

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

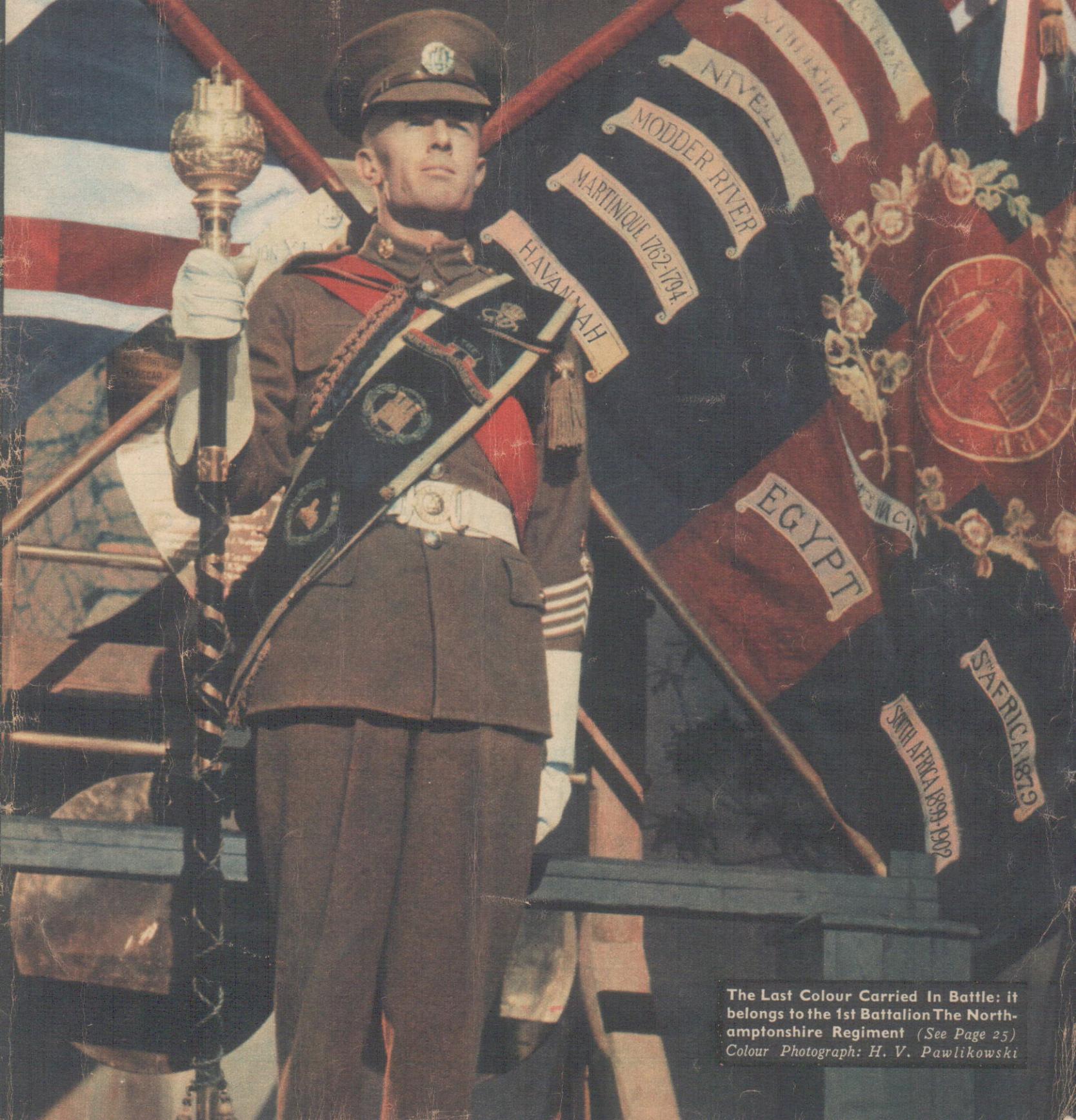
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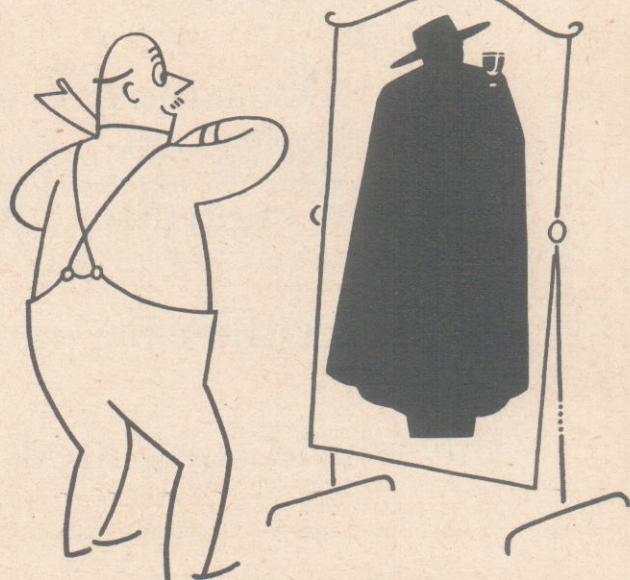
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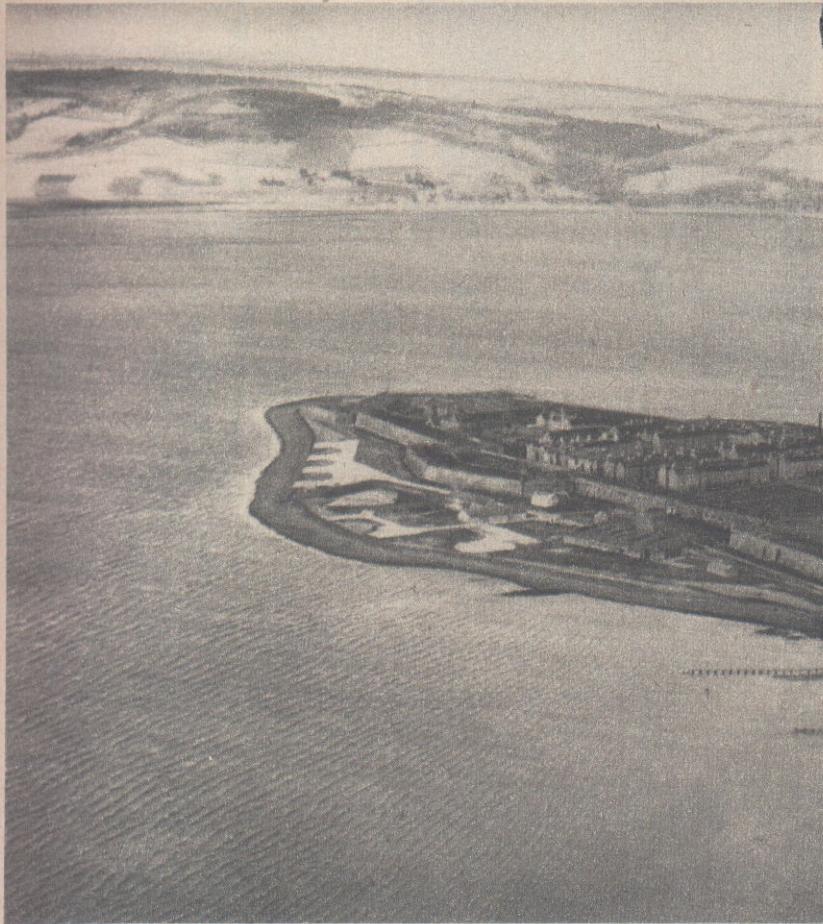


SANDEMAN
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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH



The Old Red Fort In The Firth

Fort George houses the Depots of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Highland Brigade. Here is the home of Highland military tradition. Here are a piping school, a dog cemetery and a regimental maternity hospital

IT was a peaceful, moonlit evening at Fort George. On three sides, the sea lay placid below the ramparts.

A piper gently broke the stillness, playing the officers' mess call. He was followed, a few seconds later, by a bugler who sounded Defaulters. It was all very restful and pleasant — except, perhaps, for the defaulters.

Then, from a corner of the ramparts, a Very light rose into the air, outshining the moon. Thunderflashes began to roar and blank cartridges to spit. A platoon was staging an attack.

The piper and the bugler represented the unhurried tradition of a 200-year-old fort which has long been the home of the Seaforth Highlanders. The attack illustrated the urgency of modern training. Within a few weeks, the attackers would be on their way to Korea.

Fort George plays two parts in the training of recruits for the six regiments of the Highland Brigade. Under the present Infantry system, recruits receive six weeks basic training in their own regimental depots. They may then join their battalions at home or in Europe. If their battalions are in the Middle East, they train for another four weeks at their brigade depots; if the battalions are in the Far East, they do ten weeks at brigade depots.

OVER →

James Boswell found "enchantment" on this "barren, sandy point." Below: The pipe band plays a ceremonial guard over the bridge to the ravelin. (Aerial picture by RAF; other photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE)





Left: Drum-Major J. W. Beaton, of the Highland Brigade Depot Band, wears a sash with the badges of all six regiments of the Brigade. Above: Like a scene from a Commando film: an attacker scales the ramparts in a night exercise.

DR. JOHNSON DINED HERE

*D*R. Samuel Johnson called at Fort George on his way to the Hebrides in 1773.

He and James Boswell, his biographer, dined with the Governor, Sir Eyre Coote, who was to defeat Hyder Ali in India.

"At three the drum beat for dinner," says Boswell. "I, for a little while, fancied myself a military man, and it pleased me."

"We had a dinner of two complete courses, variety of wines and the Regimental Band of music playing in the Square, before the windows, after it... Dr. Johnson said, 'I shall always remember this Fort with gratitude.' I could not help being struck with some admiration at finding upon this barren, sandy point, such buildings — such a dinner — such company; it was like enchantment. Dr. Johnson, on the other hand, said to me more rationally, that 'it did not strike him as anything extraordinary, because he knew here was a large sum of money expended in building a Fort; here was a Regiment. If there had been less than what he found, it would have surprised him.'"

Fort George is both the Regimental Depot of the Seaforth Highlanders and the Depot of the Highland Brigade which includes, besides the Seaforths, the Black Watch, Highland Light Infantry, Gordon Highlanders, Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders and Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The two depots share a commanding officer, who is a Seaforth and other staff. Fort George also houses the Brigade Colonel of the Highland Brigade, Colonel G. L. Neilson, DSO, whose job is to supervise and co-ordinate the work of the Brigade's depots, and their recruiting. Colonel Neilson commanded the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Korea.

The re-introduction of training in regimental depots is intended to fortify the Infantry's regimental spirit, and the new policy of making a man's overseas tour coincide with that of his battalion will help to maintain that spirit.

Fort George

(Continued)

There is still, however, no guarantee that a man will serve with the regiment in whose depot he trained. Re-badging happens most frequently to National Servicemen; it may happen to Regulars but this is avoided if possible. When SOLDIER visited Fort George, a number of men from other regiments were about to be posted to the Black Watch, which was preparing its first battalion for Korea and raising the second battalion it had earned by its good record in recruiting Regulars.

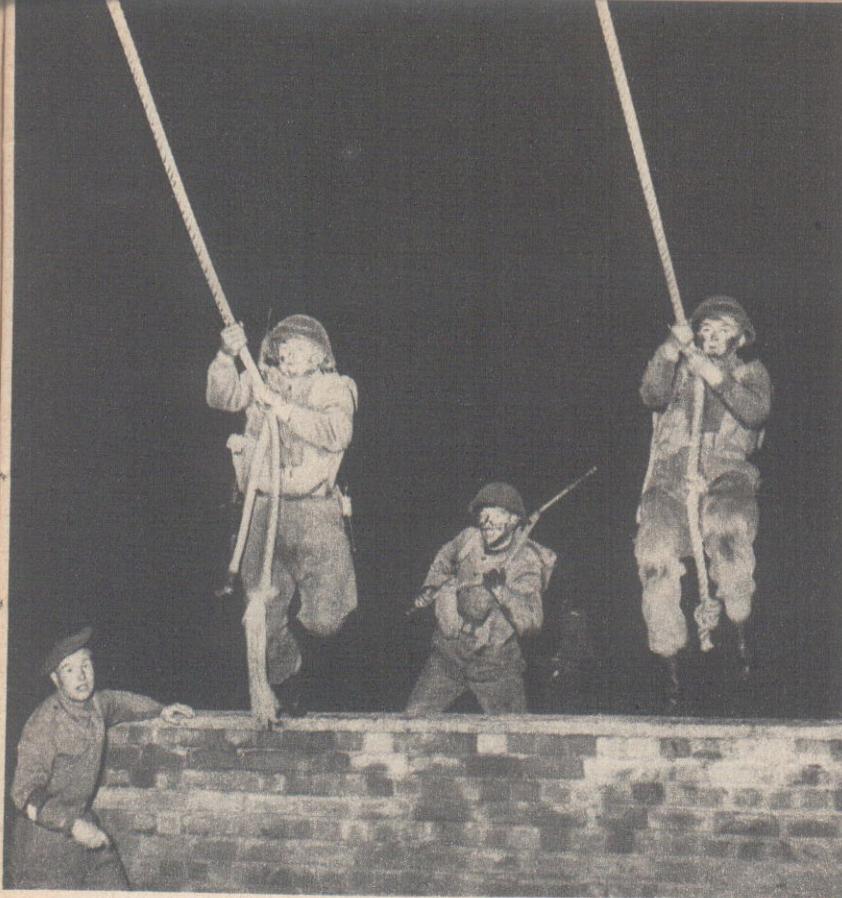
"We try to avoid re-badging," Colonel Neilson told SOLDIER. "The men don't like it and the regiments don't like it." Brigadier Antony Head, the War Minister, has said much the same thing for the War Office: "We must cut down cross-posting because the British Army is fiercely tribal."

Buildings at Fort George are of dour design, softened by the reddish stone of which they are built.



Whether he loses his regimental connection or not, the young soldier can find a family pride in the Highland Brigade at Fort George. "We have always trusted each other and have always been proud and glad to find another Highland regiment alongside, in barracks or on battlefield," wrote Field-Marshal Lord Wavell (who served in the Black Watch) when the Highland Brigade Group was first formed. Highlanders soon feel at home in each other's ranks.

Both regimental and brigade spirit are fostered by the fact that many recruits are now coming from the regimental areas. The Highland Light Infantry, which is the Glasgow Regiment, draws about 95 per cent of its National Servicemen from the Glasgow area. Regiments with more sparsely populated recruiting areas are not so lucky, but the lowest percentage of local men in any intake to a Highland regiment is 35 and the average is about 70.



Left: Thunder-flashes and Very lights surprise men on the assault course at night. They are bound for Korea. Above: Native heather camouflages this young Highlander. Below: the grenade range.

Fort George is an admirable setting for absorbing the traditions of the Highland regiments. Building was started in 1748, and, apart from modern additions, including a hutted camp outside the moat, the Fort looks much the same as it did when it was finished, about 1767. It was originally designed to accommodate a governor, lieutenant-governor, 86 officers and 2090 men.

The Fort stands at the end of a spit of land protruding into the Moray Firth. Its walls are of clean, reddish sandstone, and, at one gate is the unusual legend: "These walls must not be whitewashed." A moat cuts off the main body of the Fort from the mainland, but the sluice gates which let in the sea at each end have been silted up and their mechanism no longer works. Now the moat is grassy and accommodates a tennis court and a miniature rifle range. Within the moat is a ravelin, a triangular island outwork which now holds a families' club instead of guns.

Once Fort George had 69 guns and four mortars (the last of them went for scrap in World War Two). Most of them were placed on the wide, grassy ramparts, from the outer edges of which project ornate stone sentry boxes. The ramparts now make a pleasant walk, about three quarters of a mile round, and a useful training area — SOLDIER watched half a platoon scale the 90 feet from the moat by rope at night.

A proud feature of the Fort used to be the Grand Magazine, which could hold 2474 barrels of gunpowder. In its day, it was considered bomb-proof, thanks to massive arches and an air-cushion inside the roof. Its bomb-proofing was never tested, however, because Fort George has never been attacked. Today, the Grand Magazine is used as a storehouse.

The garrison chapel, built about

1767, is one of the finest examples of unspoiled Georgian architecture in Britain, and for all its 185 years looks surprisingly new inside. It bears an inscription recording the name of King George III and his titles, including that of King of France.

The chapel has one of the few remaining three-decker pulpits — the bottom one for the precentor (leader of singing), the second for the reader and the top for the preacher. Stained glass windows include one which is a memorial to the Seaforth Highlanders who died in the two World Wars. One corner shows an angel playing bagpipes.

The chapel is one of the few in which services are habitually held by three denominations — Church of Scotland, Church of England and Roman Catholic.

Outside the ramparts of the fort is the Fort George dog cemetery (not unlike the one at Edinburgh Castle). One of the pets buried there is Jim, who was with the Cameron Highlanders from 1894 to 1904 in various parts of the world and who is, according to the stonemason, "Not dead but dogo."

