

SOLDIER

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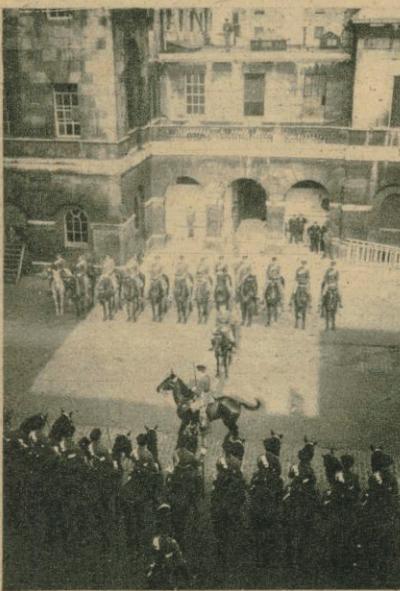
IN FRANCE: 2 FR. 50
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The Guard resumes . . . with battle ribbons

SOLDIER

Cover Picture



Photograph: M. Berman (Sjt.)

LONDON'S visitors are once again flocking to the Horse Guards, in Whitehall, to see the traditional daily Guard of the Household Cavalry, discontinued during the war years.

The Guard has not yet got back to its full pre-war finery. The Life Guards lack their scarlet tunics, white-plumed silver helmets and white sheepskins; the Royal Horse Guards are not in their distinctive blue.

But there is plenty of colour to the spectacle. With cavalry service dress of the old pattern, the Guard have glittering swords, red-banded blue caps, white buckskin equipment.

Daily, when the Guard is changed, there are the grey horses of the trumpeters to contrast with the black mounts of the rest.

And on the breasts of the men who sit the horses, half in and half out of their stone boxes, are the ribbons of Africa, Italy and France and Germany, where the Household Cavalry fought in armoured cars.

THE GROUPS

Below are the official figures for release groups 23 to 50 in the various branches of the Armed Forces.

Age and Service groups for women do not include married women, who have the right to claim priority of release over all other women.

Group	Royal Navy As at 31 July, 1945		Army As at Mid-June, 1945		Royal Air Force As at Mid-June, 1945	
	Men	Women	Men	Women	Men	Women
23	9,429	350	117,366	678	34,125	156
24	10,744	333	150,992	658	38,527	137
25	12,712	392	233,023	869	46,876	192
26	15,915	515	265,829	933	52,205	260
27	22,113	562	199,245	1,229	48,792	272
28	21,674	571	120,880	1,226	35,143	383
29	16,661	597	64,875	1,065	34,539	308
30	14,303	665	45,258	1,058	19,122	379
31	11,225	701	53,252	1,168	20,405	466
32	11,952	847	46,239	1,452	27,273	574
33	8,852	989	37,386	1,723	20,866	692
34	7,808	1,026	32,848	1,856	18,332	723
35	7,625	1,216	35,082	1,985	17,064	800
36	8,864	1,200	38,062	2,424	21,021	1,103
37	10,331	1,381	47,299	3,266	27,484	1,363
38	11,924	1,478	38,235	3,857	30,807	1,574
39	13,366	1,528	30,095	3,516	36,483	1,539
40	11,301	1,404	24,111	4,227	26,359	1,414
41	14,634	1,688	28,834	4,913	19,018	1,344
42	14,718	1,566	29,484	6,525	13,590	1,183
43	12,256	1,704	34,237	10,667	10,075	1,016
44	17,352	1,441	44,939	10,276	11,991	929
45	17,503	1,529	24,824	9,265	25,778	1,009
46	15,256	1,910	25,603	8,316	15,546	1,371
47	14,061	2,317	29,047	6,427	15,949	1,402
48	18,163	2,862	25,338	5,543	13,068	1,208
49	15,755	1,785	22,816	4,852	10,653	995
50	Not available	38,677	3,954	10,116	641	

LETTERS

NO MORE LIFTS

I am the driver of a "gin palace". Last week I gave a lift to four British soldiers. After I had left them at their destination I found they had taken my NAAFI rations — a four-ounce tin of tobacco, chocolate, soap, matches and razor blade — as well as my "eating iron".

There's gratitude for you! Is it surprising that I have decided to offer no more lifts? It is another case of the majority being penalised for the actions of a minority. — Sgmn. R. D. Hill, R. Sigs., 74 AA Bde. HQ.

END RACKETEERING

S/Sjt. Brinkley's call for moral regeneration in ourselves (SOLDIER No. 19) should be given wider publicity.

Unless a remedy is found now, it is difficult to believe that the racketeering mentality will disappear when we all return to civilian life — avowedly to help frame the better world for which many of our comrades gave their all. — L/Cpl. W. J. Hill, RAPC, 53 Fwd Base Pay Office.

THE SIX OLDEST

What are the first six oldest Infantry regiments in the Army, in order of priority? — Sjt. Rogers, 243/61 A/Tk Regt., RA.

★ 1. Royal Scots. 2. Queen's Royal Regiment. 3. The Buffs. 4. The King's Own Royal Regiment. 5. Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. 6. Royal Warwickshire Regt. — Ed., SOLDIER.

TAKING Winnings HOME

We find out, when going on leave, that we cannot change our money into English currency because we cannot show it in our pay-book. I have won two football pools over here, amounting to 700 marks, and I also have a job where we frequently get tips. Do I have to keep this money as a souvenir? — Pte. F. Farmer (address supplied).

★ You should consult your CO. Owing to the large amount of illicit currency moving about Europe some sort of restriction is necessarily placed on the amount of money which can be taken home on any one journey. It is not intended, however, to penalise soldiers who have acquired sums of money by legal methods. Your CO, by taking up the matter with the pay authorities, may be able to find a procedure which will enable you to take this money home. — Ed., SOLDIER.

BACK TO THE BAND?

In 1936, at the age of 16, I entered the Army as a bandboy for nine years with the Colours and three on Reserve, and at 18 became a bandsman. Since 19, however, I have been a tradesman electrician. A bandboy cannot engage for

RELEASE FIGURES

Mr. George Isaacs (Minister of Labour) announced in the House of Commons that during October 257,127 men and 23,022 women, making a total of 280,149, had been reported as released or discharged from the Forces and auxiliary services. This showed an increase of 131,993 over the total for September.

The following figures of releases and discharges from 18 June to 31 October were also announced:

Service	Class A	Class B	Other releases and discharges	Total	MEN		WOMEN		Total
					Navy	Army	R.A.F.	Total	
Total	449,321	38,566	101,867	589,754	13,568	27,499	7	2,597	81,736
Navy	65,316	2,032	14,388	81,736	52,511	137	9,084	61,732	121,560
Army	277,475	26,593	68,838	372,906	36,093	82	7,625	43,800	46,529
R.A.F.	106,530	9,941	18,641	135,112	Total	102,172	226	19,306	121,704
					Navy	78,884	2,039	16,985	97,908
					Army	329,986	26,730	77,924	434,638
					R.A.F.	142,623	10,023	26,266	178,912
					Total	551,493	38,792	121,173	711,458

* Individual specialist releases included in the total number 1,656 men and 29 women.

† The basis on which this figure is compiled has been changed. It includes a number of cases where paid leave on release or discharge began before October 1, but such cases were not included in the September figures.

less than nine years as he must be trained as a musician, and if I had wanted to work at duty I could have joined for six years Colour service and six on the Reserve. Is it possible to change my terms of service to this? I may point out that I have applied to return to the band, as the bandmaster said he needed me, but my CO has refused to consider my transfer, with the qualification that he may review it at a later date. — "Tech Group" (name and address supplied).

★ You cannot change your terms of service. If your transfer to work as an electrician was not voluntary, however, you may be considered for some special adjustment to your case if you ask your CO to take the matter to higher authority. — Ed., SOLDIER.

ARMY-NAVY-ARMY

I was released from the Army to join the Merchant Navy for seagoing duties, and have since been recalled to the Army. How does this affect my Age and Service Group? — Gnr. A. Beesley, 241/61 Super-Heavy Regt., RA.

★ Full details are contained in ACI 511 of 1945, and are too lengthy for reproduction here. — Ed., SOLDIER.

BOUNTY

1. When the Territorials were called up, did they sign a paper stating that on receipt of the £5 bounty they were about to draw, this would be their last as a Territorial? 2. Are former Territorials entitled to any further bounty from the "Territorial Association" after being released? — Rfn. L. Black, 8 Rifle Bde.

★ 1. No. You may be thinking of TA Regulation 822 which says that if a Territorial receives his embodiment gratuity and is released and re-embodied he cannot claim a second one. 2. No. — Ed., SOLDIER.

SHORT LEAVE

Is a soldier entitled to one short leave between UK leaves? — Gnr. A. Livingstone, 173/58 LAA Regt. RA.

★ All ranks in BAOR are eligible for (not entitled to) 72 hours leave on the Continent, once in every six months. Sufficient accommodation for everyone in the short leave centre at Brussels is not available. This leave can, however, be spent with friends or relations in France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. This short leave scheme is in addition to and independent of UK privilege leave. — Ed., SOLDIER.

(More Letters on Page 23)

SOLDIER is glad to answer readers' queries; but don't ask questions which can be readily answered through unit channels.

RELEASES AND DISCHARGES DURING OCTOBER			
Service	Class A	Class B	Other releases and discharges
MEN			
Navy	21,957	901	3,649
Army	121,560	15,488	38,696
R.A.F.	46,529	4,279	4,068
Total	190,046	20,668	46,413
WOMEN			
Navy	2,782	4	490
Army	6,814	110	3,194
R.A.F.	8,518	64	1,046
Total	18,114	178	4,730
TOTAL MEN AND WOMEN			
Navy	24,739	905	4,139
Army	128,374	15,598	41,890
R.A.F.	55,047	4,343	5,114
Total	208,160	20,846	51,143
280,149			

Snapshot (8)

on

JOBS

YOUR OWN SHOP

UNLESS you have previous experience in one of the retail trades or specialised knowledge of the products you wish to sell it would be fatal to contemplate opening your own shop. You would be well advised to begin by learning the job of the shop assistant in the trade which interests you. Apart from this you can take one of the Government training courses in retail distribution which normally last about 13 weeks and cover a wide variety of businesses.

A LICENCE FIRST

At present it is not easy for you, unless you are war-disabled or specially recommended by the Ministry of Labour, to open a new business as a retailer, unless your name is on the list of the Register of Withdrawn Traders, which means you were in business before the war. In any case you must first obtain a licence from your local Price Regulation Committee. The alternative is to buy an existing business. Should you do this you must still obtain a licence, and to get it you will have to show that there has been a transfer of "goodwill." Before buying a shop you should ask to see a balance sheet covering the previous three or four years' trading and get an accountant to tell you whether the business is a paying proposition. Your payment will usually cover stock, fixtures, goodwill and lease. The danger lies in over-payment for the goodwill.

To help you to find a suitable business the National Chamber of Trade has arranged for its affiliated Chambers and Associations to advise you as an ex-Serviceman on initial problems such as suitability of location, rents, bona fide transfer agents, capital and stock and the procedure for getting your licence. Many of the larger trade organisations have set up advisory panels to protect you from buying a "dud."

STARTING UP

To obtain supplies you will have to open accounts with wholesale suppliers dealing in your line. If you were not in business before the war the credit manager of the firm you approach will probably require to know a good deal about you and your shop. He may want to know the name of the previous occupier, the date you intend to open, your amount of capital, the price you paid for existing stock and lease, your trade experience and whether you intend to give credit. You should be frank with the credit manager. If he is satisfied he will sanction an account giving you



THE ALTERED ALSTER

THESE never-before-published photographs give a close-up of one of the biggest — and least successful — war-time bluffs put up by the Germans.

The "Pearl of Hamburg," the basin of the Binnen Alster, made the heart of the city too easily recognisable from the air, said the camouflage experts. One winter they hit on the idea of "planting" fir trees in rows across the ice, to simulate avenues. When the ice melted, they launched a more ambitious scheme: thousands of stakes were driven into the bed of the lake and festooned with netting and reed mats in such a way as to suggest buildings, streets and open spaces.

Obviously, the famous Lombards Bridge over the Alster was a priority air target; a false bridge was therefore built across the Aussen Alster to divert RAF bombs.



A corner of the Binnen Alster as thousands of British troops know it today.

Built of netting and reed mats, this "roundabout" is anchored in water.



What the camouflage scheme failed to prevent: a view of one of the devastated sections of Hamburg.



All this cost the Germans millions of man-hours and vast quantities of timber. It was to no purpose. RAF reconnaissance pilots photographed the hoax from high altitude. Nobody was hoodwinked.

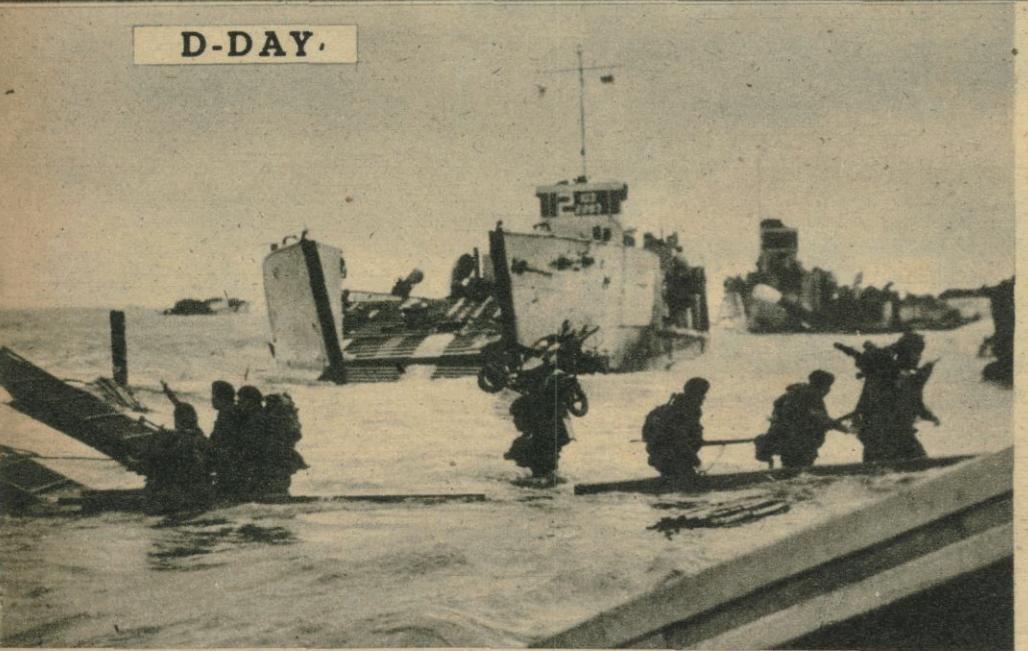
When high explosive and fire bombs cascaded down on Hamburg in the Great Raids, the Alster camouflage was smashed along with the rest of the city. Many of the citizens had never liked the idea, anyway; they had prophesied that it would only make bombs fall in error on to a hospital area.

