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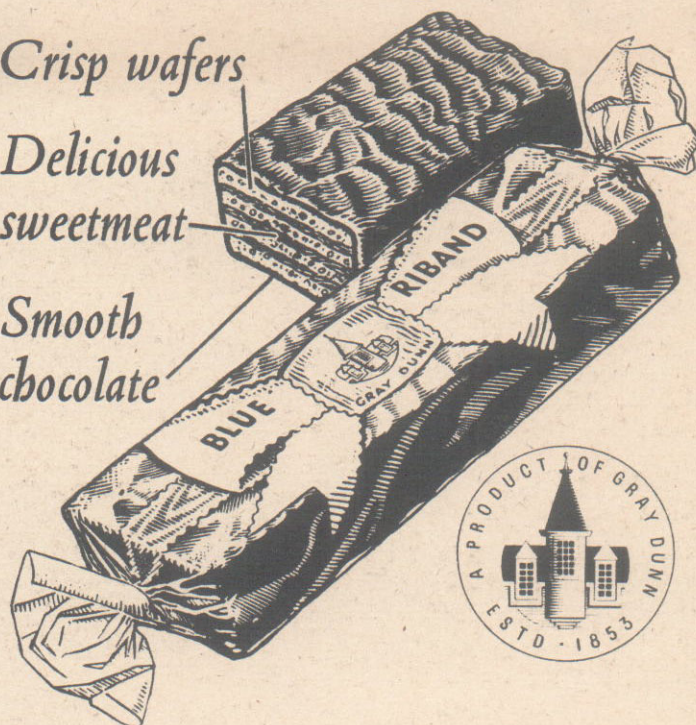
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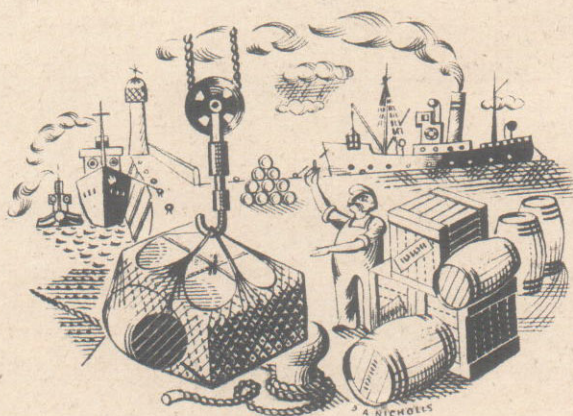
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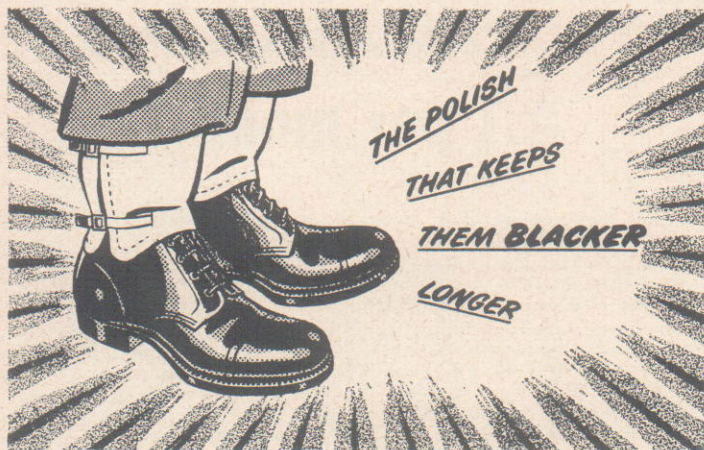
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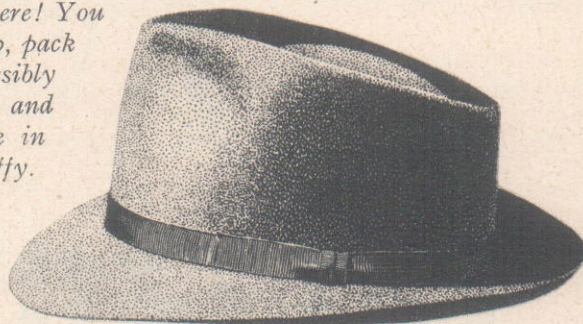
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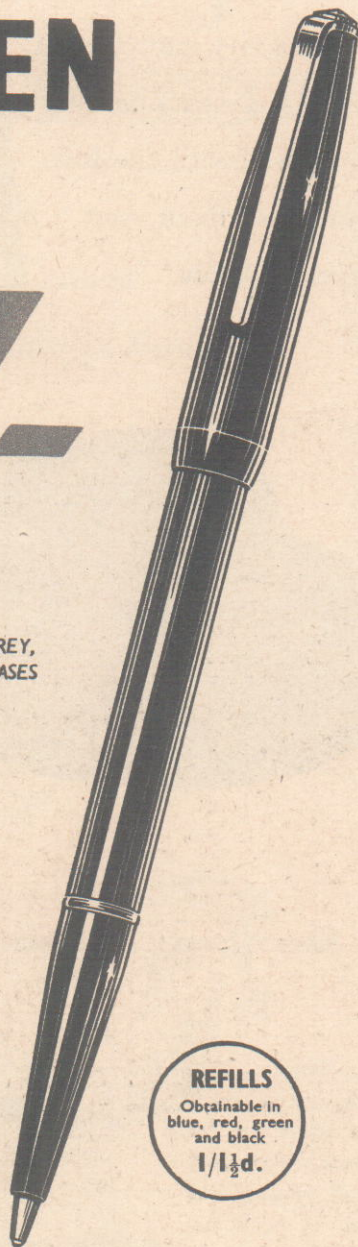
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The campaign in Korea served to stress some of the elementary maxims of war



Down a lane of knocked-out tanks, an American Sherman advances to engage the enemy. Below: Briefing for Brigadier B. A. Coad, commander of the British 27th Brigade, from Major-General Hobart R. Gay, commander of the American First Cavalry Division.



KOREA: THE LESSONS

AS this issue of **SOLDIER** went to press British troops in Korea were re-grouping in the area of Seoul. They were flown north by General Douglas MacArthur's aircraft after a protracted spell of mopping up isolated North Koreans in the south.

How the 27th British Commonwealth Brigade (which now contains an Australian battalion) were to be employed had not yet been announced. Nor was it yet apparent whether the North Korean Army had undergone complete disintegration or "planned disintegration."

What was clear — no matter what the future may hold — was that below the 38th Parallel the United Nations' forces had won a famous victory. A bold, classic move by General Douglas MacArthur had met with the rich success it deserved.

The campaign in South Korea was a short, violent and — at times — dirty one. Short of atom bombing and airborne landings, it contained all the concomitants of modern war; first, the trading of territory for time by the defenders, caught off balance; the last stands and lone gallantries of an army withdrawing into a tight perimeter; then the naval pounding behind the enemy's lines; the strategic bombing of his industries; the tactical strafing of his troops; the assembling of convoys across the oceans, the landings, the reinforcement of hard-pressed divisions; the wearing

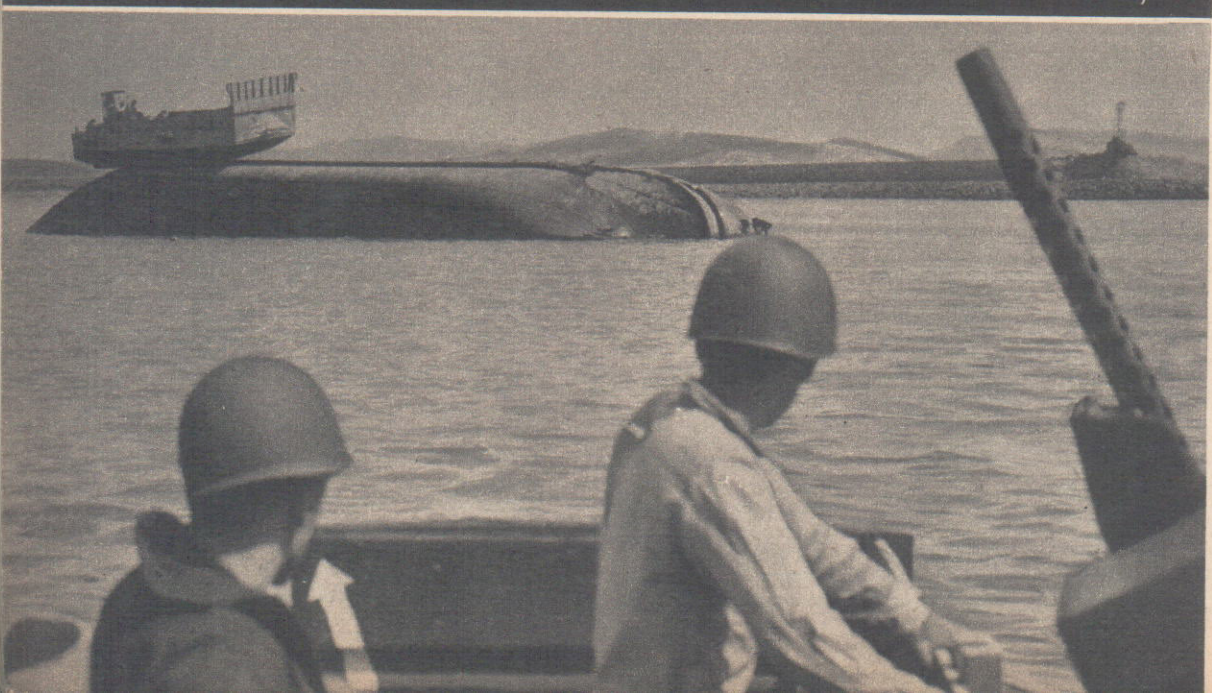
OVER ➔



In parties of 32, reinforcements for 27 Brigade were flown from Lyneham airfield, in Wiltshire, to Korea. The flight, in Royal Air Force Hastings transports, took eight days. Above and left: Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders emplane.



The landing on Wolmi island was the prelude to the capture of Inchon, to which it is linked by a causeway. There were 262 ships taking part in the operation, which had been thought impossible by the Communists because of the 30-foot tides which rise and fall a foot in ten minutes. But most craft, like those above, made their landings according to schedule. The one seen below was stranded on a hulk in Inchon Bay.



KOREA

(Continued)

down of the enemy spearheads, the mortaring and counter-mortaring; then the feints along the hostile coast-line, culminating in the big bombardment on Iwo Jima lines — the two-day blasting from the sea, the assault by landing craft and scaling ladder; then an Infantryman's drive against the survivors, and savage hand-to-hand, house-to-house fighting in the enemy's stronghold; lastly, the break-out of troops from the perimeter, the mechanised advance, the link-up.

It was a war waged in a primitive land, an ill-favoured and often ill-smelling land. This time there were no rich and splendid cities to be ravaged by "the red-hot rake of war." The towns were just collections of huts — but they were men's homes just the same, even though these were men whose language, standards and habits were vastly different from those of their liberators.

The lessons of a campaign are not always seen at the time; sometimes they are not appreciated for a generation. So far it looks as if the campaign in South Korea has served to underline many of the despised copybook maxims of war. It has stressed, for example, that the surest way to victory is to go for the enemy's supply lines. The Communist invaders had one major supply route, via the town of Seoul. Once this was cut, the invasion was bound to collapse, just as a man collapses when a thumb is set against his windpipe. The Communists had no airborne troops and no sea forces of any consequence.

During World War Two the arguments of armchair critics that "the enemy's lines of communication are becoming dangerously stretched" came to be regarded as a bad joke, but it is important to be reminded from time to time of the elementary.

Another copybook maxim is — or ought to be — that it pays to attempt the improbable. General MacArthur's blow at Seoul, by way of Inchon, appears to have surprised the defenders, who



On the Naktong River front, canvas water-bags were filling-points for 27 Brigade's water-bottles. Thirsty men are Private Raymond Hilton of Kidderminster (left) and Private Michael Goulding, of Sunderland.



Lance-Corporal Martin Marshall, of the Middlesex Regiment, takes a breather outside a command post on the front near Taegu.

thought that tidal conditions at Inchon were such as to prevent a big landing (the approach channel is narrow and muddy, and the fierce tides keep ships away for 16 hours out of 24). The Communists knew, presumably, that the United Nations would attempt some sort of major blow behind the lines, sooner or later — just as the Germans knew that the Allies would invade North-West Europe, somewhere, some time.

The North Koreans were strafed heavily from the air, and by land and sea artillery. But man has an infinite capacity for living on in the ruins and foxholes. When the rain of high explosive halts, the last defenders — punch-drunk,

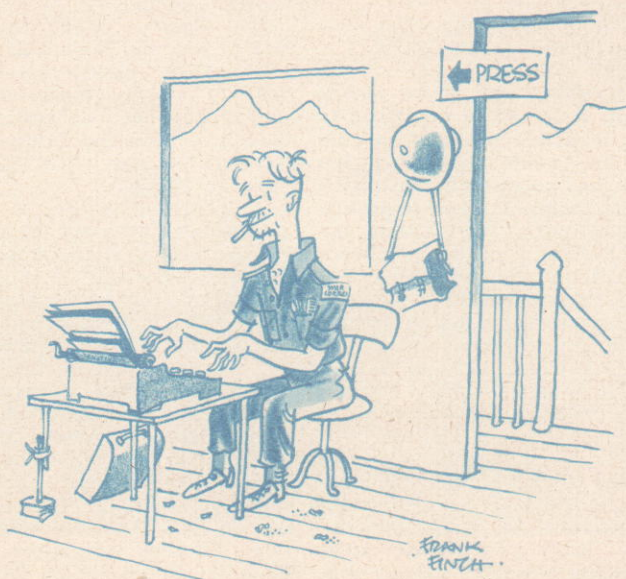
perhaps, but often alarmingly in possession of their faculties — still have to be extracted from their hide-outs, disarmed, imprisoned. Tanks cannot do this job; it is a task for the footslogger.

To what extent strategic bombing helped the United Nations forces — the pounding of industrial targets, and so on — is not yet clear. But the sad affair of the Argylls on their hillside is an illustration that the technique of close-support aerial bombardment is one which calls for a high degree of skill and discretion. The tank lessons, and the anti-tank lessons, will have to be determined by the experts. There will

OVER



Privates Thomas Buttons (left) and William McEwan of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, found it no hardship to operate their wireless sets in the open. Below: When the Middlesex took over a sector from the American Army, Private Peter Munn took over this puppy from a GI.



"... I saw the Diehards winkle out a hard core of resistance from a diminishing enemy pocket, while the Argylls spearheaded a left hook which knocked the enemy for six..."



KOREA (Concluded)

be an "inquest," too, by the psychological warfare arm, who will undoubtedly claim a big success for their leaflet propaganda. For one reason or another, the morale of the North Koreans suffered in the later stages.

Numerically, Britain's contribution was a small one; but her two Infantry battalions were in good heart and fettle. Their war began with a pontoon crossing of the Naktong River, then a plodding advance up a dusty, winding valley, to the accompaniment of the crump of mortars and artillery. Their role was to strengthen the perimeter near Waegwan, then to guard the flank of the 1st Corps after its break-out. They cleaned out many pockets of the enemy, and took the surrender of considerable numbers of North Koreans. The by-passed enemy troops ranged in strength from dozens to hundreds. Stories of the exploits of these Infantrymen have still to come in.

What next? British reinforcements are on their way to Korea by sea, in a mood of anti-climax. They include the 1st Gloucestershires, the 1st Royal Ulster Rifles, the 55th Independent Squadron Royal Engineers and the 444th Forward Delivery Squadron, Royal Armoured Corps (composed of specialised technicians of various corps). These reinforcements include a number of Regular Army reservists. Their task may be one of pacification; they may find themselves waging a Malaya-style campaign against Communist infiltrators; or they may even find themselves battling against a re-formed North Korean Army. Much now depends on the political decisions.



Regimental Serjeant-Major R. T. Boyd of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders made friends with a small South Korean. Now if RSM's *always* smiled like that ...



SOLDIER to Soldier

THE British Army is fond of reading comics. Let's admit it. The fact is obvious enough to anyone who strolls along a military train.

The United States Army is also fond of reading comics. Over in America the Red Cross has been appealing to the public to send comics to the Marine Corps in Korea. (Simultaneously, a high-level investigation is going on in America to determine whether comics are a harmful influence on the young).

News that fighting men of the two biggest Atlantic powers have such elementary tastes in literature may be regarded, beyond the Iron Curtain, as just another sign of degeneracy in the democracies. Many observers in the Western democracies may be tempted to think the same — with less excuse. Indeed, already there has been some tut-tutting in *SOLDIER's* correspondence columns on this subject.

What a soldier reads is his own business. It is one of the few freedoms he has. He won't fight any better if you take away his comics and give him the

Economist and the *New Statesman*. Colonel Blimp may even argue that soldiers fought best in the days when they were illiterate.

The point that is apt to be lost is that if the soldier who reads comics were not in uniform he would be reading comics just the same. This may, or may not, be a sad reflection on the state of popular education; it may, or may not, be a sad reflection on the state of the world, which forces people to escapism; it may, or may not, be due simply to the fact that comics are cheap and easily stuffed in the pocket. One thing is clear:

it is not a reflection on the Army.

If a man wants to improve his reading in the Army the opportunities are there, if the urge is. Some men seize their chance, some don't. It's just the same in Civvy Street.

What is needed is some way of developing that urge.

THE *Royal Air Force Review* has been taking the Army to task. It points out that for the last five years the Royal Air Force has consistently outsmarted the Army in marksmanship.

"Before the war," says the *RAF Review*, "the soldiers were undoubtedly the best shots. But today, if the inter-Services shooting championships are any criterion, it is a different story. The airman has become a more skilful shot than the soldier."

"At Bisley this year the Air Force took away for the fifth year in succession the Burdwan Cup — trophy of the champion service. The RAF has decisively outshot the Army — and the Royal Navy, Territorial Army and Royal Marines — every year since inter-Services rifle and revolver shooting was resumed in 1946. In the .22 small bore field it has beaten the Army continuously, except for the war years

when the championships were abandoned, since 1937. And since 1939 the Army has lost the inter-Services revolver championship to the RAF every year. Even the women of the 'Junior' Service have proved themselves superior shots..."

The *Review* then describes how it took the Royal Air Force 25 years of "patient determination" to win the Burdwan Cup, and points out — legitimately enough — that the Infantryman receives far more rifle training than the airman.

Well, there it is, and it is not the easiest indictment to answer. The marksmen of the Royal Air Force deserve the Army's congratulations, not the Army's excuses. Yet all this does not mean that a hundred men taken at random from a Royal Air Force station would necessarily outshoot a hundred men taken at random from an Army camp. If that ever proves to be the case, the sooner we all exchange uniforms the better. Again, shooting on the Bisley ranges is a very different proposition from shooting in the jungle. But the fact remains that the Army, with its greater resources in men and its more generous training, ought to be able to win back that cup — and keep it.

THE 'WAR' ON THE WESER

Two famous British divisions were pitted against each other on manoeuvres in Germany — and the Royal Air Force strafed both



A convoy of lorries "pranged" by aircraft: effects by Rhine Army's battle simulation team.
Pictures by H. Pawlikowski



More "realism": a lorry set on fire by enemy aircraft, or was it the battle simulation boys again? Right: The Guards have the situation well in hand. Here is Corporal S. Evans, 1st Welsh Guards.

WITH governments giving priority to defence and new plans for the defence of Western Europe being bandied almost daily, Rhine Army carried out its 1950 autumn manoeuvres conscious that it was making front-page, if not front-line, news.

Military-minded reporters and some 300 foreign observers braved a week of bleak weather to watch. Those who had complained that last year's fine-weather manoeuvres were not a real test had their wishes fulfilled this year. Yet there were still some who lamented that clouds reduced the air opposition the troops had to face.

