

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

ARMY MAGAZINE

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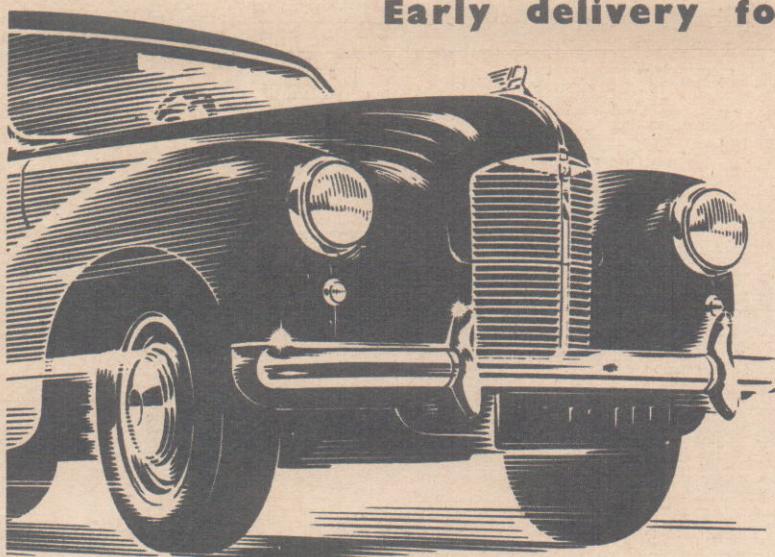
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The Landlord

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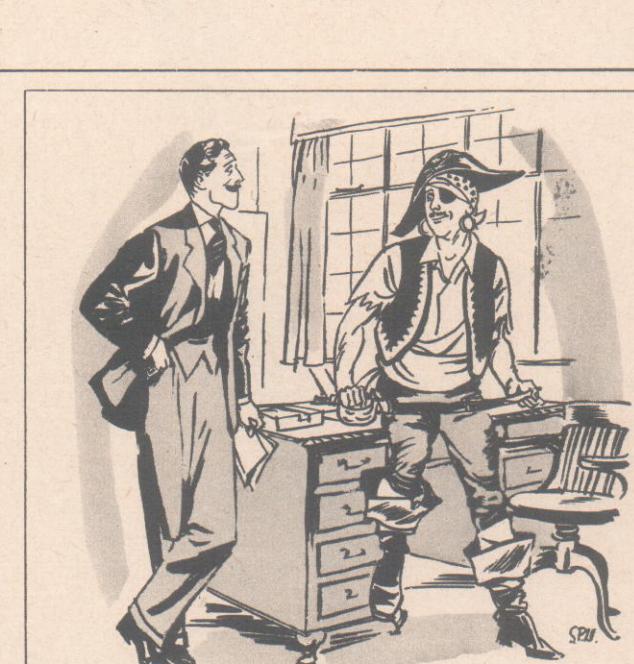
Now he is sometimes affectionately known as "The Guv'nor!" But in a changing world his genial qualities have happily remained unchanged.

When time permits, he is ready to discuss any topic under the sun, from literature to lumbago

and from crops to cricket — and even when his bars are busiest, you never see him flustered.

His tact, patience and quiet humour reap their own reward, for nothing begets good manners like good manners.

The cellar is his special pride, and his care and skill are reflected in the fine condition of his beers.



SATISFACTORY SECURITY

"That's an interesting costume for a bank manager. It must have a profound effect on the customers."

"Oddly enough, this is not my business attire. I am preparing for tonight's Grand Costume Ball."

"But the conference over the merger tomorrow? An evening of heavy revelry may remove the razor edge from your faculties."

"On the contrary. By refreshing myself exclusively with gin and Rose's Lime Juice I shall awake as clear-eyed and alert as if I'd stayed at home reading some such work as 'The Smaller Overdraft'."

"But this is a message that should be pasted in the cover of every business man's blotter."

"It is indeed. Now pass me the gin and Rose's bottles you'll find in that deed box. I will demonstrate my confidence in the system."

ROSE'S — The Wise Man's Nightcap

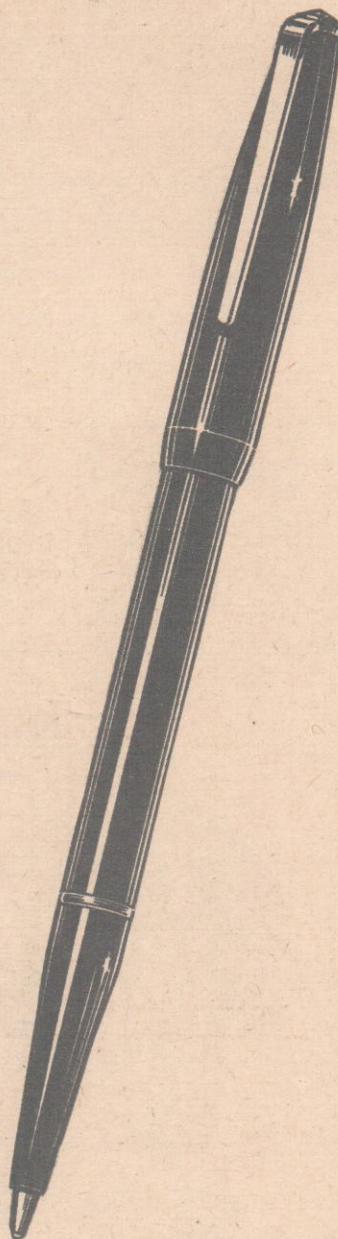
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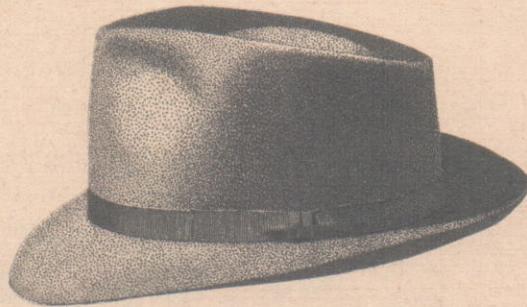
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**HATS TO
WEAR
with your
lounge suit**

It takes more than a good suit to make a well-dressed man—it takes a hat. And a hat gives him that look of authority that tells the world, "here's someone to be reckoned with!"



This snap brim is a grand all-rounder—smart for the office yet casual enough for week-ends. A lightweight but a real tough customer that simply can't be crushed.

*See
them
at your
local
hatters*

Here's something a shade more formal. A snap brim with welted edge to match. You can wear it with the brim up or down—it's a winner both ways!



**If you want to get ahead
GET A HAT!**



A Poem For KOREA

Time: eve of battle

This is the Line, all mapped and manned.
These are the hills where free men stand:
Zero hour in a zero land.

Zero land that is black and stale,
Beaten numb in the flailing gale,
Cased in ice as in coat of mail.

Land where the hapless greybeards plod,
And the captive jumps to the captor's prod,
Land that wilts in the eye of God.

Here they crouch, by the bitter rocks,
Cockneys and Geordies, Irish, Jocks,
Grimly mocking the fate that mocks.

(Yes, there are jests on frozen lips.
What is death but a theme for quips?
Hell is the forge of comradeships).

(Continued on Page 7)

Leaving for a new battlefield:
Royal Marines and American
troops awaiting evacuation from
the Hungnam beach-head. From
there they went south to join the
United Nations Eighth Army.

This is often a foot-sloggers' war. To marching Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders the sound of the pipes is familiar and heartening. To other United Nations troops it is a welcome novelty in a dreary land.





Watch by the roadside. In the background, their comrades have fires burning and pots warming.



You can take a British soldier to water and he'll drink it—but he'll chlorinate it first. Below: The walkie-talkie belongs to the Middlesex Regiment. But the grey-beard is in too much of a hurry to care.



PRIVATE Black is a National Serviceman stationed near London. Almost every week-end he is able to slip away and spend most of Saturday afternoon and Sunday at home.

Private White is a National Serviceman stationed in the Far East. There is not the slightest chance of him spending a week-end at home until his service is over — unless on compassionate grounds.

Which of these two is the lucky soldier? In SOLDIER's view, the answer is: Private White.

WHEN Private Black arrives home at week-ends his indulgent parents pamper him and overfeed him; they let him lie in bed late on Sunday mornings — after all, the poor boy has been ordered about by brutal NCO's for five days; they may even pay his fare back to camp for him.

Perhaps it isn't altogether Private Black's fault. He has to go where he is posted. No doubt it seems to him that since he has a comfortable home he might as well use it.

Probably he is doing a useful job, and doing it efficiently. But does his responsibility end there? What about his loyalty to the unit? Is he playing a proper part in its activities? What would happen if all units broke up for the week-end? A unit with no

SOLDIER to Soldier

corporate life is ripe for disbandment. Private Black may be spending cushy week-ends, but he knows nothing yet about soldiering. That is his misfortune.

NOW consider the case of Private White. He is on the other side of the world. No week-end hearth for him. For the first time in his life he finds himself "starved" of films.

His unit will be called on to organise its own recreations, and if it is any sort of unit it will succeed, and everyone will feel the better for it (see the letter "WEEK-ENDS OFF" on Page 45).

If Private White goes off on a patrol into bandit country, living rough with his comrades, he will have an experience worth a hundred Sunday mornings in bed. He will have learned in the fullest sense what loyalty, comradeship and *esprit de corps* mean.

Obviously there will be times when he will hanker after home, but in his heart he will be glad that the opportunity came to him to do a real job of soldiering.

Private White's father may be worried about his son's welfare — unless, of course the father was a soldier himself, in which case he will probably agree that a spell of overseas service is "the best thing that could have happened to the lad."

So keep your envy for Private White and your sympathy for Private Black.

continuing **A Poem For Korea**

Hooded heads from the pitted ground
Peer at an old lost landscape, drowned
Under a calm for leagues around.

Here, in a land abused, abhorred,
Where the Rights of Man go overboard,
These have a still untarnished sword.

See them now in the glow of fires,
Honest faces from honest shires,
Men from the meadows pricked with spires.

This is their war, a war unsought,
The same red war that they've always fought,
Teaching the truth they've always taught,

Writing it out in blood and flame,
Teaching chivalry, teaching shame,
Over and over they've played this game—

Over and over, again, again,
Blenheim and Delhi, Somme and Seine,
Vimy, St Valery, Alamein,

Names that hang like a crystal light
Clear and near in the Orient night,
Names that a poet loves to write,

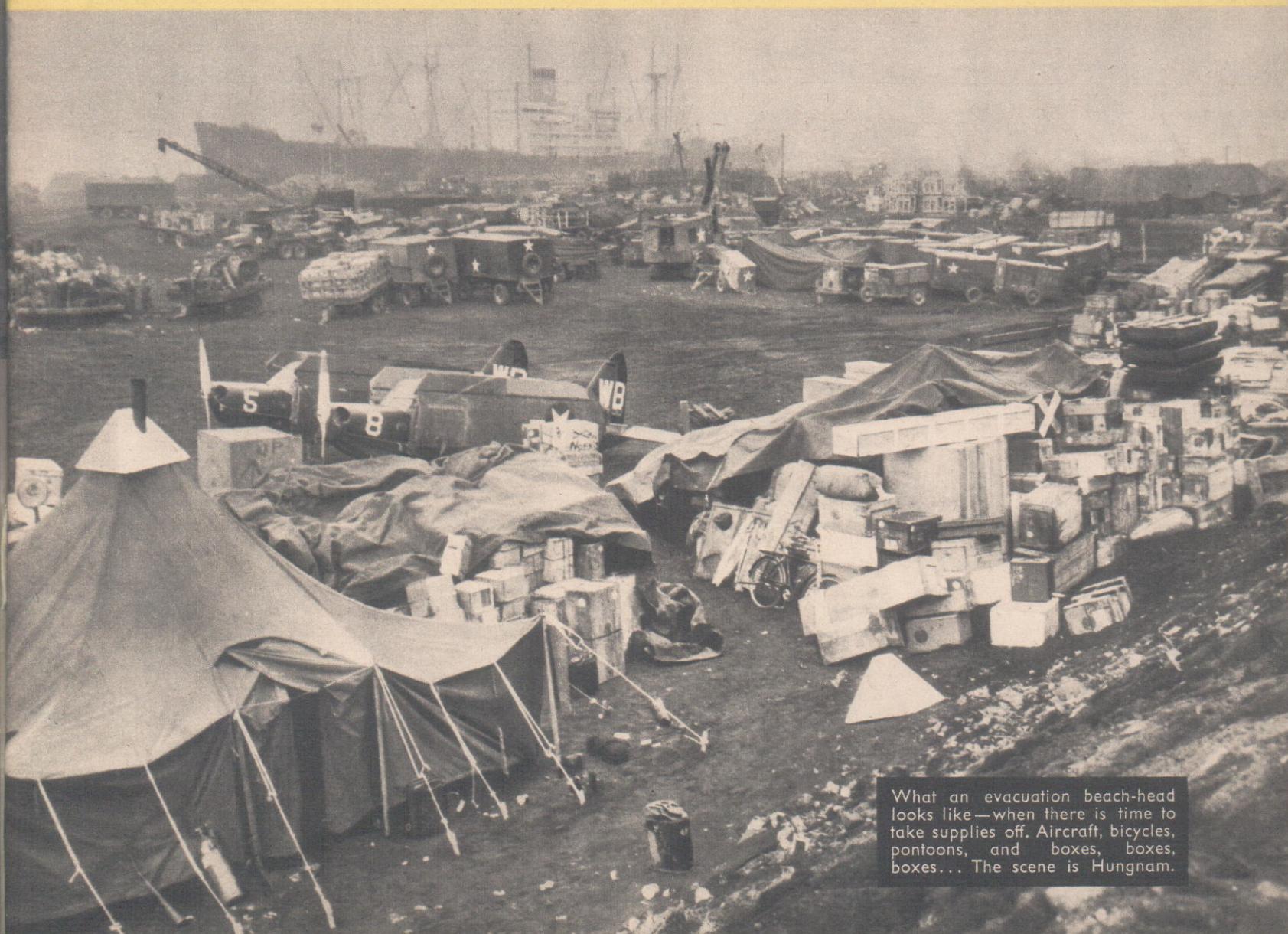
Names like Lucknow and names like Mons,
Names that echo like ringing bronze,
Names unknown to the myrmidons

Streaming down from the windy passes,
Down from the snows, with tanks and asses...
Black in the moonlight, Asia masses.

* * *

South, in the cold and sullen shades,
Rumble the seaborne cavalcades.
Freedom stands in a ring of blades,
And proud at her side are our Brigades.

Anon.



What an evacuation beach-head looks like—when there is time to take supplies off. Aircraft, bicycles, pontoons, and boxes, boxes, boxes... The scene is Hungnam.



Tanks coming... Centurions of the 8th Hussars move through Seoul. Below: Tanks going... Men of the Middlesex take a crowded ride with the Americans.



Below: Bare heads behind the battlefield: men of the Middlesex Regiment gathered for the funeral of three comrades.



A young man with a commission — and a future: General Eisenhower photographed after "passing out" in 1915, in San Antonio, Texas.

THE GENERAL WHO

A story which typifies General Dwight D. Eisenhower is the one about the way in which he handled "his only dissatisfied English customer."

His war-time aide, Captain Harry Butcher, has told how, shortly after General Eisenhower arrived in Britain, there came a letter addressed to the Supreme Commander from a man in Horley, Surrey. It criticised the choice of General Eisenhower as the man to direct the Second Front. Captain Butcher tactfully "lost" the letter.

But the man of Horley wrote again and this time his letter fell into General Eisenhower's hands. It began: "While I offer you a personal welcome to England, I do not do so as Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces, because I consider that General Montgomery or Alexander should have held that position. Remember we have been in this war for over four years..."

General Eisenhower did not tear up the letter, or even frame it. He just answered it. He entirely agreed with the writer that there were other generals who might have been better selections, adding that as the duty had been laid upon him, "I have no recourse except to do my very best to perform it adequately." The reply won over the critic.

This time there will be no sour letters, from Horley or anywhere else, to greet General Eisenhower on his arrival in Europe as head of SHAPE (Supreme Headquarters, Atlantic Powers in Europe). He faces a very different assignment from the one he had as head of SHAEF: the task now is defensive, not offensive. But if any man has the personality to weld together the defences of Western Europe, he is the man from Abilene, who was still a lieutenant-colonel until March 1941.

Alan Moorhead, in his book "Montgomery," has described the General thus:

"On Eisenhower's broad and smiling face everything was boyishness, frankness and enthusiasm. Even in his loose-limbed easy walk and his warm, full voice there was an air of cheerfulness and plain dealing. The heart warmed to him at once..."

His ability to win friends and influence people without the aid of a manual served him in good stead when he ruled armies once...

Like Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, General Eisenhower tried other things before he decided to make the Army his life. Between the ages of 18 and 20, he worked as a bronco-buster, a ditch-digger, a professional baseball player, a fireman and an assistant in a refrigeration plant.

He was commissioned just after World War One broke out. When America entered the war, in 1917, he tried hard to get to France. Finally, Temporary Lieutenant-Colonel Eisenhower was put on a draft; it was due to sail on 11 November 1918.

Between the wars he attended nearly every Army school for which he was eligible. About 1927, when he was coaching a football team at Fort Benning, he had an unusual party trick: he stood stiffly erect and slowly fell forward without moving a muscle, breaking his fall just before it seemed he would break his nose on the floor. He was still performing the trick "on suitable occasions" in 1946.