The large picture on this page shows a panorama of the Binnen Alster in its camouflaged state, looking towards the Lombards Bridge which joins up with it. The false Lombards Bridge is seen in the background, running across the Aussen Alster. The height of the false buildings can be judged from the small figures of the workmen on the dummy pavements.

This photograph was taken in the Spring of 1943 when the camouflage scheme was completed.



D-DAY.



GERMANY



ARAKAN



FAREWELL COMMANDOS!

After five years of brilliant achievement the Commandos are being disbanded. Here is an appreciation of their work by the Chief of Combined Operations.

No sane person can deny that war is utterly evil, and yet, out of all its misery and suffering, something emerges which is fine and splendid. Often the most admirable qualities in man are brought out by war, for it calls for higher standards than is the case in the securer days of peace.

Steadfast courage and the bearing of trials seemingly beyond human endurance are frequently demanded in battle, which also demands, so often and so tragically, the supreme sacrifice for King and country in the resolve to die, when honour calls, for those things which Englishmen believe worthy of their death.

I do not think that there is any finer example to be drawn from the frightfulness which the world has just been through than that of the Army Commandos, whose green berets have become the symbol of loyal and devoted service in the special duties for which they volunteered. It is certainly my most cherished memory that I look back over the 5½ years since their formation in 1940 with a feeling of very great admiration and respect for those undaunted officers and gallant men who served together with that mutual trust and loyalty which I believe is the first essential of a fighting unit. Their *esprit-de-corps* was second to none and their discipline unshakable. In the early days much stress was laid, especially in the Press, on the "toughness" of the Commando soldier, and he was invariably depicted as a rather scruffy-looking man with a blackened face and a murderous-looking knife.

"Scruffiness" Forbidden

It is true that, on occasions, it was found to be an advantage to blacken the faces and hands of men who took part in raids carried out by stealth at night, when even the palest glimmer of starlight on white face or wrist might give away that surprise which was often our greatest ally. It is also true that the fighting knife, the very existence of which so often struck fear into the heart of many a German sentry on the lonely coasts of occupied Europe, was part of the equipment carried by the Commandos. But "scruffiness" was never allowed and its mere insinuation gives exactly the wrong impression of the Commando soldier.

I have heard many critical officers express astonishment after watching a Commando parade. Doubtless they expected a mob of unshaven thugs, whereas, in fact, they found a body of men whose turn-out, drill and general bearing would have done credit to the Royal Military Tournament at Olympia.

I well remember a typical incident as early as July 1940. One of the Commando units was to be visited by an Admiral of the Fleet who had been warned by an Army officer with anti-Commando tendencies to expect an un-disciplined rabble. On the morning in question he stepped out of his car to an immaculate "present" from a Guard of Honour of the Grenadier Guards, most of whom had volunteered from the King's Company. The Admiral was much impressed. He told me, too, that it was a pleasure, later in the day, to

watch a drill demonstration carried out for him by a Troop of the Somerset Light Infantry of the same Commando.

As another example I have in my possession several letters from senior officers remarking on the exceptionally high standard of saluting which was to be seen in the towns and villages in which the Commandos were billeted.

But discipline goes further than

by terrific odds, faced death unflinchingly in his courageous attempt to capture Rommel. Neither shall we forget how L/Cpl. Harden went forward into the open under a hail of machine-gun fire to save the lives of many of his comrades but gave his own in his last gallant attempt to bring a wounded man to safety; nor how Captain Pettiford, charging ahead of his troops into a murderous fire in the attack on the Coastal Battery at Varangeville, gave his life to ensure the impetus of the attack. He was buried there by his men, in the German gun position, the Union Jack fluttering over his rough grave.

These, taken at random from a hundred others, serve as an example of the spirit in which so many fought, so many heroes whose deeds of equal glory went unnoticed in the heat of battle and will never be recorded.

There are like examples to be found from each Commando unit, set by men from every regiment and corps of the British Army, for the Commandos were recruited from all of them, from the Royal Marines and from the Police. Men came from the length and breadth of the British Isles and, though usually the units bore no special designation, save for their number, two were Scottish, one predominantly Irish and one Welsh.

One other unit also bore a special name — the Tenth or Inter-Allied Commando. To the men who formed it, Frenchmen, Belgians, Dutch, Norwegians, Poles and Danes, and to those of the famous but mysterious International Troop, our special gratitude is due, for they fought with equal daring by the side of their British comrades.

Fought Everywhere

And so, to all the men of the Army Commandos who are now returning either to the units from which they originally volunteered, or to civilian life, let us bid farewell. Let us remember that they volunteered for especially arduous and dangerous duties in England's darkest hour. Let us wish them all good luck and the lasting happiness which they so well deserve in the days of peace which lie ahead, for they have fought with great distinction against the King's enemies in every theatre of war.

Norway and the islands of the north; France, Belgium, Holland and Germany; North Africa and Egypt; Libya and Abyssinia; Greece, Syria and Crete; Sicily and Italy and the shores and islands of the Aegean and the Adriatic, and the beaches and jungles of Burma and the Arakan. These are the battlefields which have witnessed the prowess of the Commandos whose green beret, splendid and gay, became the emblem of valour pre-eminent and bravery unsurpassed.

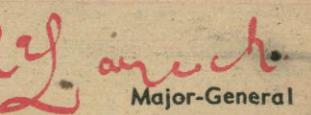
That beret will be worn no more, but to the officers and men who made it famous no tribute can be too high. It remains to someone with far greater literary powers than those at my command to place on record the full measure of respect and admiration in which those gallant men are held by their proud and grateful nation.

Immortal Deeds

Perhaps of all the qualities of the Commandos, that which will be remembered longest was their supreme discipline in the attack. The records of their gallant deeds will live for ever in the annals of the British Army.

England will not forget how Sergeant Durrant, dying of wounds in the assault on St. Nazaire, continued to fire his Bren until he had drawn his last heroic breath; how Colonel Keyes, undaunted


Major-General R. E. Laycock, DSO
Chief of Combined Operations


Major-General

The Green Berets' Record...

1943
THIS is the glorious record of the Commandos — the official list of raids, patrols, and large scale operations carried out with a daring and courage unsurpassed in the annals of any formation in any Army in the world.

1940

4 June. Immediately after Dunkirk the first Commando was formed from a nucleus of 200 hand-picked men from the Independent Companies set up to take part in the Norwegian campaign.

22 June. First raid on the French coast, between Cap d'Alprech near Boulogne and the Pointe du Hauhbank, by 120 men from the Independent Companies.

14/15 July. Nos 3 and 4 Cdos raided Guernsey.

18/19 July. Glomfjord hydro-electric power station on the Norwegian coast raided by No 2 Cdo.

1941

4 March. First big raid on Lofoten Islands by 3 and 4 Cdos.

19/20 April. Assault on Bardia by 7 Cdos supported by a detachment of the Royal Tank Regt.

26/31 May. "D" Bn Layforce (52 (ME) Cdo) fought rearguard action on Crete and prepared the main evacuation at Sphakia.

7/8 June. 11 Cdo captured the redoubt held by Vichy troops at Kafra Bada, Syria.

8 June. "C" Bn Layforce (11 Commando) in Litani River (Syria) action.

18 July. Elements of 8 Cdo in besieged Tobruk wiped out Italian forces holding Twin Pimples strong-point.

27/28 July. Raid on Ambleteuse (France) by 12 Cdo.

18/25 Aug. SS Bde and Canadians, trained in Commando methods in Scotland, raided Spitzbergen.

27/28 Aug. 1 Cdo raided St. Vaast and St. Aubin in France.

30/31 Aug. 12 and 10 Cdos attacked Hardelot-Merlimont (France).

10 Nov. Scottish Cdo under operational command of 8 Army sailed from Alexandria to British submarine base and on the night of 14/15 Nov. raided Rommel's HQ near Beda Littoria. It was in this action that Lt-Col. Geoffrey Keyes, VC, MC, was killed.

23/24 Nov. 9 Cdo raided Hougoult (France).

26 Dec. Second raid on Lofoten Islands by 12 Cdo and a detachment of the Royal Norwegian Army.

27 Dec. 1 Cdo and a Norwegian troop attacked Maaloy Island and Vaagso.

1942

27/28 Mar. SS Bde and 2 Cdo assaulted St. Nazaire. (Five VC's were awarded in this raid, three for the Army and two for the Royal Navy.)

21/22 April. 4 Cdo attacked Hardelot Village (France).

5 May. 5 Cdo and East Lancs Regt landed at Diego Suarez (Madagascar).

3 June. SS Bde attacked Boulogne and Le Touquet area.

18/19 Aug. The epic attack on Dieppe was made by 4, and 40 Cdos and Canadians.

2 Sep. Channel Islands raided again.

20/21 Sep. 2 Cdo and a Norwegian troop raided Glomfjord (Norway).

3/4 Oct. 12 Cdo attacked Sark.

8 Nov. SS Bde and SBS attacked Oran, and 6 Cdo led the assault on Algiers.

1944

2/3 Feb. HQ 2 Cdo Bde, 9, 10 and 43 Cdos with a Belgian troop in action at Monte Ormito.

27/28 Feb. 10 (IA) Cdo at Wassenar. During Feb and Mar Timberforce Cdo Gp took part in raids in the Skagerrak.

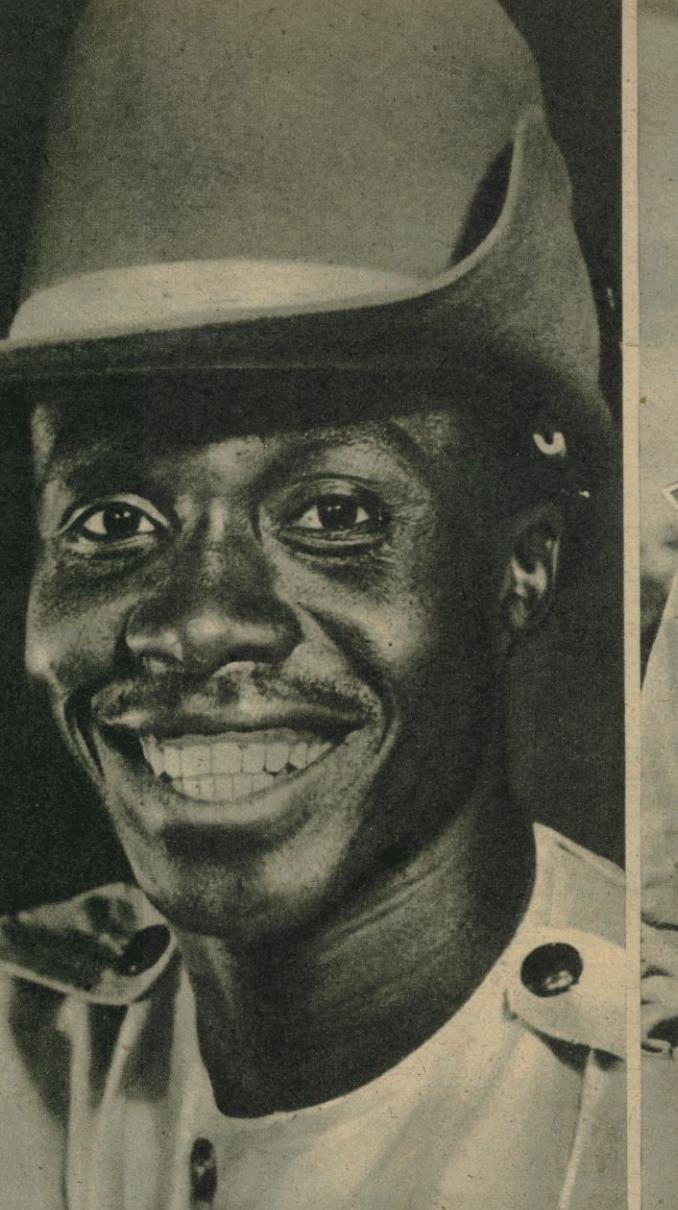
3/23 Mar. 9, 40, and 43 Cdos in action at Anzio.

1 Mar. 1 and 2 Troops, 43 Cdo attacked the island of Sotla.

23 Mar. 43 Cdo attacked Hvar Island.

16/18 May. Hillforce from Cdo Group raided three places on the French coast.

22/23 May. 2 and 43 Cdos, and 1 Troop from 40 Commando attacked Mijet Island.



RSM Merikebu Masaula, an old soldier of the King's African Rifles, whose military career started with the Ashanti Campaign of 1900.

An East African soldier typical of those who fought in the last war. In addition to the rifle he fights with the *pagan*, a long, broad-bladed knife.

The Gold Coast Regiment has a famous band, for the building up of which the late Lt. Manning received the OBE. Here is the resplendent drum-major.

**BRITAIN'S
OTHER ARMIES
No 4**

On joining the Army the Gold Coast native takes a traditional oath by laying his tongue on a bayonet. This recruit has since become a sergeant-major.

EAST and WEST AFRICA

A wail of terror-stricken protest went up from the Japanese when they saw grinning black men with great knives in addition to more conventional weapons appear in the jungles of Burma. "It's inhuman," they cried. "It's against the rules of war. These men are savages, cannibals."

But insults did not worry the black men, and 81 West African Division, the first African formation to go into action against the Japs, battled on determinedly in the valley of the Kaladan. They were joined later by 82 West African Division, 11 East African Division and two more East African Brigades, as well as non-divisional troops.

The men from East and West Africa were old friends. They had fought together in the old 11 and 12 African Divisions that played a major part in clearing up Mussolini's African Empire, and when they met again in India and Burma—about 150,000 of them altogether—there were some cheerful reunions.

Different Customs

Apart from the fact that their skin is black, they have not much in common. East and West Africans come from two quite separate sets of colonies, the first from Kenya, Uganda, Tanganyika, Nyasaland and the island of Zanzibar, with some Rhodesians as well, the others from Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Sierra Leone and Gambia. Within each set of territories there is a wide range of different languages, customs and physical and mental characteristics.

The West Africans have the longer association with white men. Portuguese adventurers discovered the riches of the West Coast and its interior 500 years ago; it was from there that the slave-traders of the bad old days obtained their cargoes and many of today's West African soldiers are descendants of liberated slaves.

West Africans showed their quality in the white man's war in 1914-18 when they helped beat the Germans out of East Africa and the Cameroons. When this war came, West Africa was left out as a spectator until Dunkirk. Then the first consideration was to make the most of her natural resources—tin, manganese, bauxite, iron ore, palm oil, palm kernels, ground-nuts, rubber and timber.

But at the same time West Africa's army, the Royal West African Frontier Force, was built up round a small regular nucleus and Nigerian and Gold Coast battalions were in action in Abyssinia in 1940. They

fought right through the campaign and when it was over the RWAFF began to get ready for the war against Japan while the West Africans at home were following up America's entry into the war by building airfields and flying-boat bases that turned their territories into the cross-roads of Africa.

On the other side of the continent, the East Africans, too, had only a small regular army when they had their first active contact with the war. The King's African Rifles, which forms the major part of the East African forces, was built up from scattered units formed during the settlement of East Africa at about the turn of the century and they, too, fought their first major battles in the last war, eliminating the Germans in Tanganyika.

