it set off on the next leg of its journeying, India-bound. The 20 months since Dunkirk had been spent in intensive training in Scotland, England and Northern Ireland, under Maj-Gen. H. P. M. Berney-Ficklin, CB, MC. The Division also had a series of anti-invasion roles.

It was 16 March 1942 when the Division sailed from the Clyde and from Liverpool. Just before sailing, rather disturbing news had been received from the War Office. This was that 17 Infantry Brigade had been earmarked for operation "Ironclad"—the occupation of Madagascar by a mixed force commanded by Maj-Gen. Sturges, of the Royal Marines. Disturbing news? Only because the ships were not tactically loaded, and the men would be unacclimatised and unfit after a long sea voyage. When 13 Infantry Brigade reached Durban it learned that it also was to take part as reserve brigade. Div HQ and the rest of the Division were to continue on their way to India, leaving the two brigades to carry out the operation and follow later.

It was the night of 4/5 May when 29 Infantry Brigade and some commando units landed on the north-west tip of Madagascar. The next day 17 and 13 Infantry Brigades followed, after a heavy bombardment of coastal positions from the sea and air.

At nightfall, 17 Infantry Brigade began a long approach march in the heat and dust towards Ansirane, a few miles from the main port of Diego Suarez, and contacted the forward troops of

# MILES

29 Infantry Brigade. On the night of 6/7 May they attacked; their objective was a line of fixed defences linking two forts. On the right were 2 Northampton; on the left 6 Seaforth, with a company of RWF of 29 Infantry Brigade under command; and 2 RSF were in the centre. Initial casualties were suffered from French 75 mm guns and accurate Senegalese machine-gun fire—a total of 90 in all, including 19 killed. But the campaign was now in its last stages, and all resisting forces in Northern Madagascar surrendered the following day.

## Worse than Bullets

It was malaria, rather than the French shells and bullets, that caused the greatest losses to 13 and 17 Infantry Brigades in their short campaign in Madagascar. The voyage onwards to Bombay, with many sick men on board, was far from pleasant. But it united the Division again, in India, and once again valuable lessons had been learned.

After a fortnight's stay in the Poona and Ahmednagar areas, 5 Division entrained for Ranchi in June 1942. The road parties made a journey of 1,200 miles in almost intolerable heat. The main bodies of 13 Infantry Brigade, however, remained at Ahmednagar.

The rôle of the Division in Bihar was to repel, together with 70 Division, any Japanese invasion of the north-east coast of India. Its special task was the defence of the important Tata steel-

works in Jamshedpur. Three months were spent in this area, training for jungle warfare in the Sal. Then, in July 1942, orders were received to move to Persia, as a precaution against the German threat to the Caucasus.



Mail from home being read in the trenches by soldiers of the Yorks & Lancaster Regt. in France, 1940.

It had been intended to move the transport through Quetta and Baluchistan to Kerman-shah. But the Indus was in flood and had swept away its bridges. At Agra the column was diverted to Bombay, and from here, on 21 August, the main body of the Division embarked for Basra.

After a fortnight's stay in the desert at Shaiba (where the temperature one day reached 129 degrees in the shade), the Brigades continued their journey by road via Baghdad and Khanaqin to Kermanshah and Qum, which was reached early in November. Here in the cold, barren mountains followed a long period of further training.

Then, when it was obvious that the German attempt to break through the Caucasus had failed, 5 Division was no longer needed in the Persia and Iraq Command, and orders were received in January 1943 to cross the Trans-jordan Desert for Syria and the Bitter Lakes for training in combined operations.

## Sicily Assault

**I**N India and Persia, the rôle of the Division had been defensive. Now, with the Eighth and First Armies entering on the last phase of the African campaign, the emphasis had switched to the attack.

Early in July 1943 rehearsals in the foothills of Mount Hermon and on the Gulf of Aqaba were completed, and 5 Division sailed from Suez for Sicily for the next phase of its Odyssey.

On the morning of 9 July the separate convoys met at their rendezvous in the Mediterranean. The weather was foul, and a postponement threatened. At 6 pm Mount Etna was sighted.

At midnight, the assault troops were lowered into their assault landing craft. Overhead, bombers and gliders were flying towards the island in a continuous stream. The sky was full of flak and flares, and red with the glare of burning buildings in Syracuse. As the LCA's approached land, they were engaged by the coastal defence guns and later by small arms fire.

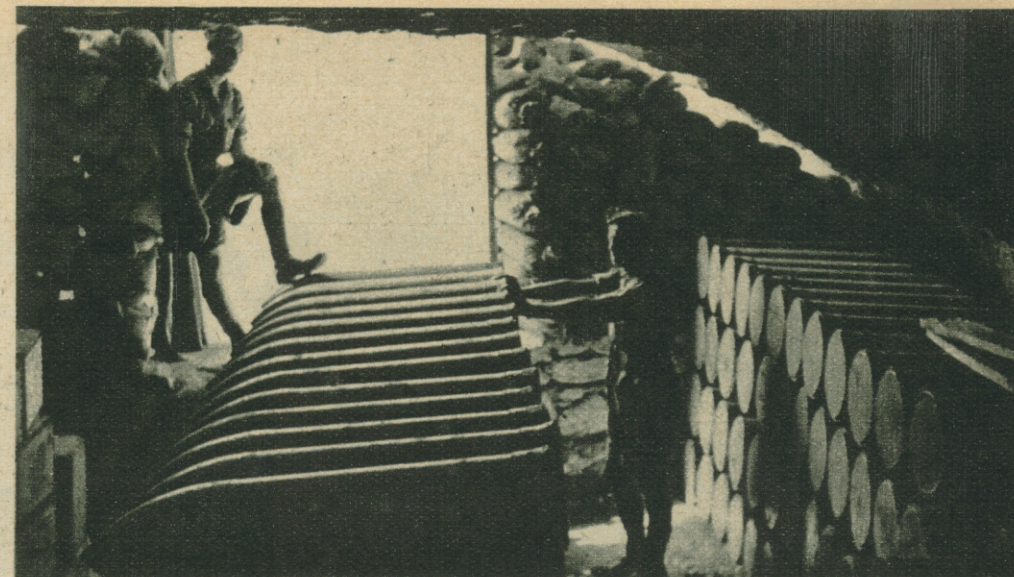
Once the Italians saw the shore obstacles overcome and the coastal batteries silenced by naval bombardment, they showed little willingness to fight. The Cassibile landings were achieved with few casualties.

