

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

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**REPORT ON
ARMY FOOTBALL**

(See Page 39)

If you want to get ahead ...

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BELONGS TO THE FORCES

If you know of anyone seeking an interesting career, Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.

"Now listen, you young limb," whispered Sikes, drawing a dark lantern from his pocket, and throwing the glare full on Oliver's face: "I'm a-going to put you through there."

"Oliver Twist"
by Charles Dickens



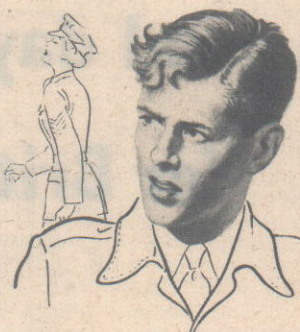
Oliver Twist learns the trade

Burglars may no longer employ small boys to climb through tiny windows and open the front door, but the dangers of keeping money in the house are as great now as they were in the days of Charles Dickens. Wise householders deposit their money with the Midland Bank, secure in the knowledge that it is far beyond the reach of the modern 'Bill Sikes', yet always at their disposal. And prudent businessmen avoid the anxiety of keeping money on their premises overnight by making use of the Midland Bank Night Safes which are available at nearly 700 of the Bank's branches.

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YOU wouldn't think it, but these two pictures are both of the same chap! See how untidy his hair looks (right). No wonder she simply can't stand the sight of it. His trouble is . . . Dry Scalp! That's what makes his hair so dry and lifeless-looking. There's loose dandruff showing, too, especially at the parting and on his collar. His scalp is certainly short of the natural oils it needs.



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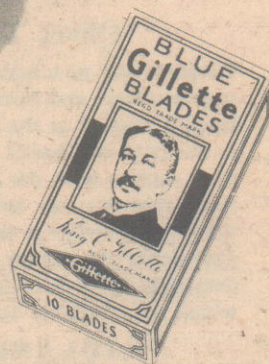
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Army 'Grasshopper' Pilots Do A Fine Job in Malaya

"HELLO, 1907. Personal Assistant to the GOC speaking. The General wants to go to Kuantan tomorrow, leaving at 0730 hours."

At the receiving end of that message is the 28-year-old officer commanding 1907 Flight of 656 Air Observation Post Squadron, a Gunner unit which has a special 200-yards landing strip constructed right in the centre of Malaya District's headquarters at Kuala Lumpur.

Putting down the receiver, Captain Alastair Noble, Royal Artillery, of Maidstone, Kent, with 550 flying hours to his credit, looks at his list of engagements for tomorrow. He must decide whether to pilot the GOC himself, or detail one of his three pilots, all of whom are Gunner captains and equally competent flyers. They are 24-year-old Bob Warner, of Kingston, Surrey; 24-year-old Pat Cuppage, of County Cork; and 22-year-old Steven Bristow, of Epsom. They have 500, 380 and 270 flying hours respectively.

Fifty-one-year-old Major-General C.H. Boucher — who made a parachute jump as recently as 1946 — was quick to discover how essential were midget aircraft to get him about his 40,000-square miles command, in which he is directing Army forces against the Malayan terror gangs. Travel by train or road across almost unexplored jungles and swamps would take days, even weeks. He demands hours — and the only solution is by air.

"The General really loves flying," declared Pat Cuppage. "Our 1700-pound Austers do not normally carry wireless, so that

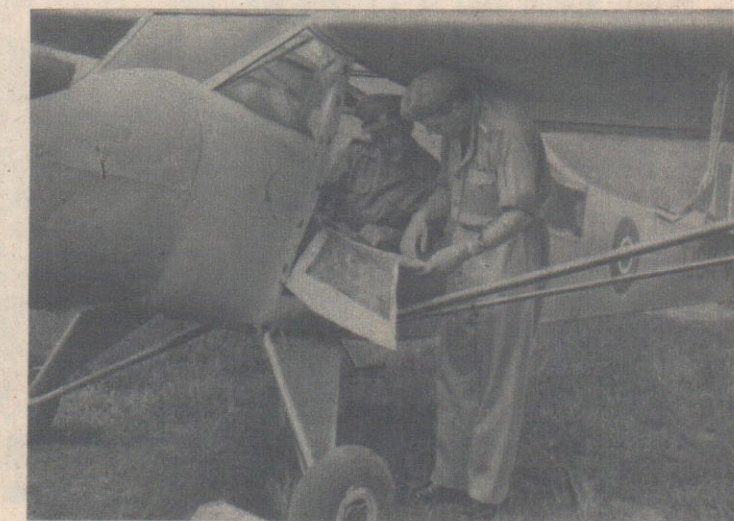
100 per cent accurate map-reading and compass bearings are essential on long-distance jungle flights. The General can always pin-point the plane's location from the air."

Five Austers — once earmarked for sale to flying clubs but retained when the bandit emergency arose last June — comprise 1907 Flight. The officer pilots (trained Royal Artillery spotters) were rushed to Malaya from the Middle East.

All pilots are agreed that they would not change their present life for any other, despite an average of 40 flying hours a week in one of the most difficult of flying countries.

"We are long-distance aerial taxi-drivers, but we do not always confine ourselves to carrying passengers," says Bob Warner. He was preparing to take off with 20 scythes urgently required by an Infantry company 170 miles away who were hacking their way through jungle into which fleeing bandits had infiltrated.

But that was nothing to what Pat the Irishman, born in Dublin, had previously carried. He broke all the conventions of flight by taking a spare wing strut,



Captain Bob Warner (standing) gives last-minute instructions to Captain Steve Bristow, who is off on a maximum-distance hop over the Malayan jungle.

urgently required by another Flight, tied to the outside of his plane. On this occasion he also carried a sewing machine for a harassed company quartermaster whose men had cut their thin jungle-green uniforms to ribbons in bramble country.

These Austers can mean the difference between life and death. Small parties of troops cut off from supply points by floods or bandits — equally treacherous opponents — can be fed by small food parcels thrown out of the Auster windows, or seriously injured men can be whisked back

to hospital.

Four-engined air liners, five times faster and over 50 times more powerful, find the Malayan weather too much at times, and they by-pass certain areas or remain grounded. But these midget Austers, with only a 130-horse-power engine, still get through.

The boast of this Kuala Lumpur Flight is that they have never yet had to call off a sortie. Their planes brush the trees at times when flying through valleys

OVER

THE ARMY'S WINGS



This is the new badge designed for Air Observation Post Officers of the Royal Artillery. Pilots must pass a special course to qualify for it.



The Army Flying Badge, incorporating the Royal Crest, is worn by first Glider Pilots. Another "Wings" badge, with a "G" in a gold circle, is worn by second Glider Pilots.

ARMY PILOTS

(Continued)

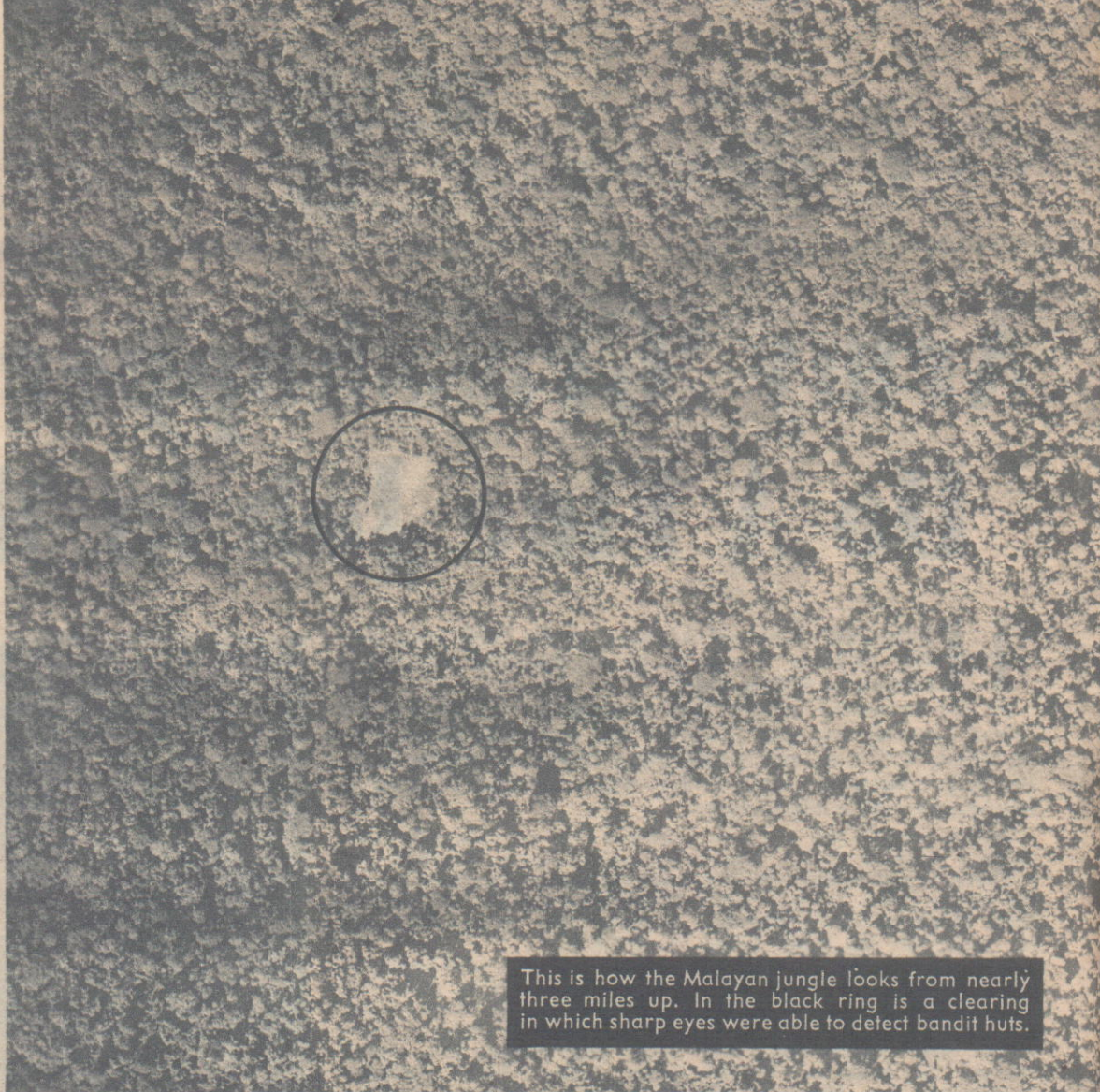
over which great storm clouds gather and through which no plane yet built could survive. Low flying is ruled out except when that is the only way.

The pilots, after elementary flying with the RAF, had a nine-months specialised course with the Army at Middle Wallop near Andover. In August last year 1907 Flight went to Kuala Lumpur, and since then they have flown 600 sorties.

Like all flying men, the quartette have stories to tell. The OC claims the shortest run-in ever — 49 yards from touch-down to standstill. Genial Bob had to be assisted by six hefty Grenadiers pushing his fragile craft when he took off from a sandy flat after a special landing. Captain Bristow went on a flight to Kuantan and remained with his 'plane for three weeks on detachment, flying daily and acting as aerial guide to the Infantry.

One unauthorised passenger only is given regular lifts — the eleven-weeks-old frisky mongrel Mick, the Flight's mascot.

TAILPIECE:— As **SOLDIER** was leaving, Captain Bristow put down the telephone receiver and shouted — "He's coming back ... today." This meant that 25-year-old Bruce Venour of Wimbledon, with over 400 flying hours, had been taken off the boat while on his way to England for a course and sent back to assist his former colleagues at Kuala Lumpur.



This is how the Malayan jungle looks from nearly three miles up. In the black ring is a clearing in which sharp eyes were able to detect bandit huts.

THE CAPTAIN SPOTS THE BANDITS — at his Desk



The bandit hide-out after a strafe by RAF bombers. Through this matted jungle the ground forces struggled.

Continuing his Malaya Report, **SOLDIER's** correspondent **D. H. de T. READE** tells of the part played against the bandits by the Army photo-interpretation experts

IN the war against the Malayan bandits, the Services and police have a trump-card which was often played with striking success in World War Two — the aerial photograph.

Its importance is hard to over-estimate in a country which all the year round is clotted with green vegetation. The jungle may be neutral, but it causes a prodigious waste of man-hours. Pinpointing the hide-outs from the air saves ground patrols from days and weeks of perhaps fruitless floundering.

But a collection of aerial photographs is no use without an expert to interpret them. The Army has the expert there — a 24-year-old Intelligence Corps captain whose ambition, when all this is over, is to run an orphanage or a home for delinquent boys.

He is Captain Brian A. Richardson, one of a skilled handful of Army specialists trained to interpret aerial photographic mosaics.

His job is to run the Army Photographic Interpretation Section at Malaya District, nerve centre of the Army forces in Malaya.

"It's an unglamorous back-room job," he told **SOLDIER**, while awaiting the return of one of the RAF's two camera-equipped Spitfires. He produced a set of overlapping pictures.

"These were taken from 16,800 feet," he explained, "the usual height for taking pictures. At that height, which gives a scale of one in ten thousand, there is a reasonable picture, and the 'plane is unlikely to be detected from the ground. If the bandits knew they were spotted, they might be encouraged to move."

The picture appeared to show just plain jungle, with odd shades here and there and unsymmetrical lines. Captain Richardson then indicated a certain spot, and said

that between points where his dividers touched the mosaic there were two huts. To the layman they were invisible, but Captain Richardson brought out a picture of the same area taken from only a few hundred feet — and the semi-camouflaged huts were to be seen after careful scrutiny.

The information gained from the aerial photographs is valuable to the RAF for carrying out strikes, and for determining dropping zones for food. On the Army side it is of incalculable value to the field commander who can decide upon his stopping points, ambush positions and ways to and from his target.

Before photographs are taken, Intelligence must be satisfied that the area is likely to contain bandit hide-outs. Information about the presence of bandits comes from many sources, including police, local rubber planters, miners and forestry officers — and from informers.

Captain Richardson has been a photographic interpreter for two years. He maintains that anyone with a natural flair for the job, the keenest of eyesight, correct training and plenty of patience can make an interpreter.

On joining the Army he went to the RAMC at his own request and landed in Europe on D-Day with a field dressing station. Shortly after he was commissioned into the Devons he went on an Air Liaison Officer's course and from there was selected to train for his present duties.

As Captain Richardson was telling his story the telephone rang and the airport reported that the camera-fitted Spitfire had landed. It had taken more than 100 exposures in both cameras and would he come down to see the negatives?

By the time he reached the airport, four miles away, the film was nearly developed and the pilot was completing his reconnaissance report. In a few minutes the two printers emerged from their mobile "sweatbox" — its temperature was over 100 degrees — with the evidence.

Captain Richardson selected ten pictures of the vital area. They were printed within 15 minutes. He then rushed back to Malaya District Headquarters where his staff put them in mosaic form and plotted them on the map. It is no easy task matching up aerial photographs in this way as there are usually inaccuracies on the maps. After careful sorting and comparing detailed information from the police, a terrorist hide-out of three huts was found nestling in a small clearing less than 100 yards square, in jungle about one mile from a rubber plantation.

Sometimes Captain Richardson has to employ more primitive methods. SOLDIER saw him early in the morning, lying on the sand floor of a police compound with maps spread around, while a Chinese drew marks on the sand to indicate the position where a certain track entered the jungle. Captain Richardson was speaking to the Chinese in the Malay tongue; he is an interpreter who does not need an interpreter.

MIDDLE EAST REPORT

The Serjeant is an Inspector Now

WHEN Serjeant L. W. Reid of the King's Royal Rifle Corps was "left out of battle" as the Seventh Armoured Division advanced to El Alamein in 1942, he was told to report to the headquarters of the Libyan Arab Force, then little known to the rank-and-file.

The posting, as instructor to the four battalions of Arabs recruited by Emir Sayyid Idris of Cyrenaica to work with the Eighth Army, was not a popular one, as men strove to join combatant units in the Western Desert. But there were always some who could not be found a place in the battle. And for Serjeant Reid, though he did not know it at the time, his posting opened up a new career.

As soon as Cyrenaica had been wrested from Rommel and Tobruk occupied for the second time, the Libyan Arab Force left the Eighth Army to form a gendarmerie over the 300,000 square miles between Tripolitania in the west and Egypt in the east. With the Arabs went the British instructors, most of them to stay on as officers of the renamed Cyrenaica Defence Force.

Now, nearly seven years after leaving the Eighth Army, Serjeant Reid is still in familiar territory, a policeman with a beat from Timimi, the shack village staging-point 100 miles from Derna, to Fort Capuzzo, last British post on the Egyptian frontier, not to mention hundreds of miles of tribal country, where he is the friend alike of sheiks and shepherds.

Serjeant Reid is Inspector Reid now, still wearing a khaki uniform, although the Maltese Cross of the KRRC has given way to the cap badge of the Cyrenaica Defence Force, the

Instead of taking his release, Serjeant Reid stayed on in North Africa. Today he is an Inspector in the Cyrenaica Defence Force, friend of sheiks, enemy of law-breakers



Desert beat: a patrolman of the Cyrenaica Defence Force.

silver crescent and star, emblem of the Emir of Cyrenaica. Under his charge are Arab officers, town policemen, mobile transport patrols which tour the outlying villages, and camel patrols keeping watch on the Cyrenaican-Egyptian frontier and travelling deep into the nomads' country.

His headquarters are in Tobruk, once one of the jewels of Mussolini's second Roman Empire; now it is the eyesore of the Mediterranean. But in spite of (or because of) the limited amenities, the troops in Tobruk have a good spirit and a camaraderie that other garrisons, with better facilities, might envy.

Ex-Serjeant Reid is one of those who like the life there. But any time he may journey

elsewhere in Cyrenaica to guide the local Arab officers who are gradually taking the reins of responsibility.

Last summer he went to the Egyptian border to direct the transportation back home of 750 Tripolitans and Tunisians who tried to cross Cyrenaica and Egypt on their way to join the war in Palestine, and were stopped by Inspector Reid's men at the frontier check-post.

Sometimes he is off with a motor patrol to remote Jaghub Oasis to visit the sheiks and learn the "lie of the land" in the less-populated parts of Cyrenaica. Sometimes he is with men of the camel patrols, who visit tribes for information about desert law-breakers and also for details on rainfall and crop progress (facts wanted by the British administrators in Benghazi to help them plan the economy of the country) in areas where motor transport could never penetrate.

Ex-Serjeant Reid is one of many British soldiers turned administrators who are sacrificing home and comfort while carrying the traditional "white man's burden," a burden that must be patiently borne until the future of the North African territories under our trust is settled.



Note the black beret worn by this Senussi horseman.

Continued overleaf

THE ARMY IS OUT OF KUFRA -

THE desert stops being the desert when it has a few date-palms and a few barren palms waving above it — but only just. Add to the scene a few buildings linked together by untidy camel-tracks, and that is Kufra Oasis.

Kufra is not even a town — not by any standards. It appears on only the most detailed maps, 500 miles south of Tobruk in Cyrenaica, and the same distance west of Khar-toum, the capital of the Sudan.

Only a handful of British soldiers have been there in the last five years and there are none now, but many Eighth Army

veterans will have recollections of its decrepit shack houses and the warm hospitality of its bedouin. And many men of the Desert Air Force have cause to be grateful for its existence.

Kufra was the last Arab stronghold in Cyrenaica to resist the Italians, who invaded the country in 1911. The war went on for more than 20 years until Mussolini's troops marched in during

1931. When the British and French routed the Italians during the desert campaign, they found Kufra, centre of the camel routes, a useful strategic outpost.

With the aid of the sheikhs and bedouin — there were 6000 of them who knew every inch of the country — the headquarters of the Long Range Desert Group was established there. From Kufra British patrols went out into the desert to make raids on Rommel's rear areas and to carry out reconnaissance patrols. From Kufra the Special Air Service maintained a force to harry the Luftwaffe where it felt safest.

When the war in North Africa was over a British military administration began to govern Cyrenaica; Kufra remained a British responsibility. Nowadays there is only one Briton in Kufra, the Civil Affairs Officer of the British administration, and, though the government is run by civilians, he is usually an ex-officer of the British Army. He is governor, teacher, arbitrator, judge — and friend — of the 6000 bedouin who regard Kufra as their desert "capital".

Every six months there is a new Civil Affairs Officer, the change-round being designed to give the officer a spell in "civilisation". The last one stayed there 14 months at his own request. When SOLDIER met him on his return to Tobruk, Captain G. A. Reeves had recently been released from the Northumberland Fusiliers and had chosen to remain in Cyrenaica to help guide its people to self-government. He is now Civil Affairs Officer in Tobruk.