Rounded Up Germans

Their first task in this war was to round up the German settlers left in the Territory between the two wars, and when the Italian stab-in-the-back came their two regular brigades took the field. They made the first important British capture, that of Kismayo, in Jubaland, and East Africans also hauled down the last Italian flag in East Africa, at the end of the grim siege of Gondar.

From then on both East and West Africa became vast training grounds. British officers and NCOs came out from England to train and command the Africans, for the Colonies' white manpower was a hundred per cent in the war effort. Supply and technical services were developed and Africans from primitive villages became skilled specialist soldiers.

In this period East Africans took part in the important Madagascar sideshow and one East African brigade made a landing and a fighting advance of

700 miles from Majunga to the south of the island.

The Middle East called the Africans too—in pioneer and transport companies, as nursing orderlies and later as garrison Infantry, providing escorts, guarding vital spots and in some cases relieving the RAF Regiment of some of its duties. In isolated areas of the Western Desert, after the battle had passed, neat little towns, built of four-gallon petrol tins filled with sand and rubble and covered with whitewash, sprang up to house African units that had built them.

Fought Japs—and Monsoon

In Burma African troops tackled some of the toughest jobs. The 81 West African Division's task in the Kaladan began in December 1943, when it became the first SEAC force to be supplied entirely from the air. It advanced down the Kaladan Valley, only to be driven back again and sitting down until the end of the monsoon enabled its men to advance once more and complete the campaign victoriously more than a year after it had started. Meanwhile 82 West African Division, formed only in October 1943, quickly won its spurs in the Arakan and captured Buthidaung.

The 11 East African Division, when it arrived in Burma last year after forming part of the Ceylon garrison, was given as its main task that of advancing down the Kabaw Valley—the Valley of Death, the world's most malarial and deadly spot—in the monsoon rains.

For four sudden, steaming months of the monsoon and two choking months of the dry season they plugged on to take Kalewa and made a deep bridgehead across the Chindwin. Swollen *chaungs* swept away bridges that sappers and elephants had laboriously erected; the Division's one line of communication was often impassable to vehicles; one Brigade was linked with the road and the rest of the Division by 20 miles of track that was not always passable even for mules. When the rains stopped and bulldozers made broad tracks for vehicles, the dust was such that at the end of a 10-mile jeep-ride an African was indistinguishable from his white officer.

Expert Campaigners

All African troops carry long, broad-bladed knives (*pangas* to the East Africans, *matchets* to the West Africans) which are as formidable as the Gurkhas' *kukris* as weapons and magnificent as all-purpose tools. A visitor to an African unit in the jungle is struck by the workmanlike way the men go about making themselves as comfortable as possible. To an African with a *panga* a clump of bamboo can mean a bed off the ground for himself and his officer, shelter from the rain and, if the unit is staying for a few days, huts for

offices and messes and tables and seats—not luxury, to be sure, but great comfort in a jungle.

Both East and West Africans have their pet likes which the Army does its best to cater for.

While the East African is not particular about his food—he thinks bully is one of the Army's best points—he does like his *posho*, the maize-meal which is his staple food at home and, although many of them smoke, he is fond of a pinch of snuff. *Posho* and snuff were dropped to them by air in the jungle. The West African demands his *kola-nut* and the Army experimented from 1940 to 1944 to find a really satisfactory way of getting it from West Africa to the man in the front line.

The East African likes beer, normally made from any kind of grain which is handy in his own country. The general favourite is made from millet with honey, but Uganda tribes like it brewed from bananas and coast tribes like it from the sap of the coconut palm. The West African's tipple is home-brewed palm wine.

All African troops are musical and will organise a "jam session" in their spare moments, using their drums, if they have them, and if not they will make their "music" with petrol tins and any odd instrument they may have been able to make or pick up locally.

In many ways child-like and full of pranks, they are responsive to good, understanding leadership and devoted to their white officers and NCOs when these have made the grade. Many Africans serving in this war served in the last. A few were in the German armies and some have been in the French Army. From these veterans and from picked younger men have come senior NCOs and WO's who have distinguished themselves as leaders up to the grade of platoon commander.

Deeply Loyal

The Africans are second to none in their loyalty to the King, who is "Kingi Georigi" to the men from the east of the continent and "Father" to the men from the west.

Like the Indian, the African has learnt a lot from this war. Men who lived in mud-and-thatch huts, dressed in loincloths and existed primitively on two or three cattle and a few square feet of cultivation, have learned the advantages of civilisation. They have been taught to dress themselves, their natural cleanliness has been supplemented by a knowledge of hygiene. They have learnt the value of the white man's medicines. They have been taught to become skilled clerks, mechanics, signallers, cooks, cobblers, tailors, carpenters, medical orderlies and even schoolmasters. Their return to civil life will be a major factor in the advancement of the African Colonies.

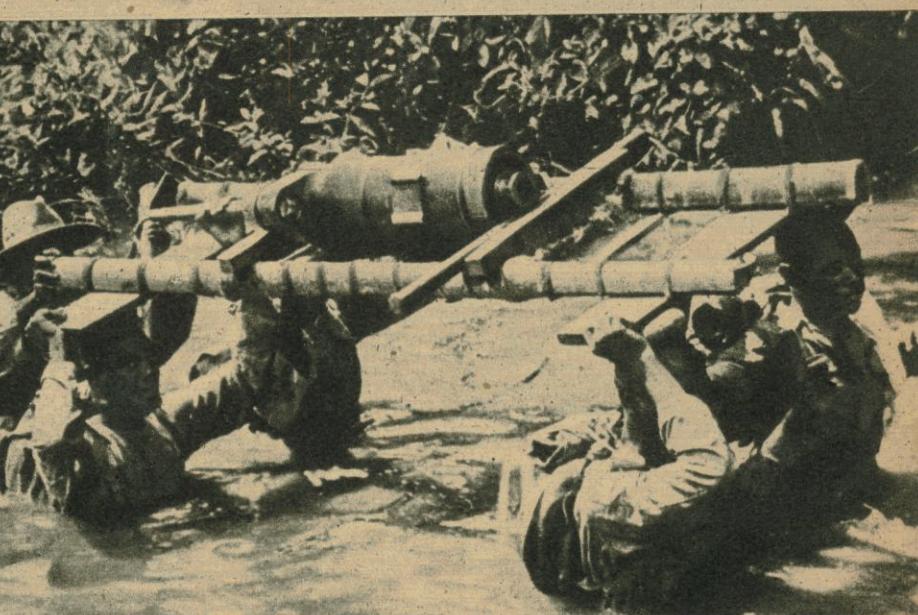
RICHARD ELLEY (Capt.)



Kid Ogo, favourite strip character among troops in East Africa Command, had as original a diminutive 17-year-old recruit from the Maragoli tribe of Kenya named Benete. **SOLDIER** staff artist Frank Finch (Sjt) first used him as a model when Benete was personal servant to an RE sergeant with whom Finch shared quarters. "Benete was so much the typical, cheerful, cocksure, simple African boy that I just had to draw him," says Finch. Kid Ogo's name is a play on the Swahili word "kidogo" meaning "small".



This poster was a highly successful recruiting agent at Accra on the Gold Coast. A potential soldier points out proudly to his friends the African marching with other Empire troops.



Each of the soldiers here is carrying a 70-lb weight on his head—the chase of a 3.7" mortar—in addition to his personal kit of 30 lbs. Under favourable conditions a battery can move 20 miles a day with loads like these.



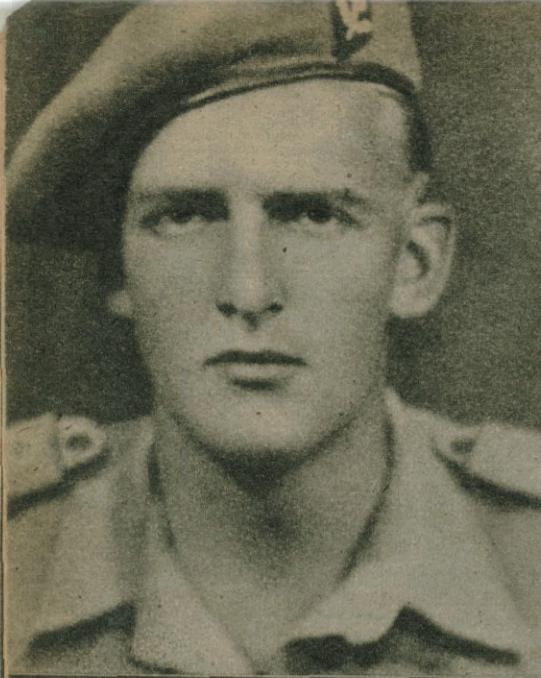
In the earlier part of the war African troops took an important part in the fighting in Italian colonial territory. Above: marching through Kismayo, Italian Somaliland. Later, in Burma, they tackled some of the toughest jobs of the campaign. Below: troops of 11 East African Div are seen on the road to Kalewa.



LASSEN VC, the DANE

of the S. B. S.

The exploits of Major Anders Lassen, VC, MC, of SBS, became a legend in the Aegean. He was killed in the last stages of the war in Italy.



Major Lassen was a true descendant of the Vikings in his infinite resource and his belief in attack as the best form of defence.



It was from caiques like the "Tufik" (above) that the men of the Special Boat Service operated, their small bands spreading terror and confusion among the German garrisons of the Aegean islands.

Below: A scene Homer might have described. Survivors of Major Lassen's last raid talk of him the morning after on their marshy island in Lake Comacchio.



MAJOR Andy Lassen, the war's only foreigner VC, also triple MC, ranged the Mediterranean seas in a small Greek caique, taking death to the Germans and food and hope to the islanders.

The exploits of Lassen's raiding sorties became legendary in the waters of the Dodecanese and later along the Dalmatian coast. Hiding up behind rocks in the daytime, the little ship slunk out at night. Silent canoe landings were made on some lonely island, an enemy guard post smartened up, perhaps a few food parcels handed to friendly natives. Month after month these spectacular raids went on, unmentioned for security reasons.

The Germans feared the coming of these elusive pirates from the sea, who inflicted heavy casualties upon them and forced them to maintain large garrisons in what was almost a backwater of war.

Most feared of all was the silent, fair-haired leader, Andy Lassen, a Dane, descendant of the Vikings of old, brilliant seaman, inspiring leader, relentless fighter. He died winning the VC on another daring patrol at Lake Comacchio, Italy, on 9 April this year — Danish day of national mourning, the day the Nazis invaded Denmark five years before. He was 24.

Anders Frederick Emil Victor Schau Lassen was at Denmark's foremost public school, Herlufsholm. His vacations were spent shooting on his father's estate with his younger brother, Franz. They shot with bows and arrows which they made themselves. "They became so expert that they could kill a dove in flight," Andy's mother told a *SOLDIER* staff writer. "I was always a bit scared. Their weapons were no playthings. The arrows would pass right through a stag and penetrate a tree beyond."

At seventeen, Andy wanted to see the world and became an apprentice in the Danish Merchant Navy. A year later war began. The Nazi occupation of Denmark followed in the spring.

First Decoration

Andy decided not to return home but to do all that he could towards liberating his country. He joined the British Army and volunteered for a Commando. Within a month or two of being commissioned, and while still a second lieutenant, he was awarded the Military Cross. The citation, only just released, undated and revealing no place names, described him as "a very gallant and determined officer who will carry out his job with complete disregard for his personal safety... possessed of sound judgment and quick decision."

He was coxswain of a landing craft on an operation and effected a landing and subsequent re-embarkation on a dangerous and rocky island with considerable skill and without mishap.

He took part in another operation on which he showed dash and reliability. Regardless of the action going on around him and the blowing of the liner's anchor and stern cables with high explosive, 2/Lieut. Lassen did his job quickly and coolly and showed great resource and ingenuity.

2/Lieut. Lassen also took part in an operation as bowman on landing and then made a preliminary reconnaissance for a reported machine-gun post.

Just that. No other details can be told. Then after North Africa, a Special

Although crippled by a badly burned leg and internal trouble Lassen stalked and killed at least three Germans at the closest range. A machine-gun started up from a boat. Lassen ran to his 20-mm and answered. The boat withdrew from the harbour.

"At that time the Italians were wavering and their recovery was attributed to the personal example and initiative of this officer," states the citation. He continued to harass and destroy enemy patrols throughout the morning. In the afternoon he led the Italian counter-attack which finally drove the Nazis from the island, with the loss of 16 killed, 35 wounded, and seven prisoners, as against our losses of one killed, one wounded.

Helped Peasants

Next day Stukas came over and Lassen was sorry for the peasants because of the damage which was being done to their homes. He was genuinely happy when it was decided to withdraw two days later and further danger was removed. He often talked of their plight in the days that followed, and while Germans were in occupation made risky night trips to the island to take food for the people of Simi.

It was for such acts of kindness that the people got to love him; for such deeds of daring that his own men shared that affection, would go anywhere with him. He had come out unscathed from so many tight corners that they began to think of him as someone indestructible.

The island raids continued. Leros, Cos, Santorini. The enemy never knew where to expect the lightning swoops next. Little garrisons at lonely radio and weather stations were beaten up, shipping and stores were destroyed. Sometimes the marauders took possession of an island by driving the enemy off or wiping them out. At other times it was just an unfriendly visit.

Calling one day on an isolated rock where two Greeks were the only inhabitants, they found a wounded RAF observer who had scrambled ashore after drifting for many days in a rubber dinghy. He badly needed medical attention. Lassen took him along. He remained a thrilled spectator in the little base ship while a raid was carried out and then was rushed off to a doctor.

Just before the Germans landed on Samos, Lassen evacuated hundreds of Greek civilians on to the mainland. But the Germans came before the operation could be completed. Lassen ordered his men to collect all the rope they could. It was tied together to form a life-line to the mainland about a mile away. Boats supported it at 200 yards intervals. The line did not quite reach the shore, but many natives escaped that way, swimming the last part of the journey.

Not a Swashbuckler

Those who heard stories of the phantom pirate imagined a cold and callous Captain Bligh. When they met him they found a blue-eyed youth, modest and charming, with a vivid personality, ever kind to the unfortunate. A little unconventionally dressed perhaps, with his private's shabby greatcoat, knitted scarf, boots with thick studded soles, probably plastered with mud. He could not get rosettes to sew on his MC ribbon. He cut two from the top of a cigarette tin. "Rough and ready, but according to regulations I am properly dressed," was his comment.

In Crete there had been many thefts of Army vehicles. Major Lassen was determined not to lose his jeep. He drove it into his hotel, took it in a big goods lift up to the second floor, parking it outside his room with his boots overnight. On the third night it jammed in the lift. He had to send for some of his men in the town to come and free it.

Food never worried him. He was content to live on the land, frequently feasting on the shellfish prised from the rocks with his claspknife.

The Germans came in caiques. About 100 of them.

Then to Italy for the last spring offensive. The 2 Commando Brigade were given the task of dislodging the Germans from the northern shore of Lake Comacchio, between Ravenna and the mouth of the Po. Major Lassen was ordered to take a patrol of one officer and 17 men across the lake and attack the town of Comacchio, causing as many casualties and as much confusion as possible so as to give the impression of a major landing. The real attack was to be put in elsewhere next day.