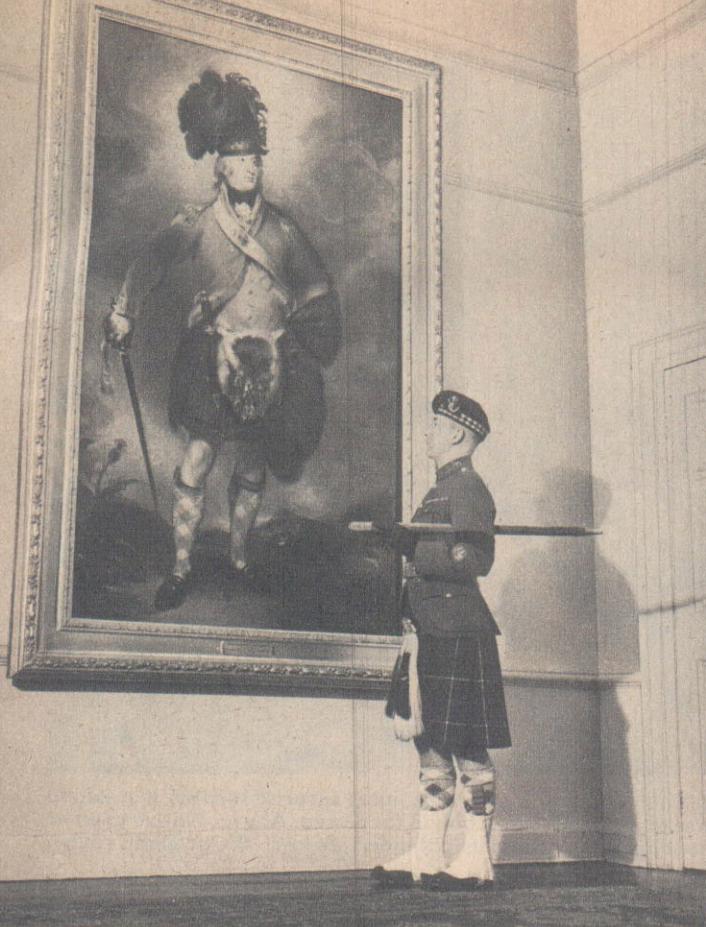
Not far from the dog cemetery is a colony of live dogs, the ten and a half couples of the Fort George Beagles.

Fort George has one other animal centre, the piggery, which has 250 animals.

Profits from the piggery go to maintain a maternity hospital, dating from 1906, which is one of the garrison's proudest possessions. The hospital was helped in various ways by the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association until 1949, when the new National Health scheme was introduced. Since then it has been the only hospital in the country run almost entirely by regimental funds, those of the Seaforths. The hospital, which

is staffed by a





In the Seaforth Highlanders' regimental museum, Regimental Sergeant-Major W. A. Tait, looks up to the founder of his regiment, Francis Humberston, Lord Seaforth.

Fort George

(Continued)

It takes an expert to fit a kilt, and here is one: RQMS. R. Matheson, of the Seaforth Highlanders.

nurse and an orderly, averages about one birth every ten days and charges only £3 3s all-in for a confinement.

The regimental museum of the Seaforth Highlanders is in what was originally the lieutenant-governor's house and contains, among other treasured objects, the bugle used by Drummer Walter Ritchie of the 2nd Battalion when he won the VC in the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

The museum was the officers' mess of the Seaforths' Depot up to last year. Until then, Fort George customarily held a battalion, or a training centre, as well as the Seaforths' Depot. Now the officers use the old battalion mess.

The warrant officers and sergeants also use a former battalion mess. It is well decorated with silver, mostly belonging to the disbanded 2nd Seaforths. Another trophy of that battalion is the wooden spoon, traditionally awarded to the man with the lowest score in the sergeants'

mess shoot and hollowed to hold exactly a bottle of whisky.

The sergeants' mess runs the Fort's sea fishing, which is leased by the Seaforths' Depot. It yields salmon and sea trout.

Presiding over the sergeants' mess when *SOLDIER* visited the Fort was RSM W. A. Tait, who was shortly to go to Germany with the 1st Seaforths. RSM Tait joined the Regiment at Fort George as a boy, 23 years ago, and is delighted to point out the room in which he first slept.

The RSM's memories of the Fort, however, do not go back as far as those of Mr. John Anderson, curator of the Seaforths' museum. Mr. Anderson joined the Regiment in 1914 and was provost sergeant of the battalion Mr. Tait joined in India as a youngster. Mr. Anderson retired in 1945 as a company sergeant-major.

Another man with long memories of the Fort is Major R. S. A. Aitken, the Quartermaster, who has been with the Seaforths for 34 years. Re-badging means

more work for Major Aitken and his staff than it does for their English opposite numbers. Besides the usual badges and shoulder-flashes, re-badged Highlanders need new hose-tops, garter-flashes, bonnets and kilts.

Kilts are issued to recruits as soon as possible after joining and are worn for regimental duties, ceremonial and walking-out. Many young soldiers are used to them before they join up and bring their own kilts to wear when walking-out in civilian clothes.

The pipers always wear kilts and they are Fort George's most photographed inhabitants. American visitors in summer find them irresistible. There is a small pipe band on the Depot establishment, and Pipe-Major Donald MacLeod also runs a small piping school for men from all the regiments of the Highland Brigade. Some recruits are already pipers, having been taught by their fathers on family bagpipes. Others, like Piper D. A. M. Sutherland, from Thurso, learned piping at night-school.

Soldiers training at Fort George find the Garrison satisfactorily self-contained. It has its own cinema, with four programmes a week, and other amenities. In summer there is swimming — in organised parties, since the currents off Fort George Point are strong. The village of Ardersier, at the base of the point, has little to offer, but Inverness is only 13 miles away. Many recruits, however, spend their time at Fort George without visiting Inverness more than once. Fort George is popular with married men, too: it is one station with no shortage of married quarters.

The flat spit of land provides good ranges and sites for obstacle courses. Its dunes, covered with gorse, bracken and heather, are



You can't practise the bagpipes sitting down. So Pipe-Major D. MacLeod leads his class in a march round the table.



UNDER THE KILT

FOR the benefit of those people who are still writing to *SOLDIER* to ask what Highlanders wear under their kilts, it can be stated on the authority of Major R. S. A. Aitken, Quartermaster at Fort George, that no garment is issued for this purpose.

"When I was a young soldier," says Major Aitken, "the only time you wore anything under the kilt was at Highland dancing or in tug-o'-war."

Some men do wear shorts under their kilts, but no inspections are held for their discomfiture.

Not so long ago a woman photographer visited the 1st Battalion Seaforth Highlanders in Edinburgh to take a picture of a piper for a national Sunday newspaper.

She decided that the photograph would be better taken while the piper was dancing. Swords were produced and a dance started. The lady sank gracefully to the ground with her camera to take the picture from the fashionable worm's eye angle, and an apprehensive pipe-major stood by, uncertain whether to say anything or not.

The picture was taken, but so far has not appeared in print.



Not just one dog to be exercised but 21 — the Fort George Beagles. Their kennelman knows them all by name.

useful for platoon training and there are nearby hills for bigger exercises. For major schemes, the men from the Fort go occasionally to the hills west of Loch Ness, where so far they have never noticed a monster.

The nearest thing to a monster Fort George has known is its own ghost, reported one night by a scared soldier who described it as a headless Highlander playing bagpipes. It has never been seen since, and the popular explanation is that it was a flesh-and-blood Highlander whose head happened to be in shadow while his body was in the moonlight. The bagpipes are explained by a bundle of washing under his arm and the coincidence that a real piper was playing the officers' mess call at the time.

FOOTNOTE: Readers may have noticed in last month's *SOLDIER* that a memorial service for the late King was held at 'Fort George' in Korea. The choice of name is probably explained by the fact that Major-General A. J. H. Cassels, commander of the 1st Commonwealth Division was a Seaforth Highlander.

RICHARD ELLEY



Pipie got his name because his mother was owned by a pipe-major. Now Pipie rests in the dog cemetery. Below: The Fort George chapel, which is used by men of three denominations.



These hair sporrans, in the stores at Fort George, are now issued only for ceremonial wear. For daily use there are leather ones.

SOLDIER to Soldier

A letter signed "Corporal" recently appeared in the *Daily Mail*. The writer said he was puzzled by some of the recent publicity given to the armed forces.

"This sudden focus on how we live and work in the Service is unwelcome and unnecessary," he said.

"We are proud to serve... and whenever a 'juicy' court-martial is due. Both attitudes are wrong. Courts-martial should be as open as civil courts; it is up to the press not to treat them as part of a freak show.

"Nowadays the young soldier who is punished complains to his MP and the War Office is bombarded with protests... The young egotist who is called up needs discipline..."

To take the last point first: a soldier *has* the right to write to his Member of Parliament about what he pleases. So has the employee of a private firm. But the employee of a private firm does not write to his MP when he is reprimanded harshly, or when he feels that his talents are not being fully used. No doubt there are many MP's who could wish that one or two of their soldier constituents would try the "usual channels." The vast majority of soldiers are restrained by common-sense, and sense of discipline, from worrying MP's with trivial grievances.

All soldiers will agree that "we do not want the public to think we are part of a freak show." Sometimes it appears that the press take a perverse delight in attending courts-martial, and then reporting them under flippant headlines like this (which recently appeared):

PRIVATE BLUE-EYES GETS 14 DAYS

Whether we like it or not, the Army is news. In some quarters, there is a belief that the Army ought to do all in its power to conceal courts-martial from the press; at the other extreme, there are editors who seem to think that adjutants ought to ring them up and notify them

IT is easy to suppose (as many do) that Korea is the farthest land in which the British soldier has found himself.

Still serving, however, are Regulars who can tell of soldiering, between the world wars, in Tientsin, China, which is a longer sea distance away than Korea. There were even British soldiers to be found, stamping up and down in fur caps and sheepskin jackets, outside the British Legation in Peking, up near the borders of Mongolia and Manchuria; a city now as inaccessible as Lhasa. Shanghai, of course, was also a British Army station; occasionally soldiers serving there were able to volunteer for anti-pirate guards on merchantmen plying in the China Sea.

Within the life-span of persons still living, British soldiers were campaigning in New Zealand, in the last of the Maori wars.

IT was every Member's chance to say what, in his opinion, was wrong (or even right) with the British Army.

An enviable opportunity, you might suppose; yet at one stage the attendance in the House of Commons for this year's debate on the Army Estimates was so small that there was a danger of the House being counted out, and the Opposition dwindled right down to nine.

Those who stayed the course — and the argument went on for more than ten-and-a-half hours — were mainly the military enthusiasts who speak year after year in this debate; men who could draw on their own Army experience or could quote the recent experiences of their sons in uniform.

This year there was a contribution from a Member who confessed that, when serving in the Forces, he "never reached a rank higher than that of private."

There were several promises of new weapons for the British soldier. The Minister for War, Brigadier Antony Head, spoke of a new anti-tank weapon — "It will be in the hands of troops by the end of the year, and it is a very good weapon indeed." The Under-Secretary for War, Colonel J. R. Hutchison, said that "an improved pattern of the medium machine-gun" was at "the pilot model stage." This was in reply to Brigadier O. L. Prior-Palmer (Worthing) who had pointedly asked: "Is there a new medium machine-gun or are we still to rely on the old Vickers with its 16 stoppages in the lock alone?"

Colonel Hutchison also said that a new cross-country armoured personnel-carrier was coming into production. "I saw them the other day at an Infantry demonstration at Warminster, being used in an exercise." This, again, was in reply to Brigadier Prior-Palmer, who had lamented the lack of some such vehicle, and had recalled that he was the first commander to send Infantry forward in Kangaroos (gutted Sherman tanks).

News of the .280 automatic rifle was discouraging. Everybody in the House, said Brigadier Head, would agree that the .280 rifle

was the best rifle in Europe and in the world. Yet if Britain alone were to manufacture this rifle, her arsenals might be crippled in war — and then what? The subject was dropped on a note of hope; but a very distant hope.

Brigadier Head opened the debate by outlining the type of Army he hoped to produce with the aid of £491,000,000 and 555,000 men. He wanted an Army which a young man could look on as a life career; yet one in which Regulars would not be compulsorily retained.

"We have decided to eliminate this compulsory retention of Regulars as a matter of policy," he said. It could not be done at once, but it would be done by September, 1953.

A cause of discontent in the Army, said Brigadier Head, was

frequent posting — "soldiers have a more expressive, but less Parliamentary, term for this type of treatment... We must cut down cross-posting because the British Army is fiercely tribal." The reopening of regimental depots and the reviving of second battalions were moves in the right direction.

In the Army today, said

Brigadier Head, there were 33,500 officers; there ought to be about 37,000. The deficiency could not be remedied by a sudden increase of 3000 officers, which would be "disastrously unfair" when they all reached the top of the promotion pyramid at the same time.

To the surprise of some, perhaps, Brigadier Head said: "I am firmly convinced that we must cut down the number of vehicles in the British Army." The reason? "We cannot hope to enjoy the

university candidates. How could more young men of officer type be attracted into the Army? One project the Minister had in mind was to open the Military College of Science at Shrivenham to young men of scientific minds. They could go there as an alternative to Sandhurst, spend two years, take a Bachelor of Science degree and pass straight into the Army. The best engineering and scientific brains came from grammar and secondary schools in the North of England and in Scotland, and a project like this might be the means of tapping them.

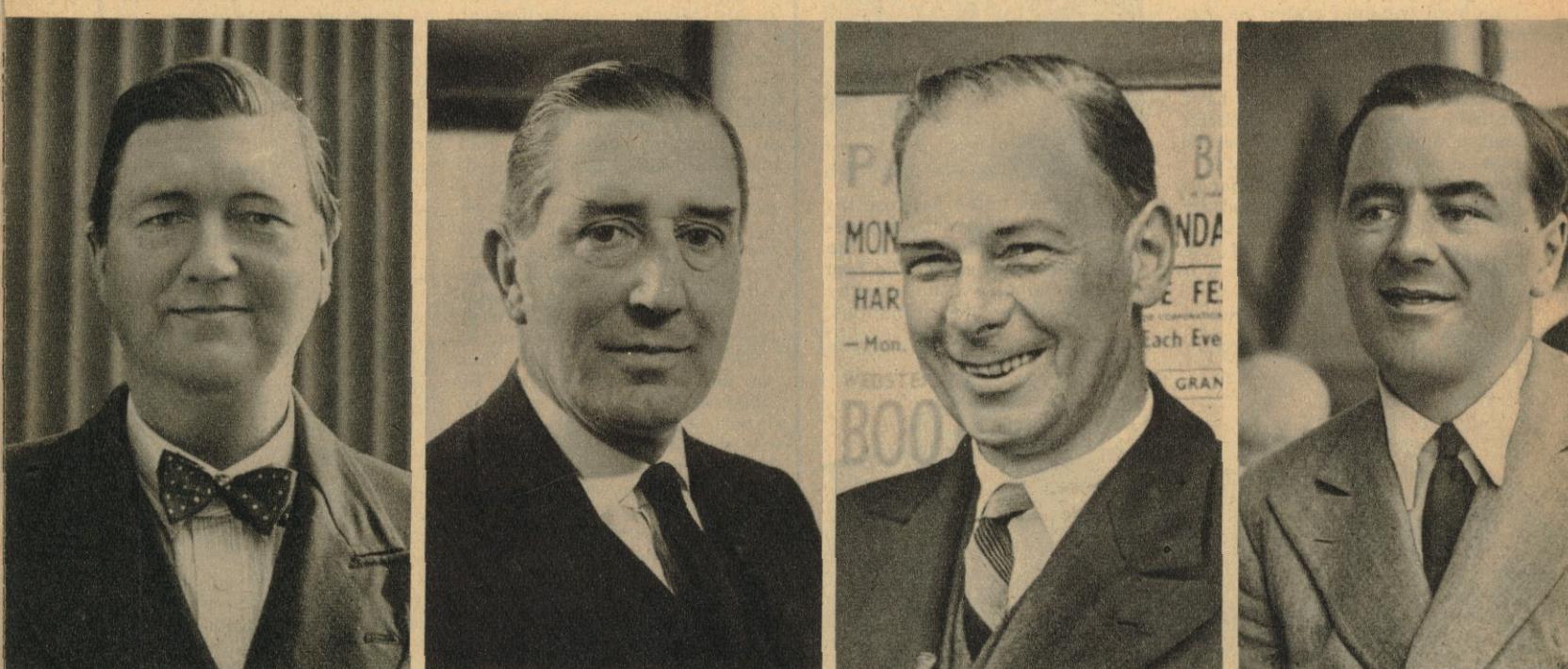
Colonel J. H. Harrison (Eye)

was not happy about the Royal Army Educational Corps. "I believe that it is not right that a clever man called up for National Service should become a sergeant quite quickly in the Army Educational Corps. He is far too valuable a man. If he has the brains to teach other men who have not learned the three R's well, he ought to be used in another branch of the Army, and if there is any education to be done in the Army it should be done by permanent civilian instructors."

Then Mr. Snow complained that "Pile's Private Army" during the war had been overburdened with group, brigade and regimental headquarters; that must not happen again.

After some six hours of debate the House became restive when Mr. R. T. Paget (Northampton) began to trace the history of armour from earliest times. He talked of the light cavalry of the Huns who defeated the Roman Legions, of the steel-tipped arrow which "was the answer to lacquered armour," and of the advent of chain mail in the Middle Ages.

Mr. James Simmons (Brierley Hill), a one-time private soldier ("if there had been an even lower rank I should have occupied it") thought there was still too much "feudal atmosphere" in the Army, and too much of "this saluting business." Also, "Why cannot



Captain Julian Snow (Ports-mouth, Central), once of the Calcutta Light Horse, spoke of jealousy between field and anti-aircraft Gunners.

Brig. C. Peto (Devon, North), former Chief Liaison Officer, 21 Army Group, said boys ought to be told more about the Army. The Royal Armoured Corps should attract mechanically-minded youths.

Mr. James Simmons (Brierley Hill), former private in the Worcestershire Regiment (he lost a leg on Vimy Ridge), thought the Army was "too feudal," and there was "too much saluting."

