

# SOLDIER

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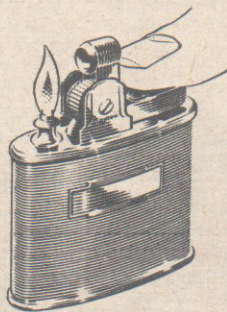


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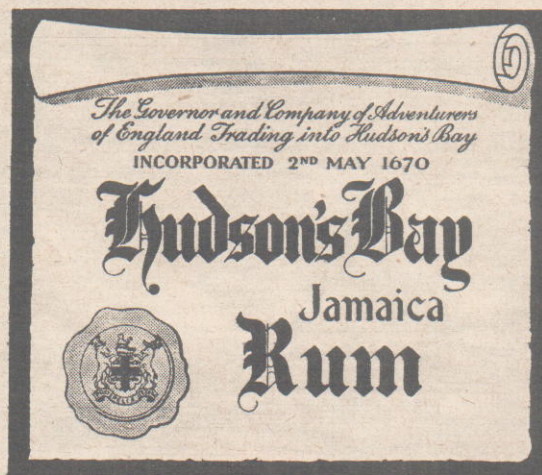
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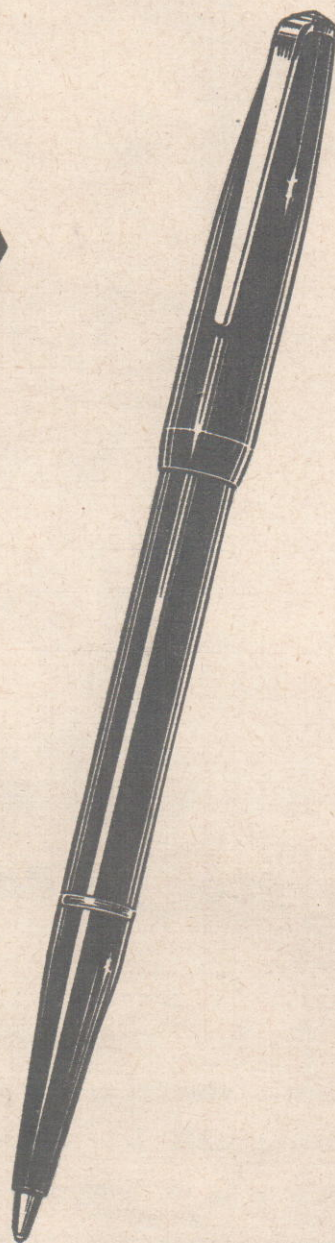
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## KOREA

## ICE, MUD... DUST

It's still an Infantryman's war — but the Centurion has fired in anger. And very accurately, too

**A**FTER the string vest, the bare torso again. After the fur cap, pulled down over the ears, the ski cap, pulled down over the eyes. No more icicles on the eyebrows; soon it will be dust in the eyes.

Each rapidly changing season in Korea brings its peculiar discomforts. For months troops had campaigned over frozen ground; then they had squelched in mud; then the ground had frozen again. But when the United Nations Forces once more crossed the 38th Parallel, north-bound, the weather was like that of an English June. Soon the quartermasters would be issuing anti-dust goggles, even (it was rumoured) porous mouth pads as worn by the Japanese to keep dust-borne germs at bay.

As the British forces moved up, many rumours and reports were flying. It was known that the

A machine-gun post of the Gloucesters on the edge of a captured Korean village which is still burning. British tanks and carriers can be seen in position round the village.

When in Korea, do as the Koreans do. ... It's not always a sound motto, but Private John Stitt shows that the peasants' "A" frame is useful for carrying bedding.



OVER





Men of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment give covering fire to their comrades pinned down in front of a Communist position. The ice is turning into slush.



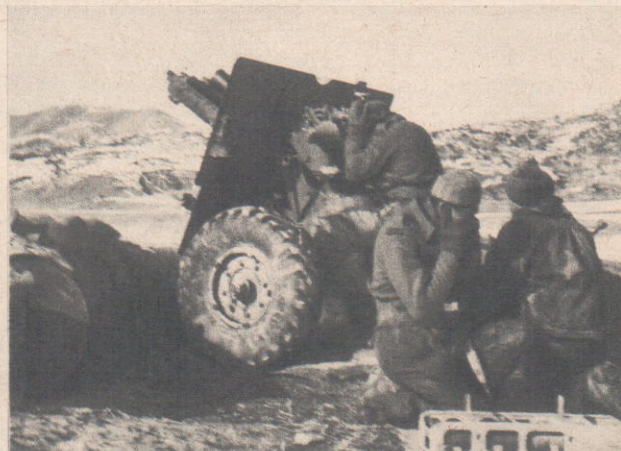
Footsloggers: Men of the Royal Ulster Rifles move up to a Korean village. In the background are vehicles of 45 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.



Australian machine-gunners hold their fire and cool their gun as an American Mustang lays its deadly napalm projectile on a Communist-held ridge.



One of the busiest weapons in Korea is the mortar, here being fired by Australian Infantrymen. Below: a New Zealand gun detachment at the moment of firing.







They are probably the first Englishmen who have taken this little ramble: the Gloucesters on patrol.



Local hook-up: Fusilier Edward Hoskins is the radio link as his patrol of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers advance up a ridge.

## KOREA (Continued)

commander of the 27th Brigade, Brigadier Basil Coad had been appointed to command Second Infantry Division in Germany — a promotion which everyone agreed was thoroughly deserved. It was known that the 27th was to be relieved — by the 28th Brigade (comprising the 1st Battalion The King's Own Scottish Borderers and the 1st Battalion The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, from Hong-Kong). There were also reports that Commonwealth governments whose troops were fighting in Korea were discussing the formation of a Commonwealth Division. The troops had been suggesting that for a long time; instead of being jealous rivals, the 27th and the 29th were only

too keen to fight side by side. War correspondents, too, had been calling for a division and one had been calling for a Korean campaign medal.

It had been a long, hard slog back to the Parallel, over unfriendly hills, each with its three-figure number on the map. Maybe there were native names, as distinct from military numbers, for these hills; if there were, they probably sounded like the sort of noise an infant makes when it calls for jam. Sometimes a hill — like the Gloucesters' Hill 327 — fell after a sharp, dour struggle; at other times the attackers had a walk-over. The Infantrymen who carried these frigid heights have probably forgotten the numbers of the hills already, if they ever knew them. Yet bravery and resolution were shown in these routine assaults, these

"minor tactical battles"; and immediate awards were conferred on an officer and a sergeant of the Gloucestershire Regiment for their exploits on Hill 327 — Captain R. S. Mardell, who already has the Military Medal now gained the Military Cross and Sergeant Kenneth Eames the Military Medal.

The campaign was being fought with the oldest and newest weapons. Probably the oldest was the bayonet, which has now been wielded (though not necessarily in this order) by British, Americans, Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, Turks, French, Belgians and Greeks. Even if, as the pundits say, the bayonet is not so much a weapon as a threat, it is nevertheless a potent means of reducing the enemy; if he does not surrender, he flees, which means that the

OVER



A little Korean girl scrubs the back of an ally. The season of bare torsos is coming round again, even in Korea.



Left: Against the background of a burning village, a Centurion engages the enemy in one of the first actions by this class of tank. Above: A British Bofors helps to batter Hill 327, before the Gloucesters go in to take it.





Across the floe-flecked River Han, an American watches the smoke rising from Seoul after a strike by Royal Navy Corsairs.

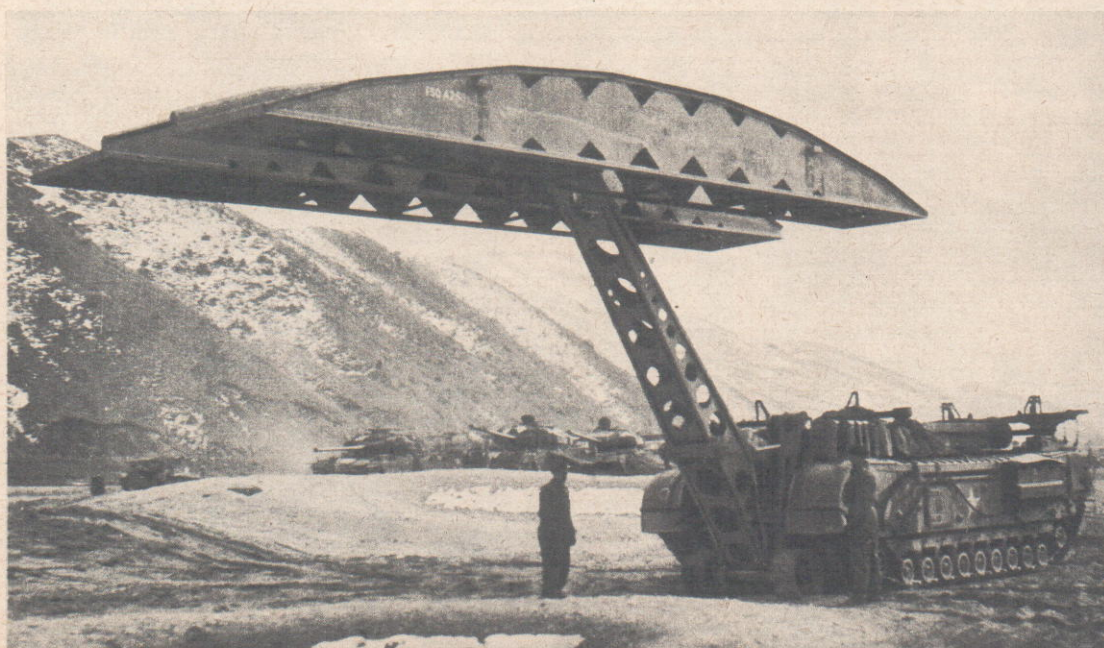


Serjeant Dick Evan, from Liverpool, emigrated to New Zealand — and then joined New Zealand's Korea contingent. He commands a gun detachment.



Above: Into battle: men of the Gloucesters, supported by Centurion tanks, move up to assault a hill position.

Below: The "funnies" are in Korea, too. Here an armoured mobile bridge layer waits to go forward.



Corporal Leslie Hulme, from Gresham Road, Brixton, a reservist serving with the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. He is a tank fitter.

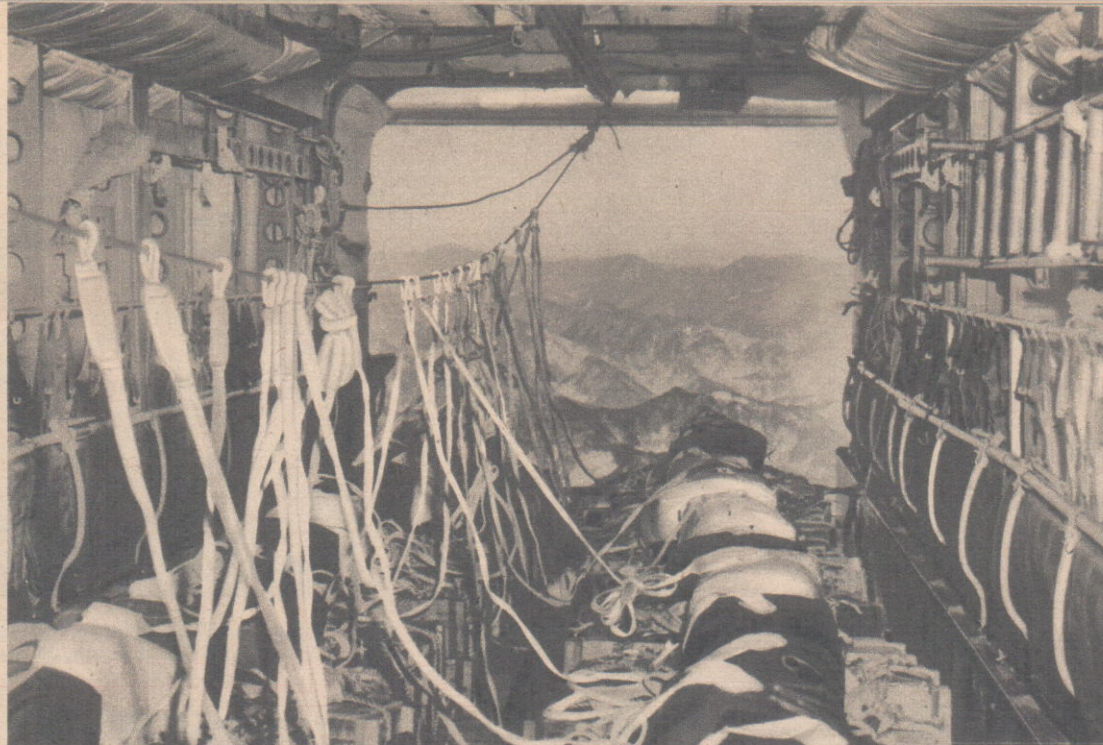


Another who "emigrated" to Korea: Leonard Barton, of Hendon, who settled in Canada—and joined Princess Patricia's Light Infantry.





Man with the Trubshawe moustache is Serjeant D. R. Reekie, from Ilford, of the 8th Hussars, who served in one of the first Centurions to engage the enemy.



A dramatic shot from an American "Flying Box-car" over the peaks of Korea: arms and ammunition are about to be pitched down to the battle-front.

## KOREA (Continued)



Still another soldier who reached Korea by way of a Dominion.— Sjt. George Gallagher, once of Port Glasgow, now a New Zealander.

attackers have only to drop to their knees to pick him off by bullet. That is how it has been working out in Korea.

The newest weapons? One of them is the Centurion tank. Though it has put in useful service, it has not been able to play a major part in the campaign; there have been no jousts by armoured giants. The Centurion has been rather like a heavyweight with no sparring partner worthy of its attentions. Very curious was its debut in battle. Two of these tanks engaged targets in support of an American patrol, and then began to exchange fire with a British Cromwell which had been captured by the enemy. This luckless tank had been sited in the mouth of a tunnel in Seoul, about a mile and a half away across the Han River. After two ranging rounds, hits were registered on the tunnel mouth. It was obvious through binoculars that the Cromwell was destroyed. But an added satisfaction was that one round went clean through the tunnel and set fire to what appeared to be a petrol dump on the other side. American observers reported that this was some of the best shooting that they had ever seen. (See SOLDIER to Soldier, Page 13).

Other Allied tanks found themselves firing in an artillery role, too. A squadron would be drawn up in echelon in a dried river bed, and would methodically pound its distant objective like any battery of field guns.

Off and on there has been a good deal happening in the sky. In a big parachute descent on the Imjin River valley 105 mm howitzers and three-quarter-ton trucks were dropped along with 3000 American troops, swarming down under many-coloured canopies (with them dropped men of an Indian ambulance unit). Soon afterwards Red Cross helicopters flitted down, like gaudy dragon-flies, to the paddy fields. Then another light aircraft touched down on a roadway: it con-

OVER



United Nations: At extreme left and right are Indian volunteers with a field ambulance; sandwiched between them are British, New Zealanders and Australians.