HAD ONLY ONE "DISSATISFIED CUSTOMER"



General of the Army Dwight D. Eisenhower, now commanding the armies of the North Atlantic allies. Here he wears two ribbons — out of his reported entitlement of over 50.

WHAT SOUND REMINDS YOU MOST OF HOME?

Don't ask for the landlord saying, "Time, gentlemen, please!" — quite a few have thought of that one already



Petula Clark sings songs requested by Servicemen. She has a cosy, intimate, let's-sit-on-the-sofa voice. But her real ambition is films—and she has just been cast as a probationer nurse in a British film "White Corridors." In this photograph she holds the silver microphone presented her to mark her nomination as Britain's favourite television girl.



LESLIE BRIDGMONT, producer of "Calling All Forces": he has seen (and made) many changes in Forces entertainment.

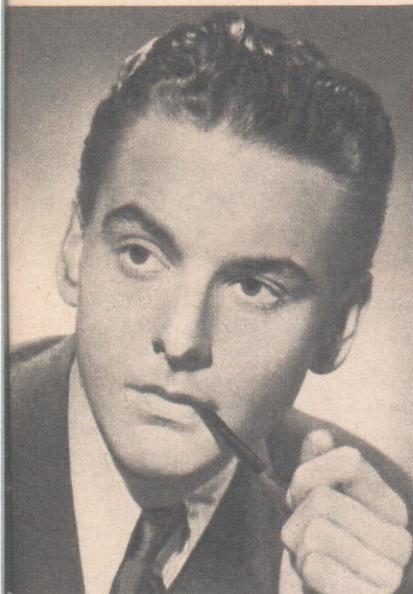
ONE of the newest and most enterprising of the BBC's shows is "Calling All Forces," broadcast on Sundays.

It is a show with at least one new idea: soldiers are invited to write in specifying the sounds which to them typify home, and the BBC obligingly goes out and makes the necessary recordings — always supposing it does not have the required sound already filed away.

So far the requests have included (inevitably) the sound of a landlord calling "Time, gentlemen, please!"; the noise of the newsboys outside Kingston station; the sound of a cow being milked (the BBC obliged with both hand-milking and mechanical milking); the bells of St. Peter's, Tunbridge Wells; the sounds attending the first goal scored in a cup final; the roar of a speedway track; the sound of the rum ration being poured into the tub at the submarine base at Gosport; the whoosh of a tube train passing through a station; the song of the nightingale; the sounds of Petticoat Lane and Birmingham's Bull Ring.

Many Welshmen have asked for the sound of football crowds singing "Land of Our Fathers." Other popular requests have been the voices of railway station announcers in a soldier's home town. Some soldiers have asked for a snatch of sound from the local dance hall — but this is ruled out, because even a few seconds of dance music means paying copyright fees. Also ruled out are requests to hear the recorded voices of wives and sweethearts — "If we allowed this, it would become just a personal message programme."

There are still producers (and comedians) who think that a troops' radio entertainment should consist chiefly of jokes about serjeant-majors and commanding officers — just as there are people who think that a successful



BOB MONKHOUSE: In his early twenties, he finds himself writing the script for the BBC's new light entertainment, along with—



DENIS GOODWIN: Together they huddle at a typewriter and put words in the mouths of the famous.



LESLIE WELCH, the Memory Man. "The winner of the world table-tennis championship in 1937 was, now, let me see..."



TED RAY: "After the first show some Service lads came round to crack a bottle of champagne. Luckily, I ducked in time."

troops' magazine has only to be filled with pin-ups.

Not so Leslie Bridgmont, producer of "Calling All Forces." He had plenty of experience on the "Merry-Go-Round" series of shows with a Service background, which included "Stand Easy" and "Much Binding in the Marsh"; he also organised ship and unit concerts for broadcasting from the Middle East during the war.

Early last October he was instructed to produce a new Forces show. The BBC "high-ups" had decided that the British Serviceman, once more carrying a big share of the world's problems, ought to have a programme linking him with the folks at home.

To make the troops feel that it was *their* show, Leslie Bridgmont gave them a three-fold chance to participate. They could request the sounds of home; they could ask for their favourite songs to be sung; and they could try to stump the show's "Memory Man" with sporting queries.

Every week sporting and stage personalities appear as guests of the programme, and exchange badinage with the resident comedian, Ted Ray. The other "permanent staff" are the Stargazers, the George Mitchell Choir, Geraldo and his Orchestra—and, of course, Petula Clark.

Leslie Bridgmont's office is not one of those deep-carpeted retreats high up in Broadcasting

House. He is to be found in New Bond Street, sitting in a corner of the room which bears his name, surrounded by secretaries, telephones and cups of tea. Apparently he thrives on bustle. His co-producer is Frank Hooper.

His experience of Service entertainment had taught him that even since 1945 humour had changed, just as the "Garrison Theatre" type of entertainment of 1939 had become dated by 1945. "Calling All Forces" is more in the tradition of those slick, sophisticated radio shows like "Take It From Here."

Producer Bridgmont gave the important task of script writing to two young men still in their early twenties, one of whom had served in the post-war Royal Air Force. Together they had contributed to a variety of radio programmes and had also appeared as comedians in their own right. They are Bob Monkhouse and Denis Goodwin.

In a small office on the fourth floor of a terrace house near Bloomsbury they settled at an ancient typewriter and contemplated the rough situations which had been sketched for them by Leslie Bridgmont. Their first move was to list the snags. The humour had to be up-to-date but not too topical; what is news in London is not necessarily news in Malaya. And they had to avoid being unduly Korea-minded—for sol-

diers in other commands do not want to feel neglected. Then they got cracking.

For 18-year-old Petula (pronounced Pet-yew-la) Clark this programme continues a long association with the Forces. As a child she sang during a broadcast of messages to relatives serving overseas. She was not originally engaged to do so, but there was a hitch and she became a very young "Voice of the Forces." She was made mascot of her father's armoured regiment, and given a gold copy of its badge.

Leslie Welch, the "Memory Man," was a war-time warrant-officer, and before that a Civil Servant in the Royal Small Arms Factory at Enfield Lock. Today he is manager of a weekly sporting magazine. Ted Ray gave away the "secret" of Welch's success—"he just reads the records and remembers them." It is as simple as that!

The purpose behind the series was summed up by Field-Marshal Sir William Slim in an introductory broadcast: "You will be listening in all sorts of far-away places. I would like you to remember that, among the thousands in this country who will be listening with you, will be your own people—the people you love and who love you. They will be thinking of you as all your countrymen and women do today, with affection, with prayers for your safety and with a great pride... You have shown the world that we still breed tough chaps in Britain."

NOTE: "Calling All Forces" is broadcast from London at Sunday noon. Soldiers in Malaya and Korea can hear it at half-past seven and at nine in the evening, respectively. The programme can be picked up in the Far East either on the BBC General Overseas service (short wave) or on relay from Ceylon.

Troops in Middle East, Austria and Trieste can hear the programme on the General Overseas service, or relayed by Forces radio stations in their areas. In Germany the relaying is done by the British Forces Network.

SOLDIER'S Critic Says...

(And you may disagree with him)

HOW did the troops get along in Flanders and the Crimea without a Forces Sweetheart?

Would it be ungallant to say that there is something—well, mildly foolish in the idea of an 18-year-old girl being ushered on to the air to the strains of "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and then singing songs requested by (perhaps) hard-bitten serjeant-majors old enough to be her father? Or do serjeant-majors confine their requests to asking the "Memory Man" who scored the winning goal in the Cup Final of '28?

In short, is not the idea of the Forces Sweetheart an example of rather sticky sentimentality? If we must have one, of course, there could be no more charming one than Petula Clark. But couldn't we have her "straight" without the build-up?

And those sporting interviews... Aren't they perhaps a bit bogus? We all know the trouble—sporting and stage folk (especially sporting folk) cannot be relied on to make bright chit-chat at the microphone, and words must be put in their mouths. But the interviews tend to degenerate into facetious exchanges of "insults." Why not a "straight" interview some time, scripted if need be? Incidentally, must radio humour always consist of exchanging insults?

But carry on, BBC. The general idea of the programme is a good one. Let's have some more bright ideas on the lines of "sounds from home."



Private Green, in Middle East, says, "I would like to hear the sound of a brick crashing through a jeweller's window."

THE SENIOR YEOMANRY

"If the yeomanry of England were not, in time of war we should be in shrewd case. For in them standeth the chief defence of England." — *A Tudor chronicler*



A patrol of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry threads through a leafy lane on home ground. Right: a visiting soldier hears the story of one of the Regiment's trophies.

If possible, yeomanry regiments hold their annual camps early in the summer in order that the men may be free for the harvest.

But in 1937 the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry obligingly put off their camp until September; they had been asked to supply a Cavalry force for the Regular Army's Autumn exercises on Salisbury Plain. It was a notable honour — they were the only Territorials taking part.

When the day came, it appeared that the Brigadier had cast the Yeomanry for a minor role. They were placed well out on the flank.

The Brigadier proceeded to win the "battle" by a left hook so efficient that the exercise was over almost before it had started; but not before the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry had galloped into Amesbury and "taken" the town.

At the post-mortem on the exercise the Brigadier, with a light in his eye, asked the Yeomanry whether they wanted to hear real criticism of the part they had played. They said they did; whereupon the Brigadier got a good deal off his chest.

Five years later the same Brigadier, now a general, and the same Yeomanry, now in tanks, were concerned together in another battle — a rather more harmonious one. The general's name was Bernard Montgomery and the battle was Alamein. There were no hard feelings about the previous meeting. The Regiment's historian says that the 1937 exercise did everyone a world of good.

Between the two occasions, the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry — the senior yeomanry regiment — had lost their horses and become searchlight troops and lorried Infantry before going into tanks. In six years they saw more

changes than in all their previous service since the year of their birth: 1794.

But these transformations have made no difference to the Regiment's hussar traditions and its part in the life of Trowbridge (where it has its headquarters), Warminster, Devizes, Salisbury, Swindon and Chippenham. Local families, great and humble, still provide it with recruits, as they have from the day it was formed.

Who were the original yeomen of England? They were middle-class John Bulls, of farming stock, the backbone of their country's defence long before there was a standing army. They were doughy and they were dependable.

Troops of "Gentlemen and Yeomanry" were raised towards the end of the 18th century, when a French invasion seemed probable. The members found their own horses. They were liable to be called out to put down rioters in their own shires, or by Royal Warrant to repel invaders. At the end of the century there were some 16,000 of them.

The birth of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry followed a meeting at Devizes, attended by 150 gentlemen, who appointed a committee of all subscribers of £20 and upwards. The meeting subscribed more than £7000 and "afterwards



REGIMENT

dined at the Bear, and after drinking many loyal toasts separated at a late hour amidst much enthusiasm." Three weeks later there were 56 yeomen backed by resources of more than £10,000.

Today, officers of the Regiment still sometimes meet in the Bear. Among them is Captain Daniel Awdry. There was an ancestor of his among the first recruits and there have been Awdry's in the Regiment ever since. Captain Awdry's father is now honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

A name which has rarely been missing from the roll of non-commissioned officers and men is Dufosse. The founder of the family is said to have been smuggled over from France in a barrel, by an Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, to work in the carpet factory at Wilton. The last Dufosse left the Regiment to be commissioned in the North Somerset Yeomanry, in World War Two.

Among members of the great Wiltshire families who have risen to be Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels Commandant are Marquesses of Bath, from famous Longleat, and Marquesses of Ailesbury. The present Marquess of Bath, as Viscount Weymouth, was wounded at Alamein; as a liaison officer with the Americans he earned notoriety for walking about with two pet ducks on a lead.

The Marquess of Lansdowne, of Bowood, near Chippenham, went overseas as a subaltern in 1939 and was killed in Italy in 1944. Viscount Long, of Steeple Ashton, served in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry in World War One; he

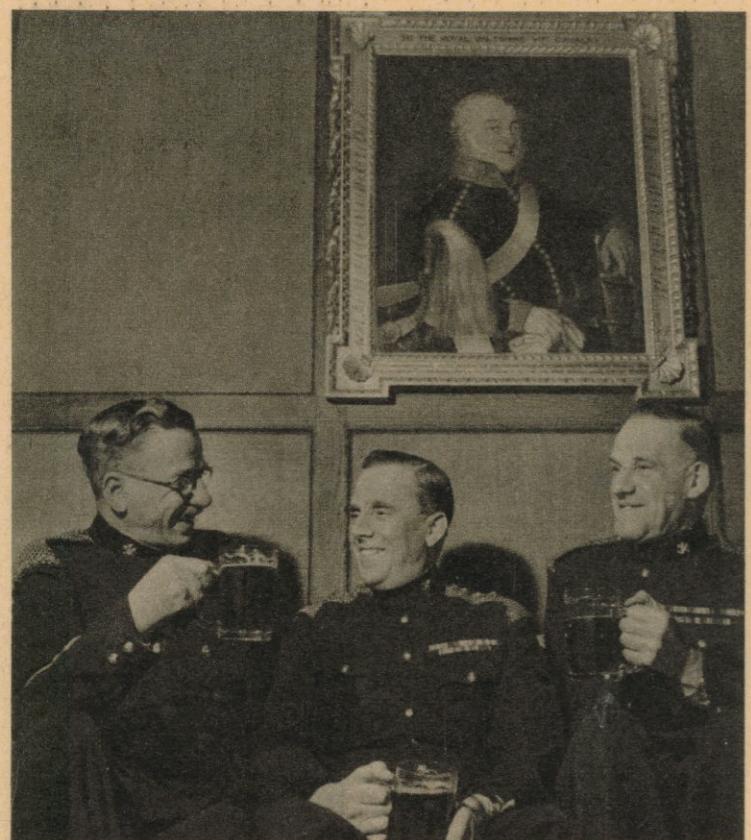


Above: In war the Yeomanry's tanks "advertised" the towns and landmarks which are their birthright.

Below: Outside Wilton House (war-time headquarters of Southern Command): Lieut-Colonel the Honourable Anthony Herbert DSO.



One of the Regiment's officers is Captain Edward Underdown, amateur jockey and professional actor. He is here seen (left) in a scene from the film "They Were Not Divided"; he has narrowly survived the scrutiny of RSM ("Great") Brittain.



Three men whose service totals a century: ORQMS Charles Hill (left), Captain John Verge and Corporal George Burtenshaw. A former Horse Gunner, Corporal Burtenshaw has 36 years service, the other two have 32 years each. The portrait shows John Moore, an early Quartermaster of the Regiment.

SENIOR YEOMANRY REGIMENT (Cont'd)

which the Yeomanry are affiliated and which normally provides the permanent staff. The present sergeant-major, RSM William Waterston, comes from the 4th Hussars because the 10th Hussars could not spare a suitable man. He was on General Sir James Steele's staff in Austria. His summing-up of the Yeomanry: "Very keen men. In these parts they are looked upon as the cream of the Territorial Army."

The Regiment (when SOLDIER visited it) had 35 National Servicemen of whom 17 had become volunteers. It has its own band, 22 strong, who wear full dress. They recently played as part of a guard of honour for Princess Elizabeth at Swindon. The guard was formed of all Wiltshire Territorial units but was commanded by the Swindon squadron commander, Major Guy Knight, an ex-Coldstreamer who farms at Wantage. The band supplies trumpeters at the opening of the Salisbury and Devizes assizes. They have to ask their employers for the day off each time.

Said Captain Charles Toller, of the 10th Royal Hussars, the Adjutant: "There is a good spirit in the Royal Wilts. When we were reformed in 1947 we won top place for the highest number of recruits of any unit in Southern Command. Wiltshire is proud to have the senior yeomanry regiment."

NOTE: Today nearly 30 Yeomanry regiments are Territorial units of the Royal Armoured Corps, in the new Cavalry tradition. Twenty-five are Territorial units of the Royal Artillery and one is a Territorial unit of the Royal Signals.

PETER LAWRENCE



International co-operation, at private soldier level: Trooper Peter Carter, of 15/19 King's Royal Hussars, receives battle orders in English; they are taken down in Danish by Private Henry Pilgord, of the Danish Brigade.

NORSEmen

Two Atlantic allies — the Norwegians and the Danes — played the old game of Redland and Blueland on German soil. There was a Korean nip in the air

It looks a chilly sort of refresher, but Trooper Donald Hall, of the Queen's Bays, seems to be thriving on it.



Many of the volunteers in the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry work in breweries. Here, engaged in a real brew-up, are Sergeant Edwin Ficke and Corporal George Parkins.



Through a smoke screen, Norwegian Infantry advance on to Danish positions. Cold steel was very cold that day.

AT "WAR"

IT was one of the little "wars" which will be staged for many a day on the soil of Western Europe, until the Atlantic allies have run in their complex military machine.

This time it was the Norwegians who "fought" the Danes, with British troops serving on either side, and the Royal Air Force strafing first one combatant, then the other. The exercise was named Nordland, and the conditions, appropriately enough, were Arctic. Troops slept out in bitter cold, comforting themselves with the thought that "if the lads can do this sort of thing in Korea, so can we."

The Commanders confer: Lieut-Gen. Sir Charles Keightley, commanding the British Army of the Rhine, and Lieut-Gen. W. Hansteen, commanding the Norwegian Army.