The patrol set off in small canoes towing rubber dinghies filled with supplies. They made for a swampy island in the centre of the lake which was to be the start line. They lay up all day on the water-logged marshland waiting for the night attack.

When evening came Lassen, paddling his small rubber canoe, led his men towards the enemy lines. No previous reconnaissance had been possible. The party made a silent landing on a narrow causeway leading towards the town, flanked on either side by water.

Two scouts went on ahead. Major Lassen followed. After about 500 yards a sentry in a slit trench challenged. They tried to allay suspicion by saying in Italian that they were fishermen returning home. The sentry seemed satisfied and the party moved on. When they attempted to overpower the sentry, machine-gun fire opened up from the position and from two blockhouses just down the road.

Lassen attacked with grenades and wiped out the post containing four Germans and two machine-guns.

Ignoring the hail of bullets sweeping the five-yards-wide causeway from three strong-points — an additional one about 300 yards further on had come into action — he raced forward to engage the second position under covering fire from his men. Throwing in more 36's, he silenced the nest and his patrol came up and overran it. Two enemy were killed, two captured.

By this time the force had suffered casualties and its fire-power was considerably reduced. With no cover, illuminated by the enemy's flares and under a heavy cone of fire, Major Lassen rallied and reorganised his force.

"Save Your Own Lives"

As he went forward alone they directed their fire-power on the third blockhouse. He flung in more grenades. Cries of "Kamerad" came from within. He ran up to within three or four yards of the nest and called on the Nazis to come out and surrender. A burst of Spandau fire from the left struck him down, mortally wounded. He threw in more grenades as he fell, wounding some of the enemy so that his patrol dashed in and cleared the post.

They had run into stronger opposition than they had anticipated. Ammunition was nearly done. Major Lassen ordered them to withdraw. They wanted to take him with them. He insisted on being left there. He said, "Save your own lives and get out quickly". And there he died.

The main attack was a complete success. German casualties were heavy. Over 600 prisoners were taken. The Eighth Army advanced on the Lombardy Plain.

"By magnificent leadership and complete disregard for his personal safety" (once again those words were written of him) "Major Lassen had, in face of overwhelming superiority, achieved his objects. Three positions had been wiped out, accounting for six machine-guns, killing eight and wounding others of the enemy, and two prisoners were taken. The high sense of devotion to duty and the esteem in which he was held by the men he led, added to his own magnificent courage, enabled Major Lassen to carry out all the tasks he had been given with complete success."

Those words of the citation announcing the award of his Victoria Cross are a fitting epitaph to a great and lovable hero.

The Germans gave him a military funeral, and buried him in an unmarked tomb near the little village cemetery of Comacchio.





"THE GUARDS ARMoured"

9th IN THE
DIVISIONAL
SERIES.



**Major-General Allan Adair, CB, DSO, MC,
Commander of the Division.**

THE night of 15 July 1944 was dark except for the stabbing lanes of artificial moonlight which flooded the distant, rumbling battlefield. Yet the darkness was alive with sound in the twisting, rutted lanes north of Caen which echoed with the thunder of tank engines and the clang of racing tracks.

As the tanks of the Guards Armoured Division rolled that night along those Normandy by-ways towards Caen, hearts were steeled to the instant expectation of danger, dusty faces were grim with the determination to maintain all those exalted traditions of bravery and loyalty which have been the Guards' legacy throughout the years.

How brilliantly and faithfully they were followed can be seen in the proud record of the Division, which was formed in 1941 for the sole purpose of undertaking the role to which, on that night four years later, it found itself for the first time, seriously committed.

In the morning, over Pegasus Bridge and in the wake of the bombers, on through the swirling dust fogs of the minefield, went those who were to make military history, and those, too, who were to lie for ever beneath the rich Normandy soil, first sacrifices in a great endeavour.

The heavy fighting of that day was a battle inoculation for the armoured units, though in their ranks were those who had fought and retired valiantly to Dunkirk four years before. For the Infantry of 32 Brigade this was their second experience of Normandy fighting, and Sappers and Gunners had shared it, too.

Path to Falaise

By the late afternoon of that day the bitterly contested village of Cagny was in our hands, though 68 tanks were reported missing. Against the screen of Tigers, Panthers and well-sited 88-mm anti-tank guns the armour of the Guards had fought a brave yet costly action. Cagny is not a name which many men of the Division will forget.

Then back over the Orne and into the Bocage country to thrust south again, this time on the right flank of the British Army. Here heavy casualties were the cost of the Division's unspectacular, yet vital, task of compressing the base of the Falaise bag. Here, too, the gunners fought pointblank battles with German SP's.

And then, following the massacre of Falaise, the chase was on. The Division pressed hard on the heels of the broken remnants of the German 7th Army. It raced through liberated towns, across the Seine at Vernon and then over the Somme to Albert, Bapaume and Arras, where in 1940 the Welsh Guards fought so bravely and at such cost, and where also in 1917 the Divisional Commander, Major-General Allan Adair, CB, DSO, MC, was wounded and won the MC. The following day Douai was liberated by the Irish Guards.

General Adair wasted no time in

giving out his orders for the next momentous stage of the push.

"My intention," he said, "is to advance and liberate Brussels," and added, "That is a grand intention."

Sprang on Brussels

Early on the morning of Sunday, 3 September, as the last hours of the fifth year of war drew to a close, units of 2 Household Cavalry Regiment, screening the four battle groups which followed on two centre lines, raced northward. Leading on the right were 2 (Armoured) Bn, Welsh Guards and 1 Bn Welsh Guards group. Leaders on the left were 2 (Armoured) Bn, Grenadier Guards and 1 (Motor) Bn Grenadier Guards group. In the next 14 hours the Division made its lightning advance of 97 miles to liberate the Belgian capital, and advance unparalleled in military history.

By 10 o'clock that night amid riotous scenes of joy and acclamation the Welsh Guards had won through to the heart of the city after fighting all the way against opposition which had been by no means light.

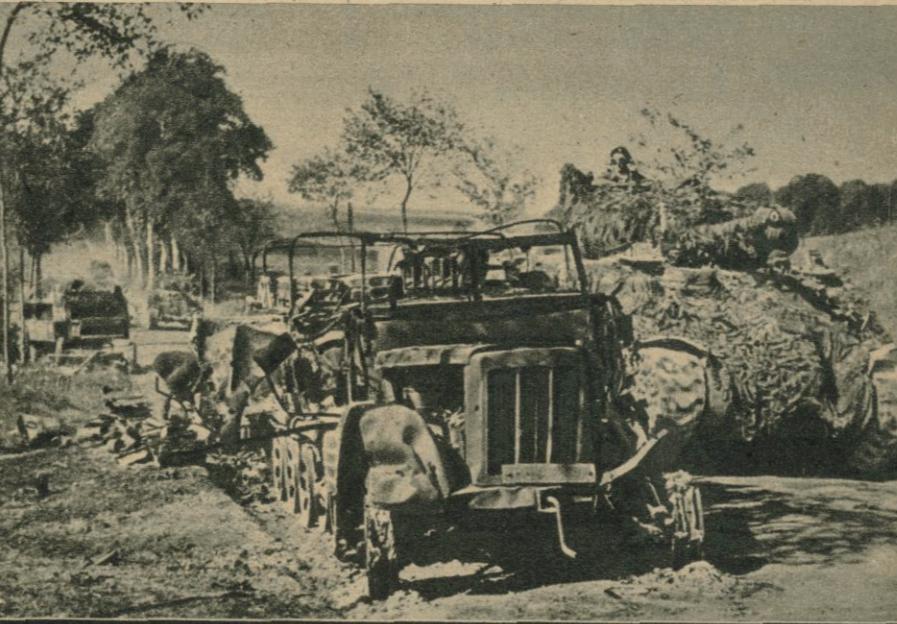
A great prize had been gained, but the advance did not flag. The two Grenadier battalions leapt on to Louvain, a town which many of them had known well during the hard days of 1940. The RE's, upon whose constant daring and efficiency the success of the Division has so often depended, removed charges designed to blow the bridges of the town.

Pursuit

And on again — always the Division was heading north. On 6 September 1 Bn Welsh Guards again distinguished themselves when they raced across a partially blown wooden bridge over the Albert Canal at Beeringen to establish a bridgehead.

The fighting between the Albert and Escout Canals was tough and tricky. The straggling village of Hechtel lay astride the centre line of advance, and here "X" Company of the Scots Guards, attached then to the Welsh Guards, held out grimly in face of attack after fanatical attack, even when they had been completely cut off.

By 10 September the battle had been swept through Overpelt and Bourg Leopold to a bridge over the Escout Canal at De Groot — later to be



It was through a countryside full of scenes like this, near Arras, that the Guards Armoured Division passed as they pursued the remnants of the 7th German Army.



Nijmegen bridge, which was finally secured by a dramatic charge of five Grenadier Guards tanks. Three were knocked out, but two got through and held the far side.

known as "Joe's Bridge" (after Lt-Col. now Brigadier J. O. E. Vandeleur, DSO). It was made famous by the Irish Guards who, in one daring rush, burst open the back door into Holland and opened the road to Eindhoven and Nijmegen.

And then — the battle for the Bridges. At Zon Sappers spanned the canal in record time. The tanks rolled on. Over Grave bridge, captured intact by 82 American Airborne, and on to the outskirts of Nijmegen. Opposition was fierce. Guards and Americans attacked side by side. In the confined fighting area severe casualties were inflicted upon the Germans but the great 2,000 foot-long road bridge could not be reached. It was not until the next day that the Grenadiers had a chance to charge across.

The charging of Nijmegen bridge was one of the most tensely dramatic moments of the war. Upon its success hung the lives of possibly thousands of men at Arnhem.

With all guns blazing, five tanks — a troop of No. 2 Sqn of 2 Bn, Grenadier Guards — headed for the bridge at full speed. It was dusk, and tracer bullets crossed and recrossed in fiery patterns. At any moment bridge, tanks and men might be blown into a twisted heap in the swift flowing waters of the Rhine. Germans fired from the girders, but the leading tank raced on, to join at last the gallant American Airborne a short distance beyond the northern end. The three following tanks were knocked out, but the fifth got through to hold the far bank until reinforcements arrived.

The imperturbable RASC proved their worth during this period when the centre line was several times cut at Veghel, and Eindhoven was heavily bombed. During these days of unfailing supply — no Guards tank

In its short but brilliant battle career the Guards Armoured enhanced a proud tradition.

career the Guards Armoured enhanced a proud tradition.



The Division, breaking all records, raced 97 miles to Brussels in 14 hours, and on arrival found the whole city in a frenzy of welcome.



Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, which the Division occupied at the end of its triumphal fighting pursuit of the enemy through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

determinedly forward into a land of desolation. Early in the operation the RE's, by building "Spandau Bridge" at Gennep under heavy fire, added to their already proud record.

About this time the Division was joined by 2 Bn Scots Guards, veterans of North African and Italian campaigns, who, in their first Western Front action, upheld a grim and worthy fighting record. By 9 March they had won through, against the remnants of Hitler's prize paratroopers, to a railway embankment a few miles from Wesel. Through them that afternoon passed 5 Bn Coldstream Guards, with a squadron of their armoured comrades of 1 Bn in support. They advanced unflinchingly over the embankment into a hail of fire. Guardsman after Guardsman fell but their comrades kept going. In 40 minutes they had advanced 1,000 yards and reached their objectives, beating back the paratroopers in battles which raged from house to house and even from room to room. That night they were withdrawn and the next day relieving troops were reported to be advancing without opposition. The Wesel bridgehead had been broken.

Across the Rhine, the thrust into Germany developed into a constant struggle to beat the enemy to his own demolitions. The centre line became a thin thread of life winding precariously into the heart of an enemy country, ever lengthening until the Division was a small oasis of British arms in a desert of masked hostility. On 2 April the Scots and Welsh Guards blazed the trail to the Dortmund-Ems Canal in an unforgettable midnight charge of 15 miles from Nordhorn.

VC Saved Bridge

The Cromwells charged up the road into pitch blackness, travelling at top speed and without lights, knocking out of their path everything from amazed groups of Germans to carts and lorries laden with equipment. Two SP guns were knocked out, at the cost of the two leading tanks. Short, sharp battles were fought all the way along the route. The Ems river was the first objective and it was not until a section of Scots Guardsmen, who had been riding on the tanks, had raced across the bridge at Lingen and the first Welsh Guards tank was about to follow that strong German forces on the far bank blew the bridge and opened up with heavy fire.

The Scotsmen had to swim back, the tanks withdrew. Two days later the Ems was crossed, and it was on that day that Capt. Ian Liddell won his VC, leading his company of 5 Bn Coldstream Guards. His men crept up to an intact bridge at Eindelingen, a few miles north of Lingen. In face of murderous fire Capt. Liddell leapt a road block in front of the bridge and neutralised a total of eight 500 lb. aerial bombs which had been placed ready to blow the bridge. When his job was done he climbed

slowly to his feet and walked back to his men.

The bridge was rushed and 1 Bn Coldstream Guards tanks charged across. Capt. Liddell was killed in a later action — a great loss to the Division.

Then the Guards were given the task of outflanking Bremen. The Irish fought one of their hardest battles at Elsdorf, Scots Guardsmen set free 5,000 seamen from a camp at Westertimke, and Grenadiers forced their way into the horro camp of Sandbostel.

For the Sappers this was the toughest stretch of all. Between Good Friday, 30 March, and 5 May, the day of capitulation, they built 49 bridges to open up the road for the tanks. Gunners, too, played their important role superbly.

His Majesty's Message

For 2 Household Cavalry Regt, whose brilliant reconnaissances never failed to find a way round any obstacle, the war went out with short, stiff battles around the village of Hechtheusen, and for forward troops on the night before capitulation it went out with a bang. Last casualties came when a 30-ton tank was thrown 50 feet in the air by a huge naval mine on the road to Cuxhaven, the port which the Division finally occupied.

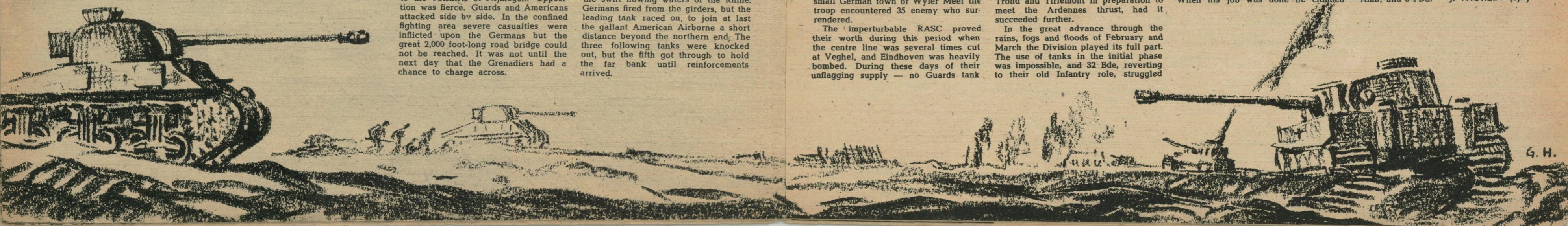
When the Guards Armoured Division was formed in 1941, His Majesty the King wrote to the then GOC, General Sir Oliver Leese, saying:

"I am proud to think that my Household Troops are to take their place amongst the most powerful units of modern warfare. I am sure it will not be long before they have acquired in their new role the fame which they have rightly enjoyed as Infantry for centuries past."