Mr. R. T. Paget (Northampton) began a disquisition on military history. He said that the man at the sharp end should have special pay and privileges.

ARE PROMISED

kind of air situation which obtained during the concluding stages of the last war. The best thing is not to have too many vehicles."

At present, he pointed out, the aeroplane had a marked ascendancy over ground defences. Until guided missiles could be produced in quantities, we had to press on with our expensive and hard-to-manufacture anti-aircraft equipment.

These were other points from Brigadier Head:

Of all the active formations in the Army, 36 per cent were engaged on what amounted to active operations.

The presence in the Army of National Servicemen had "injected a wider outlook and an increased interest which had been very beneficial."

Steps may be taken to help the education of children who are unable to accompany their fathers from place to place.

A West African division, if created, would call for 1200 British officers and NCO's — "the rarest commodities in the Regular Army."

More vacancies would be created for women in technical corps.

Brigadier Head replied: "Anyone with Army experience knows that to turn a man who has been a warrant officer or senior NCO for a large part of his career into an officer is a naturally difficult task because the two jobs are fundamentally different. One is a supervisor, the other has to enforce discipline and has to take a different attitude to the men. The time to get them is when they are young, not when they are warrant officers."

Colonel J. H. Harrison (Eye) was not happy about the Royal Army Educational Corps. "I believe that it is not right that a clever man called up for National Service should become a sergeant quite quickly in the Army Educational Corps. He is far too valuable a man. If he has the brains to teach other men who have not learned the three R's well, he ought to be used in another branch of the Army, and if there is any education to be done in the Army it should be done by permanent civilian instructors."

Mr. F. J. Bellenger, a former War Minister, was also critical of the Royal Army Educational Corps, but a champion arose in Mr. James H. Hoy (Leith). He said the previous speakers had been over-concerned with vocational training; they had forgotten that an important part of the Corps' job was to prepare soldiers to pass examinations for promotion; also it was necessary to counter the illiteracy of many recruits.

Mr. James Simmons (Brierley Hill), a one-time private soldier ("if there had been an even lower rank I should have occupied it") thought there was still too much "feudal atmosphere" in the Army, and too much of "this saluting business." Also, "Why cannot



Flashback: British Infantrymen riding in Kangaroos ("gutted" Shermans) in Kranenburg, on the road to Cleve, in Germany. New armoured personnel-carriers are on the way.

war estimates of William the Conqueror, or what?"

To this the Speaker replied:

"I think the hon. and learned Member for Northampton was advancing, cautiously and steadily, towards the present age."

Mr. Paget went on to talk about Agincourt, the English long bow, the Welsh billhook and the Swiss halberd. Then another member asked:

"On a point of order. Can we have some information as to about what time we shall get to the Battle of Waterloo?"

Mr. Paget's dissertation had been inspired by reports that armoured men had been fighting in Korea. He worked round to the argument that

OVER



Lieut-General Sir Colin Callander was praised during the debate for increasing the number of fighting units.

A LIFE CAREER

"THE Army really does offer a life career. A man can join at 18 and, if he shows any promise, he should be a corporal by the time he is 24 and a sergeant by the time he is 29. If he marries early, as many do, and if he gets promoted, as I have said, by the time he is 24 he will be earning £8 a week and by the time he is 29 he will be earning £10 a week. If he serves for 22 years — when, we can take it, he will be 40 and a sergeant — he will earn a pension of £2 a week and tax-free terminal grant of £200. If he stays until he is 55 and if, for instance — which is quite possible — he is promoted to warrant officer, he will have a pension of £6 a week and a terminal grant of £600."

"I do not think that is a bad career to offer to people in the Army." — Brigadier Antony Head, Minister for War.

TWO STORIES

These stories were told in the House of Commons during the Army Estimates debate:

THE Chinese in Korea faced three hills occupied by United Nations forces. Their soldiers were told: "If you see bonfires burning on a hill, that means it is in the hands of one particular member of the United Nations forces. If you hear a great deal of shouting going on from the second of the hills, that means it is in the hands of another certain member of the United Nations forces. If you see that the third hill is absolutely silent and dark, that means it is occupied by the British forces, and you should then choose to attack another hill." — Mr. John Strachey.

AN East African soldier in the 1914-1918 war was in an isolated sort of post in no sort of contact with the enemy. He wrote: "Sir, I have the honour to report that I am surrounded by 300 Germans. Please expedite the arrival of one Service rifle, mark III, and 300 rounds of ammunition." That is the sort of standard the British Army has always tried to inject into its musketry. — Colonel J. R. H. Hutchison.

NEW WEAPONS ARE PROMISED (Continued)

suppliers now far exceed the suppliers of the fighting men." Then he made a point which many soldiers would endorse:

"The platoon commander delivers the war effort of about 1000 men, 500 armed and another 500 in the factories, and he is rated by the community as being worth about one-third of a National Health dentist.

"I ask the right hon. gentlemen to consider having a fighting rating in the Army similar to the Royal Air Force wings. This rank should be introduced with an appropriate badge. The trained and qualified fighter who delivers the fire-power of a fighting division should be made to feel he is a select man, not a left-over man, because that feeling will raise his morale. He should have special pay and privileges because of

SUCH LASHINGS OF MEAT!

ANOTHER House of Commons debate — this time on the Army and Air Force (Annual) Bill — yielded some curious information about the Army.

The Bill is the one which "renews" the Army and the Royal Air Force from year to year. Ordinarily it is passed without much contention, even though it is full of anachronisms; this year the Opposition tabled 100 amendments.

Under the Army Act, it was revealed, every soldier in billets was still entitled to 14 ounces of red meat, 15 ounces of bread, 10 ounces of potatoes and eight ounces of other vegetables *daily* — with appropriate quantities of tea, milk, sugar, butter, jam and marmalade. A bit hard on present-day landladies, MP's thought.

Mr. J. Chuter Ede (South Shields), who said he was generally "the oldest sweat on parade" in the Commons, recalled how, as a volunteer with the East Surrey Regiment in 1900, he heard the adjutant at Pirbright read out the Army Act to the "wretched volunteers."

"At the end of each section we were informed that the penalty for committing any offence was that we should '...be liable to suffer death or such less punishment as is in this Act mentioned. ... I hope that no youth going into camp in future will be subject to the feelings of terror that I felt at Pirbright."

Mr. Jack Jones (Rotherham), who admitted that he was "one of those much-maligned quartermaster-serjeants" (in the Imperial Camel Corps), told the House how he had often seen, in the orderly room and at courts-martial, "Private Bloggs standing with his hat off and trembling, not knowing what he was accused of... The time had now arrived when men joining the Army and men presently in the Army should know exactly what is in the Act under which they are serving."



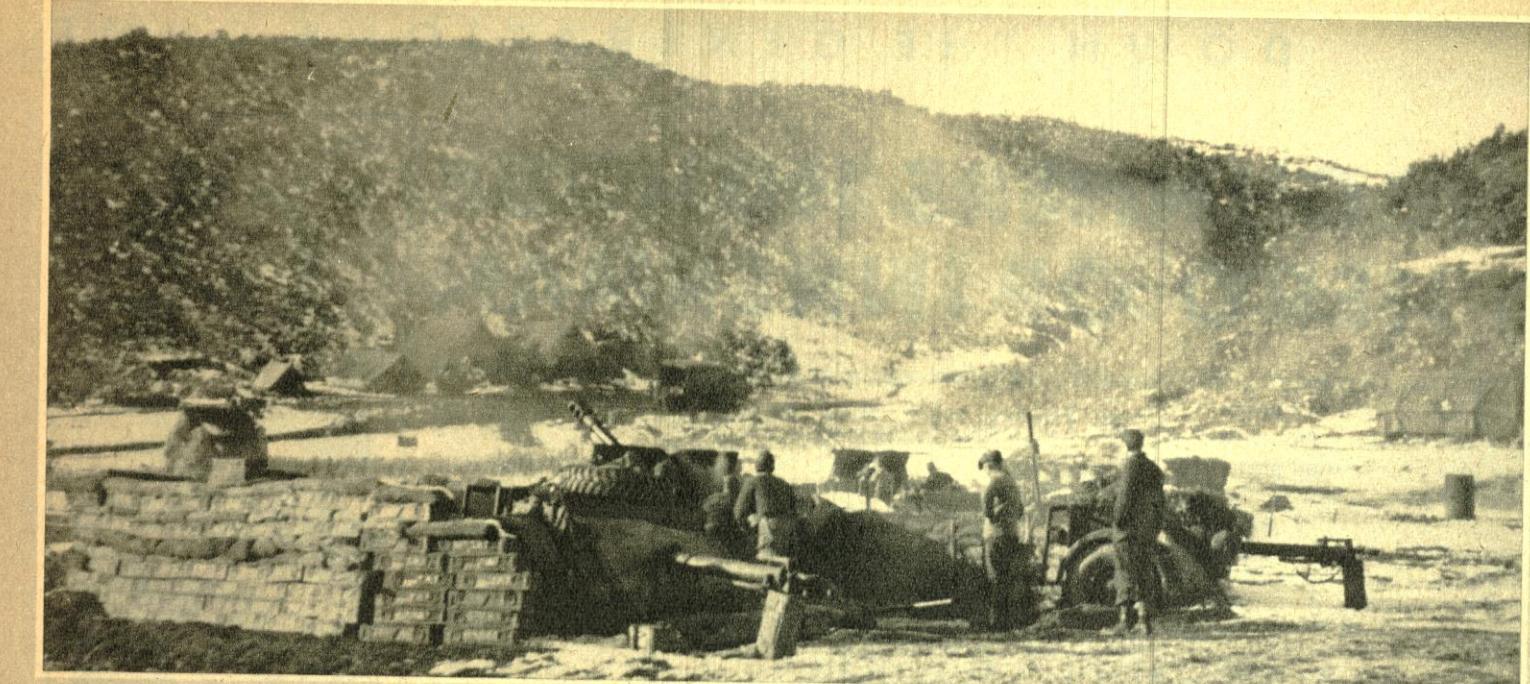
A mobile Bofors, in its ground role, is seen bombarding a bunker. It put two shells through the observation slit of its target.



Firing is in progress, but that's no reason against holding a pay parade. Here Gunners of 14 Field Regiment sign the entries in their pay books.



From an observation post a Gunner officer (field glasses raised) directs the fire. Beside him are Captain the Hon. John de Grey, troop commander, and a visiting officer.



A section of 25-pounders of 14 Field Regiment engage the enemy. Ammunition boxes filled with earth make good substitutes for sandbags.

GUNS IN KOREA

KOREA is an exasperating country for the Gunner. Its disorderly hills seem designed for his especial frustration. Often, "all-round fire" can be secured only by siting, or rather sinking, guns in the middle of a flooded paddy-field... so the Gunner must compromise, and show as much ingenuity as may be.

The Director of the Royal Artillery (Major-General K. F. Mack. Lewis) who flew out to Korea to see his guns in action,

reported in *The Gunner* that he was well-satisfied with the spirit and resource shown. Empty ammunition boxes and fir saplings had been used to construct most creditable command posts and shelters, and the chimneys of the space-heaters puffed contentedly.

Not that the Gunners put comfort first. General Lewis reported that the 1st Commonwealth artillery was all ready to loose a divisional concentration in sixty seconds.



The hills, the valley, the road, the guns... In the foreground a 25-pounder is resting. Washing hangs on an improvised clothes line.

THE GUNNERS HONOUR A HERO OF INKERMAN

ON the forward slope of Ford Park Cemetery, Plymouth, the headstone of a grave stood shrouded in a Union Jack.

There was silence except for the light patter of rain, and then came the distant sound of music—the solemn notes of the Dead March from a military band.

Slow-marching, a column of soldiers advanced up the roadway that led through the field of graves.

The Royal Artillery had come

A volley is fired over the re-discovered grave of Capt. Henry, who stuck to his guns at Inkerman

to pay its respects to one of its family who died more than 80 years ago, a Gunner who won the Victoria Cross two years before the award was inaugurated.

In some ways the service of commemoration of 1952 was not unlike the funeral of 1870. Two officers and 100 Gunners formed the escort. A firing party of a sergeant and 12 men marched with arms reversed. But this time, except for the trumpeters from

the Boys Battery, the troops wore blue berets instead of busbies, and the Royal Artillery (Plymouth) Band played where three bands played before.

In the intervening years the grave of Captain Andrew Henry, the Royal Regiment's second VC, was "lost." It became dilapidated, overgrown, anonymous.

Just over a year ago a retired officer from Plymouth's Royal Citadel, Major G. B. Wilson, a Royal Artilleryman of 45 years service, read that Andrew Henry, the sergeant-major of "G" Battery, Second Division, who on 5 November 1854 at the Battle of Inkerman defended his guns against overwhelming odds, was buried in Plymouth.

Henry, hero of Alma and Sebastopol and Balaclava as well, survived to be commissioned. When he died suddenly in 1870 he was a 45-year-old captain with the Coast Brigade at the Royal Citadel.

Major Wilson hunted in the records of Plymouth's burial places, and found the location of the grave. And so this wet day of early spring the Citadel Gunners of 1952 formed up by the grave. Before a group of spectators who included Lieut-General Sir Edmond Schreiber (a Colonel Commandant of the Royal Artillery), the Lord Mayor of Plymouth and local Royal Naval and Royal Air Force representatives, the citation was read by the Director of Royal Artillery, Major-General K. F. MacK. Lewis. General Lewis then pulled a cord and the Union Jack fell away to reveal the memorial headstone of grey Cornish granite carved in the shape of a Victoria Cross, with a bronze plaque to tell the world about the Gunner who stuck to his guns.

The senior chaplain to Plymouth Garrison read the prayers, the 12 soldiers fired three volleys, the trumpeters sounded the Last Post and Reveille, the band played the National Anthem.

At the graveside stood two figures in black—Mrs. Violet Smart and her daughter Mary, of Shooter's Hill, London. Only a few days previously they had read in a newspaper that an invitation was extended to any descendants of Captain Henry to attend the ceremony. Mrs. Smart is the grand-daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel William Henry, who lies in a Charlton (London) cemetery. His plaque says he was brother of the hero of Inkerman, but until then Mrs. Smart had no idea where her great-uncle rested.



Captain Andrew Henry VC.

Twelve Times He Was Bayoneted

SERJEANT-MAJOR Andrew Henry's gun was one of a half-battery over-run by the Russians in the Battle of Inkerman.

Tall brushwood encompassed the guns. Before Henry's Gunners could open fire, boughs had to be lopped away in front of the barrel.

When the enemy were a few paces from the gun they began to charge, shouting loudly, and sought to bayonet the defenders. For some reason many of them were bare-headed, and according to a victim, they were "howling like dogs."

Sergeant-Major Henry called on his men to stand firm. He and a valiant Gunner named James Taylor drew their swords and prepared to sell their lives dearly. With his left hand Henry wrested a bayonet from one of the Russians and threw the man to the ground, while at the same time hacking with his sword arm at some of his other assailants.

Soon both Henry and Taylor were surrounded; they received one bayonet blow after another. Taylor was mortally wounded, and Henry received in his chest the up-thrust of a bayonet delivered with such force as to lift him from the ground; at the same time he was stabbed in the back and in the arms. Then, through loss of blood, he became unconscious, but (according to a contemporary description) "the raging soldiery, inflamed by religion, did not cease from stabbing his heretic body."

Sergeant-Major Henry received 12 wounds in all—yet survived.



With arms reversed, the escort of Gunners arrives for the graveside ceremony in a Plymouth cemetery.



Left: This headstone, in the shape of a Victoria Cross, now stands over the grave of a gallant Gunner.

Eighty-two years after Captain Henry died, a second firing party performs the honours over his grave.



THE "BIRKENHEAD DRILL" IS ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Soldiers on board a British troopship set an immortal example to the world

THE "Birkenhead drill" is a drill which cannot be found in any book of instructions.

It consists, quite simply, of standing fast, under perfect discipline, on a sinking ship. It was inspired by men of ten regiments whose bearing, when the troopship *Birkenhead* went to the bottom in 1852, thrilled not only the rest of the Army but all the world.

Rudyard Kipling, writing years later of another troopship wreck, described it thus:

"To stand and be still to the Birkenhead drill is a damn tough bullet to chew."

Sir John Fortescue, historian of the British Army, wrote of the men of the *Birkenhead*: "They were young soldiers in drafts of 50 or 60, which had never seen each other before the day of embarkation; yet they bore themselves as if they had been old blue-jackets of the smartest King's ships.

"Many troopships have been wrecked since the *Birkenhead*, yet never has there been disorder; while at least twice—in the case of the *Sarah Sands* and the *Warren Hastings*—sheer magnificent discipline has saved whole battalions from destruction. Civilians, too, have caught the infection from the Army; and where British passenger-vessels are wrecked, we read again and again the same story of freedom from panic, orderliness, patience and self-denial among British men and women. It has become a point of national honour that they should show themselves worthy of the young soldiers of the *Birkenhead*."

The King of Prussia was one of the many foreigners whose imagination was caught by the story of the *Birkenhead*. He ordered an account of the wreck to be read to every regiment of his army.

There were 13 officers, nine sergeants and 466 men aboard the *Birkenhead*, which was an all-iron paddle steamer of 1400 tons. They had travelled from England to fight in the Kaffir War, and were on the last leg of the journey, from the Cape to Port Elizabeth. With them were 20 women and children and a crew of about 130.

In the middle of the night, the vessel struck a pinnacle of rock and was so badly holed that men on the lower troop-deck were drowned in their hammocks. The

OVER



The scene on the sinking troopship: from the famous painting by Thomas M. Hemy.