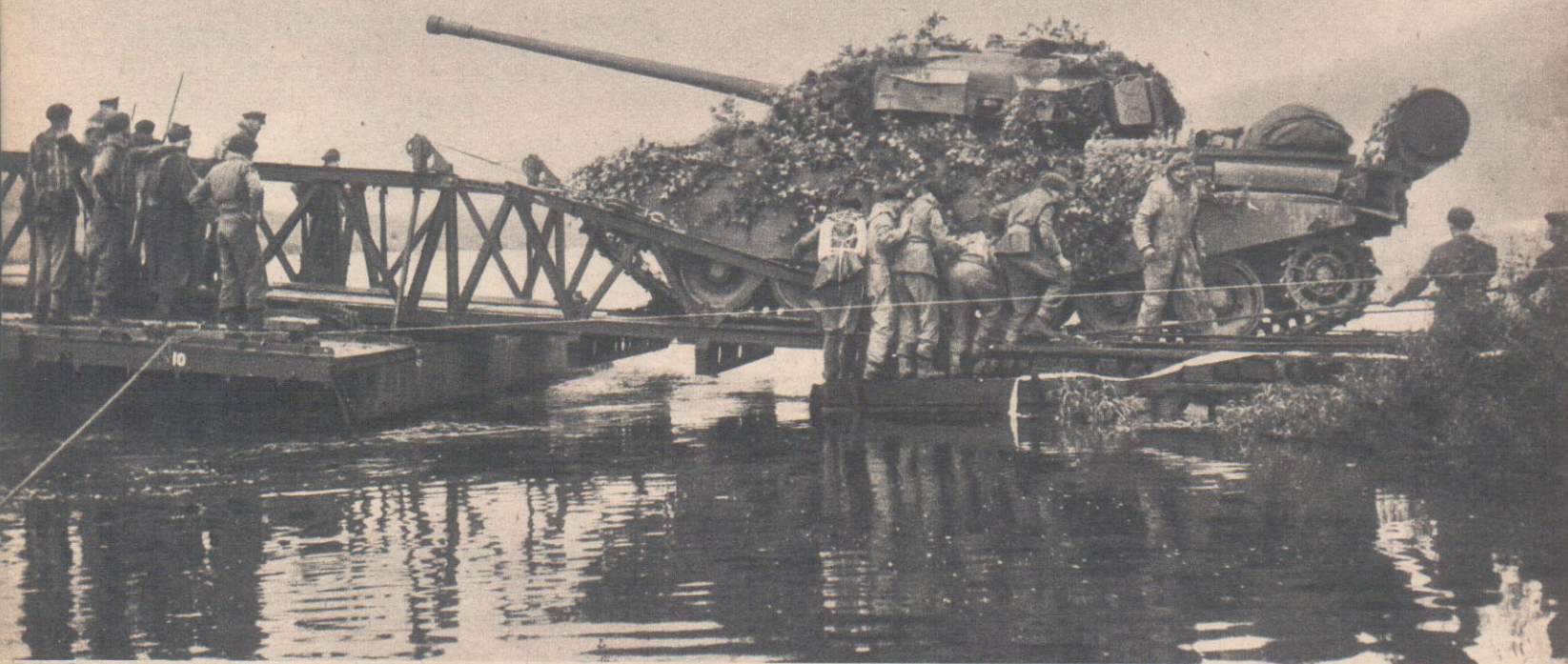
The manoeuvres were split into two sections — Broadside One and Broadside Two. In the first part, Redland (7th Armoured Division and other units, including men of the RAF Regiment and an American battalion) and Blueland (mainly 2nd Infantry Division with a Belgian

OVER ➔





To give the Sappers some practice, frogmen and artillery "blew up" the Bailey across the Weser. The bridge was soon whole again. Below: A Centurion takes to the water. Soldiers heave on ropes to pull raft and tank across.



First across the Weser, at five in the morning, was Corporal J. Conniffe, of 5 Company RASC. On board are Infantrymen waiting to leap ashore.

Tanks of the "Desert Rats" rumble over the cobble-stones of a German village. Scenes like this revived memories of old times.





Trooper P. Kendle, of 5th Royal Tank Regiment, keeps an eye on the tank in front on the way up to the attack start-line.



This happens in mock wars and real wars alike. A carrier of 10th Anti-Tank Regiment sheds a track, and all hands come to the rescue.

'WAR' ON THE WESER

(Continued)

Brigade group and Danish troops) were allied against Northland and they were to re-deploy round Paderborn in Westphalia. The Royal Navy was joining in with two Fleet Air Arm squadrons and a detachment of Royal Marines.

As the re-deployment took place Northland aircraft (most of those taking part in the manoeuvres) were to attack the ground troops. But bad weather cut down air operations and as it turned out that 7th Armoured Division was held up for a while by a "damaged" bridge, 2nd Infantry Division made its move without being spotted and the whole of the first part of the exercise was over 24 hours ahead of schedule.

Then Redland signed a separate peace with Northland. The Bluelanders pulled back to positions along the Weser. They were hotly pursued by the Redlanders who captured about 2000 Blue-land prisoners and a number of vehicles.

Now the war was between the men of two colours, with Northland forgotten. Blue-land was strongly dug in on the north bank of the Weser, with Redland attacking.

Highlight of the exercise was the battle for the river crossings. The American battalion crossed according to plan and were engaged by the Belgians. But 7th Armoured Division's crossing was less lucky. First the bridging equipment was shelled and arrived late on the river bank. Then there were counter-attacks. And frogmen stuck limpet mines on bridging pontoons and two sections of the bridge floated away downstream to foul a ferry.

But the Desert Rats were still lucky in their weather; the cloud was too thick for Blue-land's superior air force to take a hand in the battle. The bridge was completed, the ferries carried on their business and troops, guns and tanks got over the river for the final great battle.

There was all the usual realism

Continued on Page 42



Allies on the job: a Danish anti-tank detachment manhandle their gun into position. Right: On his reconnaissance car in a lull—Soldat J. Bledemann, of the Belgian Army's 1st Engineer Regiment.



Guardsman H. Davies, Grenadier Guards, takes the Army's standard cure for weariness of the flesh: hot sweet tea.



PRESENTING THE

— In a THRILLER

IN the film "Seven Days To Noon" — which is likely to be voted Britain's most exciting film of 1950 — the British Army conducts an operation which it has not yet been called upon to conduct in real life: the house-to-house comb-out of a capital city deserted by its inhabitants and about to be blown sky-high by an atom bomb.

It is an intensely thrilling film. Twenty years ago a theme like the total evacuation of London under threat of annihilation would have belonged to the realm of shocker fiction; in these uneasy days the idea is not quite so improbable. It is a comfort to be assured that the Army could take such a situation in its stride!

Briefly, the idea of "Seven Days To Noon" is that an atom scientist breaks down under the strain of developing a weapon which, as far as he can see, is going to destroy mankind. He steals an atom bomb out of stock, puts it in his gladstone bag and disappears. On the morning after his disappearance the Prime Minister receives a letter from the scientist saying that unless Britain renounces her atom policy the seat of government will be blown up at a specified time, one week hence. This threat, if carried out, would mean ruin to the greater part of London.

There are seven days in which to find the scientist and the bomb; seven days in which to prepare and execute a plan for evacuating London. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff is called to No. 10 Downing Street; all the Army's idle vehicles (there are still some

left) are rushed into commission; an underground operations room is brought back to life, with trim girls moving markers on maps; and London is put under military law. When the population has been withdrawn, four Army divisions begin to search the city, cellar by cellar, attic by attic. These are among the most effective scenes in the film — the platoons tramping through the empty streets (silent except for the whimper of left-behind pets), fanning out through sports arenas, filing through the zoo, splashing down the sewers. Into the operations room come radio reports like "No. 164 Brigade calling. Kensington area now clear. Advancing into Belgravia." And all the time the hands of the clock creep nearer and nearer the hour of cataclysm.

Whether four divisions could search London with any effectiveness in the time allotted is a matter of grave doubt. But does it matter? After all, it is only fiction — so far.

As a platoon tramps down one street an NCO is heard shouting, "When you halt, get your mess tins ready for your next meal. It may be your last." There is one rather cheap laugh where a soldier searching a bedroom lingers to pick up a pair of silk panties which he stuffs into the blouse of his battledress. But on the whole the Army is made to behave with coolness, courage and propriety.

Needless to say, the bomb is not found and neutralised until almost the last second. By then the bulk of the troops, their search over, are tearing out of the city in lorries to safety. Hereabouts one curiously unreal incident occurs. It happens that a lady of easy virtue, left behind in the city, is making her lone way to safety — as she hopes — across Westminster Bridge. She tries to thumb a lift from the Army lorries. The soldiers wave to her but do not stop to pick her up. Now, would the British Army really let a lady down like that?

FOOTNOTE: The Army's biggest comb-out of a city in real life was the four-day search of Tel-Aviv by Sixth Airborne Division, after the King David Hotel outrage. All the 170,000 inhabitants were in the city during the search.



Death comes to the city any moment now. Big Ben will soon be flat on its face. The last troops are pulling out. Do they give the lady a lift? Alas, they do not. Below: To this operations room the divisions searching for a scientist with a bomb report their progress. (Scenes from the film "Seven Days To Noon.")



BRITISH SOLDIER —



Nothing is funnier than somebody else being inoculated. A scene from "Reluctant Heroes," a farce about the Army.

— In a FARCE

ONLY a stone's throw from the War Office in Whitehall, a new farce about life in the Army — "Reluctant Heroes" — has got off to a singularly prosperous start.

It is housed in the Whitehall Theatre, and if it runs as long as the last show at this theatre — the celebrated "Worm's Eye View" — the War Office will have to suffer this embarrassment on its doorstep for the next five years.

Colin Morris, the author of "Reluctant Heroes" was an observer officer with 7th Armoured Division; he wrote a war play, "Desert Rats," which was produced five years ago. This time he has gone all out for laughs — nothing barred, except dirt (which makes the show almost unique in the present-day theatre).

On the first night, when he was called to the footlights, the author said disarmingly that the show was really only an extended music hall sketch, and some of the critics next day wrote that they were grateful to him for saying this for them. But they mostly admitted that they had to laugh, against their better judgment.

The play extracts the maximum comedy out of such situations as the kitting out of raw recruits, documentation and inoculation. In the second act there are pretty WRAC girls hiding under the beds, and more trousers are removed than in any play for a long time; yet — if taken in uncritical spirit — it all remains good, clean, robust fun. The author's best line is perhaps: "In the British Army every man is entitled to his own opinion, but he is not entitled to express it." Mostly the dialogue goes like this: Medical corporal (to recruit about to be inoculated): Are you haemophilic? Recruit: No, I'm Congregational. Corporal: No, no, what I mean is, are you a bleeder? Serjeant: Not 'arf.

In the first two acts all the fun takes place in a barrack-room. In the third act the scene moves to an old barn, located in the midst

of a live ammunition training area. There is a highly confused "scheme" in progress — one of those schemes where much has to be imagined by the participants. In this act frenzy rather outstrips comedy.

Dominating the farce is the serjeant of the old school, stoutly played — in every sense — by Wally Patch. His recruits include a gormless Lancashire lad (Brian Rix), a dude (Dermot Walsh) and an inveterate sick parader (Larry Noble). The author himself plays the traditional Army officer of farce, but brings to the part that little extra something which makes it at times uncomfortably plausible.

Each night the audience is assured that nothing like this can possibly happen to their National Servicemen sons. Some National Servicemen who have done their basic training may decide that this disclaimer is perhaps just a little too sweeping; but not too much.

The burly serjeant is played by Wally Patch — the kind of part in which he revels.



The film "Men of the World" shows the soldier as he really is. Here are two pictures from the sequence on the Malayan jungle campaign.

— In a DOCUMENTARY

THAT Crown film unit which ran into an expensive ambush in Malaya some months ago was shooting the final scenes for "Men of the World," a ten-minute film about the British Army soon to be seen on 3000 cinema screens in Great Britain — and, one hopes, on a few screens elsewhere.

Round the world to make a ten-minute film... No doubt the unit brought back enough material "in the can" to run for a day, but someone, somewhere, must have decided that a ten-minute film was all that the average cinema-goer could stand about the British Army. (Yet have we not all seen, in the commercial cinema, films running for as long as half an hour on subjects like tobacco harvesting and glass-blowing?)

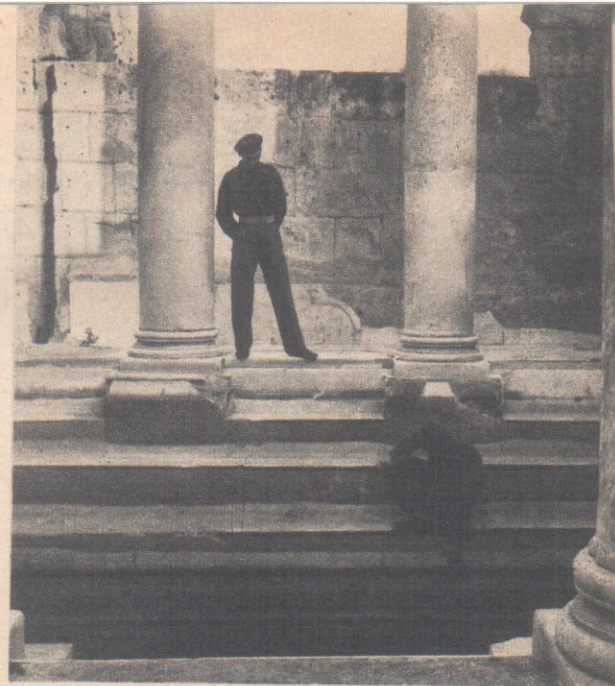
That point made, it must be said that "Men of the World" is a vigorous, inspiring little film, paying a timely tribute to the British soldier as the instrument of destiny he assuredly is. It shows him on duty and off duty: manning the guns of Malta, driving tanks in the North African desert, guarding the Suez Canal

(and racing, in spirited fashion, on his own dirt track), and patrolling in the leaden rain of Malaya. The jungle scenes are vivid and exciting; the more simple-minded members of the audience may be tempted to accept the pictures of an ambush as the one in which the unit was itself caught (the commentator does not explain that these are, in fact, training pictures). Apart from that, the commentary is well done, and is free from embarrassing heroics or cheap facetiousness. A serving soldier will take as much pride in the film as his parents will. It is a pity, perhaps, that the film could not have included Korea, but the news-reels will take care of that.

The director of "Men of the World" was Ronald Stark, an ex-paratroop major.

LUCIUS OF LEPTIS DIED AT YORK

Thousands of British troops have wandered in the ruins of Leptis Magna. It was the city of the Emperor Lucius, who came to England as a conqueror and was killed by her climate



The bath the Romans left... but not the same bath water. For centuries the city lay under the sand.



LUCIUS was the Leptis boy who made good. He became a general and a Roman Emperor. He travelled as far afield as Britain and he invaded Scotland.

But the British climate was too much for him. He died and left his bones in York. And 1732 years later, soldiers from the very places he had conquered came, conquerors themselves, to poke curiously among the ruins of his home town.

Lucius Septimius Severus was fond of his Leptis Magna, and when he rose to power he inspired much of its development. The results today are the most impressive relics of his time in his native country.

Leptis Magna was one of the three Roman cities which gave Tripolitania its name (which means Land of the Three Cities). The others were Oea, now called Tripoli, and Sabratha. Oea today is a modern city; Sabratha and Leptis Magna are picturesque collections of marble pillars, exquisitely carved ornaments and statues which have been preserved rather than damaged by the mass of sand which has replaced the coastal forests of the palmy days. Of the two, Leptis is the better preserved and it has more to show.

Since 1943, British troops have searched among the fallen stones in the hope of finding 2000-year-old coins. Today, Gunners from the modern town of Homs, next-door to Leptis, stroll down paved stones which once were paced by Roman legionaries.

Leptis Magna was founded by Phoenicians 500 years before the Christian era, but it was the Romans who developed the city, gave it irrigation and prosperous agriculture and made it a great trading station. To Leptis Magna

Gunners from Homs survey the theatre of Leptis Magna. Here a Royal Artillery band played last year to men and ghosts.

led the caravan trails from the Fezzan and Central Africa; it was their gateway to the Mediterranean. Gold, ivory, wild beasts and slaves were among the merchandise handled by the traders of Leptis. The caravan routes over which they came are in use today.

When Lucius was a boy, in the second century after Christ, Leptis Magna had reached a peak of prosperity. He wandered through the busy markets; he watched the merchant ships load their cargo; and he saw war-vessels, with slaves chained to their oars, discharge slingers (troops from the Balearic Isles, armed with slings and stones) for the garrison.

Lucius was the son of a Roman knight and by the age of ten still could not speak Latin. In those days that was a crime for a son of Rome, even for one who had never left the coast of North Africa. His mother was dead and he had grown up in the care of local servants whose language was a mixture of Punic and Berber. His father gave him the choice of remaining uneducated and a farm worker on the family estates, or studying Latin and going to Rome to train as an officer. He eventually mastered Latin, although he retained his Libyan accent to his death. He also learned to ride in the forests and to hunt with spear and sword the elephants, lions and leopards in the wooded coastal belt.

Before he was 20 Lucius was in Rome. He had read every military textbook he could find and his first appointment was as a staff officer with the forces in Spain. On his father's death he returned to Leptis Magna, cleared up the estate and sold the farms, but the city never lost its attraction for him. And in return, he was to give the people of Leptis cause

for pride and gratitude. He went to a staff post in Sardinia and then rose to be a colonial praetor, a kind of governor and military commander, and then was appointed legate and governor of the Province of Pannonia between the Danube and Northern Italy.

In the year 193 Leptis Magna heard that he had been proclaimed Emperor and soon they were naming half the city after him. In return Lucius ordered much of it to be rebuilt, and he sent marble from Italy to cover the original brick buildings. The plans of each fresh development were taken by courier from Leptis Magna for his approval. The Basilica, which combined the functions of town hall and law courts, was rebuilt and named Severian after him; it still contains some of the finest sculpture of his period. A palace was built near the sea; new quays and landing stages and a lighthouse were erected and a vast temple of Greek architecture in the Doric style. The public baths were embellished with decorations and the public lavatories had running water laid on. He flanked the main streets with elegant colonnades and the famous theatre first built in 8BC, was enlarged at his command. It was in this theatre that the Royal Artillery (Plymouth) Military Band played to the Gunners of Homs last year.

Whenever he visited Leptis, Lucius was given a tremendous and genuine welcome. Not only was it his home; it was the one place where he knew he was loved. For he found the life of a Roman Emperor was far from tranquil — he had to fight three others for his throne. His domestic life had its upsets too; he married twice and had two sons who were quarrelsome and jealous of him.

In AD 208 he went with his



In Leptis the past, literally, looks over one's shoulder.

armies to England and took part in the invasion of Caledonia (Scotland). After the sunshine of Leptis Magna and the mild climate of Rome, he found the British weather too much. In AD 211, at the age of 65, Lucius Septimius Severus died in York.

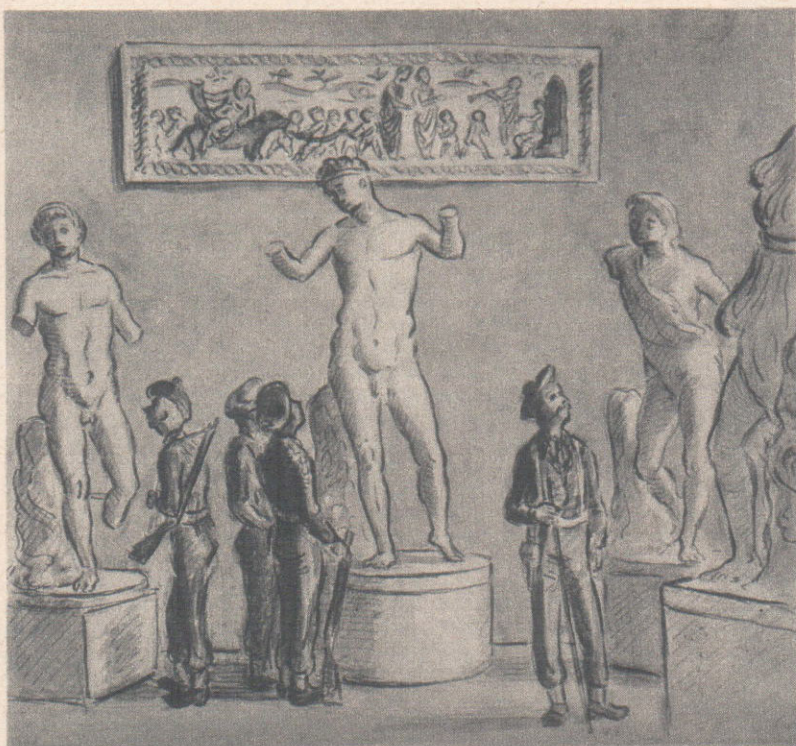
But Leptis Magna went on. It became a Christian city, and the remains of churches still exist, along with statues of heathen gods. Even the magnificent Basilica of Severus became a centre of Christian worship.

In the eighth century barbarous religious fanatics struck a death

blow at the city. Exactly how the end came is not known. The coastal forests disappeared and the sands spread to smother crops and communities. It was not until 30 years ago that the Italians made serious efforts to open up Leptis. In one respect the ruins differed from those of most other ruined Roman cities: no skeletons were unearthed. The last inhabitants just disappeared, so far as history is concerned, leaving their buildings undestroyed, and their mosaics, their carvings and their statues intact.

PETER LAWRENCE

Soldiers among the statues: a sketch by Edward Ardizzone, the war artist, who toured the ruined cities of North Africa with the first British troops.



Though bruised and maimed, the lady still has enough curiosity to listen into a private conversation... doubtless about football.



Something NEW in the Women's Services



A change from the switchboard: Private Pamela Chilvers, telephonist, of Warwick, welcomes a few days of out-of-doors life.



Blue smoke billowed from a score of camp fires in the wood on Windmill Hill. Today's special: sausages and chips.

(Photographs: LESLIE A. LEE)

First Regulars To Go Camping

WHY should the girls who join the Territorials have all the fun of the annual camp?

What about the Regulars in the Women's Royal Army Corps, the girls who spend their days typing other people's movement orders or calling up distant units they never see? Don't they deserve a break?

They do. And at Windmill Hill Camp, near Tidworth, SOLDIER found some 160 of them living the outdoor life. They were learning how to put up tents, and how to make them snug inside. Some also learned what it was to have their tents blown away in a gale (Note: those tents were put up by men).

What else did they do? They went on night patrols in the woods, one patrol stealthily sneaking past the other in the pitch dark. They learned how to light a cooking fire in the rain, and what is just as important, to keep it going. SOLDIER noted that many of the mess tins had a sliver of wood floating in them to take away the taste of smoke. But then SOLDIER had seen girls doing mess tin cookery on gunsites during the war; they had shown all the cunning of aborigines. In those days, though, girls did not have three pairs of brown shoes — and a pair of Wellingtons to boot.

There were practical map-reading lessons, too. Every motorist will tell you that a woman is congenitally incapable of reading a map; one of these days those words will have to be eaten.