The armour has gone now. On a former Luftwaffe casu at Rotenbogen on 9 June it rolled majestically out of sight and out of the lives of the men who fought with it so bravely and so well. In its short but brilliant battle career "Guards Armoured Division," now the Guards Division, sustained and enhanced a proud tradition and gained that fame which, four years before, His Majesty the King had prophesied for it.

The Names

The units of the Guards Armoured Division were: 2 (Armed) Bn, Grenadier Guards; 1 (Motor) Bn, Grenadier Guards; 1 (Armed) Bn, Coldstream Guards; 5 Bn Coldstream Guards; "X" Coy, Scots Guards; 2 Bn, Scots Guards; 2 (Armed) Bn, Irish Guards; 3 Bn, Irish Guards; 2 (Armed) Bn, Welsh Guards; 1 Bn, Welsh Guards; 2 Household Cavalry Regt; 1 Indep M. G. Coy (Royal Northumbrian Fusiliers); 55 (WSY) Fd Regt, RA; 153 (Leicestershire Yeomanry) Fd Regt, RA; 94 (KOYLI) LAA Regt, RA; 21 A/Tk Regt, RA; 14 and 615 Fd Sqns, RE; 148 Fd Pk Sqn, RE; 224, 310 & 535 Coys, RASC; 19 Gds Light Fd Amb; 128 Fd Amb; and 8 FDS. J. THURLBY (Sjt.)

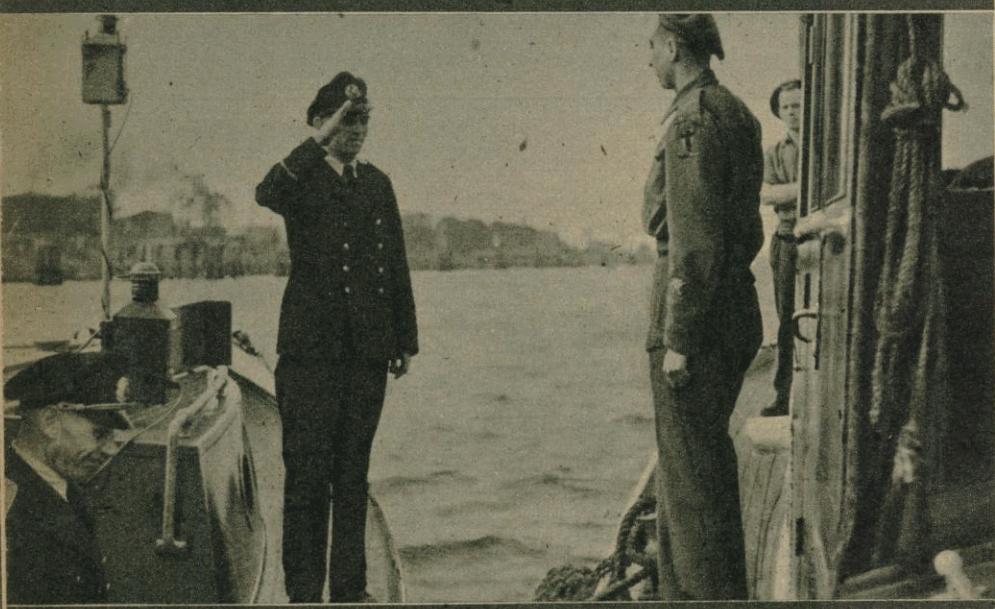




Skipper of patrol boat inspects barge's papers. Some try to run without a permit, so a close check has to be kept.



"Contraband" cargo is another thing for which the patrols have to keep a keen look-out. Above: a search in progress.



IWT supervise the German River Police as well as controlling commercial traffic. A German patrol officer acknowledges instructions.



A life on the ocean wave is not all excitement. Spr. S. Davies settles down to prepare dinner—essential work on land or water.

INTRODUCING A UNIT OF SOLDIER-SAILORS WHO ARE HELPING TO GET GERMAN WATERWAYS BACK INTO WORKING ORDER AGAIN.

WATCH ON THE Elbe

Up and down their beat — the Elbe estuary — all day go the Army's fast, smart patrol boats, inspecting barges for permits and unlicensed cargo.

Sjt. A. P. Littleworth of the Royal Engineers is in wholehearted sympathy with that childhood philosopher who believed "there is nothing so perfectly delightful as messing about in boats," and as he has spent nearly all his five years of Army service in command of unusual types of craft all over the world he has been one of the really happy soldiers.

Today Sjt. Littleworth is part of 13 Regional Inland Water Transport Control in Germany and is commander of a smart 20-knot patrol boat which used to be part of the German navy, and which is now being used as a police boat on the river Elbe at Hamburg. With his crew of three he spends his days cruising up and down that delightful river keeping an eye on the hundreds of barges which are constantly on the move, and also on the German Wasserschutzpolizei, who are themselves keeping an eye on the barges.

13 Inland Water Transport Control has the important job of opening up the Elbe and the port of Hamburg to water traffic, and Sjt. Littleworth's patrol boat is an important part of its equipment.

Rivers were Harnessed

Before the war Germany relied on her great rivers and canals as water highways to a very much greater degree than did Britain. The 5,000 barges in Hamburg alone used to carry 10 million tons of cargoes each year. More than 7 million tons was in transhipment in the port area, and the rest was carried to far parts of Germany. Now, as a result of RAF raids, there are only 1,500 barges left, and the port is slow in coming to life.

But coming to life it is, and it is hoped that by January the first cargo of food for the use of the people of Czechoslovakia will leave Hamburg for Prague.

The British Water Control has cleared the damaged bridges all the way to the Russian zone, and the Russians hope to have their part of the river clear soon. The delay in their area is due to the fact that they have to deal with nearly six times as many bombed bridges as we have.

The important work done by Sjt. Littleworth and the 300 soldiers in the IWT was described to me by Lt. Col. V. Sidebottom, head of the Control.

Vital Arteries

"With Germany's railways and roads so badly damaged by bombs and shells it is vitally important to get the waterways back into use," he said. "First they must help in the movement of food and goods about the country and then they will be necessary when we get to the matter of reparations.

"We have also got a headache trying to sort out the tugs and barges which the Germans took from the Dutch, Belgians and French. All the barges that the Nazis ranged along the shores of France in preparation for the invasion of Britain that never came off were taken from these countries. When the idea of invasion was abandoned the barges were sent to Norway, where they were used for carrying materials

needed in building the elaborate fortifications along the coasts. Some 5,000 of those are now on their way back here.

"We are trying to solve today the problem of one smart little Dutch tug. This was built for a Dutch skipper just before the war, who paid for it with his life savings. When the Germans went into Holland they said they wanted the skipper's boat, but he was determined that he would keep it from them.

Hidden Two Years

"He hid it in an inlet on the river Scheldt and managed to keep it out of their hands for two years. Every night he found a new hiding place for the boat. Then he was given away after the Germans had put a price of 1,000 guilders on his head, and they got his boat. It was sold in Hamburg, and when the old owner came to claim it the new owner produced very legal-looking documents proving that he had bought it.

"That case is comparatively straightforward, but there are many thousands of others where the owners have no documents at all to support their claims.

"The port of Hamburg is run on very similar lines to the port of London and the barge owners are working under permit. Barges are being put back into commission very quickly."

Trying It On

It is the responsibility of Sjt. Littleworth and his crew, and another crew of four men, to see that the barge owners do keep to the rules that have been laid down. Their two little police boats were once torpedo recovery craft for the German navy, and are very clean and smart, with ample accommodation. All day long they cruise the length of the Elbe estuary, stopping barges and, when they think fit, inspecting documents and examining cargoes.

"Most of the barge owners play very fairly," said Sjt. Littleworth, "but there are some who do not. We have caught about 50 barges trying to run without permits. This river is very wide and if they can run quickly into a point and drop one cargo, then take on another for which they have no papers, they might be difficult to catch. One fellow we trapped was carrying a whole load of German Army stuff — tarpaulins and clothes. Recently we heard of another fellow who had been caught by the Germans themselves. They suspended him from working for a fortnight even before we knew of the facts.

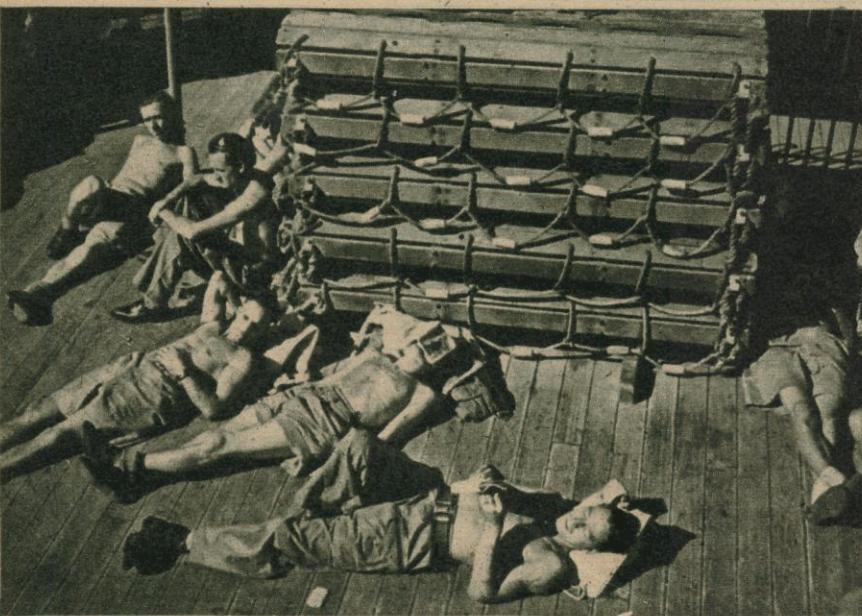


JOHN HALLOWS (Capt.)

E. S. Chapman



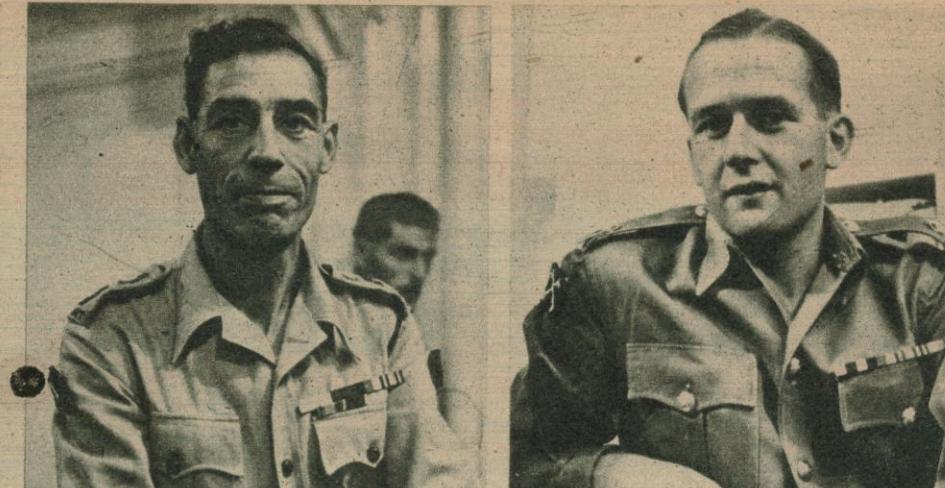
England at last — and a grandstand view from the lifeboat.



It's a nice change to lie out in the sun without fear of mosquitoes or heatstroke. After-dinner nap on the "Winchester Castle".



Beach sports were popular on the long voyage home. It was hot, but shady, when this tug-o-war took place. Jungle warfare had left troops with plenty of reserve energy.



15 YEARS ABROAD

Lt. Quartermaster H. Smith, of Grays, Essex, has 24 years service — 15 abroad.

MILITARY CROSS

Major H. Elliott, of Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex, won MC in Kohima fighting.

MEN FROM 2

THE great moment dreamed of for years is coming true daily for thousands of men now returning from the Far East. Memories of the Jap, prickly heat and soya links, malaria, mosquitoes and dust fade into the glorious present as the ship touches the quayside and the band adds the final homecoming touch with "Down at the Old Bull and Bush."

With Crossed Keys pennants — their Divisional sign — flying from the masts heads of the liners "Strathmore" and "Winchester Castle", 6,000 men from the British 2 Division had a stirring welcome when they docked at Southampton and found their vision of home come true.

"Done Great Things"

Their arrival was the end of a fighting journey which began three years and seven months ago when they left the Clyde under the command of Major-General J. M. L. Grover, CB, MC, now Director of Army Welfare Services, who commanded them up to the time of the freeing of the Imphal-Kohima road, and was on the quayside to meet them. Storms of cheering and cries of "We want Grover" broke from the ships when they saw him at the microphone set up on the quay. The men heard him say they

had done great things since that day when they had sailed together from the Clyde, nearly four years ago. Later he went on board both liners, to a further chorus of cheers and whistles, and spoke to many officers and men individually. General Grover said he was there to meet his old Division and wish them "the very best of luck" as he welcomed them home.

England's Gain

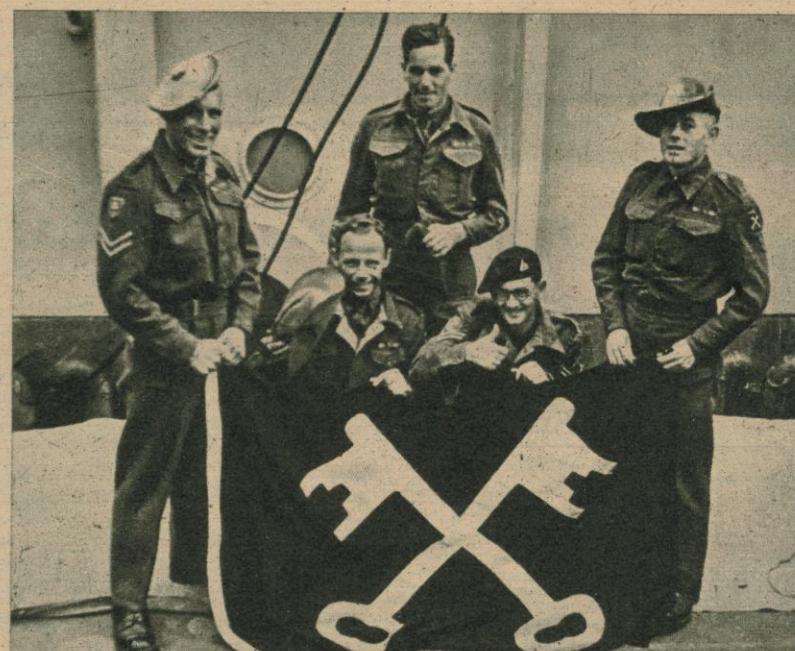
Lt-General Sir Charles Loyd, KCB, DSO, MC, now commanding London District, was also on the quayside. He led the Division in France when it formed part of the rearguard to Dunkirk. Many of those on board had been with the Division ever since. They heard General Loyd say that the Crossed Keys of 2 Div had indeed been the keys to success. It was true to say that if Alamein was the turning point in North Africa, then Kohima and

Imphal, where the Division won its greatest glory and beat the Jap at the flood tide of his success, was the turning point in Burma.