The advance north was swift and decisive. Within 72 hours 17 Infantry Brigade had captured the vital ports of Syracuse and Augusta. Even before the Division had reached the Catania Plain, 18 Light Anti-Aircraft Artillery Regiment had shot down 32 enemy fighter bombers, seven in a single action.

Here, however, resistance grew stronger, and progress was slow. The Hermann Goering Division (whom 15 Infantry Brigade had last met in Norway in 1940) were occupying strong defensive positions in the Catania plain and the hills to the north. It took days of bitter fighting to establish a substantial bridgehead over the Simeto River. German "Tiger" and medium tanks counter-attacked strongly, but withdrew when the guns of 52 Anti-Tank Regiment opened up against them. Soon afterwards, the sound of demolitions was heard. The Germans, with their centre broken, were retreating north, with 5 Division in pursuit.

It was at Milo that the Division fought its last battle in Sicily. Then 15 Infantry Brigade, which had marched the whole way from Cassibile, was withdrawn. Messina fell on 17 August 1943, and the Sicilian campaign was over.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)



A cave full of coastal gun ammunition found during the rapid advance on Catania, Sicily.



F.M. Montgomery inspecting Italian POW's working for the Allies in Sicily before the Italy invasion.



5 Div were prominent in the hard-fought Garigliano battle. Above: casualties being evacuated across the river.



4.5 gun crew going into action during the attack on the key-point of Catania.





Above: Prisoners on the run during the attack on a pocket of resistance near Lübeck.



Left: Liberated POW being entertained near Lübeck by troops of 5 Div and 6 Guards Bde.

Below: Part of the bag of prisoners passing through Lübeck after its capture by 5 Div.



## 5 Division (CONTINUED)

THE invasion of Italy followed on 3 September.

The 5th, now commanded by Maj-Gen G. C. Bucknall, CB, MC, crossed the Straits to land at Reggio Calabria, and pressed on along the winding coastal road. The Germans withdrew according to their plan. Bridges were blown, and rear-guards left behind to delay the Allied advance. The Divisional Engineers (38, 245 and 252 Field Companies) did their usual splendid work filling in monster craters and building Baileys. Once, a railway tunnel was pressed into service as a main road to speed the advance. Night and day the RASC (2, 69, 80 and 434 Companies) were carrying food and ammunition over lines of communication which lengthened by as much as 50 miles a day.

At Potenza, a halt was called. Progress had been too swift, and a pause was administratively necessary.

### Winter in Italy

A fortnight later, the advance was resumed, with 5 Reconnaissance Regiment in the lead. Melfi and Cerignola were captured, and forward troops reached the Foggia plain. It was now October, and after the capture of Campobasso conditions became increasingly difficult. The country was mountainous, the roads alternately snow-bound and water-logged. Motor transport failed, and mule teams were pressed into service.

After 2 Wilts had captured Isernia — a few hours ahead of the Americans — the Division reached the line of the River Sangro. For days, patrols left the steep slopes of the ice-covered mountains to probe the German positions. At Rionero 91, 92 and 156 Field Regiments put down heavy concentrations on the north bank, which gave us command of the river. After Lanciano, near Ortona, had been captured, 5 Div followed the Canadians across to the east coast. 15 Infantry Brigade crossed the River Morro, and established itself astride the Ortona-Orsogna road. The German 4 Parachute Division faced it, and from 23 December to 3 January the action continued.

A week later, the Division was back on the west coast in the Carinola area, a few miles south of the River Garigliano. The move had been made very secretly. Divisional signs were removed from vehicles and battle dress. The destination was only revealed at the last moment.

The Germans were well entrenched on high ground north of the Garigliano. They had excellent observation across the river, which was deep and wide, and the divisional Gunners had to dig their emplacements by night and carefully camouflage them by day.

On the night of 17/18 January 1944, after one of the heaviest artillery bombardments of the war, 13 and 17 Infantry Brigades began the river crossing, while 2 RSF landed by DUKW'S from the sea on the north bank of the river. 2 Innisks lost their boats from enemy mortar fire. The assault battalions suffered many casualties from the minefields. But by dawn 2 Wilts had established a small bridgehead across the river. The German counter-attacks were repulsed with the assistance of the machine guns of 7 Cheshire.

Next day, the Minturno, Tufo and Trimonsuoli ridges were captured. All

battalions now shared in the task of holding what had been won, while the Gunners and the RASC supported them to the extent of 700 rounds per gun daily. When German resistance at Santa Maria d'Infanta cracked, the small bridgehead was secure.

After the Garigliano came Anzio. In March 1944 5 Division, now commanded by Maj-Gen P. G. S. Gregson-Ellis, CB, OBE, landed on the small Anzio beachhead (less than 10 miles square) to relieve 56 Infantry Division in the northern sector from Carroceto to the coast. Each battalion in turn had a spell in "the Fortress," the key to the whole position. Orders were clear. Not an inch of ground was to be yielded.

### Anzio Break-Out

For more than three months the Division remained in this unlovely spot. Supplies had to be manhandled in the dark through tortuous wadis, swollen and muddy. At places the Germans were only 30 yards away. Local counter-attacks were frequent.

Then General Alexander began his drive for Rome, and the Anzio forces had their role. While the main attack was directed along Route Six on the right, the Green Howards of 15 Infantry Brigade crossed the Moletta River to cause a diversion. The plan was successful, and soon 5 Division itself was advancing on Rome. It was near Ardea that Sjt Rogers of 2 Wilts earned his posthumous Victoria Cross for the bravery and inspired leadership which enabled his platoon to seize a strong and vital position.

Rome fell, and after 11 months of almost continuous fighting 5 Division was withdrawn in July 1944 via Egypt to Syria and Palestine. A new Divisional Commander, Maj-Gen R. A. Hull, CB, DSO, took over command. Reinforcements were received and trained. Lessons of the campaign were shared. The months slipped by until February 1945, when the Division set off for its final task in this war.

Its destination was Italy again. But after a short stay there, main bodies were sent to Marseilles, and thence went by rail and road via the Rhone valley to the Ghent area in Belgium.