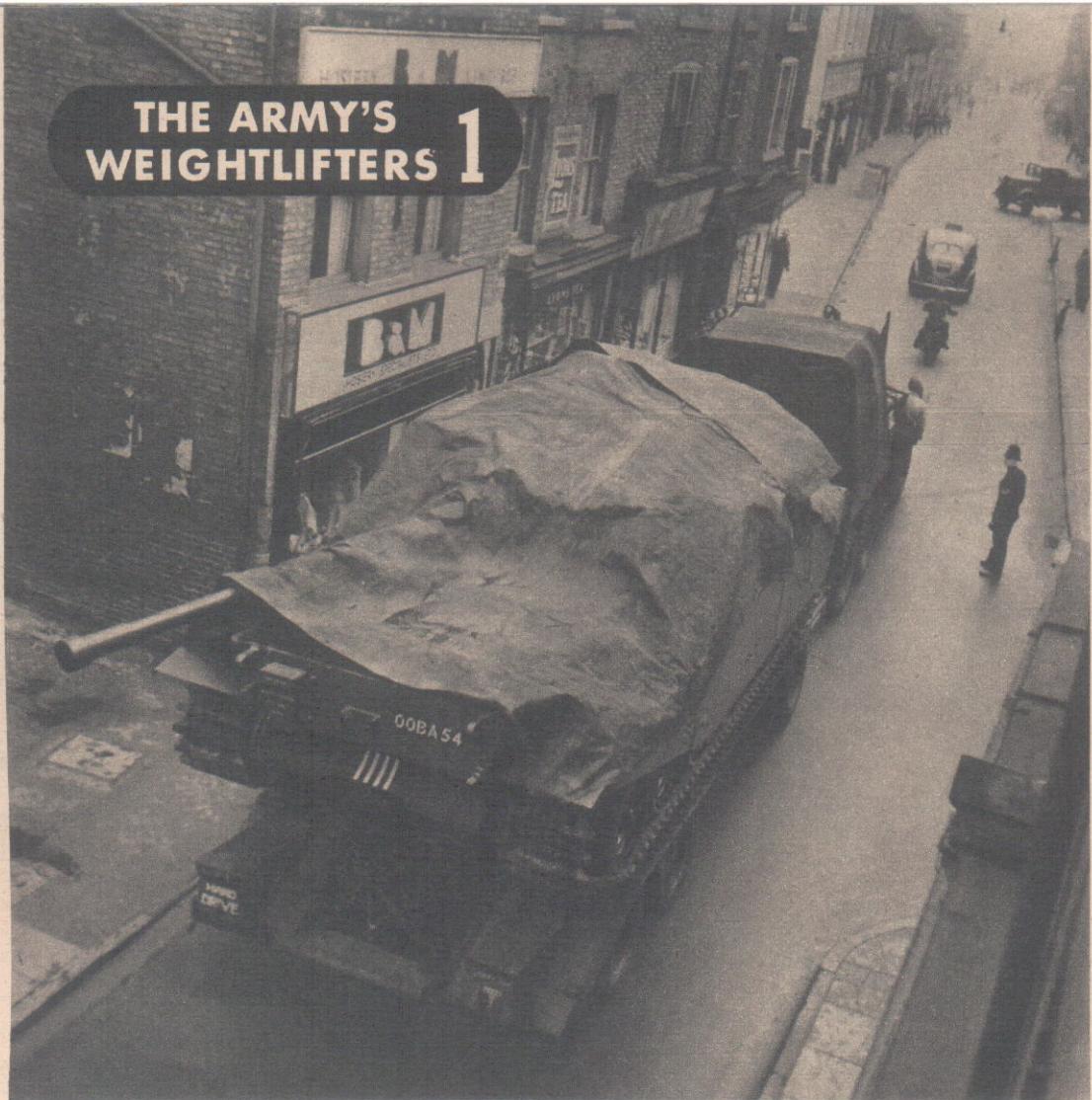
A picture which might have come from the 38th Parallel: tank crews of the Queen's Bays "brew up" while waiting to move to the front.

The one force comprised 502 Norwegian Independent Brigade Group, with a squadron of 7th Hussars under command; the other contained elements of Headquarters Danish Force Germany, one Danish Infantry battalion and one composite British Infantry battalion, together with strong elements of a British armoured regiment and one regiment of British Gunners.

Royal Air Force Vampires gave an impressive exhibition of ground attack, strafing transport columns and troop positions with — according to the umpires — devastating effect. Austers of 652 Air Observation Post Squadron flew on tactical reconnaissance.

There was a good deal of "sabotage" in early stages, the Norwegian attackers being led by a Norwegian lieutenant who, in fact, had been a saboteur in World War Two. But the Danes knew a trick or two and eventually their vigilance proved a match for the enemy. (From a report by Capt. D. H. Clifford, *Military Observer*.)

THE ARMY'S WEIGHTLIFTERS 1



With a police car in the lead, and an outrider, a laden transporter passes through the narrow main street of Retford, in Nottinghamshire.

2 Men and 42 Wheels

The men of this RASC tank transporter unit rove across Britain from job to job — and draw their pay by post

THE operations room was buzzing. Hardly had the transport officer put the receiver down when the phone rang again. Behind him a clerk was busy moving coloured pins from town to town on a big map of Britain that covered one wall of the office.

The drivers of the Army's land-fleet were reporting back to headquarters.

No. 19 Company RASC (Tank Transporter) operates like a fleet of tramp steamers. One lance-corporal and one driver with a tractor and trailer form an independent unit, wandering at large for weeks on end all over Britain. They may get orders to pick up a tank at Newcastle for delivery to Aldershot. From there they may travel empty, except for nine tons of ballast in iron ingots, to Warminster where they will pick up another load to take to Cardiff.

In this way they spend a month at a time without returning to their headquarters, Ranby Camp at East Retford, Nottinghamshire. On their travels the two men are entirely responsible for some 80 tons of equipment with an average value of £1000 a ton. They eat and sleep mostly in transport cafes and make their own arrangements for washing and bathing (usually in public baths). Tank transport men are among the most self-reliant soldiers in the Army.

The Company carries tanks from factory to depot, from depot to unit and from one unit location to another. It also carries tank reinforcements for units overseas from the factory or depot to the ship.

At night the transporters may stay in the town car-park, but the crews are still responsible for guarding them. The drivers pay the parking fees and claim the money back from their unit. A claim of a guinea was received



Operations room: every evening drivers telephone to report and ask for instructions.



Up she goes! A trainee at Ranby Camp, Notts, rehearses loading signals to guide the driver of a tank transporter as he operates the tractor's winch.



Testing tyre pressures: on the road, the driver examines each tyre every two hours.



Puncture in the dark: when you have 42 wheels, you can't "feel" a puncture; you must test all tyres regularly.

once, for a single night in a privately-owned park. The charge was sixpence a wheel — and there were ten on the tractor and 32 on the trailer — a total of 42.

Once a day the drivers telephone headquarters to report their location and any troubles and to ask for fresh orders. On Mondays they make a special point of saying where they will be on the afternoon of the following day, and a money order — their week's pay — is sent to the appropriate post office for collection. While 'on the road' the men also earn special allowances.

Clean laundry, repaired boots, mail and kit issues are brought to the crews by the road patrol from the camp, which makes a round trip to all transporter units once a week. The patrol keeps an eye on discipline too, for the men are soldiers first and lorry drivers

afterwards. This fact is also impressed on them when they return to camp for the monthly checking of their vehicles. They get a week of inspections, weapon training and "square bashing" while the unit workshops take the insides out of the tractors, dismember them and put them together again.

Repairs up to and including the fitting of a complete new engine can be done in the unit workshops, although this last operation is now rarely performed; the tractors are American, spare parts are scarce and a complete new engine has become a thing only to dream about. In these circumstances breakdowns cannot be entirely avoided. Recently the Commanding Officer, Major R. E. Thomas, received a call from a unit that had just crawled into Doncaster car park.

"Let me see. You are on one of

the 32-wheelers, aren't you?" he asked. "Only 31 now, sir," came the reply. "One must have dropped off outside Doncaster. We haven't found it yet."

With 32 wheels to support the trailer, all sorts of things can happen to one or two of them without the driver knowing. A puncture will not make itself felt at all, but the disturbance in weight creates pressure and heat in neighbouring tyres until the driver is finally brought to a halt by another motorist drawing level and shouting, "Your back wheels are on fire!" Hence the rule that drivers shall inspect all their wheels every two hours. In spite of this and the fact that they cannot exceed 12 miles an hour, the drivers reckon to cover 60 to 70 miles a day, loaded with Centurions. They have

OVER

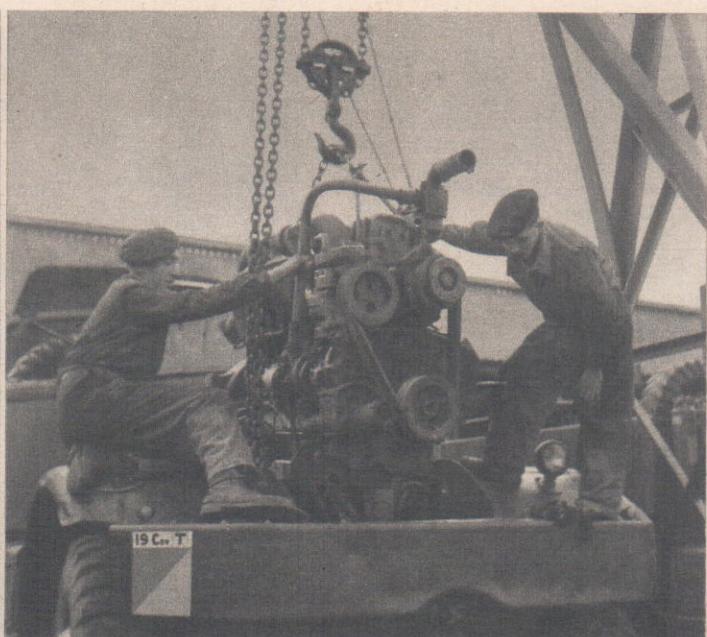
A Vital Weapon

THE tank transporter was one of the major "weapons" which brought victory to the Allies in World War Two. On a long journey the wear-and-tear on a tank—and on its crew—is tremendous. One of the factors which halted General Wavell's drive across Libya in 1940 was that most of his tanks simply would not roll any farther.

The tank transporter not only saves the tank—it saves the highway from ruin. And, of course, the tank transporter is of immense value in recovering disabled tanks from the battlefield. Without it, the deserts of North Africa would have been littered far more spectacularly and many a critical battle might have taken a different course.



Bowl of fire. A hub casing is repaired in the company's workshop.



The heart of a Diamond T. This engine develops 200 horsepower and moves 80 tons at a steady 12 miles an hour. It consumes a gallon of diesel oil every three miles.



Pay day for Driver J. Appleby at the Post Office. The unit sends money to the town he nominates.

2 Men and 42 Wheels (Continued)

task to do and their personal arrangements to make as well. Transporting a tank is no joy-ride; but the feeling of independence that comes with rolling along the open road compensates for the hardships.

Considering how big and cumbersome the vehicles are, accidents are very few, but queer things can happen. Recently a tractor towing a trailer load of Centurion tank and driven by Lance-Corporal H. Thornhill was travelling downhill. The tank transporter in front of him, which was not loaded, pulled up and Lance-Corporal Thornhill also applied his brakes. Nothing happened — the brakes had failed. On one side of the road the hill fell steeply away. On the other was a farm cottage. Lance-Corporal Thornhill made a quick decision. Steering straight for the transporter in front he ran his tractor up the ramps of its trailer and ended up perched on the back of the other vehicle. The only damage was a front axle stripped from his vehicle.

A driver must be prepared for varying traffic regulations in different parts of Britain and during different times of the year. He must also check with the police all along the route to ensure that there is no obstruction ahead of him: road repairs may make the route impassable for such large vehicles. Heavy goods traffic may be forbidden through certain towns on certain occasions. Other cities, like London, have a fixed rule that no heavy goods traffic shall pass through them between ten in the morning and six at night. Many roads are out of bounds to tank transporters because of weak or low bridges and sharp bends. Once a tank turret jammed solidly under a bridge which was a few inches lower than its warning sign stated. The trailer was only extricated after all the tyres had been deflated.

If a tank transporter runs into a blind alley, as it often has to do when taking tanks to a ship, it cannot back out again. The tractor must be uncoupled from the trailer so that it can turn and push the trailer round with its nose, like a locomotive shunting a truck. One driver who took a wrong turning decided that a factory yard would make a good place

to perform this operation. A tense silence hung over the yard as he manoeuvred; it was not until he was driving out through the main gate that someone told him about the underground warehouse beneath the factory yard. They had all been waiting to see the tractor, trailer and tank sink through the asphalt like a scuttled ship.

Tank transporter drivers are made, not born, and the man in charge of their making is Captain K. H. Whittle, who commands the training wing of the Company. As the Company is composed half of Regulars and half of National Servicemen, new drivers are constantly needed to replace men going on release.

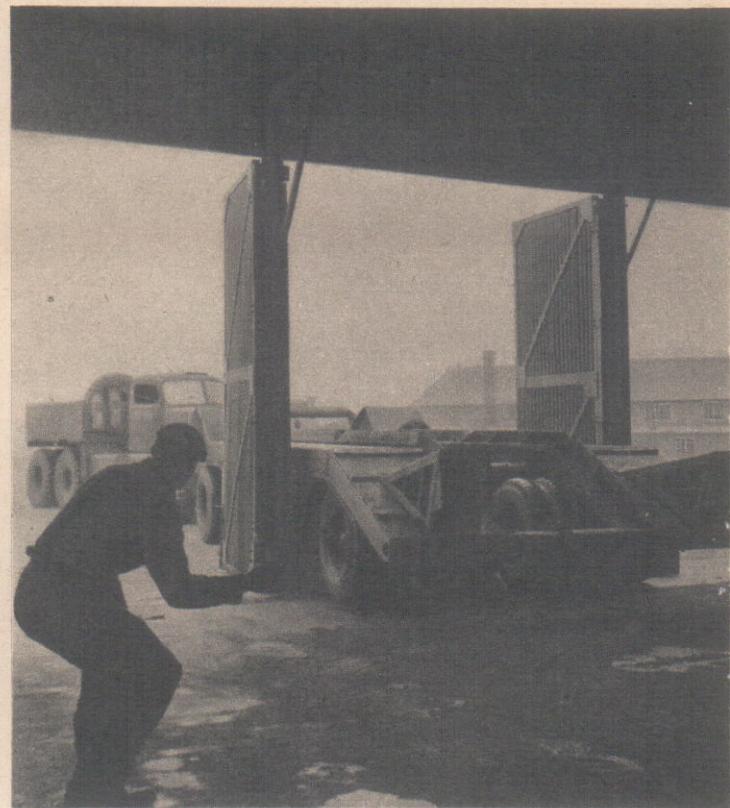
Although all men accepted into the unit can already drive three-tonners, it takes another five weeks to turn them into competent tank transporter drivers. They must learn how to shunt the trailer, how to handle it on various road surfaces and gradients, how to winch the tank on to the trailer and how to recover tanks that are overturned or ditched — vital knowledge in times of war.

Men less than five feet eight inches in height are not normally accepted in No. 19 Company, but an exception to this rule is Lance-Corporal W. Warner. Smallest man in the unit — he says he is "nearly five foot one" — he is rated one of the best drivers. After four years with tank transporters he now helps to teach learners.

Major Thomas is always ready to supply facts and figures.

"The tractor weighs 20 tons, the trailer 18 tons and the load anything up to 55 tons" he says. "The engine develops 200 horse power. The tractor does three miles per gallon of diesel oil and carries two fuel tanks holding 50 gallons each. In one month the unit uses £5000 worth of tyres."

"This is the sort of problem we have to face," he continues. He produces a letter from the Commissioners of the Mersey Tunnel protesting that when a tank transporter ground its way through, the tunnel was filled with noxious gases. A special squad had to be sent out to clear the air for other motorists and could the Commissioners please have a written explanation of the occurrence?

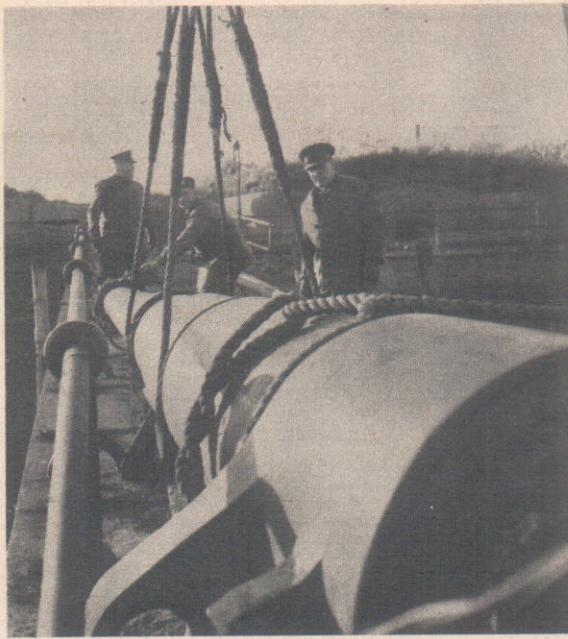


Trailers are too long to be pulled into hangars, so they are nosed in by their tractors. Below: The unit tyre store. In the centre row are just enough tyres to fit one tractor and trailer.