Fourteen months in Kufra are enough for any man. Captain Reeves is no exception, though he has a warm regard for the

Oasis. Mail once every three months is one disadvantage.

There are no communications with Kufra except by diesel motor transport very occasionally or a four-weeks journey in a convoy of 70 of 80 camels, which leaves Ajedabia, near Benghazi, four times a year. When the convoy returns to Ajedabia it brings back part of Kufra's date crop, one of the finest in North Africa, and carpets and leather goods made by the bedouin, which are sold in the Benghazi bazaars.

As well as the Ajedabia convoy, there are camel trains from all parts of Africa passing through Kufra at all times. Once in 1947, when the date crop was exceptionally good, 5000 camels were tethered around the bedouin camps.

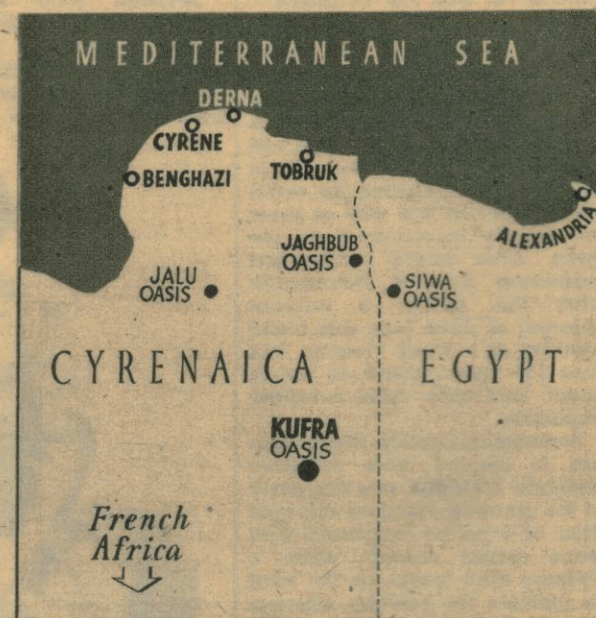
For company the British officer has a French officer and six French troops, who have been there since General Leclerc's men arrived in 1941 and have stayed as a detachment from the French force in the Chad district of French Africa. But the Civil Affairs Officer has little time to ponder his isolation. As representative of the government he is an honoured guest at all the tribal receptions. Meals last far into the night, and even the Civil Affairs Officer follows Arab custom, sitting on the floor and dispensing with knife and fork. Tribal hospitality can and often does ruin the British official's figure anywhere in the Middle East.

Along with his thoughts, the Civil Affairs Officer in Kufra knows he is among friends, who learned from the Eighth Army that they could put their trust in the British.

SIDNEY WEILAND



The market place in Kufra Oasis—a scene with an Old Testament look about it, except for the armed soldiers in the background. Below: a typical view on the long road to Kufra.



Five hundred miles inland from the coast, Kufra Oasis was the headquarters of the Long Range Desert Group during the war.

-BUT BACK AGAIN IN AKABA

AKABA, the Transjordan port where British troops were recently put ashore to guard against possible encroachment by Israeli patrols, was never a headline spot during the war.

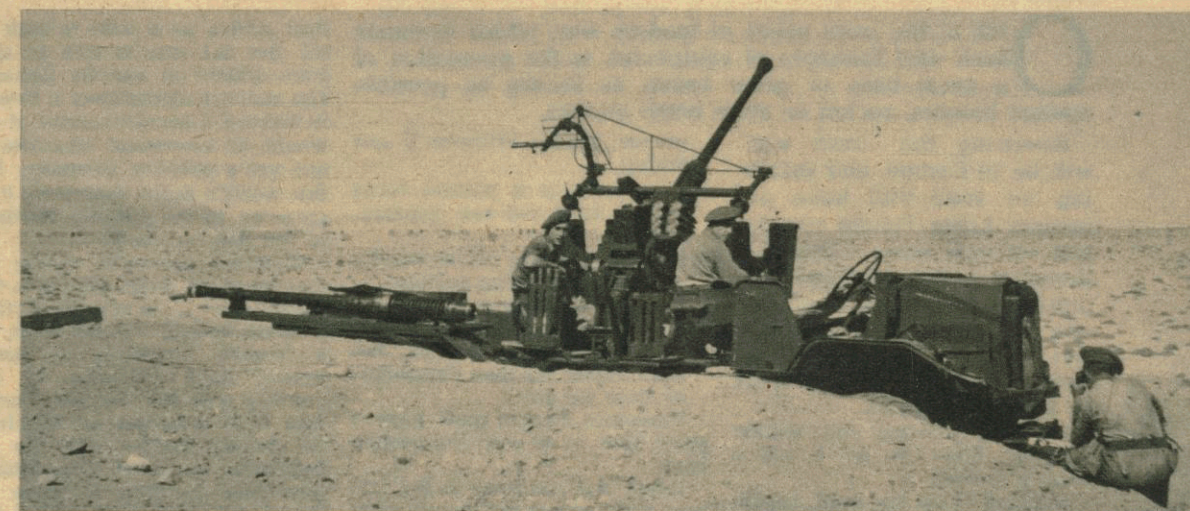
But that does not mean that it was a port of no significance.

The wartime Censor discouraged mention of Akaba, because the port would have become a place of prime importance if Egypt and the Suez Canal had fallen to the Germans. Through Akaba would have gone most of the supplies to Allied garrisons in Palestine and Syria.

In the early days of the war New Zealand engineers built harbour installations at Akaba, where the facilities until then were primitive enough. Rail links were also strengthened. The precautions were unnecessary, though of value in speeding supplies to the Arab Legion.

It was just as well, for climatic reasons alone, that Akaba never became a key port. It is one of the most torrid spots on the globe. Soldiers were not long in learning — and using — the coarse description of Akaba which sailors use. All around is a wilderness of sand and rock, baking under a relentless sun.

But the Allies found at least one other use for Akaba during the war. One of the Sicily landings was tried out there. A joint force drawn from Fifth and Fifth Air Divisions steamed up the Gulf of Akaba and took the port by "assault". The shores were marked out as far as possible to resemble the D-Day beaches of Sicily, and Indian troops were there to represent the enemy. The attacking force



On the perimeter of Akaba light anti-aircraft gunners set down their Bofors. For once there was little to interrupt their arc of fire.

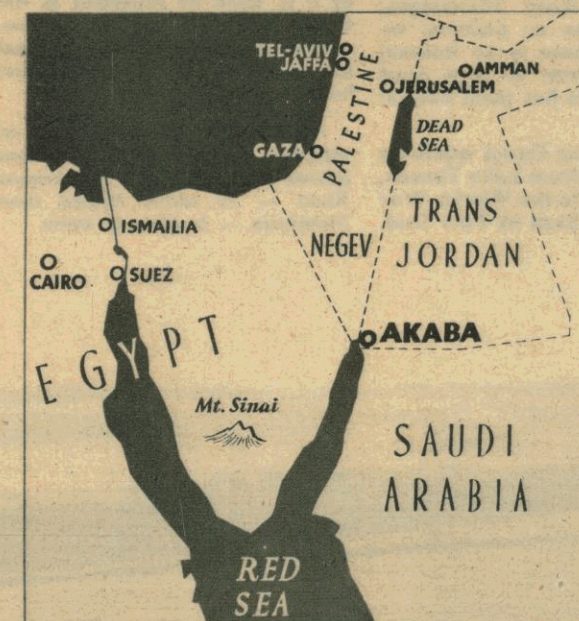
was there only for two or three days, then it was switched to the Mediterranean to repeat the manoeuvre on the spot. Akaba was one of the few places where the troops took the wearing of topees seriously.

In 1917 Akaba was captured by Colonel Lawrence and his Arabs after a strenuous desert campaign. Shortly after Lawrence took up his headquarters there, the Turks raised the price on his head to £20,000 alive or £10,000 dead.

Under the name of Eloth, Akaba is mentioned in the Bible. Moses went that way near the end of his wanderings; and the Queen of Sheba journeyed to visit King Solomon through the wild mountains of the Hejaz, to the east of the port. In later centuries it was a staging post for pilgrims' caravans bound from Egypt to the holy cities of Arabia.



A working party of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment gets ready for a new job in a new desert. Below: on this barren shore at the head of the Gulf of Akaba the boundaries of Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan and Saudi Arabia converge. Akaba is on the coast, over the right-hand shoulder of the mountains in foreground.



The Negev (now in the hands of Israeli forces) runs down to the Gulf of Akaba, where it has a coastline of about four miles — but no port.



KEY TO THE MIDDLE EAST IS EAST AFRICA

ONE of the main needs of modern war, which demands such vast tonnages of equipment, is the possession of a great base or great bases, as secure as possible against bomber, rocket or atom bomb attacks.

Assuming the "next war" will be in Europe, and assuming we shall still have our present Allies, Britain remains one obvious base, vulnerable though it is to long-range weapons. But there must be at least one other great base overseas, near enough to the probable battlefields, far enough back to achieve security.

For five reasons, the Middle East is likely to be a major theatre of war:

1. Because it is the land bridge between Eurasia, which may well be enemy territory, and Africa, which will be Allied territory;
2. Because it lies across a possible invasion route to the Far East, the route followed by Alexander and attempted by Na-

oleon, Kaiser Wilhelm II and Hitler;

3. Because it is a natural focus for air, land and sea communications;
4. Because it is one of the world's greatest oil-bearing regions;
5. Because it forms an area from which British forces can strike at an enemy in Europe and Asia, either by land campaigns or from the air.

Therefore Britain must have a great base in or near the Middle East.

Egypt was our base in the late war, but... it was not secure; communications with Britain were hampered if the Mediterranean was closed; access to nearby oil was always liable to be cut off by intrigue or treachery.

Today there is no danger to Egypt from Abyssinia, less danger from Cyrenaica; but Egypt is within too-easy bomber range of potentially hostile bases in Europe. And the Egyptians are less friendly.

Egypt, therefore, is no longer suitable as a base. The alternative is British East Africa (meaning Kenya, Tanganyika and Uganda).

The chief advantage of East Africa is that it has good security, in that it is separated from potential aggressors by the swamps of the Sudan, the deserts of Arabia, the mountains of Abyssinia. It has access to almost all raw materials, so that the sources of industrial power are there. Existing communications, admittedly poor, must be developed, equally for the benefit of strategy and trade. Difficulties in driving railways across Africa have been exaggerated; many possible routes have already been surveyed.

The chief drawback to British

East Africa as a base is lack of oil. But the area is rich in coal from which oil can be derived. The military advantages to Britain in having a secure source of oil would be enormous. Uranium is not yet a military necessity, but the world's main source of it is close by, in the friendly territory of the Belgian Congo.

Effective garrisons cannot be located at all danger spots in the Middle East... In any case British soldiers should not be kept, as a general principle, in areas where their presence is unpopular with the natives. Therefore it is desirable to withdraw all British troops from the independent countries of the Middle East and concentrate them on British territory. This would not mean relinquishing vital strategic territory. Britain's peace-time objectives in the Middle East should be the maintenance of British influence, not by weak dispersion of troops, but by forming suitable alliances with independent states, backed by a strong striking force within easy reach for emergency. If possible there should be a clause allowing British troops to be introduced into these territories when a threat to peace arises.

Concentration of our forces in one spot would enable a high level of training to be carried out.

Areas now under our control where striking forces might be concentrated are Cyrenaica, the Sudan, British Somaliland and British East Africa. But Cyrenaica's political future is uncertain; British Somaliland is small and lacks naval facilities; and the Sudan's political future is too problematical. That leaves British East Africa again. The disadvantage of East Africa (distance from the probable "front line") is outweighed by these advantages: there would be no political repercussions; there is no internal security problem; it is a good training area; it has good natural

THIS article is a digest of the essay which won for Major B. H. P. Barnes, Royal Signals, of the Military College of Science, the prize of £80 in the 1948 Bertrand Stewart Essay contest. Competitors were asked to discuss the future strategic importance of the Middle East to the British Commonwealth.

There were 69 entries. A captain and a general were runners-up. Army judges included General Sir Daril Watson, Lieut-General Sir Frederick Browning, Major-General Allan Adair and Major-General C. B. Callander.

Views expressed in the essay are not necessarily those of **SOLDIER**. The full-length essay is printed in the January **ARMY QUARTERLY**, to the Editor of which **SOLDIER** is indebted for permission to summarise.

harbours and could provide a Fleet base; the climate of the highlands is excellent; supply of fuel oil can be developed.

If the three Services are concentrated in East Africa, there must be a strong airborne element and a large proportion of the remaining land forces must be "air transportable." There must always be the requisite air transport, sea transport and landing craft available. Our "task force" must be at full wartime strength.

The possibility of atomic bombing emphasises the merits of East Africa as an Army and Navy base. One vital target which cannot be moved to the rear, however, is the Suez Canal. An enemy would probably consider the closing of the Canal at a critical period to be worth at least one atom bomb. The remedy is to adjust our supply lines so that the Suez Canal is not vital. The Cape route, long as it is, must be regarded as the most important one, and trans-continental routes between East and West coasts of Africa must be developed.

FOOTNOTE: Readers will remember, that the great new Base Stores Depot at Mackinnon Road — 70 miles inland from Mombasa — is already open.

"An enemy might consider the closing of the Suez Canal worth an atom bomb..." Here is a ship entering the Canal from Lake Timseh, heading for Suez. The near black line is the road to the World War One memorial (left); the other is the road from Suez to Port Said.

SOLDIER to Soldier

A SOLDIER correspondent in North Africa comments on the noticeably good spirits of the troops in Tobruk. Since Tobruk is perhaps the most battered town on the Mediterranean, and lacks the amenities of many other garrison towns, what is the reason?

The man who may have the answer is Major-General H. C. Stockwell, former commander of Sixth Airborne. After describing how British troops fared behind barbed wire in Palestine, cut off from all easy-to-hand aids to relaxation, Gen. Stockwell says:

"... that such isolation exercises the ingenuity of all officers from the platoon commander upwards, and their corporate sense of responsibility for the fun of life throws everyone together and gives platoons, companies, battalions or formations a pride in their own ability to overcome the lack of the simple amenities of life — platoon vied with platoon, company with company, battalion with battalion to have a better time than the other, to have better camps and better food. Such healthy, self-organised competition can only lead to high morale in all ranks."

General Stockwell wrote this in the first number of the new *British Army Journal*, which is published under Military Training auspices (but is not on sale). SOLDIER congratulates those who have produced it and wishes it well. SOLDIER also congratulates Private J. Barnes, 9th Battalion The Parachute Regiment, who has a contribution in this first number of "the Army officer's own magazine."

* * *

Many a man gets through life without making more than one speech. That is the speech he makes at his wedding — and a shambling, shamefaced effort it usually is, too.

If he works 30 years or more with the same firm he may have to make another speech when his workmates present him with a clock — and that speech will be no better than the first one.

There is, of course, a silly convention that only politicians and smartalecks make good speeches. Some men think it bad form to be known as a fluent speaker — it is nearly as bad as being known as a good dancer.

The truth is that nothing gives a man more self-confidence than being able to stand up in front of his fellows and talk to them. Speaking in public is like parachute jumping. You feel a better man after you have done it. Many a bright youth is prepared to mock the mannerisms of a serjeant twice his age describing the parts of a Bren gun; but that serjeant has what his critics often do not have: self-confidence. It makes all the difference in an emergency. And it makes all the difference in a man's career, military or civilian. The top prizes never go to a man

who cannot, when occasion arises, speak to his fellow men.

Most schools give their pupils very little encouragement to learn the art of speaking. On the other hand thousands of men and women in the Army have been persuaded (often against their natural instincts) to stand up and talk — either as instructors, lecturers or leaders of discussion groups — and they have nearly all felt the better for it. The first "lecturette" comes as an ordeal; the second is not so bad; the tenth is easy. Sessions on current affairs, conducted informally, have encouraged many shy men to speak. To join in the dis-

cussion from the body of the audience is the first step; the next is to come out in front.

There are plenty of critics to say that the Army submerges a man's individuality, few to admit that the Army often strengthens it.

* * *

Elsewhere in this issue SOLDIER reviews a book which pays tribute to the Women's Voluntary Services.

Too often the soldier takes for granted the work of the civilian organisations which provide him with cups of tea and a place to sit down — the WVS, the CVWW, the YMCA, the YWCA, the Church Army, the Salvation Army, the Church of England, the Church of Scotland and a dozen others. He patronises one canteen after another, idly noting perhaps that the Methodists put more sugar in the tea, or that the chairs in the Christian Science Rest Room are easier to write in, or that the man at Toc H can always find the kind of book a man wants to read.

Does the soldier ever think of these organisations after he leaves the Army? Does he associate the Salvation Army band playing on a wet Sunday morning in the Lambeth Road with the organisation which gave him a welcome cup of coffee one night on the road to the Ruhr? Does he realise that that mission to slum children in Glasgow is run by the same people who provided the piano for his sing-song in Rangoon?

Does he ever think it remarkable that so many of these organisations are run by active and unashamed Christians?

* * *

Says Mr. Collie Knox, the radio critic: "I always recall with exquisite pleasure that during a painful eight months in a military hospital my nurse never failed to kiss me good night."

It is a bit late to take disciplinary action now, but doesn't this emphasise what SOLDIER has always said — that Army nurses will cheerfully face almost any hardship?



"Speaking in public is like parachute jumping. You feel a better man when you have done it" (see this page). These pictures, taken at the RAEC Depot at Bodmin, show (above) a soldier, seated to make him less self-conscious, in the throes of initiating a group discussion. Below: 2/Lieut P. Harris tells some of the tricks of addressing an audience.





Travel folder for Cortina, pride of the Italian Alps.

British tourists arriving in Italy for the winter sports (with £35 to spend) find that the Army is there before them. Troops from Trieste are seeing —

The Dolomites For a Shilling a Day

TROOPS stationed overlong in Trieste are apt to get a kind of claustrophobia. The tiny Free Territory (which the wits say has no freedom and precious little territory) is hemmed in by the Adriatic Sea and the Italian border on one side and by the scowling Slav frontier on the other.

To combat this "closed in" feeling Army Welfare in Trieste have organised a mountain leave and rest centre at Cortina D'Ampezzo, the St. Moritz of Italy. Unlike the

Army's other mountain centres in the Tyrol and the Harz Mountains, this one is not in an occupied country; the Pensione Serena has been rented from the Italians.

Here, in a luxury playground which today costs Cook's tourists from England £62 for a ten-day trip, the troops from Trieste can revel in a winter sports holiday for the equivalent of a shilling a day. They do not even have to pay the fare for their journey there. An Italian coach, winding through ravines and over mountain ridges, drops them in the town of Cortina, in the heart of the Dolomite Mountains. The hard-up English tourists look on with envy as the soldiers arrive.

After a superbly cooked lunch (spaghetti or soup, fillet of sole *milanaise* with tartar sauce, chips and carrots, vanilla *gateau*, fresh fruit, roll and cheese and coffee) the soldiers are ready to draw their ski equipment.

Everything is provided — skis, sticks, boots, socks, trousers, gloves and jersey — and learners are grouped in sixes or sevens under expert instructors.

They spend a couple of days on the nursery slopes, waddling like monster ducks on their seven-foot skis, dipping and swaying over the folds in the ground, legs awry and arms flailing, to the accompaniment of hopeful instructions from the expert — "Bend more the knees," "Weight more forward," "Snow-plough! Snow-plough!" And, as the novice, completely out of control, whizzes towards a yawning slope, a last despairing cry of "Adopt the sitting position."

Ski-ing makes use of all sorts of unsuspected muscles, but a good soak in a steaming bath soon eases out the stiffness. After a change into dry clothes the men are ready for evening dinner. Wolfish appetites born of exhilarating exercise in the frosty rarified air are tamed with menus such as: tomato soup, chicken omelette, steak and chips with fried onions and creamed cauliflower, fruit trifle, roll and cheese and coffee.

Cortina is a gay place at night. Bright lights reflect on the snowy streets, horse sleighs go jingling by. There is music, wine and dancing, or skating on a floodlit rink, while from a blue-black sky the stars wink down and the great black crags loom closer round the pale snowfields of the valley.

For those whose pockets do not run to civilian entertainments there is plenty to do in the hotel. Darts matches, with champagne and cigarettes as prizes, a mobile cinema and Italian entertainers help to while away the evenings.

On the third day the novice skiers are ready to try their wings on a proper run. A little red car



A learner tries out a half snow plough, while the instructor watches (left). Skis, sticks, boots, trousers and jerseys are provided by the Army. Below: general view of Cortina, under the frowning Dolomite peaks.



hanging on a spidery cable takes them up, high over the houses, the pine tops and the jagged rocks, to the top of the three-kilometre track.