### Over the Elbe

In April it was in action again, this time with the Second Army in Germany. From the Uelzen area a series of sharp engagements brought it to the Elbe. After crossing the Elbe, 15 Infantry Brigade had a brisk encounter with some SS troops near Büchen station; a heavy bombardment from the guns of 92 Field Regiment helped 1 Green Howards to take many prisoners. Then 133 and 17 Infantry Brigades continued their advance.

But by now the sands were fast running out. Prisoners were pouring in, and whole divisions surrendering. The day after Lübeck was entered, the German capitulation was announced.

AND so, at Lübeck, the long journey of 5 Division in the 1939-45 war ended.

Here it has only been possible to sketch the outline of its 30,000 miles of wandering, and to mention a few of the units that were its strength. If a last word of praise is to be given, it should go to the men of the RAMC who served the Division so faithfully. They belonged to 141, 158 and 164 Field Ambulances.

A great many men have reason to remember them.





The  
British Army  
presents

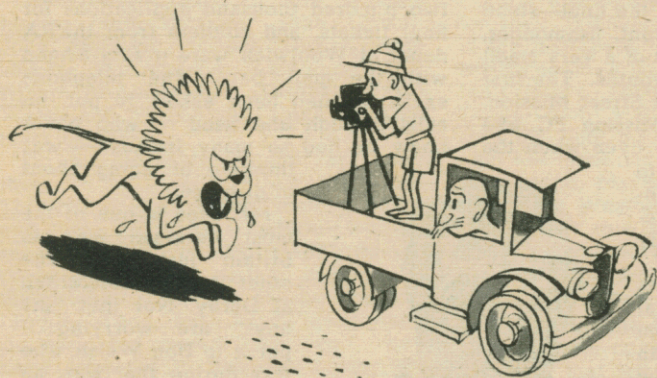
# "THE FORTUNES OF ALI THE FOOL"

"THE Fortunes of Ali the Fool" — a Comedy with a Moral, produced and presented by the British Army.

No, the chances are a thousand to one that you haven't seen this film. It is one of many comedy and interest films which the Army began to produce, early in 1944, to entertain and educate African troops, and to keep them in better contact with their homes.

## "Look, there's Bimbo!"

To this end two "Military Mobile Home News Units" were formed under the Directorate of Education and Welfare, East Africa Command. Each unit



"...one officer and one NCO..."

consisted of one officer and one British NCO, personal servants and drivers. Their job was to tour the countryside, interview Chiefs and other prominent persons, to encourage them to send regular newsletters for publication in the Army periodical "Askari," to make recordings of songs, dances and speeches, and to take still photographs and silent films.

African audiences enjoyed these films thoroughly.

They saw once again the dances in which they had formerly taken part; they recognised their own or adjoining villages, and in many cases they recognised the faces of their own relations and friends.

## Audiences Raise the Roof

When the same films were shown to African civilians there was a very pronounced falling-off of interest in the habits of tribes other than their own. But with *askari* who had lived among people of other tribes in the course of their Army career, the interest in pictures of other tribes almost equalled that of seeing their own people. Comparisons were drawn, and strange dances were jokingly jeered at as "PT."

Early reels were titled only with the names of the districts shown; on a later batch titles were omitted altogether. Partly for the sake of speed, no editing was done and even the white spaces between the 100-ft. lengths were retained with the object of giving the commentator a chance to get a word in edgeways. The noise made by an African audience during the showing of a film is enormous — cheering, recognition of persons, discussion and criticism. In fact, the audience provides

half the entertainment, and it would seem to be a mistake to try to keep them quiet in order to give a running commentary, as has been done in the past. These blanks, which were an experiment to get over this difficulty, were a failure, as, even so, the chatter never flagged. Subsequent reels have been titled fairly fully. With the exception of six reels (the first of those that were fully titled) a summary in English and Swahili or Chinyanja has been issued with each reel for reading to the audience before the reel is shown. In the case of the fully titled reels this was thought to be unnecessary, but there was a demand for the summary, and so the system was resumed.

Fifty-four reels (400 feet) of these documentary films, known as "African Home Life," have been issued; and in taking them the Home News Units travelled more than 30,000 miles.

In addition to documentary films, a few one- or two-reel comedies have been made. The first of these was based on the new one-shilling notes which were introduced in East Africa in 1944. Another was about an *askari* who bought a trinket for his girl-friend when he went on leave and had it stolen, with the subsequent detection and chase. One was a moral tale about the behaviour of two soldiers on leave. The bad *askari* wears clothes to which he is not entitled, is disrespectful to his parents and the Elders, accosts a girl and otherwise misconducts himself. The good *askari* helps his father on the farm, pays due deference to the Elders, and when his village is visited by an official of the Health Department he pays careful attention and takes copious notes, and afterwards makes a proper well-head for the benefit of his village. The bad *askari* takes no notice of the advice on drinking water, and allows his mother to draw dirty water which makes her ill, with the result that the bad soldier is himself obliged to work in the fields. It was feared at first that the bad *askari* would arouse the audience's sympathy, while the good *askari* would be considered a prig, as he must appear from this short synopsis. In fact, there has never been the slightest suspicion of this; the good *askari* has always been admired and the bad *askari* viewed with disgust.



"...strange dances..."

At Bagamoyo, a little old coast town in Tanganyika, there is an excellent company of native actors called the Bagamoyo Players and they have made three comedies. One of these, called "Fumanizi," is their own production based on a traditional tale of the paramour discovered, pursued and ultimately caught and punished by the husband. Another comedy called "The Fortunes of Ali the Fool," acted by the same company, with the photographer's "boy" as the hero, has a more complicated plot. Ali is an *askari* coming home on leave with a full purse. Two rogues, seeing his money, invite him to a beer-hall, where he is robbed of his money. When the landlord, who is in league with the two rogues, asks for payment, Ali discovers his loss and in a panic runs away and hides in a dhow which is lying off the coast. The scene then changes to the house of a wealthy Arab merchant. His son is kidnapped and carried off to the dhow in which Ali is concealed. Thanks to Ali, the boy is recovered and the kidnappers arrested. At the banquet given by the wealthy Arab in his honour, entertainment is provided by the landlord of the beer hall. He is recognised by Ali, who, by threatening him with exposure, makes him repay the money stolen from him.