Also in the first Centurion engagement: Trooper J. B. Baugh, from Mansfield, of the 8th Hussars. It was a very successful little shoot.



From the *Empire Fowey* British nursing officers disembark at a Commonwealth port in Japan, to serve in 29 General Hospital.





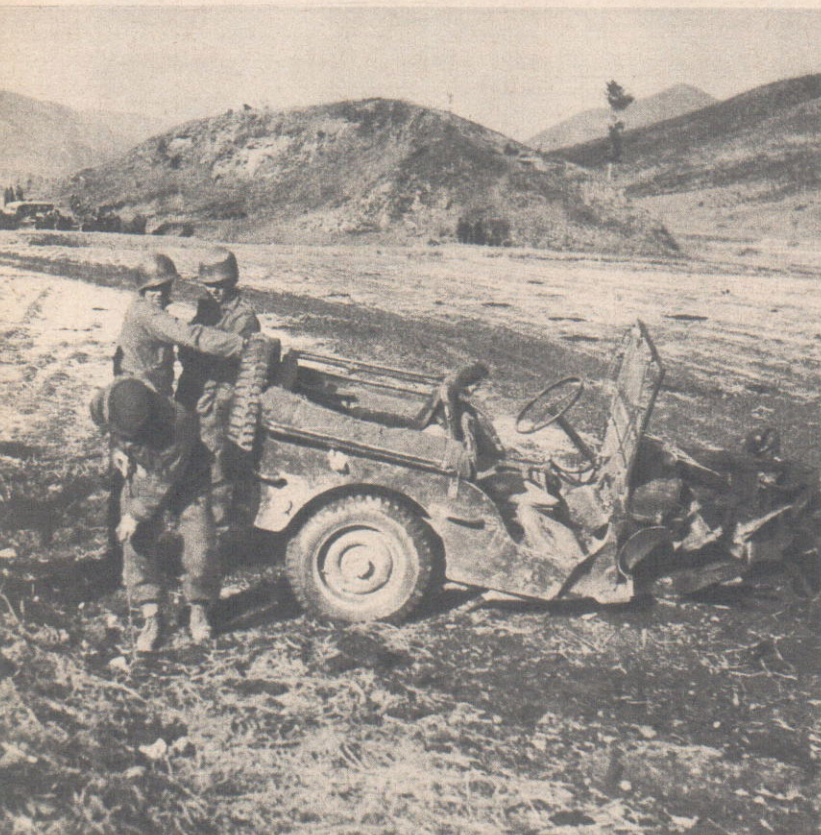
Serjeant Peter Smeaton, from Australia, examines a Russian-made blast grenade captured by his platoon from the Chinese. It is an all-metal missile of the German potato-masher type.



A wounded Chinese soldier receives first aid from men of the Gloucestershire Regiment: an attention he did not expect.



If copying this sign for use elsewhere, remember that in Korea traffic keeps to the right. The vehicle is a water wagon of 45 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.



Journey's end: This American jeep hit a land mine at the side of the road. British troops render first aid to the driver (right). The jeep appears beyond first aid.





## KOREA (Concluded)

tained the grenade-adorned figure of General Matthew B. Ridgway, commanding the United States Eighth Army. American land-air warfare experts have made the most of this campaign to push ahead with new techniques (remember the bridge which was dropped to the encircled Marines in the north-east of Korea, some months ago?). United States supremacy in the air has made some of these sky pieces easier to stage than they might otherwise have been.

There have been other kinds of aerial excitement. Besides raids by Super-Fortresses and Korea-based fighters, there have been coveys of such picturesquely named aircraft as Corsairs, Skyriders, Fireflies and Sea Furies operating along the battle line, some of them from the decks of HMS *Theseus*. There have been occasional aerial clashes with Russian-built fighters. There have been "Lamplighter" planes cruising ahead of the ground troops at night, dropping flares to guide them. And at Easter there was the remarkable phenomenon of loud-speaker aircraft flying along the American lines booming out seasonal messages from the chaplains.

Incidentally, HMS *Theseus* was not the only British warship to make her presence felt on land. Back in ice-choked Korean waters was HMS *Beltasi*, whose guns strafed shore installations behind the enemy lines.

Tactically, the Chinese and

North Korean forces continued to do the reverse of the obvious — holding on where they might have been expected to retreat, retreating where they might have been expected to hold on. It has been a maddening campaign for United Nations Intelligence. Seoul fell this last time with very little opposition; so did Chunchon, "the worst ruined city in Korea." Once again the unlovely River Han — across which so much offensive matter has been hurled — lay behind the Allies.

Booby-trapping by the enemy has been of a disconcerting ingenuity. Wooden mines have been employed, making it impossible to locate them by the usual methods. Some mines have been sunk in such a way as not to explode until the road surface has been eroded by the passing of a volume of traffic. Others have been designed to explode by the depression of a stick, which means that scores of vehicles can pass over a "safe" road until one, unluckier than the others, runs over the concealed stick. Other mines, again, have been fitted in such a way as not to explode when vehicles pass one way, but to explode when they return.

One curiosity of the campaign has been the number of captured soldiers who have walked back to their lines at the specific invitation of their captors, sometimes after prolonged but unsuccessful courses of indoctrination in Communism by earnest "professors."



Unable to keep pace with their fellow captives, these wounded Americans were set free by the Communists after five days, and staggered into an Australian position. Below: "Welcome UN Forces": an ironic sign in the path of battle.





**H**OW would you prefer to go to war? To march up to the line, shoulder-to-shoulder with your comrades? To be dropped, with the rest of your squad, in a large box from the air? To be propelled there through a pipe? Or to ride there in an under-water truck?

Not all these suggestions are as frivolous as they may seem. American engineers at the Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio say they will soon be testing a 6000-pound capacity universal container which could be used to drop fighting men in batches. One advantage is obvious: men would not lose so much time reforming on the ground as they do when dropped in a "stick"; though clearly a container makes a bigger target.

The pipe idea? That is not currently scheduled, but in a recent speech Earl Mountbatten told how a suggestion of this kind was made by Mr. Geoffrey Pyke, Combined Operations adviser during World War Two. Mr. Pyke argued that instead of opening up the famous Ledo Road (which, he said, would mean



## SOLDIER to Soldier

lorries carrying so much petrol for the journey that they would have no room for supplies) a better plan would be to lay a 24-inch pipe-line. "This pipeline, in addition to petrol, would also carry long cylindrical containers. Into these containers everything for China could be packed. Not only guns, ammunition, bombs and food, but also dismantled parts of lorries and finally soldiers with an oxygen supply to keep them alive on the trip."

Anyone who laughs at this pipe dream is a rash man. "Pluto" and "Mulberry" would have sounded pretty silly if propounded a generation ago.

The under-water truck idea? Well, look at the opposite page..

**T**HAT source of so much crude amusement, sea-sickness, can be a military problem of some magnitude.

Perhaps it does not greatly matter, militarily speaking, if soldiers are sea-sick on a troopship (anyone who flinches at the scene should console himself by reading the horrifying descriptions of life on troopships two hundred years ago). It matters rather more if soldiers who are about to make a seaborne assault are reduced to near-impotence in a choppy sea; luckily, sea-sickness is a complaint which is rapidly thrown off. But there is a third, and little-realised circumstance, in which sea-sickness can be a serious matter. Suppose a troopship is torpedoed, and hundreds of men are forced to take to small boats and rafts. In a very short time most of them will be violently seasick. Does this matter? Yes, it does; since every time a man is sick he loses liquid from his stomach, and it is vital that a shipwrecked man should not become "dehydrated." For, in that event, he needs to take in water, and fresh water will almost certainly be scarce, perhaps non-existent. A man can go for a long time without food, but not without water.

That is the background to those "anti-vomiting" tests which amused the newspapers recently ("Tummy Atkins," "Per Ardua ad Nauseam" and so on). The idea was not primarily to save the soldier from the discomforts of sea-sickness, or even to maintain his morale in the assault, but to save his life in an emergency.

In the tests it was judged best to use soldiers, since sailors already have their "sea legs" and airmen are used to the motion of an aircraft. First, some 64 Guardsmen were given a half-hour's non-stop ride on an amusement machine at Olympia, but failed to show the expected symptoms. The scene was changed to Gosport, where a new batch of guinea-pigs were based for three weeks as "guests" of the Royal Navy. After light meals they went out in coastal motor boats in rough seas, sitting below deck, where sea-sickness is more easily induced. One group of men had been given dummy pills, others hyoscine (already used against sea-sickness) and the other two groups were given a new drug

each. None of the men knew the nature of the drugs they took.

Hyoscine (a Naval officer told SOLDIER) was being used as a basis against which to compare the new drugs. Any future drug may be a combination of several.

These were not the Army's first "anti-vomiting" tests. During the late war soldier volunteers were tested in swing equipment, which simulated sea and air motions, and as a result certain drugs were issued to troops taking part in the Normandy landings. It is no secret, however, that many of the assaulting troops were under the weather long before they saw the coast of Normandy. Now the Royal Navy and the Army are out for the perfect drug.

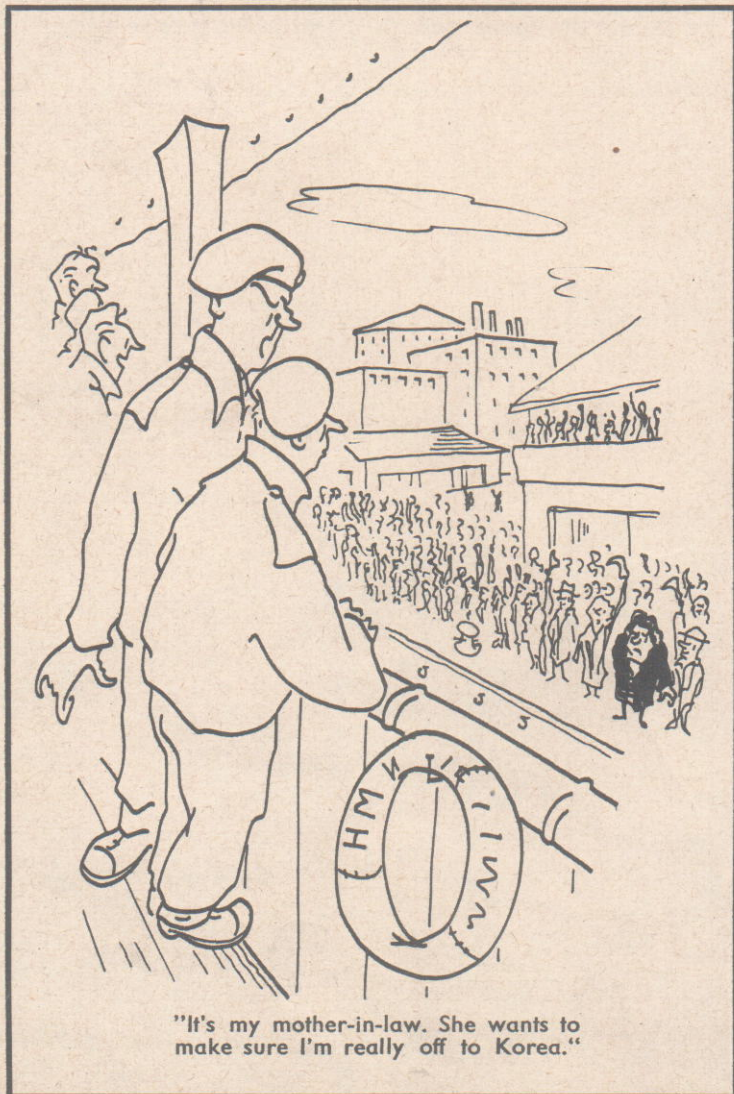
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**T**WO corporals newly returned from Korea had a talk with the Secretary for War, Mr. John Strachey, shortly before he explained the recent Army Estimates to the House of Commons. ("We propose," said the Minister, "to listen to corporals as well as to field-m Marshals; both are very important in my opinion.")

What did the corporals say? "They spoke in the very highest terms of the British 25-pounder field gun."

Mr. Strachey was making the point that the reason why the British Army, in so many instances, is still using the weapons of World War Two, is that "we do not know of better weapons. The 25-pounder field gun is, I think, a very good example... We are convinced that it is the best field gun seen in Korea today. There are in the field fortunately very large stocks... or else the burden of rearmament... would be very much greater indeed than it is."

It was the same with the 3.7 anti-aircraft gun. "We do not think that the basic anti-aircraft gun is outmoded in the least. We do not know a better. But, of course, it can be enormously improved as a weapon by additions and modifications in its ammunition, loading and aiming devices." A big programme of modifications on this gun was being undertaken now, Mr. Strachey said. It has already undergone a great many improvements in the last 10 years.



"It's my mother-in-law. She wants to make sure I'm really off to Korea."



What of the Centurion tank?  
Mr. Strachey said:

"I have had an opportunity of talking with the Commanding Officer of the 8th Hussars, just back from Korea, who commanded the Centurions there. They have not so far been very heavily engaged. They have been engaged in a self-propelled gun role, in the fighting lately, rather than as tank against tank. He has had a good deal of experience with them now, and I know that he has tried out their reliability. He speaks with great confidence of them. They have worked a large number of miles up and down Korea, and he is extremely satisfied with their reliability, which is very important.

"The second point with which he is extremely satisfied is the accuracy of the guns, which he says is very remarkable indeed, and has made a very great impression, we believe, on the enemy, and certainly on our Allies, who have seen it at work."

Mr. Strachey then piqued the curiosity of the House by saying: "A further tank beyond the Centurion is being developed." He declined to give further details, except to say "development is going on continuously and as fast as our engineers, scientists and technicians can take it."

Another hint of a new weapon (given at Question Time) was: "A new medium machine-gun is under development." The standard machine-gun is, and has been for a long time, the Vickers.

\* \* \*

**A**S usual in debates on the Army Estimates, "swollen staffs" came in for criticism.

On this topic, Brigadier Anthony Head told the wry story of a regimental commanding officer who "wanted to move the bar out of the serjeants' mess ante-room into a little room alongside to make it just that much less inviting for them to drink too much." The proposal had to go through the following channels: (1) Garrison Engineer; (2) DCRE; (3) SORE 2; (4) CRE; (5) CE, Division.

The joke was that the bar was a moveable one, anyway!

The ordinary British soldier was not overlooked in the debate; there were many tributes to him. General Sir George Jeffreys said: "The soldier is now the only man in the United Kingdom who has no best suit."

\* \* \*

**"C**ASSANDRA" of the *Daily Mirror*, whose pleasure it is to castigate from time to time the British Army he once adorned, said the other day: "The essence of the British Army is that most people are prepared to serve in it provided they can be allowed to dislike it very heartily indeed."

Could this be the reason why certain "Z" Reservists, who regard it as a point of honour to go round be-rating the Army which has called them up, will admit sooner or later (though not to their womenfolk) that they are really looking forward no end to those 15 days?