OOPS! Here is a (luckily) rare view of a trailer on its back. Thirty of the 32 wheels are visible.





With the aid of a 50-foot spar and powerful ropes, the piece of a six-inch gun weighing seven-and-a-half tons is hoisted up and down with ease and accuracy — by men operating a low-gearred hand winch. (Gosport pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE).

THE science of "sticks and string" — how to move heavy weights without mechanical power — is one of the oldest.

When the men of 245 Armament Battery, Royal Artillery, use rollers, ramps, blocks and levers to heave the 28-ton barrel of a 9.2-inch coast gun to the top of some rocky promontory, they are drawing on more than 5000 years of experience.

The methods they use are basically the same as those employed by the builders of the pyramids of Egypt 3500 years before the birth of Christ.

"But surely," someone will ask, "with the power available to modern man — cranes, lifts, gantries and tractors — there is no need for the British Army to rely on such primitive equipment?" The answer lies in the inaccessibility of the places where the work is done. To transport mechanical lifting equipment to a rock outcrop in the Orkneys would take much more time and labour than to do the job by "sticks and string."

When an order is received for the installation or dismantling of a coastal fort, a reconnaissance party goes to weigh up the problems. It decides what equipment and how many men will be required. The equipment travels by road on the unit's own vehicles, the men go by rail; and, if a new gun has to be emplaced, a third party collects it from the factory and transports it across country. The three parties converge on the site and then the fun begins.



The Battery is stationed in an old fort, complete with keep, drawbridge and moat.

Roll Out The (Gun) Barrel

In an old fort at Gosport, Gunners learn the ancient arts of manhandling. They are called upon to instal heavy guns in the most inaccessible places



Assembling the "sticks and string" is no mean feat in itself. The "sticks" are huge 40, 50 and 60-foot spars cut from single tree trunks, baulks of timber 30 feet long, metal tackle blocks weighing two hundredweight each, coils of six-inch rope and oak rollers weighing nearly three hundredweight apiece.

Light equipment is used to move and set up the heavy equipment and the **OVER** →



ROLL OUT THE (GUN) BARREL

(Continued)

heavy equipment is used in turn to do the job in hand. It may well happen that all this material must be off-loaded from the vehicles, loaded into ships' tenders, off-loaded on a barren coast and dragged up a hundred feet of steep rocks. Then the real work begins.

If a spar is used it must be stood on end and its four guy ropes must somehow be picketed down strongly enough to stand several tons of stress. Persuading a 50-foot tree trunk weighing nine or ten tons to stand on its tail is a tricky operation. Also, a metal pulley-block weighing a couple of hundredweight has to be hung on top of it to hold the falls that will eventually carry the load.

After this, the lifting of the armament itself seems almost an anti-climax. Split into handy loads weighing no more than 28 tons, it is picked up a piece at a time and slowly, with infinite care, swung into position. The apparatus creaks and trembles, one guy rope tightens like a violin string, another sags like a clothes line.

One of the more spectacular feats performed by the Battery recently was the hoisting of a 3.7 gun mounting to the top of the old Shot Tower on the site of the Festival of Britain; the mounting is to be used to carry radar equipment for sending "messages" to the moon.

This emplacement offered problems. The mounting had to be hauled into the tower and lifted up the inner well, which was only just wide enough to let it through. The space on which to erect the tripod, or gyn, to take the weight of the mounting was only about 15 feet square.

The first mounting crashed while being hauled up (and since the operation was being performed full in the world's eye the

Left: Source of the power — the winch. The soldier on right ensures that the cable winds itself neatly on the drum, without gaps. Right: A dynamometer is used to test the ropes; the needle reveals any tendency to stretch under strain.

mishap had excessive publicity). It was the disintegration of the main block from which the weight was suspended — a factor impossible to foresee — that caused the accident. A new mounting was hauled up without a hitch.

The first armament unit to be formed as a separate branch of the Royal Artillery was set up in 1928, mainly through the initiative and enthusiasm of Major R. Shrive. Its job was to dismantle the forts dotted around Britain's coast during World War One. From the oft-repeated cry "Halt! Scotch up!" of the NCO's in charge of the work, it soon became known throughout the Royal Artillery as "Dickie Shrive's scotch-up party." Later the unit was reduced to

four NCO's, one in each command, who supervised hired civilian labour. At the end of 1940 the four were concentrated at Dover to form the nucleus of 245 Armament Battery.

One of the original "twelve apostles" who has been with the unit ever since is Serjeant D. V. Jones. His work has taken him all over Britain and, more recently to Gibraltar. On the Rock he helped to dismantle 9.2-inch guns, drag them through the tunnels and send them down to the harbour. Both the Garrison Commander and the Chief of Police sent their congratulations on the way the work was done.

Serjeant Jones knows most sites and their problems by heart.

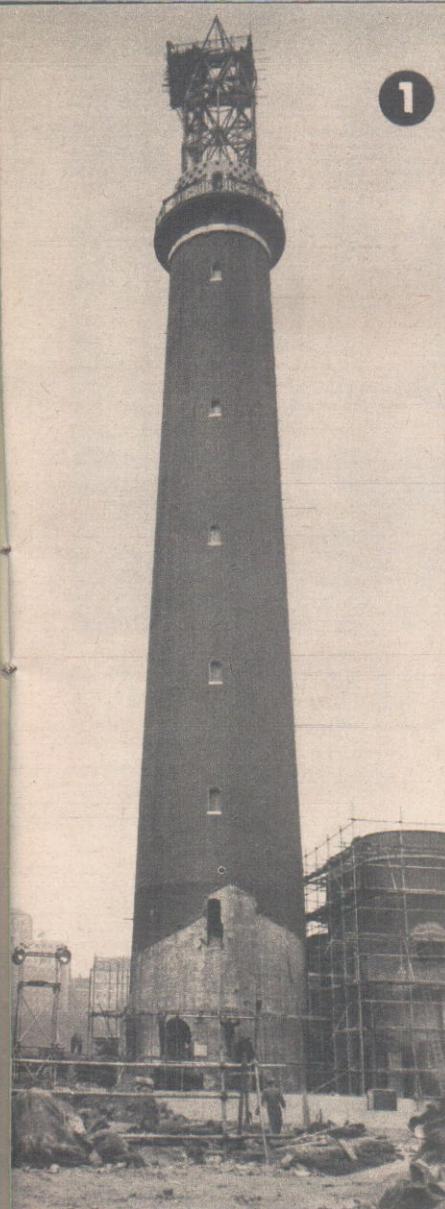
Many of them he will dismiss with the phrase "routine stuff," but the prospect of a particularly tricky job will arouse a gleam of enthusiasm in his eyes. The worst of the lot, he declares, was at Inchkeith, a rock-bound island in the Firth of Forth. Guns and equipment were carried there in lighters, which were beached. The load was manhandled ashore, and then dragged up 200 steps to the cliff top. At the top another drag faced the sweating Gunners — two or three hundred yards across broken ground strewn with boulders. Part of the equipment consisted of huge baulks of timber weighing 25 hundredweight each, to be used in the construction of a 140-foot ramp with a gradient of one-in-four leading to the knoll on which the big guns were to be installed. Up this ramp the guns were hauled by block and tackle, heavy oak rollers, and sweat of brow. The space on top was just large enough to accommodate them. When they were finally jiggled into place and assembled, the ramp and all the other equipment had to be dismantled, dragged back to the shore and reloaded on the lighters.

Armament installation is usually carried out in summer; winter conditions make it both difficult and dangerous. Gales can strain the spars, wooden skids become slippery in the wet and rain rots the ropes. The winter months are usually spent in barracks, training. Hitherto, the senior NCO's have mostly been veterans like Serjeant Jones, but many of them will soon be leaving the Army. The unit's pressing need now is for younger men to take their places and to this end a junior NCO's cadre has been held this winter. The work they have been given has deliberately been made as awkward as any to be found on a real site. Those who passed the course should be able to take charge of a working party anywhere.

The Battery is housed in Brockhurst Fort, at Gosport, Hampshire,



Close-up of a "sky hook," attached to a large wooden cordage block, here being oiled by Storekeeper Harry Payne.

**1****2**

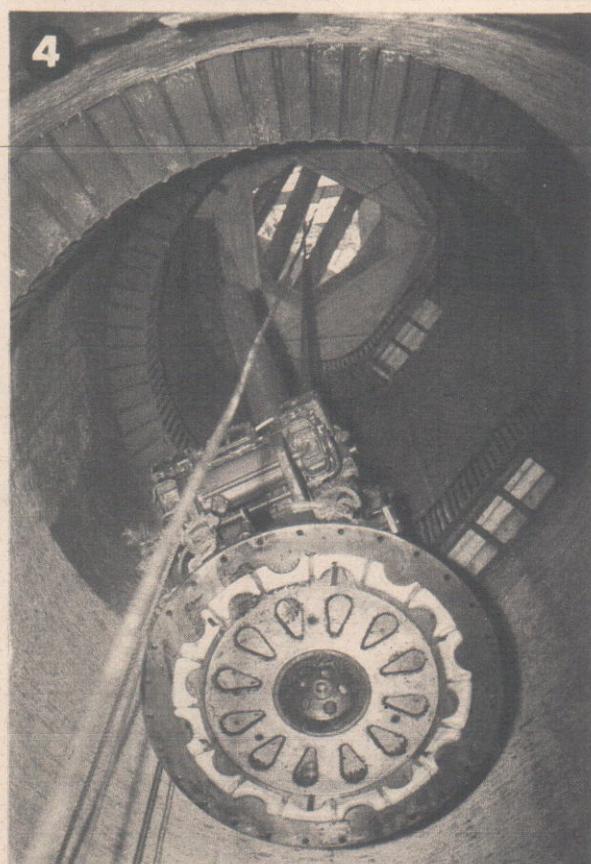
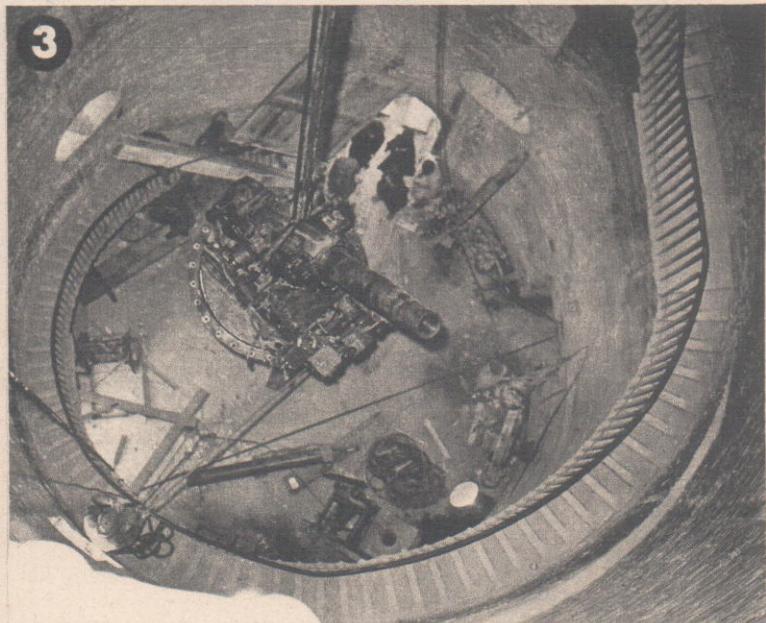
The Battery's trickiest job for a long time was hauling a 3.7 gun mounting to the top of the Festival of Britain Shot Tower.

1 Mounting being rolled into position. The Battery are adepts at manhandling 3.7's.

2 View from above: Note circular stairway.

3 View from below: An unfamiliar shot of this type of gun.

4 The mounting in position. Radar equipment will be fitted to it, to send "messages" to the moon.

3**4****5**

one of the anti-invasion forts built in Lord Palmerston's day to defend the country around Portsmouth Harbour. Its earth-covered brick ramparts and empty gun emplacements make an ideal training ground. As they heave and haul with aching arms, the trainees can find inspiration in thinking of their predecessors in the fort who did much the same things with the same equipment in by-gone days. "If they could do it, so can we," is the attitude.

The men of the Battery are also glad of a spell in barracks after a heavy summer programme which last year included five weeks work on coastal guns in the Orkneys. During those weeks they worked all hours of the day and night. Some of the guns were sited on rocks overhanging the sea and had to be lowered into lighters which could only manoeuvre into position at high tide. If the tide was right at three in the morning, that was when the work had to be done. The situation was complicated by the fact that it took the working party up to four hours to reach the site from camp. They might start in lorries, transfer to a lighter, scramble into rowboats to get ashore on shallow beaches, take another lorry-ride and end up with a two-mile march. Long periods of high wind and driving rain added to their troubles. But they finished the job, as they always have.

TED JONES



Another bale made up of items left behind by soldiers on trains and ships arrives at the Rhine Army "lost property office."

Father Christmas at a Christmas party? No, it's just Sapper Clifford Miller with a few of the items from inside the bale.

Absent-minded soldiers lose anything from boxing gloves to kit-bags — and often do nothing about reclaiming them



STOP! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ANYTHING?

IT is easy enough at the end of a long train journey to leave behind a pair of gloves.

But how does a lieutenant-colonel come to lose a Service Dress, a Sam Browne belt and a cap? How can a soldier's wife forget a child's push-chair and soldiers mislay such odd things as a banjo (complete with case), a pair of skis, boxing gloves and cricket bats — to say nothing of greatcoats and kitbags stuffed full with underwear and equipment?

This problem is one to which the Lost Property Section of the Military Forwarding Organisation in Rhine Army would like an answer. Every month more and more articles are left behind in military trains, in military compartments of German trains and

at railway stations, as well as on board troships sailing to and from the Hook of Holland. And every month sees a swelling of the piles of hats and coats, suitcases, dresses, toys, boots and shoes, walking-sticks, cigarette cases, brooches and necklaces, watches and night-dresses which find their way into the lost property cage.

Company Sergeant-Major William Foster, RE, who has had 16 years service in the Army and is in charge of the lost property warehouse, has little patience with those who lose large or valuable articles. Even if a man is in love, he says, it doesn't justify forgetting a pair of skis.

When a soldier loses his property he causes a good deal of unnecessary work for the Q

(Movements) staffs. First the Train Conducting Warrant Officer hands in the lost property to the RTO at the end of the journey and makes out a report. The RTO examines the article for identification marks. He will make local inquiries and if these should prove fruitless he has to send the property to the nearest Military Forwarding Organisation office at the end of 48 hours with a full report. There it will be kept for another ten days while inquiries are made and if still unclaimed will be forwarded to the Lost Property Section together with yet another report. (The cost of sending it by rail from a place some 200 miles away is often more than the article is worth).

At the Lost Property Section each article is numbered and ticketed before it is locked away.

If there is any name and address to be found, a letter is sent to the presumed owner saying that the property awaits identification and collection. All too often no reply is received. It is remarkable that few people, even those to whom the property obviously belongs, can be bothered to claim it.

And this is not all. Every six months a long list of lost property, sometimes stretching over six closely-set printed pages, is published as an appendix to Rhine Army's General Routine Orders. Occasionally some item of property is claimed but more often it remains in the lost property cage for six months and is then sent to the headquarters of the Military Forwarding Organisation near Liverpool for disposal. Military equipment meets a different fate. If not claimed within three months of being found, it goes to a Royal Army Ordnance Depot for re-issue.

When **SOLDIER** arrived at the Lost Property Section a new batch of lost property had just arrived. Captain J. Paterson, RE who is in charge of the Military Forwarding Organisation depot in the Ruhr district, was busily checking the contents of two large attaché-cases with CSM Foster, while Sapper Clifford Miller was noting down each article as it was lifted out. "Thirteen women's dresses, two pairs of knickers, four brassieres, two child's romper suits, six handkerchiefs, one knitted jumper, five pairs of silk stockings..."

Said Captain Paterson: "In the past three years we've had enough sports equipment and clothing to start a sports club in hockey, cricket, rugger and soccer, and the number of trilby hats and canes must run into hundreds."

Captain Paterson offers this advice: "Always put a piece of paper in an attaché-case giving your name and address. It is better to stick it on the inside of the case. Before you go on a journey count the number of parcels or suitcases you have and count them when you get off. And if you do lose something go and tell the RTO about it."

E. J. GROVE

Periodically, CSM W. Foster checks his stock — a banjo, a Sam Browne, boxing gloves, cameras, slippers, a pair of skis. What, no false teeth?



The Fighters From The Himalayas

For the best part of a century and a half the Gurkhas have carried arms for Britain. Today bandits in the Malay jungle have cause to respect the *kukri*

— Story and photographs by RICHARD ELLEY



Nepal, home of the Gurkhas, lies on the slopes of the Himalayas. Above it towers Mount Everest.

WHEN Indian independence became a fact and the old Indian Army was split up, four regiments slipped unobtrusively into the order of battle of the British Army.

They were Gurkha regiments, composed of subjects of the King of Nepal who, by treaty, had served the King-Emperor under British officers as part of the Indian Army since 1816. Before India was split up, there were ten Gurkha regiments, which had provided 40 battalions in World War Two.