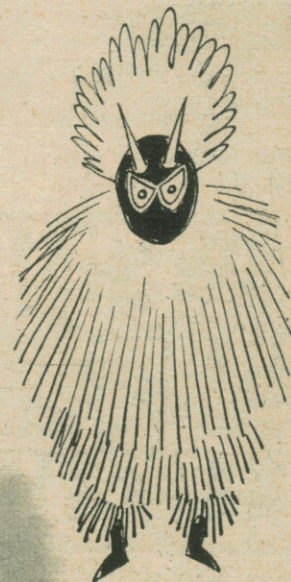
## Stick to Your Last

As a sequel to this, "Ali the Fool Gets His Discharge" shows the same hero (whose name has now become a cliché) investing all his gratuity in a shop, although he has no knowledge or experience of shop-keeping. After he has been systematically cheated right and left, and his goods taken by his creditors, he decides that he would do better to return to farming, which is a job he understands.

This was the last film to be produced. Full use has been made, however, of the film strip, which has many advantages over the ciné for African audiences. Film strips can be manufactured in 48 hours from start to finish; pictures can be held on the screen for as long as is required for individual audiences, and the commentary can be adapted to each audience. Undoubtedly an African audience misses a great deal of a cinema picture, though their understanding of them has developed remarkably quickly. At first they understood very little. Now one can be certain that the gist of the story and a considerable amount of the detail and by-play will be fully comprehended.



"...interview Chiefs..."



"...recognised relations..."



"African Home Life"



Why Charlton are called the "Addicks"



At Derby they don't mention gipsies



Derby's team manager, S.T. McMillan, has been with the Club for 17 years.



A Cup Final medal would make Vic Woodley, late Chelsea and England, completely happy.



Leon Leuty is a potential England player. He played for Notts County in war-time football.

Dave Ellis, Derby trainer, has half-a-century's football behind him. He is Alec James' father-in-law.



# CUP FINAL

# BACKGROUND

ACCORDING to information obtained at Charlton and Derby the 1946 Victory Football Association Challenge Cup Final at Wembley Stadium on 27 April will provide two winners. As this is unlikely, there will be broken hearts somewhere that night. Right now supporters in Thameside bomb-blasted Charlton, from the girl in the Woolwich Road post office to Ping, the club's tabby cat mascot, can see only one winner: Charlton Athletic. On the other hand, in the Locomotive Inn and the Baseball Hotel at Derby, in the station cloakroom and the highways and byways of the town, they see only one winner: Derby County.

## How Charlton Made Good

Come to Charlton first. Somewhere among the 90,000 crowd at Wembley a cardboard model haddock will be waved in the air with the shout "up the addicks." Some may wonder where the 'addicks come from, the sea being some way from Charlton Buoys. The story lies in a blitzed site in Eastmoor Street where in 1903 — when

Derby last appeared in the final—stood the shop of Arthur Bryant, fishmonger, and one of the founders of a very small club formed for local youths. The first name adopted was East Street Mission, changed to Blundell Mission FC and later to Charlton Reds. Even when the club became affiliated to the London Football Association as Charlton Athletic it was just a friendly side.

In the next few years the club played in local leagues, the Lewisham League, the Blackheath and District League, the Southern Suburban League. Not until 1921 were the 'addicks' elected to the Football League, Southern Section. Big occasions followed. The next season Charlton beat three first division clubs in a row — Manchester City, Preston North End, West Bromwich Albion — before losing to Bolton Wanderers. So Charlton began their journey into big-time football. Promotion to the Second Division in 1928—9, relegation to the Southern League a few years later. Then Mr. James Seed from Clapton Orient was appointed manager, and from 1934—5 Charlton won their way back to the first division in two years. But they have never won "the Cup," except for the 1944 war-time South Cup final when they beat Chelsea.

Life is rather exciting just now at the great Valley ground. When I called in to get the cup atmosphere Jimmy Seed was struggling with some

two hundred thousand applications for final tickets, and soldiers from the RA depot at Woolwich were giving a hand with the mail bags. The telephone exchange had been asked to put no calls through and Seed — who never knew he had so many friends — was thinking of going about in disguise.

Mr. Seed is one of the most harassed men in Britain just now. The other is Mr. S. McMillan at Derby. Not that "the boys" are worrying. I put it to Don Welsh who was during the war an Army CSM. "We've had a lot of big occasions here, you know," he said, when I talked about Wembley nerves. Welsh, Sam Bartram, goalkeeper, and John Oakes, 41-year-old veteran, were all in the team that went from the third division to the first. Trainer James Trotter, 12 years at the Valley, has seen the club through all its big days, as has groundsman Albert Chase, 15 years with the club.

The traditions built up at Charlton during 20 odd years will — say all Charlton way — mean their name on the cup for the first time. If that happens it will be a big night at the 160-year-old "Lads Of the Village" pub, near the old mission hall (in the middle of 673 blitzed houses), a link with Mr. Bryant's fish shop and the earlier days when there was a "farm up the road" and village sports included walking the greasy pole.



Jimmy Seed, Charlton's manager, has no doubt about the result.

Chris Duffy, acquired this season, is Charlton's "dark horse."

Centre-half John Oakes, still a tough footballing proposition at 41.

Cup final will be fourth in succession for Albert Brown, inside forward.



The present lads of the village, Messrs Sam Bartram, John Croker, John Shreeve, Herbert Turner, Joan Oakes, A. Johnson, Lawrence Fell, Albert Brown, Albert Turner, Donald Welsh and Chris Duffy, think the Cup must be theirs.

Up the Baseball ground at Derby they are thinking precisely the same. There is just as much history there and there are some wonderful football records. Derby, founded in 1895, though there was a club earlier, are one of the original members of the Football League. They, too, have won many honours, but never "the Cup." They have appeared in four finals, the last in 1903 when beaten 5—0 by Bury.

## Gipsies' Curse

Some people will tell you about the "gipsies' curse". It seems the present ground was once a gipsy encampment, and when it was cleared to make the ground the gipsies left a curse, the terms of which apparently included perpetual Cup failure. I have an answer to that one. Luton Town people tell me the club that has beaten them in the last three years has gone on to win at Wembley, but that includes the war years. However, no one worries now about the "gipsies' curse" and it is considered rather bad form to mention it.