Why are these hitch-hikers in bathing costumes? For once, there is a perfectly good reason. The scene is an underwater one: the two comely mermaids are hoping for a lift from one of the American Army's new under-water trucks (and are unlikely to be disappointed). The truck itself is a six-wheel-drive, two-and-a-half tonner with the latest in snorkel and snorter (air intake and exhaust). In the lower picture the hitch-hikers have achieved their object. The driver, for some unexplained reason, has

left the wheel, and is also perched on a mud-guard. (Note snorkel and snorter behind him). Being a mere man, he has to wear a diving helmet, whereas the girls seem to get along very well without.

Why does not the British Army dramatise its wading vehicles in this way? The answer (SOLDIER suspects) is that no staff officer has sufficient temerity to approach the Treasury for permission to hire a couple of mermaids.







FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

# The Army Lends a Hand —

**I**F the world had not been in such a restive state, the Army would be playing a bigger part in this summer's Festival of Britain — a Festival which is not confined to the South Bank of the River Thames in London.

Originally, the Army's major contribution was to have been a revival of the famous Tattoo at Rushmoor, but the time and men could not be spared. London District, however, is holding its own twice-weekly tattoo in July on Horse Guards Parade, and other tattoos are being planned in Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland.

Many lesser parades and performances are being staged in various parts of the country — physical training displays, musical rides, Retreats, "at homes" and so on.

The War Office has thrown out a few suggestions about what units may do to help. Bands and trumpeters may be lent to give a flourish to the opening of memorial gardens and buildings, for instance; collections of historic uniforms may be put on exhibition; whole tented camps may be hired out, in certain circumstances, to house visitors; specialised equipment may be lent to prepare display sites.

Tactfully, the War Office has suggested that where possible Army demonstrations should emphasise skill-at-arms rather than pageantry pure and simple. And if units wish to recreate episodes of history, they are in-

vited to choose events before the year 1914, in order not to run the risk of arousing poignant memories. It is, in any case, rather easier to stage Sanna's Post than the Battle of Alamein.

Already Sappers and Gunners have performed two notable feats at the request of the Festival authorities: the erection of a

Bailey bridge across the Thames, linking with the Festival site, and the hoisting of a heavy gun mounting to the top of the Shot Tower (both these enterprises have been described in *SOLDIER*).

Typical of the useful kind of service which Territorial units can perform was the job done by searchlight detachments of 569

## — Just as it Did 100 Years ago

**L**ONDON's big Festival of 100 years ago — it was then called the Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations, 1851 — had to lean on the Army for support.

Sir Joseph Paxton's vast glass building in Hyde Park, christened by *Punch* the Crystal Palace, was tested for structural security by men of the Corps of Royal Engineers and the Corps of Royal Sappers and Miners.

The galleries of the building were temporarily erected on the ground and parties of soldiers marched and doubled along them, ensuring that they would stand up to the pressure of crowds.

The Army's other jobs included checking the girders of the Exhibition building, to ensure that all bolts were tightly screwed; patrolling to watch for fires; looking after ventilation and keeping a register of temperatures; running the stationery store; operating a press on which urgent notices were printed; unloading goods and exhibits; repairing damage caused by the crowds;

and keeping guard on the Palace at night. For their extra labours, Sappers received from sixpence to one shilling a day.

Although Colonel Sir William Reid, chairman of the executive committee, had the greatest say in deciding how the Army should be used, the ageing Duke of Wellington let his opinions be made known. His suggestion that 15,000 men should be used to keep order was diplomatically turned down.

Despite his 82 years the Duke visited the Exhibition towards its end, although warned of the danger of mob attentions. That day 109,000 people visited the Palace and it was estimated some 93,000 were there when the Iron Duke arrived. Directly he was in the main nave he was recognised and cheered. People in the other parts of the building became

**"Gad, Fotheringham, it is a good thing we have an Army, otherwise we might be reduced to testing these boards ourselves."**

— A drawing from the *Illustrated London News* at the time the Crystal Palace was being built.

Light Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Regiment, Royal Artillery, who floodlit an Australian vessel, the *Port Brisbane*, in King George V Dock, Woolwich, so that a colour photograph could be taken at night. The photograph is to be enlarged to 100 square feet to make a South Bank mural.

For the Royal opening of the Festival full military honours were being accorded by the Household Cavalry, the Brigade of Guards, the Honourable Artillery Company and a band (over 250 strong) of the Royal Military School of Music.

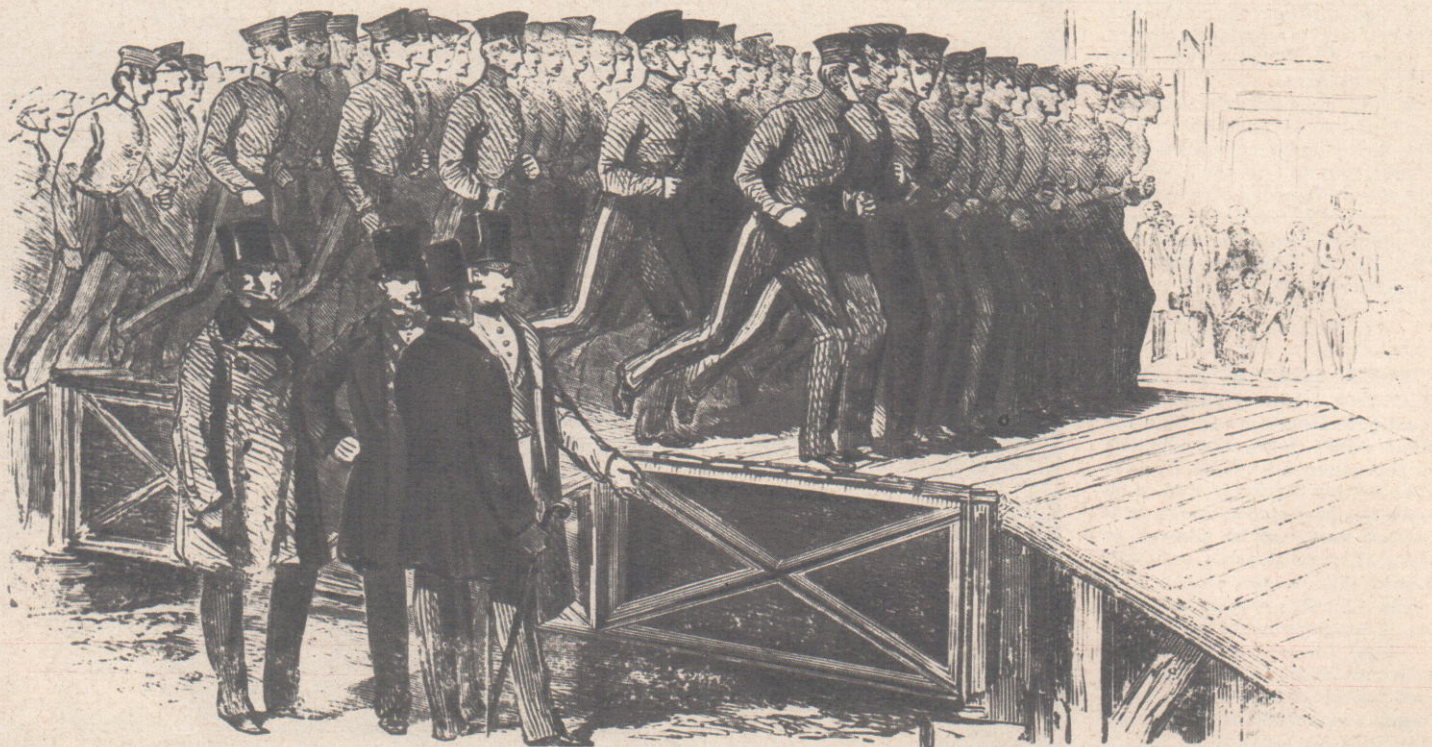
alarmed and raised the cry, "The building is falling."

Six policemen who had followed the Duke literally carried him, pale and indignant, to the side passages. The crowd meanwhile poured from the building (it is reported that the sentries were the first to get out) and in doing so upset a stand of valuable French goods.

One story of the Duke and the Exhibition is now thought to be untrue, but it gained wide currency at the time. It was that Queen Victoria was worried about the sparrows collecting in the trees and rafters inside the Crystal Palace and that various experts were asked how to get rid of them. Shooting was obviously out of the question.

Eventually the Queen (so the story goes) sent a note to the Iron Duke, who wrote back with some asperity pointing out that he was her Commander-in-Chief and not her bird-catcher. He suggested the use of sparrow-hawks inside the Palace.

**NOTE:** The Crystal Palace referred to in this article was later re-built at Sydenham.





**W**HEN Lance-Corporal Kenneth Cooper was posted to Hamburg, he found himself in one of Rhine Army's coldest jobs.

Whatever the weather, heat-wave or blizzard, Lance-Corporal Cooper is working in kapok-lined clothing, to protect him against frost-bite. The temperature around him is from ten to 40 degrees Fahrenheit below freezing-point.

For Lance-Corporal Cooper is a butcher at No. 4 Cold Storage Depot, Royal Army Service Corps in Hamburg. And he or a fellow butcher or storeman must always be on duty inside one of the cold storage chambers when the food is being received or issued.

The Cold Storage Depot is operated by only two officers and 25 men, but into its refrigerated chambers, which can hold nearly 4000 tons, goes a big proportion of the rations for the British forces and families in Germany, Austria and Trieste. Germans are employed to man-handle the food and work the refrigeration plant.

Beef, mutton and offal come direct by ship from New Zealand or South America; butter, margarine and deep-frozen fish from Britain; pork, "green" bacon and hog-casings (for sausage making) from Denmark; frozen peas and French beans from Holland; and there are even chickens for patients in military hospitals.

Most of the food is unloaded at the Depot's Elbe-side quay, but when ships are too big to be accommodated there, the unit's four insulated barges sail up river into the docks to bring back the cargoes for storage. Three soldiers and a crew of German dockhands man each barge.

Some food arrives by rail in special wagons from Denmark and Holland. However it comes, it is all carefully checked on arrival. Some of the food stays in the chambers for two months or even longer, which calls for an exact knowledge of the science of refrigeration.

"Fish has to be kept at an even temperature of 40 degrees below freezing-point," says Staff-Sergeant-Major William Lord, the unit's Master Butcher. "But margarine must never be allowed to freeze. Each commodity is stored separately. All food will keep for several months in its frozen state but it must be issued in strict rotation to prevent spoiling. The most important rule is that each food must be stored at an even temperature or it will quickly deteriorate."

Every day the chambers are inspected and the thermometers hanging from the ice-covered ceilings are checked. When the chambers are empty they are defrosted, as a coat of ice reduces the efficiency of the refrigeration. They are too large to be thawed out, so a team of "de-frosters" goes into action with long-handled metal scrapers, grinding off the four-inch layers of ice. This is shovelled into baskets and thrown into the river.

Much of the food leaves in railway wagons which come to the depot's own siding. Fish and meat go into special insulated wagons, and consignments for distant places like Austria are

**OVER**



A picture from Korea? No, it's Lance-Corporal Kenneth Cooper checking the temperature in one of the chambers of Hamburg's *kuhlhaus*.

# Soldiers in an Ice-Box

Inside a giant "cooler" on the banks of the River Elbe, British soldiers work in Arctic kit the whole year round

It's a Hamburg landmark... and it is stuffed with protein for the occupying armies.

Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski







Like a "snowstorm" in a child's toy: defrosting a chamber with a metal-scraper. Below: Opening the door into a chamber where the temperature is 40 degrees below freezing-point is not so easy as you might think.



Below: Moving "green" bacon in and out of the smoke room is another of the unit's chores



These "cribbage boards" are inspected by SSM W. Lord after trucks have been loaded. If not all the pegs are in their right places, something has gone wrong.

## ICE-BOX (Cont'd)

packed with dry-ice. When all wagons are loaded they are sealed in the presence of a German railway policeman who signs for them.

To speed loading and to guard against theft the checkers are given a number of pegs, each coloured to represent a certain commodity and a certain quantity or weight. These pegs mark each trolley-load of food as it leaves the storage chamber. They are fitted into a wooden board by the checker at the wagon immediately before the goods are loaded. At the end of the loading the holes on the board should contain the appropriate number of pegs; if any are missing the ser-

jeant-major knows something has gone wrong and he can quickly trace the cause. A similar issuing system is used for nearby units and supply depots which collect their food by lorry.

"Ships have a habit of arriving at awkward times," says Major F. H. Marshall, who is in command of the unit. "Then it is a case of putting our backs into the work until the holds are cleared and the food is safely stored. We don't grumble even when we have to work into the early hours of the morning; we know people depend on us for their daily meals."

The unit can unload a ship and take into store about 300 tons of food in one eight-hour shift when the weather is dry. Some commo-

dities cannot be unloaded in rain.

One section of the unit runs what is now the only sausage-making and bacon-curing factory in Rhine Army. Here tons of pork sausages for British troops in Germany, Austria and Trieste are made each week under the supervision of Staff-Serjeant-Major Alan Coulter and a small military staff. In the same factory scores of sides of "green" bacon delivered from the cold storage chambers undergo a three-days smoking treatment to produce the mild-cured bacon which appears on the soldier's breakfast table. Nothing is allowed to go to waste. Bones are sold to glue-making factories and surplus fat is rendered into high-grade lard.

E. J. GROVE

## ICE-BOX UNDER THE ROCK



Going down... under the Rock of Gibraltar: part of a consignment of meat for the garrison.

WHEN Gibraltar's civilians receive their weekly meat ration, they do so by the good offices of the local RASC. For the RASC runs the cold storage plant from which the whole of Gibraltar's meat supply, for Services as well as civilians, is issued.

The plant is cut under the Rock and can hold 700 tons of meat at a time. When a meat-ship arrives in harbour, convoys of trucks carry the meat to the cold storage plant and fatigue-parties help civilian porters to stow it away. The meat is kept at 12 degrees Fahrenheit and is manoeuvred into the storerooms by a modern system of hooks running on overhead bars.

The temperature down below is cold enough for the men who work there to go around looking like Eskimos. Foods like eggs and bacon, which do not need such low temperatures to preserve them, are kept in special chilling rooms.