Some of the dizzy slopes, twisting down through the pine woods, give them that going-into-action-for-the-first-time feeling and they leave a good many dents in the track on their jerky progress to the valley, but other places offer straight slopes of clean snow with plenty of room to pull up at the bottom. Glissading down these, knees bent, skis together and the wind whipping past, is the nearest thing to flying that man can achieve without wings.

Once at the bottom of the run the novices beat the icicles off their clothes, scoop the snow out of their collars, stick out their chests and feel they are novices no longer. After that there is no stopping them. They have caught ski-fever.

TED JONES

"As SOLDIER went to press, the Army's ski championships were due to be contested at St. Anton, in the French Zone of Austria. One hundred and twenty competitors of all ranks—including women—were competing, from a number of commands. One of the events was a military patrol.



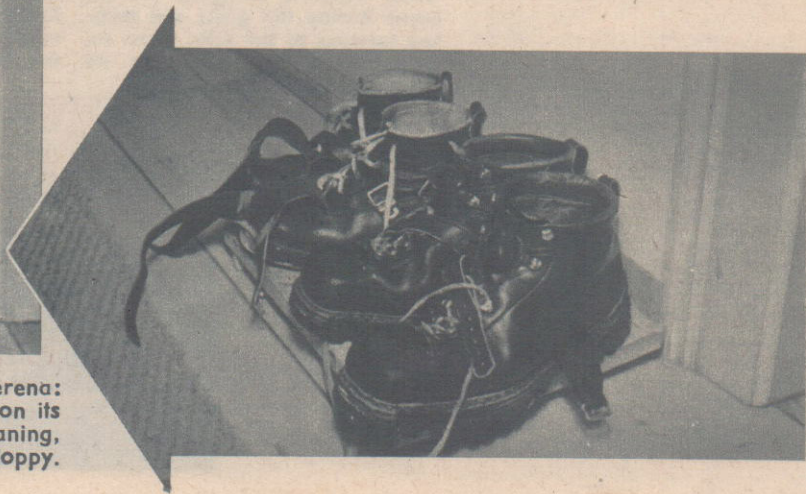
Plodding uphill finds out the unused muscles; whizzing downhill finds out still more.



Night view in any corridor in the Pensione Serena: the square-toed, padded ski boots, each pair on its little platform. They are put out, not for cleaning, but to avoid making the bedroom floor sloppy.



Ski-ing exercises your appetite too — and at Cortina the menu includes such things as chicken omelette.





You might think Trieste would not want to advertise its Bora. But the picture postcards proudly portray such scenes as this.

TRIESTE'S BIG BLOW

"YOU lucky people", they said. "Fancy going to the sunny Mediterranean, away from the clammy fog of an English winter. How did you work a posting to BETFOR?" With envious glances the new draft was packed off on its way to Trieste.

Hard sunshine, whitening the cliffs and striking turquoise flashes from the waves in the bay, welcomed their arrival, but so did a howling gale, straight off the Alpine ice, with frost-bite in its breath. The famous, or infamous, Bora was in full blast.

Pressing southwards, the icy atmosphere of Central Europe was funnelling through the narrow gap between the Alps and the Jugo-Slav mountains, spewing out into the Adriatic Sea in bellowing gusts that topped 75 miles an hour.

The Bora begins to blow when the heavy cold air from the Alps starts moving down to the low pressure areas over the sea. A cyclone over the Mediterranean will give the Bora additional encouragement, but the violence of the wind is due simply to the weight of cold air on the mountains.

The *Encyclopedia Britannica* states that this torrent of air is independent of Buys Ballots Law (which says that if you stand with your back to the wind in the northern hemisphere, the low pressure area will be on your left). "It is suggested," says the *Britannica*, "that such winds should be called 'katabatic'." Soldiers can probably think of a much better word.

The Mediterranean has many other unpopular and demoralising winds—the Sirocco, the Mistral, the Levanter and so on—but the Bora beats them all for unpleasantness.

Its name comes from *Boreas*—the north wind.

British troops, in common with the "Triestini" themselves, take a gloomy pride in their Bora. Gathered in a super-heated bar at night, listening to the howl of the wind outside and the frantic squeaking of swinging street signs, warming their "innards" with hot rum punch, they love to tell newcomers all the tricks and characteristics of their pet wind.

It blows in periods of three, six, or nine days. Not a steady gale, but in savage gusts that carry a hurricane destruction in their narrow path—trees uprooted, window shutters smashed (all windows in Trieste are fitted with double frames and wooden shutters) street signs bent, people bowled over and innumerable hats whirled away into the frothing water of the harbour.

As soon as the wind begins, ropes are stretched round the more notorious street corners and across the open space of the main square. Special holes are left in the pavement for poles to which the ropes are tied. Pedestrians fight their way round these corners, clinging to the ropes during the gusts and inching forward in the lulls. Even so, every good Bora produces its



Only the hardest (or the foolhardest) Scot wears his kilt when the Bora blows. Streets are roped so that pedestrians can prevent themselves being blown away.

casualty list of people who are caught in the open and bowled along the street before they succeed in grappling a tree or a lamp-post. Several have been drowned by being lifted bodily off the main road that follows the sea-front and dumped into the harbour. Not a few of our sailors, returning to one of the warships that lie in the docks, have found themselves swimming for life in the icy water. This year, though, only one such incident has so far been reported.

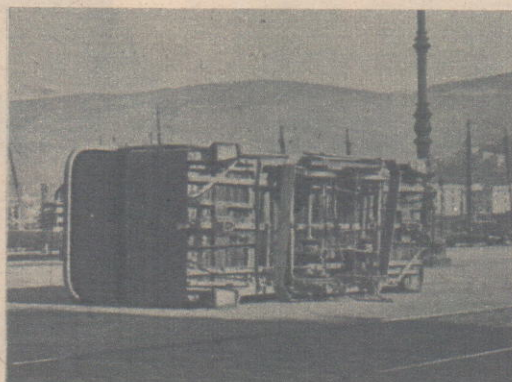
Among the more memorable feats of the Bora are the overturning of a tram-car, lifting an empty three-tonner clean into the harbour, freezing up the rad-

iators of cars while in motion and preventing ships from entering the docks by blowing them off course. Even when the ships are in dock the wind can break insecure hawsers, play havoc with hatch covers and carry loose gear overside. In December one of our warships nearly lost its aeroplane in this way. The crew first tried turning the plane into the wind, but it still strained dangerously at its fastenings and they eventually had to dismantle the wings to reduce the wind surface.

When the Bora is preceded by snow, conditions become nightmarish. During the winter of 1946-47 nearly the whole population, including the military, were penned in their houses and barracks for three days. Clouds of frozen snow crystals whirled through the streets like storms of ground glass, the wind carved and hardened the drifts into shapes more fantastic than those of modern sculpture and the snow that still clung to the road surfaces was beaten into a skin of ice that, with the tearing wind, made roads impassable both for pedestrians and vehicles.

Troops in Trieste can draw only one consolation from the Bora. When it is in full force outdoor training just isn't possible.

The tram which made history: the Bora blew it over.



An Editor Takes Notes

THE Army is letting the people back home know that the young soldier sent to Rhine Army to complete his National Service training faces no greater moral risks than he would at home establishments.

It is being done through the men who are perhaps most closely in touch with the young soldier's home background; the men whose words carry some weight in the towns from which the lads come — the editors of the local papers.

Under a scheme arranged by the Army's Public Relations Branch these editors are encouraged to visit Germany and see for themselves how the young

Keeping up the soldier's morale is one thing; keeping up his parents' morale is another. The Army tackles the second problem by inviting editors of local newspapers to go overseas and talk freely to soldiers from their own towns

soldier lives. They come at their own expense and are given every facility to meet and speak with whom they want. There is no question of the visits being conducted tours, with the Army showing only what it wants to be seen and tactfully side-stepping the unpleasant.

It is the young soldier himself who tells the story, without prompting and without any suggestion of pressure from the Army. He tells his story in his own words, informally, and gets any complaints of his chest.

In recent months editors of

newspapers published in Birmingham, Worcester, Bristol, Manchester and Torquay have visited Rhine Army. Without exception they have returned home to tell their readers that the morale and morals of Rhine Army's young soldiers are no better and no worse than they should be.

SOLDIER recently accompanied Mr. R. Collins, editor of the *Western Evening Herald*, Plymouth, a newspaper with a daily circulation of 80,000, when he visited units in Hamburg and talked to men from the West Country.

Mr. Collins served for three

years in the ranks during the war and for three years as an officer, ending up in command of a prisoner-of-war camp in the Middle East. Like nearly all the newspapermen who have toured BAOR under this scheme — and this is important — he had a thorough Army background and was qualified to sort out the wheat of genuine grievances from the chaff of frivolous complaints.

He began his tour of the command by talking to a number of men at a Reinforcement Holding Unit in Bielefeld, near Hanover. There his main reaction was one of wonderment. "I couldn't help contrasting the conditions with those which we endured in 1940," he said. "Then we had spider huts containing perhaps as many as 32 men. I know it was wartime and that the country was up against it, but I could not avoid comparing the brightly decorated, comfortable rooms in which the troops sleep now with the state of affairs then."

"Most of the men at the RHU, awaiting posting to all parts of BAOR, were satisfied with conditions and seemed to be enjoying their service."

In Hamburg Mr. Collins interviewed a number of men at REME's 22 Heavy Workshops (the largest in the Army) and at Hamburg District Headquarters Signals Squadron. At the Workshops he was met by the adjutant and taken to a room where the men were waiting. After introducing Mr. Collins the adjutant left, and the men who had been sitting in somewhat strained positions, relaxed as Mr. Collins explained his mission.

"There's been a lot of talk in Parliament, in the pulpits and the Press about the dangers facing our men in Germany," he said, emphasising each alliteration with a stab of his pipe. "I've come to talk to the men themselves, to you... to see what you have to say."

"You can talk quite freely, for publication or off-the-record, or you needn't talk at all. There's no compulsion about it and what is more, no censorship and no consequences."

Then he told them about himself and his war service, "just to get you to understand that you're not talking to a bloody civilian without any idea of what the Army's like."

Private F. Whall, of Grassendale-avenue, Plymouth grinned at the adjective and said, "That's fine." He added that he had been four months in the Army, 14 days in BAOR.

"Not long enough to form any opinions then?" — "Perhaps not really, but long enough for you to tell my mother not to worry about what she reads or hears. They look after us all right."

Craftsman F. Barrett of Hillside-road, St. George's, Bristol chipped

THE PRIVATE



THE EDITOR



THE COLONEL



Mr. R. J. Collins (centre) is the editor of a Devon newspaper, the *Western Evening Herald*, published in Plymouth. On his tour of Germany he made a point of looking up Devon men, of all ranks. Among them were (left) Private B. K. Jane, RASC, whom he met at 50 RHU, Bielefeld; and (right) Colonel A. W. Valentine, CO 105 Reinforcement Group.

WESTERN EVENING HERALD

Mothers Of British Boys In Germany Have No Reason To Worry

CIVVY-STREET MORE IN THEIR THOUGHTS THAN FRAULEINS

By R. J. COLLINS, Editor, "Western Evening Herald."

HAVING just returned from an extensive tour of the British zone of Germany and the British sector of Berlin, I want to try to dispel two wrongly-held impressions existing in Britain.

TWO SHARKS CAUGHT OFF PLYMOUTH

After talking to scores of people, both British and German, I have come to the conclusion that not only is the morale of our occupying troops very high, but also the standard of their morals.

Those who have been saying in

Here are the headlines of Mr. Collins' first story. He got plenty of copy out of his tour, which included Bad Oeynhausen, Bielefeld, Hamburg and Berlin.



An Editor Takes Notes

(Continued)

in with, "I've been 11 months in Germany and in my opinion the people who talk so much about us are barking up the wrong tree."

"In what way?"

"It's like this. We've got too much work to do, to go gallivanting off, and if we did it would cost too much money."

"Moral temptations?"

Answered Craftsman Barrett: "I've never been tempted. It's just a lot of nonsense. The people who talk so much ought to come out and see for themselves. We're more interested in playing football, swimming or going to the pictures."

S/Sgt. J. Dennis of Tor Point, Plymouth, speaking with the experience of 18 years service (three years of it in Hamburg), said youngsters entering the Army today were better off than any who enlisted in 1930.

"I don't say they are nursed but much more is done for them. There's welfare, education, first-class training and a chance to see a bit of the world outside their back gardens. I don't say they are all angels, but the chaps we have here are pretty good types and no different from any youngster of 18 or so."

ASM. S. A. Reeves, with 18 years service, a veteran of Palestine and the Western Desert, thought there was too much for the young recruit to learn for him to have time to get into trouble.

"The courses we have here are

pretty stiff and most nights of the week they are in reading up their notes ready for the next day," he said. "For most of them it is just like being at school again, a first-class technical school."

After talking to a number of other men, Mr. Collins met Colonel C. R. L. Hopper, the Commanding Officer.

The Colonel described at length the functions of 22 Heavy Workshops but made no reference to the interviews until Mr. Collins asked, "And what do you think of the youngsters who are posted to you?"

The Colonel pondered a moment and said: "I should say they are fairly representative of all the decent young chaps in Britain. Temptations? Of course there are, but people at home ought not to pay too much attention to the scare-mongers. Generally speaking, it is more difficult for a lad to get into trouble here than it would be at home. First of all, he's worked too hard—after all, he's here to learn a trade in the quickest possible time and secondly, too many people are keeping an eye on him." With a chuckle, he added: "Most of them would be astounded if they realised how much we know about what they do off duty."

The interviews at Hamburg District went much the same way, with much the same answers.

Mr. Collins saw all the amenities for the troops stationed in and around Hamburg and was impressed. At the end of it all, he summed up his impressions thus: "I'm going to tell West Country folks not to worry about their sons. There's nothing to worry about." And that is what he did.

JOHN HUGHES

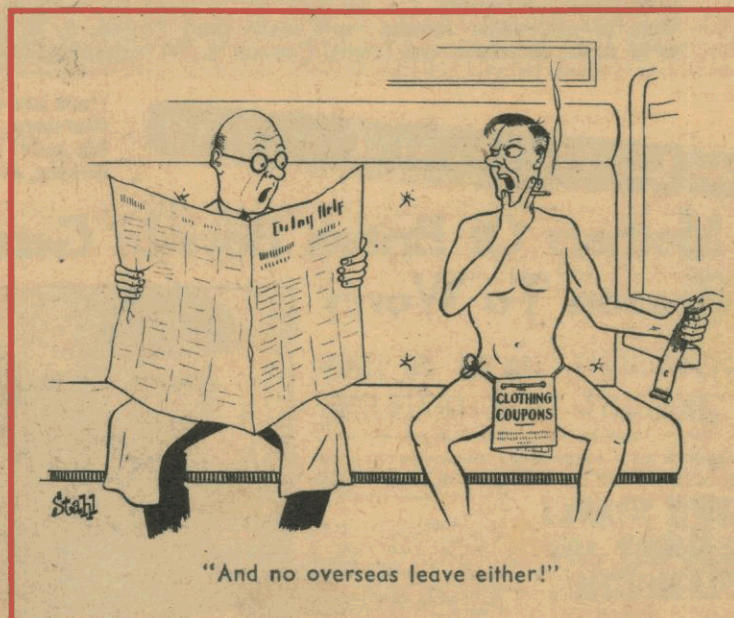
The film showing at the Bielefeld Happidrome was "A Double Life," but Mr. Collins saw no significance in that. Rhine Army soldiers, he says, are not leading a double life.



THIS WAS



This mirrored room was the bed-chamber of Princess Caroline Mathilda, who was the victim of royal villainy. Some say her ghost still walks.



ONCE A BRITISH CASTLE

If there is no other ghost in the Castle of Celle, at least there is the ghost of British history

IN the clear light of a winter's day, as the traffic swirls past and the activity of an Army headquarters town is everywhere apparent, you don't believe the story.

As the bitter German night settles over the town and the walls of the castle fade with the dusk, you are not so sure. There may be something in this story they tell you in Celle about the ghost of a long dead English princess whose short life was filled with sorrow.

They tell you that at night a wan figure, clad in 18th century costume, roams the echoing corridors of Celle's Ducal Castle, high on its artificial mound in the centre of the town.

It is, they say, the ghost of Caroline Mathilda, Princess of Great Britain and Queen of Denmark, sister of King George III, who at the age of 15 was married to the imbecile, depraved Christian VII of Denmark.

It was a political marriage of the kind common enough in the Europe of 1760. For the gay little Princess — "darling of London" they called her — it was the end of happiness. The Danish Court was corrupt, her husband a vicious rake. Her mother-in-law hated her.

In a few years they had encompassed her downfall. She was wrongfully accused of being the mistress of the king's chief minister, divorced and sentenced to life imprisonment in a remote fortress. The Minister was murdered at midnight.

King George III intervened at last on behalf of his sister and her sentence was commuted to confinement in the British monarch's castle of Celle.

Old records, housed in the museum, say the townspeople "received her with rejoicing and there was much gladness."

She lived for three years in the Castle and died aged only 24, to be buried in the parish church.

The background for a good ghost story is there: the wronged Queen, the cruel King and finally death in the bloom of youth.

There are people in Celle who say she still walks, that tears stream down her face, that she wrings her hands and utters low cries of despair. And crowning touch of all, they say that a bell booms hollowly as she treads the corridors of the castle in which she paced out the last short years of her life.

But — and here is the snag — nobody has seen her. Professor Robert Schmidt, the curator, smiled broadly.

"I have heard the story but I have never seen the lady," he said. "I have been here at all hours of the day and night, in winter and summer, but neither

have I heard the bell nor have I seen a ghost."

His assistant, Paul Streise, laughed it off as an old wives' tale.

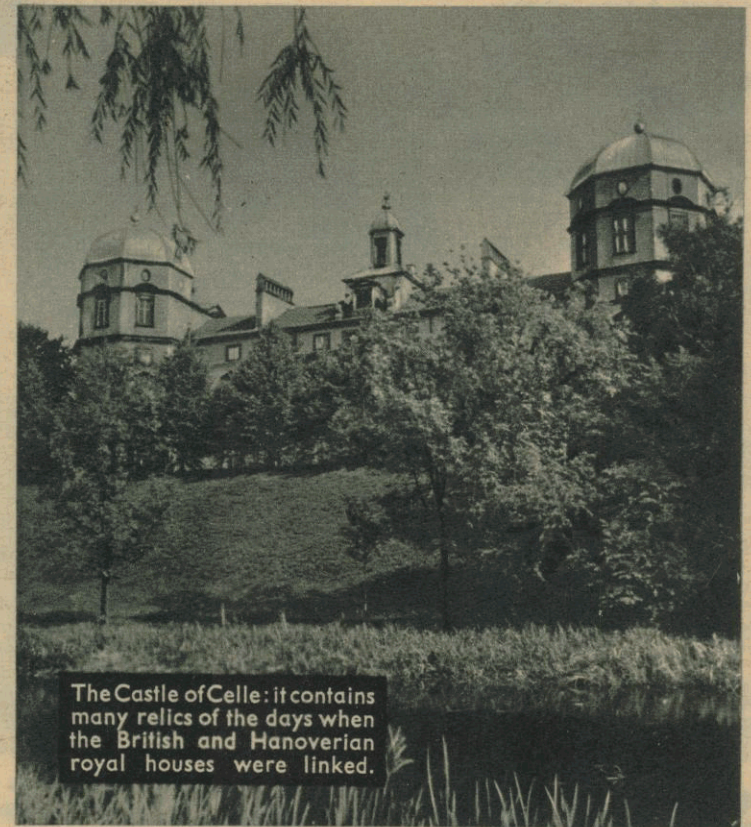
On the other hand, Werner Brederick, curator of the Celle Museum, thought it unwise to dismiss the story so briefly.

"I was present when the Princess's coffin was opened some years ago and her hair was as long and luxurious as when she died," he said. "Her complexion was fresh. And she had been in her coffin more than 150 years! Who knows? There are many things hidden from us."

Whatever your view of the sad ghost, there is history enough within the walls of Celle Castle to make a hundred ghost stories.

It is the cradle of the British Royal Family and there are reminders enough that Great Britain and Hanover were once linked by the Crown. There are pictures of British Kings and Queens, Hanoverian flags with the Union Jack in the top left hand corner; reminders that the King's German Legion was part of the British Army and fought stoutly under a score of British generals down to the Duke of Wellington, wherever English Arms were engaged.

Right: Serjeant Arthur Young, whose shoulder flash reads "St. Helena", studies a portrait of Nell Gwynne. Below: With Serjeant Young in the Royal Box of the castle theatre is Corporal Edward Barrett, of Rotherham. Plays are still produced on the tiny stage.