What was the purpose behind all this? Not to train a brigade of Amazons for Korea, but to give the girls a little practical military background, knowledge which everyone in uniform (and for that matter, out of uniform) ought to have. And there was more to it than that. The girls were taken on visits to nearby units, to show them how the rest of the Army lives. They looked in at the School of Land/Air Warfare; they visited a mixed anti-aircraft regiment and a tank regiment. SOLDIER has been saying it for years: that every man and woman in the Army ought to know what the other man and woman are doing. That is how pride in the Army is built.

Camps on these lines have been run in Rhine Army, but this one — under Major J. E. Shelmerdine, WRAC — was the first in Britain. It was the idea of Major-General E. B. de Fonblanque, commanding Salisbury Plain District. And, because it was a pioneer event, the band of the Women's Royal Army Corps — all glorious in green — came down to Salisbury Plain to play for their khaki sisters.



Girls on the right rails... Serjeant M. E. Weldhen helps her syndicate to marry the countryside with the map. Below: One of the first lessons was in erecting tents. All girls slept under canvas.





General Sir James Steele, Adjutant-General (now retired) inspects a parade of the first non-commissioned girls in Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

(Photographs: W. STIRLING)

First Privates in The Nursing Corps

UNTIL recently the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps was an "officers only" corps. Nobody ever really knew why.

Now all that is changed. This summer a training cadre was begun for non-commissioned ranks, and so far there have been 750 applications to join from women in civil life.

The idea is that as these volunteers complete their training they will be able to replace some of the soldiers in the Royal Army Medical Corps now serving as orderlies in military hospitals.

The training will fit the girls for work as radiographers, masseuses, clinical workers, special treatment orderlies, and so on.

After three months at the Depot, they will do four months training to reach the grade of nursing orderly, class three. Twelve months after that they should reach grade two. By the end of their four-years engagement they ought to be able to pass the State Registered Nurse examination. Then, — if she has the other necessary qualities — a girl may be considered for a commission.

The first sixty-odd privates in the nursing corps paraded recently before the Adjutant-General, General Sir James Steele, when he opened the new Depot of the Corps at Queen Alexandra Camp, Hindhead, Surrey (his last public engagement before retiring from the Army). The girls wore the same uniform as privates of the Women's Royal Army Corps, ex-

cept for the nursing badges, the red and grey lanyards and the QARANC shoulder tab.

Of the girls on parade, some had served in the Auxiliary Territorial Service during the war and six had volunteered from the Women's Royal Army Corps.

The first to join was Private Ann Catherall, aged 17, from Liverpool. She was allotted the number 1,000,001 — first of the new block. As a souvenir, she was given a travelling clock by officers of the staff. Private Jessie Reeves, aged 28, of Borden, Hampshire was awarded a prize by the *Nursing Mirror* as the best all-round recruit so far.

At present Queen Alexandra Camp houses the only unit in the British Army which has men serving under women officers. As the Depot trains its own staff these men will be replaced gradually by women.

NOTE: The Corps now has its own flag: scarlet, white and navy blue, with the Corps crest superimposed. It also has its own march — "Grey and Scarlet" — played for the first time at the opening of the Depot.



Best all-round recruit on parade was Private Jessie Reeves, of Borden, Hampshire. She served formerly in the ATS.



Another with previous service in khaki was Private V. Joyce, of Wellingborough, Hampshire.

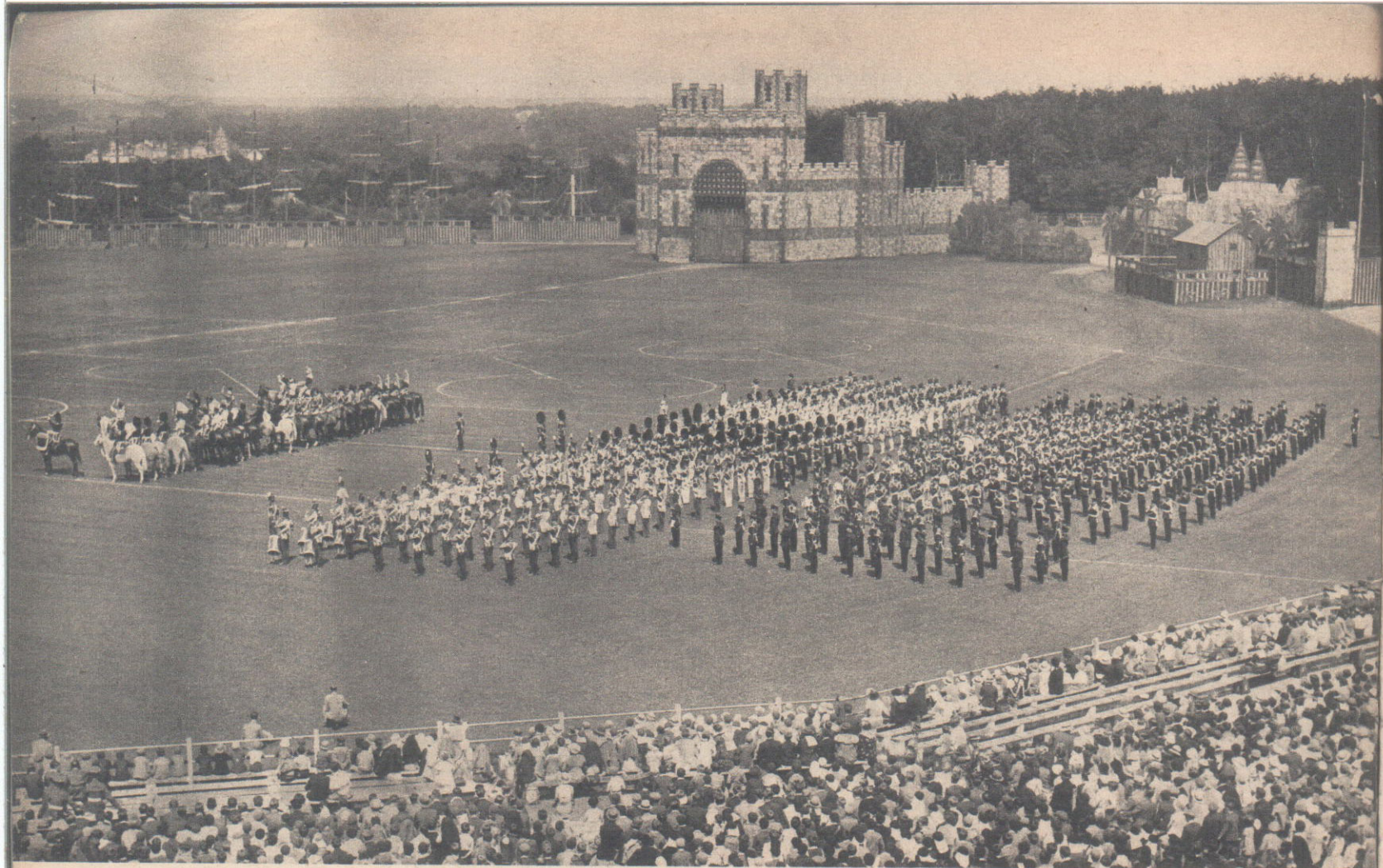


Two of the first six to join: Private J. Thomas, of Pontypridd, and (below) Private V. Mills, of Birmingham.



First to join the Nursing Corps in the ranks: Private Ann Catherall, of Liverpool. She is No. 1,000,001. Below: Private V. Henfield, Sutton-on-Ashfield.





The 1936 Tattoo: note elaborate backgrounds, including (left) ships in harbour.

TATTOOS have become news again. During the late summer an exceptionally fine one was staged, by floodlight, on the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle, as part of the international festival in that city.

It is no secret that this Tattoo proved a formidable rival to some of the more heavy-going cultural events.

Next year the famous Aldershot Tattoo will be revived for the Festival of Britain. Already the news has caused delighted letters to pour into the little wooden offices of the Aldershot Command Trust, from those to whom the great pageants in Rushmoor Arena were an inspiration between the wars. Some of them want to see the Tidworth Tattoo revived, too.

But Tattoos, unless strictly watched, tend to tie up manpower. Since the war those which have been held in Britain have been on a modest scale, though displays in the grand manner were staged in Berlin, Dusseldorf and Vienna in 1946 and 1947.

To the new generation the name Rushmoor means little, if anything. But between the wars,

for one week in the summer, an average of over 45,000 people a night poured into Britain's leading garrison town and concentrated round what 30 years ago was a ten-acre bog. In its place the Army created a ten-acre stretch of level grassland, where for three hours a night 5000 troops thrilled the crowds with their Searchlight Tattoo.

Now that same field, which had been reverting to nature after serving as a wartime vehicle park, has been ploughed and resown with a ton of grass seed; apple trees grown from the pips in the apple-cores thrown away

by spectators in 1939 have been uprooted. The grandstand has received a coat of green paint. Steadily Rushmoor is acquiring the Festival of Britain look.

Few of those who revelled in the Tattoo between the wars realised that the War Office allowed only three weeks for rehearsals. Otherwise men would have spent too long away from their normal military training and duties.

The Aldershot Tattoo was an Aldershot affair, except that troops stationed in Eastern Command were permitted to take part. Before the war the problem was not so great as it will be next year. Aldershot Command was then a station for fully trained units. Today the newly constituted Aldershot District is a home for training establishments, and field units are now farther afield. Because of that the Tattoo is to become a show with performers drawn from outside the old Aldershot Command. However, the Trust under the direction of Southern Command will still be organising the Tattoo.

The display started as a small torchlight performance in the grounds of Government House, Aldershot, late last century, but it began to win fame only

after World War One. By this time it was being staged at Cove Common, Farnborough, and it had become a searchlight event.

In 1923 the change-over to Rushmoor took place, the Sappers having got rid of the bog. Year by year new stands were built until today 77,400 people can be accommodated in the grandstands and open enclosures.

Each Tattoo had its *motif*. One year it would be the Virtue of Sacrifice, another Chivalry, Valour and Discipline. In 1933 the theme was Loyalty, as exemplified by the Death of Gordon. In 1935 it was Crown and Empire, in view of King George V's Silver Jubilee. In 1937, Coronation year, it was Loyalty to the Crown.

Programme notes contained some amusing sidelights. In 1926 the arrows used in the Battle of Hastings were "kindly made by local Girl Guides." In 1927 "the horse and cart used for the removal of wounded in the Battle of Blenheim was kindly lent by Mr. W. G. North, High Street Aldershot."

For the first, and apparently the last, time women took part in the Return of the Crusades scene, in 1929. They were wives and daughters of officers. That year, too, saw a contribution



Rushmoor as it was at the end of the war: a vehicle park.



by the Royal Army Chaplain's Department — a chaplain appropriately played the part of a bishop.

Occasionally, in order not to upset public sentiment, battle scenes would be omitted. Another time an order was given that troops should not be dressed up to represent coloured men.

The scope of the preparatory work needed is shown in the list of uniforms and costumes for one year: 1847 historical outfits, 1385 full-dress uniforms, 655 physical training kits and 497 service dress uniforms. Troops and civilians needed to run the show (apart from the 5000 men taking part in the production) were 1800 administration troops, 200 civilian police, 250 officials of the Royal Automobile Club, 140 civilian electricians, 130 civilian workmen, 500 catering staff, 200 programme sellers, 300 Boy Scouts (for showing people to their seats), and 150 gatekeepers.

Attendance figures jumped from 25,000 in 1919 to 622,000 in 1937. In the same period the figures for vehicles jumped from 1200 to 62,000. The railways laid on 200 special trains each year and the military helped to control traffic from as far off as Staines.

What happened to the takings? The Aldershot Command Trust had the main responsibility of seeing that the money was properly spent. First of all it set so much aside for promoting each year's Tattoo and Aldershot Show, another local annual event. It then contributed to charities inside the Command, and helped to maintain eight welfare centres. Grants were also made annually to recreational and athletic organisations in the Aldershot

area, with the result that no military area the size of the old Aldershot Command is so well equipped with sports fields and welfare facilities. The fund has also met emergencies; for instance, families of Reservists suddenly called up have been given financial help.

Perhaps most important of all, large sums have been invested for "rainy days" when the Tattoo could not be held — including the 12 years break caused by the war. The upkeep of charitable institutions must go on whether or not the Tattoo is held.

The actual figures have never been made public but it is no secret that

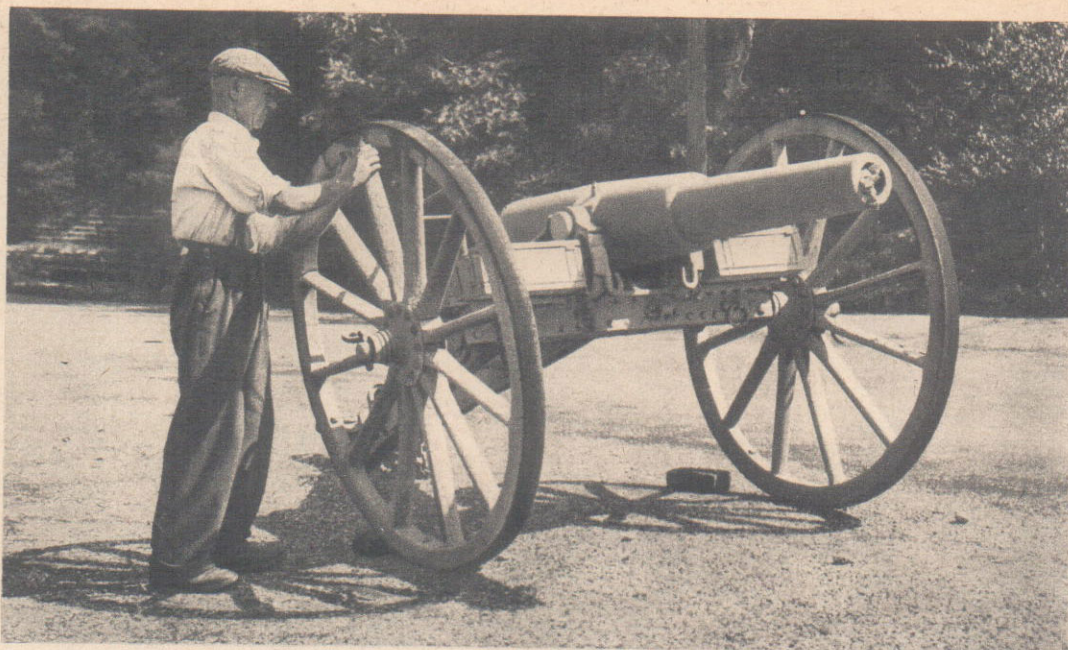
OVER →

The 1938 Tattoo: King Henry VIII arrives for the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

Right: Paint is sprayed on the roof of the stands, for next year's reopening.

Below: a bulldozer clears the way to the stands, through ten years of thick undergrowth. (Copyright: Gale and Polden)





This old cannon is being smartened up for the day. The barrel seems to be in need of a purge.

RUSHMOOR (Cont'd)

to stage the Tattoo before the war cost in the region of £38,000 — a big slice of the income from the sale of seats and programmes which sometimes amounted to nearly £100,000.

Explained Lieutenant-Colonel W. Sharp OBE, until recently secretary of the Aldershot Trust: "No officer or man taking part in the Tattoo was paid, although we gave them a supper allowance. Not a penny of the cost was allowed to fall on the Treasury. When we brought troops from outside the area we had to refund the War Office the cost of every railway warrant."

It was the spirit of service given freely that helped to make the Tattoo a success. People came from outside Aldershot to advise — like Captain H. Oakes-Jones, Royal Fusiliers, of the War Office, an artist who specialised in historical uniforms and who advised on costumes for many years. Other notable Tattoo names were those of Lieutenant-Colonel H. H. Douglas-Withers MC, production manager, and Major C. Newington CVO, Secretary of the Tattoo Committee.

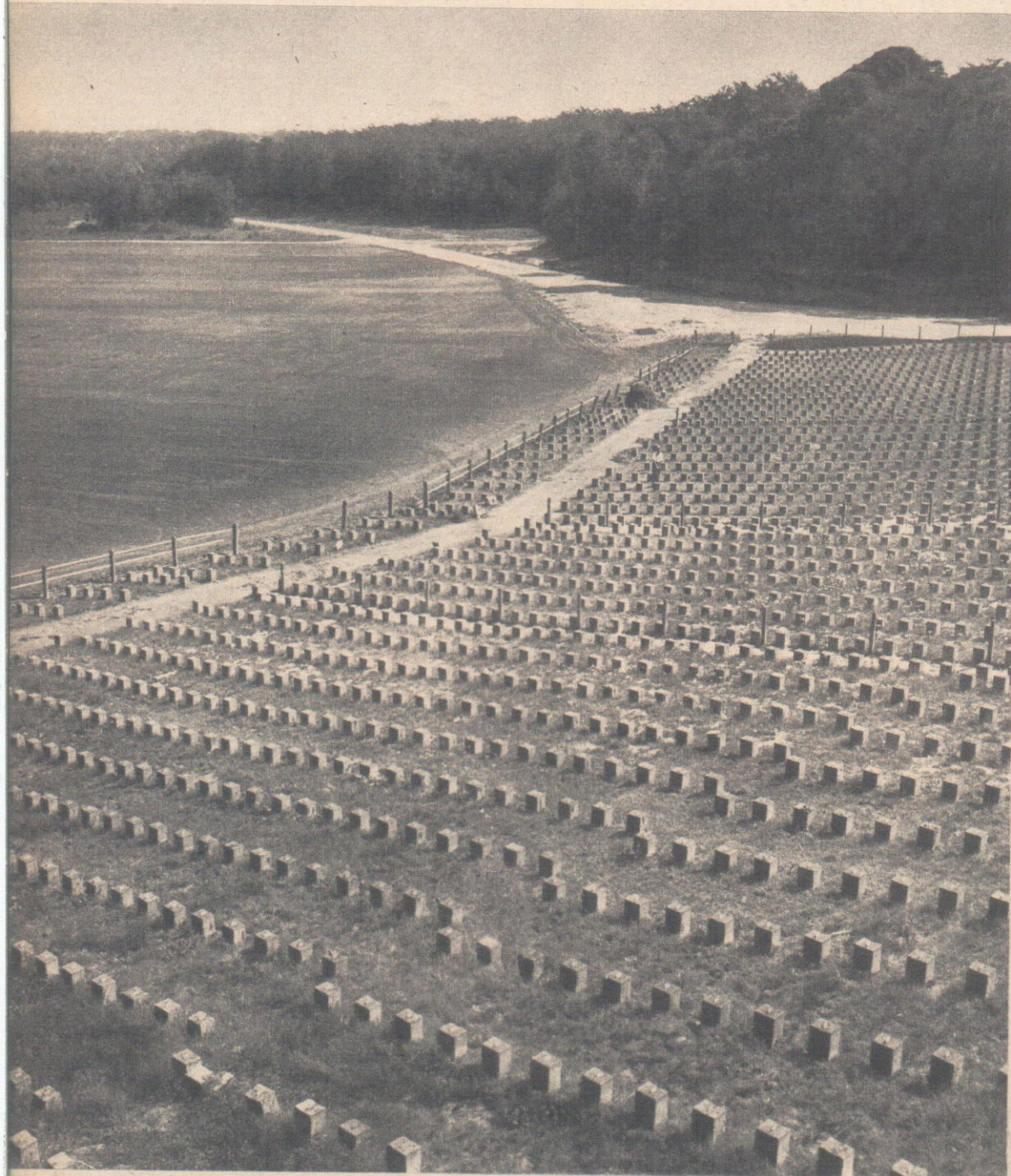
Said Brigadier H. W. Picken OBE, present Trust secretary: "For next year's performance we have to buy fresh seating and electrical equipment to replace the chairs, forms and fittings sold during the war, for if these had been stored they would have rotted. We have always had to hire historical costumes for each Tattoo."

Keenest, perhaps, to see the Tattoo revived is Mr. William Stacey, aged 68, who has been caretaker of Rushmoor Arena since it was built. A cavalryman with the 7th Hussars in the Boer War, he still considers the charge in the Balaclava scene of the 1926 Tattoo the best display Rushmoor has ever witnessed. Next to it in his estimation came the display of Allied vehicles which filled the arena just before D-Day.

The programme for 1951 has not been finally settled, but several old favourites like "Lights and Lanterns," massed bands and the physical training display will probably be staged.

Production Officer will be Lieut-Col. L. S. White, now retired, who organised the big tattoo on Hitler's Maifeld in Berlin in the summer of 1947.

ERIC DUNSTER



Like a giant cemetery—or tank trap: the pedestals for seating at Rushmoor Arena. Wooden lengths are arrayed on them as in the picture on right.



FAR EAST SPECIAL

This is the second instalment of the report on the Far East by SOLDIER's Staff Writer RICHARD ELLEY, who flew out from Britain with typewriter and camera.



Left: China ahead! The hills in the distance are on the other side of the Bamboo Curtain. Above: In a hill-top command post, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Macdonald of the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers talks to RSM J. Walls (left) and Major J. B. Marshall, the battalion quartermaster.

① BY THE BAMBOO CURTAIN



The all-clear signal has been given—jeep tracks are strictly one-way streets—and a convoy moves off into the hills.

MEN of the King's Own Scottish Borderers have guarded many borders since their regiment was raised, 261 years ago. Today, they are helping to guard Britain's farthest border: that between the colony of Hong-Kong and Communist China.