THE "BIRKENHEAD"

(Continued)

rest went on deck and were sent aft, to ease the forepart of the ship.

Only three boats could be lowered, and the women and children were got away in one of them. The captain ordered the engines to be reversed, but the ship struck again. Then the funnel crashed on to the deck, killing some of the men. Troops, meanwhile, were working the pumps — at which some of them were to die.

Cornet Bond and troopers of the 12th Lancers began to pitch their horses overboard. Five of the animals ran the gauntlet of the sharks and reached shore.

As the bows went down and the stern rose high, the ship's commander shouted: "All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats." Two Army officers, however, begged the men not to do so, since it would mean swamping the craft which held the women and children. Not more than three men made the attempt.

Captain E. W. C. Wright, of the 91st, who was to be the senior surviving officer and receive promotion and pension for his part, addressed the men at the last moment: "You who cannot swim, stick to some of the wreckage. As for you who can swim, I can give you no advice. As you see, there are sharks about, and I cannot advise you how to avoid them."

There was not a murmur or a cry, Captain Wright has recorded, until the vessel made her last plunge — in two pieces. Twenty-five minutes after she had struck the rock, all that remained above water of the *Birkenhead* was the top of a mast, to which were clinging about 50 men. Those who stayed there till the morning were picked up by a schooner.

Others made for the shore, clinging to wreckage or swimming free. Some were killed by sharks, others died entangled in a belt of seaweed. Many who reached the shore were naked and they were all shoeless.

Captain Wright took charge, and they made their way through scrub for hours under a burning sun. Rescue parties found a few more survivors, two of whom had been in the water 38 hours. The survivors in two of the boats were picked up by other ships; the third boat eventually made a landing.

Of the 630-odd people on the *Birkenhead*, only 194 were saved. This figure included the seven women and 13 children, five officers and 126 soldiers.

* These regiments had drafts on the *Birkenhead*: 12th Royal Lancers; 2nd (Queen's Royal Regiment); 6th (Royal Warwickshire Regiment); 12th (Suffolk Regiment); 43rd Light Infantry (Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry); 45th (Sherwood Foresters); 2nd Battalion, 60th Rifles (King's Royal Rifle Corps); 73rd (2nd Battalion, The Black Watch); 74th (2nd Battalion, Highland Light Infantry); 91st (Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders).



A lighted cigarette-end is all that is needed to start SQMS R. Eade's jet-propelled "Railton." The engine is powered by solid fuel capsules.

60 MILES AN HOUR

A small, stream-lined, jet-propelled racing car, modelled on the lines of the famous "Railton Special," which holds the world's land-speed record, hurtled round a gymnasium floor in a Rhine Army barracks leaving behind a trail of acrid blue smoke as it reached 60 miles an hour.

Its owner and builder, SQMS Robert Eade, of 14 Field Survey Squadron, Royal Engineers stood outside the racing circuit, reading off lap speeds from a home-made slide-rule.

SQMS Eade is one of an increasing number of Rhine Army soldiers who spend their spare

time making and racing model cars and aeroplanes — some of them scale models of the originals and others of their own design.

It is a fascinating hobby well within the pocket of most private soldiers and provides an introduction to several types of miniature engines — jet, electric and liquid fuel-burning. Although the fastest racing car engines can cost as much as £50, any enthusiast with nimble fingers and patience can build a 2.5 c.c. model capable of

In Rhine Army some soldiers have found themselves a jet-age hobby

40 mph for as little as £2. To save additional expense the same engine can be transferred to other models. The only tools required to make the models (engines and wheels are bought from commercial firms) are a few sharp razor blades, a sheet of sandpaper, a penknife and possibly a pair of pliers.

SQMS Eade recently won four awards at a Rhine Army arts and crafts exhibition with a jet car, a diesel driven car, an electric racing car and a fuel-driven mono-



The designer shows how the jet engine is fitted in his racing car. It has a thrust of four-and-a-half ounces.

IN THE 'GYM'

plane. He first began making working models two years ago when he tired of carving marionettes from odd pieces of wood.

His jet car, which weighs one pound, is powered by a solid fuel-burning jet engine giving a thrust of four-and-a-half ounces. It took him only a week to make. His diesel car has a 5 c.c. engine with a centrifugal clutch, shaft drive and three-and-a-half inch wheels. He designed the body-work, and assembled the car in five weeks.

His aeroplane, named "Nina" after his wife, also has a 5 c.c. engine which is built into the nose of the plane. By manipulating the stunt control lines to which the plane is attached in flight it can be made to perform most of the aerobatics a normal

plane can do, except to turn to port or starboard. Its maximum speed is 56 mph.

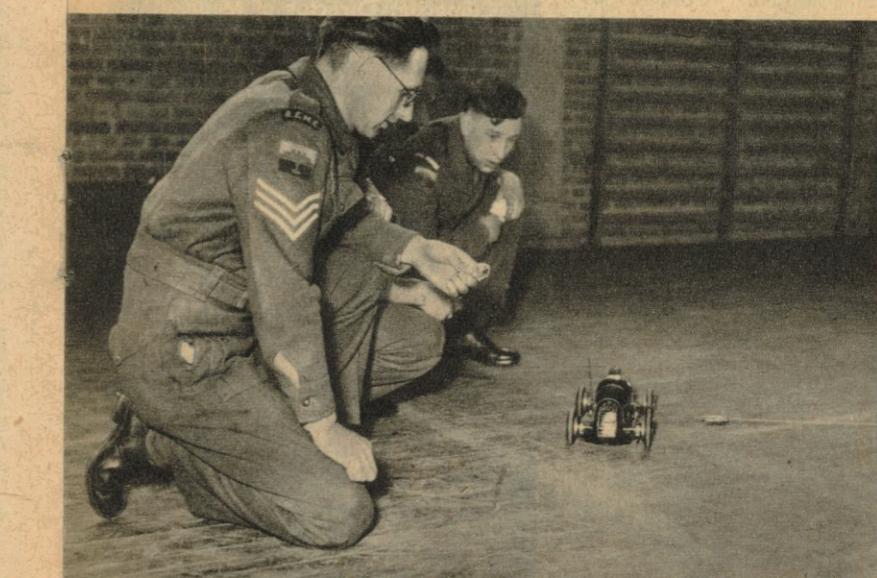
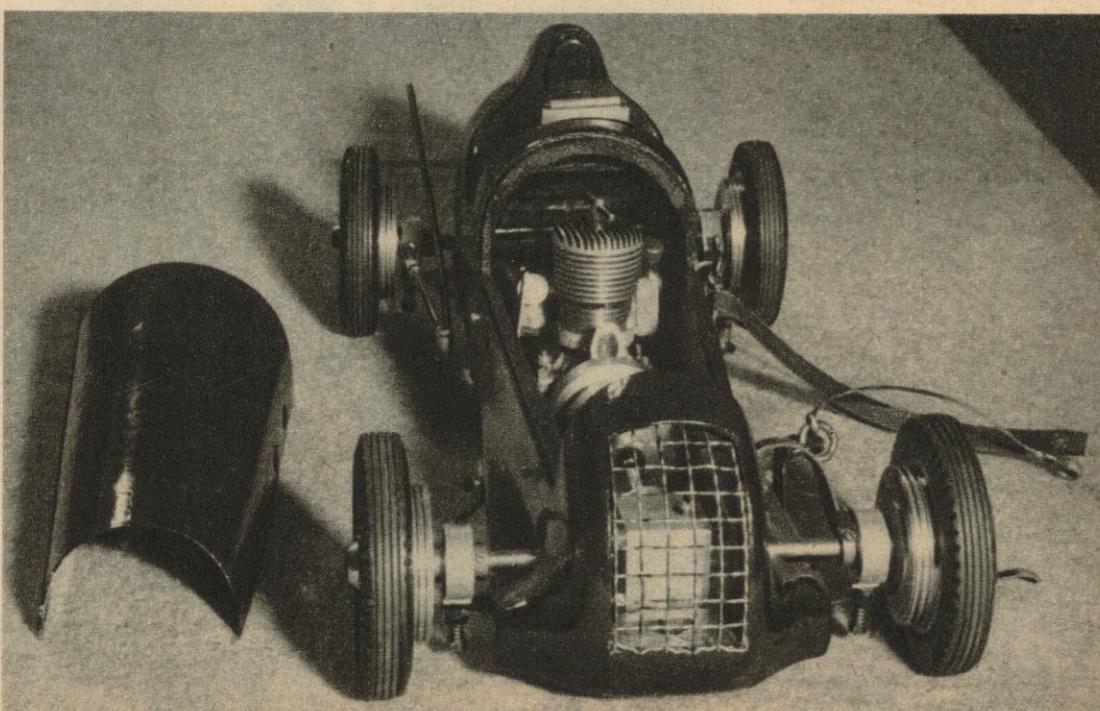
SQMS Eade is now experimenting with a model helicopter, powered by two jet engines. He is also building a scale model of a bombing aircraft which will have a wing-span of nearly nine feet.

Other soldiers in the same barracks are also keen model makers. They may soon form themselves into a model-making club. One — a young Signaller — hopes soon to fly a home-made Flying Saucer. Another, Sergeant Ray King, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers has made a plane from old cigar boxes.

He is experimenting with different types of engines to increase their power and speed.



It's easier to start the engine of a model aircraft with this "home-made" machine, driven by two old accumulators. Otherwise you have to turn the propeller by hand.



• SQMS Eade's diesel-engined racing car (left) took him five weeks to make. Its lap speeds are being timed (above) by Sergeant Ray King. The car, which does 45 mph, is seen (right) at its "filling station."





Stretcher-bearers must have clean hands. Col. R. A. Bennett inspects the King's Regiment team.



The wood was under "fire," so the stretcher-bearers had to move carefully to seek out their casualties.



Gently now... a bandaged man is lifted and lowered on to a stretcher. Below: On-the-spot treatment for a stomach wound.



Watched by judges, men of the Grenadier Guards apply treatment for a shattered foot. Below: Many a point could be lost by faulty, or rough, carrying. A man with a head wound must not be carried head-first downhill.



THE "casualties" were strewn about the wood, in craters and under bushes.

Attached to them were labels testifying to the injuries they bore — broken arms and legs, shell splinters in stomach or buttock, head wounds. The ground was as cold as a mortuary slab, and as they waited for the stretcher-bearers, the casualties no doubt exclaimed to themselves about the things they did for England.

The exercise was part of a two-day contest in which teams of stretcher-bearers from the British Zone of Germany and Berlin took part — the first competition of its kind in Rhine Army.

Deeds of conspicuous bravery have been performed on the battlefield by stretcher-bearers. But, from the wounded man's point of view, it is as important that his rescuer shall know his first-aid as that he shall be fearless.

The exercise in the wood followed an examination in theoretical and practical work. Casualties were supplied by 30 Field Ambulance. A team of judges, headed by Rhine Army's consulting surgeon, Colonel J. Huston and the consulting physician, Colonel R. A. Bennett, watched and asked questions.

The Grenadier Guards were judged champions for 1952, followed closely by the Rifle Brigade, with the King's Own third. The winners received the Connaught Challenge Shield for Regimental Stretcher-Bearers, a trophy which was presented by the late Duke of Connaught to Aldershot Command in 1911. When Aldershot District heard that Rhine Army were introducing an annual contest to stimulate interest in the work of stretcher-bearers they presented the shield for competition.



Below: Major-General R. D. Cameron, Director of Medical Services in Rhine Army, presents the Connaught Challenge Shield to Sergeant R. Collins, leader of the Grenadier Guards team.



"Assault" at Akaba

The British Army and the Arab Legion break the monotony of their joint watch at Akaba, in Jordan, by amphibious exercises in the torrid gulf

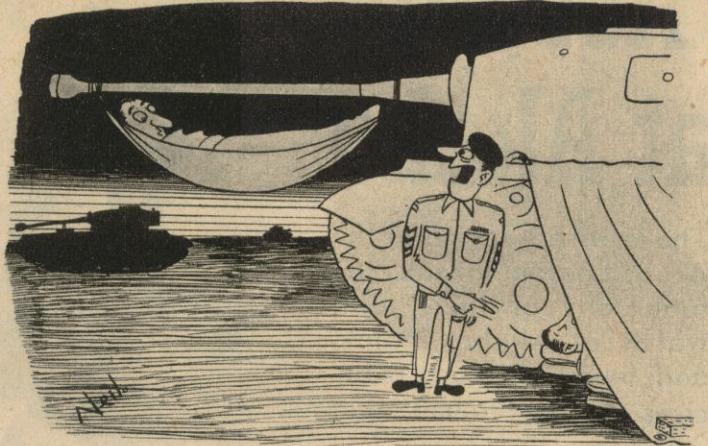


Splashing ashore from a landing craft: men of the Arab Legion, in their flowing headgear, or *kaffiyas*. Below: There's one beret on board — and the owner of it is looking suitably inscrutable. Legionaries are ready to loose off a small arms broadside to port or starboard.



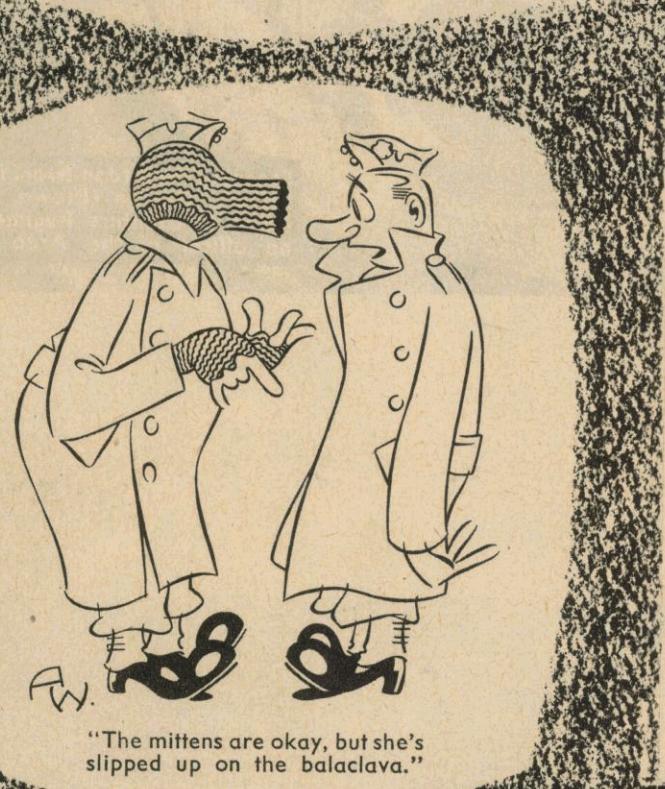
Scanning the Jordan-Israel frontier: Private George Brown, of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, and an officer of the Arab Legion.



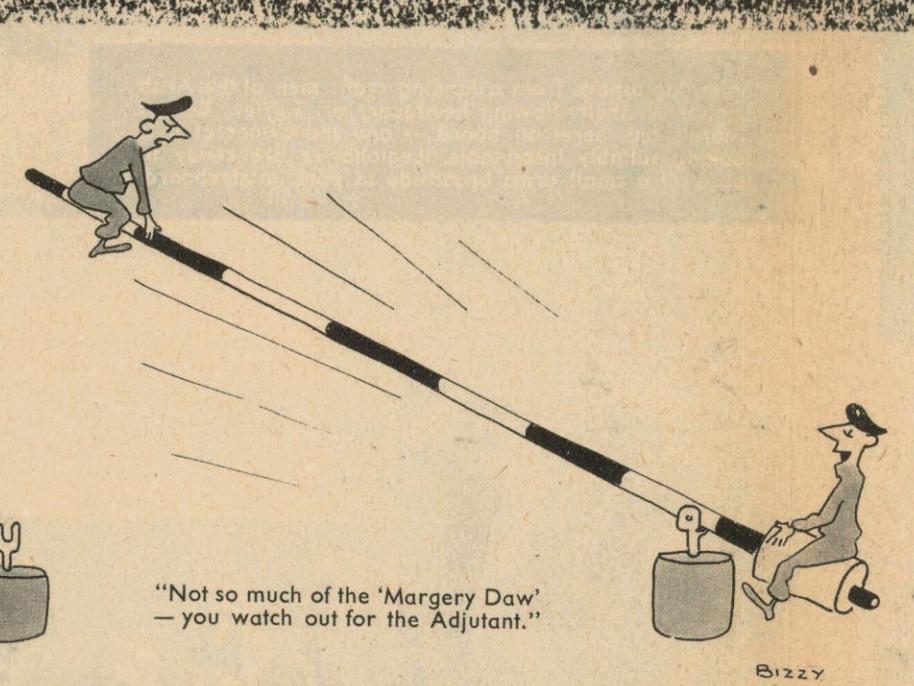


"I don't care if you do suffer from claustrophobia — get inside!"

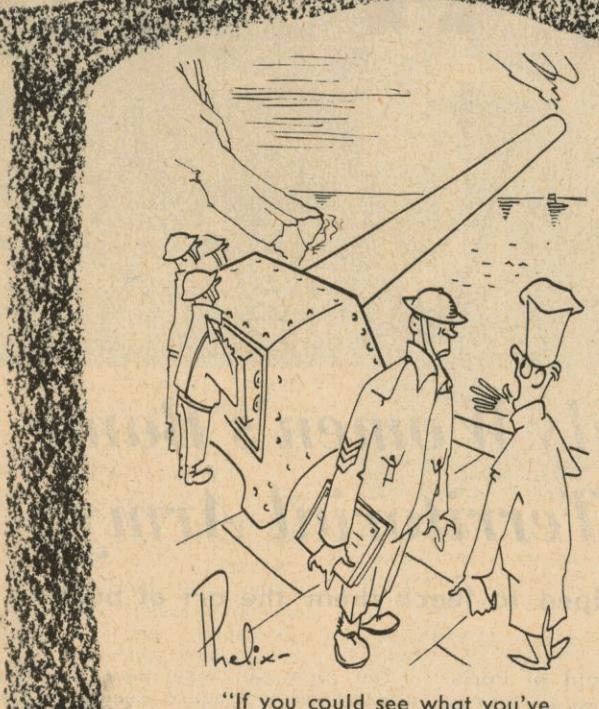
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"The mittens are okay, but she's slipped up on the balaclava."