No adversary who has survived an encounter with Gurkha troops can have any doubt about their mettle as fighting men. Today when Britain, in a turbulent world, finds herself shorn of much of her former Imperial manpower, every *kukri* counts as never before. This is conspicuously the case in Malaya, where the Gurkhas have proved first-class jungle fighters. Nor is it a tale only of *kukris*, for the Gurkhas are learning new roles (though less urgently than during World War Two when Gurkhas, at one stage, were called on to make parachute jumps the day after they had gone up for their first flight!)

Under the new treaties with Nepal, following Indian independence, India was to be permitted to recruit 12 battalions in Nepal; Britain was to have eight, or a total of 11,400 men. It was agreed that Britain should take the 2nd and 6th Regiments, recruited in Western Nepal, and the 7th and 10th, recruited in Eastern Nepal. Each regiment would have two battalions.

Under the new arrangement, the pay of Gurkhas in the British and Indian armies was fixed at the same rate, though allowances might differ. And the old recruiting rivalry between Gurkha regiments, out to get the best material, went on. **OVER**

The truncheon of the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkhas. It was designed by Queen Victoria.



The crossed *kukris* which form the flash of the Gurkha Brigade were the war-time emblem of the 43rd Lored Infantry Brigade.

Fighters from the Himalayas (Cont'd)

Often, the Gurkha recruit makes up his own mind independently of the blandishments of recruiters. If he has had a relative in one of the regiments, he will probably want to keep up the family link, whether the regiment is now in the British or the Indian Army.

When the change-over came, all the Ordnance stores possessed by the British Gurkha regiments became the property of the Indian Government and had to be handed in. By a special arrangement, the British Gurkha units were allowed to keep personal arms and essentials like cooking pots. Otherwise, except for personal and regimental possessions like mess silver and regimental trophies, they joined the British Army with almost literally nothing more than they stood up in.

Malaya became their new base, and to Malaya recruits began to come, down a British Army line of communication through India. New camps were set up in a hurry. Today permanent camps are gradually coming into use, though some Gurkha units are still under canvas waiting for their new homes.

It was planned to build up a full Gurkha Division around the eight battalions. The new divi-



Recruits to the 6th Gurkha Rifles, at Sungai Patani, take a route march through the rubber trees.

Lumpur. The wing takes Gurkhas for the first time. Gurkhas are being trained to take their places in the corps — Royal Signals, Royal Engineers, Royal Military Police, Army Catering Corps and REME.

SOLDIER visited the Gurkha Signals Training Wing at Kuala

Training Wing was designed to produce the first Gurkha Signals Squadron, ready to serve with a Gurkha brigade. The squadron would have British officers, seconded from the Royal Signals to the Gurkha Royal Signals, and British NCO's and men as instructors, supervisors and mechanics in trades not taught to the Gurkhas.

Also in Kuala Lumpur is the 17th Gurkha Division Provost Company, where Gurkhas are training with British military policemen for provost work. In the Provost Company, all the recruits were re-enlisted men, every one with a row of medal ribbons, and they included some ex-NCO's. Gurkha Royal Military Police

men are trained to fit into specific divisional units. The first course at the Gurkha Signals

wear the traditional Gurkha hat with a red puggaree and the CRMP badge. Although they are taught to write their reports in Gurkhali, many of them write in English.

Training for riflemen recruits is carried out in regimental training wings and takes nine months (including 14 days leave).

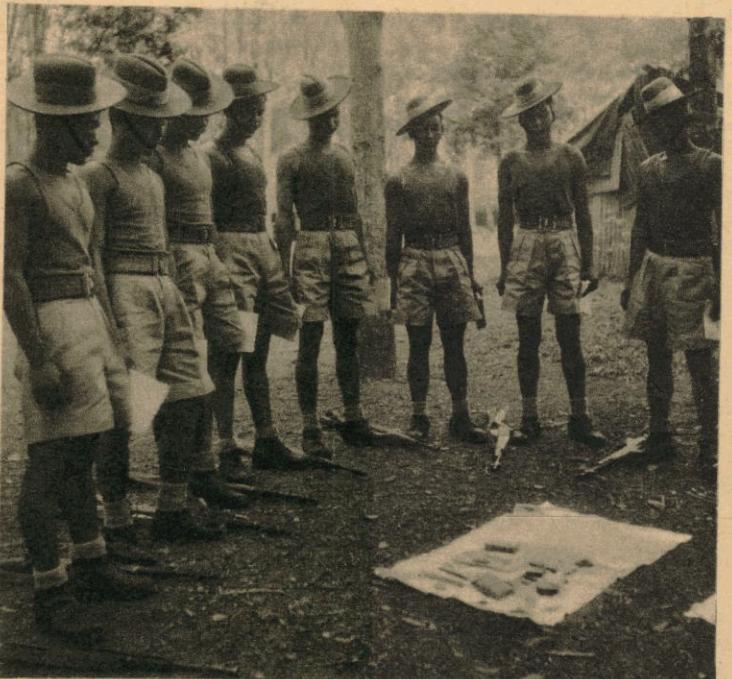
Recruits for corps will soon be coming from the Boys' Training Company, which was set up in 1948. Gurkha boys join the Company at 15, if they enlist in Nepal, or at 14 if they are locally-enlisted sons of Gurkhas serving in Malaya. The Company gives them a three-year course, which is mostly school-work but includes military training, too. The Boys' Company commander is Major H. G. W. Shakespear of the 2nd Goorkhas, whose father and grandfather were both officers in the Gurkhas. He believes he is the only third-generation British officer in the Brigade.

With the Boys' Company are the "special boys," who are picked at about eight years of age from the sons of serving Gurkhas as possible candidates for Sandhurst when they are old enough. Their time is taken up with schooling and the nearest thing they have to military training is in the 3rd Sungai Patani (Gurkha) Pack of Wolf Cubs. It is planned that in time the "special boys" shall attend English schools with other Service children.

Now they are in the British Army, the Gurkhas have dropped their old Indian Army ranks — at least, officially; the habit of using the old names is hard to break. Naiks have become cor-

porals and havildars serjeants. The former Viceroy Commissioned Officers — Jemadar, Subedar and Subedar-Major — are now King's Gurkha Officers and called Gurkha-Lieutenant, Gurkha-Captain and Gurkha-Major. There are also Gurkha Commissioned Officers, lieutenants, captains and majors, who rank equally with British officers within the Brigade of Gurkhas. They are made up from the ranks of the King's Gurkha Officers and have such long service when they are commissioned that, though in theory there may be a Gurkha Commissioned second-lieutenant, in practice they are all full lieutenants from the day of commissioning. In time, there will be Gurkhas who hold the King's Commission on equal terms with British officers, after training at Sandhurst. But the first Sandhurst candidate has not yet been found, though it is hoped he is among the "special boys."

British officers are to be commissioned straight into Gurkha regiments — 36 to a regiment — but they must first have served a year with a British Infantry



Gurkha recruits have memory training in the same way as British troops; they try to remember all the objects displayed. Right: Three veterans of the 6th Gurkhas' training wing. Gurkha-Captains Manbahadur Gurung and Nainasing (left and centre) have 15 and 24 years service respectively. Captain Pahalman Gurung (right) has 31 years' service and holds the Indian Distinguished Service Medal.



Above: Naik Agansingh Rai of the 5th Gurkha Rifles won the Victoria Cross silencing Japanese machine-gun posts. This picture was taken from a waxwork effigy of him in the VC's gallery at Madame Tussauds. (SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL).

Left: Gurkha-Captain Dalbahadur Limbu, with only three men, tricked a party of Communist bandits in Malaya into thinking he had a bigger force. He stormed their position and put them to flight. He was awarded the Military Cross.

OVER

Continuing

Fighters from

battalion in Britain or Europe. The remaining officers for the Gurkha regiments will be seconded from British Infantry regiments and other arms; preference will be given to those having family connections with Gurkha regiments.

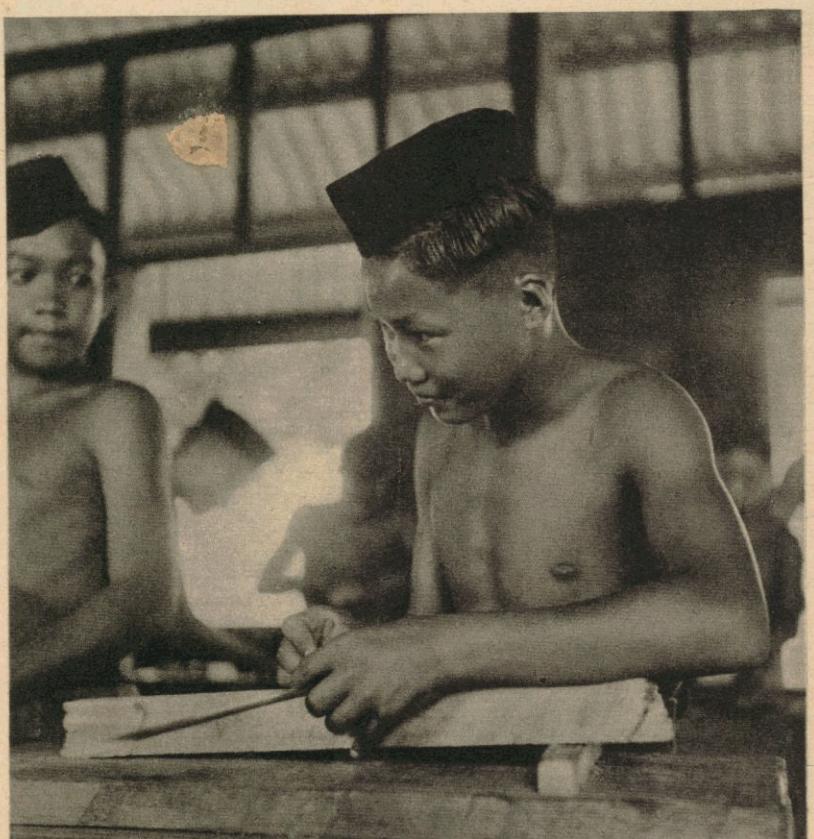
Like the British soldier, the Gurkha is entitled to have his family with him (but only one of the two wives he may have in his own country) and the Gurkha women with their gay clothes and wearing the family savings in jewellery brighten the landscape in any garrison. Boys go in for jewellery too, but as soon as they enlist they put away their earrings and bracelets.

Each Gurkha battalion has its own *mandir* (chapel) with a *bhawan* (priest) who is on the establishment and draws rations and pay. The Gurkhas celebrate ten festivals in the year, of which the principal is Dashera, about the end of September or the beginning of October. Dashera lasts ten days and includes dancing, eating, drinking and general merry-making, and the British officers and their wives are invited to the high-lights. One feature of Dashera is the sacrifice of pigeons, goats and young buffalo bulls. The head of the sacrifice is cut off either with the *kukri* or a heavy, curved weapon with a broad head roughly at right angles to the cutting edge, called the *konra*. It is a point of pride to sever the head cleanly with one stroke.

Rice is the main-stay of the Gurkha's rations, but he is very fond of goat and sheep meat when he can get it and all kinds

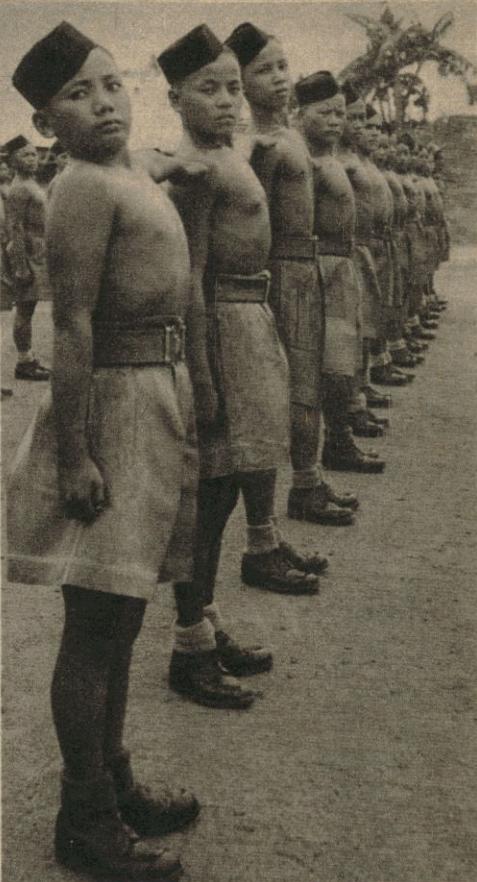


Maniprasad Rai, son of a Gurkha-Captain in the 7th, is eleven years old and a "special boy." He may be one of the first Gurkhas to go to Sandhurst.



Left: Lads in the Boys' Company learn to handle saws, chisels and planes. In the field, their fathers can do some very handy carpentry with their *kukris*.

Right: The boys "right dress" with the same concentration as any other good recruits.



Fighters from the Himalayas

of game, fish and poultry. He likes rum too, and a smoke.

Gurkhas are keen on sport, and a big annual event in Malaya is the football tournament for the Nepal Cup, presented by the Maharajah (Prime Minister and Commander-in-Chief) of Nepal to replace the Gurkha Brigade Cup which was left in India.

The Gurkhas have their own weekly newspaper *Parbate*, edited by Captain M. Meerendonk, who was in the 6th Gurkhas and is now in the Royal Army Educational Corps. Captain Meerendonk, whose principal duty is educating the Gurkhas, has compiled the world's largest Nepali-English dictionary — it has about 40,000 words, to which he is still adding — and he is now at work on an English-Nepali dictionary.

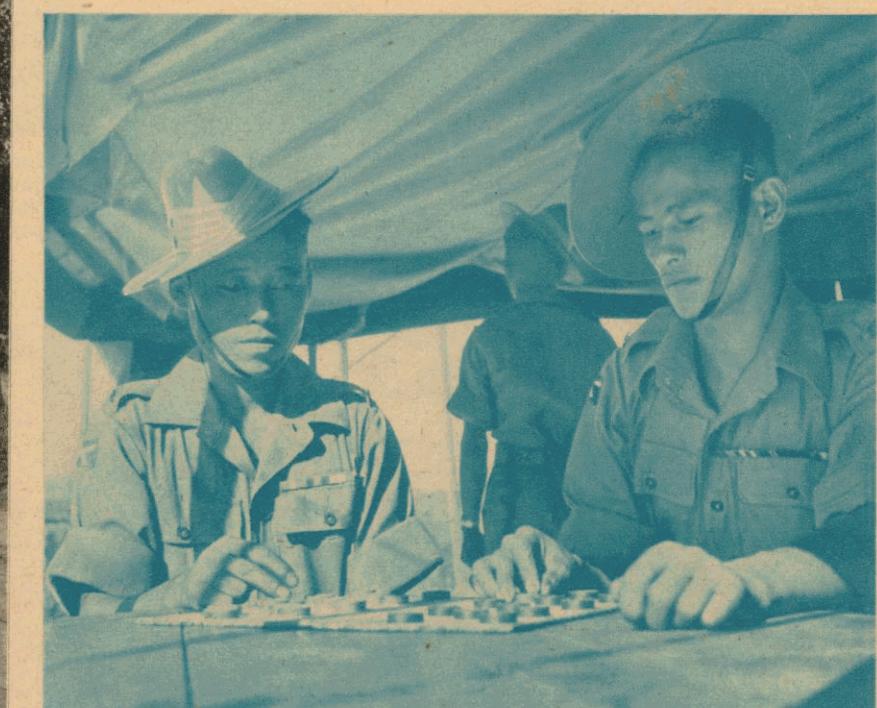
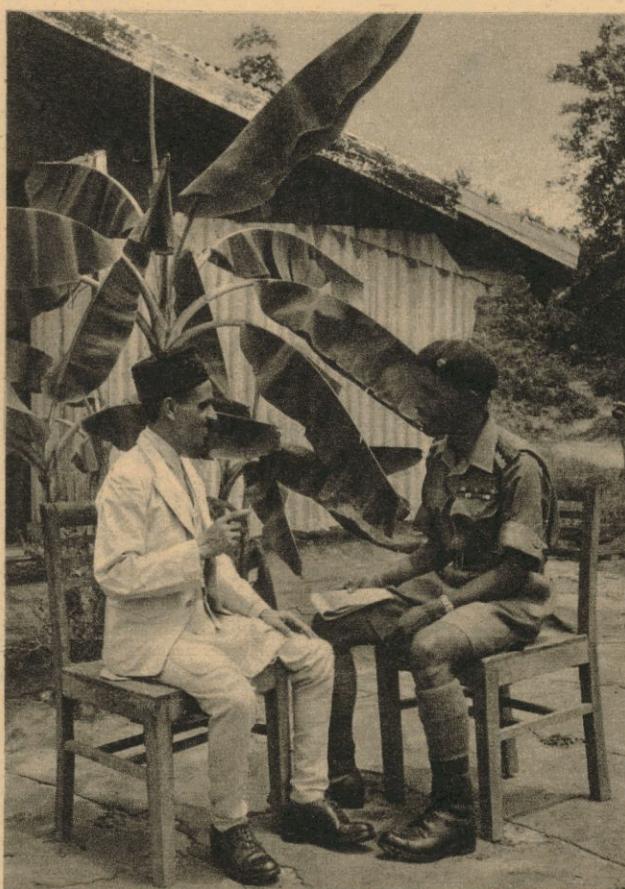
Tradition plays a big part in the lives of Gurkha regiments. In the 2nd King Edward VII's Own Goorkhas (the Regiment spells it that way, though official documents do not) it centres in a six-foot bronze and silver Truncheon, designed by Queen Victoria herself and unique in the British Army. It replaced a third Colour, awarded the regiment for its action at Delhi in the Indian Mutiny, when it was the Sirmoor Battalion, and dropped after it became a Rifle regiment.