Kings of football at Derby, of course, are Nicholas, right back, Sammy Crooks and "Dally" Duncan. Nicholas came to Derby at the age of 16 as a Welsh schoolboy international, 20 years ago. The debonair and modest Sammy Crooks has never been challenged for his position, and this is his nineteenth and probably last season. Duncan, who came a few years later from Hull City, completes a trio about whose position Derby have never had to worry.

## Derby — Fighting Fit

Derby County are on top of their football world just now. Their gates have a better average than ever in the history of the club, and their sequence of unbroken wins this season from 25 December to 9 March is also a club record. The arrival of the two £6,000 players, Carter from Sunderland and Doherty from Manchester City, put the finishing touches to the present team. These two unorthodox players may be the answer to Charlton's defence. Some people call their play, with centre forward Stamps, the "Derby switch." You never know where they will be. Carter, of the great stamina, invariably takes all throw-ins from both sides of the field, and defenders say it is like playing against three centre-forwards.

Right now Derby have 15 "possibles" for their Wembley eleven. First, there is the goalkeeper problem. Vic Woodley came in from Chelsea after Boulton's injury. Then, on the eve of the Derby-Luton league match, Woodley split his right thumb at work. Boulton, who has made six FA cup appearances this season, played. Both are likely to be fit for Wembley. Crooks will also be fit after his injury in the Aston Villa match and, if so, is likely to play. His appearance would be a great climax to a great career.

Then, after the Luton game, came the whisper from cricketing secretary Jack Catterall that left back Parr had broken his forearm. He is a local boy who has played in all the cup games. If he cannot play the effect would be to bring ex-14th Army man Jack Howe — he was with famous "Two Div" — from centre-half to back. He deputised for Leuty in an earlier game and did well. Morrison, who has been playing outside left, is the RAF boy who cost Derby a box of cigars. A Derby supporter saw him, made the recommendation and said if he was signed the price was a box of cigars. Left half Musson is another local player signed just before the war at the age of 15, and right half Bullions, signed two years ago, is a former amateur from Chesterfield.

## Profusion of Talent

So far 18 players have appeared for Derby in their various cup games, so manager McMillan, the quiet Scot who has been 17 years with the club, has his problems, if not worries.

But however Derby line up at Wembley, they will have in the background the counsel of their great veteran Dave Ellis, 50 years in football. He has been in three Cup Finals — with Newcastle United — and was on the winning side when they beat Burnley in the 1910-11 final. Also he is Alec James' father-in-law, and though Dave does not often burst into words he admits that Alec was the "greatest ever." As trainer and perhaps the man in closest contact with the players, grey-haired Dave Ellis will play a big behind-the-scenes part in Derby's bid to lay the "gipsies' curse." And Wembley will probably see William Roe, gateman for 50 years. He will be 80 next birthday and is thinking of retiring after this season.

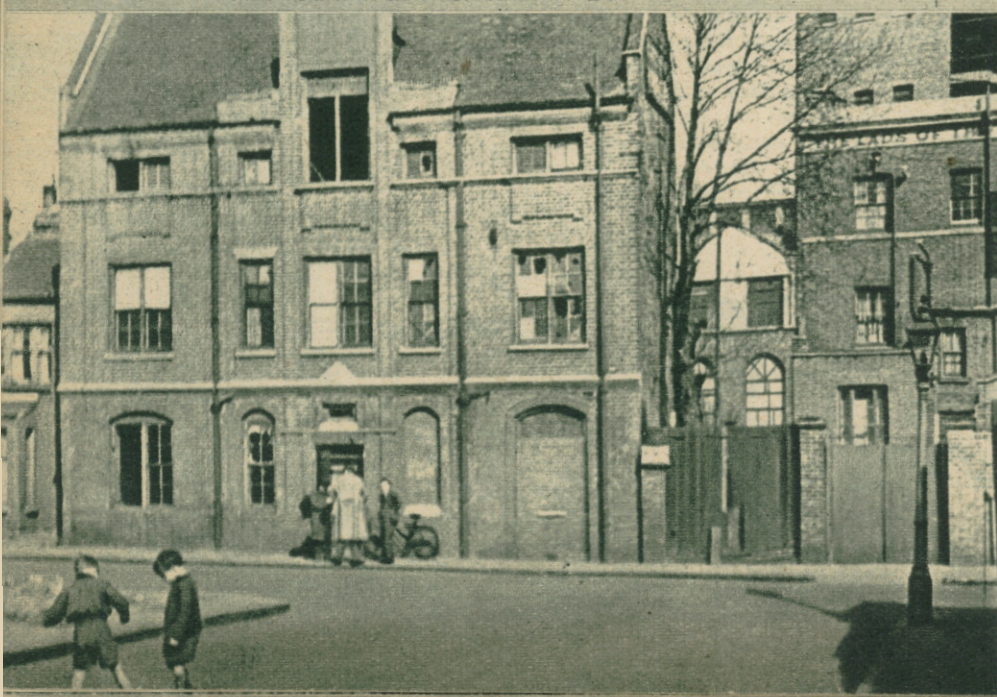
Well, there it is. It is not my job to predict the winner. Maybe the shades of Steve Bloomer will arise to confound the gipsies.

REG. FOSTER (Lieut.)

"Better luck next year," says the policeman.

CUP FINAL TICKETS SOLD OUT

Below: Fifty-six years ago Charlton Athletic was founded in this building in Eastmoor Street, badly damaged during the blitz. The team was first called "East Street Mission."