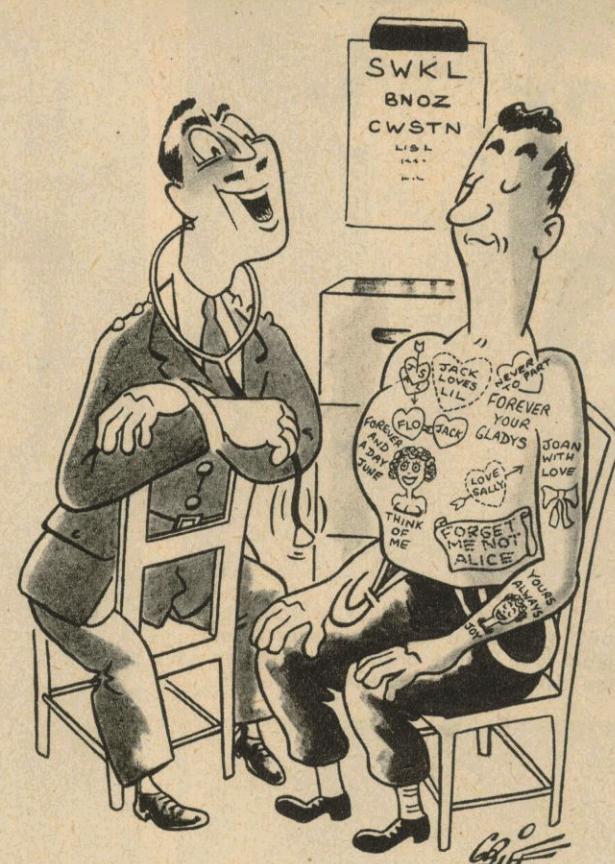
"Not so much of the 'Margery Daw' — you watch out for the Adjutant."



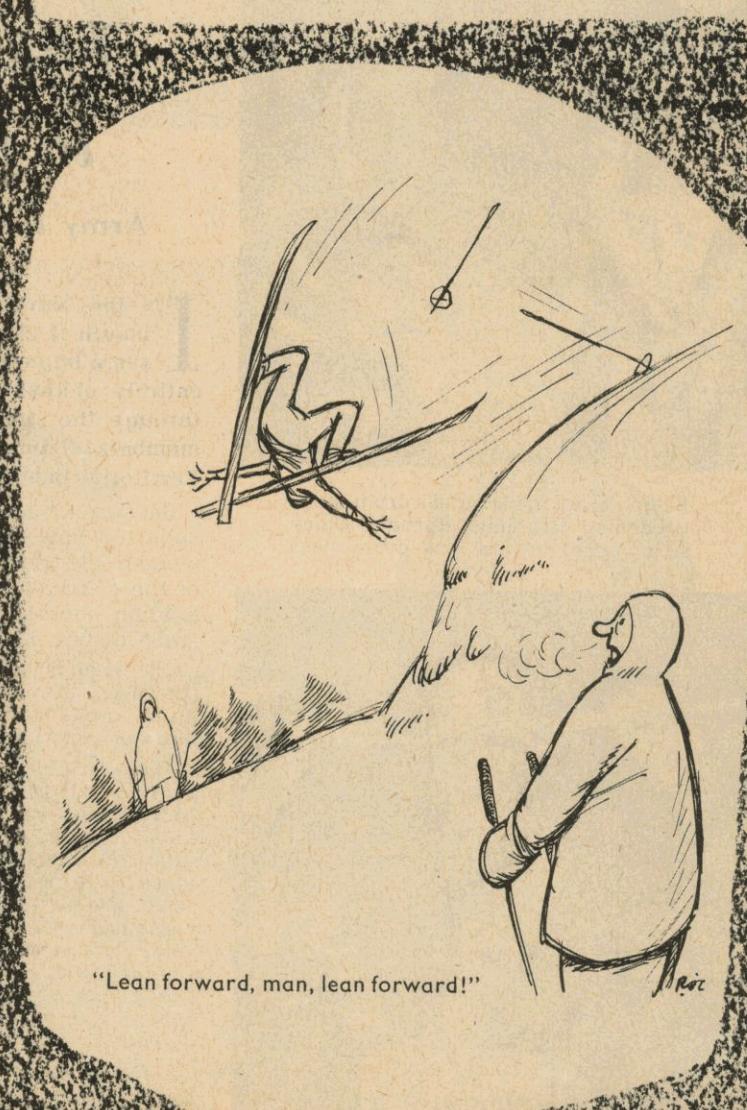
"If you could see what you've just done to 270 NAAFI cakes!"



"Lean forward, man, lean forward!"



"Just what kind of specialist did you say you were in Civvy Street?"





Drum-Major Kathleen Daley, with mace. Below: She learns new flourishes from Serjeant Jock Frame, once a drum-major of the King's Own Scottish Borderers.



Below: Sister to the band's drum-major is Leading Drummer Barbara Daley, here hiding behind her drum-sticks.



With a 3.7 anti-aircraft gun in the background: the Women's Royal Army Corps band of 583 (Mixed) Anti-Aircraft Regiment, in their drill hall at Plymouth.

The Only Women's Band in the Territorial Army

Army cadets helped to teach them the art of bugling

IN the Naval stronghold of Portsmouth it is no uncommon sight to see a bugle-and-drum band formed entirely of khaki-clad women marching through the streets. This band, so its members claim, is the only women's Territorial band in the country.

Because it is not yet officially recognised and receives no grant, the women themselves have raised much of the money to buy instruments — by holding dances and whist drives. Two whist drives pay for one bugle.

The band, 30 strong, is that of 583 (Mixed) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Territorial Army. It was formed in 1947. Only three of its original members remain.

Much of the credit for starting the band goes to the drill hall caretaker, Serjeant Jock Frame, an ex-drum-major of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The Adjutant, Captain R. E. Canterbury, found some old drums and bought a few second-hand bugles. Valued and disinterested assistance was lent by boys of a cadet unit which formerly used the drill hall. One girl was paired off with one cadet, who taught her how to purse her lips in such a way as to produce the requisite five notes.

Girls are quicker than men in mastering bugle and drums, says Serjeant Frame, gallantly.

The girls can take their bugles and drums home to practice. Leading Drummer Barbara Daley told SOLDIER she found the garden shed the best place to rehearse without upsetting the neighbours. She recruited her sister, Kathleen Daley, into the band and now Kathleen is the band's drum-major.

Today the band can play six quick marches, two slow marches and the general salute. It performs at functions in the Portsmouth area, and has an invitation to play at carnivals in the Isle of Wight. It can also boast an appearance at the Albert Hall; the occasion was the reunion of the Women's Royal Army Corps and the Auxiliary Territorial Service.



Leading Bugler Doreen Wells, with the band's only silver bugle.

CITY ON THE SIMMER

IN Trieste, once again, the brickbats flew and the plate glass tinkled unmelodiously. Five thousand British soldiers, five thousand American soldiers wondered whether the time had come for action.

The time had not come. Venezia Giulia police (trained and officered by British and Americans) proved equal to the job of pacifying the demonstrators. Only if there had been the gravest disorders would the Allied Zone Commander have ordered troops out.

It was like old times, save that the demonstrators had new battle-cries. Originally the squalls had been between Italian and Slovene factions. Now it was the British who were the objects of abuse. Why (demanded the demonstrators) did not Britain, America and France fulfil the recommendation they made four years ago that Trieste should be handed over to Italy? The answer was that no workable solution had yet been devised, under the United Nations, for the rule of this vexatious Territory. That is why the British and Americans continue to occupy Zone "A" and the Jugo-Slavs — also 5000 strong — retain Zone "B."

Some of the tension in Trieste has been relieved in the last two years by the more friendly attitude of Jugo-Slavia to the Western Powers. Border incidents, which once projected Trieste into the headlines, are now almost unknown. British soldiers have even spent their leaves in the Jugo-Slav Zone or in Jugo-Slavia itself. The Jugo-Slav border, marked by the Morgan Line, is no longer tightly sealed, but British and American soldiers still man the pill-boxes and patrol the border. The atmosphere is curiously unreal to those who remember the tenseness which existed in those parts in the late 'forties.

The British soldier in Trieste spends most of his on-duty hours perfecting his individual training or taking part in manoeuvres, often with American troops, over the bare, lime-stone hills of the Free Territory. There is very little room for movement in Zone "A" and most soldiers are so familiar with the countryside that they rarely need maps. But the ingenuity of the training staffs in setting new situations keeps the men's interest very much alive.

A great deal of training is done outside Trieste, in the British Zone of Austria which lies to the north. Even in mid-winter, when Austria is cloaked in several feet of snow, it is unusual for Trieste to have temperatures below freezing-point, so each of the battalions in BETFOR (British Element, Trieste Force) sends parties of men to

OVER

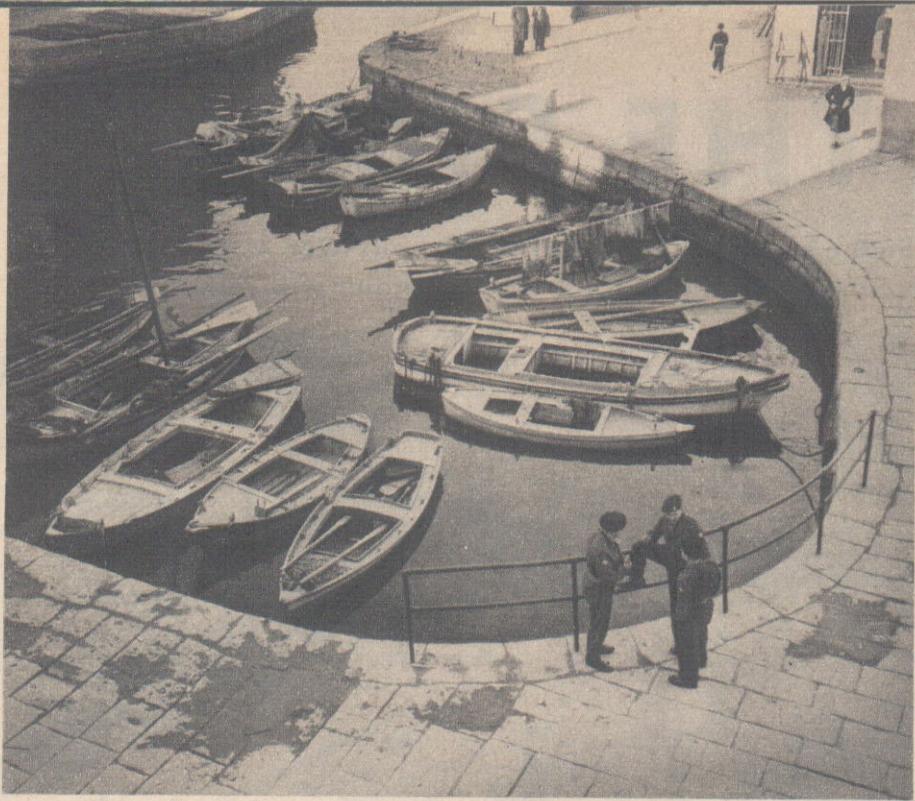
Now and again the heat increases and the city boils over . . . but until a political solution can be worked out, the British soldier will remain in Trieste



Above: "Trieste for Italy" demonstrators try conclusions with the city's police, who are officered by British and Americans. The police wear the same style of helmet as in Britain.

Below: Major-General Sir John Winterton (left) is Allied Zone Commander and Commander of British troops in Trieste. With him is Major-General E. B. Sebree, commanding United States troops.





Quiet week-end: across the bay from Trieste is Muggia, an old fishing village which British soldiers like to visit. Boats are cheap to hire.



In Trieste Royal Artillery officers of an amphibious observation battery co-operate with American gunnery officers in the "shelling" of land targets.

CITY ON THE SIMMER (Continued)

the ski-training school at Schmelz. In the summer the Infantry companies spend a month on the field firing ranges in the Austrian Alps. Last year 24 Infantry Brigade added a little variety to their training by sending the Northamptonshire Regiment to the Austrian border in troop carriers and then marching the 90 miles to Schmelz in six days, preceded by the regimental band which played in many of the wayside villages and towns. The

Battalion hopes to repeat the performance this year. Trieste, incidentally, is the third international city in which the Battalion finds itself; it has already served in Berlin and Vienna.

Trieste is one of the very few places in the world where Gunners practise directing fire from ships to targets on land. Each time a British or American man-o'-war docks in Trieste harbour (about once every two weeks) a troop of No. 267 Amphibious Observation

Battery, Royal Artillery, who are stationed in Trieste city, take a naval gunnery party into the hills in Zone "A." Here, they set up a combined fire control and observation team which sends back orders by wireless to the ship to engage targets in the Allied Zone. On board ship naval gunners plot their targets and go through the motions of firing. In theory the Free Territory has been heavily plastered with naval artillery over the past two years. These exercises allow British artillerymen and American and British naval gunners to learn each other's methods in conditions they rarely meet elsewhere. Last year Gunners sailed from Trieste in a United States destroyer to carry out a beach landing exercise in Cyprus.

In training there is close co-operation with the American forces who serve in TRUST (Trieste United States Troops), even to the extent of small-arms competitions, in which honours are now about even.

Living conditions for British soldiers have improved very considerably since 1945, thanks mainly to the Royal Engineers who have modernised many of the buildings in the former Austro-Hungarian army barracks. At Lazzaretto — a former leper colony — where one battalion is stationed, new brick buildings are being erected to replace the present half-brick Nissen huts, which are not altogether satisfactory in winter. Great strides are being made, too, in providing flats for families and already scores of soldiers have moved into their homes. Some, however, are still living in rented rooms, which they find costly in spite of a living-out allowance.

In winter the most popular meeting-place for troops is the Services Club. Here a man can play snooker, table-tennis and other games, dance four times a week in the ballroom (as there are no WRAC girls in Trieste finding partners is sometimes difficult), borrow books from a





These men of the Northamptonshire Regiment have served in three international cities — Berlin, Vienna and now Trieste. They are (left to right): Privates W. Rogers and J. Provins, RSM J. Leeson, CQMS F. Lee, Private L. Sparry and RQMS F. Gascoyne.

well-stocked library, read newspapers and magazines, write his personal letters, or yarn over a cup of tea or a glass of beer in the canteen. Each barracks has its own NAAFI and games room and families have a club of their own in Trieste city.

No. 1 Army Welfare Unit — the only one left in the Army — which organises the Services Club also runs two bathing beaches on the shores of the Adriatic Sea and arranges pleasure steamer trips across the Gulf of Trieste to the old-world fishing village of Muggia. In summer there is plenty of sailing in the Adriatic. Many soldiers join the Triestini in the popular sport of fish spearing. Wearing a rubber face-mask which allows him to swim under water for several minutes without surfacing, and armed with a steel spike, the British soldier has proved adept at the game.

Several units have camera clubs and some have cycling clubs the members of which, in summer, spend week-ends in Italy, often covering as many as 100 miles in mountainous country. There is also in Trieste a riding club where soldiers can learn for 2s 6d an hour.

Off duty, many soldiers catch the early morning diesel train which deposits them in Venice within two hours. Arrangements are being made by the Royal Army Educational Corps to con-

duct parties of soldiers to Venice for the week-end. The tour will include a ride up the Grand Canal in a gondola. In Trieste itself there are conducted educational tours to the oil refineries, shipyards and docks, and the iron, steel and gas works.

Trieste offers much entertainment but prices are so high that only by stern saving can a soldier afford to buy a seat for the opera, if his tastes run that way. Though the shops are full of all kinds of goods, few can afford to buy more than a small present to take home when they go on leave. However, the British soldier can patronise the bars where "vino" is very cheap and buy fruit at reasonable prices from the open-air markets.

Because of the hilly terrain and the lime-stone rocks sports fields are not as plentiful as many soldiers could wish, but most units have a Soccer pitch and often parade grounds are used for hockey and basket-ball matches.

On the whole British soldiers like living in Trieste. A few have returned to live there after their release from the Army. One — a former lance-corporal — manages a restaurant for his Italian-born wife in Trieste city.

Most of the Triestini — both Italian and Slovene — seem to like the British soldier, even if it is only because his very presence restrains the more hot-headed.

IT WAS CARRIED INTO BATTLE

THE 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment possesses one of the oldest regimental Colours (shown on SOLDIER's cover) still in use in the British Army and the last to be carried in action.

The Colour was presented to the 2nd Battalion in 1860 and was carried by a standard-bearer party at Laings Nek in the South African War in 1881. In this action Lieutenant Alan R. Hill won the Victoria Cross for carrying out of action on his horse the mortally wounded officer bearing the regimental

Colour. In the same action he rescued other wounded men under very heavy fire.

Shortly afterwards the War Office forbade the carrying of Colours in action as their defence was liable to cause too great a loss of life.

Today the Colour is kept cased in the officers' mess in Trieste and is flown only on special occasions and never in a high wind.

The 1st Battalion also prizes two silver-mounted hooves from the horse Lieutenant Hill, VC rode at Laings Nek.