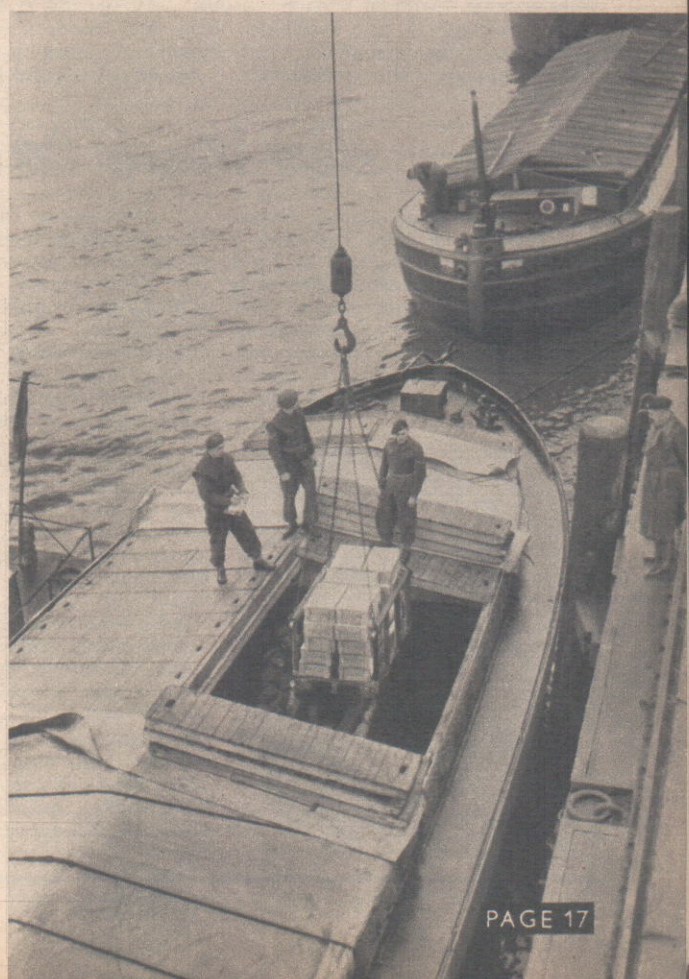




Above: Rhine Army's shooting syndicates hang up their "bag" in the cooler too. Here Lance-Corporal James Donnelly adds a few brace of duck.



Left: A few of the thousands of links of pork sausages for troops in Germany, Austria and Trieste — all produced in Rhine Army's own sausage factory.



Right: Up from an insulated barge of the Depot's own "fleet" comes a load of food, carefully checked as it leaves the hold.



**"Set a woman to recruit a woman"  
is the policy at Great Scotland Yard**

**"SEE those red and blue lines?" said the man at the door. "Follow the blue one and you end up in the Women's Royal Army Corps."**

From the entrance of No. 5 Great Scotland Yard (since the days of King Edward VII the world's most famous recruiting office) the two lines creep across the floor and up the stone stairs like continuous twin snakes.

They were painted there just before Christmas, after a man complained that he tried to join the Army but could not find the right room.

On the first floor the red line branches off to the men's recruiting department. The blue continues up another flight and ends at the feet of five women serjeants. On the sleeves of their neatly pressed service dress they wear the title "Army Recruiter," and the impressive crown and crossed flags — once the badge of the colour serjeant — which denotes their appointment (the men still wear it on their "blues").

Until last July women went to Green Street in the heart of Mayfair to enlist. But because they now join the Regular Army and not merely an auxiliary force, it was decided that they should go to the Central London Recruiting Depot, as Great Scotland Yard is officially known.

Their arrival did not cause any raised eyebrows. In the early months of World War Two ATS recruited at the Yard.

In procedure recruiting for both sexes is almost identical. It is lawful for a woman recruiter to enlist a man, or a man to recruit a woman, and for recruiting officers to attest members of the opposite sex. But it is a tradition that women officers never attest men, and that men only attest women when a woman officer is not available. Even then a woman officer must finally approve the enlistment.

Women recruiters have arrived too late to share in the financial rewards of recruiting — vulgarly known once upon a time as "a bob for a nob." On the first floor there are recruiters who remember being paid 2s 9d for every ordinary recruit, 7s for a Guardsman and £5 for a recruit to the Household Cavalry.

Up on the second floor the five

serjeants interview would-be recruits from Greater London, the Home Counties and even from overseas. In the day's mail arrive those little coupons cut from the recruiting advertisements.

Sometimes a girl who has nibbled at the bait will write to say she has changed her mind, but generally she calls in person. Occasionally the letters in reply

There are women recruiters in the provinces too. Here is Serjeant E. Hunter, from Whitkirk, Leeds.



come from men. Usually it turns out they have been victims of a joke by office colleagues who filled their names on a coupon; recently a headmistress, who was rather past the recruiting age, wrote to explain that her junior class had played an end-of-term trick on her.

Girl recruits from overseas are now fewer than during the war, and they must have British nationality. Recently a Belgian girl enlisted, but as she had just married a British soldier she was eligible.

Married women applicants, except for those who are divorced or widowed, are rare. An exception was the wife of an officer who hoped that by joining the Women's Royal Army Corps she would be posted near her husband, who was in the Isle of Wight. It was explained that she might find herself posted to Singapore with her husband still on the other side of the world, but this appeared to be a risk she was prepared to face.

Said Captain Audrey Bentley: "The recruiting poster is still the biggest single force in attracting women to the Corps. It is followed closely by Press advertisements and personal recommendations by those who already belong.

"Girls join for three reasons. The first is need for companionship — London is still the loneliest place in the world. The second is need for security. 'Digs' for the office girl cost so much more than they did and many girls find they have very little left out of their pay. Third, the spirit of adventure. Nearly every recruit wants to go overseas."

Today's recruiting standard is high. Applicants must be between 17½ and 36 years, must supply two references, pass the medical test and be prepared to serve anywhere. They are allowed to buy themselves out, however. The cost during the first three months is £15 — £5 less than the charge to a man.

Most women recruiters are posted from units to undertake this work, whereas men recruiters are all pensioners. But a scheme has been started whereby ex-serjeants of the Women's Royal Army Corps or ATS can be enlisted as recruiters in their home towns or in a town of their choice. They must be smart, of good personality, and have plenty of initiative and intelligence.

Women recruiting officers are mostly recruited from the Reserve. The lowest rank they can hold is that of captain.

What do the men of Great Scotland Yard think of women recruiters? Head Recruiter William Smith, the only recruiter to wear the badge of a regimental-serjeant-major, told SOLDIER: "They are a credit to the Army. Now that their corps is part of the Regular forces, it is right that they should share this recruiting office."

ERIC DUNSTER

## The Girls who wear CROSSED FLAGS

### How Much Do You Know?

1. Here is an actress whose recent parts have included a Gaiety Girl, a bad girl of Bond Street and the cruel wife of a schoolmaster. Her name?

2. Henry I died from consuming too many mushrooms, oysters, lampreys, larks' tongues, sturgeons' roes, flasks of wine — which?



3. Macadam, Telford and General Wade were all famous in one sphere of human endeavour. What was it?

4. Lester Piggott is currently famous as:

- (a) a successful boy jockey;
- (b) a spokesman of General MacArthur;
- (c) a player of "tough" screen parts;
- (d) the most-fined barrow boy in London.

5. The film *Clochemerle*, newly released, is all about the fuss caused by a proposal to build:

- (a) a luxury hotel;
- (b) a public convenience;
- (c) a Channel Tunnel;
- (d) a super cemetery.

6. Can you link these cartoonists with the appropriate newspapers: Vicky, Low, Giles, Illingworth; *Daily Mail*, *News-Chronicle*, *Sunday Express*, *Daily Herald*?

7. He was born ten years before the Battle of Waterloo; he wrote popular novels; he became Prime Minister; he bought for Great Britain a controlling influence in the Suez Canal; his memory was enshrined in the Primrose League; he has been played on the screen by George Arliss and Alec Guinness. Who was he?

8. If someone told you there was a "regular Donnybrook" in the next street, you would expect to find:

- (a) disgraceful disorders;
- (b) dancing round the Maypole;
- (c) a row of cockle and whelk stalls;
- (d) policemen on parade.

9. Can you turn a mythical beast into a horsed soldier by adding one vowel?

10. Can an electric eel discharge enough electricity to light up a neon sign?

(Answers on Page 45)



# A "Bank Statement" for Every Soldier

**L**AST year saw a big rise in pay for the British soldier. This year will see improvements in the method of paying him.

One of these welcome innovations came to light last month, when soldiers received a document like a bank statement showing exactly how their accounts stood. It was the first time the Army had issued such a statement to every soldier, but it will not be the last: from now on, these statements are to be issued every quarter.

Where possible, the accounts will be produced by calculating machines, but not every pay office has the necessary machinery. In Korea there is no electric current to work the machines, so the statements are produced by hand. Middle and Far East Land Forces are only partly equipped with machinery, but at

**"How much have I in the kitty?" has long been the soldier's cry. This new service keeps him informed of his credits and debits.**

home and in Rhine Army nearly every statement is machine-produced.

Another major change is in the experimental stage for the moment. To relieve commanding officers of the burden of pay documentation, the Royal Army Pay Corps is training and posting trained NCO's to units. The scheme is similar in outline to that which comes into force this year under Phase Two of the development of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The Royal Army Pay Corps NCO's will be attached for all purposes to units and responsible to the commanding officers for their work. In those respects they will not differ from the present unit pay clerks. But as men who have been trained in the Corps, and whose future promotion lies in the pay service,

they will take over pay administration with a better heart and understanding than unit clerks. They will know the exact purposes of the forms they fill in and the most helpful information to put on them. They will appreciate the chaos and hardship which can follow such a slip as writing 12345678 Private Smith, A. B., for 12345687, Private Smith, A. B. They will also be there to help and advise members of their units in making claims for pay and allowances and they will assist with ordinary regimental accounts.

At present, the system is limited to large units — lieutenant-colonels' commands and above. And because the Royal Army Pay Corps had not enough men to take over the extra work, it is being introduced gradually. From volunteers in other units, men

have been chosen to take a six months' course at the Corps training centre at Devizes, in their own regimental pay offices, and in Manchester, where officers' accounts are kept.

Those who pass the course will be rebadged, into the Royal Army Pay Corps, and promoted to sergeant. Then they will be posted back to their units to take over pay duties. The first graduates of the course are expected to rejoin their units this month.

Operational units in Malaya, and 29 Brigade in Korea, did not have to wait six months for their clerks to be trained. To give them the full benefit of the scheme when they were in need of it, experienced sergeants or staff-sergeants of the Royal Army Pay Corps were posted to them.

A third innovation, which was started last year and is now being developed, is that of bringing the soldier's account nearer the soldier. Today accounts are kept in overseas commands. The result is that when a "casualty" is published affecting a soldier's pay, it can be given full effect in a day or two, instead of waiting, perhaps, for the "casualty" to go home by a long sea journey and for a reply to come back in the same way. Dependants' accounts, however, are still kept in Britain.

## Here They Pay Out in Piastres . . .

**W**HEN the troops in Middle East Land Forces began to receive their first quarterly statements of accounts, those of the Brigade of Guards, the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal Army Pay Corps differed from the rest. They were produced by machine; the others were made out by hand.

Sending out the statements was a big job for the clerks in the Regimental Pay Office at Fayid, eight out of ten of whom are National Servicemen. Each one of them deals with the accounts of about 400 men. And every entry into every account must be checked and double-checked.

But the Regimental Pay Office takes that in its stride, even if lights shine from its windows across the sands of Fayid late into the night. It also takes in its stride 5000 Post Office Savings Bank accounts. And it refuses to be perplexed by the Middle East

assortment of currencies, including several kinds of piastres and pounds.

In the same camp is the Officers' Accounts Branch, where it is not uncommon to see the flowing headdresses of the Arab Legion among the visitors. This branch deals with officers in places as widely separated as Athens, Asmara, Aden and Ankara.

Another interesting pay unit in the Canal Zone is the Command Pay Office (Egypt) which copes with contractors' bills in Arabic and Greek, collects from people who owe money to the War Office, pays out pensions to ex-Servicemen who have settled in the Middle East, and is still settling the Army's financial affairs in Palestine — a legacy from the Command Pay Office in Palestine which closed down in 1948.

A fourth Fayid unit is the Royal Army Pay Corps' School of

Instruction. It was transferred from Jerusalem in 1948 and has since trained more than 1000 unit pay clerks. The School also has a touring team which covers the Middle East, giving instruction in pay documentation and accounting. — *From a report by Sergeant R. Buckley, Military Observer in Egypt.*

## ...And here in Won or Wan

**A**MONG the new ideas which the Korean campaign is trying out for the British Army is 31 Command Pay Office.

It is an experimental, self-contained unit, the first of its kind to operate overseas and the first to carry out the new policy of taking the soldier's pay account nearer to him in war conditions.

The unit, consisting of 12 officers and about 100 men, left Britain last October with the main British force for Korea. It settled down in an Australian camp in Japan and went into business as banker to all the British forces in Korea and Japan.

Besides officers' and soldiers' pay and allowances the unit deals with all sorts of financial problems, including Post Office savings accounts and local finance for the Ministry of Transport, NAAFI, Cable and Wireless and other Government and Government-sponsored organisations.

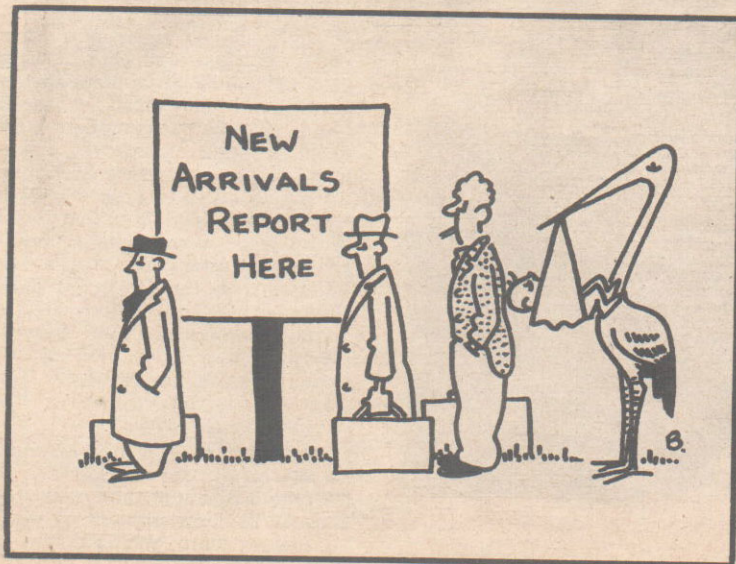
The Command Pay Office has a small Forward Base Pay Office in Korea. This office does most of its business in four currencies: BAFSV's (British Armed Forces Special Vouchers) and USMPC's (United States Military Pay Certificates, usually known as dollar scrip) both of which are

exactly the same as those used in Germany; Won or Wan, two different versions of the same currency, both of which are in use in Korea; and Japanese Yen.

The Forward Base Pay Office deals directly with the paymasters attached to each British brigade in Korea and with the NCO's posted, under the new scheme, to the units in the field, and it is their link with the Command Pay Office in Japan.

In the other direction, the Command Pay Office keeps a direct link with the Pay organisation in Britain, so that changes in dependants' allowances can be made in a few days. This prevents dependants from drawing more than they are entitled to — with consequent hardship — or having increases in their allowances delayed.

Says Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. L. Thomas, who commands the unit: "Our chief aim is to see that every soldier in the field is kept informed of his financial affairs and that his fighting ability is not impaired by unnecessary worries about his dependants' allowances. The machinery of this experimental unit is in good running order now, and I think it is completely successful." — *From a report by Captain A. B. Hayter, Military Observer in Korea.*





# Part-time Army Trains the Full-time Army

Usually it's the Regular who trains the Territorial. In Bristol they have reversed the process



Serjeant Roderick de Gay (three times "captured" by Rommel) arrives in his bus driver's uniform, which he will now change for battle-dress and black beret. He is chatting to RSM W. Wood, of Aberdeen.