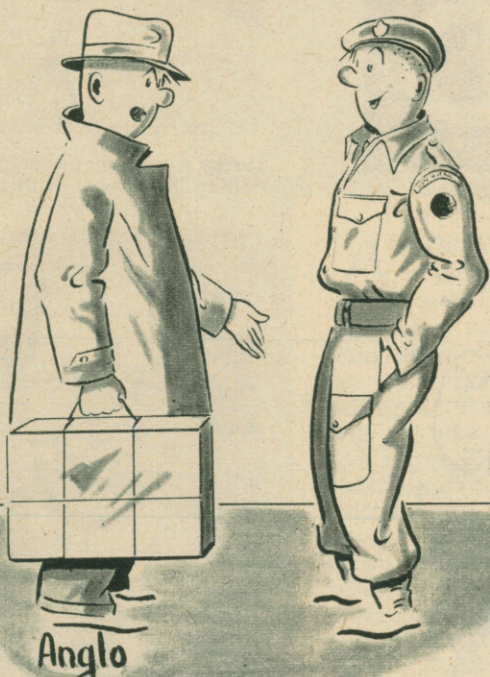


# SOLDIER Humour

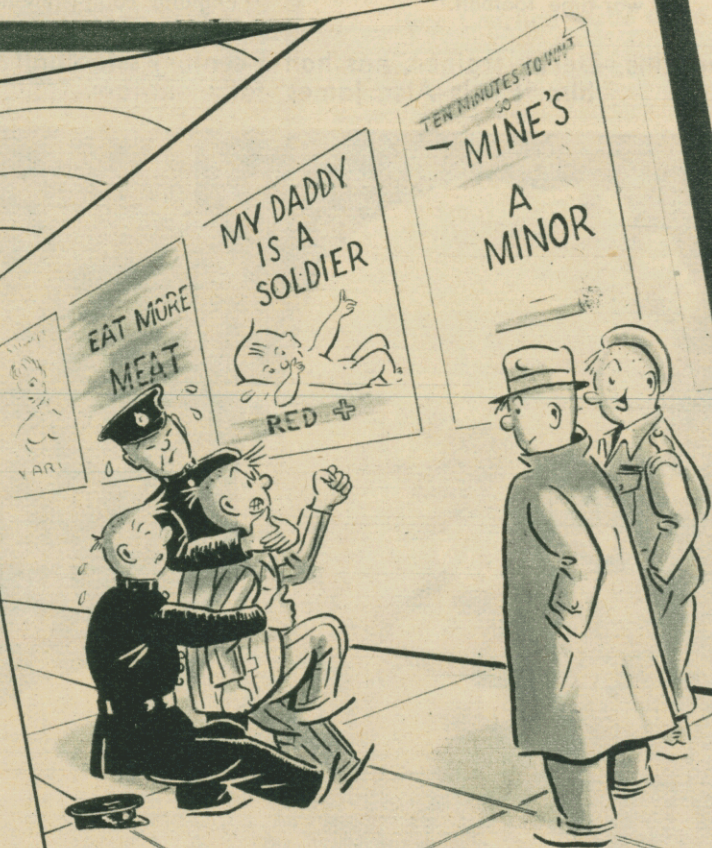


"Boy oh boy! Book tokens!"

## DEMOB CENTRE



"Browned off? I'll say! Now I ain't even got blinkin' demob to look forward to."



Anglo

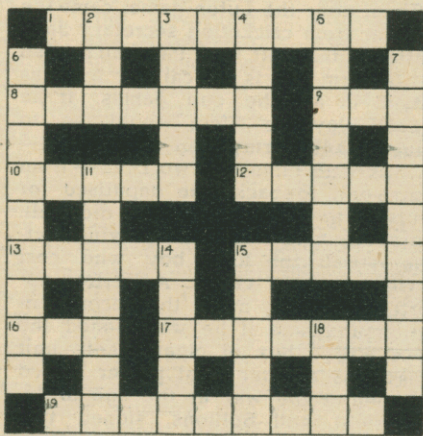
"The poster's upset 'im - he's a Bevin Boy!"

## HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Palindrome is (a) an early kind of cinema; (b) a Chinese temple; (c) the region just above the navel; (d) a word that spells the same backwards as forwards. Which?
2. What are (a) devil's bones; (b) Nelson's blood; (c) printer's pie?
3. Fill the blanks in the following quotations and give the second lines. (a) "On ....., when the sun was low"; (b) "O ....., where are you roaming?"; (c) "Before the ..... came to Rye or out to Severn strode"; (d) "I must go down to the ..... again, to the lonely sea and the sky."
4. Pilliwinks is (a) an instrument of torture for squeezing the fingers; (b) a small marine animal; (c) a children's game of the 16th century; (d) a lantern used in Naval signalling; (e) an impudent gesture. Which?
5. Here is a train of thought. Fill in the missing words. (a) Man; (b) ...; (c) boil; (d) ...; (e) ironing; (f) irons; (g) ...; (h) Bounty.
6. A man sets out to walk to a village five miles distant. His dog, running twice as fast as he walks, goes on ahead, but when it reaches the village it returns at once to meet its master and thereafter alternates between village and master until he reaches his destination. If the man takes one-and-a-quarter hours to do the journey what is the total distance covered by his dog?
7. Amatol is (a) an Indian love potion; (b) a precious stone; (c) a woman-chaser; (d) a high explosive. Which?
8. Would you use permutite for (a) dyeing your hair; (b) lubricating a high-pressure combustion engine; (c) fertilizing fruit trees; (d) softening water?
9. Fill the gaps. (a) The Leaning Tower of ....; (b) the Hanging Gardens of ....; (c) the Colossus of ....; (d) the Winged Victory of .....
10. A delegation of three Cabinet ministers has been sent to India. Who are they?
11. What animal reminds you of a pullover?
12. Guess the words given by the clues. They refer to sound, NOT spelling. (a) It's gaps and a garment; (b) it's a ring and a bird; (c) it's a fruit and a girl; (d) it's a stitch and a jewel; (e) it covers and sends to cover; (f) it's meat and it's muscle.
13. Which of these words is out of place: emerald, ruby, carbuncle, cyst, sapphire, garnet?
14. From this picture of Rita Hayworth you might suppose that she was interested in (a) phlebotomy; (b) campanology; (c) philately. Which?

(Answers on opposite page)

## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 1. Pegasus symbolises them (two words). — 8. No incoming mail for the pique? 9. There's nothing in this one. — 10. The Emperor who gives the MO a pull in return. — 12. Ammo. — 13. For this is the present occasion. — 15. Fourteenth Army men have doubtless passed through this part of India. — 16. Item of equipment for "combined ops"? — 17. Familiar, most likely, to a Desert Force. — 19. "Some talk of — and some of Hercules".