The military hospital in Trieste is hewn from solid lime-stone. In the underground passages, used by the Germans towards the end of the war, stalactites grow in profusion. Below: A bit more home-like: one of the new blocks of flats recently built for Service families in Trieste.





Something calls for four-Power investigation... a scene from the film "Four In a Jeep."

"Four in a Jeep" — but it's a Saloon Now

THE jeep in which Vienna's international police patrol once went about their duties, and which lent its name to the prize-winning film "Four In a Jeep," is now a saloon car.

To Vienna, this is a disappointment. The glittering occupants — military policemen of Britain, America, France and Russia — are now screened by glittering glass and coachwork. But the flags of the four Powers still flutter above the radiator.

For many years the "Jeep" had been, in fact, a large, open patrol car. Then one day the Russians, whose turn it was to take over control of the patrol, appeared outside the Palace of Justice with five brand-new saloons painted blue and bearing Russian number-plates. They were the new "Moskva Victory" cars, equipped with radio and heater.

With their new cars the Russians also provided their own drivers and radio operators. Until then the Americans had always produced the vehicles, radio sets, drivers and mechanics.

Now the Americans, in turn, have brought up their own "sedans" — seven new, streamlined cars in olive drab. These will be used by the Americans, British and French when it is their turn to control the patrol.

NOTE: The film "Four In a Jeep" earned an international award. It shows how the four military policemen, who sometimes find instincts hard to reconcile with orders, tackle the problems of an international city. Their major problem is a displaced woman.



Above: The patrol car which has now had its day.



Left: Showing the American "sedan" which is now used three months out of four. The Russian military policeman declined to pose.

Right: The Russian "Moskva Victory" saloon showed that there is no shortage of chromium behind the Iron Curtain.



Chick Zamick, Canadian-born, top-ranking Nottingham Panther, is out in front of the world in ice-hockey's goal-scoring stakes. In 4 years, he's netted that elusive puck over 300 times. 25-year-old Chick has strong views on what an athlete should smoke. "I take no chances with my throat and wind," he says. "Craven 'A' for me—for keeps."

**"Let's just say
they suit me
better"**

says ice-hockey king, tearaway

**CHICK
ZAMICK**



THERE'S ACTION PLUS in ice hockey. If you're out of training, you're out. "That's my reason," says top goal-scorer Chick Zamick, "for being particular what I smoke. I'll take Craven 'A' every time—and enjoy my tobacco the clean, comfortable way."

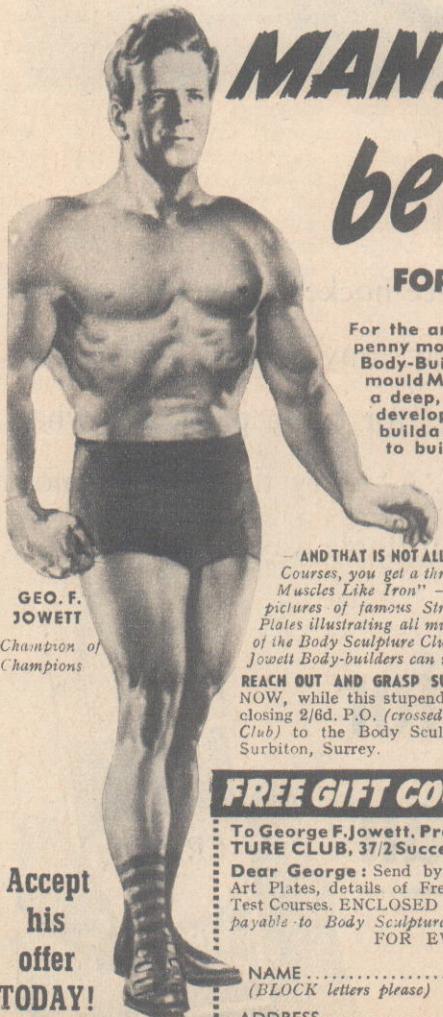
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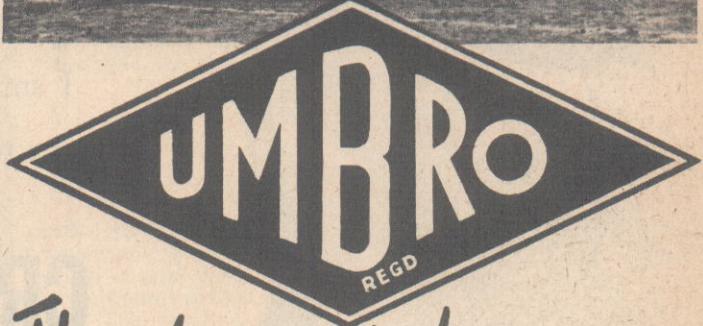
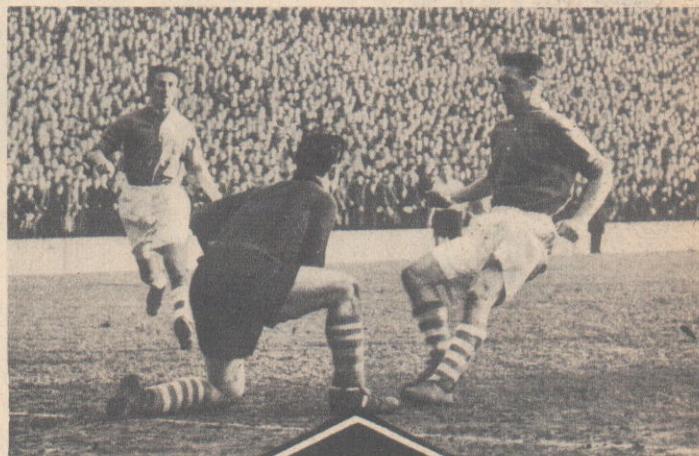
R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.V.O., M.B.E.,
gives his 7 point recommendation
for a parade ground polish.

Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

Deep-shine with KIWI

It puts life into leather

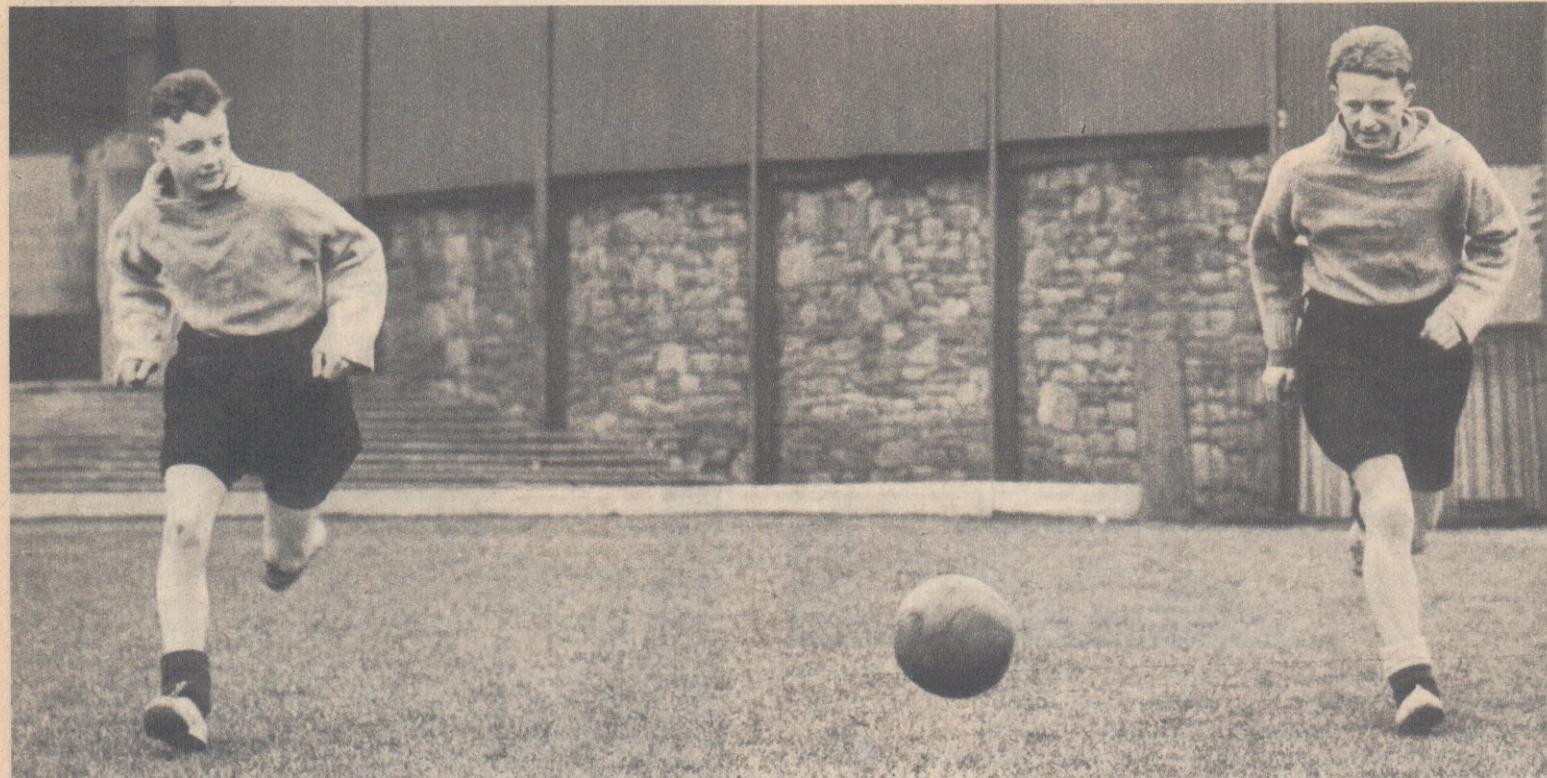


The choice of champions

Quality — the reason for
"Umbro" popularity with league
sides and club teams

OF LEADING SPORTS OUTFITTERS ALL OVER
THE WORLD

There are four members of the Allchurch family in first-class football. One of them has left the Army; another was recently called up — but he soon found himself in the Army team



Len Allchurch (left) and his brother Ivor at practice on Swansea Town's ground. Below: Len Allchurch trains with his squad at Brecon. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameramen W. J. Stirling and Frank Tomsett).

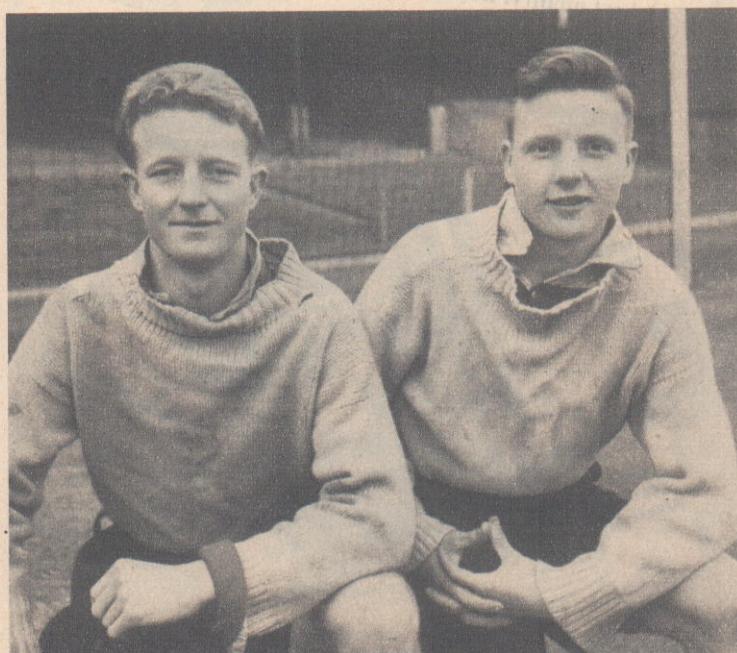
NOW COMES ALLCHURCH No. 2

TIIPPED as a future Welsh international, 18-year-old Private Len Allchurch, a National Serviceman in the Welch Regiment, is an outstanding acquisition to Army Soccer.

He is a brother of 21-year-old Ivor Allchurch, the Welsh international, who has been capped seven times since 1950.

Len Allchurch, whom SOLDIER found training at the Welsh Brigade headquarters in Brecon, is the youngest of a Swansea family which, including Len, has four members in first-class Soccer. Besides Ivor, who is a first-team professional for Swansea Town, there are Arthur and Sid, who play amateur football for

OVER



A pair of Welsh wizards. Ivor Allchurch (left) has been capped seven times for Wales since 1950.

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The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England Trading into Hudson's Bay
— INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 —

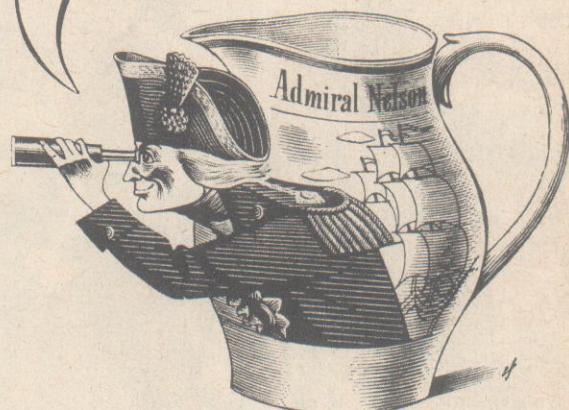


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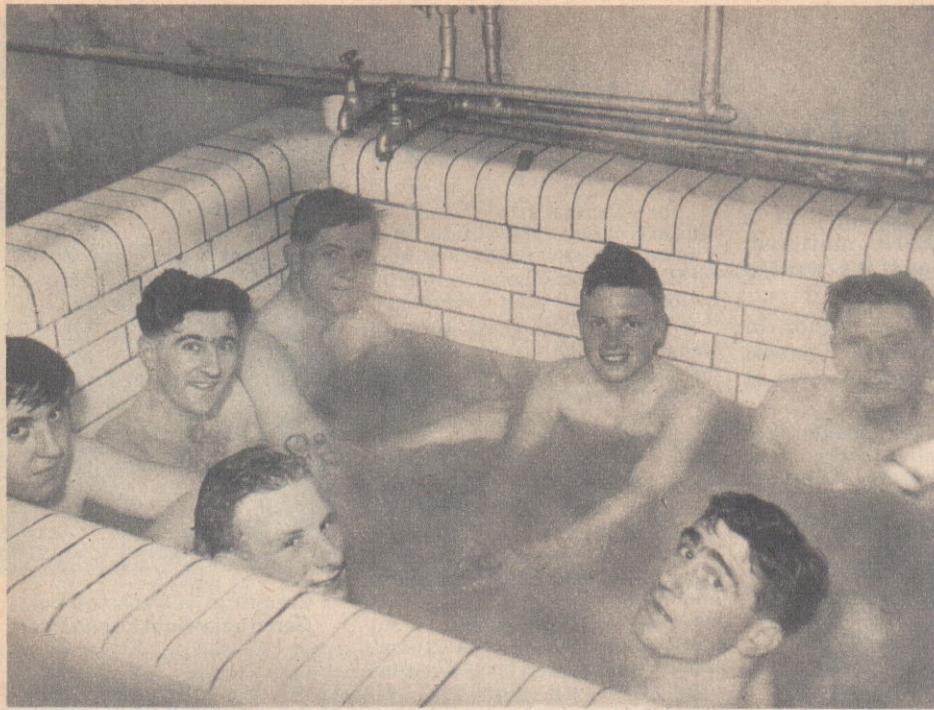
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DUNCAN — THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE



ALLCHURCH No. 2 (Continued)

Haverfordwest. Arthur played for Wales against England as an amateur international in 1950-51.

After a successful career in Welsh junior football — he was a schoolboy international and British Army Cadet international — Len Allchurch joined the ground staff at Swansea Town and later became an apprentice coppersmith at Prince of Wales Dry Dock, Swansea. He signed professional forms for Swansea in October 1950, and played outside left for the first eleven twice during the 1950-51 season. This year he appeared at outside right for the first team against Brentford.

Since joining the Army early this year he has played in Army representative fix-

tures. On the basis of his fine showing against United Hospitals in January he has since appeared in the Army teams which defeated the Royal Navy at Charlton, the Belgian Army at Brussels and the Royal Air Force at Wolverhampton.

Len Allchurch's brother Ivor (for whom a transfer fee of £30,000 or more is said to have been offered) is also an ex-Army player; indeed, the Army can take much of the credit for his present success.

If the Army has helped Swansea Town, Swansea Town has also helped the Army: it has extended vocational training to soldiers with an ambition to become professional footballers.

W. H. PEARSON



Top, left: a bath full of Army players (Len Allchurch included) after their successful match against the Royal Navy. Above: En route to Brussels to play the Belgian Army.

"SAINT'S" PROGRESS



TWELVE years ago a lad from Corfe Lullen, Dorsetshire walked into a recruiting office and asked to join the Army.

Now he is leaving the service, having duly learned a "trade" — the trade of speedway riding.

He is Serjeant Anthony ("Smudger") Smith, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

After his boy's service and a spell of campaigning in Italy, he was posted to Rhine Army in late 1945. Always keen on motor cycles, he took part in trials and scrambles which were a useful introduction to speedway racing. His first chance came at Lubeck, where he competed against German riders,

including cracks from the Allgemeiner Deutscher Automobil Club. Later he gained straight wins at Brunswick, Bremen, Ebsdorf, Celle and other places. At one time he held three separate track records, an achievement seldom equalled by British riders in Germany.

Then Serjeant Smith joined the well-known "Hanomag Saints" Speedway Racing Club at Hanover. This club has given Britain many excellent riders and has become famous throughout Europe.