In the turret of a tank, Serjeant de Gay rides along the street which he has just traversed in his double-deck bus. Few men dovetail their civil and military duties quite so closely.

**E**IGHT times a day bus driver Roderick de Gay starts off his double-decker along Bristol's Route Four (Staple Hill to Knowle). Eight times a day he drives along the crowded Old Market Street past the Drill Hall with its massive Royal coat-of-arms over the central arch.

Sometimes his first journey starts at four in the morning; sometimes his shift does not begin until three in the afternoon.

When, during the day, someone else is driving his bus, driver de Gay vanishes under the coat-of-arms, slips denims over his driver's uniform and changes his peaked hat for a black beret with the badge of the Royal Tank Regiment.

Serjeant de Gay, tank veteran of the Western Desert, is possibly the first man to reverse the normal procedure by which Regular soldiers train Territorials in peacetime. He is a Territorial who trains Regulars.

It all started early this year when an increase in training establishments put a premium on instructors. Since most Territorial units use their permanent staff for instruction only in the evenings (in the day they are busy on maintenance tasks), the 44th Royal Tank Regiment, Territorial Army were asked whether their permanent staff could train young soldiers from the 7th Royal Tank Regiment at Bovington — a regiment which is rather extended just now, for one of its squadrons is in Korea. The answer was: "Yes, and so can our Territorial instructors."

The soldiers to be trained come to Bristol for six weeks, live in Horsfield Barracks, and each day parade in three squads of eight — one to learn gunnery, one to



learn wireless and the third driving and maintenance.

The first batch of men stared when they saw Serjeant de Gay cover his driver's uniform with denims, slip into the 75-mm gun mounting on the pellet range and proceed to give them their fire orders. (The gun has a pellet firing attachment which raises a puff of dust at the point of aim).

The gunnery squad also looked surprised when a man in the uniform of a railway engineman walked in, changed into denims and began to instruct them. He was Corporal Ronald Newman, locomotive fireman in the Western Region and the second Territorial on shift work to follow Serjeant de Gay's example.

There is a joke among the men of the 44th Royal Tank Regiment to the effect that Corporal Newman carries a bicycle on the front of his engine and, when his train is passing on a local run, jumps off to take his class for an hour. As fireman on freight trains operating on routes to Birmingham, Gloucester and Cheltenham, his free hours are more variable than those of Serjeant de Gay and it is not so easy for him to plan ahead.

Of the two Territorial instructors the Serjeant is the one who has the longer association with the 44th Royal Tanks. At the age of 45 he can look back on a life of adventure and travel hardly equalled by any other member of his regiment.

At first he was a merchant seaman. When the slump laid his ship up in the Fowey in 1925 he joined the Royal Berkshire Regiment and served on the sun-scorched stations of India. He had left the Army and had finished his Reserve service when he joined the 6th Battalion, of the Gloucestershire Regiment in Bristol. It was 1938 and the same year the unit was converted to armour. Early in the war, as the 44th Royal Tank Regiment it sailed for the Middle East.

Serjeant de Gay's legs are still scarred and his nose is still slightly out of true thanks to one of Rommel's barrages. It happened early on 15 November 1941, when Bristol's Territorials were

supporting the New Zealanders in the bid to relieve Tobruk.

"I think it was an 88 HE but I did not trouble to go into it," says Serjeant de Gay. Whatever it was blew him out of the turret, killed his crew, put seven pieces of shrapnel into his left leg, drove his jack knife into his right leg, broke his nose, burned his face and covered his back with one large bruise.

He was put into a New Zealand field hospital and three hours later was totally blind. The hospital fell into German hands.

For six weeks he could not see. During that time he was visited by Rommel, told by a German doctor that he would never see again, liberated by the British, recaptured by the Germans, overrun by the British once more only to find himself again tended by the enemy. Eventually the Germans withdrew, leaving the patients without food or water and dangerously near 25-pounder fire. They were evacuated in the end by the 11th Hussars.

During one of the periods when the British held the hospital, a

doctor gave the serjeant a facial injection which helped to restore his sight. Today he does not even wear glasses.

Serjeant de Gay became an instructor at base, found himself unfit for the front line and asked to be transferred to the Merchant Navy. He sailed the coasts of West and East Africa, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. During the invasion of Sicily his ship carried ammunition destined for the 44th Royal Tank Regiment.

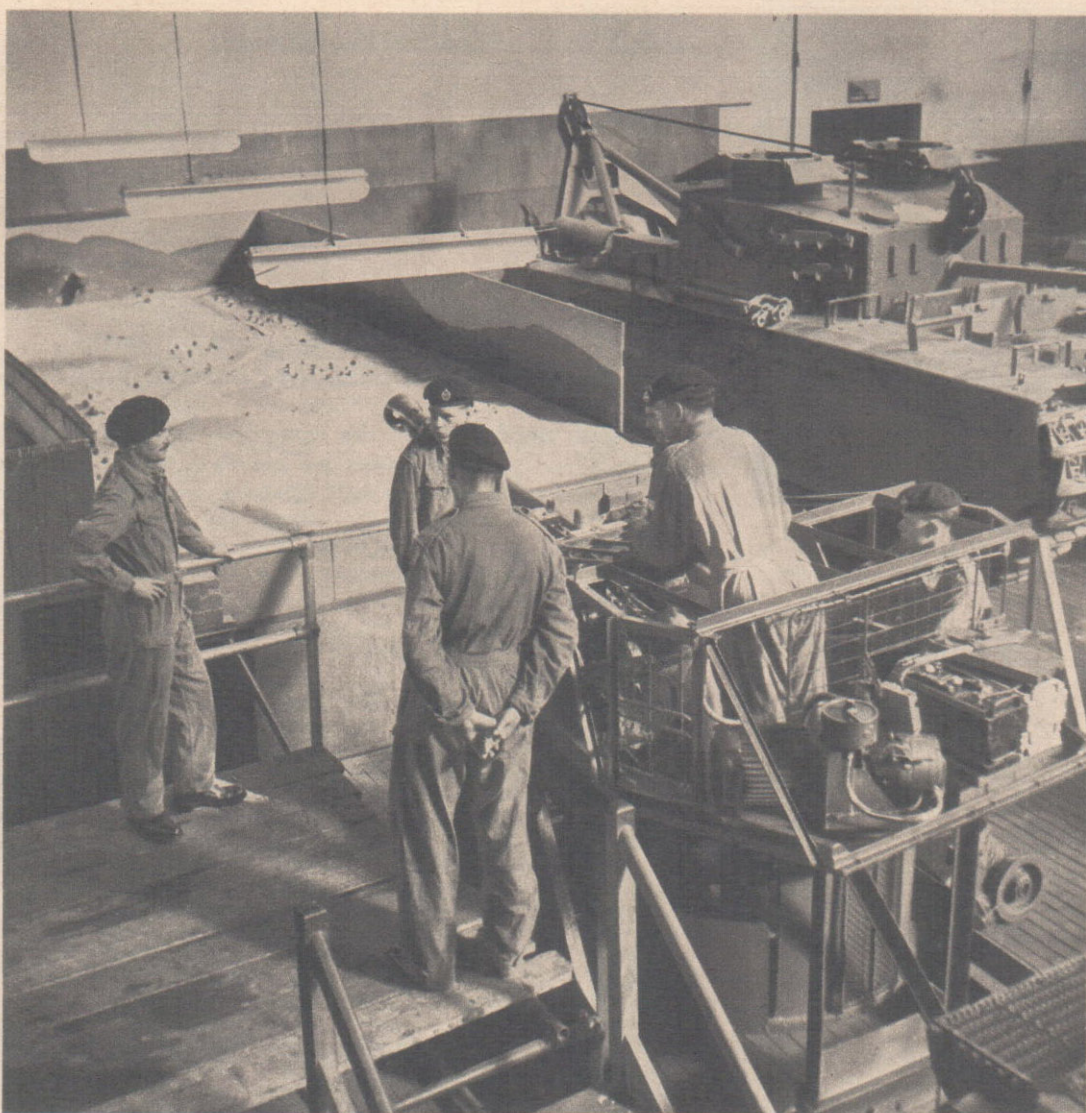
He was on one 10,000-tonner which was so slow that it repeatedly fell out of convoy. For such emergencies sea captains unseal stragglers' orders. Says Serjeant de Gay, "My captain and his stragglers' orders were almost inseparable." Eventually the serjeant found himself as bo'sun in charge of a crew of West African native convicts.

Towards the end of the war he rejoined the Army, went to Belgium and became permanent orderly serjeant of 54 Reinforcement Holding Unit. In 1947 he was one of the first to join the revived 44th Royal Tank Regiment.

Here comes another instructor straight from his civilian job: Corporal Ronald Newman, a locomotive fireman. With him is Squadron Sjt-Maj. Anthony Booth.

Corporal Newman, who was a Royal Marine during the war and served on cruisers in the Far East, said: "This chance to instruct Regulars during the day is a

**OVER**



And here is Serjeant de Gay (left) instructing on the pellet range. His pupils are young soldiers from 7th Royal Tank Regiment at Bovington.





# This Corps has no Pay, no Parades, no Uniforms

But it represents a good bargain  
for the War Office, in peace or war

**I**T sounds improbable in the extreme — a corps which has officers but no men, holds no parades, has no uniform, receives no pay and, in fact, charges recruits ten guineas to join. Yet it is a unit of the Territorial Army.

The Engineer and Railway Staff Corps of the Royal Engineers is an advisory board to the War Office. It has an establishment of ten colonels, 20 lieutenant-colonels and 30 majors, all of whom are civil engineers or prominent officials of Britain's railways, waterways and road transport.

They meet quarterly to discuss problems of engineering and transport set them by the War Office.

It was 85 years ago that the Corps was formed — with the title of Engineer and Railways Voluntary Staff Corps — by the then War Minister. The suggestion had come from the Institution of Civil Engineers, who thought such a body might help to organise troop movements in emergency.

The first exercise set the new body by the War Office was the movement of 380,000 (hypothetical) troops of all arms scattered throughout Great Britain. Two years later the Corps was asked to advise on the lowest rates at which the railways would convey volunteers to and from London for a review by the Sultan of Turkey.

The members inspected coastal defences and advised on such problems as road blocks, bridge-blowing and flooding some 70 years before the War Office really had to meet this problem — in 1940.

There was a Corps uniform up to World War Two. Its purchase was optional and officers did not receive any allowances. The uniform was full dress with plumed hats, and usually the only occasions on which it could be worn were coronations, Royal funerals and levees.

To belong to the Corps an officer has to be a specialist in transportation or engineering. A colonel must be a member of the Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers and actively engaged in that profession or be a member of the British Transport Executive, "having professional engineering qualifications and experience, or having shown capacity in the management and operation of transport." There are modified qualifications for lieutenant-colonels and majors.

The Commanding Officer — Sir Eustace Missenden, late Chairman of the British Railway Executive — is probably the only commanding officer in the Army to be chosen by his own unit. His appointment is subject to the approval of the Army Council. He can recommend the appointment of his officers but these must also be approved by the War Office.

Any officer who leaves his profession must retire unless specially asked to remain. He must also resign if he becomes a Regular soldier. The joining fee is ten guineas (although this is temporarily reduced to five) and the yearly subscription is one guinea.

There are four council meetings a year in the office in Victoria Street, Westminster of Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Gwyther, who acts as Adjutant (there is no paid



Thanks to the Engineer and Railway Staff Corps, the War Office can draw on the experience of transport experts like Sir Eustace Missenden.

adjutant attached to the Corps). Only the colonels and lieutenant-colonels belong to the council — the majors being called upon if required to give specialist advice or to sit on sub-committees to discuss special problems. Once a year the officers dine together, when their guests may include members of the Army Council.

The Corps has a civilian honorary secretary, Mr. R. D. Bacon, who has no connection with the Army or railways. He is a section manager in Cox's branch of Lloyds Bank, the Army agents. Since its foundation, the Corps has had only four secretaries, and Mr. Bacon is the third member of his family to hold the appointment.

A War Office spokesman who discussed the Corps with SOLDIER said: "The Corps makes it possible for the War Office to get quick advice on engineering problems from a number of highly skilled engineers with a wide range of subjects. Without the Corps this advice could be obtained only by writing to dozens of firms and perhaps having to wait a long time before all the answers arrived."

Today the questions sent to the Corps do not vary basically from those of 50 years ago. Then, as now, there were problems on the running of railways in foreign countries in war. But now there are such problems as surfacing roads in mountainous countries for tank transporters, or building temporary tracks for motor transport across boggy ground.

In war the Corps is one of the few Territorial formations not to be embodied, but many of its members join the Royal Engineers for active duty on emergency commissions.



From the vitals of a locomotive to the vitals of a tank: Corporal Newman (centre) instructing.

## Part-time Army Trains the Full-time Army

(Continued)

great help to those of us who cannot always get along in the evenings like most Territorials."

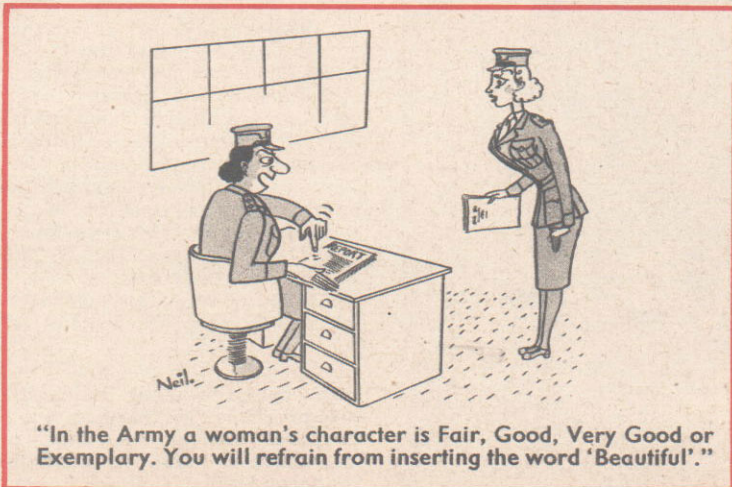
The Regiment's Roll of Honour bears the name of Corporal Newman's brother, killed in the Western Desert.

The two Territorials draw the normal pay of their ranks while they are instructing. They work with the permanent staff (who come from 5th Royal Tanks) — men like Squadron-Serjeant-Major John Colbeck, who during the war served with the Military Mission to Turkey, where he instructed in weapons through an interpreter, and Squadron-Serjeant-Major Anthony Booth, who every week instructs cadets of nearby Clifton College.

Said Regimental-Serjeant-Major William Wood, war-time instructor with 79th Armoured Division: "The youngsters we get from 7th Royal Tanks are very keen. They have finished their primary training when they come to us and we are able to give them intensive training. They enjoy the break from guards and fatigues and often after a hard day's work we see them down here with the Territorials in the evening doing still more training."