It is a rugged existence, out among the hills of the New Territories, and a contrast to the life Borderers led in Hong-Kong between the two World Wars. Then units lived comfortably in civilisation and went out into the wilderness only for exercises and picnics.

But the ruggedness pays dividends. When some of the Borderers' neighbours, the Middlesex Regiment and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, moved to Korea they went into action in just such country as they had been training over in the New Territories. And — like other troops in the New Territories — they were fighting fit.

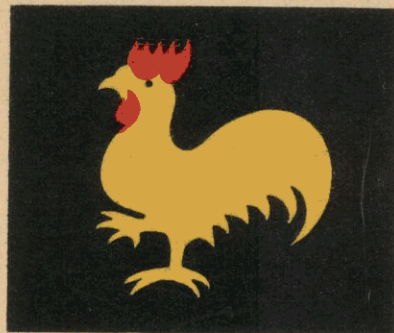
When the Borderers leave their camp, they can turn either left or right along the main road. Either way, they will come into Kowloon, for the road — at 56 miles the longest in the Colony — circles most of the New Territories. The two branch roads which run north lead straight to the Bamboo Curtain — the Far East equivalent of the Iron Curtain and nearly as impenetrable.

The road to Kowloon winds round hills the naming of which seems to have been influenced by nostalgia. Snowdon is in the South Downs, according to a map of the Territories, and Laffans Plain is inter-

OVER ➔



The dragon (above) is the flash of Land Forces, Hong-Kong. But the men who went to the Colony as part of 40 Division still wear their divisional cockerel (below). The cockerel went to Korea on the shoulders of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Middlesex.



Right: The jeeps can carry rations, water and ammunition. But the men slog on foot through the barren defiles. Opposite page: A jeep-head in the hills. From there on, stores must be man-handled. Below: When you visit the Borderers, there is no excuse for not knowing their battle-history.



BY THE

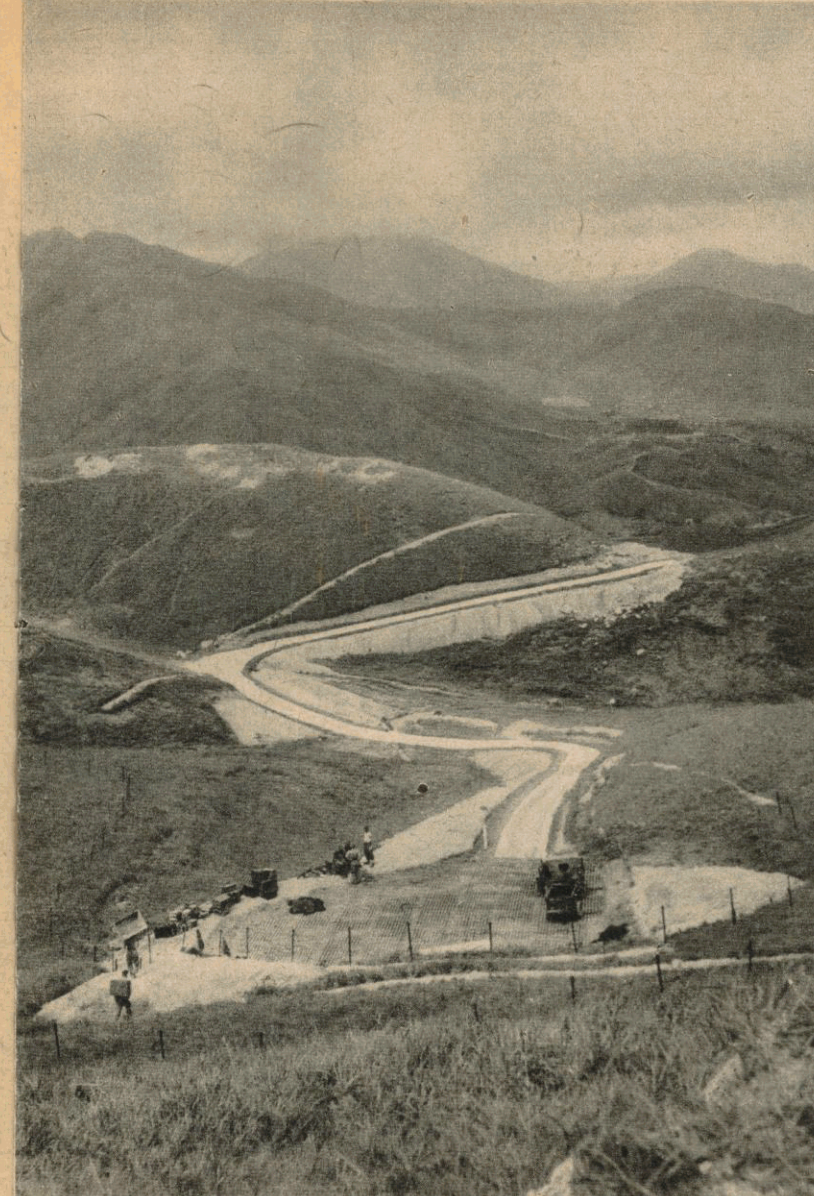
sected by the River Ganges and adjoins the Cheviots.

The roads lead through valleys where black pyjamaed coplies work in the paddy-fields and the air stinks of night-soil used to fertilise the rice crops. At one point, it passes along the side of a tidal cove which looks like an Italian lake and where a chateau standing out into the water turns out to be a seat of the military. From the side of a range of hills, the road overlooks a valley which could pass for Shangri-La, but for the Kowloon-Canton railway and some Coca-Cola advertisements.

The Borderers do not lightly undertake the trip to Kowloon. The roads are dangerous and jeeps and staff cars are limited to 30 miles an hour; other vehicles to 20. There are plenty of places where vehicles cannot reach even these modest speeds.

Like most units in the New Territories, the Borderers arrived in a hurry and went under canvas. Now their camps are steadily improving. Nissen huts and other buildings are gradually replacing tents, metalled pathways are taking the place of muddy tracks, and sports fields are being developed.

For most troops in the New



BAMBOO CURTAIN (Continued)

Territories, visits to Kowloon and to Victoria, which is across the water on Hong-Kong island, are reserved for special occasions like local leave, shopping or whole days off. From time to time a whole unit is sent back for internal security duties, or to provide routine guards in Hong-Kong.

Those married men who are lucky enough to possess married quarters have them in Kowloon or Hong-Kong. Some men make journeys of an hour or more to and from their units each day. Others resign themselves to going home for week-ends only.

Within the New Territories, an occasional exercise provides, if not a change of scenery at least a different view of the same scenery. When SOLDIER visited the Borderers they were busy with a three-day movement exercise. At the signal, the New Territories units had taken up defence positions in the hills while rear parties rushed their heavy kit back to Kowloon.

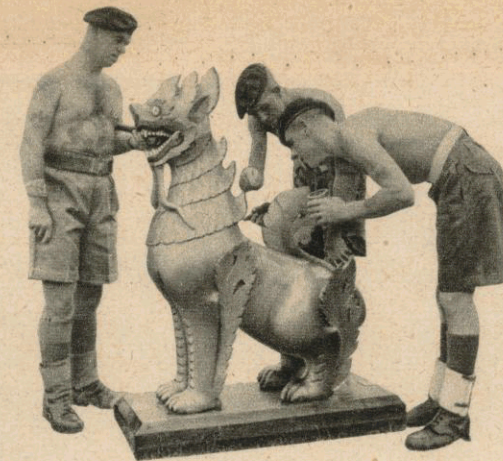
For most of the troops, the exercise proper began with a lorry ride to points on the road where jeep tracks, built by the Sappers in the last year or so (see SOLDIER, February 1950), led up into the hills. From there,

the men marched up the jeep-tracks for two miles or more, rising 1500 feet or higher as they went, to prepared weapon pits and command posts.

While the men moved into position, convoys of jeeps with trailers wound up the concrete tracks, carrying stores and ammunition. The tracks were narrow and steep and they ended at jeep-heads, where the vehicles could turn. Jeep-heads were still some way from the defence positions, and for the rest of the way, stores had to be manhandled over rough hill tracks.

And once the troops were in position, and units had decided what had gone wrong and what could have been done better, they moved back again to their camps. It was a welcome anticlimax.

FOOTNOTE: The weather for the exercise was hot, and when they paused for a rest, thirsty Borderers emptied their mugs of tea or lemonade and went back for a second helping. Their quartermaster had ordered pint mugs, but he received half-pint size "in lieu," together with an invoice-form, suitably altered, on the bottom of which was written: "Please use piece twice."



A new coat of paint for a chinthe. RSM G. Threackall is there to inspect the handiwork.

2 CHINTHES ON GUARD

TOWARDS China, land of dragons, two creatures of dragon-like aspect gaze from the New Territories of Hong-Kong.

They are chinthes, legendary guardians of the temples of Burma. But the temple outside which they now keep watch is an Army guardroom.

The two chinthes are the property of the 1st Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment. They were presented to the battalion when it was serving in Burma in 1925 and, except for the war years when they were in storage in England, they have accompanied the battalion ever since.

While they were in war-time retirement, the battalion had other chinthes to remember them by. The unit returned to Burma as a unit of Chindits, under Major-General Orde Wingate. The Chindits took their name from the chinthes, and a chinthe was the Chindit shoulder-flash.

The South Staffordshires' chinthes are carved of wood and painted gold, except for the mouths which are scarlet.

When the chinthes were first presented to the battalion, a bar joined their mouths and from it hung a Burmese gong on which the hour was struck. But when the hour was struck, the gong was missing.

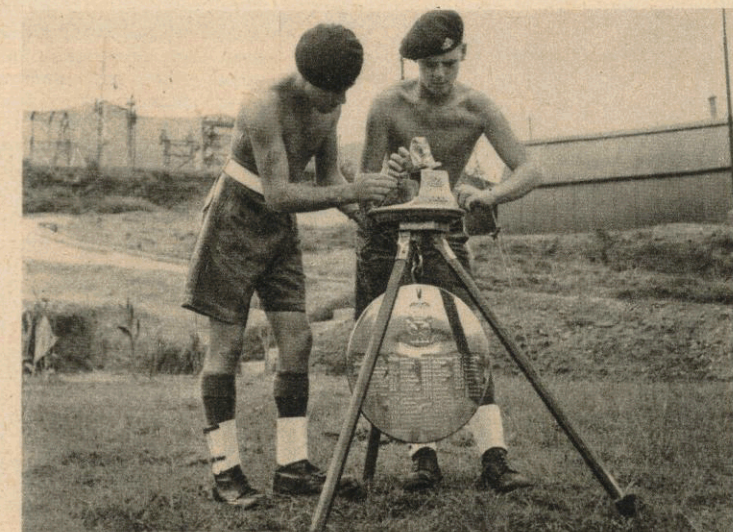
Since the 1st and 2nd Battalions were amalgamated in 1948, the chinthes have had another gong to guard. It is made of gun-metal with a brass top surmounted by a sphinx and

was presented to the 2nd Battalion in 1911. This gong is never struck and only once in its history has it been sounded — at least, in public. That was on a day when Field-Marshal Earl Haig was visiting the battalion and admiringly tapped it with his cane before anyone had time to explain the tradition to him.

The men of the South Staffordshire Regiment carry with them another memory of the regiment's history; behind the cap-badge is a piece of brown holland to commemorate the fact that the 1st Battalion were the first troops to wear tropical uniform (others say it commemorates the patches with which the forgotten battalion had to repair their clothes during their 58 years' continuous stay in the West Indies).

Soon they will have another distinction: at the beginning of this year the 2nd Battalion, along with the 1st Battalion of the Border Regiment and the 1st Parachute Regiment, were authorised to wear an embroidered glider badge at the top of the sleeve on Number One and battle-dress. It is to commemorate their part in the first glider landings into battle, at Syracuse in 1943.

The gong that has never been struck — except by a Field-Marshal who had not been told.





Bandits' eye-view of an ambush. Ambushers and ambushed are all Gurkhas.

FAR EAST SPECIAL (Continued)

③ AMBUSH — from the Grandstand

No crowding. No seats reserved for season-ticket holders. Ambush grandstand is more comfortable than that on many an English football ground.

EXPERIENCE of road ambushes is fairly common among soldiers in Malaya. But a growing number are getting their first taste of ambushing — and their knowledge of what to do about it — from a grandstand seat.

Part of the curriculum of the FARELF Training Centre in Johore is a demonstration of ambush drill, which shows both the right way and the wrong way to drive through a danger area and act in an ambush. This procedure is not new — it originated in Burma in World War Two — but it remains the best answer to the bandit by the roadside.

Nor is the drill purely defensive. The Communist bandit is a sneak-raider, and an ambush is one of the security forces' few chances of coming to grips with him.

There are three ambushes to the demonstration, and in each case the ambushed vehicle is presumed to have had the worst of luck and had its engine knocked out with the first volley, so that the driver cannot drive out of trouble as quickly as possible.

The scene for the first ambush is laid on a bend, with a cut bank rising like a small cliff to one side and the jungle falling gently away on the other. Just before the bend, a grandstand has been cut in the banking for spectators. The first victim approaches, a single three-tonner, wearing a

canopy, on a routine run. This is all wrong for a start: the vehicle should not travel without another to give it support; it should not have a canopy, for a canopy stops the men inside seeing what is happening, prevents them returning fire, and makes it hard for them to get out; and because it is on a routine run, the bandits know when to expect the vehicle.

The lorry reaches the bend and a fusillade crashes out. The vehicle skids to a standstill and the men in the back jump out over the tailboard, an easy target for the attackers. They are shot down and whooping bandits rush down to the road, seize the weapons, loot the bodies and disappear back into the jungle. Curtain.

Scene Two is the same. Two

more three-tonners approach, well-spaced: as they near a cutting, the leader accelerates to get through while the second slows, if necessary — they are never in the cutting at the same time.

The bandits open up on the first vehicle and bring it to a standstill. From the canopy-less rear, troops return the fire and jump out. One or two are hit, but most get away into the jungle.

Meanwhile the second vehicle has stopped and a Bren gun and a grenade-firing rifle are giving covering fire on the bandits' positions while the rest of the men jump out and begin to encircle the bandit position. Meanwhile the men who escaped from the ambushed vehicle try to turn the bandits' other flank.

The bandits are now caught: they can either try to break out backwards into the jungle — their most likely line of escape — or across the open road. Since the spectators could not see them in the jungle (and what would go on there is part of another lesson) the bandits choose the road and are all shot down, to bring Scene Two to a happy ending.

In the interval which follows, Major W. S. Tee, chief instructor in jungle warfare at the centre, explains some of the anti-ambush gadgets. There is a smoke generator fitted either to the front or the rear of a three-tonner and operated by a switch in the driver's cab, linked with the vehicle's battery. There is the grenade-firing rifle and a special adapter to fire an "80" phosphorous smoke grenade: this, explains Major Tee, is particularly unpleasant for bandits because if they get a phosphorous burn they just have to put up with it as they have no medical facilities. The grenade also sets the jungle on fire round them and provides smoke to make a screen and mark their position.

Next there is The Bastard, also known sometimes as the Sweat Box, a three-tonner completely armoured against small-arms fire, which is all the bandits can produce, and carrying a flame-thrower, a Bren gun and other small arms to fire through its little weapon slits. It travels in the rear of a convoy and in the event of an ambush moves for-

ward into the heart of the trouble.

Now to Scene Three, a deep cutting with a grandstand on one side and bandits, in theory, on the other.

A convoy approaches. The first three-tonner is fired on and the men in it return the fire before they leap for cover; one of them throws a phosphorous grenade. When the bandits see The Bastard approaching, they will lie quiet, as they know they can do nothing against an armoured vehicle. The smoke from the phosphorous grenade will tell The Bastard where they are.

From the rear of the convoy, covering fire is descending on the bandit positions, while the men from the later lorries begin to push through the jungle to encircle the bandits. The Bastard pushes forward, past the stationary vehicles, and as it gets into the cutting its Bren starts to fire, and then the flame-thrower comes into action. It can lap the crest of the cutting, which would mask direct-fire weapons, and swamp with flame all the positions from which the bandits can fire at the convoy. For obvious reasons, this



Left: The Bastard goes into action. Flame-thrower can reach ground that is "dead" to rifles and Brens. Above: The end of the ambush. The counter-attackers have littered the roadside with dead bandits.



For the lorry-driver, making this smoke-screen is as simple as switching on his headlights. The smoke-generator is connected with the lorry's battery.

time nobody plays the part of a bandit.

Says Major Tee: "The flame-thrower is a morale-destroying weapon which made the Germans and the Japanese break cover more quickly than anything else. And the morale of these bandits is nothing like so tough as that of the Germans and Japanese."

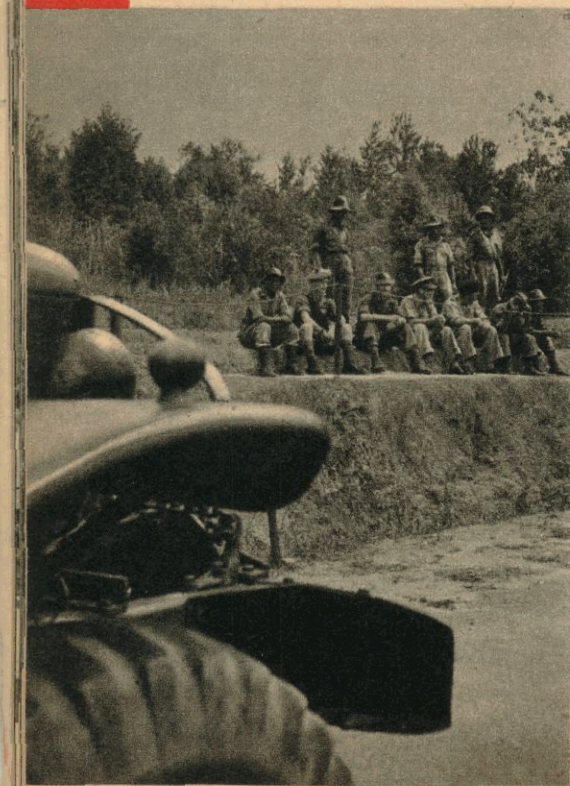
And so, with the jungle aflame and counter-attacking troops searching the area to kill or capture any bandits, Scene Three comes to an end.

But there are other ways of coping with ambushes, Major Tee

points out. For example, by forestalling them. A convoy, approaching a good ambush position, stops short and the men get out to search the jungle.

"The bandit is not a fighting type," says Major Tee. "He does not want a battle. He likes easy meat. If he knows a unit searches ambush positions, he does not lie in ambush in that unit's area."

NOTE: A platoon of the 1st Battalion, 6th Gurkha Rifles, acting as demonstration platoon at the centre for six months, ran through the demonstration specially for SOLDIER's cameraman.





The Army announces its "target date" for all to see. By next February soldiers' families should be living here.

ON a worn-out rubber plantation on Singapore Island, a new growth is springing up: the Army's great new Far East base depot.

Like the Middle East's new base depot at MacKinnon Road, Kenya, it owes its existence to the reshuffle of the defences of the British Empire after World War Two.

In the Far East the weight of defence has moved southward and eastward from India. Even before the emergency in Malaya and the threat to Hong-Kong, it was planned that both places should have bigger garrisons than before the war.

For these new garrisons, the Far East needed a new base depot. It would house and issue their normal requirements of food, clothes, weapons, ammunition, vehicles. It would repair and recondition their guns, lorries, bulldozers and tanks. And it would stock the materials the Far East garrisons would need to tide them over between the outbreak of a war and the arrival of the first war-time supply ships from Britain.

Much of this work is to be done at Pasir Panjang, where the Army has bought the old rubber plantation. The idea was not a new one; negotiations for the purchase of the land were going on when the Japanese swept into Malaya in 1942. Soon after the Japanese surrender, a new file on Pasir Panjang was opened at

Singapore District Headquarters, and this time the negotiations were carried through.

The new base is located five or six miles from the centre of the city of Singapore. Already its 2600 acres — a large area in an island like Singapore — employ about 10,000 people. Here, all the Army technicians and specialists who are indispensable to a base area, are beginning to concentrate — the men of the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Army

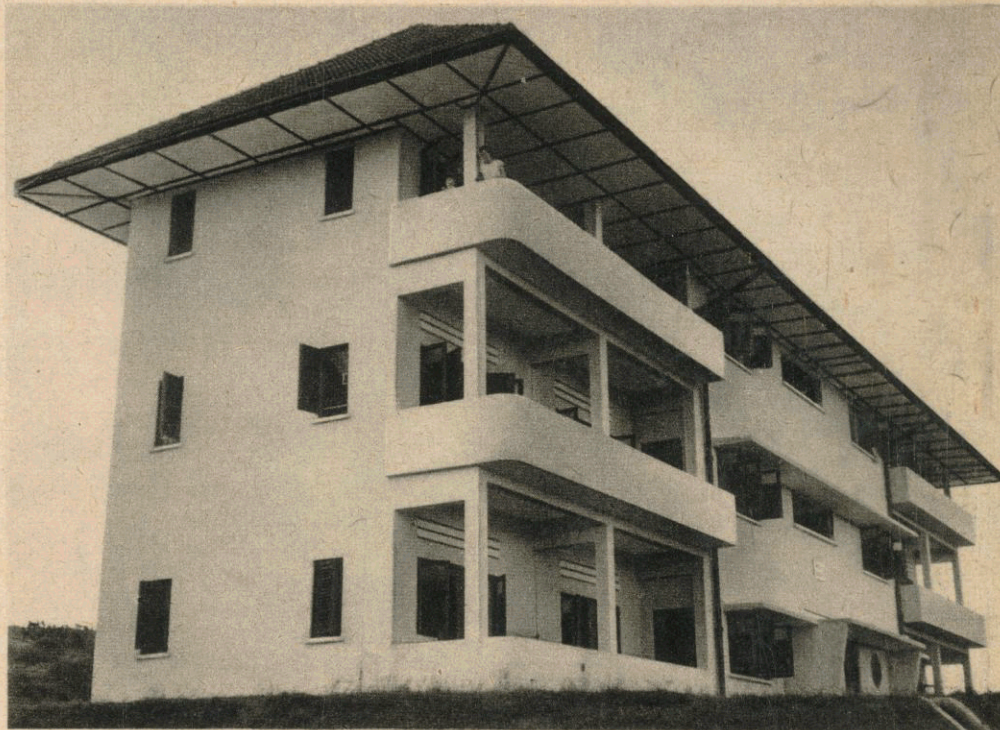
Ordnance Corps, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Signals and the Royal Engineers. Also going up are smart green-roofed barracks named after Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, where Gurkha troops on security duties will be stationed. These barracks are now nearly completed.