Serjeant Smith has ridden on German tracks too. "The German clubs," he says, "use loose-surface tracks which are rather sticky at first, but after dodging bricks and stones flying up from the front wheel once or twice you soon become used to it."

He continued: "The experience I have gained on loose tracks is perhaps a lucky break, because the Southampton club, where I hope to ride, are using the same type of track this season." Mr. Charles Knott, the Southampton manager, has offered Serjeant Smith a trial on leaving the Army. — *From a report by Serjeant Colin Healey, Army Public Relations.*

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He Will Read Only One Sheet

GENERAL Dwight Eisenhower glanced casually at a newly published biography of himself. He muttered: "Maybe it's all right, but I know the guy it's written about better than the author does."

The story is told by John Gunther, the American author, in "Eisenhower" (Hamish Hamilton, 10s 6d). Perhaps General Eisenhower made the same comment when he first glanced at this new biography.

Mr. Gunther is well-known for his "inside" books — "Inside Europe," "Inside America" and so on. Apparently General Eisenhower had fears that this volume was to be called "Inside Ike."

Certainly Mr. Gunther (who is also the biographer of General Douglas MacArthur) tries hard to

get a little further "inside Ike" than the 12 authors who have already written the General's life. He builds up his story with a wealth of illustrative stories, personal details and odd trifles. It is a piece of impressionism, not a formal biography. There is no detailed chronological record

of the General's boyhood and military career. The author offers a good measure of discussion as to General Eisenhower's qualifications for the White House.

If you want to know all about General Eisenhower's likes and dislikes, here they are. It seems he reads "Westerns," the gaudier the better; "he is seldom without a pile of these monstrous products." Except on the subject of his future, he is a loquacious man. He can lose his temper when required. He loathes paper work, and like Mr. Churchill, hates to read any document longer than one page. "If a man can't get what he wants to say on a single page, then it isn't worth reading. He hasn't crystallised his own thinking." He dictates a record of important conversations immediately afterwards, and refreshes his memory next time he meets the individual concerned (who is suitably impressed).

What else? Oh yes, his favourite word is "instantly." He is now a non-smoker, though once he smoked so hard that at public dinners he used to persuade the chairman to authorise smoking as soon as the soup was over. Though as keen as ever on Allied co-operation, he does not like his American Staff using horrible English phrases like "Cheerio," and once sanctioned a system of fines for offenders. In case you wonder how Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery addresses him, the answer is "Sir."

Though stationed in France, General Eisenhower is in no danger of "going native." His headquarters is like any American Army post. If you are thinking of calling on him, Mr. Gunther strongly advises you not to ring up and ask for a staff car; he recommends that you make your own way by bus.

In many ways, it is an extraordinary headquarters over which General Eisenhower now presides, near the forest of Marly. "A French colonel discovered recent-



Caught in a stern moment: General Dwight Eisenhower.

ly, to his chagrin, that the salary of his American WAC secretary was more than his own," records Mr. Gunther. "An American major gets \$384.75 per month; a Danish major gets \$79.77 and an Italian major \$43." It is not an overstuffed headquarters; a high officer who asked for a staff of 71 was allotted nine.

The General's principal secretary, Helen Weaver, has the curious rank of "Chief Yeoman." One of his military assistants is a Scots Guards officer, Colonel James Gault, who was with him in World War Two. Early in 1950, when Colonel Gault was desperately ill, his wife telephoned to General Eisenhower at Columbia University, New York and asked him to send over some aureomycin, which he did. This year, when General Eisenhower took over SHAPE, the Colonel telegraphed him: "Since I owe my life to you I can only offer to give it to you once more."

General Eisenhower's future may be settled by the time these lines appear. Whatever his choice, he will still be "the most popular American who has ever lived and worked in Europe." Nowadays, says Mr. Gunther, the General talks a good deal about the need for a "spiritual renaissance." And how right he is.

The Lost Years of Gunner Braddon

"I determined that I would eat everything — thus, cats, dogs, frogs, snakes, bad fish, bad meat, fungous, crude vegetable oil, green leaves from almost anything that grew, roots and rubber nuts..."

That was the resolve of Gunner Russell Braddon, Australian war prisoner of the Japanese. Maybe he derived precious few calories out of all the garbage he consumed; but he had the will to live.

Russell Braddon's book "The Naked Island" (Werner Laurie, 15s), an exceedingly grim record of life in Pudu camp, Changi jail and on the Siamese "death" railway, is a best-seller. It is written in gall where it is not written in blood; it tells of hideous sufferings, abominable brutality, casual murder — and great nobility.

In the first jail the Australian captives were openly amused by

the British, who "formed an immaculate squad which fairly quivered to attention," and who were "frankly astounded at our disorderliness." The author often chafed under camp discipline, but he says, "They're nice people to be in jail with, the British."

Two men are singled out for unreserved praise. One is a former Cambridge cox, Padre Noel Duckworth, "a name which tens of thousands of Australians, Englishmen and Scots will remember till they die." The Padre saved wounded men from massacre, being flogged for his pains by the Japanese. He ran a chapel and a black market — "the Padre was a realist as well as a Christian." The other man was a medical officer, Major Kevin Fagan, who on a racking 100-mile march by emaciated men through the jungle strode the equivalent of 200 miles up and down the column helping the suffering. To one man, who said he was paralysed and was being carried by his mates, Major Fagan gave a sudden, hard kick in the pants. The paralysed man rose and fled.

Yes, there were spivs too. When the author returned to Australia he was asked to redeem IOUs totalling £112 for water supplied to him, when ill, at £1 a mug. Braddon offered to pay in full if the recipient would pose with him, in the act of receiving the money, for newspaper photographers. The offer was declined.

There are many tragic references to Argylls. At Pudu two dying Scots walked in to surrender, survivors of 40 Argylls cut off at Slim River. For weeks they had fought a private war. Malaria overtook them; they buried each other, marking the graves until only these two were left. In Pudu they died, happy, surrounded again by men who talked "their almost unintelligible dialect."



This sketch of a Japanese guard, from "The Naked Island," is by Ronald Searle, a war prisoner in Malaya. Famous today for his cartoons of bloodthirsty schoolgirls, he sharpened his technique in captivity sketching such things as decapitated heads on poles.

String Vests v. No Vests

IN that first winter in Korea, a party of British soldiers thought they ought to do something to show their contempt of the weather. So they played a game of football, half naked, on the frozen ground: String Vests versus No Vests.

The story is told by Eric Linklater in "Our Men In Korea" (H. M. Stationery Office, 2s 6d), the first official account of the Commonwealth part in the Korean operations, down to mid-1951.

It may be said at once that an account like this, by a writer of distinction, with 45 illustrations on glossy paper, and ten maps, is a notable publishing feat at half-a-crown. Mr. Linklater was himself in Korea last summer; there is a picture of him about to be catapulted in a Firefly from the deck of HMS *Glory*, to visit the Commonwealth front line.

Here is the proud story of the Commonwealth operations, in orderly and often inspiring prose, starting in the days when Brigadier Basil Coad's headquarters "consisted of himself, his Brigade Major, his Intelligence Officer and a candle-end." Here is the "rough story" of the 41st Independent Commando of the Royal Marines; here too is the account of the Gloucesters' stand, and a map with all the requisite arrows. It seems that at one stage during the Gloucesters' battle, when the Chinese bugles had blown for a fresh assault, a

drummer of the Gloucesters answered by playing the call for Defaulters. Says Mr. Linklater: "The Adjutant was not amused." Then came that historic dawn when Lieut-Colonel Carne ordered the drum-major to blow a long reveille. "Roland's horn among the mountains, gathering echoes from centuries of battle, sounded again; and the haggard soldiers on their blackened hillside rose and cheered."

Even now, many soldiers who have not served in Korea do not realise just how savage was the midwinter cold. Mr. Linklater quotes an officer's account: "The Squadron-Leader put a flask to his lips, and the skin came away on the metal. It was dangerous to touch the side of a tank with the

bare hand. To shave in the morning, a metal razor had to be tipped out of its case, into warm water, before it could be safely handled. Beer arrived frozen solid in its bottles. The Squadron worked under the continual strain and handicap of mechanism freezing fast over-night."

Mr. Linklater's account ends with the formal ceremony of the formation of 1st Commonwealth Division.

"The silver bugles blew, a summer breeze filled the five standards, and the Division turned its back on ceremony to face the north again... The soldiers had learnt enough of the enemy not to despise him; but they knew enough about themselves to be confident."

The Infantry Built Ships

MANY a queer job has fallen the way of a British Infantry battalion; none queerer than that which was assigned in the winter of 1943—1944 to the 10th Battalion The Worcestershire Regiment.

The story of it is told by Lieutenant Lord Birdwood (son of the late Field-Marshal) in "The Worcestershire Regiment 1922—1950" (Gale and Polden, 18s).

Just before Christmas 1943 the Commanding Officer of the 10th Battalion was called to a headquarters in High Holborn, London. There he was briefed for his part in "Operation Quicksilver."

The idea was to build a large fleet of dummy landing craft to delude the Germans into thinking that an invasion was imminent from the Kent and Essex coasts. The Worcestershires were based on Dover, Folkestone and the Orwell estuary at Harwich; and the 4th Northamptonshires were

PAY PUZZLES

OF the special allowances which a soldier may earn, the most gratifying is "responsibility allowance." Unfortunately it is paid only to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff (£1000 a year) and military members of the Army Council (£500 a year).

This information is gleaned from an instructive and useful little book entitled "Guide to Army Officers' Pay, Allowances and Financial Affairs" (Gale and Polden, 5s). In clear English, not unmixed with martial philosophy, Captain W. B. Wilton MC, Royal Army Pay Corps, explains all the knotty details about officers' travel allowances, income tax, overseas allowance and so on. He tells how much per day an animal conducting officer can claim; how much a padre is allowed for a tropical cassock; how much extra an officer is paid for serving in Saudi Arabia; and how much an officer can claim when travelling to an investiture. The book contains the melancholy information that a Victoria Cross pension is liable to income tax.

A shorter version of Captain Wilton's book is in use at Sandhurst.

assigned a similar task at Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

All the "ships," which were built at dusk or during the night, were made of tubular scaffolding on wheels, covered with painted canvas and sail-cloth, and floated on empty oil drums. When the scheme got into its stride 40 men were turning out a vessel in ten hours—from 5 p.m. to 3 a.m. Each was complete down to dummy anti-aircraft guns.

In May 1944 people were turned out of their houses on the Dover sea front and the launching was begun. Little ships buzzed about the coast, helping to give the illusion that a fleet was preparing for sea. "It was no easy task," writes Lord Birdwood, "to make the project sufficiently obvious to attract attention without overplaying the part, which would have aroused suspicion."

By 6 June the Worcestershires and the Northamptonshires between them had assembled a fleet of 250 vessels. Air activity and radio deception helped to stimulate the Germans' interest in this phantom fleet, and the craft at Dover received the honour of a bombardment. At one stage the German radio claimed to have frustrated the British invasion. The cost of this successful ruse was three men wounded in Dover.

Before they undertook this operation, the 10th Worcestershires had already performed a "hush-hush" duty. They had been ordered to guard a group of what appeared to be innocent bungalows round Hythe and Dymchurch. Only the Commanding Officer knew that these bungalows contained the pumping installations for "Pluto" (Pipe Line Under The Ocean).

The adventures of the Worcestershires' other battalions in World War Two are well told. The 1st Battalion fought on the heights of Keren, and in Tobruk, where disaster overtook it; reformed, it fought in North-West Europe. The 2nd served in India, on the Chindwin and the Irrawaddy.

WHY IS A

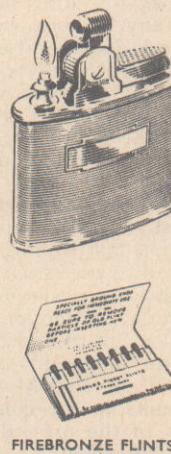
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SPITFIRES versus SHIFTA

The Editor of *SOLDIER* has received the following letter:

SIR: In your February issue there was an article on No. 1910 Independent AOP Flight in Eritrea. One paragraph said that the Flight was brought from Tripoli "to do a job formerly attempted by Spifires." Since this wording, albeit innocently, might tend to belittle the efforts of the RAF we, the pilots who flew those Spifires, would like to reply.

Firstly, there was the daily routine "milk run," a check-up of all the isolated police posts and observation of any *shifta* signals displayed for us and the dropping of any instructions. In this manner known bands of *shifta* were kept under constant observation and intercepted by ferret forces and Army patrols. Our VHF provided a communications link almost direct to the Chief of Police himself. The "aerial cowboy" act was originated by us and several herds of stolen cattle were stampeded by the tactics described in your article.

Every police post and area of importance was photographed by us and pinpointed as accurately as possible on the inaccurate maps which were put at our disposal — a particularly useful present to the Auster Flight when they arrived. The Army patrols out on *shifta* hunts were kept under a watchful eye and were supplied with spare parts and maps. Aerial postman was another daily job and the Army left no doubt about its gratitude to us, only too evident on smiling faces and in frantic arm waving.

Several demonstrations of low-level aerobatics were staged over towns and villages to impress the locals, also an air-to-ground shoot to which local chiefs were invited and at which a mock village was destroyed by 20 m.m. cannon shells from six aircraft. This demonstration, so the police informed us, was the biggest deterrent to *shifta* harbouring by the tribes afterwards and its immediate effect was the beginning of mass surrender by the *shifta* themselves. The mere presence

of a Spifire was sufficient to send a *shifta* bandit scurrying and it was known that, on one occasion, the hold up of a bus was foiled in this manner.

During the three months we operated from Asmara, we neither suffered loss of life, nor did we inflict any. There were no accidents; no damage was done to military or civilian property. Maybe that is because we are professional flyers, but even so it is surely the hallmark of efficiency especially in such difficult country with its bad flying weather. If the job was difficult for an Auster it was ten times more so for a fast fighter whose pilot was his own navigator, radio operator, observer and photographer. Moreover, you cannot land a Spifire anywhere; if an engine packs in in such country it is an aircraft written off, but thanks to the commendable efforts of the ground crews that never happened.

Furthermore, before we left to resume our duties in the Canal Zone, we had the assurance of the Chief of Police and the Army Commander that our time had been far from wasted. If any doubt still remains as to the effectiveness of our operations we can only refer the doubter to the 1st Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment, our collaborators at Asmara, for verification. — Sqn-Leader F. V. Morello, Officer Commanding, No. 208 Squadron, Royal Air Force, MEAF 10.

★ *SOLDIER* regrets any unintentional reflection on No. 208 Squadron; wishes its pilots many happy landings.

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

ANGELS ONE FIVE

Like Drake's ships which drove back the Spanish Armada, the Hurricane aircraft which drove back the Luftwaffe in 1940 have disappeared from service. The producers of this British film have to thank the Portuguese Government for the loan of Hurricanes. "Angels One Five" is about the life of a fighter squadron during the Battle of Britain, and was made with Air Ministry assistance: Jack Hawkins, Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray head a cast which includes members of the Women's Royal Air Force. A good type of war picture: no false heroics, no psychiatric humbug.

FILMS

COMING YOUR WAY

THE CARD

Alec Guinness plays Arnold Bennett's grandfather of the "wide boys" — the washerwoman's son who begins his career by altering some examination results and, by showing equal enterprise in business, builds up a large bank-balance and becomes mayor of his town. The three women in his life are Valerie Hobson, Glynis Johns and Petula Clark. Lucky Card!

ANNE OF THE INDIES

You might think that the woman who could command a pirate ship, with the usual cut-throat crew, would be a grim old hag. Instead, she is Jean Peters. Pretty or not, pirate captains cannot be allowed happy endings, even in Technicolor, so Miss Peters meets disaster when she captures handsome Louis Jourdan, who has a beautiful wife (Debra Paget) in the nearest port.

FIVE FINGERS

Here is James Mason as "Cicero," the valet in the war-time British Embassy in Ankara who photographs documents from the sale for the German Ambassador. Danielle Darrieux is the beautiful countess who finally gets away with the valet's money, and Michael Rennie is the man from Whitehall who tries to clear it all up.

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART

Susan Hayward, in Technicolor, hurts her legs in an aeroplane crash but goes on singing. Her songs range geographically from "Montparnasse" to "The Gay White Way" and in them from "Joe's Toasty Peanuts" to "I've got a Feeling You're Fooling." With Rory Calhoun and David Wayne.

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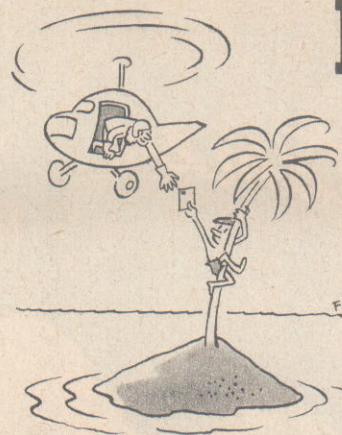
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LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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



OFFICER BOXERS

In reports of Army boxing during recent years there has been little mention of officer contestants.

In the early 'twenties, some may remember that in the inter-unit team competition teams comprised three officers (over middle-weight, welter to middle and under welter), and eight Other Ranks at the usual weights. Units' resources varied, of course, and some were hard put to it to find three officers of the right weight and any experience in the "noble art." However, there was rarely lack of volunteers to "have a go" and obtain a "losers' point" at least.