The Commanding Officer of 44th Royal Tank Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel E. G. V. Moss told SOLDIER: "This scheme of using experienced Territorial instructors to train young Regulars is in its infancy and it can only be undertaken by units which have accommodation for sleeping the trainees near by. Both Serjeant de Gay and Corporal Newman are expert instructors, up to Regular Army standard, and they work extremely well with the permanent staff. While there is this temporary shortage of Regular instructors in the Army, this scheme may help to bridge the gap."

PETER LAWRENCE



"In the Army a woman's character is Fair, Good, Very Good or Exemplary. You will refrain from inserting the word 'Beautiful'."





"Waiter! Six more salt-cellars and a dozen more pepper-pots!"



"I think this is taking a coal fatigue a bit too far!"

## SOLDIER HUMOUR



MAIDMENT.

"Well, George, that makes us all square!"



Crampford



# LIMOUSINES ON PARADE



Outside the War Office, Serjeant Leonard Dengate fixes Field-Marshal Sir William Slim's flag on his five-star Rolls-Royce. This car carried the King when he visited 21 Army Group.



Saturday morning line-up: This is only part of the Company's fleet — the rest were out on duty.

ON the square in the drab centre of Regent's Park Barracks there is a beauty parade — or as motorists prefer to say, a *concours d'élégance* — most Saturday mornings.

On display are the Army's most handsome motor-cars, limousines with graceful curves and aristocratic profiles. To set them off, like chorus-girls around the stars, are smart but less distinguished vehicles, the everyday post-war staff cars of the British Army. And in the background are the utilitarian shapes of three-tonners, troop-carriers and other common-place military vehicles.

They all belong to 20 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Mechanical Transport), better known as the War Office Car Company.

The job of 20 Company has

Knowledgeable as the taximen, drivers of the War Office Car Company pilot star-studded Rolls-Royces and other glittering thoroughbreds through the maze of London traffic



At London Airport, a Humber Pullman, bearing the three stars of a lieutenant-general, awaits a passenger from a Stratocruiser.

been twofold since, just after World War Two, it took over the vehicles and duties of 83 Company. The first part of the work is to provide transport for the War Office, from Rolls-Royces and Daimlers for members of the Army Council and visiting military VIP's to ambulances for private soldiers who suddenly run a high temperature. The second — the work formerly done by 83 Company — is to provide transport for Headquarters London District, and load-carriers and troop-carriers for moves in the London area.

Hence the Company's unusual establishment of vehicles. The list is headed by three Rolls-Royce limousines. One is reserved for the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.

It is driven by Serjeant Leonard Dengate, who was a bus conductor before he became an Army driver in World War Two. For three and a half years he was a prisoner-of-war in Japanese hands. Then he left the Army for a year or so and drove petrol buses and trolley-buses. He rejoined the Army in 1946 and took over the Chief of the Imperial General Staff's Rolls-Royce just after Field-Marshal Sir William Slim was appointed in October, 1948. Since then he has accompanied the Field-Marshal on a trip to Australia and New Zealand.

His car is a 25-30 horse-power, six-cylinder limousine which went through the North-West Europe campaign and carried the King when he visited 21 Army Group.

A second Rolls-Royce is allotted to the Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The third Rolls-Royce, a V-12, 45-50 horse-power model, is the most famous vehicle in the Company. It is the car allotted to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery and is known

to policemen all over Britain by its V-shaped windscreen which slopes backwards, from top to bottom; the idea was that rain would be less likely to obscure the screen.

The body was designed by, and built for, a director of an aircraft factory and the windscreen was modelled on one which his firm had incorporated in an aeroplane. This car joined the Army at the beginning of World War Two. The names of previous "owners" include Field-Marshal Ironside, Gort, Dill and Alanbrooke. It has now done 224,000 miles. Its driver is Serjeant Tom Parker, who has more than 18 years Colour service and four-and-a-half on the Reserve. Serjeant Parker's staff-car experience began in 1931 in Shanghai. He has been driving generals since 1939. He was driver to General Sir Bernard Paget from 1940 to 1943, and when Field-Marshal Montgomery took over 21 Army Group from General Paget he took over Serjeant Parker as well.

Serjeant Parker, who was trained as a Rolls-Royce driver by the firm itself has driven just about every kind of motor vehicle the RASC uses.

The Army must treat its Rolls-Royces as respectfully as civilian owners. They never go into workshops for major repairs, but straight to the makers. The Army leaves unbroken the seals placed on their vitals by Rolls-Royce mechanics.

Next in order of dignity come six Daimlers. One is allotted to the Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff and another to the GOC, London District. The other four are pool cars. Then there are two of the latest Humber Pullmans, allotted respectively to the Quartermaster-General and the Adjutant-General.

OVER



This crown on a motor-car indicates that it is carrying a member of the Royal Family.



The Army Council flag, used on the cars of all members of the Army Council except the Chief of the Imperial General Staff.



The flag of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. King's Regulations say it will be 11½ by 5¾ inches; the Army Council flag is nine by nine inches.



As chairman of the Western Union Commanders-in-Chief, Field-Marshal Montgomery flew this flag on his car.



Two flags for one general: When Major-General J. A. Gascoigne travels as Commander, Brigade of Guards, his Daimler flies the Brigade flag (above); in his other role, as General Officer Commanding London District, he travels in a car flying the London District flag (below). The company also holds the flags of the Master Gunner and of the Director of the Territorial Army.







Serjeant Tom Parker at the wheel of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's Rolls-Royce. Note the unusual rake of the windscreen.

## LIMOUSINES (Cont'd)

There are 19 older Humber Pullmans, some of which share VIP visitor duties with Daimlers.

One of the visiting VIP's to whom the Company has often assigned a vehicle is General de Lattre de Tassigny, who visited London as Commander-in-Chief of the Western Union Land Forces. When the Company first provided him with a car, it had drivers of the Women's Royal Army Corps and Private Veronica Adams was nominated for the job. Then the women drivers were transferred to Eastern Command Headquarters at Hounslow. But by that time, Private Adams knew all the places to which the General normally wanted to go, so whenever he wanted a car, Private Adams was "borrowed" from Hounslow to drive him.

For the use of War Office and London District staff of lower rank, the Company has a fleet of four-seater cars — Austin A70, Vauxhall Velox, Humber Snipe and Wolseley.

Among the less beautiful, more utilitarian, vehicles on the Company's strength are three little Post Office-type Morris vans used to carry War Office documents, personnel utilities, 15-hundred-weights, three-tonners, troop-carriers, two petrol tankers, two breakdown vehicles, one machinery truck, some motorcycles and a small car experimentally powered with the Army's new B40 engine.

This variety of vehicles makes life complicated for the Company's workshop officer, Capt. E. H. Hubbard and his platoon. Whenever a personally-allotted car goes into workshops for repair, the fitters work through the night if necessary to have it ready for when its "owner" next wants it, and take time off later to make up for it.

The workshop platoon keeps the cars from looking shabby, too. It received a message of thanks from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery for making a "superb job" of re-cellulosing his Rolls-Royce, a message that was passed on to Lance-Corporal P. G. Glynn, who had done the work.

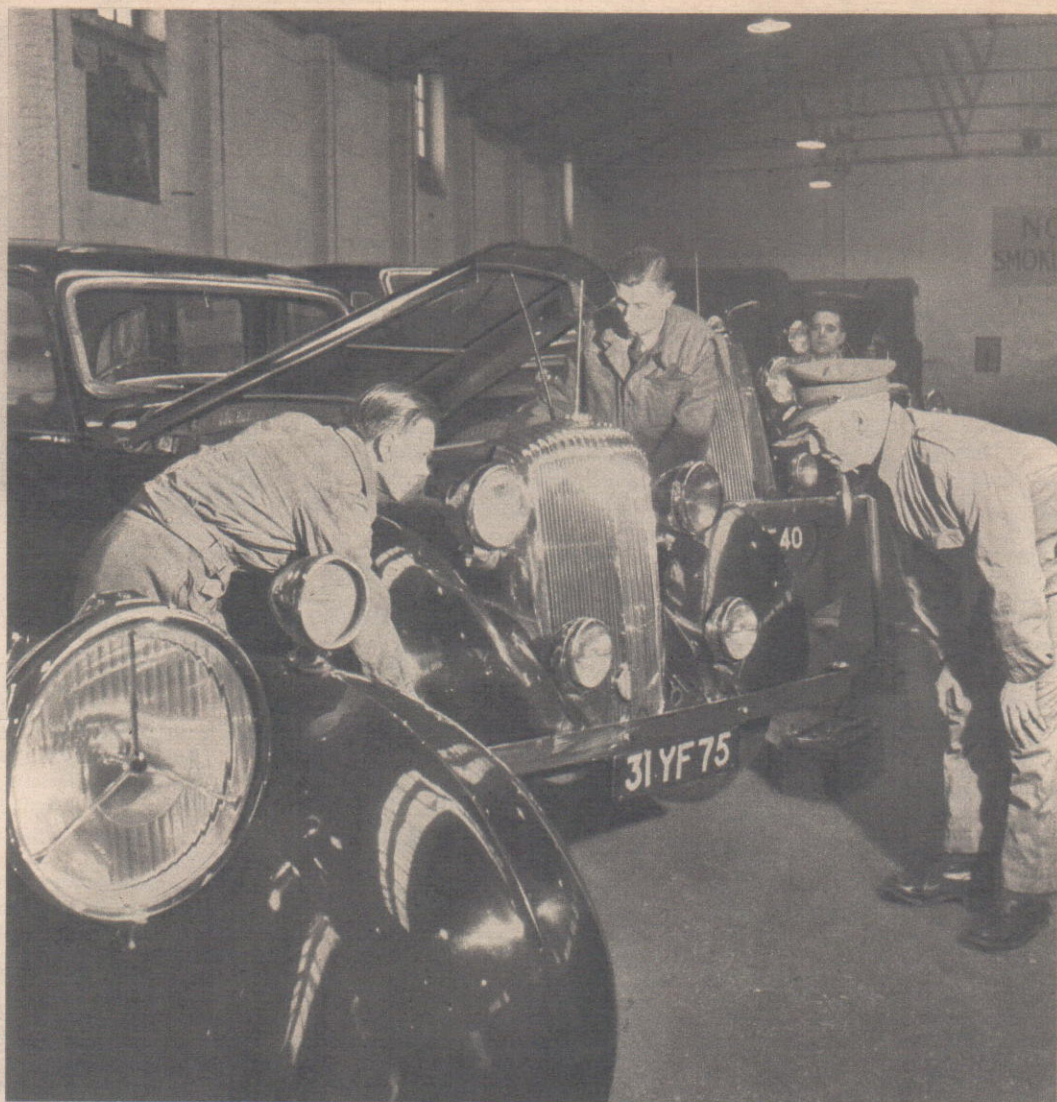
The unit is always on duty and

will provide a vehicle at any time of the night or day. So, like the workshop men, the drivers — about half of whom are National Servicemen — work any hours they are needed and take their time off when they can.

The drivers can aspire to becoming NCO's and still remaining drivers. Establishment allows a serjeant and a corporal (local serjeant) as drivers to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, a serjeant for the chairman of the Western Union Defence Committee, corporals for the Vice- and Deputy-Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff, the Military Secretary, Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General and GOC, London District.

Says Major A. G. K. Fergusson, who commands 20 Company: "An efficient driver of ours must know every military building, every Ministry, every station, every club, and all the traffic-free routes in London. No man who has driven one of our cars ever has difficulty in getting a job when he leaves the Army."

Major Fergusson, who has been an instructor at the RASC Officer Cadet Training Unit, was at one time second-in-command of the Rhine Army Headquarters Car Company. As relaxation from looking after limousines and lorries, he drives himself about in an MG saloon.



Captain E. H. Hubbard, the workshop officer, goes into conference over a Daimler.

Below: In the paint shop, Lance-Corporal P. G. Glynn, who re-cellulosed Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's car, at work on a Humber.





# THEY DRIVE 'CLASSIC' CARS TOO

**L**ONDON is not the only place where the Army operates thoroughbred motor-cars. There are drivers and mechanics overseas who have handled aristocrats of the road.

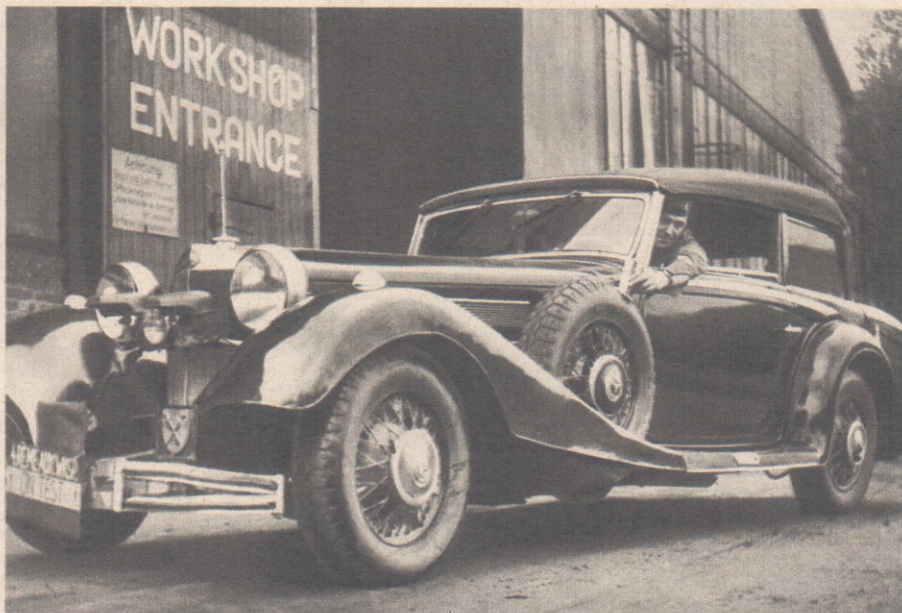
In Germany, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles F. Keightley, Rhine Army's Commander, and Major-General R. H. B. Arkwright, of 7th Armoured Division both use supercharged, 5.4 litre Mercedes. Only a few vehicles of this type were built, and they were allotted to high-ranking German officers. The one now used by General Arkwright was captured in Italy and for a time was used by Lieut-General Sir Oliver Leese.

A number of Horch and Maybach cars which had belonged to Nazi high-ups were commandeered in 1945 for senior officials of the Control Commission, but now they have been returned to the Germans.

In Austria, motor-car enthusiasts in REME like to be posted to 782 Sub-Workshop. The unit's original job in Austria was to adapt surrendered Wehrmacht vehicles to new uses, which earned it the name of Mercedes Workshop. It has handled — and still handles — all kinds of continental makes. One classic car which passed through its hands was a "Mille Miglia" Alfa-Romeo, with a two-seater body, a three-carburettor engine and a speed of 120 miles an hour. As a staff car it was almost useless — no driver dared put it into top gear in town — but it was once used to rush penicillin 120 miles to a military hospital. It scared both the driver and the Austrian population by covering the distance in just under two hours. Another was a Maybach, once the property of Field-Marshal Kesselring, which was unsuitable for Army use because of lack of spares and enormous petrol consumption.