The Castle of Celle: it contains many relics of the days when the British and Hanoverian royal houses were linked.



Bridge-building and bulldozing, bomb-disposal and brick-laying, booby-trapping and beating lead — the list of jobs they learn at the School of Military Engineering is endless



SOLDIER *visits the*

An AVRE goes to Tellerville, a "French" village in Yorkshire. The buildings are of wood and canvas. The rubble on the right conceals a pill-box.

SCHOOL FOR SAPPERS

THE School of Military Engineering is an answer to those who bemoan the growth of specialisation in the Army.

Nobody who has been round its classrooms, model rooms, museums and demonstration grounds, who has seen the things Sapper officers have to learn before they are fully qualified and the things they may have to do, can deny that the RE are all-rounders in their own game. And that that game is enough to fill their lives.

Few of the jobs are simple ones. Some of them could provide a life's work for a civilian specialist. Yet Sapper officers go through the whole lot; the ordinary RE field unit may have to cope with any of them. Only some of the warrant officers, senior NCO's and tradesmen are specialists.

Besides all this, the Sapper must first be a fighting soldier, able to defend the bridge he is putting up or the minefield he is putting down. His best friend, they teach at the School of Military Engineering, is the Infantryman, and the School always has an Infantry officer to take part in its exercises.

The fountain of knowledge for Sappers is traditionally at Brompton Barracks, Chatham. There the School of Military Engineering began in 1812; there Gordon was an assistant instructor in field-works in 1859; there today's Sappers periodically have to deal with soil subsidences caused by the over-enthusiastic tunnelling

of their 19th-century predecessors. During World War Two, the School moved to Ripon, in Yorkshire. Now headquarters and part of the School are back at Chatham and the remainder is still at Deverell Barracks, Ripon.

When he is first commissioned, the Sapper officer goes from Sandhurst to the School to learn the fundamentals of his profession. Then he goes on to a unit for about 18 months. After that he may go to Cambridge or the Military College of Science at Shrivenham to take a degree and then work for associate membership of the Institute of Civil Mechanical or Electrical Engineers. Or he may spend another year at the School. He may go back later in his career; at Chatham there are long civil electrical and mechanical engineering courses for officers of 13 to 15 years service. Much of this course is done on attachment to civilian engineering firms.

At Ripon SOLDIER listened to an exercise for a class of majors

who had come for a refresher course before going to Staff College. They were discussing what would happen if they were CRE of a division holding the Ripon area in a retreat. Prominent in the exercise was the Infantry major attached to the School.

At the moment the school is also running special courses for officers who could not do their full training because of the war, and there is also a course for National Service OCTU cadets.

Many of the warrant officers and senior NCO's are very highly-skilled when they leave the School. The Military Mechanist (M), for instance, who is no tyro when he starts his course, does 87 weeks.

Among the young soldiers at the School there is a big proportion of Regulars, because National Servicemen are not long enough in the Army to justify trade training. Courses for the men last from four to 36 weeks. Some, like those for fitters and electricians,



Bulldozers may have to operate under fire, hence the armour-plating on this one.

are going all the time; courses in rarer trades, like those of millwright, moulder, pattern-maker, instrument mechanic and saw-doctor, are run once or twice a year for one or two men.

Besides experienced serving Royal Engineers, the instructors include highly-skilled civilians, among them men like Mr. J. E. Ferrigan, who teaches welding. He took off his khaki, with a CSM's crown, in 1932, after 22 years in the RE, and stopped on at the School.

The School holds something like £1,750,000 worth of stores, ranging from a suspension bridge and bulldozers to theodolites and set-squares. At Chatham alone there is £50,000 worth of small stores—hammers, spanners and so on.

Officers will tell you proudly that the School's equipment compares favourably with that of some universities. But the instructional approach is different in the two places. At a university students are more interested in the academic side — the theory of what goes on inside a machine when it is working. At the School the emphasis is on the practical side — how to install and keep a machine working and to make the best use of it.

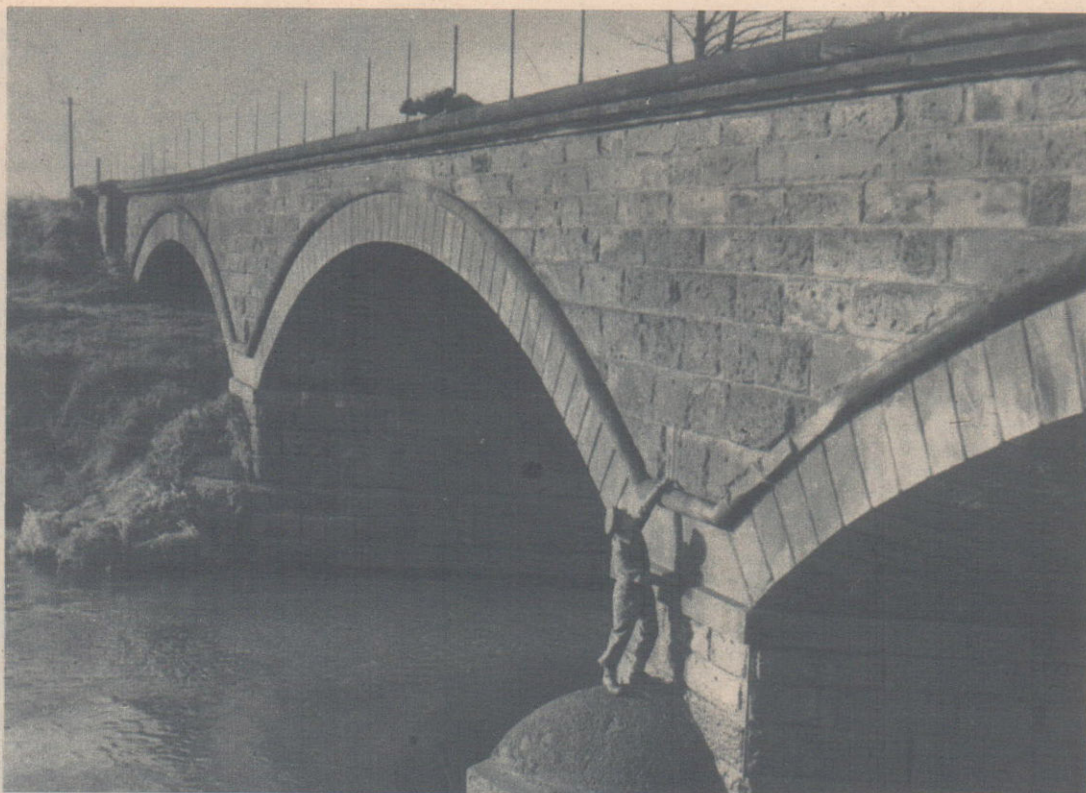
At Chatham the School has engines ranging from a one-and-a-half horse-power pump motor to a 400 hp Paxman which runs a generating set. They have steam engines, a producer-gas engine, petrol engines, an oil-engine built in 1898 and two Rolls-Royce Derwent 1 jet engines (the Derwents are used for teaching the principles of the gas-turbine). The Army does not normally use many of these engines, but in war the Royal Engineers may have to take over any kind of installation (for instance, a tin-pot power-station in a continental village).

The mechanical school also has pumps with output ranging from 25 gallons a minute at 20 lbs to the square inch pressure, to 360 gallons of petrol a minute at 600 lbs to the square inch. And in the electrical school they have equipment for ordinary house-lighting and for the 132,000 volts of the British Grid.

Trainees in the electrical school are given assorted generators, switches and some wires and told to connect them up. Occasionally there is a purple flash as someone blunders but there is always an instructor handy to switch off. When the switches and generators have been connected, the trainees can see the results of their efforts by the way rows of bulbs light up.

In the electrical power-station all the generators are different and the machines that work them range from a 30-years old steam engine to the latest diesel. But the station can provide all the power the camp needs if outside sources fail.

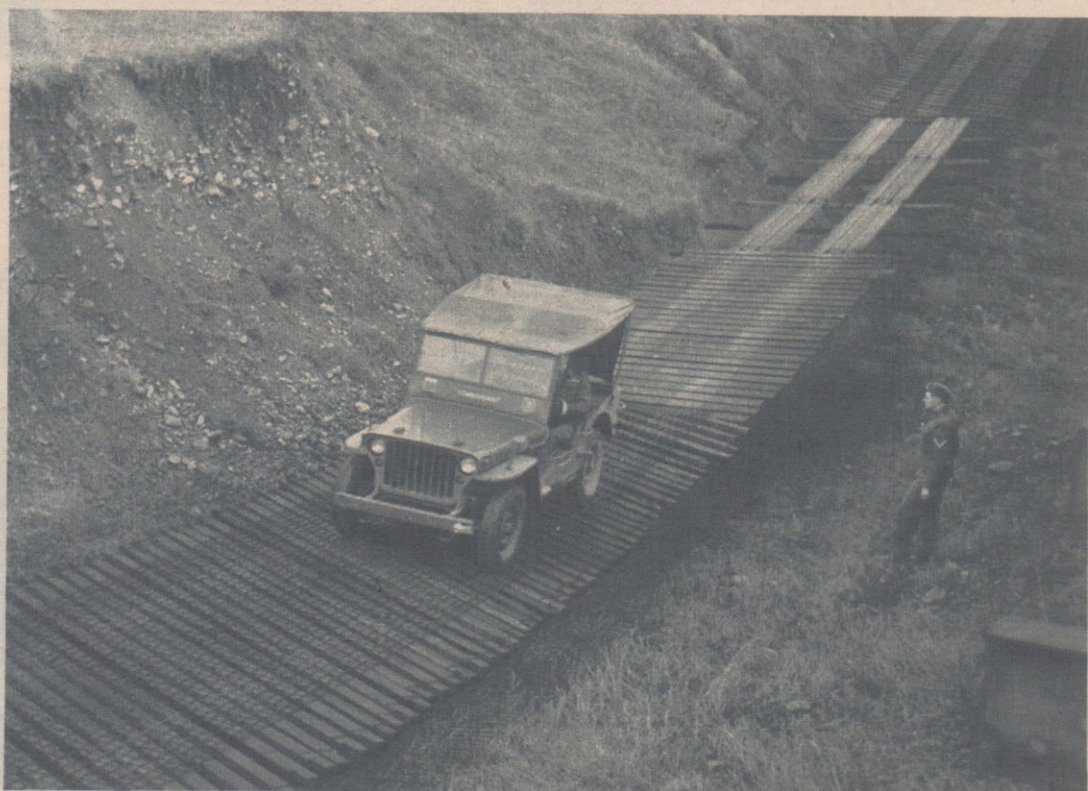
Where possible, the work produced by the trainees is put to use. In the carpenters' shop, for



Hundreds of students from the School of Military Engineering have visited Brafferton Bridge (above), "three-span, masonry-arch" the experts call it, and worked out its demolition. Then (right) at Ripon they have discussed their findings with an instructor.



Below: Not too good if you suffer from dizziness, this improvised suspension bridge sways a bit, but it will carry a jeep and an anti-tank gun.



OVER

SCHOOL FOR SAPPERS *(Continued)*

instance, is a demonstration model of a roof frame, and nearby trainee-bricklayers have begun putting up a small building for the School's use on which trainee-carpenters will put the roof they learned to make with the aid of that model. Similarly, other tradesmen are working on the job; SOLDIER saw a lead-beater in the plumbers' shop turning a sheet of lead into a corner for roof guttering.

In the plumbers' shop trainees hear some of the stock stories of their trade. Inevitably there is one about the young plumber who connected the water main to the gas stove and the gas main to the water tap. Another is about a lady who rang up the Garrison Engineer to complain that the water would not run away from the bath; a plumber was sent along and found she had not pulled out the stopper.

Many of the tradesmen leave the School with qualifications recognised by trades unions. But they have an advantage over the man who learns the trade in civilian life. Because, in the field, they may have to work in difficult conditions, the Army teaches them the basic method of doing their job, as well as the easy way with workshop machines. And that, in the long run, makes them better tradesmen.

Most of the School's heavy equipment is at Ripon, where the scene is dominated by a 420-foot Bailey suspension bridge. The Army does not normally use this kind of bridge—its main use



Creeping across the Ure is a Mobile Bailey bridge, built in sections on rubber-tyred wheels and towed to its site.

is over deep ravines where it is not possible to build a pier — so students do not study it in detail, though they learn its principles. Beside this big suspension bridge hangs a small, improvised suspension bridge consisting of the wire mesh fabric used for laying a track across soft ground, on which is laid a board track; it can take a jeep and an Infantry anti-tank gun over a

river or a ravine in a hurry. On the other side is an aerial ropeway, which can do much the same job more slowly.

Mainstay of the bridging section is the Bailey Circus which runs the whole gamut of Bailey bridging, from pieces of bridges to the complete thing — and not always the orthodox complete thing. A bridge here may stand on two or three different kinds

of pier, just to show students all the things a Bailey is capable of doing. Some of the Baileys are taken down and rebuilt by students.

Three or four miles lower down the Ure is the pontoon-bridging section, a large and muddy piece of riverside land with neat stacks of pontoons and equipment. Pontoon-bridging courses are generally arranged for the summer



Dominating the Ripon scene is a 420-foot suspension bridge. It is not one of the bridges the students put up and take down.



This RB 10 is operating a crowd-shovel, but it could have a back-actor, clamshell or several other appliances.

because somebody is pretty sure to fall into the river. The pontoon bridges built by the trainees almost literally lead nowhere: the school can use the far bank to a depth of only 30 yards.

Bridging students were in the news last year when floods swept away bridges in the North. Under their instructors they put a 438-foot Class 40 bridge, able to carry 40 tons, over the River Whiteadder in three days and a 110-foot Class 40 bridge over the River Till in two days.

Another bridging job for the students is to reconnoitre a bridge's capabilities and the School has a stock joke for this exercise: if you kick a bridge and it hurts your foot, it is a Class 70 bridge.

Bridges are also a concern of the demolitions section which sends students out to study local ones and plan their demolition. Details are entered on a special form, so that a demolition party approaching the bridge in the dark may know exactly what they have to face. Afterwards the students discuss their conclusions with an instructor over a scale model of the bridge. Brafferton Bridge, which carries a little-used single-line railway over the River Swale, a few miles from Ripon, has had its demolition planned hundreds of times. Besides bridges, demolitions students learn such handy things as how to blow up railways and to breach pillbox walls.

Not far from the Bailey Circus is Tellerville, a "French" village of one cobbled street and wood-and-canvas buildings (including a cafe with advertisements for Pernod and Dubonnet) put up during the war. One of its prize exhibits is a demolished house with a pill-box underneath. Here the

students seek out booby-traps and mines and see Assault Vehicles RE (Churchill tanks with variations) in action with their petards, which fire "dust-bins" (40 lbs spigot mortar shells) 80 yards.

Just outside Tellerville, students are told to look at a green bank and see if there is anything odd about it. There is; it contains a camouflaged pill-box but it takes a good eye to see it.

Over behind the bank is a meadow full of weapon-pits and a deep battalion headquarters dug-out of the type which Sappers construct for the Infantry or Artillery. Nearby is a grassy reproduction of the underwater end of the Normandy beach on D-Day with all the ingenious German anti-landing devices that Sappers had to make harmless. There is also a field where students watch mines blowing up or go hunting for them with vacuum-cleaner-like detectors.

On this field an explosive device was demonstrated to students who had been warned that it had been known to go wrong and if it did so that day they were to take cover. To speed up his demonstration team, the instructor yelled at them "Run! Run!" and turned round to see his class scattering at the double.

Just across the road from Devrell Barracks is a ground where demonstration sections of road and airfield surfaces have been laid down for students to examine. They make surfaces themselves, but not just to be taken up again. Driving over a tarmac entrance to the barracks, a major on the staff of the School proudly told SOLDIER that he had helped

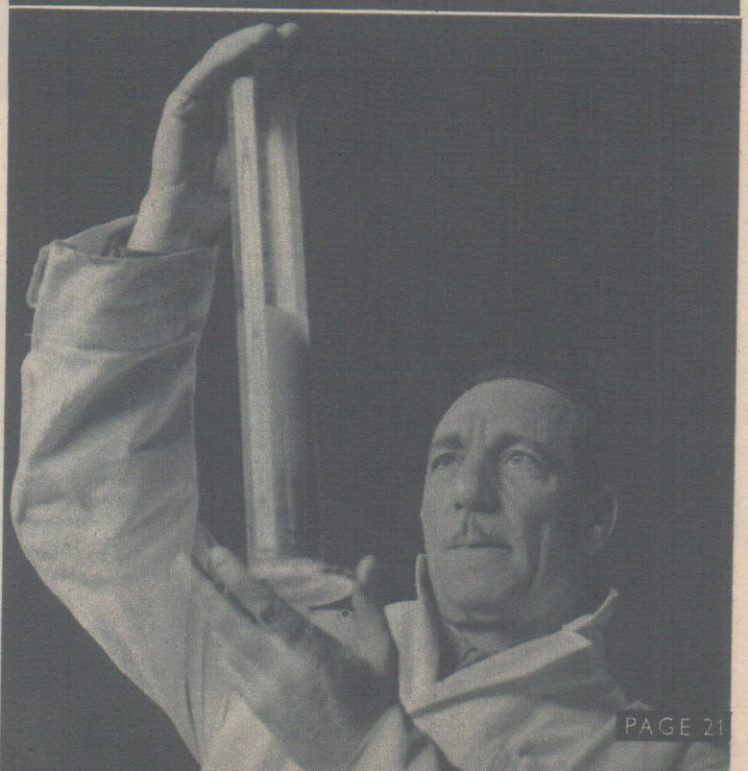
OVER



The SME's mines expert, Capt. J. P. Ewart (left) is showing the way a single-horn Japanese beach-mine works. Just above it is a mine-shoe, which will stop a Schu-mine from blowing off your foot, though it will still shake you.



Above: You want to know where to make a curve in a road? Students in the Survey School will use a theodolite to measure the place up and let you know. Below: You want to know how thick to make a road surface? Quartermaster-Serjeant Instructor D. J. Johnson of the Soils Laboratory is finding out with the help of a piece of earth and a few chemicals.



SCHOOL FOR SAPPERS (Continued)

put that surface down himself when he was a student.

Four or five miles away is the plant demonstration ground, with the machines for this kind of work: bulldozers, scrapers, graders, rollers and so on. The School has one giant machine that will lay tarmac road up to six inches in depth at a speed of four miles an hour. Another interesting piece of plant is the Ruston-Bucyrus 10, a cab on tracks, which can be fitted with several kinds of jib: a crowd-shovel, a face-shovel, a back-actor (which scoops the earth backwards), a drag-line (which casts a scoop on a line, as an angler casts his hook, and picks up earth dragging it back), a skimmer (which picks up earth as a bucket travels along the jib), a grab or clamshell, and a pile-driver.

Following the School's policy of doing useful work where possible, the plant section is levelling a playing field for the children of Ripon and is going to level another at Harrogate; it also levelled some of HMS Ceres (a dry-land "ship") at Wetherby, Yorkshire.

Nearby is the mines model room where exhibits include anything from a simple, home-made construction in a wooden box to an elaborate Italian mine that can be made to go off under any one of the first 40 or 50 trains that pass over it. In the same room are booby-traps, including an unpleasant gadget that sets off a mine when someone tries to lift it.

Besides the better-known indignities Sappers inflict on the earth's crust, they put it into test-tubes and queer machines and classify it to find out what weight it will carry without sinking or breaking up, and what thickness of road surface or depth of bridge-foundation it needs. So in the soil mechanics' laboratory students learn simple tests and rule-of-thumb methods they can apply in the field. If the RE in the field want more thorough tests made and there is a little time to spare they can always send their samples to mobile soil laboratories.

These are still not all the School's activities. There is a construction school which teaches every side of civil engineering to students ranging from National Servicemen to senior officers, and has a course for architectural draftsmen. There is a survey school, which also teaches interpretation of air photographs. There are workshops for building tradesmen, metal tradesmen and refrigeration mechanics and there is an academic school which teaches officers advanced mathematics.

And even so the School does not cover all Royal Engineer activities. The Transportation branch (see SOLDIER October 1947 and February 1948) and the Assault Engineers (who operate AVRE's) have their own organisations.

RICHARD ELLEY

The pictures below, showing a useful selection of trades for Civvy Street, were taken at Chatham, where the School of Military Engineering was founded in 1812

This Rolls-Royce Derwent 1 jet engine was sectioned in the school to show how gas-turbines work.



"Under the smoky workshop roof, The Sapper smithy stands..."