**DOWN:** 2. Beaten when Ben is around. 3. It's the letter, and not the nominal roll, which is so comic. — 4. Dancing saint — 5. — and dancing Cavalry. — 6. The green beret mob. — 7. "It was a famous victory" (two words). — 11. Election or strike or just brass hat. — 14. English regiment in the British Army, Scottish in the Canadian. — 15. River of Scotland. — 18. She's part of the issue.

(Solutions on opposite page)



Anglo

"— and the way you used to carry on about coal fatigues!"



# LETTERS

## Q. AND A. BUREAU

Why not a demob bureau in Hamburg, a place where all the dope concerning release and "signing-on" could be collated and courteously handed out in understandable wordage to the enquiring soldier.

Despite painstaking efforts on the part of authority to keep serving personnel "in the picture" on such important topics through the medium of pamphlets, etc., there is a lamentable lack of accurate information at company levels. Besides, psychology warrants the supply of this data from an independent source, whatever the level, rather than a hand-out from, say, an orderly room. — **Sapper (name and address supplied).**

## HERE HE IS

I have heard a lot lately about the Everton inside-forward, Wainwright. Have you a picture of him? — **Cpl. E. S. Morgan, 53 RHU.**

★ Yes, **SOLDIER's** cartoonist was at Stamford Bridge recently, and drew Wainwright just after he had scored two of the Army's three clear goals which beat the RAF. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**



— **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## LEAVE WITH RUSSIANS?

Surely a plan could be put into operation to enable BAOR men to spend a fortnight's holiday with the Soviet forces, while members of the Red Army could enjoy themselves in, say, Hamburg or Travemünde.

Such a scheme worked well with our American cousins and is, I believe, still in operation. Think of its educational value. — **"Mixer" (name and address supplied).**

## BATTLE-DRESS

When was utility battle-dress first issued to the Army? — **Pte. D. Scott, D Coy, 2 Bn Glasgow Highlanders.**

★ Battle-dress has undergone a gradual process of modification since 1940. The final stage in the journey towards a utility battle-dress was reached in 1943. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## WOLF! WOLF!

Do ENSA theatre-goers realise that "wolf" whistles display a gutter urchin's mind, and that to walk out in the middle of an act is very bad manners? These

troubles have increased recently in spite of protests appearing regularly in Service magazines. I wonder if these individuals are illiterate and only understand the comic strips?

I do not defend a bad act, but rather the serious type—a pianoforte solo. It is true that a certain amount of musical education is needed to appreciate this kind of entertainment, but surely some effort could be made

to understand it, and consider others in the audience who do like a change from "boogie-woogie." — **Pte. E. G. Halse, 193 Field Dental Centre.**

## BACK TO THE FARM

My husband is a lance-corporal stationed in Hamburg. His release group is 44. He has been a farmer all his life, and as soon as he leaves the Army will start working a 32-acre farm, with 40 cows, near his parents' farm in Scotland. Can anything be done to expedite his release to get the farm into production this year? — **Mrs. F. Patterson, 6 Korte Kievitstr., Antwerp, Belgium.**

★ You should contact the Ministry of Agriculture and, if they apply for it, a Class B release may be arranged. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## Making History

DOWN Lambeth Road, London, the public will shortly be able to see an exhibition of captured enemy orders, signed by high-ranking enemy officers, which will have an historic bearing on the recent war. The documents will be included in an interesting collection of trophies, flags and other enemy paraphernalia which have reached the Imperial War Museum.

It is believed that many soldiers are still in possession of historically-valuable captured material suitable for the Museum, and an appeal is made for it to be forwarded to G(SD) Branch, HQ BAOR, at the earliest opportunity.

## NO ARDENNES AWARD

I served in the Ardennes battle with 1589 Arty Coy, 53 Med Regt., RA. Afterwards we were told that an award or honour of some description would be granted. Is such a medal or decoration in existence? — **L/Cpl. G. S. Lavin, B Pln, 133 Coy RASC, Armd. Div. Tps.**

★ There has been no British award for the Ardennes battle. The France and Germany Star, of course, is applicable in this case. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## PYTHON PROBLEM

My Python is due, next October. I finish my colour service on 2 September. Thus I lose six weeks' leave. Can I claim any leave for my service overseas as it stands at present? If the answer is no, it means that I have done three-and-a-

## THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"All I can say, old man, is it's a good job he's not included a signorina."

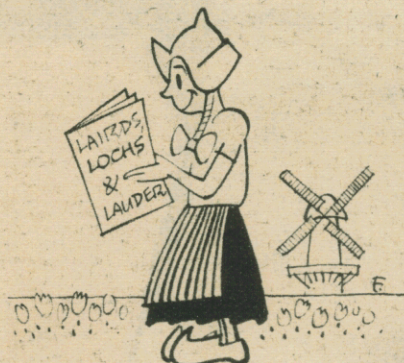
(MEMO TO THE EDITOR: Sorry old man, but I've got a stiff right shoulder and just can't draw a curve — this is the result. — **JON**).

half years abroad for nothing. — **L/Bdr. G. Rose, 25 Fd Regt., RA.**

★ You will be released on your return to this country, thus proceeding at once on your release leave. The Army cannot delay your release for Python leave. If you wish to claim overseas leave as well as release leave you must defer your date of release. It should be remembered that one day for each month served overseas is added to your release leave so your three-and-a-half years will hardly be without its reward. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## HIS DUTCH FIANCÉE

I am engaged to a Dutch girl who wishes to go to Scotland in a month or two's time to see the land of her future adoption. Can you tell me (1) where to



apply for the permit; (2) how long she may stay; (3) any other useful information? — **Gnr. W. Kydd, 308/128 Fd. Regt., RA.**

★ Your fiancée cannot go to Scotland merely to view the land. She should be in possession of a definite offer of marriage from you before applying to the nearest British Consul, who may grant permission for a stay of two months in Britain, provided marriage takes place within that period. — **Ed., SOLDIER.**

## Letters to Germans

The position regarding correspondence with Germans is not as stated in the footnote to a reader's letter in **SOLDIER** Vol. 2 No 3. Facilities do exist for BAOR personnel to correspond with bona-fide civilian near-relatives in Germany. The procedure is contained in GRO 1755/45, as amended by GRO 2179/46. The question of extending the scheme to allow personnel to correspond with German civilians who are not close relatives is at present under consideration.