Of the 350 married quarters now being built in Singapore District, and of the 370 planned for the future, more than 300 will

be in Pasir Panjang. Including families, the old rubber estate will house something like 7000 people when it is finished and will be the work-place for more than 20,000.

For the Royal Engineers who are in charge of the building contractors, Pasir Panjang has problems of its own. Unlike MacKinnon Road, which is built in a desert and can spread if necessary, Pasir Panjang is on a thickly-populated island and

④ A New Town Rises



A finished block of flats for married soldiers, designed to make the best of the Singapore climate.

on Singapore Island

The name is Pasir Panjang — the MacKinnon Road of the Orient. But for the Japanese invasion, it would have been built long ago



This corner of Slim Barracks is nearing completion. It will be occupied by Gurkha troops.

must be compactly designed.

Also unlike MacKinnon Road, where every drop of water has to be pumped and piped from great distances, Pasir Panjang has a heavy rainfall which produces thick, cloying mud and holds up building operations. Yet as much water storage space as possible must be built at Pasir Panjang, for Singapore depends for most of its water on a pipe-line from the mainland, and it was shortage of water which brought to an

end Singapore's defence in 1942.

As a precaution against malaria, the whole area has to have drainage ditches built, with specially-planted short grass on either side. Long grass on un-built hillsides has to be cleared — by burning — to get rid of snakes and insects. A whole hill has been bulldozed away to provide level space for the engineer stores depot.

On sports fields, every root of grass has to be planted separ-

ately by hand — dibbling is the word — by Chinese coolie women, because Singapore's heavy rain would wash seed into patches and turf would not grow smoothly. Coarse carpet grass (also called buffalo grass) is good for most of a sports field, but if there is a cricket pitch in the middle, that needs fine Bermuda grass.

For REME's base workshops dealing with instruments, easily spoiled by the humid air of Singapore, air-conditioned buildings were needed. Here, the air, though only about five degrees cooler than outside, has only 60 per cent humidity compared with about 83 outside on a normal day and 90 per cent on a wet day. Here, for example, REME technicians can open up and re-condition those wireless sets which have their cases but not their components "tropicalised" and would soon have to be written off if normal Singapore air penetrated inside them. Before they leave the air-conditioned workshops, the sets are tested by having air pumped into them to a pressure of five pounds to the square inch, to make sure they are airproof.

There are other tropical problems facing REME base workshops. As vehicles come in to be completely stripped and rebuilt, it is found that white ants have invaded some of them and hollowed out the woodwork so that, although it looks solid enough, it crumbles at the first touch. Other vehicles which have been exposed to the weather come in with metal-work beaten thin or even into holes by heavy rain.

One feature of the vehicle

workshops that strikes the visitor is that there are hardly any benches. The reason is that the Indian, Chinese and Malay workers prefer squatting on their haunches or a low box to standing at a bench. When they are given benches, they generally climb up and squat on them.

To provide power for the REME workshops and for the other installations which are going up, as well as for domestic purposes, Pasir Panjang has the biggest power station ever built by the Army: it has four diesel generators of 425 kilowatts each, and space for a fifth if necessary — big enough to supply the needs of a modest town in England.

The generators were installed by civilian labour under WO 1 A. C. Curtis. When SOLDIER visited Pasir Panjang, Mr. Curtis had gone back to Britain for release; he was scheduled to come back to Pasir Panjang as a senior member of the permanent civilian staff of the power station.

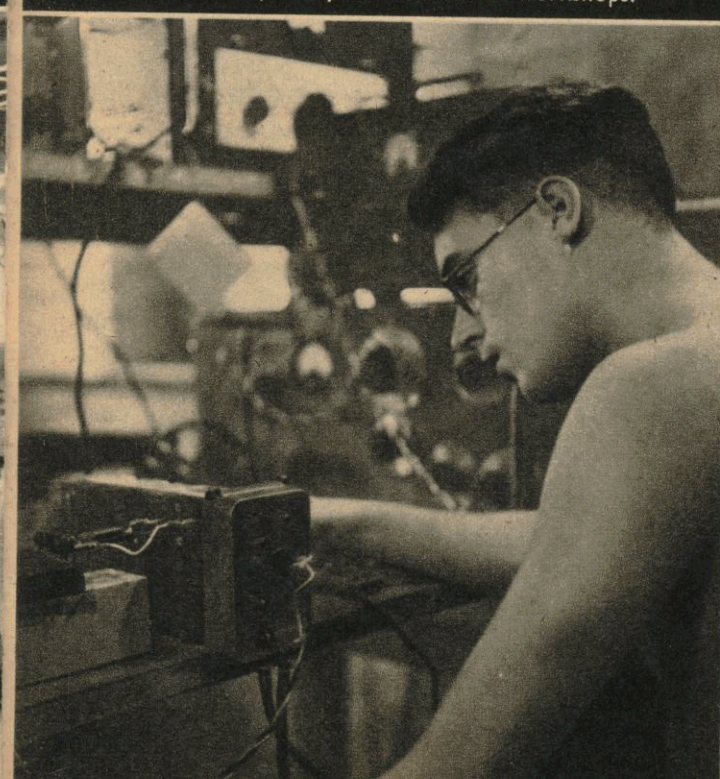
On the face of it, a base depot does not seem to be the kind of place at which most soldiers would choose to spend a leave. But the Sandes Soldiers' Home at Pasir Panjang, which has sleeping accommodation for 90 single soldiers, has more bookings from soldiers in Malaya than it can handle. Why? According to the staff not only because of the up-to-date club amenities and swimming pool but because nowhere in the Home can you read the rules. There are none. Visitors have tea in bed at seven in the morning; breakfast is from eight until noon, when lunch starts, and other meal-times are equally elastic. Perhaps another attraction is the luxury of watching other people at work.

In South-East Asia, the tightest watch must be kept on weapons. A soldier is permanently on duty outside the armourer's shop at Pasir Panjang.

The Army in the Far East, as everywhere else, must "live on its fat" where transport is concerned. Here, vehicles are being reconditioned by native mechanics under REME control.

The humid air of the tropics will soon render unprotected radio apparatus useless. This REME soldier works in the specially air-conditioned workshops.

A popular leave spot at Pasir Panjang: the Sandes Soldiers' Home. Here one can watch other men working!



3 PAHANG RAIL ATTACKS IN DAY

Sunday Times Staff Correspondent

KUALA LUMPUR, Saturday.

THREE bandit actions against railway property have taken place in the past 24 hours. The most serious was at 7 p.m. yesterday when an armoured train between Mentakab and Mentakab was derailed at the 69th mile.

Last night a rail takab ber on This moved track

Night Mail Pilot Engine Derailed

From Our Staff Correspondent

KUALA LUMPUR, Thursday.

FOR the second time this week bandit activity last night delayed the mail trains between Singapore and Kuala Lumpur almost 12 hours. There were no passengers on the south-bound pilot engine.

PILOT TRAIN DERAILED

KUALA LUMPUR, May 29

At 1.45 this morning, the pilot train from Kuala Lumpur to Penang was derailed 14 miles from Temoh in the Kampar area of Perak. The fireman was injured.

Bandits tampered with the line between Ayer Kuning and Batang Malaka in Negri Sembilan. Both trains were held at the nearest stations till the line was cleared at about 1 p.m. Passengers were not transhipped as the area was considered dangerous.



A pilot train derailed on the route between Kuala Lumpur and Penang Island. The steel cupola is still standing.

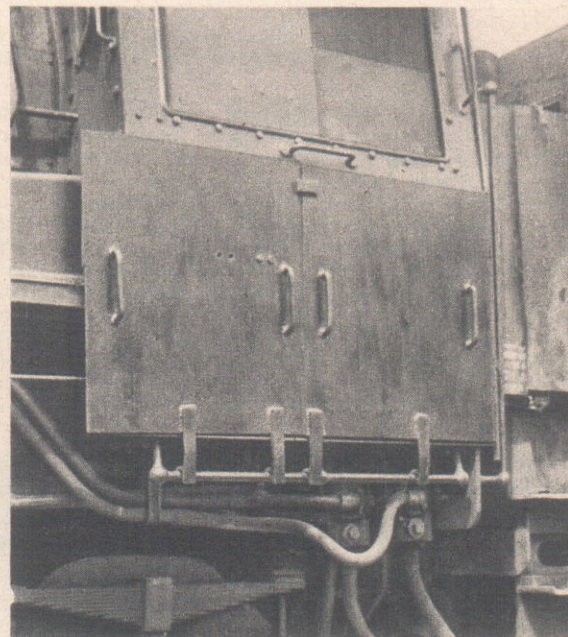
**FAR EAST
SPECIAL**

Postscript by D. H. de T. Reade

⑤ TARGET TRAIN



In front of the engine of the pilot train is a low truck loaded with iron bars to assimilate the shock of a mine. Right: The locomotive cab with steel doors closed.



IT is a long time since the British Army ran its first armoured train. But the technique of defending locomotive and coaches is still being developed.

In Malaya today a journey on the night train from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur, or from Kuala Lumpur to Penang is almost like a war-time rail journey in England. Every Serviceman is armed and warned what to do in an attack. Civilians derive what comfort they can from the notice:

"In the event of firing on the line, passengers are advised to lie on the floor and in no circumstances should they leave the train."

Every night train is commanded by an Army officer, and carries an RAMC medical orderly equipped with drugs and blood plasma for emergency use.

The main train is preceded by a pilot train, and both carry searchlights — not only to spot bandits but to pick out buffalo or elephant on the unfenced tracks. The pilot train consists, first, of

a low-sided truck, then the engine, then another low-sided steel truck on which is mounted a thick steel cupola, manned by armed police. The first truck is loaded with 30 tons of iron bars, so that if the track is mined the main blast misses the engine.

Engines are fitted with heavy steel doors to protect the crews. It is always stifling hot on a locomotive in Malaya, but with these doors closed the heat is volcanic. Between the engine of the mail train and the first carriage are coupled two box cars, their role

being to take the force of a crash if the train is derailed. Cabbages and similar unimportant stores are sometimes carried in these cars.

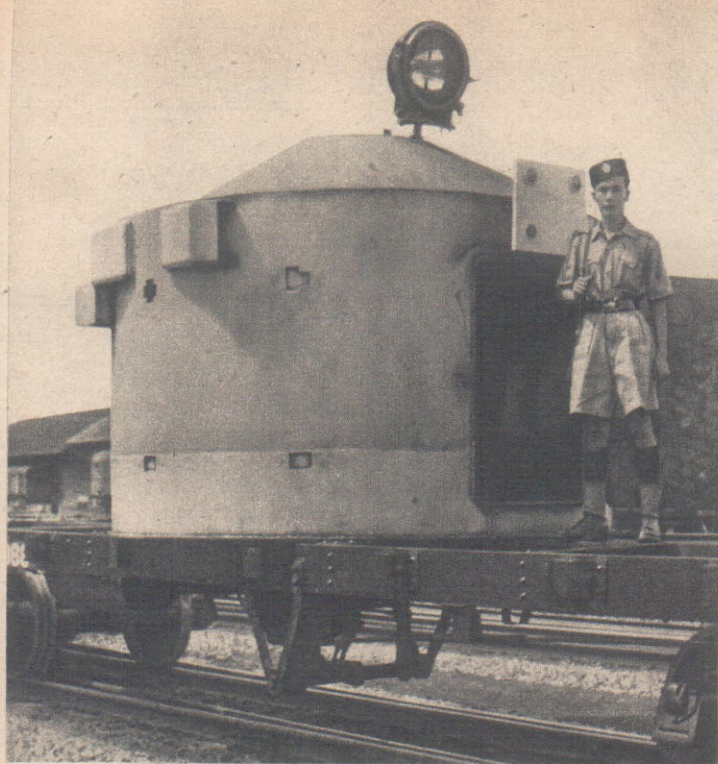
There is a system of communication by Verrey light between the pilot train and the main train. The latter is also in radio touch with police headquarters — a link operated for some months by men of the Royal Signals.

The drivers are courageous men. One veteran engineer who drives a pilot engine said: "It's a great strain, working under the constant risk of bullets, but if any bandits rush me I shall blow every ounce of steam I can at them." He drove one of the last engines south from Ipoh when the Japanese invaded. "I'm glad the terrorists have no bombers," he said. Malayan engines never exceed 40 miles an hour — a fast speed for a metre-gauge railway.

Armoured cars, mounted on trucks, have recently begun to take the place of the steel cupolas. In an armoured car, a Bren gunner can traverse his weapon more rapidly.

On the east coast line to Mentakab — where many trains have been derailed — the Army has been running an armoured car ahead of the engine, its wheels straddling the rails. The cost in tyres is heavy — because they all need replacement after every other return journey — but it is less than that of putting a derailed train back on the metals.

Once an armoured train was stolen. There were no soldiers on board at the time. Several men forced the driver at pistol point to teach them to drive, then threw him off, drove the train for 12 miles, and deserted it.



Behind the engine runs this steel cupola, surmounted by a searchlight. Note slits for police rifles.



A later protective device is to mount an armoured car on a truck; the Bren gun can be brought into action speedily. This picture was taken in Kuala Lumpur station. Below: A neat armoured railway car operated by the "Telecoms Department."



A poncho cape extended: it weighs just over three pounds.

⑥ Featuring the Poncho

THE poncho cape — source of much newspaper witticism when first announced — is now in use in Malaya. It is designed on the lines of the South American cowboy cape — hence its name — and is made of rubber. It weighs just over three pounds.

The poncho is issued to all fighting troops in Malaya in place of the normal groundsheet, or the monsoon cape formerly used by troops in India, and by the 14th Army. It serves as groundsheet, tent, stretcher base and wrapping for swimming kit across water. Units are warm in praise of it.

Operational troops in Malaya are also wearing the new lightweight equipment. In tropical climates it is often desirable to wear the waistbelt loose, hence a special system of suspension has been arranged so as not to affect the carriage of equipment.

The aluminium water-bottle is an improvement over the normal pattern; the attached cup is popular, and the wider neck allows the bottle to be cleaned.



With his kit wrapped in his rubber poncho, a soldier starts to wade a stream. If he cannot swim, it will support his weight. Below: A poncho used as a rough shelter. It can also be draped over a horizontal pole to make a bivouac.





TANK BUSTERS

IN official jargon, "the Infantryman's anti-tank potential is increasing in an impressive manner."

In plain English, the Infantryman is becoming a bigger threat to the tank.

The story of anti-tank warfare is a story of ditch and minefield, of barbed wire and grenades, of sticky bombs and "Molotov cocktails," of machine guns and heavy rifles, of spigot mortars and PIAT mortars, of light and heavy field guns, of aerial bombs and rockets, and of bazookas. Today the emphasis is on bazookas.

Recently Defence Ministers of the Western Union Powers and their Service chiefs watched a demonstration at the School of Infantry, Warminster of the latest methods of knocking out tanks. Most of the interest centred in the American Army's 3.5 rocket launcher, to which British troops have been introduced in Korea, and the French Army's new anti-tank weapon. No performance figures were given, but some impressive penetration was seen.

And at Bourges, France the French Army demonstrated two new rifle grenades, calibre 2.36 in. and 2.086 in., which (according to reports) produced startling results against armour. Penetration is achieved by "a kind of molecular dissociation"; then flames appear inside the tank. There is said to be no ricochet. The grenades are propelled by gases produced in a special wooden cartridge.

The demonstrations had another purpose: to help in the elimination of wasteful, overlapping research by allied nations. The ultimate aim is to standardise the best types of equipment.

Soldiers have stopped tanks by dropping grenades down the hatch. But the operation is more mechanised today. At Warminster, two French soldiers demonstrated their latest light anti-tank weapon in the prone position (above) and in the standing position (below). This device can be operated by one man, if necessary. Note the flashguard.



In an interval between shots, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim kept M. Jules Moch, France's Minister of Defence, amused.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

In memory of Field-Marshal Jan Christiaan Smuts. Above: A war-time picture of Oubaas ("the old boss"), as he was known to the Springboks, beside a South African Air Force 'plane. Below: Ouma ("Granny") — Mrs. Smuts — visiting South African Irish troops.

Colour picture by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum.



The Dark, Fantastic Battle

IT is a grim irony that one of the most staggering stories of bravery in World War Two cannot be read by those who figured in it, or by their sons; not because they are dead, but because they have lost their liberty.

"The Secret Army" (*Gollancz 21s*) is the inside story of the Polish underground and of the Warsaw rising of 1944. Its author is the man from whom the Polish Home Army took its orders: the much-hunted General Bor-Komorowski, better known during the war as General Bor.

Sooner or later, the reader of this book will find himself thinking of Warsaw in terms of London or Glasgow, Manchester or Birmingham. London could take it — but it never had to fight any exterminator squads in its midst. Could Londoners have done better than the citizens of Warsaw? No one, after reading this book, dare answer "Yes."

General Bor was a regular colonel when Poland was overrun. Instead of making for France or Britain, he stayed behind to help organise the Polish Home Army, which eventually counted 380,000 men in its fighting units. His was the grim responsibility of initiating "outrages" for which the enemy was bound to take an exorbitant toll in innocent lives; but the battle had to go on, and the lives were not grudged.

Luckily General Bor had a good knowledge of German — good enough to enable him to travel in sleepers "reserved for Germans." He directed a war of

sabotage and, where necessary, summary execution. The more ruthless of the city's oppressors were told the date on which they would die — and die they did. This eventually rattled the conqueror and caused him to modify some of his excesses. The Home Army caused havoc on the Polish railways; it upset the city's administration by issuing bogus orders, printed and otherwise; it built its own armaments, even importing materials from Germany. Once the Poles tested a flamethrower, with the consent of the fire brigade, in the centre of Warsaw! When the Germans were carrying out "doodle-bug" experiments the men of the Home Army would be first at the spot where the machines crashed. Once they seized and hid an unexploded missile. Much useful technical information was sent to London as a result.

Some of the hardest-pressed Poles were those who operated the radio stations. German

detector squads could track down a set, once it went on the air, in half an hour or less. The German radio sleuths wore hats pulled down over their ears to conceal headphones, and had small detectors on their wrists; any man seen glancing too often at his wrist watch was liable to be shot out of hand by the Polish sentries.

Once men of the Home Army decided to teach a lesson to a German who had been denouncing Poles to the Gestapo. They made him kneel and put his head in a stove, then balanced on his back a board, telling him that they were laying a hand grenade on it — if he moved it would roll off and explode. Two hours later the man was found, still in the same position, and on the board — an egg.

When finally, Warsaw rose in armed revolt the expected help from Russia never came. For 63 days a macabre, desperate battle went on. The front line made a fantastic pattern. "Where it crossed courtyards or ran between the storeys of buildings, it often happened that the Germans held the basement and ground floor while the Poles held the upper floors — or vice versa." Latterly, the sewers, black and forbidding, stretching for miles below the city, had to

be used for communications. In the cramped, noisome tunnels, deep in filth, even the bravest lost their nerve; it took nine hours, over one stretch, to cover a mile. Then the Germans began to pour petrol down the sewers and light it, and to suspend pinless grenades from the roof so that groping men would brush them and be blown to bits. One grotesque aspect of this battle was that if a detachment in one sewer wished to make radio contact with another it had to do so via London; the reason being, needless to say, technical.

General Bor had to surrender in the end, after stipulating honourable treatment for his men. He went with them into captivity. His story is told with soldierly restraint. It ought to be read by all free peoples, but how much more by all peoples who are not free.

Gunners' Honours

A storehouse of much curious military lore is the newly revised and enlarged edition of "Military Customs," by Major T. J. Edwards MBE (*Gale and Polden 10s 6d*).

The book now contains a chapter on the distinctions earned by the Royal Artillery. Gunners do not carry regimental Colours and they are not awarded battle honours of the type granted to Cavalry and Infantry; the reason being that the Gunners serve everywhere and a full list of honours would be most unwieldy.

In 1925, however, a system was begun of granting "honour titles" to individual batteries. These consist mainly of the names of battles, or names of famous battery commanders. Among the titles are "The Battle-Axe Company," borne by 74th Medium Battery (the subject of an article in *SOLDIER* some time ago); "Sanna's Post," borne by "Q" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery (recalling a heroic episode in the Boer War); "The Rocket Troop," borne by "O" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery (the original Rocket Troop served at the Battle of Leipzig in 1813 and in the Peninsular War, and a second troop served at Waterloo); and "The Bengal Rocket Troop," borne by 132nd Field Battery (unhappily the troop which first qualified for this title suffered from its own rockets, which in the climate of India were liable to explode on firing). Historic titles of this kind are not reserved for field batteries; they are borne also by searchlight and anti-aircraft batteries.