Maj.-Gen. J. M. L. Grover, CB, MC, speaks to the troops on the dockside.

ARE



Famous traditional English sign which barred road to Japs on Indian frontier displayed by Cpl. J. Smith (Royal Scots) of Edinburgh, MSM H. Sellers (RASC) of Wakefield, Cpl. R. Aston (RA) of Gloucester, and Fus. S. Dearnly (Lancashire Fusiliers).



SCOTS TYPE

Where there's fighting there are Scots, and this corporal was in the thick of it.

MAINTENANCE

Sgt. A. Clarke, of Petersfield, Hants, helped to keep vital wheels turning.

FOOT-SLOPPER

Mountain, jungle, plain came alike to Sgt. R. Greenall (Lancashire Fusiliers) of Manchester.

COMMUNICATIONS

Absence of facilities didn't worry RSM L. Cann, R Sigs, of East Dulwich, London.

PROVOST

Straightener of tangles — L/Cpl. F. Sayer, of Reading, helped the traffic along.

DIVISION —



They won the MM on a front-line bulldozer — Cpl. Harry Lovatt and Pte. Eli Glanz.

Among the Second Division drafts were men of a dozen famous regiments, of whom Col. C. E. L. Lyne, MC, OC Troops, "Winchester Castle", said, "They were one of the best lots of troops we have taken on the homeward run. They show a high standard of morale and discipline." And a bronzed RQMS said of them: "Old England certainly has some good lads coming back to her."

The troops found their greatest pleasure on the homeward trip playing with children of the civilian passengers and organising sports for them. It was long since they had seen an English youngster.

Many had been with the Division in hard fighting from Assam through Burma, from Kohima to the Ava bridge on the Irrawaddy and beyond — a cross-country fighting trek. In the van of it were such men as Cpl. Harry Lovatt of Nottingham and Pte. Eli Glanz, peacetime swimming instructor from Liverpool. Both won the MM for their

work with "Dorothy", one of the bulldozers which were in the forefront of the advance. They took "Dorothy" some 1,000 miles across country to near Rangoon. Sometimes they made tank lanes 100 yards from Jap snipers, while at Kohima they dug out paths for jeeps to reach the wounded.

Most of the famous Crossed Keys concert party were also on board. This concert party was one of the best known in South-East Asia. They now hope to be re-formed for a tour of Britain.

So these fighting veterans came home, with thoughts of wives and families, English beer and a good football match, green fields and crowded streets, according to each man's picture of "home".

But many who did not make the long-dreamed-of voyage are commemorated at Kohima, where the Second Division war memorial bears the eloquent words: "For Your To-Morrow, They Gave Their To-Day."

R. FOSTER (Lieut.)



Spirit of the troops summed up in gesture by CSM J. Rogerson of Helsby, Cheshire.

HOME AGAIN



The uncle she's heard about but never seen — Sheila Cutler of Southampton with Pte. C. Robertson of the Dorsets.



The family made a day of it for this 2 Div Soldier, and the ladies queued up for a kiss.



Sjt. J. Cameron greets the wife who has been waiting nearly four years — and who minds if her badge is upside down!



OPERATION "BUTCHER"

FOR hundreds of square miles throughout the woodlands surrounding the Ruhr British soldiers are deer-hunting and pig-shooting in the biggest hunt yet seen in Europe. They are working to a military plan for which a special operation order has been issued under the code-word "Butcher", and their object is to store as much meat as possible to supplement the slender rations of the German people during the coming winter.

Hunts are made under unit arrangements in collaboration with Military Government officials and local German Forstmeisters. Some units organise drives over miles of country with lines of beaters to force the animals up to the guns; some have tried machine-guns and hand grenades; and most use dum-dum bullets (made by filling down .303 ammunition): for the object is not sport but slaughter.

Many of the hunts have even been accompanied by stretcher-bearing Bren-carriers and medical orderlies to take care of any casualties, and in all cases elaborate safety precautions are taken. Civilians in affected areas are warned several days before each hunt by proclamation and printed notices. Then, on the day of the hunt, the area to be shot over is cleared and sentries are posted to prevent people from wandering into the danger zone.

Strict regulations govern the disposal of the carcasses. A careful tally is taken and they are sent by unit transport to cold storage until the time comes for their consumption. A special "recce" of German refrigerator accommodation is being made to store a target weight of 1,200 tons of meat.



German gamekeepers on the reserves around Detmold, near Herford, were sceptical when operation "Butcher" began. They declared that the German Wehrmacht had tried a similar scheme in 1943 with little success, but Territorials of the 7/9 Bn The Royal Scots (155 Brigade, 52 Lowland Division) have opened the Germans' eyes.

This unit, commanded by Lt-Col. W. F. Dundas, DSO, made a spectacular bag of 300 deer within 10 days and its members are having the time of their lives. One man was even willing to cancel his leave rather than miss the shooting.

Sent Out in Pairs

The Scots send out deer-stalkers in pairs to live with the local woodsmen in their cottages. There are 120 of these "posts" in the area. The men are armed with ordinary .303 rifles and dum-dum ammunition. They take compon rations to last them a week. Each day at dawn they set out with their German guides to track deer through the forest. This calls for considerable woodcraft, for the deer have grown exceedingly wary and a "stalk" often lasts for many miles. However the Scots have learned fast. Sjt. A. Pringle, who collects the carcasses

for dispatch to the Ruhr, declared: "Most of the fellows can do without the keepers' assistance now. When they go out alone they bring back the bodies just the same — in fact often they get on better."

After the early morning "stalk" the hunters try again at intervals throughout the day, while the German gamekeepers cut timber. Then at last light another concerted hunt is made, and this often produces the best result of all. "We've bagged three wild pigs too", Sjt Pringle continued, "including one boar which weighed 320 lbs after it had been gutted and bled. But we shan't be able to get after them in a big way until there's snow on the ground and we can track them. They will be more fun to hunt

than deer because they don't hesitate to charge when cornered and you've got to hit them squarely in the head to stop them."

Although the huntsmen are not allowed to sample the venison they kill, the heart and liver, which are removed when a carcass is cleaned, make a pleasant supplement to their compon rations. Some of them have already collected trophies and one member of the unit prizes a pair of 12-point antlers.

Ptes A. Wibley and D. Raine, who share a cottage, have bagged five deer between them so far. "We're very comfortable in our billets," said Pte Raine. "We have a room to ourselves and the Forstmeister's wife looks after us very well. The shooting is pretty good sport too."

In another lodge are Ptes J. Boyle and A. McCrea. They have 12 deer to their credit and when the truck arrived to collect the day's kill Pte Boyle was just bringing in a 90-lb doe which he killed in movement at 100 yards range. He, too, has a pair of antlers which he hopes to take home one day and he doesn't mind how long operation "Butcher" lasts.

V. I's Easier Game

Further south, at Burleburg, near the borders of the American zone, is 111 HAA Regt RA. This unit had great success in shooting down V. I's over Antwerp last winter but it has not had so much luck with the deer. A beat is carried out twice weekly but so far kills have been few.

Lieut. C. F. Stephens, unit Intelligence Officer, said: "We usually send out about 30 officers and men with the local gamekeepers to work over an area of 30-40 square miles in a day. We station men armed with shot guns or rifles in suitable spots and the beaters try to drive the game to them. Unfortunately, in this district the game is very widely scattered and there is very good cover."

Despite the enthusiasm with which the operation is being carried out there is little danger that the game which has abounded in German forests since prehistoric times will be completely exterminated. Huge quantities of wild life are being slaughtered so that Germans may live, but when the spring comes the surviving animals will breed again.

S. E. WEBSTER (Lieut.)

Result of Pte. Raine's aim. Lt. Beveridge and Sjt. Pringle examine a carcass of venison ready for transport to the refrigerators.



OPERATION "BANQUET"

Woman pupil (left) tastes a sauce prepared under the supervision of the instructor, Mr. Audley. In background, budding chefs learn to analyse a side of beef.

usual age of entry is 14. Tuition includes practical cooking and service, theory of cooking, English subjects, calculation and accounts, French and physical exercises. It runs also a two-year Senior Course for chefs (age of entry 15), which is similar to the Secondary Course except that less time is spent on academic study. The hotel operation course will embrace a variety of subjects of which the efficient hotel manager must have some knowledge — such as commercial training, cooking, waiting, hotel engineering and plant, accounts and correspondence.

Practical Men

All the instructors have impressive records in big hotels. Mr. Marshall, headmaster of the school, may be said to work at mealtimes, as well as during hours of instruction, for it gives him a chance to keep a critical eye on apprentice waiters as he eats his lunch.

There is not only an art in the cooking of food, but in its preparation beforehand, which is where MM. Cetre and L. Darsonval come in. As larder instructors, they initiate the youngsters in such mysteries as cutting up a side of beef correctly. Pastry chef is veteran M. Manzini, who has been 21 years at the School, coming there from Paris, the Riviera and first-class London hotels.

A three months' course for women is also given at the School. Its object is to teach cooking, not domestic science, but some of the girls, nevertheless, are learning to cook for home consumption. Others intend to do institutional work.

D. H. FLOCKHART (Capt.)

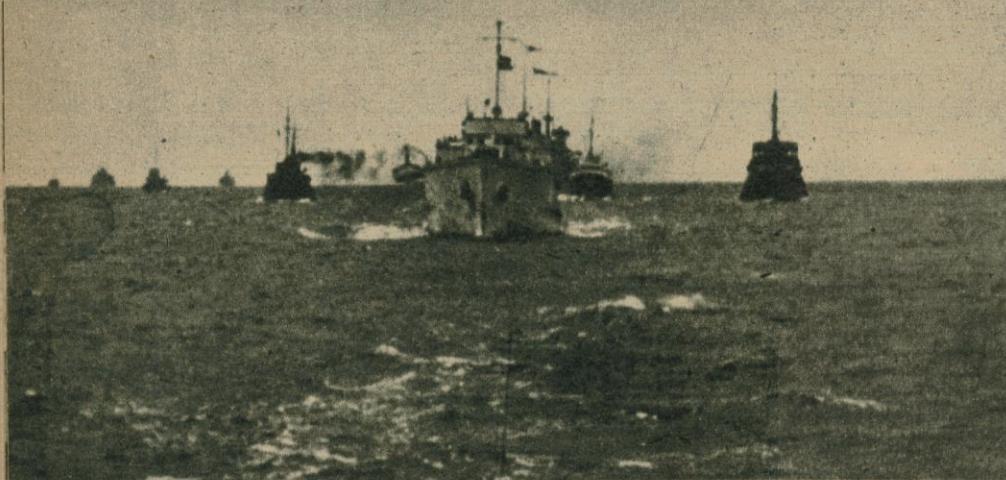


Left: although so young he is already a skilled pastrycook. Below: at work in the women's class. Theory ranks high in the curriculum.

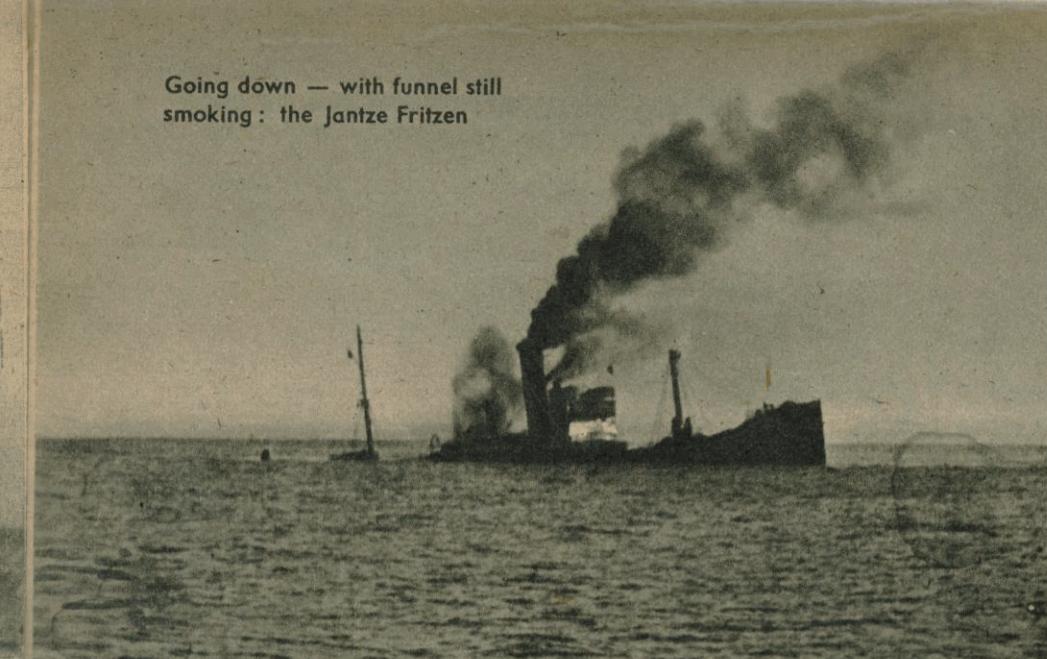


The convoy heads out for the deep water of the Skagerrak

SS Taglia's sides are blown out below the water line



Going down — with funnel still smoking: the Jantze Fritzen



End of the SS Sessotris



A GERMAN POISON GAS FLEET IS SCUTTLED

THE sun was coming up as the Theda Fritzen went down. As she plunged stern first into her 350-fathoms-deep grave, the morning rays threw orange streamers over the blue-grey waters of the Skagerrak.

On the bridge of HMS Cotillion an officer gave an order down the speaking tube to the wheel house, and in a moment the undertaker ship was speeding from one graveside to the next.

Operation CW 3 was ending.

THE discovery after the capitulation of 200,000 tons of CW ammunition — poison gas shells — of every known variety in different parts of Germany, and notably in the Rhine, Ruhr and Luneburg Heath areas, set the Allies a problem.

It was imperative that it should be put safely out of the way. But how? And where? Obviously the shells could not be unscrewed. Nor could they be buried underground, because the earth is porous and the shells might spring a leak any time. Ultimately it was decided that the only safe way to dispose of the gas was to take it out to sea and dump it in deep water, Germany to foot the bill by providing the merchant shipping for dumping and scuttling.

The loading of the gas ships is the first step. Originally there were four loading ports — at Lubeck, Nordhafen (Kiel), Emden and Flensburg. Now only Nordhafen and Emden are used.

Ships put in there one at a time and are loaded direct from railway trucks which are brought from the storage dumps under Army guard. The loading is done exclusively by German civilians.

When convoys are complete — five or six gas ships as a rule — they are assembled in Strander Bucht, at the north end of Kiel Fiord. Here, looking towards the Baltic shore, stands a queerly shaped tower built in memory of the German Fleet which scuttled itself in Scapa Flow.