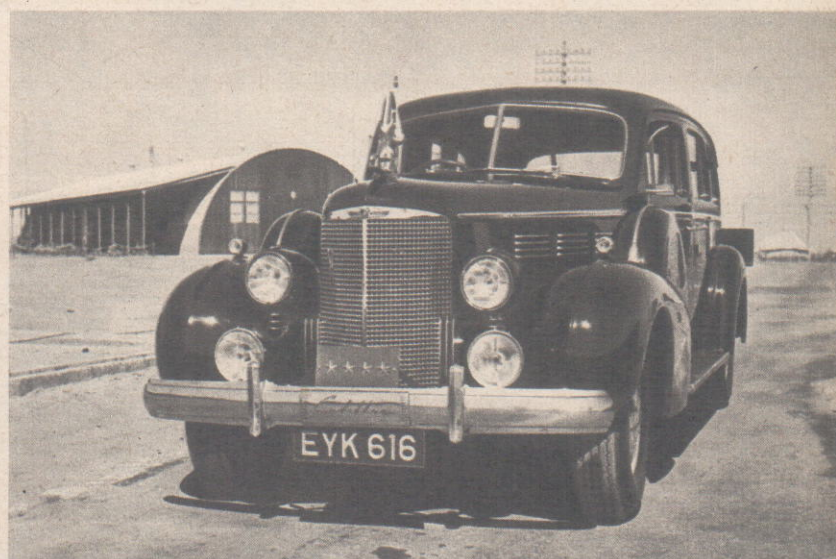
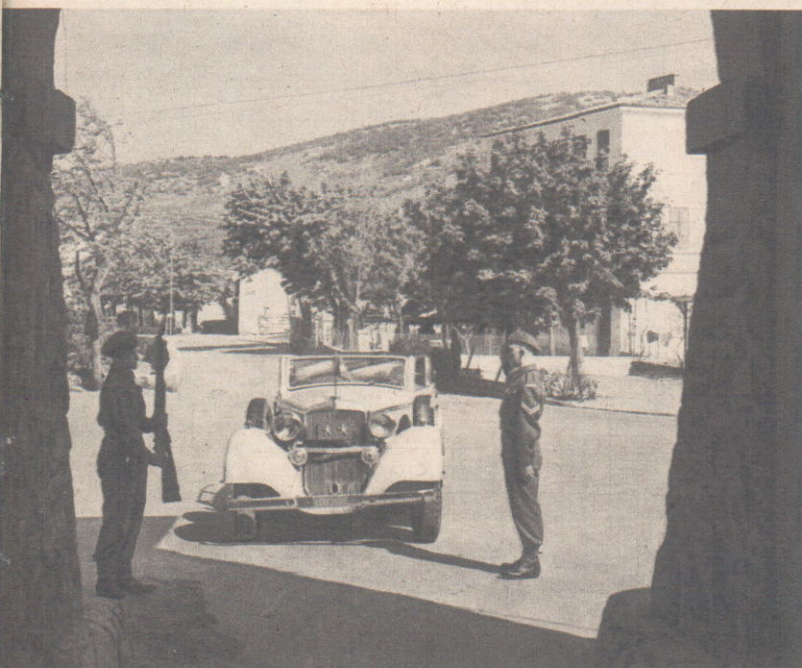
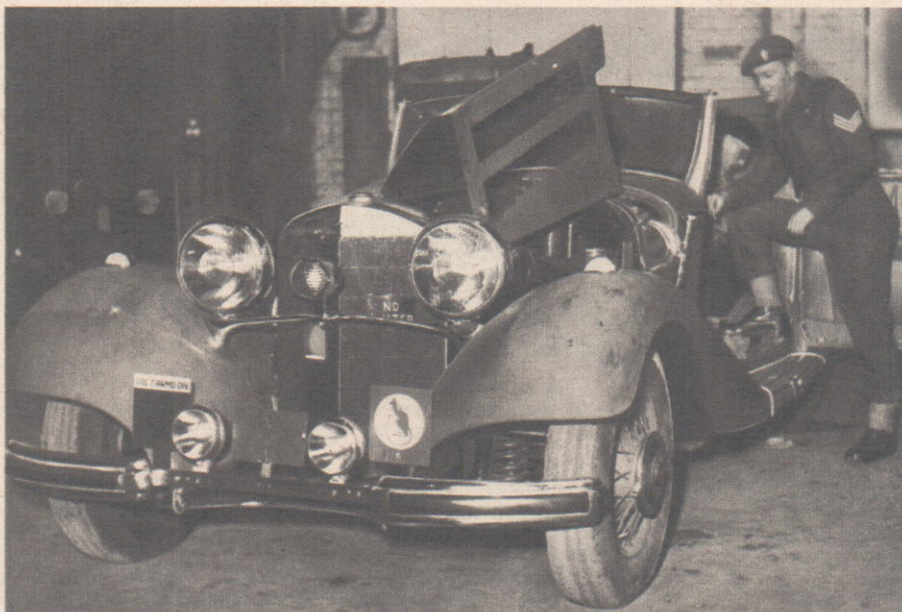
One of the most interesting cars this unit has handled is one of the smallest: the Bohrer, which was among the first Austrian cars to be built. It was born in 1900 with a five horse-power motor, a wooden chassis, iron bands for tyres and a top speed of ten or 12 miles an hour. In the years that followed, various improvements were made and the car achieved some sporting fame; it was the first motor-car to climb the 4000-foot Loibl Pass, on the Austro-Yugoslav frontier — a struggle for many modern vehicles and normally a "jeep job" for the Army.

The Bohrer was found under the rubble of the workshop taken over by the unit in 1945. It was spruced up and given new wheels and tyres and, with a REME craftsman at the wheel, it has reached 30 miles an hour.



Above: Lieut-General Sir Charles Keightley, Rhine Army's Commander, uses this 5.4 litre Mercedes.

Below: Another 5.4 litre Mercedes. Captured in Italy, it now serves Maj-Gen. R. H. B. Arkwright, of 7th Armoured Division.



Left: The Horch which Major-General Sir Terence Airey took over at the same time as he took over Trieste. Above: The Cadillac which carried General Sir John Crocker when he was Commander-in-Chief Middle East Land Forces.



# K.L. - Headquarters Town

Kuala Lumpur is a town of *sarongs* and tommy-guns, of sugar-cake offices and armoured cars. And the odds are that the armoured cars belong to civilians

**Y**OU might not think that Kuala Lumpur today had anything in common with the London of 200 years ago. But it has.

Just as the highwaymen boldly operated as near to London as Hampstead Heath and Hounslow, so Malaya's bandits operate within a few miles of Kuala Lumpur — headquarters of the security forces deployed against them.

And just as the highwaymen were picked on the stage coaches as their targets, so the Malayan bandits pick on omnibuses. But, unlike the highwaymen, who let the coaches proceed once they had robbed the passengers, the bandits have a habit of burning the buses, which is no joke if these happen to be brand-new double-deckers, shipped expensively out to Malaya from Britain.

The presence of bandits outside the town is scarcely reflected in the traffic in Kuala Lumpur's main streets. Occasionally you may see a big car with a steel visor over the windscreen and armour plating on the side and rear windows. Or you may see an armoured car which once belonged to the Army — a motor firm advertises them in the local papers (see page 30).

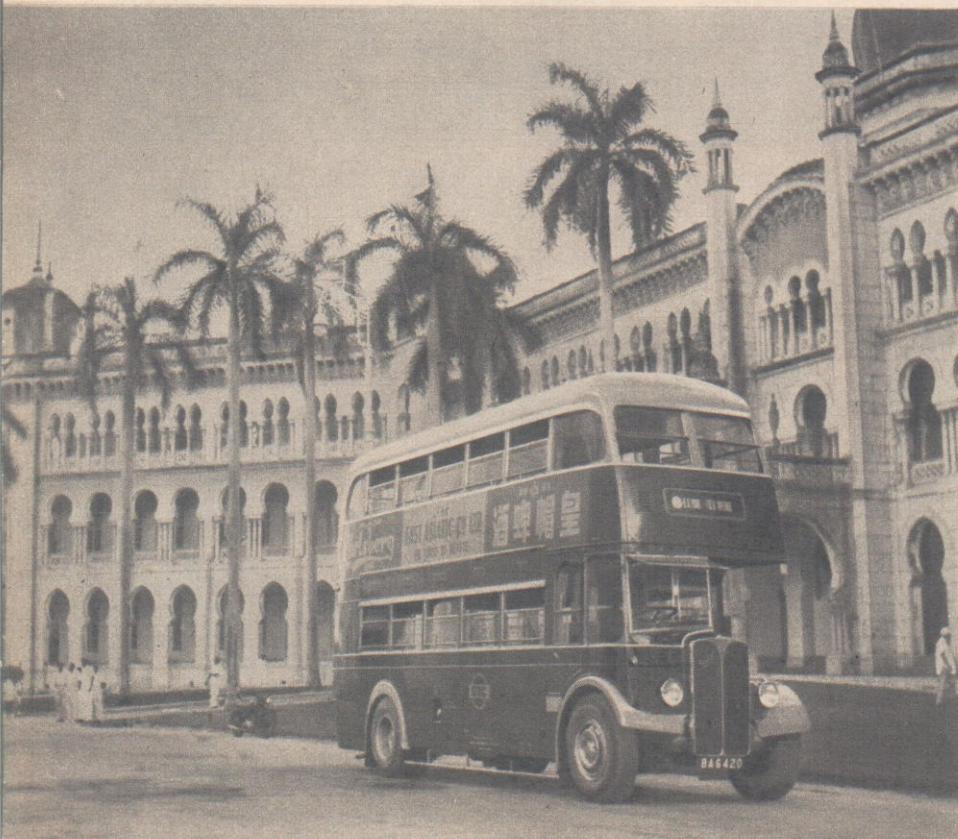
These vehicles belong to planters who are in town on business or leave. If you asked one in a public place when he was going

home, he probably would not answer. He will probably not write it in the hotel register until a minute or two before he leaves. The news might get round to a gang of bandits in his area, and tempt them to ambush him. Careless talk, in this kind of war, may quickly cost him his own life.

Although Kuala Lumpur ("muddy confluence") is a military headquarters town, it is hard to tell this from the main streets. You can traverse the town without seeing a single uniformed soldier, unless one of the rare military vehicles happens to pass by. But there are enough civilian curiosities to occupy one's attention.

They start with the railway station, not such a curiosity, perhaps, to eastern eyes but certainly to eyes fresh from home. It is tall and painted a light yellow, in defiance of smuts from locomotive smoke-stacks. Tall towers, like minarets with onion-

In the ornate Secretariat building (above) is installed Lieut-General Sir Harold Briggs, Malaya's Director of Operations. The building below is not a Grand Hotel but a block of railway offices.



This sign was in existence before the Army received its rise in pay. It does not mean that all British Other Ranks are car-borne.



The flash of  
Malaya Dis-  
trict: head-  
quarters is at  
Kuala Lumpur.

shaped domes, stand at each corner of the station itself; two more towers prop up the Station Hotel, which is built against it as a magnificent lean-to on stilts. Here, as the Japanese tide lapped close in 1942, British officers sat and coolly planned "left-behind parties" to operate behind the enemy lines.

Across the road is a huge, dignified, grey stone building with more onion-domed towers. Tall palms and neat lawns flank a short drive from the roadway to the main entrance. Some sort of palace? No. At least a Grand Hotel? No. It is a block of railway offices.

Pass the grubby monolith of the war memorial and stroll up Victory Avenue towards the town. On your left a graceful wooden building lies back among the trees. Trim gardens surround it. Open windows reveal colourfully-stocked bars. And if you look to one side, you will see a notice: "BOR's Club Car Park. Out." Just how many British Other Ranks have cars to bring to the NAAFI Club has not been computed, but it is evidently not high enough to deter the trishaw men who wait hopefully across the road.

You may see a uniform or two near the NAAFI Club. But it is far more likely that the people you see going in and out are young men in civilian clothes; only the way they walk shows that they are soldiers.

In the distance appear more buildings with onion shapes, either as domes or as balcony arches: the Post Office, the Federal Secretariat, the Town Hall. You begin to realise that the most flowery oriental architecture in Kuala Lumpur is confined to the public buildings, erected for the most westernising functions.

Visit one of the banks. Outside, an armed Malayan policeman, in khaki shirt and shorts with a blue cap like a short tarboosh, is standing easy. Inside, a venerable Sikh bank employee, with a long

white beard, is walking amiably around trailing a double-barrelled shot-gun. In a corner, two planters from out of town are discussing some documents; near them lie a carbine and a sub-machine-gun. British, Malay, Chinese and Indian clerks behind the counter keep their noses busily in their ledgers; in front of the counter, depositors of the same races bustle each other politely. Nobody takes any notice of the arsenal.

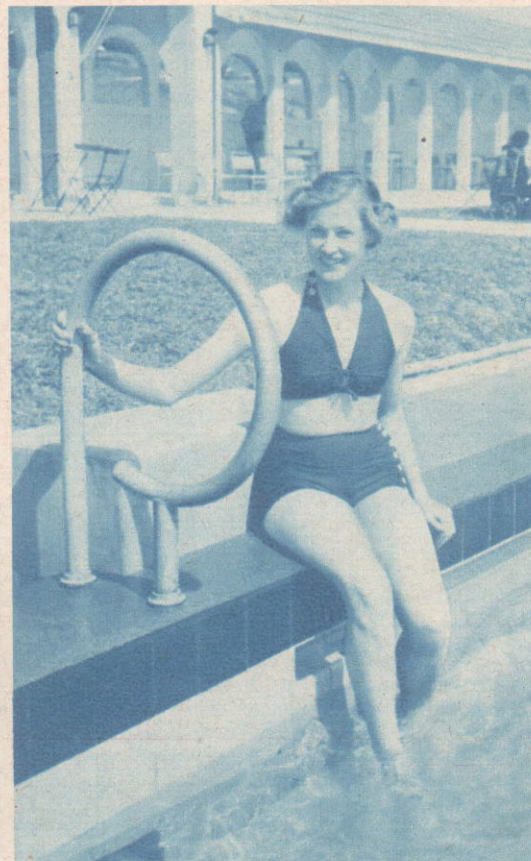
Return to the main road, which is much more crowded as it nears the centre of the town and has changed its name from Victory Avenue to Raja Road. On your

OVER



"All soldiers should be able to swim," said Major-General R. E. Urquhart, when he opened this £17,000 swimming bath at Kuala Lumpur. It has the most modern sterilising and filtering plant in the Far East, and the latest-style high-diving board. Some of the men in this picture were in the jungle only 24 hours before.

Right: Serving with the Women's Royal Army Corps in Kuala Lumpur is Sjt. Phyllis Sellars, whose uncle is the Yorkshire cricketer.



Below, left: Malaya District has its own airstrip, from which Austers fly on reconnaissance or communications.