## Answers

(From Page 22)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. A word that spells the same backwards as forwards. 2. (a) dice; (b) naval issue rum; (c) the mess resulting when type is mixed up.
3. (a) "On LINDEN, when the sun was low,

All bloodless lay the untrodden snow —"  
(Thomas Campbell)

- (b) "O MISTRESS MINE, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear! Your true-love's coming —"  
(William Shakespeare)

- (c) "Before the ROMAN came to Rye or out to Severn strode, The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road."  
(G. K. Chesterton)

- (d) "I must go down to the SEA again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by —"  
(John Masfield)

4. An instrument of torture for squeezing the fingers. 5. Man, BOY, boil, WASHING, ironing, irons, MUTINY, Bounty. (6) Ten miles — the dog travels twice as fast as its master and will go twice as far in any given time. 7. A high explosive. 8. Softening water. 9. (a) The Leaning Tower of PISA; (b) the Hanging Gardens of BABYLON; (c) the Colossus of RHODES; (d) the Winged Victory of SAMOTHRACE. 10. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. A. V. Alexander. 11. Jersey cow. 12. (a) Pants; (b) signet (cygnet); (c) peach; (d) purl (pearl); (e) shell; (f) brawn (or beef would do). 13. Cyst — a carbuncle is a precious stone. 14. Campanology (bell-ringing).

### CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. Red devils. 8. Out-post. 9. Nil. 10. M.O.-gul. 12. Shell. 13. Nonce. 15. Assam. 16. Oar. 17. Senussi. 19. Alexander.  
DOWN: — 2. (b) Eat(en). 3. D-roil. 4. Vitus. 5. Lancers. 6. Commandos. 7. El Alamein. 11. General. 14. Essex (Scottish). 15. Annan. 18. Sue.

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## Two-Minute Sermon

Some chaps could get their stove to go with a bang. It wasn't so with me. Usually the wood was damp, and I had to lie on my face blowing the fitful spark, and inserting more AFW 3314 (Burial Returns) under the reluctant tinder. And somehow I was reminded of T. S. Eliot's strange words:—

"This is the way the world ends,  
Not with a bang, but a whimper."

The poet was reflecting the '20s, that period when the fire of men's ideals had sunk low, and their faith and enthusiasm dwindled. Are his words true of today? We can't tell: only history can give the verdict.

What we can do is to stoke the

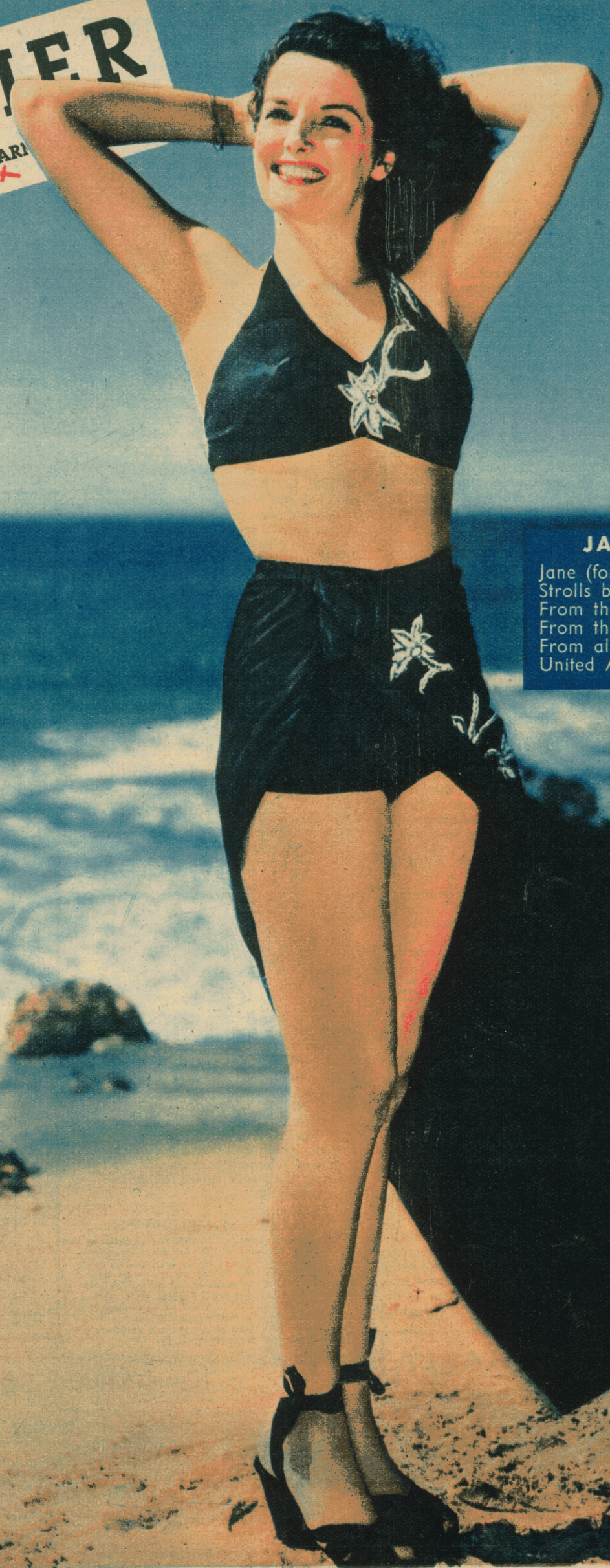
fire. To keep decency, fairmindedness and honour alive; to see that neither our public nor our private life grows shabby or sordid.

Had I to lie there all day blowing my fire, I would give up in disgust: if we had to spend our lives pumping decency into the world we might equally despair. What the stove really needs, however, is a steady natural draught from beneath; and (if I can get it) a dash of petrol from above. The world will go not with a whimper but a bang only when the winds of God have steady access, and the life-giving Word of God is received. And it is promised that "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."



# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY



## JANE RUSSELL

Jane (for love of you and me)  
Strolls beside the studio sea.  
From the monstrous cuttle-fish,  
From the Shapes that squash and squish,  
From all Things that sting and smell,  
United Artists, guard her well!

ROLL IT UP  
AND  
SEND IT HOME



NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_

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

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