The charges — four 50lb drums of TNT to each ship — are taken aboard each ship and placed on the bridge by members of a naval bomb disposal unit

well away from any danger from heat or fire. When the time for scuttling arrives an officer and two ratings go aboard and the blasting powder is taken down to the engine room. It is placed against the ship's sides, well below the water line, and fuzes are set. Great care is taken to ensure that the explosion takes place well away from the holds, since the gas shells carry a certain amount of high explosive and might easily be detonated by the concussion.

And so aboard the Cotillion (Lt-Comdr. H. J. Howard), an ex-mine-sweeper of 500 tons. It was her third trip as the undertaker ship. On the previous two trips she had accounted for eleven ships and 40,000 tons of gas. This time we were to sink six ships, carrying between them 20,000 tons. They were a decrepit looking lot.

Assisting in the operation were five tugs, two of them towing the Jantze Fritzen, whose engines had failed, one motor launch and three minesweepers — two of them British, one Danish. Also sailing with us was the former German hospital ship, the Oberhausen. Her job these days is to receive the crews of the doomed ships just before scuttling. She carries a German medical officer and a staff of orderlies, just in case any



Signaller at work in the Kattegat

of the crews become contaminated by escaping gas.

When we neared the dumping ground, the Old Man decided it was time to "brief" the skippers of the gas ships. We steamed slowly round the convoy, and as we came within hailing distance of a ship our interpreter sat down at the mike and instructed master and crew to stand ready to be taken aboard the accommodation ship at seven o'clock the following morning. Now more than ever before we had to pray the weather clerk would be kind to us.

Zero hour! I scramble on deck. Clad weirdly from head to foot in "Gas Suits," AB John (Lofty) Eadsdale and AB Stanley (Shorty) Court, the bomb disposal boys, are waiting for ML 488 to come alongside and take them out to the Theda Fritzen, first ship for Davey Jones locker. Further along the deck stands the officer in charge of the scuttling, Lt-Comdr C. G. Staines, OBE, RNVR.

smoking a final cigarette. He won't have another for maybe six hours.

Now old Mother Nature plays her last trick. The wind which has been wafting gently from WSW changes to NNE. If we blow the ships now and there happens to be an escape of gas we are all going to be in an awkward position. The Old Man sends out a series of orders and soon we are lining up in such formation that all ships will be well to windward.

Once again the stage is set. A tug is alongside the Theda Fritzen to take off the crew. Through my glasses I can see them preparing to abandon ship. What are they thinking? What are their feelings? Some of these men, middle-aged and elderly men among them, have been going to sea since they were boys. It may be the last time they will do so. Next week they may be shovelling rubble.

As the tug moves away in the direction of the Oberhausen the ML moves in and we can see our three men scrambling aboard the Theda Fritzen.

We can see them collecting the drums of TNT from the bridge. Then they disappear below to perform the last rites.

Glasses to eyes again. The deck of the Theda Fritzen is deserted. Then suddenly the two lads in the gas suits reappear, and scramble down the ship's ladder on to the ML. Seconds pass and then I can distinguish a third figure. Comdr Staines is coming off now and this means the fuze is burning. Across comes the signal. In ten minutes the Theda Fritzen will blow

her sides out. Behind me I can hear the Old Man dictating a signal. "Warn all shipping coming from North-West to keep clear of this area." It won't be long now. "One minute to go," sings out the sub-lieutenant. "Thirty seconds . . . twenty seconds . . . ten seconds . . . five seconds . . . wait for it . . ."

A puff of yellow smoke tells us it has happened. A muffled explosion is followed by another and noisier bang and someone says, "It seems to me her boilers have gone up." Wreckage is flying through the air and it looks as if the bridge has been torn away from the main structure. The yellow smoke continues to curl skywards and the Old Man says, "She's beginning to settle down now." Yes, she's going . . . going . . . As her stern rears up my eyes catch a glimpse of a giant orange ball-out on the horizon. The sun is coming up as the Theda Fritzen goes down . . .

We go through the same procedure five more times. The Taglia is next on the list and beats Theda's time to the bottom by two minutes. But Taurus, the third victim, is in such a hurry to get it over and done with that she seems to be half under-water as soon as the charges go off. Down she goes in two minutes dead. The Sessotris does the trip in three minutes and the Edith Howards in four. Indeed the only obstinate member is our lame duck, the Jantze Fritzen, who does not give herself up until 21 minutes have passed, and then she goes down in a side dive.

J. RANKINE (Sjt.)

Next for scuttling . . . six ships ended their days like this



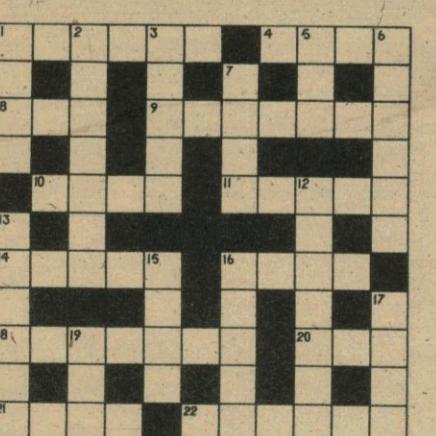
On the bridge of the "undertaker" ship: Lt-Comdr. H. J. Howard.



How Much Do You Know?

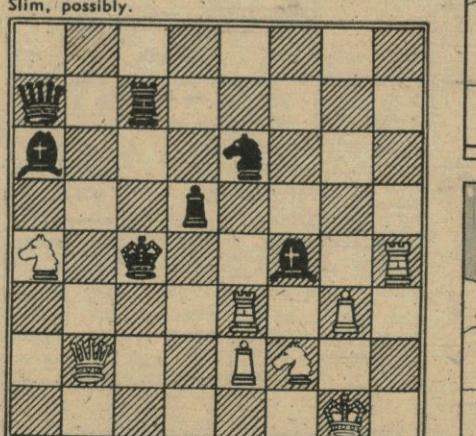
1. Confucius, he say, "Wise German, asked to have one over the eight, says 'Nein'." But this Confucius, now . . . he lived how many years ago? 2423 3422 4223
2. A "maiden horse" is which of the following?
 - a Two-year-old filly;
 - b A brood mare;
 - c One which has never won a race other than a private sweepstake.
3. How many German-born footballers have played in the Football League?
4. The crossed straps worn by this officer indicate he is in one of the following regiments — which?
 - a The Buffs;
 - b Green Hounds;
 - c Ox & Bucks Light Inf.;
 - d Black Watch.
5. Charles Coburn, the great comedian who has just died, popularised which of the following songs?
 - a I knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road;
 - b The Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo;
 - c My Old Dutch;
 - d Lily of the Valley.
6. Quick now! Member of Parliament for Limehouse is?
7. One of these is the title of a play by GBS. Which?
 - a Too Good to be True;
 - b Too True to be Good.
8. A stable in which a racehorse can sleep untied is called —
 - a A soft box;
 - b A safety box;
 - c A loose box.
9. Famous for his satires on society Dikran Kouyoumdjian is known by his readers as —?
10. If you are windward of a bad smell can you smell it?
11. A druse is a crust of crystals lining a rock cavity. A Druse is?

CHESS AND CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. and 22. Nickname for one of the "Queens" (two words). — 4. Familiar to invaders of Sicily. — 8. Displayed by invitation at reveille! — 9. Sounds as if some half-score go into training for a shoot. — 10. You should know your German, Mr. — 11. Ex-Secretary for India in Army "E". — 14. Emblems of inter-county wars. — 16. One of the rivers the BLA did not have to cross. — 18. Has to be pressed to obtain a discharge. — 20. It might go to pot. — 21. Artillery copper in the pay outfit.

DOWN: 1. Obstinate, and somewhat obsolete, part of army transport. — 2. ATS girl attached to the Leicesters. — 3. Only just on the target. — 5. The black part of a kilt? — 6. Amalgamations of the "Loyal" regiments. — 7. She might get manhandled by S.A.C. — 12. Course of extension in Castile. — 13. Hole made by a tracer? — 15. Mixed gins. — 16. A civilian "flash". — 17. Accelerator in the mechanised cavalry? — 19. The devil in General Slim, possibly.



White to move and mate in two.
Solutions on Page 23.

KID GO . . .



Above: Gas drill on board the Cotillion — just in case.

Below: German workmen load the Jantze Fritzen with gas shells at Kiel.



The DYNAMO ace DYNAMIC and nearly DYNAMITE

says Paul Irwin (Sjt.)

Tommy Lawton, always looking for an opening, hooks the ball out of the hands of Khomich, Dynamo goalkeeper, enabling Len Goulden to score.



The Russians play to win, Trofimov, baulked by Taylor, missed the Chelsea goal but his shot lacked nothing in determination.



Can footballers blush? The question was answered by Chelsea when, at the start of the match, the Russians handed each player a bunch of carnations.

HAVE the sports customers at home had their first sight of mass-produced footballers? This question is the biggest talking point in sport now that Moscow Dynamo, the Soviet champions, have shown English, Scottish and Welsh crowds exactly how good they are.

The Russians bring a new approach to football. Back in Blighty, it has been our boast that we breed natural ball players—the finest in the world. Well, they do things differently in Moscow.

Two of their players on the triumphant British tour—and however you may look at it the trip was a triumph in cash, crowds and performance—two of their players, as I was saying, had never been nearer a Soccer pitch than the touchlines until they began to boot a ball about a year ago.

Imagine it! Why, it sounds incredible. Yet I only state facts. This cracker-jack Russian team, quite worthy of meeting the best in Britain on level terms, contains at least two men who should normally be in the novice class.

Short Cut

Watching them through all their tour programme, I could not spot the new boys. Why this? Because it is obvious that the Soviet Soccer chiefs have found a quick, sure way to develop talent.

I wouldn't know full details, and the Russians aren't telling, but scraps of information picked up here and there point to the fact that the professors—and I don't mean the football professors—have been brought into consultation.

The much-publicised Major Frank Buckley gave the game its first injection of gland treatment. It didn't help Wolverhampton Wanderers to win the FA Cup, at that. Now come the Russians, not with snow on their boots, but giving us a slant on psychology, unity of motion, and dietetics.

Moscow's Central Research Institute appears to have had as much to do with the Dynamo team as the tall, tow-headed coach, Mikhail Yakushin. Its staff has studied football scientifically, and, in the process, shown that the "born" player can be matched by 11 opponents drilled in team work.

And there you have the Russian secret. Individually, their performers don't amount to much. The best of them, perhaps, is the flaxen-headed Bobrov, who operates from inside-left. Yet even Bobrov, a Red Army man, would look ordinary were it not for the fact that his team-mates are always running into position to take his passes.

Team's The Thing

In short, the Russians are pass-makers and takers rather than footworkers. Soccer, they say, is a team game. The individual does not count; he is a unit working for the good of the whole. It is for this reason that right through the tour they sought to minimise the craft of any one player.

You might go to one of their interpreters and ask for information about a particular player. It was a tough job, just about as difficult as opening a Whitstable oyster with a pin. Quite frankly, none of them was interested. Moscow Dynamo counted, not the player.

You might go to one of their interpreters and ask for information about a particular player. It was a tough job, just about as difficult as opening a Whitstable oyster with a pin. Quite frankly, none of them was interested. Moscow Dynamo counted, not the player.

cog to engage as the wheel went full circle.

And it was also for this reason that the Russian Dynamos refused point-blank to be numbered. They said, politely enough, that they did not want their natty blue jerseys spoiled by the addition of numerals. Actually, they had no interest in giving the crowd the chance to yell the name of any one player—which, when you come to think of it, is quite an idea in a team game like football.

I asked Alex James and Stanley Matthews, two of our greatest players ever, to give me their views on the immaculate Muscovites. Wee Alex said they were a grand lot as a team, but could be beaten by opponents able to hold the ball. Stan Matthews, whose foot magic mesmerised everybody when he played against the Dynamo at Tottenham, was much of the same opinion.

Both agreed that the Russians were a lot better in attack than defence. Why? Because the whole accent of the team is on moving the ball to an open space to be picked up by a colleague running into position. They'll do this bang in their own penalty area, taking about three short kicks to switch the run of play to the other end.

Defence Flaw

Concentrating on attack, from full-back to centre-forward, they haven't quite got the technique of defensive covering. That's why Alex James and Stan Matthews are both convinced that the footworker, able to draw a man and slip over the ball, can tear gaping holes in the Russian rearguard.

If all this sounds somewhat technical, then I answer that the Dynamo lads have all the people inside the game talking technique at the moment. Old-timers argue that the brand of play is nothing more than that which the Corinthians developed away back in the days of G. O. Smith.

Before the famous amateurs gave the customers their snappy passing, it was the fashion to go in for close dribbling. For proof, there was the style of the Preston Invincibles of the '80s. They kept the ball close most of the time, although, so the veterans assure me, even they knew well enough how to make the shrewd, thoughtful pass at the right moment.

Well, the Corinthians altered all that. "Get rid of it!" used to be the cry of "Pa" Jackson, their long-service secretary. And get rid of it they did. Pass after pass would be made with snapshot speed. Good, along-the-floor transfers.

Football kept that way for a long time, but, with the introduction of the "stopper" centre-half, the game changed. The stay-at-home pivot, the creation of the late Herbert Chapman as a counter to the off-side law change in 1925, meant that opposing attacks banged the ball about a lot more. Progress



Vladimir Tashovrin, official cameraman, won decorations as a Yugoslav partisan.

And here's Mikhail Semichastry, leader of the Russian team. He was an AA gunner during the defence of Moscow, and now works in a factory.

was made via inside forwards hanging back to pick up stray balls from the defence, then a long swung pass to the wings.

Speed became the big factor. A team would be blocking the way to goal one minute, and, inside 30 seconds, would be hammering away at the other end. And in this craze for quickness, much of the footwork and the ability to make the close pass went right out of favour.

Scotland did keep to the tradition, but this season even they have gone in for speed as against craft. It brought them a 2-0 victory over Wales at Hampden Park last month, but I happen to know that success counted little with the greybeards who recall how sweetly a Scottish team used to move in the better days.

Footcraft Neglected

Will the Russians bring the revival of craft and team-work? I think so. Certainly they have exposed fully the weaknesses in our present methods, and, into the bargain, given everybody a very good idea of the low ebb to which Soccer has sunk here in the last six years.

"We've got to pull the game to pieces and begin all over again," Alex James said to me after we had both seen the Russians finding the unmarked man at Chelsea, Cardiff and Tottenham.

The famous little Scot may sound like an apostle of gloom, but he is obviously thinking along the right lines. While he does not necessarily mean we should adopt the Russian system, it is his opinion that there is urgent need

to develop wholesale coaching in the schools.

As I hear him, James the Great believes that the rediscovery of footcraft, notably absent except in such wizards of dribble as Stan Matthews, Peter Doherty and a few more, will make British players more than a match for the rest of the world.

Meanwhile, the fact has to be faced—not that it's such a disaster, anyway, in a world racked by international problems—that the Russians are teaching us a thing or two about football.