The Truncheon is kept in the Quarter-Guard of the 1st Battalion where it receives a salute from everyone entering the guardroom. When it is moved, it has an escort of two serjeants and two corporals and is carried by a Gurkha-Lieutenant (until the

OVER



"For inspection, withdraw *kukris*!" is the order when Gurkhas parade for guard-mounting. Pictures on this page were taken in the camp of the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Goorkhas, on Singapore Island.



Left: The battalion chaplain talks to a Gurkha officer outside his chapel. Note his narrow trousers — the original Jodhpurs. Above: When men of the guard stand down, out comes the draughts board. The game they play is called "Hunt the Tiger."



Fighters from the Himalayas (Cont'd)

Regiment joined the British Army, there was always an extra jemadar on its establishment to carry the Truncheon). When the Truncheon leaves the Quarter-Guard, and when it goes on battalion parade, it receives a Royal Salute. At a review held in Delhi in the 1870's, the Truncheon was given precedence over all Colours, but a note on the subject published by the Regiment says regretfully, "This procedure was not adopted during the Victory Parade in New Delhi in 1946."

The Old Goat, they call him. He should have been the 6th Gurkhas' first meal in the British Army. But they kept him as a souvenir. It took a whole physical training squad to round him up for this picture.

In the British Army, the Truncheon is officially accorded the "dignities and compliments" of a King's Colour of Infantry.

When recruits to the regiment become fully-fledged riflemen, they are sworn in on it. In the same way, recruits to the 1st Battalion, 6th Gurkha Rifles (which once had Field-Marshal Sir William Slim as adjutant) touch the Colours, which the regiment keeps in defiance of rifle tradition, as they pass out and become riflemen.

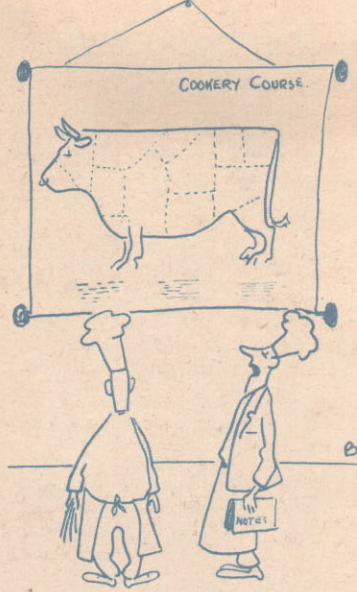


For the first time, Gurkhas are being trained for corps work. Men of the Royal Signals (left) and Royal Military Police (above) have their training units at Kuala Lumpur.



Gurkha wives, like the lady above, wear most of the family savings in the form of jewellery. Members of the Women's Voluntary Services, like Miss Phyllis Makepeace (below), help look after the welfare of the Gurkha families.





"To me, that's just a lot of bull."



"And take that silly grin off your face."



"And to think I was pinched in Civvy Street for carrying my kid brother on the cross-bar of my bike."



"What makes you think the British Army used to be here?"

Ready for the Tropics

Here's what the well-dressed Service girl will be wearing soon in the Far East: the new "dress, tropical," with ankle socks



At first glance it looks like the shirt-and-skirt ensemble already worn by Service girls overseas — but this is all in one piece. (Specially photographed for *SOLDIER* by LESLIE A. LEE).



The dress with the shirt-style top: note neat belt, rolled sleeves.

GIRLS in the Women's Royal Army Corps serving in the Far East are receiving a notable addition to their wardrobes.

Outward bound to them are the brand-new tropical dresses, and each girl will get not one, but six. This is the first time the members of the Women's Royal Army Corps, or its predecessor, the Auxiliary Territorial Service, have been issued with dresses.

The new tropical dress is smartly tailored in beige linen. It has a single-breasted bodice with four buttons and double-breasted style lapels and collar. The back of the bodice has a yoke made of double material and the skirt has six panels. The dress has two breast pockets, each with a centre pleat and flap. And there is a stitched belt, fastened with a buckle. Footwear consists of brown leather sandals and khaki ankle socks. Stockings, if worn, will be khaki.

At first glance the dress does not look much different from the shirt and skirt it is replacing. But it will be cooler and tidier to wear. It may be worn on duty or for walking out, as required.

In exchange for the dresses, the girls will give up two of the four cellular shirts and all six khaki drill skirts which have appeared on their Far East clothing scale up to now. First issue of the dresses will be free; maintenance will be repaid out of the clothing allowance.

FOOTNOTE: For members of the Women's Royal Army Corps all over the world who are waiting for their green Number One Dress, Mr. John Strachey, Secretary for War, recently had this news: that issues of the uniform should be complete by the end of 1951 or, at the latest, early in 1952.

"My dear! Gaiters!"

Today, in the museum of the Women's Royal Army Corps, young Servicewomen have a chance to see what their mothers — and grandmothers — endured



The Army Council presented these insignia of rank to the Queen when she became Commandant of the ATS. Now she has presented them to the WRAC museum.

IT'S never too late — or too early — to start a museum.

The Women's Royal Army Corps is now a permanent part of the Army, so it must nurse its traditions like any other corps. In the WRAC Training Centre at Stoughton, near Guildford, every new recruit passes through the corps museum, taking in tradition and history — a history which goes back to World War One, when the service was known as the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps.

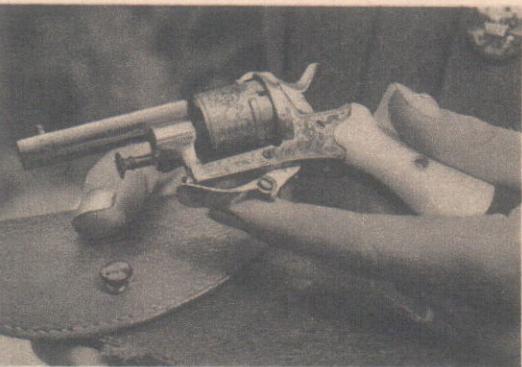
Here groups of girls dressed in the uniforms of today goggle and giggle at the outfits their mothers wore. "My dear, fancy wearing those gaiters!" they say, perhaps forgetting that some day their daughters may laugh just as heartily at them.

A large section of the museum is devoted to the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. There is a photograph album showing WAAC's in their narrow-brimmed basin bonnets, their boots and long full skirts talking to moustachioed, putteeed Tommies. There is a notice threatening disciplinary action against women attending dances improperly dressed — wearing "light stockings, jewellery etc." — and graciously allowing that if the heat is excessive "the top button of the coat-frock may be left undone." A charge sheet from 1919 shows that two girls were sentenced to seven days' "restriction of privileges" for being late on roll-call for the third time; the same names appear again immediately below, the charge this time being insubordination "in that they refused to comply with this award." Perhaps the campaign for the emancipation of women had turned their pretty heads.

Place of honour in the section dealing with the recent war is given to a picture of Private Norah Caveney, the first ATS girl killed in action. She died on 17 April 1942. Nearby is a case showing the various shoulder titles and insignia that the Corps has worn during its evolution. A notable exhibit is a set of special badges and gorgets, presented to the Queen by the Army Council when she became Commandant of the ATS in 1941. These badges have now been replaced by the normal Army insignia of a lieutenant-general.

Another interesting souvenir in this show-case, and one of the few lethal relics, is a tiny bone-handled revolver. It was issued to an ATS officer of high rank for personal protection during the invasion scare of 1940 — but without ammunition. On the wall above is a map showing 15 of the 17 theatres in which the ATS served. They are scattered throughout the world, from Jamaica to Japan, from West Africa to Washington.

Most of the exhibits have been donated by individuals in response to appeals. Strangely enough, more relics have been received from the first war than from the second. Former members of the war-time ATS prefer to think that their service was only yesterday. They do not realise that what seems commonplace to them may be of great historical interest in a hundred years time. Nor do they realise, perhaps, that the recruits entering the WRAC now were mostly only 12 or 13 years old when the war ended, only seven or eight when it began, and have little idea of what war-time service was like.



This pistol was issued (without ammunition) to a senior ATS officer in 1940. Below: designers of comic postcards in World War One found a new joke to exploit.



In the cabinet, cut-out models show Service girls in anything from sports kit to cooks' overalls. Above are portraits of former Directors.

A Tooth From Fiji

"Wa! Oi! Oi! Oi!" was the greeting when the Colonel of the Fiji Infantry Regiment presented a whale's tooth to a Colonel Commandant of the King's Royal Rifle Corps

WHEN the alliance between the King's Royal Rifle Corps and the Fiji Infantry Regiment was approved in May last year, the Fijians decided to symbolise it in their own way.

And so, when their Honorary Colonel, Ratu (Chief) Sir Lala Sukuna, a member of the Government of Fiji, came to Britain, he brought with him what he described as Fiji's "highest token of goodwill, loyalty and reverence."

It was a *tambua*, a tooth of a sperm whale strung at both ends with cord plaited from coconut fibre or screwpine leaves. In Fiji, the presentation of the *tambua* is made with a request, and to accept it is to accept an obligation to carry out the request. But, as in the case of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, the request may be merely to reciprocate the goodwill of which the *tambua* is a token.

The link which joins the King's Royal Rifle Corps to the Fiji Infantry Regiment, 12,000 miles away, dates back to World War One. In those years, about 250 Fijians served with the Riflemen in Flanders and won five Military Crosses, two Distinguished Conduct Medals and five Military Medals.

Sir Lala himself served in World War One, though not with the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He was a student at Oxford in 1914 and gave up his studies to fight. He could not join the British forces, so he went to the French Foreign Legion where he won the *Medaille Militaire* and was wounded.



Wearing the Fijian kilt: Sir Lala Sukuna, Honorary Colonel of the Fiji Infantry Regiment, with bandsmen of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

After that, he went back to Fiji, but returned to Europe as a sergeant-major in a transport corps of 100 Fijians who served in France and Italy.

In World War Two, the Fiji Islands raised a brigade group, with three battalions of Infantry and two Commandos, trained and partly officered by New Zealanders. They were the greatest jungle fighters of World War Two, and their stealth was such that on an exercise they "attacked" specially-alerted American troops with sticks of chalk and chalked crosses on sentries' tommy-guns and chairs in guard-rooms without being seen.

They fought on Guadalcanal, in the New Georgia landings and on Bougainville, where Corporal Se-fanaia Suka-naivalu of the 3rd Battalion, Fiji Infantry Regiment, earned a posthumous Victoria Cross. Ironically, his name meant "returned from the war." He was born in 1919, after his father had returned from serving with the Fiji Labour Corps in France and Italy.

Ratu Sir Lala Sukuna went to the Rifle Depot at Winchester to make the presentation, which was carried out according to Fijian custom. Standing before Major-General H. O. Curtis, a Colonel-Commandant of the King's Royal Rifle Corps, who was seated, Sir Lala held the *tambua* in both hands and opened with the customary expressions: "Wa! Oi! Oi! Oi!" A Fijian Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Livi Volavola, a student in England, replied with the same words.

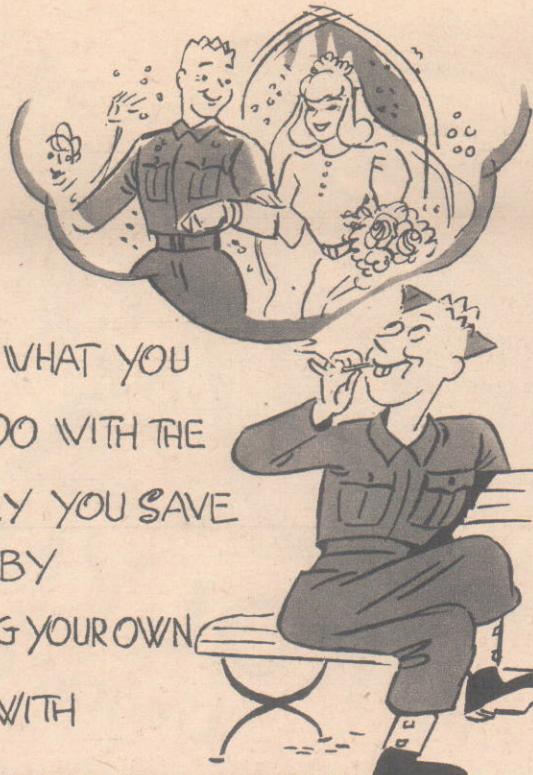
After a speech, Sir Lala moved up to General Curtis who, still seated, held out both hands and took the *tambua*, the tooth in one hand and the cord in the other, which is the customary way of giving or receiving it. Then the Master of Ceremonies, squatting beside the General, received the *tambua* and made the speech of thanks on behalf of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. When he finished speaking, he clapped his hands slowly, to indicate that the ceremony was over.



Sir Lala presents the *tambua* (whale's tooth) to Major-General H. O. Curtis, who remains seated as the ceremony requires. Squatting beside General Curtis is the Master of Ceremonies.



Sir Lala (who served in World War One) chats with Officer-Cadet R. J. B. Ackland, whose home is in Fiji. He leaves Sandhurst shortly to join the Fiji Regiment.



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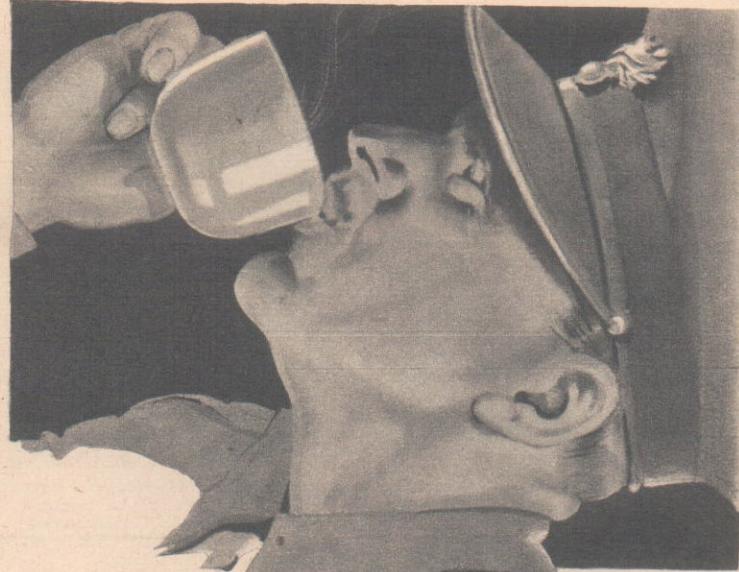
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★ Enraged his wife with pick-and-choosance.

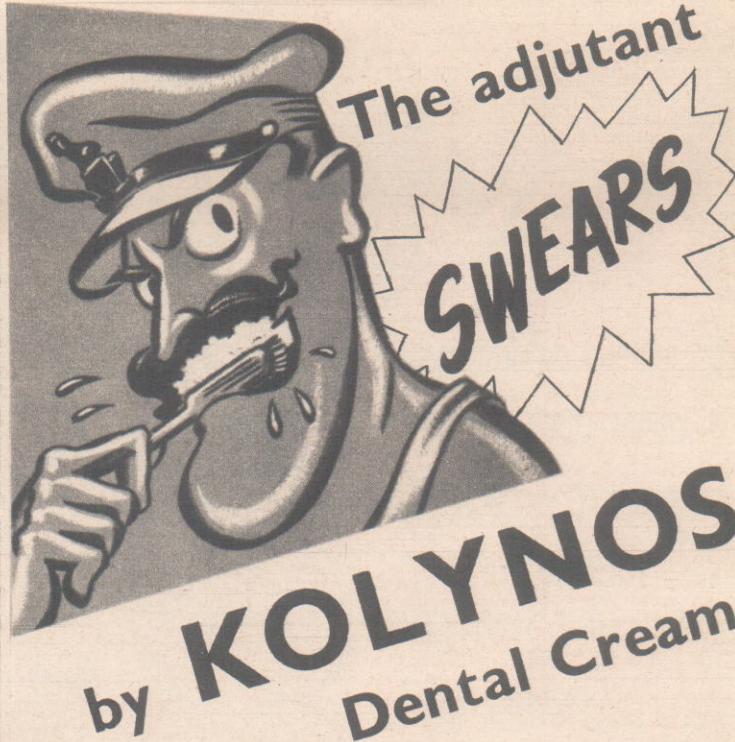
His appetite was sadly fickle,

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Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

The Letter Arrives -as a Photograph

A scrap of film, 35 millimetres wide, can carry two foolscap letters in the Army's revived microgram service

INTO the air mail bags passing between London and the Army's Far and Middle East headquarters go a number of round tins, about four inches in diameter and weighing about a pound each.

In each tin is 100 feet of 35-millimetre film — the same size as the film used for full-screen cinema shows — on which are 750 "frames." Each frame is the negative for photographs of one or two documents.

At their destination, the films are whipped off to the Army's micro-photography unit, and 24 hours later prints of the documents are on their way to their destination.

That is how the Army's microgram service works. It is the official version of the war-time airmail service which was operated by a big photographic company for the General Post Office and was used for soldiers' letters between Britain and the more distant overseas commands.

There was a microgram service during World War Two, but it was allowed to lapse at the end of 1945. Last year it was revived. The War Office reproduction service (a name which is sometimes wilfully misunderstood) took charge and trained soldiers in the mysteries of micro-photography to man the overseas ends. The War Office end is staffed by civilians. The service to and from the Middle East started first and the Far East service six months later.