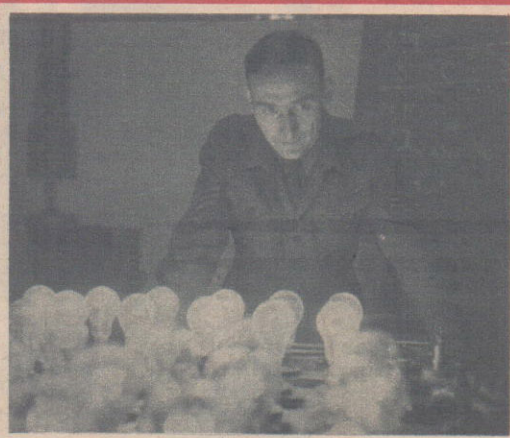
Beating a sheet of lead into corner guttering for a roof is this Sapper's trade-test.



Above: Sappers by gaslight. Gas-welding is a well-paid trade to take out into Civvy Street. Below: Sapper by electric light. If all the bulbs light brightly, the instructor can tell someone has connected up his switch properly.



Above: The cross-cut saw is one of those things that make a satisfying noise in a carpenter's shop. Below: Normally you have to get climbing-irons or a ladder if you want to see an overhead line. But not in the electrical model room.



DARKNESS had descended on Seebach Station as I paced the railroad track waiting for the military train to come in. A brief, garbled telephone message four days earlier had instructed me to be there at a certain time to meet a man.

My sole clue to the traveller's identity was his name. What he looked like I had no idea, but at least I knew that he was bound for Trieste the following day. Besides, I was told, there would not be many male passengers on the train arriving from the Hook of Holland, and by elimination I was bound to find him.

It was easier than I expected. The train pulled in, the passengers began to alight and I challenged the very first man in true Lobby Lud style... "You are Mr. So-and-so, I presume"?

My guess was correct. I told him my name and what my mission was. Yes, he had heard all about me and confessed that he would be happy to pass on the responsibility to me. At the same time, in the glow of the dim carriage lights, he began to unfasten his travelling bag.

From it he produced a small sealed package, and handing it to me, said: "This contains something worth at least one thousand pounds. It belongs to the old lady whose name is written on the

cover. Find her and return it to her."

We adjourned to the bar of Shepherds Hotel in the Camp, and there, over a beer, my new acquaintance began to unfold as much of the story as he had been able to glean before setting off.

The woman — a vague sort of address was given — had been an inmate of the notorious Ravensbruck concentration camp during the war, and, believing that she had been selected for extermination in the gas chamber had handed her last personal possession to another woman victim with the words: "If we ever get out of here alive, please try to find me and return this treasure to me."

Why she should have selected Mrs. H. was not clear. As Mrs. H. was English by marriage perhaps she must have rated her chances of escape higher than anyone else's, and did not question her personal integrity.

A British officer kept a telephone appointment at a railway station in Austria. He was handed a package with a strange history

Appointment With A Parcel

Well, her judgment and trust were not misplaced. After incredible adventures Mrs. H. not only succeeded in cheating the death squad, but eluded her captors and eventually regained the friendly soil of her newly-adopted country.

But what had happened to the other woman? For a long time there was complete silence. It is difficult to fit in the missing pieces. Let it suffice to say that one day Mrs. H. was overjoyed to learn that the old lady of Ravensbruck had been spared death in the gas chamber and was still alive somewhere in Austria.

For more than three years Mrs. H. had guarded the parcel. Now the old lady was in dire poverty and in need of it — hence this mission.

Armed with my prize (the "Don't forget it's worth a thousand pounds, old man" was still ringing in my ears) and a few dollars which an ungenerous Treasury had allowed for personal expenses, I set off three days later for a destination in the American Zone of Austria.

The contents of the package were still a mystery to me and I felt sorely tempted to break open the seals and make sure that I wasn't being hoaxed.

How the old lady was eventually located by American Intelligence with the aid of the Austrian police is a complicated story. On the second day of my stay in the town where she was supposed to be residing I was told that a woman answering the name I had given had been located.

I suggested a rendezvous in an office in

the town: "Produce her at two o'clock this afternoon and we will soon discover whether she is in fact the right person." The Intelligence Officer agreed.

At the appointed hour she was ushered into the presence of two British people, myself included, and an American. The conversation was in German. I asked the American to enquire whether at any time she had been an inmate of Ravensbruck Concentration Camp. She had. Did she know Mrs. H.? She did. Had she ever handed something of great value to Mrs. H.? Yes — a ring.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the American, turning to me. "No," I replied, "she must first of all describe the ring in detail and, if possible, attempt to draw it."

The woman showed very little emotion. I got the impression that after all the experiences she had gone through at Ravensbruck she expected nothing more than bad news from us. However, she picked up a pencil from the table and started to draw on the blotting pad describing the ring at the same time.

"Now," said the American (it was almost a command) "produce the thing!" From the pocket of my service dress I removed the package, tore open the seals and took out a beautiful gold ring set with 16 diamonds. I stepped over to the table and matched it against the rough drawing on the blotter. Yes, it was the same.

As I handed the ring to her, the old woman stammered her thanks and the tears began to flow. Her emotion made her inarticulate, and she wrote on a scrap of paper a few lines for me to keep.

Was that emotion caused by the realisation that for the little of her wretched life that remained, her financial worries were over; or was it because, across the wreck of the years, someone had kept faith?

W. F. COUSINS



ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

MANY SOLDIER readers have asked for another of those colourful old prints of the type featured in the centre pages on previous occasions.

Overleaf is a spirited picture of a battle scene of exactly a hundred years ago: the charge of the 3rd King's Own Light Dragoons (later 3rd King's Own Hussars) at the Battle of Chillianwallah.

General Sir Joseph Thackwell had ordered a squadron of the 3rd Dragoons to charge bodies of Sikh cavalry who were demonstrating on his left. The squadron charged, were lost to view, but at length "cut their way back, covered with glory." Two officers were wounded, 46 men were killed and wounded.

This Ackermann print is reproduced by kind permission of the Parker Gallery.



SALONIKA: The New Guard Tread in The Footsteps of the Old



Above:

Landmark in Salonika: the archway of Galerius. A Greek citizen was jailed during the war for saying that it would still be there when Hitler was forgotten.

Right:

Pyjama-clad readers of *SOLDIER* are troops of the Greek Government forces wounded during operations against bandits in the mountains. The issue they are reading contained an article: "The Greeks We Trained Now Train Themselves." — In World War One the building which now houses these wounded Greeks was the headquarters of Britain's force in Salonika.



THERE'S one brigade of the British Army which rarely reaches the headlines — and then only to be hailed as a "forgotten" army. That was the adjective which Mr. F. G. H. Salusbury, of the *Daily Herald*, used in a recent despatch describing 2nd Infantry Brigade, Britain's deterrent force in Macedonia. But he paid tribute to the importance of the brigade's presence as "a tonic to democracy."

The Brigade does not take any part in the Greek war against bandits; its role is to discourage outside intervention. But the British soldiers hear the echo of the war in the mountains, and sometimes — as on Christmas morning, when a bandit gun shelled Salonika — they hear more than the echoes.

This, of course, is not the British Army's first watch in Salonika. The young soldiers who walk the quaint side-streets of Greece's second largest city, perhaps patronising the old-world, polyglot taverns, are treading in the footsteps of the soldiers who, in World War One, served there under "Uncle George" — Field-Marshal Lord Milne of Salonika.

Every time the young men of the first battalions The East Surrey Regiment and The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment visit their modernised YMCA they pass the building which housed Lord Milne's GHQ in 1916. Today it houses Greek fighting men injured in their country's struggle against the bandits.

The men forming the British Salonika Force in World War One came at the request of the Greek Government. Greece was neutral but her neighbour Bulgaria was rapidly mobilising to help the Germans against the Allies.

In those days of neutrality the city of Salonika was infested with spies. Germans, Bulgarians, Turks and Austrians spent their days loitering along the famous Nikis Promenade where today the British soldier is able to spend some of his leisure hours in the NAAFI Harbour Club.

Before peace came in 1918 many British and Allied Servicemen died in Greece. Several memorials to their valour are to be found along the thinly populated Northern Greece countryside. Most famous of them all is the Doiran Memorial overlooking Lake Doiran.

Veterans of those far-off days still value the comradeship fostered there, and as members of the Salonika Reunion Association they meet every year on London's Horse Guards Parade for a muster service.

Those veterans still remember



Just a few of the "forgotten brigade", watching a football match. The bright sun accounts for the angle of the berets.



The Doiran memorial to British soldiers who fell in World War One.

the city of Salonika, too. To this war-torn area today they send frequent parcels for their adopted school, The Third Gymnasium, which was stripped of its equipment by the Germans. Originally they wanted to build a reading-recreation room but officialdom frowned on a new building until peace is restored. So instead go bundles of school materials. The pupils are 700 boys from the poorer districts of the town.

Veterans of the 1916 Salonika Force, and young soldiers of the 1949 British Troops in Greece are kept in touch with each other. The veterans have their own quarterly magazine *The Mosquito*, which has a circulation of 2500 copies.

The young soldiers have their own weekly newspaper, 2 Infantry Brigade's *Courier*, which started soon after *Union Jack* closed down. *Courier* likes interviewing its readers. Recently it asked soldiers: "What would you do with a million pounds?" Reply of Bombardier S. Overfield: "Buy a chain of fish and chip shops."

Courier also carries occasional paragraphs recording the engagements and marriages of British soldiers to Greek girls.

From time to time *Courier* tells of the struggles and experiences of the British Salonika Force in 1916, of foot-slogging over some of the world's most unkind countryside, wild and mountainous Macedonia. The young soldier has experienced a little of that himself, although under more favourable conditions; he is kept on his toes, fit and well, by regular exercises and realistic battle training in all types of weather.

Off duty he is well catered for: there are nearly 20 cinemas in the city, and although they largely show American, and sometimes British films, he also has a choice of seeing a Turkish, Egyptian, French or even sometimes a Mexican film.

There is no shortage of the Army's favourite supper — eggs and chips are plentiful. The soldier's coin (or note) is the drachma which at present stands

at 32,000 to the English pound sterling. In 1939 the rate was about 600 to the pound. If the young soldier had a golden sovereign he would officially receive 232,000 drachmae for it.

In summertime bathing is good and outside the city there is an official Army Welfare camp which has an outdoor cinema. There is also sailing on the Aegean.

Some Greeks who served the British in 1916 are still to be found on the British Army pay-rolls today. *Courier's* own staff interpreter, Mr. Har Hadji-thomas, now 62 years old, once served on Lord Milne's GHQ Staff in the same capacity. He still proudly shows his British war medals and even treasures as a keepsake the official War Office envelope in which they arrived.

The young British soldier of today has often walked through the ancient archway erected hundreds of years ago by Maximilian Gallerius, then Governor of Roman-occupied Macedonia. Of this archway the Salonika Greeks have a favourite story which is

often told in the quaint taverns of Salonika. It concerns the city in 1943 at the time of the German occupation. A German officer sat on a stool painting the archway, and a small crowd watched him in silence. He insisted that someone should say something about his painting. No one spoke until a Greek patriot very slowly and quietly said, "The Gallerius archway will be remembered when you have gone, and the world has forgotten Hitler." The patriot was imprisoned but still lives today to repeat the story first-hand.

E. H. LUDLOW

Postscript: Here's a "human" story from Salonika. Bandsman J. Thompson, East Surreys, sent a postal order to Woolworths in Fulham asking them to send some surprise Christmas presents to his three children who live with their mother nearby. The girls in Woolworths had a whip round, added to the money and sent the bandsman's daughters two smart dolls, and his son a cowboy outfit and some wooden toys.

British troops in Greece have their own weekly newspaper, *Courier* — "The Only English Newspaper Published in Greece." The Salonika veterans of World War One still publish *The Mosquito*, which was founded 22 years ago to help keep wartime friendships alive.

THE ONLY ENGLISH NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN GREECE

COURIER

No 10 Saturday January 1st 1949 Price 500 Drs.

WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

2 INFANTRY BRIGADE

FREE FIFTY

The free issue of 50 cigs.

GOVERNOR GENERAL'S NEW YEAR WISHES

The following message was received this week by The Editor of *COURIER*:

The Minister Governor-General of Northern Greece (Mr Constantine H. Côté) extends his heartfelt wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year to all British officers and men in Greece.

The Bandit War in Greece

SALONIKA SHELLED ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

One Greek woman was killed, and six Greek civilians injured in the early hours of Christmas morning when a small bandit force fired 30 shells on Salonika from a gun mounted near Pilyron Village.

Seven houses all situated in the north-west quarter of the city were damaged.

Within a quarter of an hour of the attack all Salonika Greek National Army Units and Gendarmerie forces were ready, and counter attacked forcing the bandits to retreat leaving behind considerable quantities of war material, including many shells and mortars.

GREEK SOLDIERS HEROIC STAND

The previous day — bandit forces quartered in the Redifas area (approximately 10 miles north-east of Salonika) managed to approach Langada area, and at about 1200 hrs attacked the furthest Greek National Army gun roadpost in the area manned only by four soldiers who resisted heroically and stood

cleared of bandits who retreat at the sight of the Greek National Army and abandon their supplies.

Sources: British Consulate Press Review.

THE MOSQUITO

THE OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE SALONIKA TRUENICK ASSOCIATION

Vol. XI TWENTY FIRST YEAR, 1948. ANNUAL SUB. \$1.00 (Also 50c per copy)

MONASTIR MARKET-PLACE

It was under shell fire when this picture was taken, but these three soldiers did not seem to mind.

W.S. (unpublished official photograph)

On Salisbury Plain the Army stages a "set piece" — a battalion attack with loud-speaker commentary. It takes much hard work and ingenuity to make the assault look realistic

WAR COMES

TO WARMINSTER

ON Battlesbury hill, that ancient green mound rising behind the modern School of Infantry, there are reminders of the Iron Age. But the Iron Age is still very much a reality on these stark and rolling downs.

Here, four times a year, the School of Infantry stages a battalion attack, complete with flame-throwers, guns, tanks and aircraft. It is watched by officers and NCO's of almost every regiment in the British Army, by members of the Dominions forces, by the Royal Marines and the RAF Regiment.

The School of Infantry is at Warminster, a suitable name, it might seem, for a town which lives within earshot of the guns (the name is, in fact, a corruption, of Weremminster, after the stream Were). The folk of this quiet town see the coaches which bring visitors to "The Attack" from OCTU's, from the Joint Services Staff College and other military establishments, but that is the nearest they get to the battle. The long ranges are closed to the public, and there is a check point on the deserted road which winds upward over the downs. They have not forgotten that over the downs is the now-desolate village of Imber, which is used by the Army for street fighting exercises.

Hereabouts there are no fields, only long expanses of bleak

countryside relieved by isolated copses and an occasional hedge. The ground is ploughed up, not by farm implements but by the tracks of tanks, and a line of once-graceful trees are now broken stumps, like the trees of any battlefield.

The Battalion attack is not the School's only demonstration but it is the largest, and demands the combined efforts of demonstration troops stationed in the area — the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers, 5th Royal Horse Artillery, 25th Field Regiment RA, 3rd Royal Tank Regiment and men of the Royal Engineers — and the co-operation of the RAF.

When SOLDIER arrived the troops were sitting round log fires in the lee of the tanks behind the empty village of Imber, well out of sight of the spectators climbing the hillside to the white-taped "grandstand". To the flank of the tape was a fleet of radio vehicles connected with each Infantry company, Tanks, the Gunners and the Sappers; and immediately behind the spectators stood a main loud-speaker truck on the roof of which had been erected the cockpit of a glider from which the



"This Way To The War" they might have said. Here is one attack in which the attackers always win.

commentator could have an unrestricted view of the battle.

"Aldershot Tattoo without the bands and drums" was how the School described it. But until H-hour there was music, for over the loudspeakers came the waltzes from Novello's "Perchance to Dream" while the students beat time with their hands and feet in the biting wind. The Chief Instructor of the School's Tactical Wing, Lieut-Colonel C. A. R. Neville, DSO, Royal Fusiliers, climbed into the cockpit, the music was switched off and the audience heard his

voice over the speakers giving the tactical narrative. "The enemy is withdrawing westwards, fighting stubborn rearguard actions..."

The Infantry climbed into the armoured personnel carriers (Shermans with the turrets removed). They were in full battle order, some with ack-packs. The only unreal touch was the white helmets of the platoon commanders and the scarlet ones of company commanders. That was for the benefit of the spectators.

On the near side of the shattered trees — known operationally



The Infantry charge over the brow of the hill. Whether or not they have the light of battle in their eyes, they have the smoke of battle in their throats.

as "the strip" — which were the battalion's final objective, a thin trail of smoke hung in the air and then swelled into a white cloud on the ground. It was two minutes to H-hour on this Salisbury Plain, D-day, and the Gunners were laying the first of their 200 smoke shells. But for low clouds the RAF's machine-gunning Meteors would have been in action by now.

Up on the hillside the spectators watched the strip of trees disappear from view. Then the sky filled with whistling noises and the smoke screen suddenly thickened with high explosives. The Gunners had 112 rounds of 5.5 to fire off, 1200 rounds of

25-pounder and 360 mortar bombs, and life for the "enemy" in the strip of trees became unhealthy.

Radio operators looked at their watches. Five, four, three, two seconds to go. Then the code word "Plover" was spoken over 15 radio sets and like rearing horses the tanks plunged through the first hedge. The battle was on.

At the bottom of the first slope the tanks pulled up in the face of enemy fire and the Infantry poured out of the armoured carriers which turned and withdrew. Ahead the machine-gun fire from forward enemy posts looked very realistic. It arose from detonators inserted into strips of instantaneous fuze cable,

and fired from a distance by hidden Sappers. To the youngsters of the Lancashire Fusiliers this was "fire baptism".

On the grandstand the bombardment of the strip almost drowned the voice of the Royal Marines commentator, Captain R. M. Parkinson, MC. Nearby Lieut. D. J. D. Overton, the School's RE officer, stood by his signaller who was in touch with the hidden Sappers. On his word of command 150 lbs of buried explosive went up to represent enemy shelling — each half pound slab producing the

effect of a shell burst. It takes careful timing to give the realistic touch without causing injuries. The tanks opened up with blank, the white smoke rising in dense clouds from the muzzles, while the Besa machine-guns poured out a steady stream of tracer which curved gracefully in the direction of the strip.

In the thick grass the white blob of the leading platoon commander's helmet could be seen moving forward as its owner crawled into a position favourable for observation, his troops

OVER



The Infantry mount an armoured personnel carrier for the first stage of the battle. The hard work is done on foot.



With hot flame and cold steel the Infantry approach an enemy pillbox. The ack-pack is also used against foxholes.



There is a wide variety of cap badges among the spectators. In centre is a Swiss officer.



If you don't know what to do with that old glider nose, why not mount it on a vehicle and make a commentator's cabin? The School of Infantry are rather proud of this brainwave.

spread out on either side. The two forward Bren gunners were firing short bursts with a slight feeling of superiority over their fellow riflemen who were entrusted only with blanks.

The owner of the white helmet, 2/Lieut. Kenneth Scragg, shouted an order and the platoon moved forward under cover of the tanks. Around them the ground was erupting in "shell-bursts" and the air was filled with battlefield smells — explosive, smoke, newly-churned earth. The men broke into a double and reached the first enemy obstruction, the long anti-tank ditch, where they lined the far bank, digging their knees and toes into the sides to give them a deep grip. Above the uproar came the voice of Corporal Arthur Fisher. "Number Three Section, three hundred." The men of D Company watched the "machine-gun fire" directly ahead. "Enemy to your front. Rounds. FIRE."

Corporal Fisher has had five years in the Army, including a spell in India. The right-hand section commander, L/Cpl. John Collins, has had less than a year. It is like that in the Fusiliers today: long-service men mixed with lads who came in last year and are out again in a few months.

Somewhere up the slope on the right flank another company had reached the ditch, the tanks close

Continuing

WAR COMES TO WARMINSTER



Briefing hour: a company commander of the Lancashire Fusiliers talks to his men and tank crews around the camp fire.



Life is crowded on an armoured personnel carrier — but the messages come through "loud and clear".



Framed between shattered trees, a tank moves up to give supporting fire.



The position is reached — now for a spot of digging in against counter-attack.



And a drop of oil won't do the old Bren any harm.

on their heels. Sgt. George Hayes and eight breathless Fusiliers dived into the cutting and went through the motions of fixing a "beehive". For the purpose of the exercise they were Sappers, and the explosives had already been prepared in the ground before they arrived. Bent almost double they ran along the ditch for 30 yards and waited while the "beehive" (gun cotton slabs) shot the edge of the bank into the air. Back they went again and a few moments later the opposite bank crumbled in smoke and dust. There was now a slope down into the ditch and out the far side for the armour. The leading tank tried it and immediately got bogged. It was no accident. Up on the grandstand the commentator was pointing out that battles never go according to plan.