I have mentioned their knack of producing the team player as if he comes off the conveyor belt. That's not all. In physical fitness they can show us something.

Here again they have reduced it all to a formula. Games players need so much protein and carbohydrates. Very well, then their diet is important. There is the need to get muscles supple before a match begins. That's easy. They go out for a 20-minute run and kickabout, thus reducing the risk of early injury once the whistle goes and the game gets going.

Part-Time Only

Quite an idea, this. It was been proved by our Army PT wallahs that a player is more liable to injury in the first seven or eight minutes of a match than at any other time. He is then accident-prone because his muscles have not limbered up. Yes, we have known about it all for a long time. It was left to the Russians to turn that knowledge to advantage.

Again, the men from Moscow are all part-time performers. They keep their wits sharpened by work. Not for them is the boredom of whole-time football, which, say what you will, is a pretty deadly occupation.

They come to a game fresh and keen. Against that, our professionals suffer from too much Soccer. They live it, eat it, sleep it, talk it. And, in the process, they are grooming themselves for the industrial scrapheap.

Two Nights Weekly

I know most of the League club managers are set against part-time professionalism. They say they want their players right under their thumb. Happily, there is a wiser minority. Included in it is Willie Birrell, the shrewd Scot now managing Chelsea. It is Birrell's opinion that, once a player has the edge on his fitness, he can be kept at the pitch of perfection by training on two nights in the week.

Well, it took the Russians to prove the point. All these boys from Moscow have jobs. They are technicians, garage men, clerks and what have you, working a seven-hour day. Yet they can go out in their baggy blue pants to give a run, and a beating, to most of our League elevens.

What's more, they have the true club spirit. Moscow Dynamo, contrary to

Above: Lt-Comdr. G. Clark, RN, explains the toss-up. Semichastry (left) was an apt pupil. He won the toss against John Harris, Chelsea captain (right).

Below: Dynamo trainer, Mikhail Yakushin. In, he demands nothing less than perfection.

They pay for their sport by a monthly subscription of about a shilling. For this fee they have the privilege of using all the Dynamo's facilities, such as swimming pools, skiing stations, volley and basket-ball courts, and running tracks.

Not Underhand

They are amateurs in the Continental reading of the word. That is, they do not get paid for kicking a ball, but, very sensibly, do have their pay made up when football takes them away from work. In England we have long clashed with other nations over this question of broken-time, although I see no good reason why a working man should be penalised financially because of his love of games.

Now the moment has come to revise all our views. If we want to give everyone an equal chance in sport, payment for broken-time seems the one way to do it. There's nothing underhand in it, the system. Far from it. For one thing, it brings sport right into the open and stops those under-the-counter payments which have been going on in Blighty for many years.

So it goes. The more you think about these Russian footballers, the more you will realise how they have given our sport a thorough and very effective shaking. Not that I despair of home-produced talent. I don't. It is there waiting and ready for development, if only we buckle down to the job in earnest.

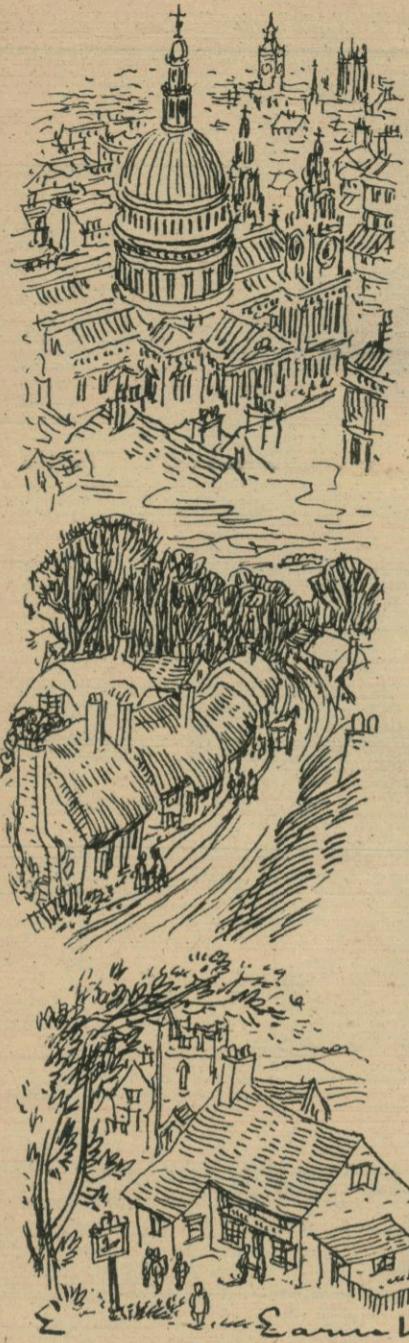
As it is, we still have one thing nobody can take from us. And that? Our light-hearted approach to all games. Here, perhaps, we can teach the Russians a thing or two. I leave it at that. Why begin another argument?

It is regretted that Sjt. Paul Irwin's sports feature on Moscow Dynamo, intended for the last number of SOLDIER, failed to reach us in time, owing to an aerial transport hitch.

In view of the enormous interest in the Russian footballers' visit SOLDIER has printed this second article summarising the lessons of the tour.



Good-bye to the Army



Britain was a strange country to him when he joined up, but he learned to love it. This is his tribute.

THIS is my last day in the Army for which, although I am an alien, I volunteered nearly six years ago. My liking for the Army as an institution is still not greater than it was before I joined up, and it is no wonder, thinking of the innumerable tins of Blanco I have sprayed over my equipment, the tins of metal polish and the thousands of times I had to salute to a front at which there was never an officer to be saluted to. I got entangled with my mates in KR's and ACI's and I shared with them compro-rations and CB and all the pleasures of Army life, and yet, looking back at all these years, I cannot feel that I have lost a part of my life.

Period Pieces

"England" for a Continental of pre-war days was a strange country, even to those who were not influenced by the slogan of "decadent English". The few Englishmen we had seen were those on tour: reserved and dressed somehow like Sherlock Holmes at the end of the last century.

But when in the critical days of 1938 a high Czechoslovak official said that in a war the Czechs would fight with Hitler against the English I knew he was wrong and that history would make England the victorious champion of freedom. But little I knew that I should become myself a British soldier and that, although I should never learn soldiering, I would learn to respect and

to love this strange country and her people.

Whether in the great cities or in the hamlets with their thatched roofs, whether the shady lanes or the sun-bathed lawns, whether a quiet village pub or a bus winding its way through the traffic of Piccadilly, everything in this country seems to come from the same source and to breathe the same air of life. And everything is full of this life which you can feel pulsating everywhere, if you only care to feel it.

Perhaps the British soldier's grumbling is just an expression of the famous national characteristic to make understatements. But far more it is due to his shyness of boasting and to his sense for right, for justice and for decency. Whatever the driving force of history, the better Army wins because it is the morally stronger one and because it fights for the cause of a right which is independent of man and of political powers.

Served the Cause

These are things I have learned in the Army, because I have had the opportunity to be one little cell in the bloodstream of the British people. None of my serjeant-majors has ever learned to be proud of my soldiering. But I have learned to be proud that I belonged to the many nameless ones who, in doing their duty towards their country, did their duty in the cause of freedom, of right, and of the whole of mankind.

E. R. HILL (Pte.)



They're On Their Metal!

YOU might find anything from a radio valve to a 300-ton gun in the yard occupied by 10 Base Salvage Depot in the heart of Hamburg's dockland. Into this depot every week comes something like 1,500 tons of material — the wreckage of Hitler's once mighty military machine. And this is only one of many such establishments which have been set up to reclaim for the common good the weapons and equipment that were to have conquered the world.

Capt. J. E. G. Henson, Pioneer Corps, is in charge of the Depot. He has a staff of 20 supplemented by 300 male Germans, 40-odd women and 50 DP's, the latter mostly Latvian.

Uniforms Become Blankets

The first shed you see is piled high with part-worn and worn-out clothing, mostly Wehrmacht uniforms. The first job is to separate woollen and cotton articles. Afterwards the stuff is baled and prepared for distribution. Military Government decide what is to be done with it. Three hundred tons of woollens were recently dispatched to a factory where they will be made into blankets.

The paper includes 115 tons of military maps, and there are stores of metal of every conceivable sort.

Metal-taster in chief is Pte. Jack Bolt, a Londoner! When a truck load is dumped in the yard he indicates where it is to be distributed. He was trained for this job in England before the invasion and nowadays he can smell out metals as a ferret smells out a rabbit. "There's

just one that sometimes puzzles me", he confesses. "Pewter. Funny stuff, pewter."

All round the yard are dumps labelled "Steel", "Bronze", "Aluminium", "Copper", "Tin" and many more. Pte. Bolt will give you his personal guarantee that there isn't a single scrap in any one of them that hasn't a right to be there.

Twenty-five thousand tons of heavy steel have already been shipped to Eng-

Government never expected to get it back, but they did.

Rubber is salvaged from the bogie wheels of broken-up tanks. A fire is made in an old 5-gallon oil drum. The wheel is placed on top until the solution that holds the rubber to the rim is melted. After a few seconds a tap with an ordinary hammer, and the rubber springs off undamaged.

Tools Go Quickly

MT spares and tool kits collect rapidly — and disappear just as rapidly. REME workshops are always in the market for them.

Rifles, pistols and LMG's have a place of their own, and before they are sorted for disposal are stacked into containers and burned out. Despite all precautions it sometimes happens that a round is missed, as a certain German civilian with a bullet wound in the foot can testify.

"People often call on us for something that's urgently required and cannot be got through the ordinary channels," says Captain Henson. "We haven't failed so far, even when a padre came along and asked for a hassock. We took him to the textile store and ferreted out a suitable piece of material. Our German female staff did the rest. He had his hassock in time for Sunday service."

The Salvage people claim that they're the only members of the Services who give back more than they take!

J. R.



land. And in case you're interested a good deal of it is going into those prefabs we hear so much about.

The Germans were always rather short of non-ferrous metals, and one of their favourite methods of obtaining it was to loot the coinage of occupied countries. Recently a load of 25 tons of pre-war Belgian coins, all split into halves, was brought into the depot. The Belgian



MORE

LETTERS

STYLE COUNTS

It is heartening to learn from the article on dress and equipment for Britain's New Army (SOLDIER No. 19) that so much is being done to meet our needs. The present mode of dress is no recommendation for the experts.

Better dress for the Army is not so much a matter of expense as imaginative designing. Pride of appearance is more important than our Army tailors deem it.

I am thrilled at the news that Army trousers will be self-supporting. What a stroke of logic! That is, if it means, as I hope it does, that the trousers will rest neatly on the hips instead of strangling the chest as at present.

The problem of waterproofing is badly approached in the Army. I suggest in future the tunic should be made waterproof (a boon in and out of



... trousers will be self-supporting ..."

action). A light raincoat should be issued for camp wear and walking out. — Pte. D. Tomlinson, 165 TVP, RAOC.

FIRST ARMOUR ASHORE

The writer of the "Desert Rats" history (SOLDIER No. 19) said that 7 Armoured Div were the first to land armour in France (on D + 1 and 2). Two regiments of 27 Armoured Bde (trained with 3 British Inf Div) landed in the first wave of assault troops. On the first day of the landing the Staffs Yeomanry succeeded in reaching Caen, but were unable to hold the ground long enough to enable the Infantry to come up.

Little has been said about REME. Again 27 Armoured Bde W/S REME were able to add a chapter to the achievements of the Corps. On the morning of D+1 the bulk of the workshops had landed after spending upto seven days at sea. A section of the W/S had already been in operation since H+12. The following day the W/S were hard at work repairing battle-damaged tanks. This included changing turrets, guns, and welding up holes. The W/S were able to keep 80 per cent of the brigade's tanks in the field. — Capt. E. J. Parker, 27 Armoured Bde, W/S, REME.

Many other readers have sprung to the defence of 27 Armoured Bde. — Ed., SOLDIER.

MISSING ORCHESTRA

During September the Hanover Ballet Company gave some performances in the Herrenhausen Theatre, Hanover. They were accompanied by a full orchestra and gave a performance which it would be difficult to better in this imperfect age. We understand that the arrangements were largely made by one of the regiments stationed in Hanover.

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THE TWO TYPES

BY JON



"Just another thing they didn't tell us at OCTU."

"WRONG AGE"

In SOLDIER No. 18 "Pte. E. M. RASC" stated in a letter that on call-up he gave in error a wrong year of birth, with the result that he is now in Group 27 instead of 26.

SOLDIER is now advised that, unless a genuine clerical error can be proved, the date of birth declared on attestation must stand for release purposes. Rectification in the method outlined in an editorial footnote to the letter is therefore impossible.

Answers

(from Pages 18-19)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

- 2423: 2. One which has never won a race other than a private sweepstake: 3. One: Max Seeburg, who played for Chelsea, Spurs and Grimsby before the last war: 4. Ox & Bucks. 5. The Man who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo: 6. Mr. Clement Attlee: 7. Too True to be Good: 8. A loose box: 9. Michael Arlen: 10. No. 11. A member of a Mohammedan political and religious sect.

CROSSWORD

ACROSS: — 1. and 22. Mutton lancer. 4. Etna. 8. Leg. 9. Ten-dril. 10. Herr. 11. Amery. 14. Roses. 16. Ural. 18. Trigger. 20. Top. 21. RA-PC.

DOWN: — 1. Mule. 2. Tigress. 3. Outer. 5. Tar(tan). 6. Alloys. 7. Anna. 12. Elastic. 13. Crater. 15. Sign. 16. UNRRA. 17. Spur. 19. Imp.

CHESS

Key-move: Kt- Kt 4.

TWO-MINUTE SERMON

In a certain city in America there stands a great statue on the roof of a high building. As winter approaches multitudes of birds, migrating to other climates, fly over the city. In the silence of darkness you can hear them flying ... flying. But in the morning, there are dead birds lying at the foot of that statue. Their flight had been too low.

Men and women are living at a low level today. If they continue to live the same dishonest, unjust and selfish lives they will crash — and their world with them.

For six years the threat of slavery and cruelty under Nazi rule has held us serving and working together. Fear of Nazi domination is now over, but an undisciplined, sordid jostling and grasping has taken its place. Tragedy — the tragedy of low flight — will result.

"Think what a world we could make if we put into our peace endeavours the same self-sacrifice, the same energy and the same co-operation as we use in the

wastefulness of war" (Field Marshal Lord Wavell, 1941).

There is a great hope for the world today — the Christian Hope, which alone can lift us up to a new level. Christ Jesus offers to bind men together and to Himself, in a joyous fellowship of Service. This is His gift to all those who are willing to obey His Orders: —

A Vision of His Purpose for the world.

A Plan to make this Purpose possible.

A Guide to show each one His Way and His Truth.

A Power to give each one courage and ability to follow it.

A New Life which shall carry each one through this world and on into the Life beyond.

A Peace and a Freedom that the world of grab and grasp cannot give.

Working to live is just existence, but living to serve Christ and our fellow men for His sake is Life.

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



The Girl from Capetown — Hazel Brooks

ROLL IT UP
AND
SEND IT HOME



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ADDRESS

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weighs more than
two ounces, a
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