The idea saves the taxpayer much money. A foolscap letter can be photographed on a half "frame," so that 100 feet of film will take 1500 letters. The weight of 1500 sheets of foolscap is about 9 lbs and 1500 ordinary foolscap envelopes weigh 30 lbs. Air mail to Singapore cost about 17s 6d a pound, so 39 lbs of letters and envelopes would cost £34 2s 6d to fly there. The saving by sending a pound of film instead is

£33 5s. Another important factor for the aircraft operators is that the microfilm takes up far less room in the fuselage of an aircraft.

The microgram service is not the quickest way of sending a letter. There is a delay of about 24 hours at each end for processing, and at the sender's end this may mean missing an aircraft. But for letters which are not of prime urgency it is a quick service — about a week, for instance, from Singapore, against five weeks by ship.

The owner of a box-camera would have a hard time recognising the machine which photographs his letter for a microgram. The camera itself is a box mounted on a steel cylinder above a table, which is brilliantly floodlit. To focus it, the operator switches on a pilot light inside the camera, then touches a switch at the side of the table and the camera moves up or down until the area on which the pilot light shines is the area of the document.

A dial at the other side of the table sets the length of exposure, which varies between one-tenth of a second and a whole second, according to the condition of the document. The operator has to judge where to set the dial. But on more recent machines, which may come into Army service later, a photo-electric gadget automatically determines the exposure.

Once the machine is set, the operator slips the documents on to the table and presses a pedal; this makes the exposure and automatically moves the film to the next frame. An operator can photograph as many as 1800 documents a day.

In the darkroom, the film is wound on to a frame for developing. When it is finished, it goes on to a "reader," a machine which projects each frame on to a screen so that it can be checked. Here Britain's electricity load-shedding makes difficulties: a dimming in the flood-lights which was not noticeable to the operator may mean an illegible film, and the same result may come from a mistake in the length of exposure. A bad frame is done again. Green and mauve inks, incidentally, photograph badly.

The printing is an even more mechanised process. Into one end



At the micro-film camera: the operator in this picture is photographing soldiers' records of service. The actual camera is above the operator's head. Below: On the left a film is drying. On the right is the "reader" on which films are checked before they are sent off.



of a long machine goes a 100-foot roll of film and a 1000-foot roll of printing paper. The wheels are set in motion, each frame — enlarged to the right size — is projected on to the paper, which then makes a long journey through baths of chemicals and over heated rollers which dry and iron it, and it comes out at the other end finished and ready to be chopped up into the right lengths. A 100-foot roll of film takes about an hour and a quarter to process.

Again the work is checked, so that no bad prints go out. Special care is taken with batches of documents through which one man may have to work, to save him eye-strain.

Any kind of document which is clear enough can be micro-photographed, and each roll of film in the microgram service is

treated as Top Secret, so that it can carry messages of any classification.

Besides micrograms, the plant is used for several other jobs. One is providing duplicate copies of soldiers' documents to be sent with them when they are posted overseas. Still another is photographing the report-forms filled in by medical boards for anyone who is examined for national service. Films of this type go into the archives unprinted; prints are made only if they are needed.

One of the reproduction service's urgent jobs was to send a mobile team to the United States in 1946 to make copies of documents needed by the British prosecution team at the Nuremberg war crimes trials. The originals could not be taken away from Washington.

RICHARD LASCELLES



Ready for the envelope. A long strip of printed letters comes out of the developing and printing machine, straight on to the guillotine.

A Day in the Life of a Colonel

IT was a bad day for Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, commanding the 12th Light Dragoons (later the 12th Royal Lancers). Indeed, it was a bad day for a good many people. It was the day of the Battle of Waterloo.

Lieutenant-Colonel Ponsonby was disabled in both arms in a charge and was thrown senseless to the ground. These are some of the things which afterwards happened to him:

He recovered, raised his head and was perceived by a lancer who, exclaiming "Tu n'est pas mort, coquin?" ("You aren't dead, cock?") stuck his lance through the colonel's back.

He was twice plundered.

He was befriended and made comfortable by a French officer who gave him a sip of brandy.

He was used by a *tirailleur* as a rest for his musket, the man "loading and firing many times, and conversing with great gaiety all the while."

He was over-run in the dark by two squadrons of Prussian Cavalry, at full trot, the horses' hooves lifting him from the ground and tumbling him about.

He was plundered again.

He was befriended by a British Infantryman who had lost his regiment.

Did the Colonel die? Not likely. They were tough men in the Twelfth. He survived his ordeal for another 22 years, "wearing his medals and scars with the same modesty and distinction he had always shown at the head of his regiment."

This story is told in one of the best regimental histories ever

written: "The History of the XII Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's)" by Captain P. F. Stewart MC (Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press 30s). It is the story of the British Army as well as a chronicle of a Cavalry regiment, and is told with a richness of colour and anecdote. It is factual, but never clogged with fact.

The 12th Royal Lancers have had many distinguished soldiers on their strength—from the Duke of Wellington, under whom they served in Spain and France, to General Sir Richard L. McCreery and Lieutenant-General H. Lumsden, under both of whom they fought in the late war.

After its service in the Peninsula, the Regiment's commander was able to make this claim:

"The 12th can boast of what no regiment in the Army can, except the ones that came out the other day, that we never lost a single man by surprise, not a piquet or patrol has ever been taken, nor a man deserted or even tried by court-martial."

For the Peninsula campaign, that was a considerable claim.

Soon after Waterloo the Regiment began to learn the use of



A famous soldier who once commanded the 12th Royal Lancers: General Sir Richard L. McCreery, former Commander-in-Chief of Rhine Army. He won many riding trophies for the 12th Lancers — and he is still riding today.

the lance — the first weapon being 16 feet long and "absurdly unmanageable." It was soon cut down to nine feet.

The 12th Royal Lancers had the almost exclusive distinction of charging with the lance in World War One, at the Battle of Moy in 1914. The book contains a colour

reproduction from a war artist's picture of this famous encounter. There was a curious irony in the fact that the German regiment which suffered in this charge was the 2nd (Queen Victoria's Own) Prussian Dragoons.

World War One was not to be a Cavalryman's war. The 12th Lancers, nevertheless, put in much arduous and useful service.

In 1928 came a historic Army Order on the lance: "Training in the handling and use of this weapon other than for ceremonial purposes will be discontinued forthwith."

Soon the talk was of carburetors and differentials, and in 1929 the Regiment found itself patrolling Palestine in Rolls-Royce armoured cars.

In World War Two the 12th Royal Lancers served with the British Expeditionary Force in France, against Rommel in the Western Desert, and then joined in the push from the Sangro to the Po. Its armoured cars reached Trieste in the first jostling for control of that city. Writes Captain Stewart:

"The City Fathers, fearful of the unknown forces of Communism, handed Trieste over to Major Abraham and Captain Monroe-Hinds. They signed in a large book, and for all they know they may possess the city still."



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2. What battle gave its name to a head-dress?
3. What does a country seek to control when it imposes sumptuary laws?
4. In former times, if you committed a certain offence, you were buried at a cross-roads, with a stake through your breast, and your personal property was forfeited to the Crown. What was the offence?
5. Members of a notorious religious sect in India used to mingle with innocent travellers, and when opportunity offered, strangle them with a silk handkerchief. What were they called?
6. If you took up the craft of damascening, you would have to be able to do—what?
7. One of these is out of place: Stilton, Camembert, Cheshire, Wensleydale, Roquefort, Chanel, Limburger, Cheddar. Which?
8. Are any of these statements correct?
 - (a) The man who, according
9. A long-lost (and scandalous) diary by a well-known English author who flourished in the eighteenth century has just been published in Britain for the first time. What is its name?
10. If you were, literally, a lotus eater, you would be eating:
 - (a) the liver of the dog shark;
 - (b) the spawn of Persian bull-frogs;
 - (c) the sweet fruit of a prickly shrub;
 - (d) the petals of a wild orchid.
11. Does beeswax come from bees?
12. Can you name this film actress?



(Answers on Page 44)



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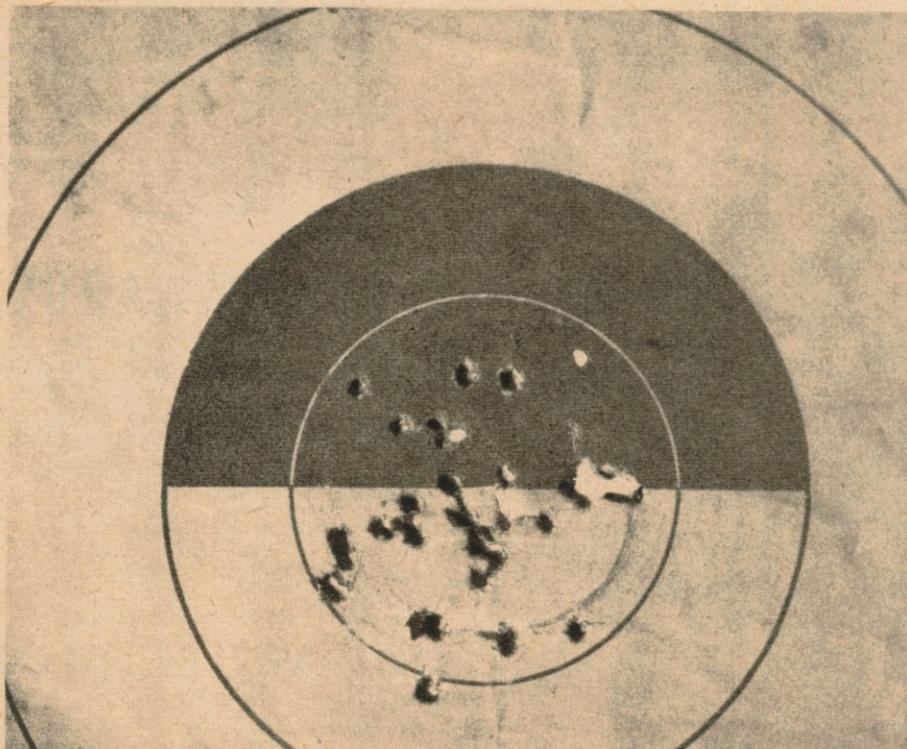
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CRACK



Wearing his coat of many colours: Sergeant-Major William Meaker, REME, the British Army's crack revolver shot. The insignia tell the tale of his small-bore successes.



The card which set up a world's record: 30 shots registered inside, or on, the inner circle at 50 yards. This feat was performed at Bisley in 1948.

Ten rounds at 20 yards — and all on the bull's eye. The card reads: "First 'possible' ever made by an Englishman at 20 yards." The year: 1947.

SHOT!

It is said that a sunset always looks best viewed from this position. Sergeant-Major Meaker says it is a good position for taking steady aim at a target.

The champion performer with a pistol in the British Army is a sergeant-major of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who was once an officer in the Home Guard



Sergeant-Major Meaker has been looking along the barrel of a gun since he was six years old.



curate. By learning the art of placing his shots to find the correct point of aim, he started himself on that long road to the home of expert marksmanship — Bisley.

At the age of 16 he ran away from Kingston Grammar School to join the East Surrey Regiment. Soon he was battalion champion with both rifle and revolver and became qualified at a small arms school in India as a unit instructor and taught marksmanship as a platoon sergeant.

OVER



ON TARGET

SHOOTING enthusiasts—on any type of weapon—will find much of interest in the latest magazine to cater for them: *The Marksman*, published monthly.

The Marksman has a lively curiosity about all forms of shooting—from target contests to tiger-stalking. It describes famous weapons like the Colt .45 and the Winchester '73, and such curiosities as the home-made and terrifying tribal rifles of the North-West Frontier, and the walking-stick air guns which were so popular with Victorian gentlemen. The earlier walking-stick models had to be pumped up in order to compress the air—and the discharge was lethal: bullets could penetrate a one-inch deal plank at 50 yards.

Here is Serjeant-Major Meaker with a small selection of his trophies. He has 180 cups and 279 medals.

CRACK SHOT! (Continued)

In 1930 he left the Army, opened a gunsmith's business in London and joined the Ham and Petersham Rifle Club, where he took up pistol competition shooting seriously.

Came the war and he was told he would be called up. "But the Army forgot all about me until 1943, so I became an officer in the Home Guard," he says. "Eventually I was told to report to REME in the rank of craftsman."

He likes REME and the Corps likes him. Quite apart from the fact that he has led his unit team to the small-bore championship in the British Army, his enthusiasm in shooting has encouraged others, and today REME provide many of the Army's finest shots.

Every year the Serjeant-Major goes to Bisley, where he has been small-bore pistol champion three

years running, and most weekends he drives in his car to the Ham and Petersham club. When he cannot get away from his unit, he slips up to the 30-yards range three minutes walk away. What has he against the Army issue revolver? "There is too much room for gas to escape between the chamber and the barrel," he says. "In any case, for Olympic and international contests .22 pistols are used."

His weapons have cost him a lot of money. Two Smith and Wessons were £35 and £18 each, a .22 Walther automatic was £40, a Webley £15. He has others, including an ancient Colt he reserves for use at sports functions. "The worst of being a

champion shot is that you are called on to fire the starting gun at athletic meetings," he says.

It was a proud report which Serjeant-Major Meaker was able to make to his adjutant on last year's Bisley: he was winner of the Army revolver championship, member of the Army revolver eight, member of the English pistol team against USA and Canada, first prize winner in the range series aggregate for a silver tankard, winner of the slow fire aggregate for the Webley Scott cup, first in the range series slow fire at 20 yards, first in the range series slow fire at 50 yards, first in the timed rapid fire, winner of the revolver prize for ten yards, winner of the Granets (a one second per shot snapshooting contest), and, as a rifleman, winner of a gold medal in the King's Hundreds at 900 and 1000 yards.

The success which pleased Serjeant-Major Meaker most was winning the rapid fire. It had always been his weak point. He fitted his revolver with a small plunger and spring which acted as a cushion for the hammer when it flew to the rear. This steadied the gun, and his performance rapidly improved.

Another aid to accuracy is his own method of aiming. In place of the normal Army rule of aligning the foresight tip in the centre of, and level with, the top of the backsight "V," he always gets the tip of the foresight into the base of the "V," and has his revolvers zeroed to meet this requirement.

The man who can pump 30 shots into a two-inch bull at 50 yards also finds that he can fire with almost equal accuracy with his back to the target by aiming through his legs. "My elbows rest on my thighs and it is simple to get a steady aim," he says.

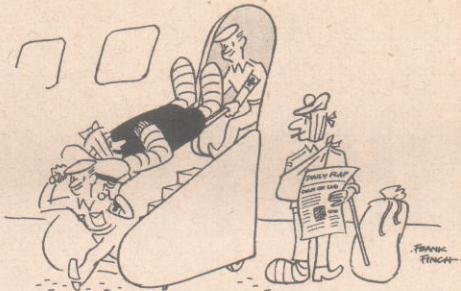
But Serjeant-Major Meaker is not a lover of trick shots. During a pre-war visit to America he saw tricksters put bullets through paper-covered rings tossed into the air. Yet in competition shoots these stunt men failed.

"Trick stuff and competition shooting do not go together," he says.

The Serjeant-Major is proud of the fact that he is the only serving soldier to shoot in the international team for England. His trophies include 180 cups, 279 medals and 11 cigarette cases (including some of gold).

The cigarette cases are not used. The Army's champion pistol shot does not smoke.

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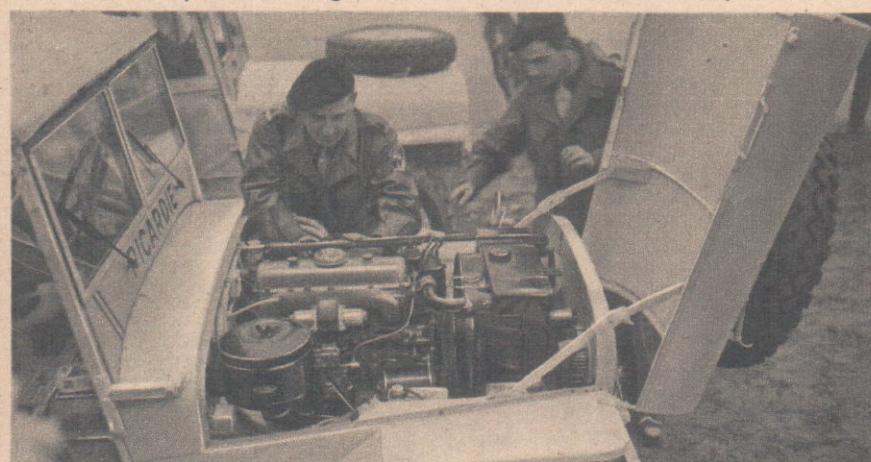


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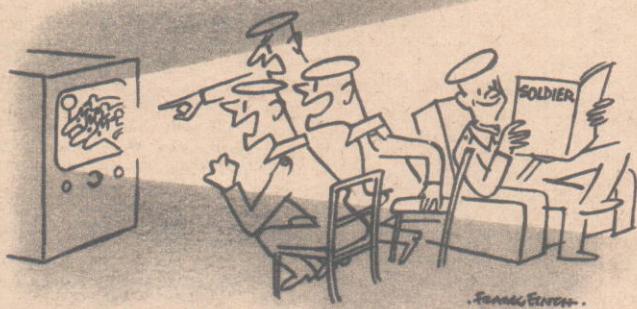
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What happens to Secret Service agents when they get the sack for failing down on a job? Trevor Howard goes cataloguing butterflies, and runs into Jean Simmons who is suffering from a clouded mind and a probable murder charge. Thereafter the story takes a number of original turns in the course of which a whole team of Secret Service agents join a battle of wits with the police.