Now C Company was pushing through D Company's position on the left flank. Lieut. Michael Tuke led his men towards the first enemy machine-gun post and threw a smoke grenade. Behind the screen the men formed up, and followed their bayonets through the haze, screaming war cries when they were not coughing from the smoke. Away on the right flank a tank had crossed the ditch but met a bazooka and burst into flames. A Wasp flame-thrower lurched up from the rear and with Infantry on either side set about brewing up the offending enemy post.

Meanwhile in the middle of the battlefield Lieut. Michael Foster led the right wing of C Company across the exposed slope towards the shell-torn trees. Realistically the men thinned out, a number of

them pitching forward as the machine-gun fire swept through them. Corporal Thomas Sawley led his survivors in the last stage and ordered the man with the ack-pack to get busy with his flame-thrower on the foxholes. Now almost the veteran of the exercise, Corporal Sawley had been racing up that hill long before the Lancashire Fusiliers arrived at Warminster. He was with the East Lancashires, the previous demonstration battalion. Before that he spent a few of his 17 Army years as a Chindit.

A strongpoint ahead was now blazing from the ack-packs and the men raced up. Sawley ordered his Bren gunner to fire at the retreating enemy. The gunner was Fusilier John Ward, a plasterer from Bolton, who had done the demonstration only once before and still found it a bit strange.

Meanwhile the enemy counter-attacked with artillery fire, represented by explosives touched off as the Fusiliers' reserve company swept forward in its armoured carriers. The vehicles disappeared in the smoke but re-emerged with the men unscathed, thanks to the present policy of keeping Infantry inside armour until the last moment. Behind came the miscellany of vehicles of the support company, including the anti-tank guns racing up

to protect the forward Infantry now digging in.

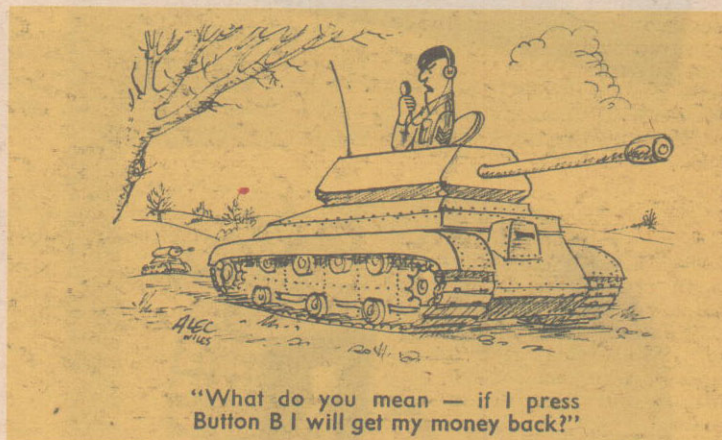
But the enemy was in full flight towards Warminster, and on the downs near Battlesbury appeared grey puffs where the Gunners were putting down their last shots to harry the stragglers.

In the strip of trees platoon signalman Derek Boorman, an OCTU candidate with but 14 weeks service, listened for the final message of the battle — Standfast. The exercise was over and the spectators strode down the hill to the transport which crept out gingerly from the shelter of Imber village.

PETER LAWRENCE



Well, that's the war over for today. It may be War-minster, but it certainly isn't Warm-inster.



Tailpiece

And here's a flashback to a real war: carriers advance through the corn at Caumont, while a German tank blazes in the background.

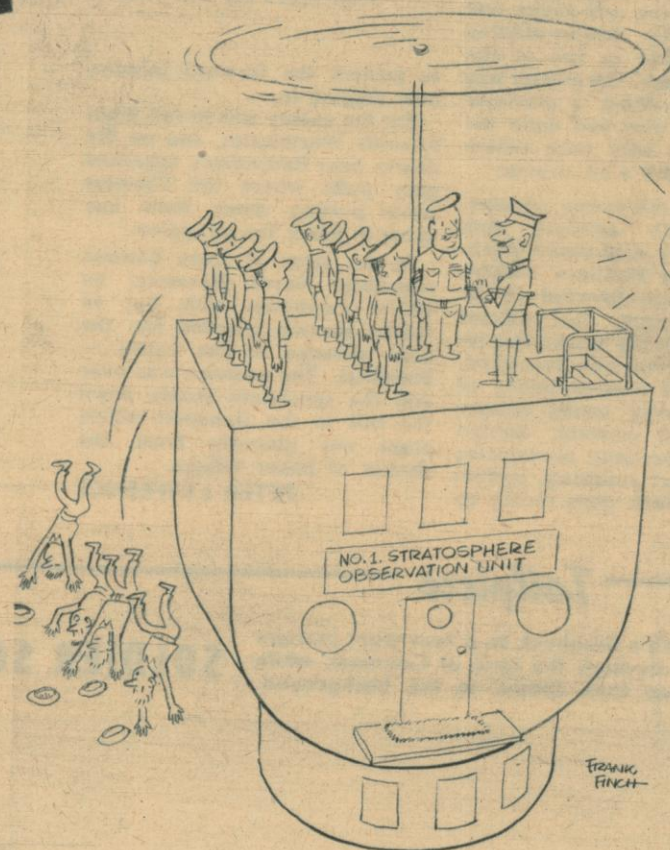
SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO



Spy posts to hang in sky U.S. REVEAL PLAN

PLANS for suspending "artificial planets" thousands of miles above the earth to act as military observation posts for defence purposes are being worked out in Britain and the United States.

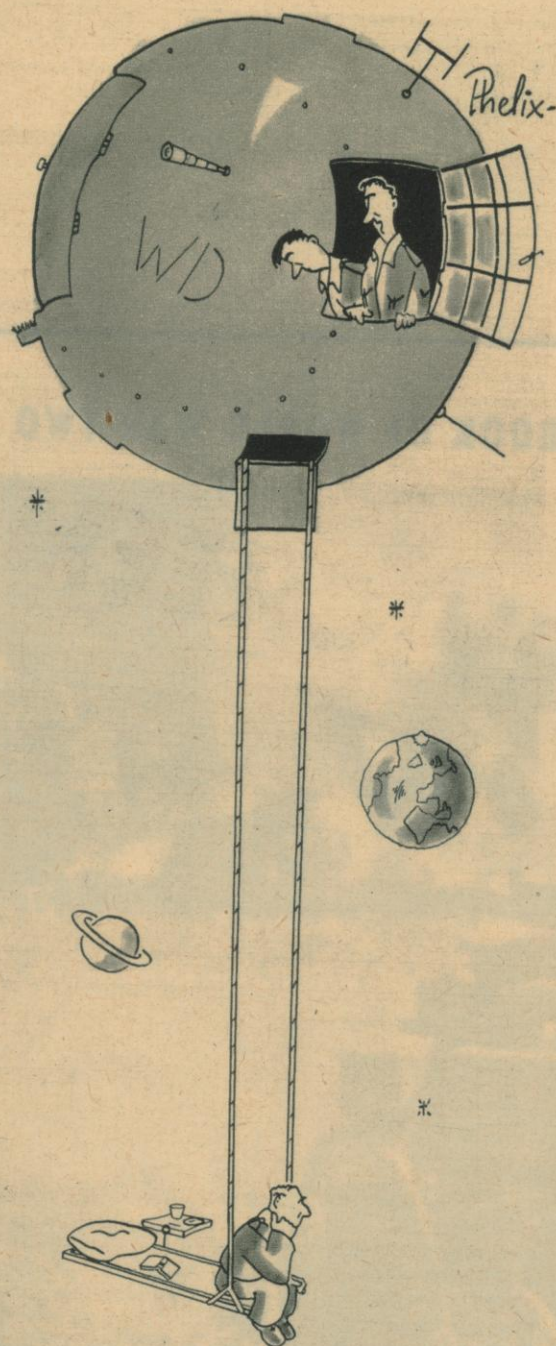
SOLDIER artists are let loose on a report that the Americans are considering the installation of military observation posts in space. Perhaps the idea is more serious than they think



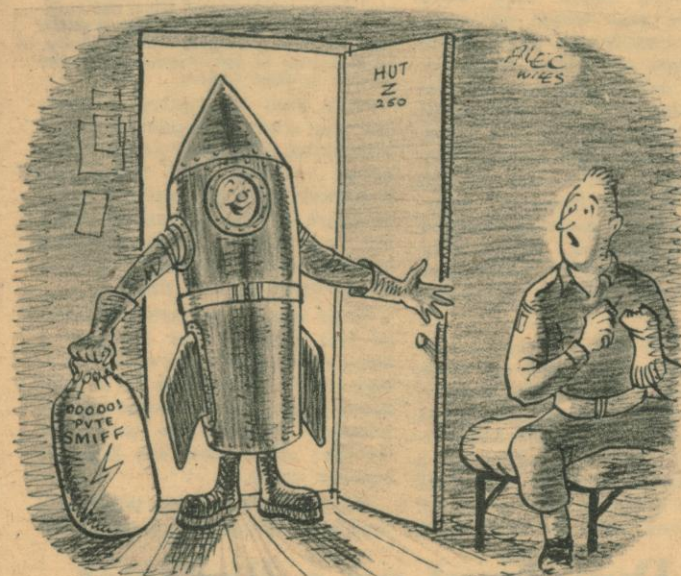
"All right, serjeant. Cut out the 'open order, march' in future."



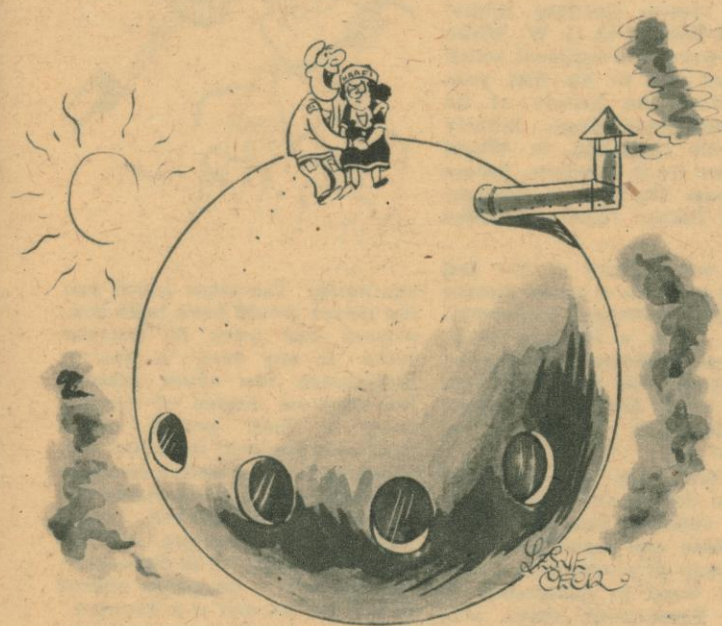
"I picked it up on my last tour of duty in space."



"You'd think he'd be more cheerful after we gave him his sleeping-out pass."



"Look, boys, I'm posted."



"Your eyes are like stars... There's nobody like you for a million miles..."

How Much Do You Know?

1. The initials CRMP denote the Corps of Royal Military Police. What do the initials RCMP represent?
2. Can you express the sense of the following sentence in four words?:
"The personnel indigenous to the area were of an amicable disposition."
3. The turkey's nearest relation is the goose, chicken, pheasant, duck, eagle—which?
4. Which of these words is out of place: driver, putter, brassie, cleek, niblick, spoon, rubric, mashie, mid-iron?
5. Who wrote the following lines, and what is the name of the poem of which they are the opening?:
"In pious times, ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin,
When man on many multiplied his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confined,
When Nature prompted, and no law denied,
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride..."
6. Which famous man—was jailed for taking part in a runaway marriage; dressed in a shroud and had himself painted in his coffin; became Dean of St. Paul's; wrote the famous passage containing the phrase "for whom the bell tolls"?
7. Which of these statements (if any) are untrue?:
(a) A child is not allowed to go to a pawnshop;
(b) The will of a seaman is valid even if he is under 21;
(c) There is no such charge as manslaughter in Scotland.
8. "The image seen after the eyes have been closed or removed from an object" is the dictionary's definition of—what?
9. If someone gave you a sack-but, you could—
(a) Make a tune by blowing it;
(b) Graze it in a field;
(c) Store wine in it;
(d) Get somebody to translate it. Which?
10. If a metal is ductile and malleable, what can you do with it?
11. Where and what is Stromboli?

(Answers on Page 44)

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"Aren't You Going To Have Uniforms?" Asked The King

THE Orient Express was thundering into Bulgaria one night in the spring of 1938. Whether it carried any of the traditional spies, anarchists and monocled MI 5 men history does not tell. It did carry a titled English lady, who sat up all night reading a lot of yellow-backed documents, and making copious notes.

If any spy had snatched her papers as she stepped off the train for a brief holiday in Sofia, he would probably have been baffled. The English lady was Lady Reading, and the job on which she was engaged was that of planning the WVS (Women's Voluntary Services).

The long-overdue story of this organisation, which has befriended millions of Servicemen, is now told by Charles Graves in "Women In Green" (Heinemann 12s 6d).

Charles Graves tells the human, not the statistical, story. He does not say that the WVS sold enough tea to float the *Queen Elizabeth*, and enough buns to sink it, though both statements are probably true. Instead, he tells some fascinating — and startling — stories about the queer jobs the WVS did.

Among them is the story of the good-looking WVS girl who went, in the line of duty, to dance with Polish officers in their mess. That

was in the days when Polish officers, anxious to improve their English, were absorbing our vocabulary a little indiscriminately. The girl's first partner, after the first dance, clicked his heels, bowed low, kissed her hand, and said, "I thank you. You dance divine, you glamorous bitch."

The WVS never went "regimental." When Mr. Churchill saw a march-past of WVS in the early days, he said disgustedly to Lady Reading: "Look at your girls. Each hat is worn at a different angle." To which Lady Reading replied: "Here is a case of individuality of operation, but uniformity of pattern." The uniform was deliberately made inconspicuous, so successfully that once the King said to Lady Reading: "Aren't you going to have uniforms?" The embarrassed reply was, "Yes, sir. Actually, I am wearing one."

What did the WVS do for the soldier? To answer that would take an issue of *SOLDIER*. They met the Dunkirk survivors, and

eased the blood-stained boots from their feet as they lay exhausted. They provided Major-General Montgomery, of Third Division, with transport for his staff when the evacuated Division was being reorganised, minus its equipment. They ran canteens as near the front lines as they were allowed, all over the world. They served tea in pitch dark to the men embarking for Normandy. They darned soldiers' socks by the million, taught soldiers to darn by the hundred. They sewed on millions of flashes and tapes and buttons (once they were asked "to sew wings on some Air Force cadets who have passed out.") They organised baths for soldiers, and organised them in such a way that one man could not get three hot baths a week while his mates got none. They sent flowers to wives at the request of their husbands overseas. They left bicycles, painted in WVS colours, at railway stations, so that Servicemen arriving late at night could get home.

The WVS was not the sort of organisation you could run from a textbook. At railway stations their members were sometimes called upon to console Servicemen who, under the effects of a few beers, wanted to tell their domestic troubles to someone. Mr. Graves tells the odd story

about how the WVS had to meet two soldiers, one dying from TB, at a succession of railway stations and to see them on the right trains for home; if left alone they were liable to get drunk and incapable. But surely the Army did not send dying men home like that?

A WVS report from Malvern in 1941 included such items as:

Found a group of workers willing to undertake all minor repairs to the Belgian Army.

Gave the Italian prisoners of war 25 Jews Harps. They asked for musical instruments, and the shops have none.

Stayed a fight between Belgians and sailors and sent the latter a different way home.

Gave a Polish sailor who has no English some picture puzzles. He has a dog.

Found a room for WRNS which they can use for tea parties when off duty.

Reported to Malvern Troops Welfare Committee that soldiers were not charged half-price in the cinema, as is the custom in other towns.

Note that last entry. During the war soldiers expected to get into cinemas for half-price. They never realised that sometimes somebody had to apply a little pressure on their behalf, to make the concession possible. The WVS quietly undertook hundreds of assignments like that.

Final story: A spinster member of HQ staff offered to take a baby in arms by train on a Saturday. It turned out to be a coal black baby. One passenger asked whether it was her own and another asked how she kept its hair so curly.

But the WVS could take even that sort of thing in their stride.

A Doughnut on a Bayonet

THE Fifty-Fourth were putting up the decorations for Christmas. They stuck dabs of cotton wool on an Army blanket to spell: "To Captain and Mrs. O. W. White and Master Geoffrey White."

Now Master Geoffrey White, as Lieut-Colonel O. G. W. White DSO, rewards the regiment which honoured him in his first year by writing the history of its marathon journeyings, latterly under his command, in World War Two — in Flanders, Burma and Japan. The book is "Straight On For Tokyo" (Gale and Polden 15s.)

This war history of the 2nd Dorsets presents a wider picture than the average regimental history. It is a thrilling story, for it was the Dorsets who fought, for instance, in that long and bloody affray around the District Commissioner's Bungalow at Kohima.

By the time the regiment reached Japan, so many of the jungle veterans had gone home on release and repatriation that the honour of parading in Tokyo largely went to unblooded recruits. Some men spent only three weeks in Japan before sailing back half way across the world for home. That's how it is in the Army.

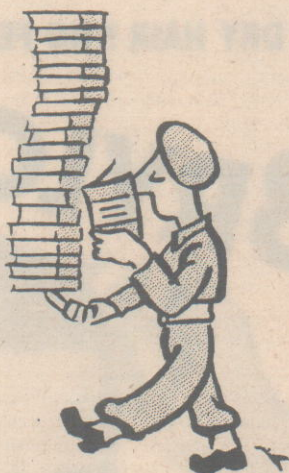
First glimpse of Japan was dis-



couraging. The train which met the troops would have been considered bad even in wartime India. In any case, "a six-foot Englishman can never achieve the slightest degree of comfort over a long period in a hard seat designed for a five-foot Japanese." Other embarrassments followed. The Dorsets shared the guard on the Imperial Palace with American troops, and, as the author says, "It is disconcerting to have a doughnut offered to you on the end of a bayonet."

Another shock came when the Dorsets were thrown out of bed by an earthquake. But they soon recovered, and were later praised for helping the civil population.

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CVWW Shops have now been opened in: BERLIN (YMCA), OLDENBURG (YMCA). CVWW Shops will be opened soon in AUSTRIA and TRIESTE.



Two Guardsmen hold a position on Longstop Hill. The Germans are encamped on the smoke-wreathed hill in the background.

Man Who Nearly Became an Atrocity

HIGH up on Mount Misery, Italy — its real name was Ornito — among the slush and mists, where water bottles froze solid and by morning wet greatcoats stood up by themselves, a drill sergeant went round the trenches, under mortar fire (so the story goes) telling the men to put their helmets on straight.

The men were the Coldstream Guards.

For 13 days they had hung on to the reverse side of the hill. Three times the Germans occupied the summit and fought the Guards from a distance of 30 yards, and in return the Coldstreamers threw 1080 grenades and fired more mortar bombs than they had during the whole of the Tunisian campaign. Twice they went in with the bayonet and once the Germans got among the Guards but were driven off.

The story is told in "No Dishonourable Name" (William Clowes and Son Ltd, revised edition £3) the proud record of the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the Coldstream Guards in World War Two. Also told is the story of Longstop Hill in Tunisia, the hill which the Guards captured, handed over and then had to storm again at cruel cost on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day 1942.

This book is not an official regimental history. The editor, a regimental officer, named David Quilter, collected diaries, personal letters, newspaper cuttings and a lavish selection of photographs to fill its 334 pages.

It is an all-ranks publication. The Battle of the Horseshoe, Medenine is told by Lieut-Colonel Sir Terence Falkiner Bart; the story of an anti-tank platoon on the night of 13 September 1943 is told by Corporal K. Fellows.

There is a foreword by General Sir H. C. Loyd, and at the end is a personal message from the Old Soldier of the 2nd Battalion, Serjeant W. Larbey, Master Cook. There are cartoons from *Union Jack*; there is even a reproduction of the Christmas card which the Germans sent the Coldstreamers in 1944, containing such cheering couplets as:

The "Q" has got no puddings (plum)
So I'm afraid you've had it, chum!

The great advantage of this sort of book is that it is full of eye-witness stories. Very diverting is the account of the landing on the Italian island of Lampedusa. The bemedalled Governor who was supposed to surrender unconditionally said he first wanted his soldiers paid, then demanded full military honours for himself. Bluffed with the threat of another thousand-bomber raid, he asked for a pen. Drill-Serjeant Knight, unprompted, held out the butt of his rifle, upon which the document was signed. Soon afterwards there was an alarm, and the Governor bolted for the shelter where most of the Italian officers had been hiding, having abandoned their troops (one officer admitted he had been underground for two days without seeing daylight). When the Governor recovered he demanded a march-past of all troops and a British guard of honour. It was

the Guards who got the island going again. The second-in-command of No. 1 Company, for instance, reopened the school, established a law court and a jail; the Medical Officer took over the hospital.