Major Edwards' book covers a rich variety of musical customs, mess customs, commemorative customs and dress distinctions, and it has an entertaining chapter on mascots.

Steadfast at Snipe

THE Rifle Brigade's most celebrated battle of World War Two was probably the stand made by the anti-tank guns of the 2nd Battalion on the Snipe position at Alamein. From an unprepared site, they knocked out 32 enemy tanks, and undoubtedly damaged many more.

The story of this day-long battle is excellently told in "The Rifle Brigade in the Second World War," by Major R. H. W. S. Hastings DSO, OBE, MC (*Gale and Polden 25s*). This is a 475-page history which covers not only the fortunes of the two regular battalions but those of the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th Battalions which were formed originally from the London Rifle Brigade and the Tower Hamlets Rifles.

Lieut-Colonel Victor Turner, who won the Victoria Cross in the Snipe action, had led his battalion for 4000 yards by night through difficult country to seize the position. Next day, from 5.30 a.m. to 7 p.m., isolated from help, the battalion defied no fewer than 90 Axis tanks, which advanced in successive waves. The action gained such fame in the Army, records Major Hastings, that a committee of investigation went over the scene to check on the "kills," which in the early excitement had been put as high as 50. The final estimate, a conservative one, was that the battalion had accounted for 21 German and 11 Italian tanks, as well as three self-propelled guns — "certainly a very large number for any one battalion in an unprepared position to destroy."

Recommended for a Victoria

Cross in this action, along with Lieut-Col Turner, was Serjeant C. V. Calistan, who already held the Military Medal. At one time the two of them were serving on one gun, the colonel as loader and the serjeant as No. 1 and layer. When 15 German tanks moved up, Serjeant Calistan held his hand until they were 300 yards away, and then set nine of them on fire. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Later he was commissioned, and was killed in action with the 7th Battalion in Italy.

The book covers an impressive range of battlefields. In the opening stages of the war the Rifle Brigade lost an entire regular battalion at Calais, but the other battalions in their new motorised role took a suitable revenge. All the battalions which made contact with the enemy fought as motor battalions until, in May 1944, the 2nd and 7th Battalions were reorganised as lorried Infantry in Italy.

The Riflemen took readily to the idea of a war on wheels, and enjoyed the novelty of vehicle-cooking and organising their own brew-ups. They came to realise the virtues of radio in holding a unit together, "but those who had to sit with the earphones glued to their ears and their wits at the



He won the Victoria Cross for gallantry in the Snipe battle: Lieut-Colonel Victor Turner, The Rifle Brigade.

sharpest for hours and days on end, sometimes wished it had never been invented."

Throughout the war the Rifle Brigade worked in happy partnership with the Royal Horse Artillery. "At Sidi Rezegh it was three Riflemen who recommended two officers of the 3rd Royal Horse Artillery for Victoria Crosses."

A strange sidelight on the desert war is afforded by a table showing the changes of command which the 9th Battalion underwent in 1941-42. Between 15 September and 8 August they came under "new management" 27 times!

Boxes of Cigars



JAMAICAN

Golofina

Coronas
Coronas Chicas
Unapac No. 3

La Tropical de Luxe

Coronas
Petit Coronas

El Trovador

Coronas
Petit Coronas

BRITISH

Carabena Princes

Cremavana No. 3
Embassy High Life

Eclipse

Castella Panatellas

Burlington Coronas

Burlington Petit

Coronas

Manikins

"A contented spirit is the sweetness of existence," wrote Charles Dickens.

Contentment can be yours in the enjoyment of a good cigar.

Set the seal of satisfaction on Christmas and all its good cheer, for yourself and for your friends, by wise choice from Naafi's matchless range of famous brands.

Naafi can supply individual requirements, Ward Rooms and Messes.

NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces

RUXLEY TOWERS • ESHER • SURREY



The Intelligence officer whom the Gestapo kidnapped at Venlo in 1939: Captain S. Payne Best.

WHEN, in November 1939, the world was startled to hear that two British Intelligence officers had been kidnapped from Holland by the Gestapo, there seemed small likelihood that either of them would ever be in a position to write a book about the adventure.

Yet here is the book — "The Venlo Incident" (*Hutchinson 12s 6d*) — written by one of the two officers, Captain S. Payne Best (now 66 years old). And a bizarre record it is, even though it contains less of suffering than most books written by Gestapo captives.

It was one thing to be a gipsy

or a Jew in Sachsenhausen; it was another thing to be a Very Important Person. And VIP treatment — or "prize poodle" treatment — is what the Germans eventually gave Captain Best, while on the other side of the wall very unimportant people were being shot, hanged and strangled.

When Captain Best and Major R. H. Stevens were kidnapped at Venlo — a town which later figured even more prominently in the war news — they had been trying to make contact with persons in Germany who were believed to be plotting against Hitler. At first the Germans intended, apparently, to put the two British officers on trial for conspiracy against the Fuhrer, but the idea was abandoned, and the two were sent to separate, and solitary, confinement.

Before he was installed in the Bunker at Sachsenhausen, near Oranienburg, Captain Best was interrogated at Gestapo Headquarters in Berlin. The questioning seems to have been incompetent; if Captain Best started talking about something wildly irrelevant, like the Henley Regatta of 1914, his interrogators would slavishly write it all down. When higher-ups came in and bawled at him he bawled back.

At first, in Sachsenhausen, Captain Best found himself chained to the wall and deprived of the

usual liberties. But gradually his lot was improved to such an extent that he was allowed to use a knife and fork, to wear his monocle, to send out for liquor, to have a hydrangea in a pot. The instructions from above at that time were that he was to be kept alive and fit; he was even allotted double SS rations, though the graft among the officials was such that he did not always receive his entitlement. The corruption among the guards of Sachsenhausen was indeed startling (one commandant concealed an ill-gotten yacht in the camp) and this was one of the factors which helped Captain Best to gain an ascendancy over his guards: he knew too much about them. He was also a stickler for correct treatment and was ready to report guards who entered his cell improperly dressed. Some of the guards, he found, were "decent" men who had been put into the concentration camp service against their will. At one period the prisoner enjoyed such prestige that the commandant took his advice on the staffing of the Bunker.

When the Russians drew nearer, and the raids on Berlin became heavier, Captain Best and some of the other captives began a long nightmarish journey by way of Buchenwald and Dachau to the Italian Tirol. Other VIP's included the Schuschnigg, the Blums, Dr. Schacht and General Baron von

Falkenhausen, former German commander in Belgium. Orders were given for Captain Best's liquidation, but they were not carried out. The Reich was collapsing, and there was not the same thirst to exterminate, when retribution seemed all too likely. But right to the end there remained the danger of the bullet in the back of the neck. Many of Best's fellow prisoners were removed by this and other means. The Gestapo's treatment of distinguished prisoners was not always respectful; whereas at Sachsenhausen they provided a Rumanian prince with carpets and curtains, and a knocker on his door, at Dachau they made a Prussian prince batman to the prostitutes in the camp brothel.

Not the least strange aspect of those last days was that Captain Best was able to hear captured German generals (who were under suspicion of disloyalty to Hitler) analysing the war news. "I am sure that very few prisoners of war have ever been privileged to listen to discussions between an ex-CGS, two full generals and the late GSO (I) Operations of the enemy's staff," writes Captain Best.

Major Stevens survived his captivity and the two Intelligence officers were able, after five years, to compare notes of their treatment. Neither had thought to emerge alive.

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BOOK NEWS

The Men in the Minefield

DAN Billany was a young man who wanted to set the world to rights. And there was plenty of room for improvement in his world.

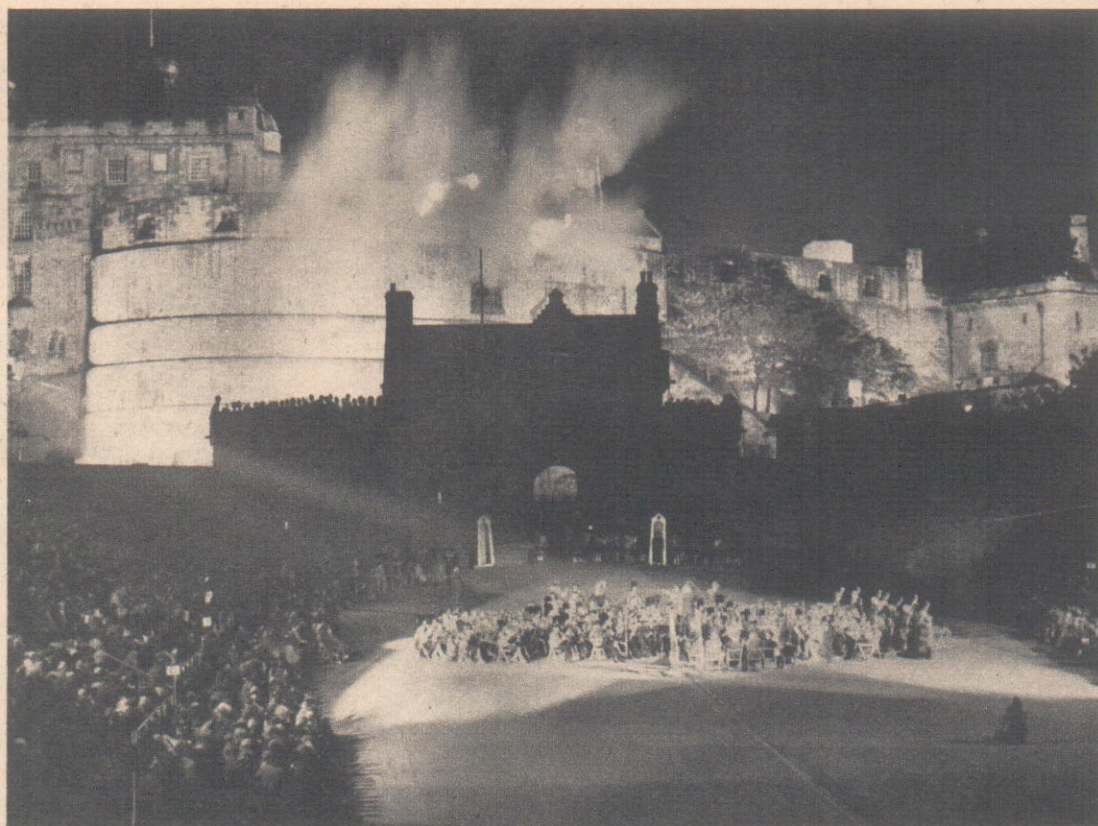
He left his school in Hull at 14, became an errand boy, then an apprentice electrician. In the depression of 1929-31 he lost his job and drew relief; then came the means test and his relief was stopped. He tried to sell radio sets from door to door — unsuccessfully. Renouncing the world, he went back to school, took an Honours degree at Hull University and became a teacher.

Early in World War Two Dan Billany was commissioned in the Infantry and went out to Africa. In the confused fighting at Knightsbridge he was captured and went "into the bag" — latterly in Italy. There he wrote two books, the manuscripts of which he left in the care of an Italian farmer. Both books have been published, but Billany did not live to read the critics' praise of them. He was killed in a struggle with an informer in a prison camp.

The first book was "The Cage" (written in collaboration with David Dowie). The second is "The Trap," now published by Faber and Faber at 10s 6d. It has been widely reviewed, and almost all the critics have made the identical points: that this was a young writer with unusual gifts and a burning sincerity; that he tends to buttonhole the reader too often at the expense of the narrative; and that his descriptions of the desert campaign are almost painfully vivid, and are the best part of the book.

"The Trap" seems to be semi-autobiographical. It is a first-person story put in the mouth of a young officer of humble origins. He loves a girl, he sees her home wrecked in the "blitz," he goes to the wars and he is captured — that is all the plot there is. From a soldier's point of view the descriptions of life in the great minefields surrounding "Knightsbridge" are of outstanding interest.

There has been one curious sequel to the issue of this book. An officer wrote to the publishers saying that he was adjutant of the 4th Battalion of the East Yorkshire Regiment at the time Lieutenant Billany served in it, and that he is the character called Burgess in the book. The only item of fiction, according to this former adjutant, was the desperate charge by "Burgess" to try to release Billany's platoon after capture, a charge in which Burgess and most of his men were killed. "This, I am happy to say, is pure fiction," says the ex-adjutant.



Territorial Gunners fire their 25-pounders from Half Moon Battery, Edinburgh Castle as the massed bands begin to play Handel's "Music For The Royal Fireworks." (Photograph: The Scotsman)

HOW SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTED THE GUNS

SIR Thomas Beecham is an auto-scratic (some say arrogant) conductor. He does not like musical tomfoolery.

But he can nevertheless unbend; and to the surprise of his more nervous admirers, he consented to wind up Edinburgh's arts festival by conducting Handel's "Music For The Royal Fireworks." The score calls, not only for music, but for gunfire.

There were two rehearsals of this spectacular novelty. Then, on the appointed night, as the military bands were massed on the floodlit esplanade of Edinburgh Castle, 25-pounders of 278 Lowland Field Regiment Royal Artillery (TA) crashed out a *feu de joie* from Half Moon Battery and the west side of the castle.

When the echoes died, Sir Thomas Beecham began to conduct his bands. Unseen by the audience, down in the moat stood two officers with shot-guns and loaders, waiting for a blue light to be shone to them by the Bandmaster of the Highland Light Infantry, who was stationed near the moat following the score of the music.

On the blue signal they fired a single discharge of a 12-bore shot-gun loaded with a maximum charge of black powder, and followed it with a continuous rapid-fire salvo from 12-bore shot-

Handel wrote his Music for guns 200 years ago. This year the Army gave it a dramatic rendering at Edinburgh Castle

guns and Verey pistols. On a yellow light signal they ceased firing.

As the last notes were played, the 25-pounders on the Castle ramparts boomed again, and then followed fireworks from the highest part of the Castle.

Handel's "Music For The Royal Fireworks" was composed originally for the delectation of George II. After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle had been signed in 1748, it was decided to celebrate the occasion with a great firework display in London. An Italian, Cavaliere Servandoni, was commissioned to build a "machine" for the purpose and he produced a wooden representation of a Doric temple in Green Park. It was 114 feet high and 410 feet long and included a musicians' gallery.

Handel was commissioned to write music to precede and accompany the fireworks, and he produced an overture followed by five short movements which were intended to illustrate some of the set-pieces. A week before the firework display — in April 1749 — he rehearsed the music in Vauxhall Gardens and 12,000 people turned up to listen. Duchesses had their clothes torn and the traffic of London was held up for three hours.

For the big performance 101 brass cannon were lined up to fire a Royal salute and start the proceedings, and 18 smaller pieces of ordnance were prepared under the musicians' gallery to fire single shots during Handel's music. The music was scored for 56 wind instruments, including the serpent, but some of the parts were played by three instruments, so that the total band was 100 strong.

The music went as planned, but the fireworks... Horace Walpole wrote: "The rockets and whatever was thrown up into the air succeeded mighty well; but the wheels and all that was to compose the principal part were pitiful and ill-conducted, with no changes of coloured fire and shapes. The illumination was mean and lighted so slowly that scarce anybody had patience to wait the finishing; and then which contributed to the awkwardness of the whole, was the right pavilion catching fire and being burnt down in the middle of the show."

Two people were killed in the display and Cavaliere Servandoni ran amok when he saw his "machine" burning down. He drew his sword and tried to attack the Controller of the Ordnance, the Duke of Montagu. The incident finished Servandoni's court career, but the success of the music helped Handel on his way to fame.

Mmm-

Ahh-

Mars!

MARVELLOUS

MMM! AHH! Mars

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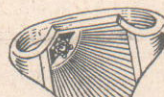
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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

TRIUMPH OF TWO HORSES

Foxhunter and Monty — famous mounts of Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Llewellyn — are now in America, trailing clouds of glory

LIEUTENANT-Colonel Harry Llewellyn, who served with the Warwickshire Yeomanry and on Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's staff during the war, has probably done more for British sporting prestige during this past year than any other man.

Even those to whom the subtleties of show horsemanship are unintelligible have heard echoes of the renown achieved by Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn and his two magnificent horses, Foxhunter and Monty.

The recent feats of this trio have inspired sports writers in Britain, America, Ireland and Switzerland to smarten up their superlatives. There has been much talk about the poetry of motion, about uncanny kinship between man and horse. The understanding between Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn and Foxhunter (one man will tell you) is comparable only to that between Dick Turpin and Black Bess.

Now the trio are in America. Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn was the obvious choice to lead the British show jumping team of three riders and six horses on its visits to Harrisburg, New York's Madison Square Gardens and Toronto. The British Treasury needed a

good deal of persuading that this tour would be a Good Thing — in fact, the British Minister in Washington had to make a special plea for the team to go out, and the Canadian millionaire, Mr. Garfield Weston, underwrote the cost.

There is no room here for a full list of all the trophies won by Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn in the recent jumping season. Among others, he won the King George V gold cup at the International Horse Show and the Gordon Richards Cup at the Horse of the Year Show at Harringay. He led the British team which won the National Cup at Geneva last season and at Lucerne again this season; the team which won the



An Army rider of distinction is Captain G. L. Wathen, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. Here he surmounts a wall on Nobbler at Harringay's Horse of the Year Show, to win the Overture Stakes.

Prince of Wales Cup at the White City; and the team which won the Aga Khan Cup at the Dublin Horse Show.

Not even the most talented horse (and horseman) can win all the prizes all the time. Foxhunter was not judged, officially, to be the Horse of the Year — he came fifth to Mr. T. Makin's chestnut, Sheila (ridden by Seamus Hayes, son of a general in the Irish Army). But in the last big event at Harringay — the mixed international championship — Fox-

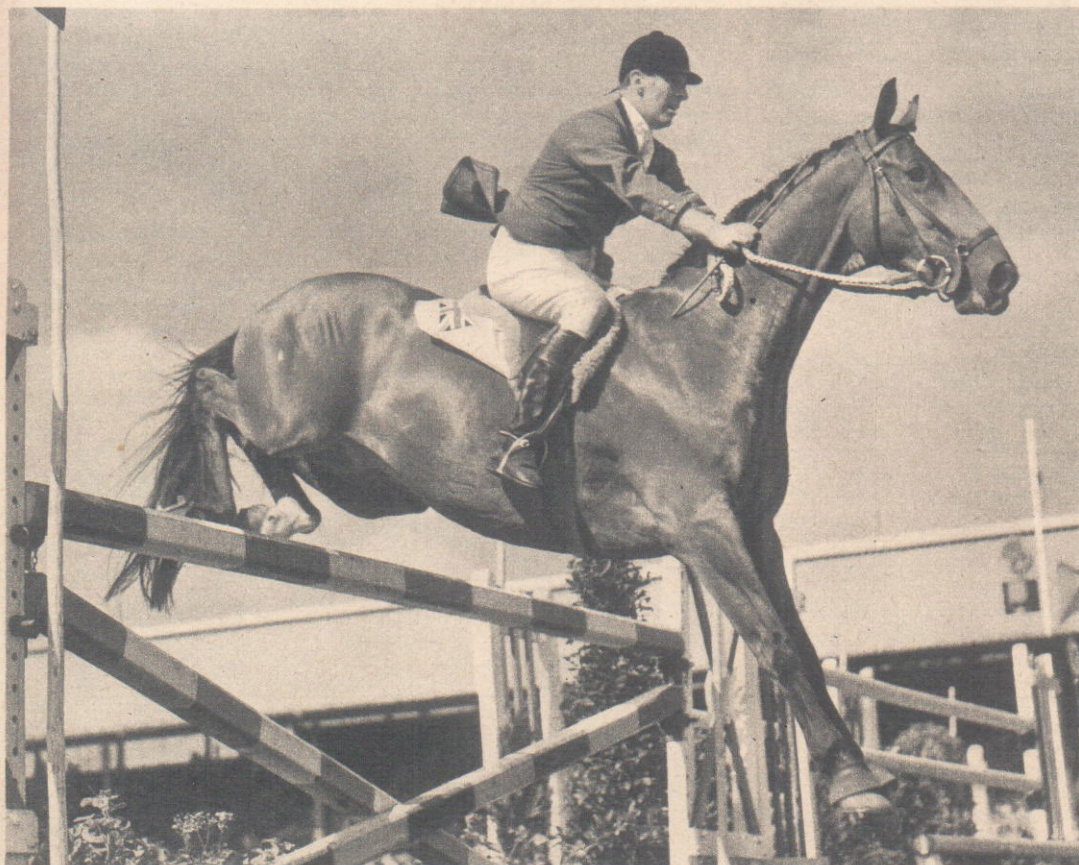
hunter had the satisfaction of defeating that glamorous mare.

Both Foxhunter and Monty are bay geldings, bred in Norfolk and Ireland respectively. Foxhunter stands 16.3 hands, Monty 16.1. They are worldly-wise horses: neither of them is distracted by the ever-changing backgrounds, the excitable voices in the loud-speakers, the photographers' flashlights, the gay uniforms and flags, the pomp and the panoply.