In contrast some units had useful talent. One recalls for instance, the 2nd Battalion The Loyal Regiment at Tidworth in 1925. This regiment had great boxing traditions and the battalion then had four most capable officers, Captain Schoales, Lieutenants Kearon, Thomas and Gainher, who held their own with the best amateurs in London and elsewhere, and were prominent competitors in the ISBA championships. Other well-known names were Lieutenant Lister of the Buffs, Lieutenant Courtis RASC and earlier Major ("Gunner") Huntingdon, of the Welch Regiment, all most formidable in the amateur ring.

In conditions then prevailing, officers were matched against officers in the team competition and their appearance in the ring certainly added to team and unit spirit.

Later, conditions were altered to include only one officer at any weight in a team of 15, liable to fight anyone, and this prevailed certainly in the Army Team Championship in India in 1931-32. Later, even one officer was not compulsory, and perhaps this gradual decline in officer representation may have affected interest?

Many of us remember, too, the encouragement and instruction provided at Sandhurst by the famous Serjeant-Instructor "Dusty" Miller of the Army Physical Training Corps and S/MI Butters. "Dusty's" battered and cheerful face in the corner as a second, and his shrewd advice, were worth points to his man. — Major B. N. Whitty, The Welch Regiment, 452 GSO (BSE).

★ On a point of accuracy: **SOLDIER** is informed that the teams of the early 'twenties consisted of three officers and 12 men; it was in the early 'thirties that the officer representation was reduced to one.

The standard of officer boxing has improved since the war ended. This year there were five officer entries in the all-ranks championships, as against one the previous year. Readers will have noticed that 2/Lieut. Peter Hoppe, of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, this year won the Army's light-heavyweight championship — the first officer to win an

Army boxing title since before World War One. The Army Boxing Association are considering including an officer again in unit boxing teams.

There exists an Army Officers Boxing Club; but officers are nevertheless encouraged to enter for all-ranks championships.

An officer-boxer of renown was General G. le Q. Martel, now retired. In the "phoney war" of 1940, while commanding 50th Division in France, he offered to box any soldier under him.

POOLS — AND POLISH

The leader in your April issue commenting on the holder of a VC publicly presenting a cheque for £75,000 to a pools winner certainly contains sentiments with which everyone who wears the Queen's uniform will agree.

But... how can you justify your very strong comments on this subject when on Page 26 of the same issue you blatantly publish an advertisement containing the photograph of a named ex-RSM of the Grenadier Guards recommending a certain shoe polish?

Surely every word in your leader could be applied to this advertisement also. The principle in both cases is exactly the same; at least, it is so to my way of thinking.

In passing, may I say thank you for your very educative and entertaining publication which is eagerly awaited every month. — Lieut-Col E. R. Bradley, Commanding 2nd Cadet Battalion The York and Lancaster Regiment.

★ **SOLDIER**'s main objection was to the attempt, by the pools firm, to associate a man who, in the popular mind, embodies the spirit of bravery with the spirit of get-rich-quick.

The RSM referred to is no longer in the Army, and is a free agent. At

Things You Wouldn't Know Unless We Told You



The British Army issues lipstick — "lipstick, anti-chap." A new type is being sent to Korea shortly.

the least, there is more to be said for inciting soldiers to keep their boots clean than for "glamourising" a pools organisation.

ARMY COOKING

In the March issue you printed a photograph of one of the many Army Catering Corps exhibits at the recent Hotel and Restaurant Catering Exhibition held at Olympia. I do feel that your readers would be interested to know that one of the main features was the Salon Culinaire, where the work of the leading chefs and the winners of the various competitive classes was displayed.

The Army Catering Corps competed in a number of classes and the work of instructors and boy apprentices from the ACC Training Centre won the following awards: —

(a) Silver cup presented by the Hotel and Catering Institute for the best apprentice chef exhibit (collective award).

(b) Silver cup presented by the Société des Gourmets for the best apprentice chef exhibit which was won by Boy Regan. (Both these competitions were open to technical colleges and hotels throughout the United Kingdom).

(c) Silver cup presented by Mitchell and Butler for the best Army exhibit (won by Staff-serjeant de Gresley).

(d) Other awards comprised three gold medals, eight silver medals, eight bronze medals and 16 certificates of merit.

These results speak for themselves and in my opinion reflect most favourably on the competitors and those responsible for their training. — Major C. Minardi, HQ Salisbury Plain District, Bulford, Wilts.

SECOND CORPORAL

You say there has never been a rank between private and corporal (lance-corporal being an appointment). Up to 1920 there was a rank in certain corps, including the Royal Engineers and Royal Army Ordnance Corps, known as second corporal. This was a full rank and the holder wore one stripe. On promotion to second corporal, a lance-corporal who was entitled to good conduct stripes had to take them down, the principle being no doubt that the holder of a full rank should not have to wear stripes to show he conducted

himself properly. — Major W. E. Dival, Printing and Stationery Service, RAOC, Germany.

Until the end of World War One there was a rank in the Royal Engineers of second corporal. There was then no lance-serjeant. This being so it was the custom for corporals in small units to be members of the serjeants' mess, although they were not privileged to visit messes of other units. — Major S. P. Bethell (late RE), Colliers End, Ware.

In my young days second corporal was considered a very easy rank, as the holder escaped the drudgery of a lance-corporal yet was not eligible to act as orderly serjeant, as was a full corporal. — Major G. Gillam (late RAOC), Regmey, Churchdale Road, Eastbourne.

FINAL DAY

A terminal grant of £300 is paid on discharge to a warrant officer class one who completes 22 years service. Now a warrant officer who undertakes to serve three year supplemental engagement is discharged on the day he completes 22 years, and is re-enlisted (in the rank of private) to be promoted to his old rank. In these circumstances, can he apply for the payment of the £300 on the day of his discharge after 22 years, or is the payment withheld until the three years are up? If it is, surely the man is losing the interest on it. — Sjt. A. E. Marshall, 577 (The Robin Hoods, Foresters) LAA/SL Regiment RA (TA), Nottingham.

★ The grant is not paid until the three years are up. It is a terminal grant, and so only paid on final discharge. By this time it will have increased by £60 because of the extra three years, and the pension raised by 1s 3d a week. Gratuity in respect of the extra engagement would not, of course, be paid.

THAT FINAL YEAR

My orderly room is not certain of the answer to this query so I put it to you. My man's service started in 1928 and I re-engaged for 21 years in September 1945. In 1947 I re-engaged to complete 22 years. Some people think I can claim discharge when my original 21 years are up, without serving the 22nd year. Is this

Continued Overleaf

FIVE GUINEAS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH

ARE you competing in SOLDIER's photographic contest?

Entries should illustrate in some way the theme: "The Army must use every ingenuity and device." Treatment may be serious or light-hearted; prints entered may be of any size, so long as they are clear.

Command Education Officers will judge the entries from their Commands and forward the best to SOLDIER, for final judging.

FIVE GUINEAS will be paid for the best entry, TWO GUINEAS for the next-best and ONE GUINEA for every other entry published.

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CONDITIONS

1. The competition is open to serving members of the Army and Territorial Army (including women's corps) and the Army Cadet Force.
2. Photographs must have been taken by the competitors submitting them. They must not have been published or sold for publication.
3. Competitors must submit prints only, but must be prepared to send negatives if SOLDIER asks for them.
4. A competitor may submit any number of entries.
5. On the back of each print must be written the name and address of the competitor submitting it.
6. An entry coupon will be printed in each edition of SOLDIER during the competition and one of these coupons must be stuck on the back of each print submitted.
7. Entries for Command judging must be sent to Command Education Officers at Command Headquarters by 30 September 1952.
8. Competitors not serving within normal Army Commands (e.g. members of Military Attachés' staffs or Military Missions) may send their entries direct to the Editor, SOLDIER, BANU, 58, Eaton Square, London, SW 1, by the same date.
9. Copyright of prints entered will be retained by the Editor of SOLDIER for six months after the close of the contest.
10. Neither the Editor of SOLDIER nor Command Education Officers can enter into correspondence with any competitor on the subject of the competition.



BEWARE the STEALTHY ONSET of FALLING HAIR



Right and left of the forehead are favourite points for the unsuspected onset of that often alarming hair trouble—a form of premature loss of hair—commonly known as "Falling Hair."

The crown of the head is another frequent site for the onset of Falling Hair. Often a dense growth around the thinning area may hide the loss until a widening circle of thinness makes it manifest.

THE onset of Falling Hair is often unsuspected. Just a few hairs disappear at the forehead (or it may be at the crown of the head). Then a few more. And then a few more. The hairfall is hardly noticeable at first. But the hair continues to fall, and then one day you begin to realise how your hair is falling out.

Alarming, however, as this discovery may be, there is an excellent prospect of remedying

the condition, provided specialised treatment is resorted to while the hair roots still remain alive.

The subject is fully explored in a book entitled "How to Treat Hair Troubles" by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist, of Blackpool. Whatever your hair trouble, write for a free copy of Mr. Pye's book, addressing your application to: Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 94.

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Please send Free Book and particulars of treatments.

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Soldier, May '52

MORE LETTERS

so? — "Band Serjeant" (name and address supplied).

★ No. In this case the full engagement must be served.

COMMUTATION

My 22 years service, soon to end, includes 360 days on the Reserve. (1) Must I make this period up? (2) May I commute my pension in order to start a business? — CQMS A. Louch, Royal Military Police, Cyrenaica.

★ (1) Yes. (2) This will be considered by the Commissioners, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, when the pension has been awarded. A pension cannot be entirely commuted; it is not reduced below 14s a week (21s for a warrant-officer).

RESERVE PAY

I shall shortly be transferred to the Royal Army Reserve. What rate of pay shall I receive and how is it paid? — Private H. A. Mills, Corps Headquarters, BAOR.

★ Reserve pay is 1s 6d a day for a private on Section "A" and 1s if he is on Section "B." It is paid quarterly in arrears by means of a draft.

SHORTS, LONG

You say (SOLDIER, March) that shorts were adopted by the Gurkhas in 1913 and that African troops have worn them since 1908.

When I went to India in February 1906 my unit, the Northamptonshire Regiment, was then wearing shorts, and I am told that shorts were worn in India by both the British and Indian Army, including Gurkhas, long before then. On the Battalion returning to England the Commanding Officer decided to carry on with them in England, and we continued to wear them up to the time we sailed for France in August 1914.

During Army manoeuvres in 1912 General Smith-Dorrien mentioned in his report that he particularly noticed the 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment marching along like a huge machine. But of course the Army used to march in those days. — Major H. Payne, 84 Broadmead Avenue, Northampton.

★ Major Payne encloses photographs in support of his statements. Here is a section of one taken in Cornwall in 1911:



Another reader of SOLDIER who was interested in the article on "Shorts" in the March edition sends this picture of what he calls "shorts, long" (sometimes known as "Bombay bloomers") worn in the extended fashion.

The turned-down section was sometimes tucked into the socks. This picture was taken in Ibadan, Nigeria in 1943.



INDIAN MEDAL

I was in India from 1945 until February 1948, attached to an Indian regiment, and was involved in various duties in aid of the civil power. Am I entitled to any medal struck to commemorate the partition? — Lieut. J. A. Roberts RA, 2 AGRA, MELF.

★ Service in India at the transfer of power is not in itself a qualification for the Indian Independence Medal. To qualify, British soldiers must have been serving with the Armed Forces of the Dominion of India on 1 January 1948. Those who went on leave before that date, pending retirement, but who volunteered for and were serving with the Indian Forces between 17 August 1947 and 1 January 1948, are also eligible.

Application for this medal should be made through units.

MEDAL ANNUITY

A local newspaper reporting the receipt by an ex-soldier of the Meritorious Service Medal (he had been waiting 30 years for it), gave details of a gratuity of £10 which accompanies it. A bank manager I know who has the medal says he has never heard of the gratuity. The newspaper also reported that only two medals are given to each Cavalry regiment at a time, and that a holder has to die before it can be handed on. Is this correct? — Captain James E. Bardwell RA (TA), The Fox and Goose Hotel, Coalville, Leicester.

★ The Meritorious Service Medal has an annuity of £10. During World War One, however, when the medal was awarded for certain acts of gallantry, the annuity was not always given. It is possible the bank manager mentioned was in that category.

To reduce the waiting period, the medal is now issued without annuity to all candidates, irrespective of regiments or corps, who are on the

register for the medal and annuity. When a vacancy occurs (by the death of an annuitant), the records of all candidates are examined; the oldest qualified candidate in the same regiment or corps as the deceased receives first consideration, irrespective of the dates of registration of names.

The Meritorious Service annuity allotment (£7500) is apportioned as follows: Cavalry £780 (78 annuities of £10); Royal Artillery £1460; Royal Engineers £290; Infantry £4590; RASC £180; RAMC £110; RAOC £60 and RAFC £30.

The Cavalry allotment is two per regiment and the Infantry five per regiment.

WHITE TABS

Do officer cadets at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, wear white tabs on their lapels? The old soldier says they do not. I say they do. — Pte. John Denny, The Royal West Kent Regiment, Malaya.

★ Sandhurst's cadets nowadays wear white gorget patches on their lapels. So do the National Service cadets at Mons and Eaton Hall cadet schools. In addition, those at Mons wear white circular discs behind the cap badge.

MEN IN HOSPITAL

I have paid a number of visits to Connaught Hospital, Hindhead, in the capacity of sick visitor and have been repeatedly asked by patients of all regiments and corps if it is possible for them to obtain copies of their regimental magazines.

I hope it may be possible for units with unsold copies of their magazines to forward them to military hospitals. The patients at Connaught Hospital are suffering from tubercular and chest complaints and are there for long periods and frequently lose touch with their units. — Major E. T. Dickens, TD, RASC, 15 Training Battalion (Dvrs) RASC, Blandford.

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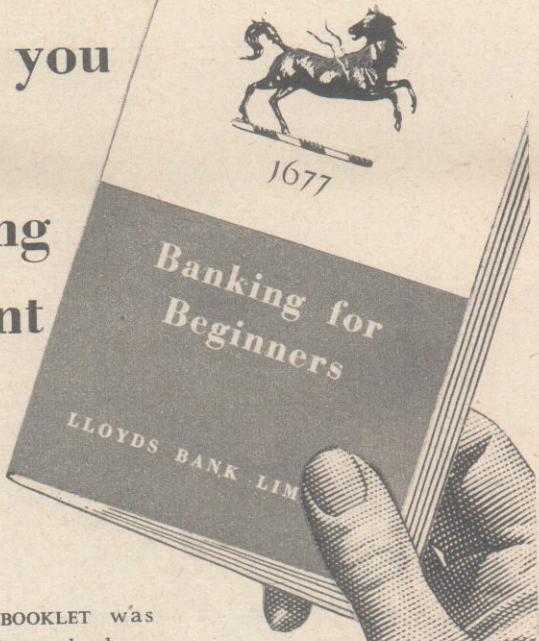
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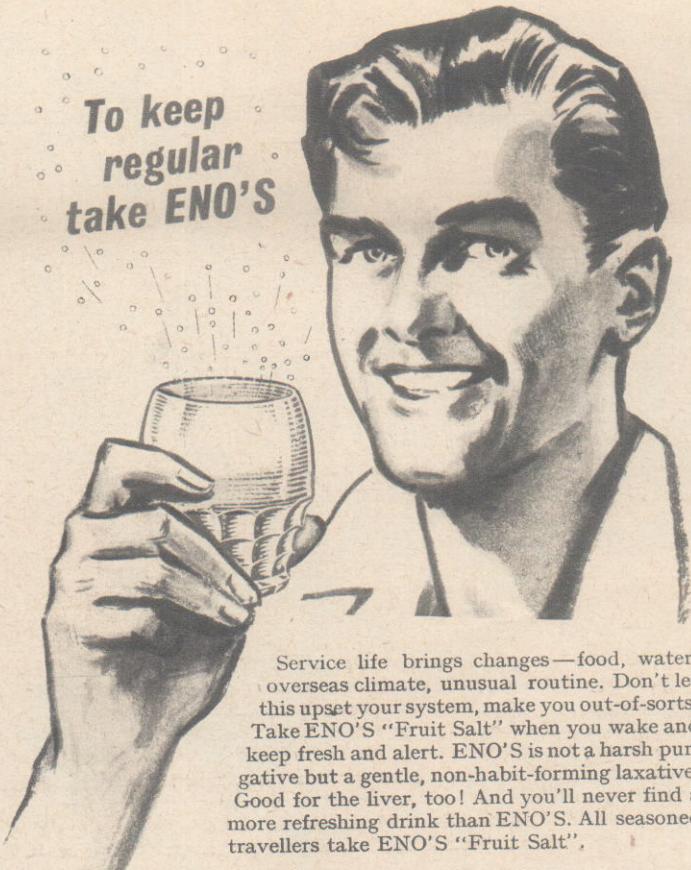
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SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED for IRREGULAR ACTION, SICK HEADACHE, LIVERISHNESS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, etc.

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**Does your hair put people
RIGHT OFF?**



Oh, Oh, Dry Scalp!
Lifeless, listless, untidy hair—dandruff in the parting—Dry Scalp's his trouble.

YOUR HAIR may be short enough to please the sergeant-major, but if it's dry and lifeless, or if bits of dandruff cling to the parting, it'll put other people right off!

These things are signs of ugly Dry Scalp! And you can end Dry Scalp now with a daily 20-second massage with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. Don't just rub—move the whole scalp, and your hair will be healthier and handsomer. You only need a few drops. The NAAFI has a bottle. Price 2/9d. and 4/3d. a bottle, inc. tax.



Dry Scalp ended—
dandruff checked! It's amazing how much better your hair looks, astonishing how much better your scalp feels when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

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The Dressing that Ends Dry Scalp

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— J. Arthur Rank