It was not only on Mount Misery that the Guards fought at close quarters. At Cassino some of the platoons were divided by little more than the thickness of a wall from the Germans. "One platoon position had always to be supplied with Spam instead of raw bacon for breakfast, as the smell of bacon frying invariably attracted a shower of grenades."

But There Wasn't Any Fire.

A fire engine roared out of the French town of Alençon, one summer day in 1944. The crew in their gleaming helmets rang the bell loudly and rather superbly.

It was such an impressive sight that German troops did not think of stopping the crew to inquire whether their journey was really necessary. For 30 miles the machine roared along without coming to any fire, then five miles from Le Mans it stopped and two of the firemen got off to continue their journey by bicycle.

The "firemen" were British parachutists being smuggled by the French Resistance to the Spanish border. After many adventures of this kind they reached Bordeaux, where they had an unpleasant shock: the head of the local Resistance was also head of the Gestapo in that town. But they escaped to fight again.

To such lengths could jealousy go!

One of the luckiest Coldstreamers of the war was Lieut. Sammy Clowes who was taken prisoner on the banks of the River Po and was ordered to be shot by the SS. "To be about to become an atrocity is an unusual experience" he writes, with masterly understatement . . . "No one looked very happy except the SS man, who was clearly on pleasure bent. The Italian serjeant . . . pulled out a crucifix and started to pray." However, whenever they came to a suitable spot there were always too many people about so they stopped at an inn for lunch. After that they started again but were met by a German officer. On hearing of the fate in store for Clowes he was very angry and cancelled the order.

Clowes was taken to German divisional headquarters where the German general sent him brandy and four cigars. During the subsequent retreat he followed in a vehicle behind the general's car. Eventually they ran into some Americans who opened fire from their tanks. As the Armistice was near the German headquarters was allowed to move into a prescribed area with Clowes

as liaison officer. That night the defeated Germans held a dinner at which dress uniforms

were worn with decorations.

"There were four courses with the inevitable champagne and brandy. Behind each chair there was a soldier servant. When cigars were handed round each servant lit a candle and leaned forward to light his officer's cigar . . . the general's servant had to remain in that position for nearly five minutes before the general saw fit to light his cigar. The general embarrassed me by presenting me with a signed photograph of himself and a large pistol to protect myself from the partisans."

The story is told by Bryan Samain in "Commando Men" (Stevens & Sons 10s 6d). This is a record of the part played by 45 Royal Marine Commando (of which Samain was Intelligence Officer) from the Normandy landing, through France and Holland and over the Rhine. The Commando faced some of the bitterest fighting of the war, notably on Belle Isle, in the River Maas. During this engagement a truce was called by the Commandos in order to recover their dead and wounded.

"The grisly business of ferrying the corpses across the Maas by boat lasted the entire morning. Most of them were unrecognisable, due to exposure in the snow, and one of the last to be brought across could only be identified by two tattered cloth pips on the shoulders, and a pair of faded parachutist's wings on the right arm."

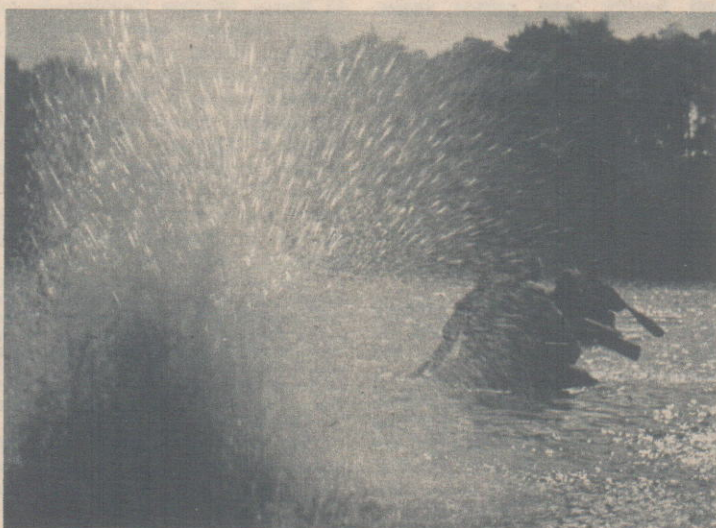
The body was that of Lieut. Peter Winston, one of the two men who took part in the fire engine exploit at Alençon.

Two new films have just been produced by the Army Kinema Corporation. One—"Dangerous Journey"—was made at the request of the Director of Infantry, to teach battlecraft. It shows the adventures—on land and water—of two Infantry privates, sole survivors of a patrol into enemy territory. Although their officer is killed, they push on, moving by night, lying up by day, eventually

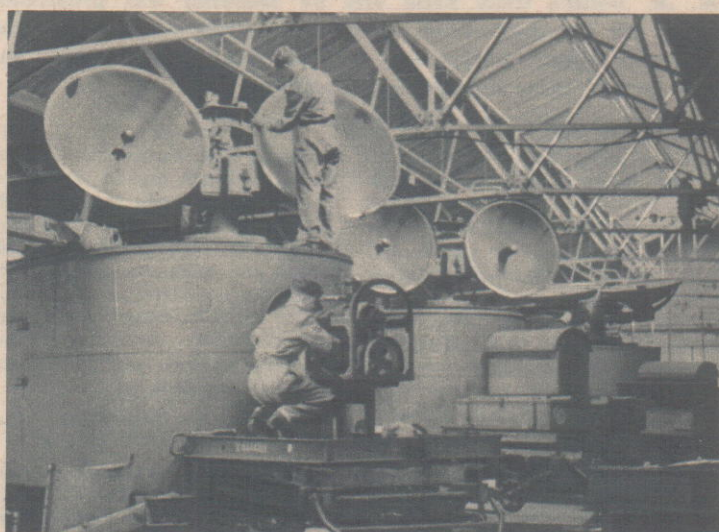
bringing back the desired information. — The second film—"The Craftsman"—was made to show National Service recruits to REME the scope of the Corps. Pictures below show an airborne workshop being loaded on a glider, a corner of the radar repair shop at Greenford, Middlesex, and a demonstration of the directional properties of radar at Arborfield.

THE ARMY *Presents—*

① Dangerous Journey



② The Craftsman



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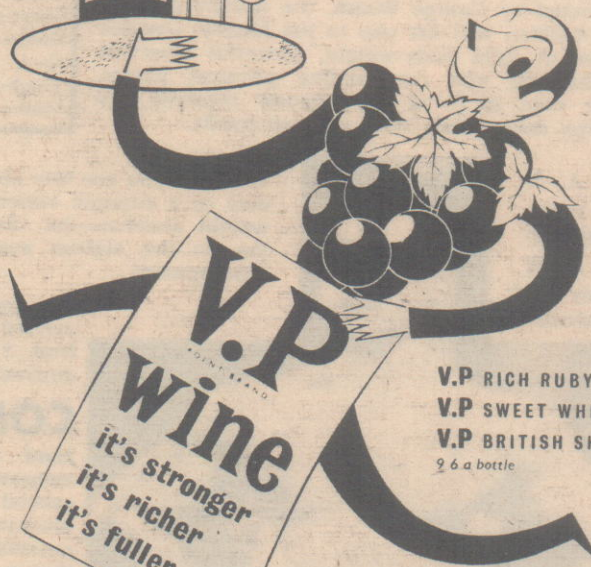
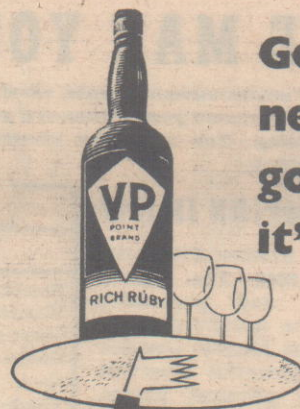
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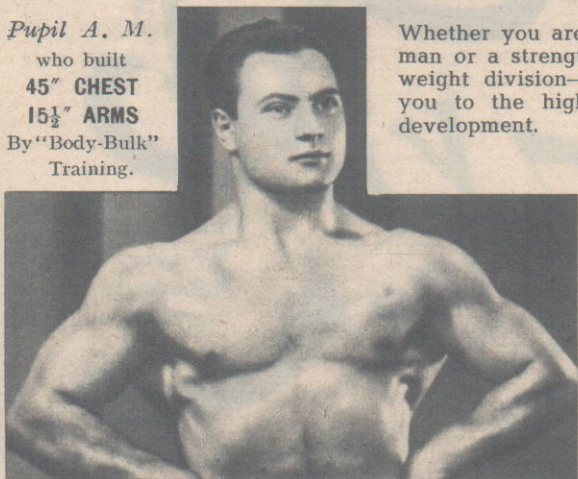
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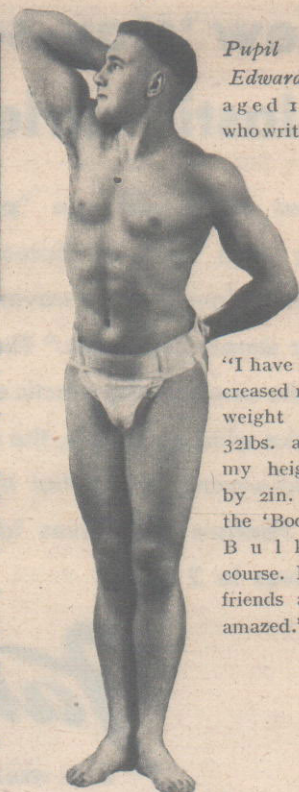
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Weight..	8-12	9-8	10-5	10-13
Chest (N.)	35 in.	37 in.	39 in.	40½ in.
Biceps...	11½ in.	12¾ in.	13¼ in.	13¾ in.
Neck....	14¾ in.	15¼ in.	15¾ in.	16 in.
Thighs..	20½ in.	22½ in.	23 in.	24 in.
Calves..	14¾ in.	15 in.	15½ in.	15¾ in.



Pupil D. Edwards, aged 18, who writes:

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Report on ARMY FOOTBALL

ARM Y football (up to the time of writing) has had an encouraging season.

The big matches, like those against France and Belgium are not played until near the end of the season, but already there are several items to be put on the credit side of the ledger.

One of these was the defeat of the Football Association, by two goals to nil, by an Army team — a feat of no small distinction. Soon after the match Coventry City paid £3000 for the man who led the Army attack, 20-year-old John Jamieson.

Then, for the first time in 12 years, the Army provided a

penses. Few of the young professionals have had time to make much of a name; Jamieson, for instance, was only a reservist for Aberdeen before he became a Gunner. But in some cases the Army has been able to improve their play to such an extent that they have been fit for first-class football on release.

Army players who have become notable professional footballers include Reg Osborne (Leicester and England), who started as a boy in the Army and learned his football in the service, and Bandsman H. Phipps, who plays for Charlton. Others have been Bandsman W. Price, 10th Hussars, who played as an inside forward for Fulham; Serjeant F. Twine, Royal Welch Fusiliers, who played back for Middlesbrough; and Boy J. Martin, 1st Royal Ulster Rifles, who was a Wolves' forward and Irish International.

The Army has run its own cup competition since 1888. That was the year the Army Football Association was founded, more than 20 years after the FA had been set up to discipline a game in which hacking, punching, gouging and worse had hitherto figured. But long before then the Army had been playing football. There is an old print showing Lord Roberts' men in striped jerseys playing football in Afghanistan in 1872, with apathetic natives looking on at the "mad English". In the 'seventies

Army teams had been competing for the FA Cup. Among the early challengers were the Royal Engineers (in whose ranks were the "Submarine Miners"). Their crack team was skippered by Captain (later Sir Francis) Marindin, who was to have a big say in the legislative side of the game, and who is believed to have refereed more cup finals than anyone else. The Sappers were finalists in the FA Cup three years out of four, ultimately winning the Cup after extra time in the Army's first and last Cup win. Army teams continued to compete, however, in the FA Amateur Cup Competition.

The Army Football Association had its share of teething troubles. Not only was it necessary to lay down a code of rules, but the Committee had to worry out such tedious arguments as whether referees should travel first-class or third. The old minute books

**Jack Walton
is discovery of
the season**

By PANGLOSS

England 4 Wales 1

ENGLAND slow in getting into

After the recent England-Wales Amateur match Sgt. J. Walton had a good press.



Just called up: Queen's Park's 18-year-old goalkeeper, Ronnie Simpson, son of a Glasgow Ranger.

player for an international match — that against Wales. He is Serjeant-Instructor Johnny Walton, of the RAEC; but unlike Jamieson he has no desire to make professional football his career.

It is no easy task to field a first-class Army team at a time when players are here today, gone tomorrow, but the Army Football Association never loses heart. It is out to encourage all players of promise, both amateurs and the young professionals who from time to time are called up as National Servicemen. The latest of these to arrive is 18-year-old Ronnie Simpson, of Queen's Park, who was playing first-class football at 15. Son of a former Glasgow Ranger, he kept goal for Britain in the Olympic Games. He is pretty sure to be a full International some day.

All players are treated as amateurs, and are paid only ex-



Sgt. Walton teaches at the RAEC Depot at Bodmin. His ambition is to be a schoolmaster.



E 11
5140.

(D. Ser,

D. A. G's Office
Aldershot.
4 March 1898.

I am directed by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, Commanding the Aldershot District, to communicate with you relative to the following matter. —

H. R. H. cannot for an instant admit that any relaxation of Military discipline can be sanctioned because a Soldier is playing football, or any other game in this Camp, nor that any game Committee has power to enquire into or adjudicate upon any matter concerning discipline amongst the troops under his Command.

Continuing ARMY FOOTBALL

report all these difficulties in full. When the teams met for the first Army Cup Final the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland team protested because the 2nd South Staffs were wearing nails in their boots; the South Staffs pulled out the nails, and lost the game. There were controversies over whether footballers should be excused guard-mounting; there was the

suspension of a Scots team for habitual foul language and rough play (resulting in a rule that an officer should always be present with his team); and there was a complaint from HRH the Duke of Connaught, Commanding Aldershot District, who said: —

"There has been considerable difficulty in dealing with some rather serious cases of offences against military discipline which have been committed on the football field, and there is apparently a prevalent idea that if a soldier is engaged in playing football offences of this nature will only be dealt with by the football authorities under Rule 12 of Rules of the Game. . .

"HRH cannot for an instant admit that any relaxation of military discipline can be sanctioned because a soldier is playing football, or any other game in this camp, nor that any game committee has power to enquire into or adjudicate upon any matter concerning discipline amongst the troops under his command."

A solution was worked out, and the Association moved on to the next item. Soon the Punjab-Bengal Football Association and the Mauritius Football League were applying for affiliation. The AFA began to look on their organisation with a good deal of pride.

At an early stage they drew up their definition of a sportsman:—

A SPORTSMAN —

1. Plays the game for the game's sake.
2. Plays for his side and not for himself.
3. Is a good winner and a good loser ie. modest in victory and generous in defeat.
4. Accepts decisions in a proper spirit.
5. Is chivalrous towards a defeated opponent.
6. Is unselfish and always ready to help others to become proficient.
7. As a spectator, applauds good play on both sides.
8. Never interferes with referees or judges, no matter what the decision.

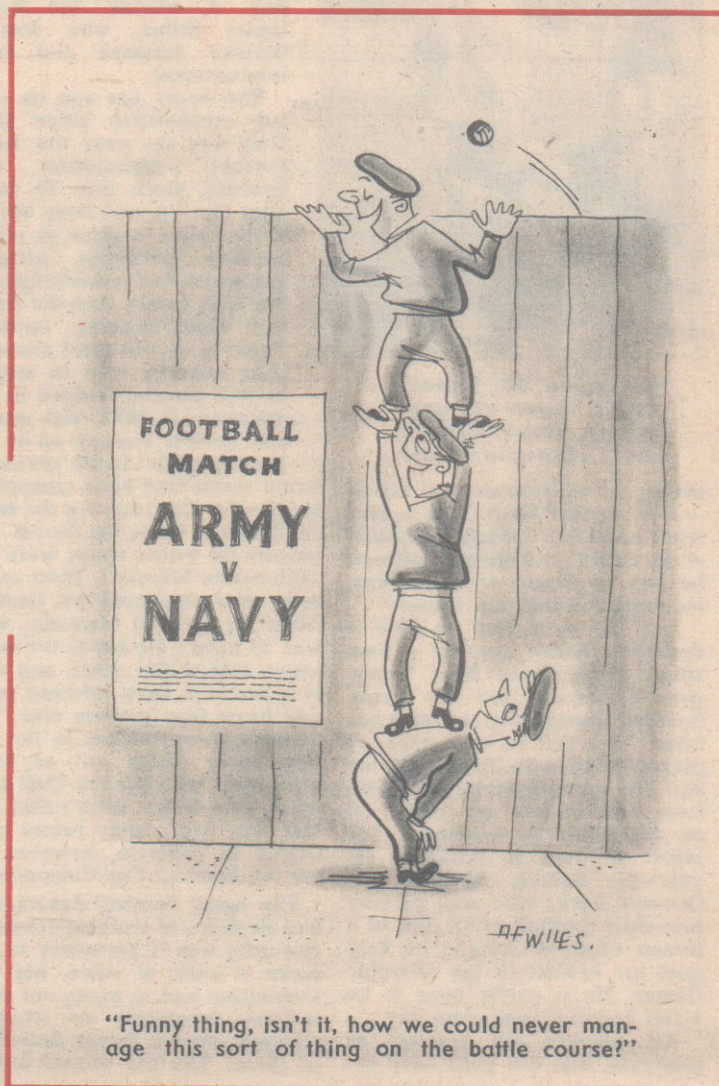
After World War One the

Continued on Page 42

Back in 1898 His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Commanding Aldershot, became worried about offences against military discipline on the football field. This was one of many tricky problems for the Army Football Association in its early days.



John Jamieson, one of the Army's crack forwards, was recently signed up by Coventry City for £3000. He was an Aberdeen reservist.



"Funny thing, isn't it, how we could never manage this sort of thing on the battle course?"

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ARMY FOOTBALL

(Concluded)

Army chiefs of Britain, France and Belgium decided that war-time camaraderie ought to be continued on the football field. Thus began the annual triangular tournament between the British, French and Belgian armies. The rules say that each army shall have one match on its own territory in the second half of each season. The Belgian Army held the Cup in 1939, and when the Germans invaded again the Cup went successfully underground. Just before the second world war the French Army defeated us three years in succession with a goal average of 16-0.

The Army has been playing football against the Royal Navy since 1905 and against the Royal Air Force since 1920. Today the Army also plays representative matches against Everton (who this year won 2-1) and Aston Villa, and also against the Universities. This year the Army is down to play the Scottish Football Association for the first time.

For the last two seasons there has been a Command Cup contest, Western Command being twice successful.

Last season tragedy overtook



He kept an eye on Army football once: Colonel G. M. Fox, Inspector of Army Gymnasia.

Army football when two players were killed by lightning in the replayed Army Cup Final between 121 Training Regiment RA and RAC Bovington at Aldershot.

The present secretary of the Army Football Association is Lieut-Col. H. M. Prince, an all-round sportsman who, as a sergeant-major RAMC played against Sweden, France and twice against Ireland, besides competing in the Olympic Games. He, too, began as a boy in the Army.

BOB O'BRIEN

When Do You Go Out?

THE table published in *SOLDIER* of March last year, showing the amount of time each group of National Servicemen called up in 1947 and 1948 can expect to serve, has been revised.

Mr. George Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, announced the new table in the House of Commons on 18 January. He stated that men called up in the first half of 1947 would not have to serve more than two years and three months. Thereafter, two months' intake would be released each month so that the length of service would be gradually reduced until men called up in November and December 1948 would serve 18 months, the same period as those called up in 1949 and later.

This table is subject to further alteration if unforeseen circumstances arise. There will also be differences between the three Services and between different categories, branches and trades within each Service. The actual dates of release will, in many cases, be earlier than is indicated.

Date of joining			Service			Date of joining			Service		
1947			Years	Months		1948			Years	Months	
January	2	3				January	1	11			
February	2	3				February	1	11			
March	2	3				March	1	10			
April	2	3				April	1	10			
May	2	3				May	1	9			
June	2	3				June	1	9			
July	2	2				July	1	8			
August	2	2				August	1	8			
September	2	1				September	1	7			
October	2	1				October	1	7			
November	2	0				November	1	6			
December	2	0				December	1	6			

Early release will be allowed for students called up before the end of July 1948 who, but for the slow-down in release, would have been discharged in time to start their studies next autumn. They must, however, be applied for by universities, technical colleges or teachers' training colleges.