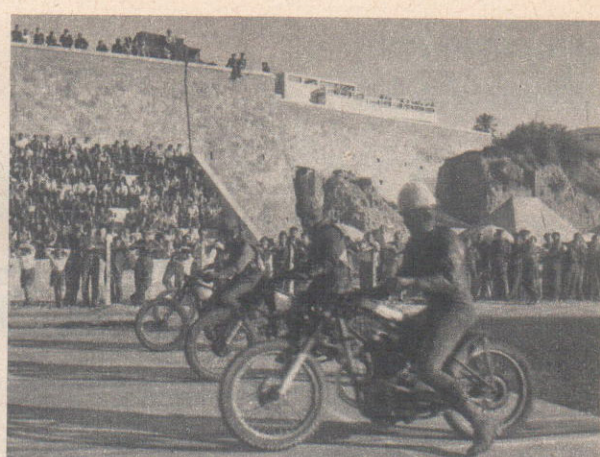
Lieut-Colonel Llewellyn, aged 38, is a man who was born with the gift of talking to horses in their own language. Also, he was born with the resources to follow his expensive hobby; he owned coal mines which have now been handed over to the State. He takes the sport of show jumping seriously — the rider must be no less strictly disciplined than the horse. Success does not come from humouring the mount, but rather from inspiring it. It is a sport which needs cool nerve and swift decisions — but that is what you expect from a man who once was second in the Grand National.

Sharing the credit for putting British horsemen on top of the world is Lieut-Colonel "Mike" Ansell, late of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, now chairman of the British Show Jumping Association. Lieut-Colonel Ansell is almost blind as a result of war wounds, but his inspiration and driving force are unabated. To him it is a matter for pride that two serving officers of his old regiment have distinguished themselves in show jumping this season. One is Captain G. L. Wathen, who carried off the Overture Stakes at Harringay on his horse Nobbler. The other is Lieutenant Michael Webber, who was in the team which won the Aga Khan Cup at Dublin. And Major C. H. Blacker, of the same regiment, rode with distinction in the British Pentathlon (see next page).

BOB O'BRIEN



On the legendary Foxhunter, Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Llewellyn clears an obstacle in the contest for the Prince of Wales Cup at the International Horse Show. The British team won.



SPORT (Continued)

Tripoli "cracks": Left to right: Sjt. C. Walker, Grenadier Guards; S/Sjt. J. Cook, Royal Signals ("The Meteors"); Cpl. W. Brierley, REME ("The Tornadoes").

The start of a speedway race on Tripoli's new track. In the background is the city's main promenade.

HELLCATS v. WOMBATS — IN TRIPOLI (OR GRENADIERS) (OR COLDSTREAM)

IN the heyday of motor racing before the war, Tripoli was one of the many cities to stage an annual Grand Prix.

When Tripoli fell to the British Army in 1943, the race-track became a vehicle recovery depot.

Now Tripoli has a new kind of race-track altogether, not for cars but for motor-cycles. It owes its existence to the British garrison.

In fact, speedway racing began in Tripoli on a sand track during

the war. Now the sport is highly organised at a new floodlit track on the sea-front.

The man behind this project was Major R. B. Middleton, Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Welfare Officer of 1st Infantry Division, whose suggestion for a new track last year was supported by Major-General H. Murray, the Divisional Commander. With the £1000 grant sanctioned by General Headquarters in Fayid, a cinder track with stand accommodation for over 800 was built. A further £900 was lent from the Divisional

Welfare fund to buy 60 unserviceable Army motor-cycles at a cost of £9 each machine, and £300 worth of spare parts were purchased.

Entrance to the track at 10d or to the stand for a further 10d is within the pocket of the junior National Servicemen and so far this season over £200 of the divisional loan has been repaid. Each of the eight teams competing in the Speedway League takes a share of the gate to defray running expenses. All are Army teams except the Black Devils, from the all-Italian Tripoli Sporting Club. Only standard Army machines and spares may be used.

Major-General Murray says: "Speedway riding is a definite asset in training for war. It gives a man not only confidence as a despatch rider but also in himself. The machines must be 100 per cent mechanically perfect so it provides many others, apart from riders, with a useful spare-time hobby."

The star teams in the present Tripoli League are the Coldstream Guards (Wombats) and the Grenadier Guards (Hellcats).

Dirt track riding is not Tripoli's only motor-cycling sport. This summer more than 80 riders from 30 units took part in a 350-miles cross-country event.

From a report by Major Alan Coomber, Military Observer.



Major-General H. Murray, commanding 1st Infantry Division, congratulates Serjeant Grantham, Coldstream Guards, whose team won the Speedway League Cup. Below: Another kind of speed event — a rider in the hills of Garian on a 350-miles trial.



Winning team of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards: (left to right) Sjt. R. Bright, Captain Peter Duckworth and Major C. H. Blacker.

"5th DG" DO IT AGAIN

WITH the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the Pentathlon is a passion. This year, for the fourth year running, they won the Modern Pentathlon team championship at Aldershot.

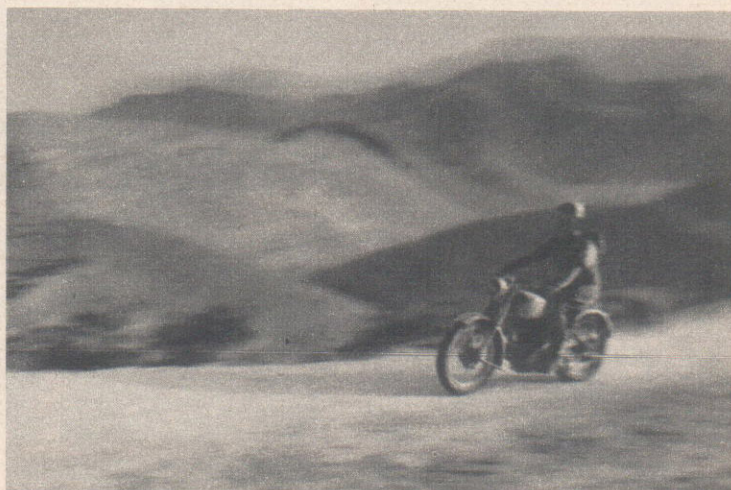
Second came a Royal Air Force team and third the Royal Marines.

But the 5th Dragoon Guards did not win the individual championship. Captain Peter Duckworth, last year's champion, had to take second place to Flight-Lieutenant L. S. Lumsdaine of the Royal Air Force.

Captain Duckworth's teammates were Major C. H. Blacker, a Grand National rider who was in last year's winning team, and Serjeant R. Bright who, as a corporal, was reserve last year.



Pentathlon champion, Flight-Lieut. L. S. Lumsdaine, receives his cup from Lieut-General Sir Richard Gale, Director-General, Military Training.



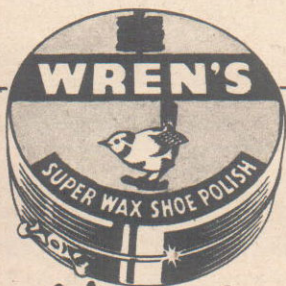
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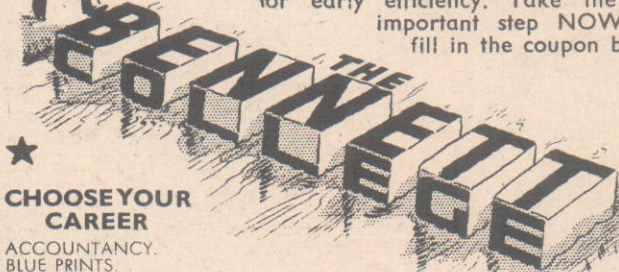
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Nice one, sir!

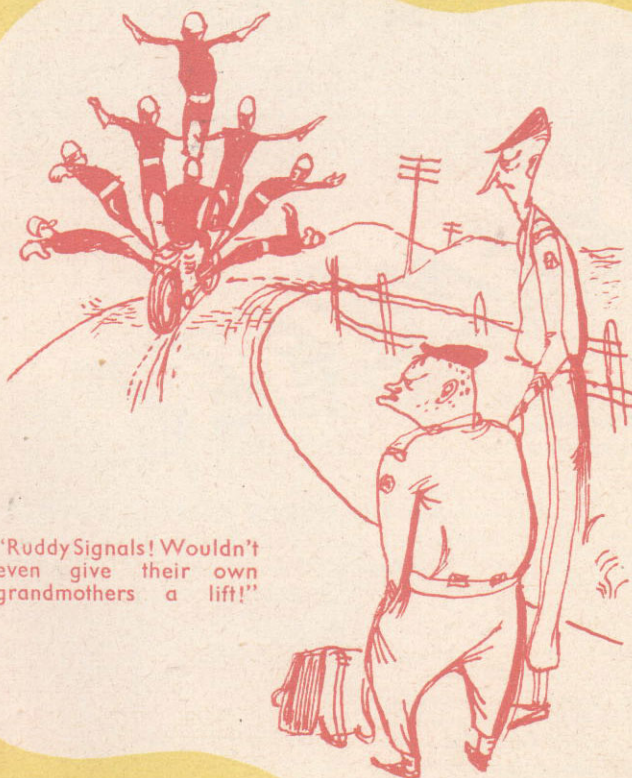


SOLDIER

HUMOUR

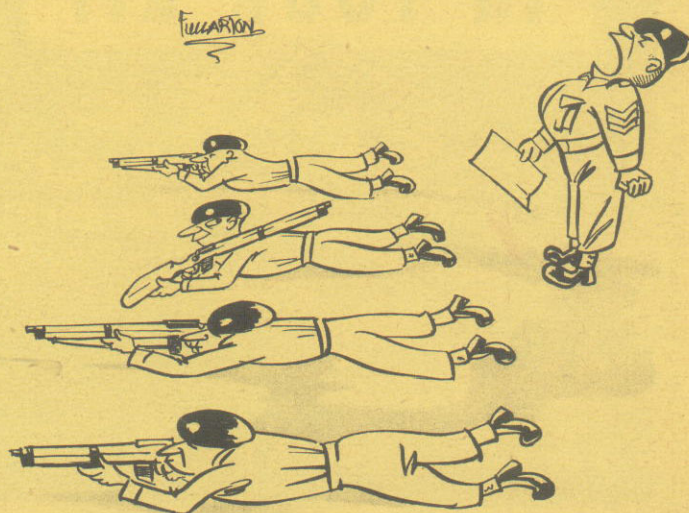


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"Ruddy Signals! Wouldn't even give their own grandmothers a lift!"

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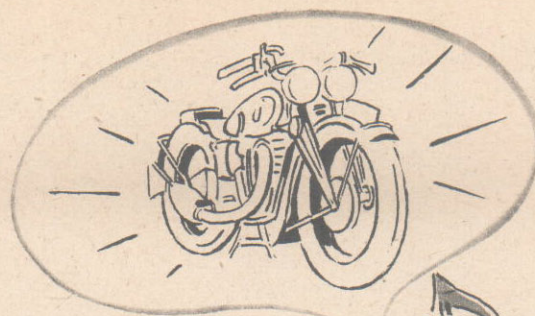
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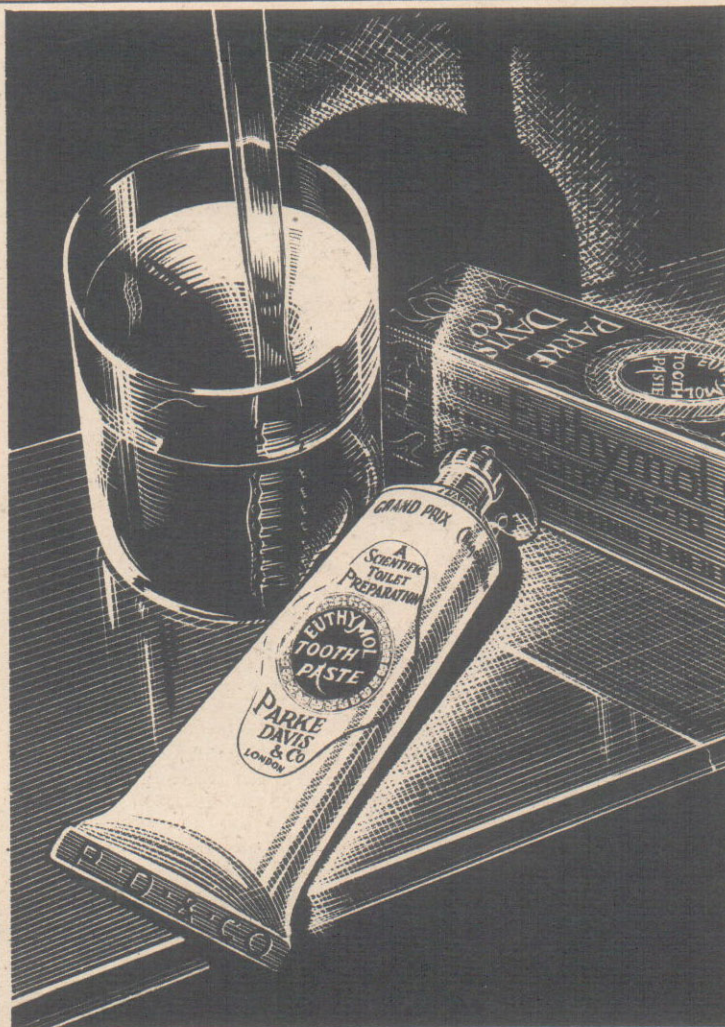
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'WAR' ON THE WESER

(Concluded)

of modern exercises and, according to one correspondent, electrically-fired charges made air attacks on a village "not only impressive but a little frightening."

It was a great moment for taking stock for both generals and journalists. At least one military reporter discovered for the first time the Army's "make-do-and-mend" programme for spinning out the life of war-time vehicles (described in SOLDIER in May 1949); REME, who re-condition them can take his previous unawareness as a tribute to their work.

Some observers decided that Rhine Army's equipment was out of date, always excepting the Centurion tanks; that experienced officers and NCO's were lacking; that units were under strength. And Rhine Army's Commander, Lieut-General Sir Charles F. Keightley had some brisk criticisms to make of tactics.

Against that the soldier was conceded to be as good as ever. General Keightley singled out drivers for particular praise and

he said the co-operation between Rhine Army and the British Air Forces of Occupation was the best in the world. And there was the comforting assurance that there was no complacency at higher levels. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, proclaimed that the Army's objective was a larger, more efficient and better equipped army than we had now. Finally, General de Lattre de Tassigny, Commander-in-Chief of Western Union Land Forces, outlined a plan which, he said, had the approval of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, military chairman of Western Union.

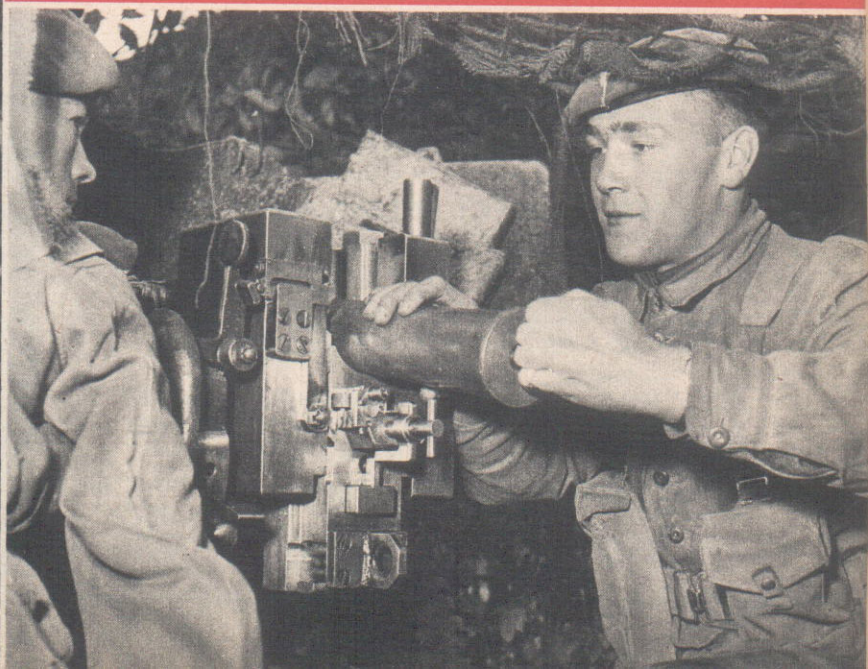
"The Western armies," he said, "will not be effective and strong unless they form a welded force actuated by the same spirit and capable of re-acting in the same way. There is much to be done. There should be more instruction in common and the inter-change of officers between forces must be on a far larger scale. We should create as soon as possible an inter-allied training centre to give cadres a common tactical basis and inter-allied manoeuvres should be held on a large scale."



Old sweats, young sweats: Above — Guardsman P. Collins, 2nd Grenadier Guards, gives a tip or two to a National Serviceman, Guardsman S. Marks. Left: Corporal G. Syme, Gordon Highlanders (18 years service) and Private A. Atkins (National Serviceman) listen to the aircraft droning overhead.



Enemy attempting to cross the Weser will run into the Bren fire of Guardsman S. Land, Welsh Guards. Left: An object lesson in camouflage—the white line encloses the barrel of an anti-tank gun. Below: Behind the camouflage Guardsman S. Ready, Welsh Guards, slips one up the breech.



How Much Do You Know?

1. Which weekly journal in Great Britain has the biggest circulation?
2. If a pony is (a) piebald (b) skewbald, what colour is it?
3. Sir Gladwyn Jebb has been receiving a good deal of publicity in recent times. Who is he?
4. In an ornate building you often see a pillar in the form of a female figure. This is called a—what?
5. What is the difference between a censer and a censor?
6. You know that the letters RSVP at the end of an invitation mean that the sender expects an answer. But what exactly do the letters stand for?
7. What one word means all these: the seeking of a woman's hand in marriage; a set of men's clothes; one of the sets into which a pack of cards is divided?
8. What do the Americans mean by a tycoon?
9. From the Tass Agency you might expect to get:
 - (a) furniture on reduced terms;
 - (b) a list of possible wives (or husbands);
 - (c) news with a Russian slant;
 - (d) Arctic weather forecasts. Which?
10. If a Scotsman says he is "fair scunnered" at something, what does he mean?
11. If you heard that your old girl friend had become a Soroptimist, you would know that she had:
 - (a) entered a nunnery;
 - (b) become a gold-digger;
 - (c) joined the female branch of the Rotary movement;
 - (d) become an actress. Which?
12. The First Reich (meaning the German commonwealth as a whole) lasted from 962 to 1806; the Second Reich from 1871 to 1918. What were the dates of the Third Reich?
13. Can you name a word which describes, not only a respectably married woman, but a woman living "in sin"?
14. Early during World War Two a substance called Macon came on the market. What was it?
15. Can you complete this verse:

*The rain it raineth every day
Upon the just and unjust fella;
But most upon the just, because—*

(Answers on Page 44)

Films Coming Your Way

The following films will be shown shortly at Army Kinema Corporation cinemas overseas:

TRIO:

Remember a film called "Quartet"? It consisted of four short stories by Somerset Maugham, re-told in terms of the screen. It was successful, and now come three more Maugham stories, equally successful in the main. One is a delightful sketch of a verger who was sacked for being illiterate — and of his revenge. The second is a shipboard story featuring a tiresome Mr. Knowall (Nigel Patrick), the most disliked man aboard; this story has a trick ending. The third, and longest, features pretty Jean Simmons as a girl in a high-class sanatorium, refusing to be wooed by a dissolute major (Michael Rennie). It's amazing what the inmates get up to in this sanatorium. The ending of the story may please the sentimentalists, but not the medical profession.

THE INSPECTOR GENERAL:

Danny Kaye plays the star part of a favourite pre-Revolution Russian play. Wandering, destitute, in a gaudy uniform belonging to a gypsy medicine show in which he worked before it was broken up, he is mistaken for an expected inspector-general. A corrupt mayor and council, trembling at the possible consequences of the inspector-general's visit, fête him, and the young man keeps up the masquerade, with complications which include a pretty, young servant girl. Also in the cast are Walter Slezak, Barbara Bates and Elsa Lanchester.

CAGE OF GOLD:

Jean Simmons, again, this time as a girl who (unbelievably) is left on her wedding night, remarries and is blackmailed by her first husband. There is a murder, a false confession and a happy ending. With David Farrar, James Donald and Madeleine Lebau.

MONTANA:

Errol Flynn, shepherd, versus Alexis Smith, cowgirl. They are both in business in a big way, and so there is violence in a big way. "When my bullets run out, sheep-man, my cattle will trample you to dust." This, say the makers, is "the whole earth-shattering story of the range-war that split the Great Divide."

SEVEN DAYS TO NOON:

This film is reviewed on Page 12.



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PART-TIME SERVICE

It would be interesting to have an article in SOLDIER setting out the differences between service in the Territorial Army and the Supplementary Reserve. Most National Servicemen I have met are, like myself, very hazy about the latter body; yet for all we know we may be serving in it in a year or two. — "Taffy" (name and address supplied).

★ As it happens SOLDIER had intended to publish an article in this issue on the Supplementary Reserve which has been the subject of much high-level discussion recently. It is hoped to publish it next month.

OVER 45

It is possible for non-technical officers to take short-service commissions as administrative officers in the Royal Signals, RAOC and REME provided they are not over the ages of 50, 55 and 47 years respectively (ACI 480/50).

I do suggest that the field of this ACI should be widened to allow warrant officers to compete, provided they pass a competitive examination and fulfil the following requirements: are recommended by their commanding officers, possess first-class certificate of education (or equivalent), have first-class trade rating or equivalent recommendation if non-tradesmen, have the Long Service and Good Conduct medal, and have completed 22 years pensionable service.