SOMETHING IN THE CITY

Story-tellers love to play with characters who try to live two lives at once, from the Caliph of Bagdad to Dr. Jekyll. Richard Hearne's two lives, in this film, are simple: the dapper little city man, and the pavement artist. Fun starts when journalist Garry Marsh tries to find out something about one of them. The idea is not so remote from real life as you might think.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

Betty Grable, aching for motherhood, has a lot of trouble with adoption authorities and ends up with more children than she bargained for. More important than the children, however, are nine songs, plenty of dancing and spectacular colour sets. Dan Dailey dances, too.

TWO FLAGS WEST

The trouble with the palefaces out West is that they are always fighting among themselves as well as against them durned Injuns. So it is at Fort Thorn: much ammunition is expended and many horses gallop for Joseph Cotten, Linda Darnell, Jeff Chandler and Cornel Wilde.

A TICKET TO TOMAHAWK

And it's just the same on the road to Tomahawk as it is at Fort Thorn. When the railway line packs up, they organise mules to draw the engine across the prairie — an unusual sort of mule train. Dan Dailey, again, this time partnering Anne Baxter.

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Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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



ARMY DRIVERS

The "SOLDIER to Soldier" for January indicated that drivers of military vehicles have a bad accident record. While admitting that some Service drivers are young, inexperienced and inclined to recklessness, I suggest that the accident rate for military vehicles will always be higher than that for civilian ones. Most military vehicles are designed to cope with cratered roads or to traverse rough country. The tyre treads grip well on thick mud, but slip badly on smooth, wet surfaces. Also the chassis is usually high above the ground, which increases the tendency to skid. All this, added to the bulk and clumsiness of the vehicles, which you remarked upon, and the fact that most military vehicles are equipped with powerful engines, means that however good the drivers may be, the road accident rate for Army transport will always remain high. — "Fellow Traveller" (name and address supplied).

to be paid for his appointment after holding it only 21 days and to become a sergeant within two years. The prospects of attaining ranks higher than that of sergeant are limited by the large number of men who were promoted to these ranks during the war, but these prospects, too, will soon be brighter.

A soldier enlisting on a three-years regular engagement under the special terms for National Servicemen can save at least £1 a week and still have 25 shillings to spend as pocket money. He can also take a correspondence course for ten shillings which would cost nearer £10 in civilian life. Thus he can return to civilian life holding a commercial or technical certificate and with £150 in the bank. He will then draw seven shillings a week for nine years as a reservist. There are plenty of facts like these which should be of interest to parents wondering about a career for their sons, but unfortunately most recruiting notices do not mention them.

Some units display a board which gives figures of the unit savings over a period of months. Perhaps the Army's effort to educate men might be more apparent to the public if units displayed a similar board listing the men who had obtained various educational, commercial and technical certificates. — "Jamrud" (name and address supplied).

OVERTAKING

I am glad to hear that the Army is making a drive for safer motoring (SOLDIER, January). Perhaps an idea from the civilian lorry-operators of Malaya might help to reduce accident figures.

There every big lorry carries a driver's mate in the rear. He sits somewhere near the tail-board and holds a steel hook, a heavy spanner or some other piece of metal. Whenever a faster vehicle comes up behind the lorry and waits to overtake, this chap, from his superior height, scans the road ahead. If it is clear, he bangs on the side of the vehicle with his piece of metal, and the driver immediately pulls over to let the other vehicle pass. It all makes for safer and more pleasant motoring — more pleasant, especially, if one is likely to be stuck behind a load of stinking rubber. What the feelings of the driver's mate, riding on the smelly cargo, may be I have never been able to find out. — "Jeepster," Kuala Lumpur.

KEY TO SUCCESS

In "SOLDIER to Soldier" (November) you point out that if a man wants to improve his reading in the Army the opportunities are there, if the urge is, and that what is needed is some way of developing that urge. The same thing is true if the word "position" is substituted for "reading". The urge for promotion can be developed by parents taking an interest in their son's career and, if necessary, dropping a line to his OC.

Before the war it was quite common for a lance-corporal to wait two years before being paid for his stripe and for a man to have been an NCO for ten years before being promoted to sergeant. Nowadays it is quite normal for a lance-corporal

INSTRUCTORS

In the December SOLDIER a correspondent suggests that every man entering the Army with a School Certificate should automatically be given a weapon training instructor's course at an Army school (arguing that instructors "should be recruited from the best material").

I think this would be a waste of the Army's time and money. In my own experience, I have found that the man who left school at 14 or 15 has more common-sense than a man who was educated up to the School Certificate standard. Choose rather the poacher and cat burglar, the mechanic or fitter for instructors.

In any case, let there be nothing "automatic" about it. Every man should be chosen on his merits in the Army, and not on the strength of what he did before he joined up. — Sjt. W. Fletcher, 3rd Bn. Coldstream Guards, MELF.

Answers

(from Page 36)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Yes.
2. Balaclava.
3. Excessive spending on luxuries.
4. Suicide.
5. Thugs.
6. Inlay one metal in another.
7. Chanel is a perfume; the rest are cheeses.
8. (a) correct; (b) incorrect — it was Caesar; (c) incorrect — it was the Duke of Wellington; (d) correct.
9. Boswell's London Journal.
10. (c).
11. Yes.
12. You've just been looking at her on the back cover: Yvonne de Carlo.

The letter in the December SOLDIER advocating the use of the Winchester '73 in the British Army just amazes me. The writer talks of clumsy bolt-action rifles, and of the penetration and speed of the Winchester. No Winchester tubular magazine lever-action rifle handles high-velocity military cartridges. They are all powder loads of various types, including the much-boosted '73. The magazines are clumsy and slowly charged by pushing each round through the loading shutter on the right side of the body and forward into the magazine. The only Winchester lever-action rifles to handle high-velocity military ammunition have box magazines, not tubes. They are, in my opinion, understocked and would probably exhaust the firer far more quickly than the Service rifle of any nation today. Physical examination of tube magazine rifles should convince your correspondent of these points. Again, owing to the length of the lever and the angle formed by it when reloading, the '73 is extremely difficult to operate in the prone position. It is necessary to twist the body over to re-cock the rifle, making rapid fire very difficult. — Pte. P. Seymour, Depot, The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorks.

WEEK-ENDS OFF

In the December SOLDIER you quote Major-General A. C. Duff on the "dangerous" tendency of soldiers to spend their leisure at week-ends away from their camps, to the detriment of the corporate life of the unit.

By a coincidence, in the same issue you have a report on the isolated



"...forced to devise their own entertainment..."

garrison, of Akaba, where morale appears to be high. I suggest it is high simply because there is no week-end hitch-hiking out of camp and the men are forced to devise their own entertainment. — "France and Germany Star."

★ See "SOLDIER to Soldier" Page 6.

SMALLER CALL-UP?

I have heard a rumour that, although more men are needed in the Services, fewer National Servicemen are, in fact, being called up each year. This seems quite extraordinary. Can you shed any light? — "Rose of Tralee."

★ The Minister of Labour informed a Parliamentary questioner in December that the percentages of men posted to the Forces from the 1929, 1930 and 1931 classes were as follows: 1929 class — 69 per cent; 1930 class — 59 per cent; 1931 class — 51 per cent. Further postings would be recorded as deferments expired.

"The eventual yield from the 1929 and 1930 classes," said Mr. Isaacs, "is likely to be slightly over 70 per cent; that from the 1931 class will be rather less owing to the improved methods of medical examination. The balance will consist of those medically unfit and of agricultural workers, coal-miners and merchant seamen, and men who volunteered for the Regular Forces. Figures for the 1932 class are not yet available."

LONG SERVICE

I was very interested in your Long Service Page (SOLDIER, January) and particularly in the photographs of the old soldiers with eight and ten service stripes.

Long-service men are proud of their stripes, and it is a sad moment when, because of promotion to corporal, these have to be taken off to make way for stripes pointing in the opposite direction. I suppose this sacrifice is inevitable, if NCO's are not to go round with their left arms looking like zebra legs. But couldn't some small and neat method of indicating the length of service of an NCO be devised? Corporals and sergeants are proud of their years of service, too. — Serjeant A. J. W., BAOR (name and address supplied).

DIE-HARD

It was with great pleasure that I read the letter about the pipers of the Middlesex Regiment in December's SOLDIER, because I served with the 2nd Battalion under Colonel Page in March 1918. I wonder if there are any other readers who served with the Battalion at that time?

May I take this opportunity of sending my greetings and best wishes to all its present members? — J. F. Stead, Hon. National Quartermaster, The Fellowship, 40 Winchester Rd., Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.

THE BIGGEST?

In November's SOLDIER it is claimed that the power station at Pasir Panjang (Singapore) is the largest ever built by the British Army. Our power station at Fayid was built in 1947 by Sappers and German prisoners-of-war. It has four steam turbines capable of generating 1000 kilowatts each and six diesels generating 400 kilowatts each. We are now putting in a seventh diesel. We think we can claim to be the largest power station built and operated by the Army. As a point of interest, our four steam turbines are mobile and can be moved by rail as required. — Spr. J. Grossom, Fayid Power Station Det., RE, MELF 15.

FROM ATS TO WRAC

After being released from the ATS I rejoined for four years extended service, which carried a gratuity of £20 a year. Later I and many others in a similar position transferred to the WRAC to make things easier for Records. Will this affect the amount of gratuity we receive? — WO II P. Strickland, Domestic Science Centre, Catterick Camp, Yorks.

★ All women who enlisted in the WRAC while serving in ATS extended service engagements have a reserved right to gratuities on the extended service scale.

HMS BOUNTY?

According to the regulations on re-enlistment and re-engagement bounty, civilians with previous service in the Forces may be eligible for £50 bounty if they re-enlist on a 12-year engagement. I am thinking of doing this, but my previous service was in the Royal Navy. Will I get the £50 if I re-enlist in the Army? — "Prospective Recruit" (name and address supplied).

★ No. ACI 672/1950, which lays down the conditions under which this bounty is payable, states specifically that the previous service must have been done in the Army.

Letters Continued Overleaf

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"You can always tell an old Sergeant-Major".
"Sure. But you can't tell him much — About
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MORE LETTERS

SEAC MEDAL

I was serving in India from October 1945 to February 1946 and in Singapore from February 1946 to June 1947. Does this qualify me for the General Service Medal with the "S. E. Asia 1945-46" clasp? — Gnr. K. H. Godson, RHQ 23rd. Fd. Regt., RA., BAPO 1, Hong-Kong.

★ This medal is awarded for post-war service in Java, Sumatra and French Indo-China. Service in India or Malaya is not a qualification.

CORPS OF INFANTRY

I see the old subject of a Corps of Infantry has reared its ugly head again in your January issue. SOLDIER will probably get letters about it ad nauseam, so I would like to get in early.

Your correspondent raises the usual spectres of regimental history and tradition. All right, let's look into a bit of first-hand history. The regiment with which I served for most of the war was not my own. During the period when it was winning some of its most lustrous laurels no fewer than 27 different cap badges could be counted in its ranks, worn by reinforcements who had been scratched together and hastily sent up the line. The division of which my battalion formed a part was composed of units of English, Scots, Welsh, Irish and a hybrid race called Guardsmen. Regimental and racial rivalry seriously detracted from the efficiency of the division as a whole until a new commander had the good sense to foster the esprit-de-corps of the division rather than that of any of its component parts. Thereafter it was the division first and anything else after-

wards and an improvement in the morale and cohesion of the whole force soon followed.

Thus there is no truth in the suggestion that soldiers cannot feel the same loyalty towards a numbered unit that they can towards a named one. Let us be proud to belong to the Corps of Infantry instead of extolling the virtues of our own little clique to the detriment of our comrade footsloggers. — PBI (name and address supplied).

ENTERTAINMENT

Can SOLDIER explain why Combined Services Entertainment will not accept applications from men wishing



No vacancies for entertainers...

to join that organisation? — Cpl. J. Brooks, Depot, The King's Own Royal Regt., Bowerham Bks., Lancaster, Lancs.

★ There is no establishment for members of the Armed Forces in Combined Services Entertainment in Britain. It is held that troops of Home commands can find sufficient entertainment through normal civilian organisations. To supplement this the Army relies on enthusiasts to help units to organise their own amateur entertainment.

There are a few military posts in small CSE sections overseas, but these are all filled at present.

ACCOMMODATION

If I return to Britain with my family and there is no accommodation for us in married quarters or hostels, can I find my own lodgings and then claim lodging allowance? — Sjt. A. Phillips, 1st. Bn., The Manchester Regt., BAOR 2.

★ Lodging allowance is admissible only when a soldier is separated from his family and there is no military accommodation for him.

Applications for hostel accommodation in Britain must be forwarded by the unit through the headquarters of the command in which the soldier is serving.

ALL MY EYE

When I was a child, my grandfather would dismiss anything he thought was nonsense with, "It's all my eye and Betty Martin, as the soldiers say." Since I have been in the Army, I cannot say that I have heard soldiers use the phrase much, but can any of your readers tell if it did have a military origin, and if so what it was? — Education Serjeant, BAOR.

★ One theory as to the origin of the phrase is that it was a ribald parody of the battle-cry of the French troops more than 1000 years ago: "O Mih! Beate Martini."

DIFFERENT BRIDGES

In the article "At the Sign of the Duck" (SOLDIER, October) you publish two photographs of rafts under construction and state that they are of the same type. This is incorrect. The lower photograph shows a Class V track-raft, which is built on folding boats with the tracks parallel to the keels of the boats. The upper picture shows an anti-tank raft, built on assault craft with the tracks at right-angles to the keels. — Spr. E. J. Steptoe, 3 Troop, 4 Fd. Sqn., 21st. Fd. Regt. RE, BAOR 5.

* "LAUGHTER IN THE RANKS"
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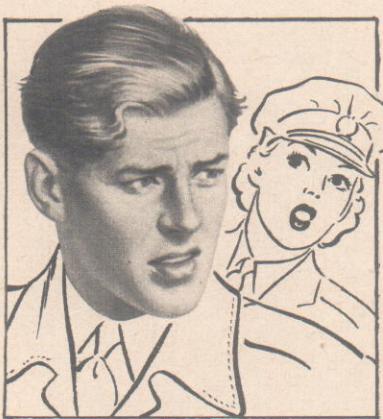
THE AUTHOR

Can anyone tell me the author of two very fine lines of poetry which I saw quoted recently. They seem to me to contain a whole philosophy of soldiering. They are:

Body and spirit I surrendered whole
To harsh instructors — and received a soul.

— "Highland Div." (name and address supplied).

★ The author was Rudyard Kipling.



oh-oh!

You wouldn't think a smart squaddie would be so careless about his hair, would you? Dull and lifeless, looks as if he never combed it! And dandruff in the parting and on his collar. Dry Scalp is his trouble, obviously. Doesn't he know about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic?



Mm-m!

He's certainly heard of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic now—and used it. Amazing how much better your hair looks and your scalp feels, when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. Just a 20-second daily massage—and Dry Scalp's gone for good—the hair is easy to manage—and stays well groomed all day. A few drops are all you need—a little goes a long way.

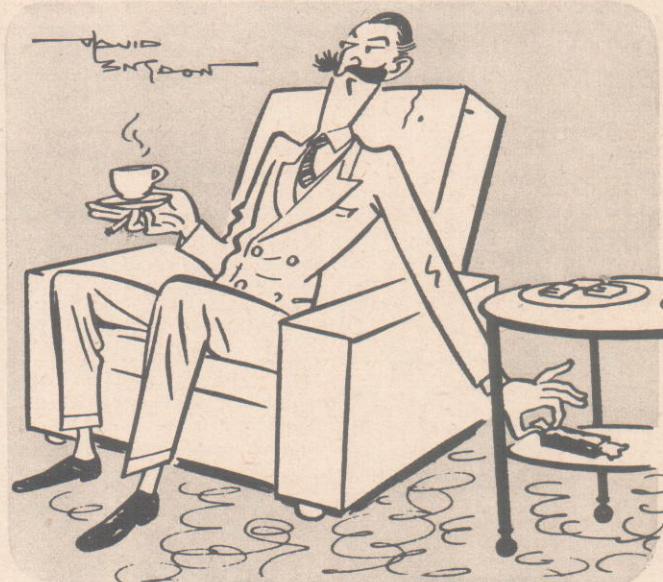
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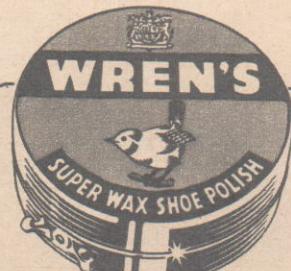


Jean sighed—"Men are funny—soldiers most of all!"

"You expect me to look smart all the time but if I spent as long as you do on my shoes you'd soon grumble. Yet I'll match mine with yours any day".



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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



YVONNE DE CARLO

— "Hotel Sahara"

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And de Carlo's charms,
You have the basis
Of a tip-top oasis.