The most recent announcement of release by groups is as follows:

Group 105 goes out 19 March — 31 March 1949; Group 106 1 April — 14 April; Group 107 15 April — 28 April; Group 108 29 April — 13 May; Group 109 14 May — 28 May; Group 110 29 May — 12 June; Group 111 13 June — 27 June; Group 112 begins 28 June, closing date not yet announced.

Group 081 goes out 1 April — 31 May; Group 082 1 June — 31 July.

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THE FOXES OF HARROW: Not of Harrow, Middlesex, but of somewhere around New Orleans. Creoles, costumes, slaves, plantations, gambling halls, Rex Harrison and Maureen O'Hara.

SITTING PRETTY: A male baby-sitter becomes a resident nanny and a best-selling novelist. The sort of comedy the Americans do well. With Robert Young, Clifton Webb and Maureen O'Hara again.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS: Betty Grable's legs, from six years of age to 60. Song-and-dance and there's-no-business-like-show-business.

CALL NORTHSIDE 777: A reporter saves a man imprisoned for murder by finding the true culprit. Old stuff? But this time it happens to be a true story; and the film is a semi-documentary. James Stewart plays the reporter.

KISS OF DEATH: Victor Mature plays one of those convicts who decide to be good and turn informer, then have to cope with revengeful ex-colleagues. With Brian Donlevy and Coleen Gray.

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LETTERS

"SLEEVE!" — THE PILOT'S STORY

As an ex-target-towing pilot I was very interested in your recent article called "Sleeve". (SOLDIER, January.) When we flew, the job was much more varied than it is now.

Our favourite sortie was the low-level "beat-up" of light ack-ack sites. We derived great satisfaction from watching the gunners sweating away trying to keep their sights on our weaving aircraft, but it was not so good when we had to watch them knocking off for tea at the mobile NAAFI and giving us the "V" sign as we licked our thirsty lips.

On one occasion when I was towing for light ack-ack, proceedings were enlivened by a bet between a gunnery instructor and myself that he could not make a flag target unusable in an hour-and-a-half's shoot. For the first half of the shoot everything went well. Only a few holes had appeared in the target. Then both sides resorted to slightly unethical tactics. The Gunners had men combing the camp for rounds of full-charge ammunition instead of the usual practice rounds, while my target operator was alternately releasing the brake on the cable drum to let the target fly backwards and then winding it in again at twice its normal speed.

The shoot finished with a tattered and torn, but undeniably usable target, and the bet was paid in liquid form.

At times, towing could also be unpleasant. I have often seen light tracer streaming up IN FRONT of the plane.

In fairness to the Gunners, though, I must say that on each occasion the men on the guns belonged to an Allied nation.

On another occasion, the 'plane that preceded me over the target area was a pilotless Queen Bee, for rocket firing practice. Following it in, I was shaken to the core to see nasty black bursts all round my aircraft. The Gunner thought I was another Queen Bee!

Sometimes everything went wrong. On one of those days, after getting thrown all over the place in particularly bad weather, the radio packed up and the winch jammed with the target only a few hundred feet away from the 'plane. Before it could be freed, some Gunner decided to have a go and we got half a dozen bursts of Bofors just under our tail. On our way home low cloud forced us out to sea, and we had to pick our way between cloud banks back to land. Unfortunately this took us over a Naval prohibited area where we were

greeted with a couple of bursts of 3.7.

However, there was a grand camaraderie between us and the Gunners. They used to let us have a go with their guns, and we took them up on flights. We liked to take them up in dirty weather and then get them to stream a target. In this way we soon convinced them that when we said the weather was unfit for flying we really meant it and were not just "pulling a fast one". — **Ex-Flight Lieut. F. C. Rainbird, 40 Broomwood Road, Orpington, Kent.**

GUARANTEED JOB

I endorse the remarks of QMS. S. D. Stone in your February issue, when he says that what the soldier needs is a higher pension after retirement rather than more pay during service. I would suggest, however, that instead of a minimum pension of £3 a week, the Servicemen who goes out after 21 or more years service should be guaranteed suitable employment with a salary which, with his pension, would give him that feeling of security he so much desires. — **CSM. J. W. Bowman, North Staffs Regt., 65 HQ CCG (BE), BAOR 15.**

No. 1 DRESS

Is it correct that some people are getting No. 1 Dress? If not, when will it be issued? Will there be a stiff peaked hat to go with it or will there be only the beret? My brother, who was in the Gunners during the war, says he will join the Territorials when they have a smart walking-out dress. Will they get No. 1? — **Pte. W. H. Taylor (address supplied).**

★ No. 1 Dress for NCO's and men has been "indefinitely postponed," which means probably from three to five years. However, as it would be uneconomical for Regular officers to buy obsolete Service dress to replace worn-out uniforms, 20 per cent of all Regular officers are permitted to buy No. 1 Dress, if their existing uniform is not fit for parade wear. In this way there is no waste of material.

Newly-commissioned officers from Sandhurst are all allowed to buy No. 1 Dress if they have not got Service dress or blue patrols. Officers commissioned on short service may also buy No. 1 Dress if they do not have Service dress,

but it will not be bought by emergency commissioned officers. A peaked hat will be worn with No. 1 Dress eventually, although the beret is the off duty headwear and will be worn with it at present. The normal khaki greatcoat will be worn by officers until a decision is reached about a special greatcoat.

The intention is that the TA shall also wear No. 1 Dress one day.

COLLAR AND TIE

You say in your review of a book on military dress (SOLDIER, January) that soldiers probably still do not realise what a victory they won when, in 1945, they were allowed to wear collar and tie.

May I (who had to serve a long time before I shared in this privilege) suggest that soldiers show their appreciation of the concession by not wearing a badly-tied tie which looks like more a greasy boot-lace. It is possible for a man to look considerably smarter without a tie than with one. — **Ex-Gunner, Crown Street, Glasgow.**

Answers

(from Page 33)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Royal Canadian Mounted Police.
2. The natives were friendly.
3. Pheasant.
4. Rubric.
5. Dryden: "Absalom and Achitophel".
6. John Donne.
7. All true (Scots equivalent of manslaughter is culpable homicide).
8. Spectrum.
9. (a).
10. Pull it out into thin lengths, and beat or roll it into a sheet.
11. An active volcano in the Italian Lipari Islands (Mediterranean).

ALLIED MEDAL

After World War One, if I remember rightly, there was an inter-Allied or Victory Medal of which at least the ribbon was the same for all Allies. Why wasn't the same thing done after World War Two?

I know we didn't all have the chance of pulling our weight at the same time, but we did the little we could. We were all comrades-in-arms at one time, and in years to come an Allied victory medal would be a sign to prove that one generation more had fought for freedom and possible peace. — "Belgian Officer" (name supplied), Malines, Belgium.

★ The Victory Medal ribbon after World War One was made by a French firm and supplies were purchased by Britain, USA, Belgium, Italy, Rumania, Greece, Japan, Portugal and other Allied countries to issue with their own individual Victory medals, all of which varied in design. After World War Two a similar suggestion was made, but the idea fell through.

MALTA MEDAL

1. Is the wartime garrison of Malta entitled to wear the George Cross ribbon or is there to be a special medal to commemorate the award of the GC to Malta? 2. What are the qualifications for the Silver Jubilee and Coronation medals? 3. Those of us with 12 years service are entitled to a gratuity under a recent White Paper. When do we get this? 4. A man can be awarded the Palestine Medal for service in 1936-39 and again for 1945-48. Why is there no rosette on the ribbon to show this? — Sjt. J. Kelly, RASC, 1st Infantry Division Battle School.

★ 1. The George Cross was awarded to the people—not the garrison—and there is to be no further medal. Troops were entitled to the Africa Star. 2. These medals were gifts from the respective Sovereigns to their troops and as there were insufficient to go round they were presented on a representative basis. 3. Gratuities are given at the end of service. This avoids confusion if a man decides to go for pension. 4. Men who qualify for the medal on both occasions can wear two bars on the full ribbon attached to the medal.

NOTHING TO SHOW

When S/Sjt. Cranston suggested that a general overseas medal should be awarded in peacetime, "Civvy-Attached Gunner" said (SOLDIER January) that this would be a waste of metal. Does "Civvy-Attached" realise that there were men, like myself, serving during the Japanese war on the North-West Frontier and later in the Indian riots, for whom only the Defence and War Medals were awarded? And what of the Palestine and Malaya boys? Credit is due to "Civvy-Attached" for his service for his country, but he has six ribbons to show for it. — Ex-Sjt. J. Lewis (India Command), Wrekin Drive, New Donnington.

★ Service in Palestine after the war was eligible for the General Service Medal, and service in parts of the North West Frontier during certain periods of the war counted towards the 1939-45 Star.

SIAM RAILWAY

Can you please clear up once and for all the rumours about payment to prisoners who worked on the Burma-Siam "Death" Railway? I was one of them, having been taken prisoner in Singapore when serving with the 2nd Argylls. I have heard that we might receive a bounty. — Sjt. H. Fyfe, 1st Gordons, BAOR.

★ The Government were asked in

Parliament in November 1947 whether any part of the £1,250,000 they would receive from the Siamese Government for the sale of the Siamese part of the Burma-Siam railway had been earmarked for dependants of British prisoners of war who died working on this railway. The reply was that the Government would not, in fact, receive any proceeds from the sale. Most of this sum would be distributed between the Governments of Malaya, Burma and the Dutch East Indies as compensation for the material looted by the Japanese to equip the railway. The balance would be paid into the Japanese Reparations Fund, for division among the Allies. It was pointed out that all British POW's who had been ill-treated by the enemy were eligible for disablement and disability pensions, and that the Government had made financial provision for the dependants of those who died on the railway.

The War Office points out that there cannot be a special payment from public funds to any particular section of the Forces who happened to be engaged on a specific task, whatever that task may have been. Prisoners of war were, of course, paid during captivity.

CALL OF HONG KONG

Six months after my release early in 1946 (I had then served for 16 years) I re-engaged on a short-service engagement for four years. Having been sent here I would like to settle down in a civilian career. Can I buy myself out? If I can, would I be able to count my previous service and thus get free discharge or, if this is not allowed, can I use the bounty of £25 a year towards the cost? — Pte V. York, The Buffs, Hong Kong.

★ According to the facts you give, you are not entitled to include the 16 years previous service when applying for your discharge. ACI 768/48 states that you could include that service provided there was no break between your old engagement and the present one. If there was a break the service counts from your current (short-service) engagement. You can apply for your discharge if you do not come within the banned trades. Some tradesmen are allowed to purchase their discharge but must pay more. The difference is roughly £90 for a tradesman and £70 for a non-tradesman in his third year. You do not have to return the initial bounty or clothing benefit.

HOME POSTING

Having completed two years six months of my three-year short-service engagement, am I entitled to spend the last six months of my service in Britain? — Cpl. C. Shalgosky, 1st Bn. RNF, Gibraltar.

★ When the short-service engagement scheme was introduced, it was laid down that, subject to the demands of the service, every effort would be made to allow men who engaged under it to spend the last six months of their service in Britain. At present the demands of the service prevent this. Only men serving on 22 and 21-year engagements can claim a home posting for the last six months of their service; men completing 12 years with the Colours may be home-posted if circumstances permit. It is intended, however, that the full homeposting scheme shall be put into operation as soon as possible.

(More Letters on Page 46)

Training for a career

To supplement their well-known Junior Training Scheme, J. Sainsbury Ltd. announce a new Training Course for young men now being released from National Service. Complete training in the retail food trade will be given in the Company's training department and at selected London shops, with attendance at the Technical College for Distributive Trades during working hours. Accommodation is available if required in well-run staff hostels at very moderate charges (26/- per week full board at age 20). Wage during training £4.10.0 per week at age 20, rising to £5.10.0 at 21 subject to passing proficiency tests. There are good prospects of promotion to rank of Leading Salesman or Leading Butcher and to more senior positions of responsibility.

★ Young men now on release leave who wish to be trained for this interesting career should write to:

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J. SAINSBURY LTD.
Stamford House, Blackfriars, S. E. 1.

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NOTHING
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Work—Works Management—
Mining—Refrig'n—Metallurgy

AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING
Gen. Automobile Eng.—Motor
Maintenance & Repairs—High
Speed Diesel—Garage Mngment.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Gen. Elec. Eng.—Elementary &
Advanced Elec. Technology —
Installations Draughtsmanship
— Supply — Maintenance —
Design — Electrical Traction —
Mining Electrical Eng.—Power
Station equipment, etc.

CIVIL ENGINEERING
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— Structural Eng.—Road Eng.—
Reinforced Concrete—Geology.

RADIO ENGINEERING
Gen. Radio Eng.—Radio Servicing,
Maintenance & Repairs —
Sound Film Projection—Tele-
graphy—Telephony—Television
—C. & G. Telecommunications.

BUILDING
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tion—Architectural Draughts-
manship—Surveying—Clerk of
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SUBJECT
OR EXAM

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY

652, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 17 STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

A Book about Hair Troubles

**EVERYONE
SHOULD READ**



DIFFERENT hair troubles require
different treatment, says the
Consulting Hair Specialist, Mr.
Arthur J. Pye, of Blackpool, in a
book everyone should read.

Mr. Pye's book, entitled "How to
Treat Hair Troubles," contains a
number of enlightening diagrams
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ing, reveal many interesting facts.
It enables readers to look, as it
were, through the microscope, and
see for themselves just how and why
hair troubles that seem to be of
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ally interfere with growth, and
lead to falling and thinning, until
the scalp begins to show through,
and a bare patch is revealed.

But while the course of hair degen-
eration is thus clearly traced for all
to understand, on the other side
there is an equally impressive and
highly gratifying picture of the hair
structures responding—often in a
most amazing way—to specialised
treatments directed to the real
causes of falling growth and hair
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Mr. Pye offers separate and distinct
treatments for the following
hair troubles:

(1) Receding at Forehead. (2)
Thinning at Crown. (3) Falling Hair.
(4) Thin Hair. (5) Grey Hair. (6) Dry
Scurf and Irritation. (7) Greasy
Dandruff. (8) Splitting Hair.

Watch for thinning hair at
the crown, forerunner of a
bare patch. Right and left
of the forehead are other
points where thinning
hair is a danger sign.

Striking evidence is given of
gratifying results. Mr. Pye's book
and other literature, and particulars
of treatments supplied for the
different types of hair trouble, may
be obtained by any reader who fills
in the form provided, or a copy, and
posts it to Mr. A. J. Pye, 5 Queen
Street, Blackpool. S. 36.

FILL IN AND POST FORM

To **A. J. PYE**, 5, Queen St.,
Blackpool, S. 36.

Please send book and other
literature, and particulars of
treatments supplied, I enclose
3d in stamps towards the cost.

NAME

ADDRESS

SOLDIER, March 1949

MORE LETTERS

RELEASE ABROAD

I enlisted in India, but would like to
take my release in Africa. Is this pos-
sible? If so, will I and my family be
entitled to free passage there? Would
I lose my overseas leave? I have some
years reserve service to do; what hap-
pens about that?—**Sgt. M. Walsley,**
17 Families Camp, Chandler's Ford,
Southampton.

★ According to para. 605 of Re-
gulations for Release, 1945, which
will not operate after General Demo-
bilitation (at present fixed for 31
March, 1949), a man who enlisted
outside Britain is entitled to be re-
patriated to the country of his enlist-
ment. He is also entitled to be released
in any other country, providing he
can make his own arrangements with
the Government of that country for a
permit to enter and reside there. A
certificate of his acceptance into the
country must be attached to AFX 103
on which he submits his application
for release overseas.

When his release comes through,
both he and his family will be sent to
the country of their choice free of
charge.

He will get full release leave, and

cash in lieu of overseas leave. After his
release leave he will be relegated to B
Reserve, if he is a Regular, but will get
no reserve pay. In case of an emer-
gency he will be "invited" to re-join,
but not forced to do so.

Once he has been released neither he
nor his family have any further
entitlement to return to Britain free
of charge.

LEAVE ABROAD

In a past issue of SOLDIER I read
that a man serving overseas who wishes
to take his leave in some country
other than Britain must pay the cost
of his journey. It also states, however,
that if he is serving in a theatre from
which home leave is admissible, the
cost of his journey to Britain and back
can be set against the cost of the jour-
ney to where, in fact, he is going. Is
this still the case? — **"Wanderer"**
(name and address supplied).

★ No. It is now laid down that if a
Serviceman goes on leave to a country
other than Britain, he must pay the
whole cost of his journey. The only
exception to this is in BETFOR,
where free leave travel is allowed within
100 miles of Trieste Free Territory.
See ACI 1123/48.

EARNED

I have been told that the pension a
soldier receives after 22 years Colour
service is classed as unearned income in
assessing income tax deductions. Is this
correct?—**S/Sgt. H. Morrell, HQ**
Central Purchase Unit, Ordnance
Directorate, BAOR 1.

★ No. Service pensions are classed
as earned income. They are subject
to the earned income allowance before
tax is deducted.

SMOKE SCHEME

I have worked out a scheme for
cigarette rationing in the Forces over-
seas, which I think is fairer than that
at present in force and which has the
added advantage of saving nearly two
million cigarettes a week per 100,000
soldiers.

To me, it hardly seems reasonable
that an 18-year-old National Service-
man, who may have started smoking
only since he joined up, should be allowed
the same ration as a man who has
been a confirmed smoker for perhaps
15 years.

Therefore I would give the National
Serviceman ten cigarettes a day, the
soldier aged between 22 and 26 years
15 a day and those over 27 would get
20 a day.

Here is a break-down of a typical
unit to illustrate the saving which
would result:

Present ration: 170 men at 105 cig-
arettes per week—17,850 cigarettes.
Suggested ration: 120 NS men
(approx) at 70 per week—8,400.

25 men (approx) at 105 per week—2,625.

25 men (approx) at 140 per week—3,500.

This makes a total of 14,525 cig-
arettes, a saving of 3,325 a week for a
unit of 170 men.—**CSM. M. Wenyon,**
2nd Brit. Inf. Div. Ord. Depot.

★ SOLDIER's staff are all over 27,
so their comments might be biased.
What do readers think?

SS

I would like to point out an error in
"How Much Do You Know?" in
January SOLDIER. You state the
Jaguar car is made by SS, whereas the
name SS was dropped some years ago
because the letters were associated
with the notorious Nazi organisation.
The name Jaguar is now used for the
car and for the firm making it.—**Cfm.**
M. J. Long, Oakley House Camp,
Holywood, Co. Down.

Duty on Cameras

SOLDIER is asked by HM
Customs to say that a note
from a Commanding Officer
certifying that a soldier is the
rightful owner of a camera
and that it has been in his
possession for some time is
not enough in itself to render
payment of duty unnecessary
when the camera is brought
to Britain.

As this ruling left many
questions still to be answered,
SOLDIER sought further in-
formation.

The Customs' view is that
a CO's certificate might be of
assistance to them but it is
no guarantee as to whether
or not the article will
qualify for a concession. All
dutiable articles (not only
cameras) must be declared,
and the declaration form is
a statutory document on
which a person is required to
enter such information as the
length of time the article has
been in his possession,
whether it is intended for his
personal use and so on.

The Customs officer, while
taking into account any
such declaration or certificate
from the CO, can by experi-
ence assess whether or not
the article has in fact been
in use for a long period or
is a recent purchase; this
particularly applies to cam-
eras. If in the Customs officer's
view the article qualifies for
a concession, the concession
is granted. The "qualifying
period" cannot be made
public.

In other words cases are
judged on their individual
merits. A soldier is in the
same position as a civilian,
except—Customs say—that
he may receive slightly better
treatment.

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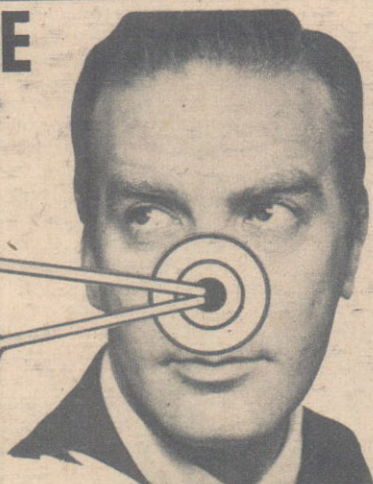
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COLDS

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Is your Nose stuffy and congested? Do you get constant Head Colds? Are you losing your senses of taste, smell, hearing? Is Catarrh getting the better of you? You can STOP Catarrh where it starts. Clear your NOSE—and keep it clear—with 'Mentholatum'. This amazing breathable balm—when applied into the nostrils and rubbed on the chest—volatilises

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