This would allow deserving warrant officers to carry on without lowering the standards needed in the posts, and would remove any risk of block-

ing promotion. In addition, it would stimulate enthusiasm and efficiency among ambitious Regular soldiers.

I also suggest that all employment in Army leave centres and similar types of establishment should be reserved for men who have completed their 22 years service. — "Jamrud" (name and address supplied).

GOOD START BUT...

However much pay is raised, there are other reforms needed in the conditions of service before re-engagement becomes really attractive.

One idea would be to offer a lump sum as an alternative to a pension after 22 years service. Another would be to make a firm rule that, providing he was medically fit, a man who had completed 22 years service could re-engage up to the age limit of 55. This would mean that the Army would really become a career for life.

Then there is the Shadow Roll. Was its publication a good thing? Many men have not re-engaged because they could see no prospects of promotion. The Shadow Roll gave them only prospects of demotion.

Perhaps other readers of SOLDIER have other ideas. — AQMS S. Stone, HQ 7 Arm'd. Bde., BAOR 23.

★ Soldiers already have an opportunity of commuting their pensions to a lump sum. Providing they can prove that this will be of great and lasting benefit to them (a condition which is aimed at protecting the soldier himself) they can apply to the Commissioners, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to commute their pension.

The main snag about allowing men to continue serving after they have completed 22 years service is that they are apt to form a promotion block. As Armr. QMS Stone himself has said, many men have not re-engaged because they see no



LETTERS

★ SOLDIER welcomes letters.

There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full names and addresses. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

BOUNTIES

May I be one of the first to pester you with a query about the new pay scheme? I re-engaged last year to complete 22 years with the Colours, but my re-engagement period did not begin until 23 September 1950. Do I qualify for the £100 re-engagement bounty or have I missed the boat as usual? — L/Cpl F. Turner, Workshops Platoon, 54 (MT) Coy RASC.

★ ACI 672 of 1950 deals with re-engagement and re-enlistment bounties. It states that a man serving on a regular engagement who applies between 1 September 1950 and 31 December 1951 to re-engage to complete 22 years service, and is accepted, will receive a bounty of £100. As Lance-Corporal Turner applied to re-engage before 1 September 1950 he is unlucky.

HELD-UP

Many ex-soldiers were asked to rejoin the Army on short-service engagements for which a terminal bounty was promised. These men realised that in many cases they were temporarily forfeiting their chances of civil employment.

Now they are being retained beyond the original period because of the present situation, and many may have lost chances of civilian jobs through this. Why cannot they be credited with their bounty? — Serjeant H. O. Higgs, 2 MSD, RASC.

★ The policy is that a terminal bounty is not paid until the man leaves the Army, and the fact that a soldier's release is "frozen" does not alter that. Usually, if a man can prove that the "freeze" caught him just as he was about to be released, and the hold-up of the bounty involves a financial embarrassment, the War Office will consider his appeal.

DINKUM DIGGERS

In your article "Leave in Australia" (SOLDIER, September) you say that many Australian ex-Servicemen wish to return the hospitality they enjoyed in Britain during the war.

I was one of the lucky ones who enjoyed "Down Under" leave in 1943 and I would like to inform readers that Aussie hospitality is without doubt the finest in the world. I also visited South Africa and a number of towns in America, including San Francisco and New York, but I shall never forget the warm welcome and hospitality that we received from the Diggers and their families.

To any Aussie who may read this, let me say thank you, cobber for a real dinkum stay in that wonderful land down under. — Sjt. P. Metcalfe, Training Wing, 22 LAA Regt. RA, BAOR 24.

292 YEARS OLD

I do not want to rob the Coldstream Guards of any of their glorious past but I must point out that you are wrong when you say in your story of that regiment's tercentenary (SOLDIER, October): "Other nations which enjoyed the power and the glory three centuries ago can produce no regiments of comparable age."

My little country — Denmark — enjoyed the power and the glory three centuries ago and it still has a regiment almost as old as the Coldstream. It is the King's Guards Regiment formed on 30 June 1658 — 292 years ago. It was formed by King Frederik III who showed great spirit in fighting against Sweden — our chief enemy in those days. Since then the regiment has taken part in nine wars. — Guardsman Ole Stabell, Danish Forces of Occupation, BAOR.

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS

In the August SOLDIER you publish a photograph of what a correspondent claims was the last ceremonial regimental parade, on horseback, of a British Regular Cavalry regiment (excluding the Household Cavalry). The parade in question was held on 1 January 1939. I have a photograph showing "A" Squadron, 1st The Royal Dragoons passing the saluting base when the Royals held a full regimental parade

Answers

(from Pages 43 and 46)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Radio Times (8,000,000).
2. (a) black and white; (b) white and some other colour.
3. Britain's permanent representative at the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success.
4. Caryatid.
5. A censor is a vessel for holding incense; a censor is an official empowered to prevent publication of undesirable matter.
6. Répondez, s'il vous plaît.
7. Suit.
8. Big business man.
9. (c).
10. Disgusted.
11. (c).
12. 1933-1945.
13. Mistress.
14. Mutton treated as bacon.
15. "The unjust hath the just's umbrella."

Crossword

- Across: 1. Barrow. 4. Foil. 8. Net. 9. Giraffe. 10. Anon. 11. Drama. 14. Dread. 16. Mean. 18. Biscuit. 20. Ell. 21. Emit. 22. Adored.
- Down: 1. Band. 2. Retinue. 3. Organ. 5. Oaf. 6. Leeway. 7. Prod. 12. Amateur. 13. Edible. 15. Drum. 16. Muted. 17. Sled. 19. Ski.

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NAME

ADDRESS

Q.B.



on horseback on "Waterloo Day," 18 June 1940. At the time the Royals were serving in Palestine with The Royal Scots Greys. Both these Regular Cavalry regiments were still fully horsed. The Royals handed over their horses on 28 December 1940 and the Greys a few months later. — SSM C. Palmer, "A" Sqn., 1st The Royal Dragoons, BAOR 11.

KING'S SERJEANT NOW!

During the period of correspondence in *SOLDIER* on the subject of King's Corporal I came across some interesting information about the rank of King's Serjeant. It appears that there was once such a rank and appointment although it did not involve gallantry in the field. The King's Serjeant was apparently an officer of the King's Household, for the information I noted reads — Sjt. Glynne, Recorder of London and King's Serjeant 1659. Sir J. Maynard, Protector's Serjeant 1653 and later King's Serjeant to Charles II. Sir William Scroggs, King's Serjeant 1669. — Capt. W. J. Boulton, RAEC, Hartsbourne Manor, Bushey Heath, Herts. ★ There were serjeants in civilian life long before there were any in the Army. A serjeant was usually the chief servant of one department of an aristocratic household — "serjeant carpenter, serjeant cook" and so on. There were also legal serjeants.

THOSE BRACES

Might I suggest to Sapper P. H. Diss, who complained (*SOLDIER*, September) that he was not allowed to keep his Army braces when he left the Army to do Territorial Army service, that if he examines his battle-dress trousers carefully he will



"REME (TA) will always make him a pair of braces..."

find some buttons round the waistband. These, he will discover, will correspond with button holes on his blouse. If both these are made use of, his worries will be over.

If he still finds difficulty, REME (TA) will always make him a pair of braces. — Captain W. H. Riley, 64 AA Workshop Coy REME (TA), Derwen Park Road, Swansea.

Please see WO Signal 2223/Q/(AE) (A) of 041140/A/Jul 50 which states that approval is given for retention of braces by National Servicemen on transfer to the Territorial Army. — Major H. G. A. Richards, 59 Anti-Aircraft Brigade RA (TA).

★ Has Captain Riley ever tried to bend over in trousers held up by the method he describes?

DISCIPLINE

Is it still compulsory in BAOR to wear identity discs round the neck, or is there any ruling that might allow these uncomfortable objects to be omitted from daily dress? — "Lance-Jack" (name and address supplied).

★ BAOR Standing Orders Part XX (Dress) are being amended to include the new paragraph: — "Identity discs will be retained in safe custody by each officer and soldier. They will be shown on kit inspection and worn on the person when so ordered by Commanding Officers."

BREWING UP

I like your cover picture of the brew-up (*SOLDIER*, July). I note you say these were men of 78th Division near Mount Etna, Sicily. This is correct if hostilities had ceased in Sicily by the time the picture was taken, for this Division was in First Army and not Eighth Army as you say, which means it did not take part in that campaign. The 78th Division landed in Italy in December, 1943. I was in Sicily from start to finish of the campaign and in Italy until the fall of Rome as a member of 92nd Field Regiment in Fifth Infantry Division. — "Gunner" (name and address supplied).

★ According to Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander's despatches on the campaign in Sicily, 78th Division which had served with First Army in North Africa, joined Eighth Army but was kept in North Africa as a reserve division until ordered by General Montgomery to land in Sicily. This it did in July 1943, and its first action was the capture of Calenauova.

TUG-OF-WAR

In the September *SOLDIER* you published a letter by Lieut-Col. A. T. Hingston RAOC lauding the efforts of Mr. W. McCabe, the trainer of the RAOC (and previously RASC) tug-of-war teams. This letter does not aim at detracting in the slightest from the very worthy efforts of this trainer.

Col. Hingston states that the feat of winning both weights at the Royal Tournament (1949-50 RAOC) has only been equalled once, by a RASC team also trained by Mr. McCabe. Service records show that this feat has been equalled by Royal Marine teams no fewer than eleven times since 1922: to be exact, in the years 1922-23-26-27-28-30-31-33-36-47-48.

I feel sure that Mr. McCabe — whose efforts in the last two years have been of the highest order — would be the first to recognise how much he has learned from the methods of Royal Marine coaches.

Public opinion in my unit (three of whom have pulled for the Royal Marines Portsmouth team in the last two years at the Royal Tournament) compels me to write this letter. — Lieut. P. G. Davis, Royal Marines, No 2 SBS Royal Marines, Royal Naval Rhine Flotilla, BAOR 34.

COOKS DEFENDED

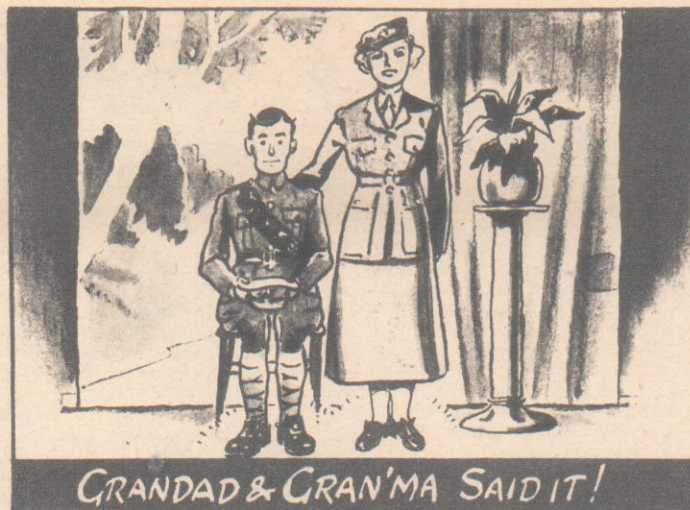
After reading the letter "Too Many Cakes?" (*SOLDIER*, September) I feel I must in fairness defend the men of the Army Catering Corps. It was my experience that they were better cooks and more generous with such items as extra bread than the ATS. Admittedly we could not pack ourselves with cakes in those war-time days, so we enjoyed our meals. Naturally, I write of Home Service conditions. — Donald Watson (ex-wars. — Guardsman Ole Stabell, Notts.

THE LOST BRIGADE

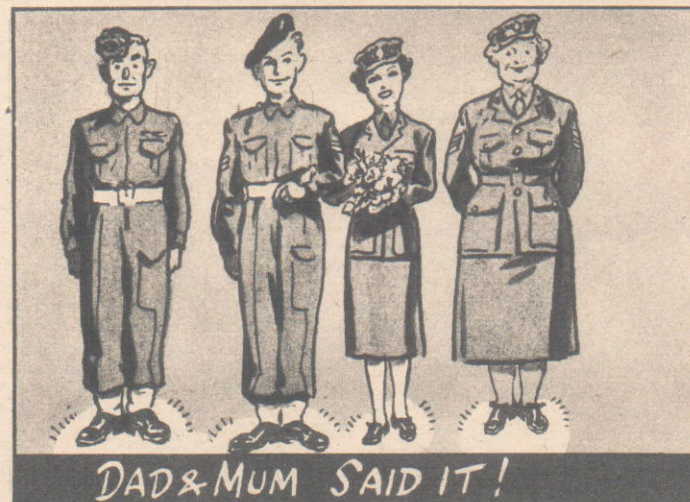
In your September issue you state that in 1936 four Light Brigades RA were converted into Field Brigades. I believe there were five Light Brigades. What happened to the other one? — BSM A. W. H. Austin, 525 LAA/SL Regt. RA (TA), Aigburth Rd., Liverpool 8.

★ In 1935 there were five Light Brigades. In 1936 HQ 1 Brigade absorbed HQ 4 Anti-Aircraft Brigade and was re-designated 4 Anti-Aircraft Brigade. Its batteries also became part of 4 Anti-Aircraft Brigade. In 1938 4 Anti-Aircraft Brigade became 4 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment and in 1947 it became 50 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment.

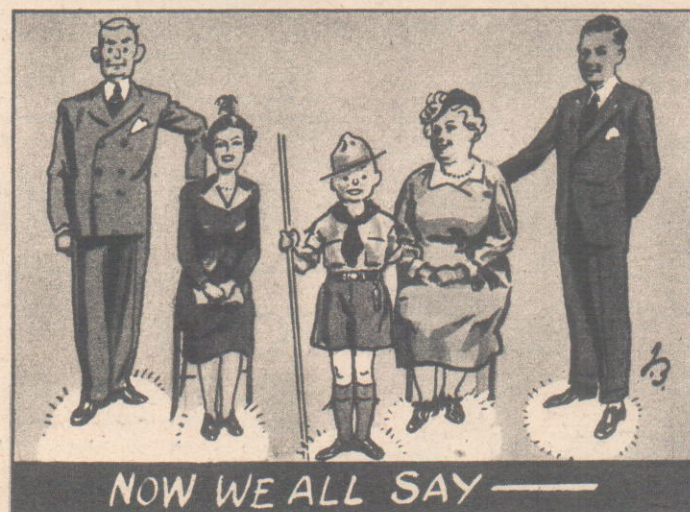
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MORE LETTERS

NATIONALITY ACT

I recently read a paragraph in a daily newspaper which said that, under the British Nationality Act of 1948, people born in India must prove they are of British descent for three generations back if they wish to claim British citizenship. Does this Act apply to the Army and if so will it mean that my two children, born during my service in India, must prove their British descent for three generations before being eligible for British citizenship? — "Sahib" (name and address supplied).

★ The Act does apply to Servicemen, but there is no clause in it like the one quoted. The rules are very complicated and there is no one regulation governing every category of Serviceman, but if a soldier is a British subject and a United Kingdom citizen, his children automatically acquire the same status.

STAYING IN

I am at present serving on an engagement of five years with the Colours and seven on the Reserve, but I wish to continue in the Army for 22 years. I also served in the Army during the war, taking my release in 1946 and re-enlisting the following year on my present regular engagement. Will my war service count towards completing my 22 years service and will I be eligible for RENLEAVE on re-engagement? — Gnr. T. Sims, 153 Bty., 44 HAA Regt. RA, Warren Camp, Crowborough, Sussex.

★ A man serving five years with the Colours and seven on the Reserve is not eligible to undertake a 22-years engagement straight away. He must first extend his present engagement to serve 12 years with the Colours. When he is in his twelfth year of service he can apply to re-engage to complete 22 years. In Gunner Sims' case, his war-time service will count towards completing 22 years pensionable service, but it will not count towards the completion of his

22-years engagement. Thus he will have qualified for a pension some years before he completes his 22-years engagement. He will then be able to choose whether to complete his engagement, thereby earning a higher pension, or to request his discharge.

A man serving on a regular engagement who extends his service to complete 12 years with the Colours becomes eligible for 28 days RENLEAVE under ACI 159 of 1949.

BURNT HIS BOATS

I have undertaken to do three years supplementary service at the end of my current 12-year engagement. Can I be released from this obligation by returning the £25 and the value of the civilian suit which I received on undertaking to do the extra years? — S/Sjt. F. Hughes, 20 Marmion Rd., Henley-on-Thames, Oxon.

★ The only men who can withdraw from an undertaking to do supplementary service, by returning the initial bounty and the value of the civilian suit, are those who have undertaken to do the extra term after completing 22 years Colour service. Even they cannot cancel the undertaking once they have begun to serve the extra years. In all other cases, men are re-enlisted for the extra three years as soon as they sign the undertaking. The contract is then binding and cannot be cancelled.

RELEASE HOLD-UP

The statement about release delay in your September issue reads very ambiguously. The point which is not clear is whether men who complete short-service engagements are allowed to take their release or not. What is the answer? — Bds. D. B. Beckwith, 20 Higher Wood, Bovington Camp, Dorset.

★ Under the present hold-up, men who complete short-service engagements are not allowed to take their release.

LANGUAGE AWARD

I believe that officers serving with the Colours are financially rewarded on passing the interpretership examination in a European language. Are there similar provisions for Territorial officers? — Lieut. C. K. Murray, 2, Garway Rd., London W. 2.

★ The only officers eligible for awards on qualifying as interpreters are those Regulars who have been selected to study a language at the public expense. Other officers, both Regular and Territorial, may take the interpretership examination, but they cannot qualify for an award.

FROZEN ALLOWANCE

Why is it that Maltese Regular Forces do not receive ice or an allowance in lieu when British Servicemen stationed here get it? — "Curious," Malta.

★ When a married soldier's pay and allowances are worked out they are based on living costs in his own country, and are meant to cover food, clothing, coal and other household expenses. Because ice is not necessary in Britain, marriage allowance is not meant to cover its purchase.

When a soldier and his family are sent to Malta, where it is necessary, the ice is given free or an allowance is paid.

In the same way the Maltese soldier's pay and marriage allowance are also based on his living costs in the island, and the daily purchase of ice is taken into consideration. If the Maltese soldier did not have to buy ice, then his marriage allowance would be less than it is.

FARE'S FAIR

When I take my wife and child home to England for leave I have to pay for my own passage. Why is this? — Cpl. J. M. Sharp, Support Coy., 1 Bn Sherwood Foresters, BAOR 11.

★ The main idea behind giving a man home leave from an overseas station is to allow him to visit his family, from whom the exigencies of the service have separated him, and to this end he is allowed to travel free. If his family has already been allowed free travel to join him, he is no longer justified in expecting to go on holiday to Britain at public expense.

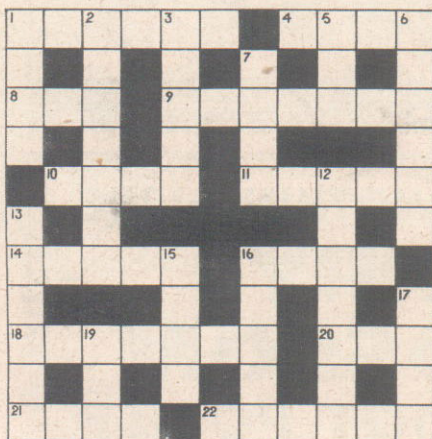
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CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. The vehicle looks like a public house brawl. 4. If it's tin it is not much good for fencing. 8. Fish, hair, or butterfly? 9. Once known as the camelopard. 10. Later. 11. The hero always manages to 4 across the villain in an old-fashioned one. 14. Father has let the Engineers in—how terrifying! 16. Average—but not about money. 18. If it takes

this it takes some beating. 20. The length of a letter? 21. Time not only stands still, it goes backwards. 22. The loved one looks like a Communist after some excitement.

DOWN: 1. Might be composed of robbers, rubber, or musicians. 2. The Sappers unite to make a train. 3. A groan might be caused by it, or by a pain in it. 5. Cut the bread for an awkward lout. 6. Sideways motion. 7. You might use it beheaded to do it. 12. Does he hold unpaid acting rank in a dramatic society? 13. I bleed to be fit to eat. 15. May be a kettle, but not a black one. 16. Strings are for quiet music. 17. A letter was in the van—over the snow? 19. If you haven't got 17 down you might do this.

(Answers on Page 44)



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*Does not
harm the
Heart
or
Stomach*

**WHEN YOU'RE NERVY
AND IRRITABLE —**

'ASPRO'
*soothes
and comforts*

"Cannot Praise 'ASPRO' Enough"

Mrs. J. W. writes from Hatfield Peverel, Essex: — "After suffering rheumatic pains for several years, I tried 'ASPRO' and I am sure I cannot praise it enough. Also for neuritis it is invaluable, relieving the pain in a few seconds. I have recommended 'ASPRO' tablets to several people for headache and toothache. They know I always keep them in the house so of course they know where to come for relief."

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks



Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a tumbler of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., and act as a deterrent.

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CANTEENS AND
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EVERYWHERE



*improves
all meals*



This tin . . .
and only this tin, contains the
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**WHO
WANTS
MY
NOSE?**



**Always sniffing . . .
can't smell . . . can't taste
. . . can't breathe**

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Its medicated vapours quickly subdue inflammation, free congestion, and open up stuffed breathing passages. 'Mentholum' stays where it is put and keeps active for hours. It breaks up Head Colds overnight and even obstinate Catarrh yields to it. Breathing is believing, so get some 'Mentholum' right away.

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