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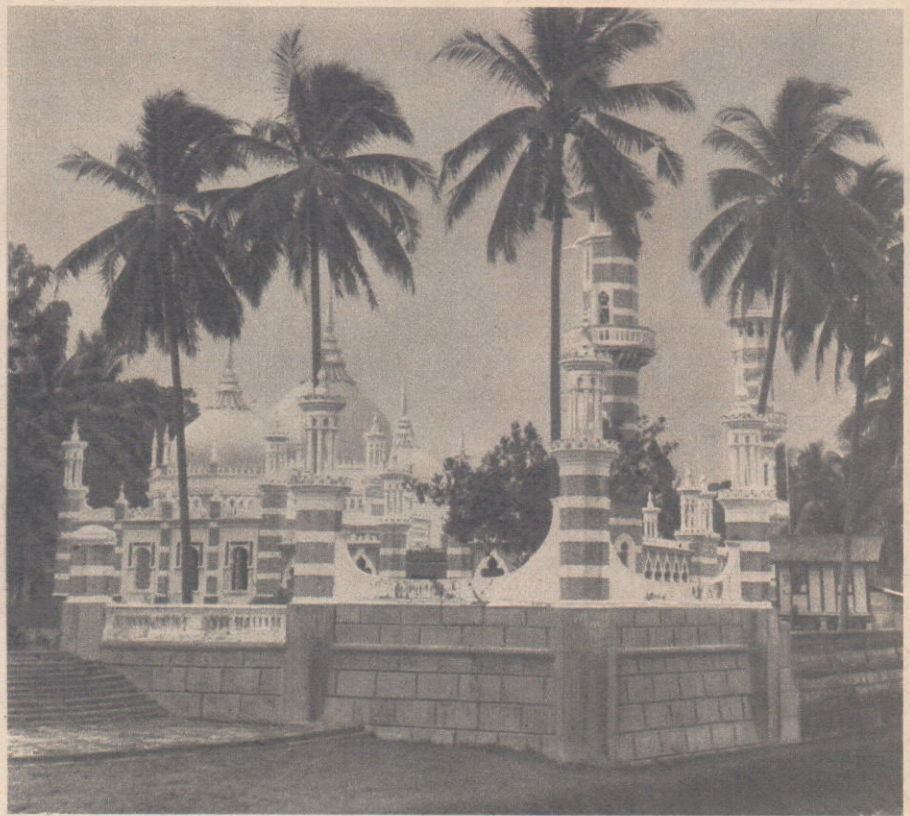
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Engineering Dept.

Safety-first for planters: an advertisement from the *Malay Mail*, published in Kuala Lumpur. Right: The eye-arresting Mosque, with its fringe of palms.



## K. L. (Continued)

left is the *padang*, the green playing field you expect to find somewhere near the centre of any Malayan town or village. In the middle is a cricket pitch, but a cricket pitch with a difference: it is rubberised, and still in the experimental stage. Malaya, worried by the progress of synthetic rubber, is trying out rubber compounds for all sorts of uses.

All over the short-clipped *padang* youths and children, Chinese, Malay and Indian, are playing at anything from two-a-side football to all-in wrestling, while their elders watch in comfort from the seats of the little skeleton grandstand. The *padang* is anyone's playground, and the members of the Selangor (pronounced Slangor) Club which

maintains it, look on serenely as they sip their *stengahs* (whiskies-and-sodas).

The Selangor Club is worth a second look. It is whitewashed, with black beams running across the walls and at first glance looks like one of the road-houses which sprang up along Britain's highways in the 1930's. But as background, it gives the *padang* an unmistakable resemblance to an English village green.

The picture of the village green comes more clearly into focus when you spy the Church of St. Mary the Virgin hiding behind its churchyard trees across the road. Take away its coat of yellow and add a tower, and it would be a typical modern English church.

In Kuala Lumpur there is fascination in the rows of Chinese, Malay and Indian shops, with covered walks between them and

the two-foot deep monsoon ditches on the roadside. The most attractive shops are those selling clothes, gorgeous *saris* for Indian women and *sarongs* for Malays of both sexes. Most glamorous (and expensive) *sarongs* come from Java. There are cheaper ones made in Malaya, India and, stencilled "Export Only", Britain.

For the most part, the women keep to their national dresses. Most comfortable among them seem to be the middle-class Chinese girls in gay pyjamas. Men's fashions are informal: British residents wear anything from white or khaki shirts and shorts with sandals to two-piece suits with collars and ties, and many Orientals follow their example. But there are still plenty of Malays of all classes in *sarongs*, of Indians in *dhotis*, of Sikhs in turbans and of Chinese coolies in

black pyjamas, like those their wives wear.

For light relief, there is the Lucky World, which is a kind of fun-fair, with dance-halls, concerts and plays in Malayan, Chinese and European styles.

And those military headquarters? They are just outside the town, built on a pleasant hillside and bustling with work. It is here one is forcibly reminded that "there is a war on." Kuala Lumpur finds comfort in the Army's presence. And it has not forgotten that other war, which ended in 1945 when officers of Force 136 entered the town and held it, pending the arrival of the British Army. That was 72 years after British officers had first looked on Kuala Lumpur, then the puniest of settlements, but destined to rise spectacularly on rubber and tin.



"Yes, yes, I know you're a soldier, but you cannot just christen him Mark Two."

Right: Married quarters outside Kuala Lumpur are designed to be both shady and airy. This bungalow has a pleasant verandah.



Below: Bungalow town, showing a group of officers' quarters.







Parachutists study a cloth model of their practice dropping zone. Below: the REME display.

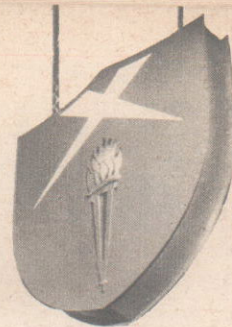
## Aldershot's Study Centre offers prepared exercises and press-button displays

**A** modish Torch of Learning flickers realistically (by arrangement with REME) in the entrance of Aldershot's new Study Centre.

It is part of the District sign, and like the Centre is a symbol of the resourcefulness which animates the modern Army's training.

Aldershot is the Army's most important training ground. Into its bounds come trainees ranging from experienced officers heading for the Staff College to the National Servicemen who crowd Aldershot station each Thursday — intake day. Aldershot deals with more National Service recruits than any other garrison. The District also includes Sandhurst, the Mons Officer Cadet School, and specialist schools of all kinds.

To all these and to the field force units in the District, the Centre is ready to offer help with the study of Army organisation and of military operations by units up to battalion group. It can also be used by the Territorial Army and the Combined and Army Cadet Forces.



This illuminated sign of Aldershot District hangs in the entrance to the Study Centre.

## Ready-Made Battles Here

On the ground floor are sand-tables and cloth models for tactical exercises without troops. One cloth model is of particular interest to men of 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group (which looks after the centre): it is of Frensham Common and includes their practice dropping-ground.

There are ready-made tactical exercises which give syndicates a chance to get down to work without anyone having to spend time preparing them — a big advantage, especially to Territorial units. Among the exercises are some which are suitable to "tail" as well as "teeth" units.

On the upper floor are displays showing the work of some of the Corps. Most impressive of these is the 35-foot long stand of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Across a model countryside are deployed REME units of every kind from front-line to base and beach-head. Press a switch and red lights appear all over the model to indicate first-line units, while explanatory panels light up at the ends of the stand. More switches produce lights of different colours, to indicate other kinds of REME units, and more explanatory panels.

A big chart, with coloured lines to match the lights, explains the complexities of REME organisation in the field; more models show the composition of some REME units; and for good measure, in smaller panels, there are scale models of some of the vehicles the Corps handles.

The other displays follow the same pattern with variations. The Royal Engineers go in for dioramas displaying such activities as road and airfield making, a large scale-model Bailey bridge, panels for film-strips and a "magic tap" (hanging apparently unsupported in mid-air and producing a constant stream of water) to draw attention to their water-supply diorama. The Sappers dispense with organisation charts.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps also does without charts, since its model is self-explanatory. By contrast, the Royal Army Service Corps confines itself to a room-width chart without models. The Royal Army Medical Corps contrives to include the work of both the Royal Army Dental Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps as well as its own in a chart and display which are models of compactness.





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advantages obtained by visitors  
and services personnel from Overseas

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BEAVER LAMB COATS	£42	£29
CANADIAN SQUIRREL COATS	£285	£115
NAT. MUSQUASH COATS	£165	£69
SILVER FOX CAPES	£49	£27
MOLESKIN MODEL COATS	£85	£35
FLANK MUSQUASH COATS	£140	£57
DYED FOX CAPE-STOLES	£25	£15

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Obtainable at FROM

"Scroll" STAR **2'9**  
Above Prices NAAFI



Taken by surprise: The Soldiers Three break off  
fooling and get down to some real soldiering.



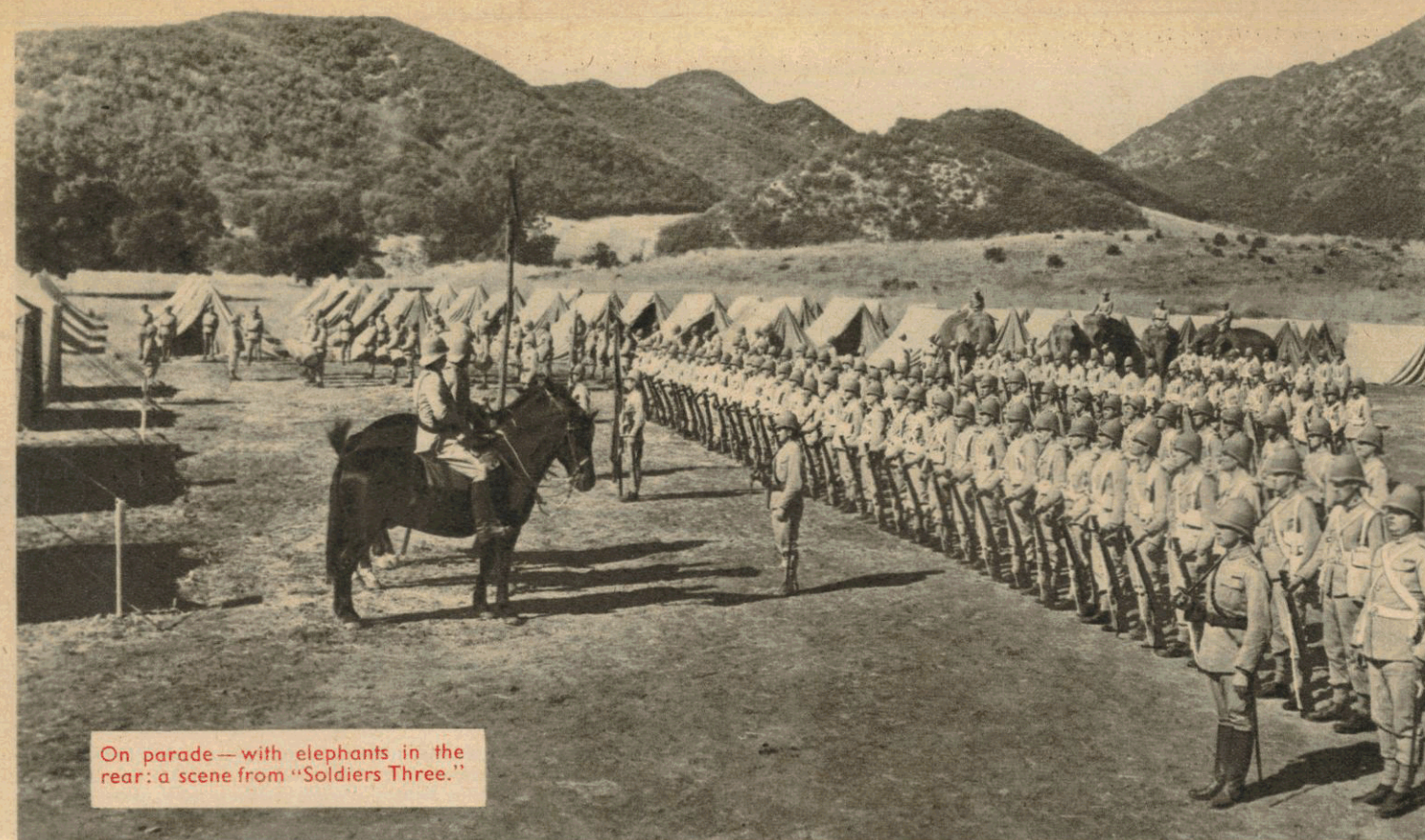
You don't need to see  
his insignia to know  
that this is the Colo-  
nel: Walter Pidgeon.

## HOLLYWOOD

**I**N July last year SOLDIER  
described how Holly-  
wood was busily re-creat-  
ing American military history,  
as illustrated in a series of  
films about soldiers-versus-  
Red Indians.

Why (asked SOLDIER) do  
British film companies con-  
sistently overlook our own  
colourful military history? Why  
not a North-West Frontier  
story, on the theme of soldiers-  
versus-tribesmen "against a

A bit of blarney under canvas: The Soldiers Three are Robert  
Newton (reclining), Stewart Granger and Cyril Cusack.



On parade—with elephants in the  
rear: a scene from "Soldiers Three."

## URNS TO KIPPLING'S INDIA

background of tremendous  
peaks and dusty plains, with  
a bonus in the shape of glitter-  
ing palaces and all the pano-  
ply of the gorgeous East?"

Even as those lines were  
written, Hollywood, in the ab-  
sence of any opposition, had moved  
up to the North-West Frontier.  
One result is "Kim," a film  
based on Rudyard Kipling's story  
about an Army waif who is caught  
up in the "great game" of the  
Secret Service.

The publicity hand-out told how  
"filming 'Kim' at actual sites

described by Kipling took the  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company  
to fabulous palaces, snow-bound  
Himalayan peaks and centuries-  
old settings impossible to repro-  
duce on the sound stage. There  
has been the fullest co-operation  
from the Indian Government and  
Indian princes."

The critics, generally, decided  
that "Kim" was a good, rousing,  
adventure story in a magnificent  
setting. Red coated soldiers, with  
whom must be numbered the trim,  
red-coated lads of the Army  
Orphans School, make a fine  
splash of colour and the Lancers,

for the all-too-brief period they  
are seen, are enough to make  
even REME regret mechanisation.  
The shots of the Frontier and the  
far Himalayas are superb and  
there is a lively reconstruction of  
scenes on the Grand Trunk Road.

Now comes another film of  
Kipling's India by the same Holly-  
wood company — "Soldiers  
Three." The film has not yet been  
shown to the press (the pictures  
on these pages are advance  
"stills"). "Soldiers Three" records  
the misfortunes of an Englishman,  
a Scotsman and an Irishman in the  
service of the Queen when the

coins of the realm first boasted  
"Ind. Imp."

Some readers will remember  
that, only a few years ago  
Hollywood turned Kipling's  
famous poem Gunga Din into a  
full-length film. Between the  
world wars, too, appeared a film  
version of "Lives of a Bengal  
Lancer" based on the book by  
Major F. Yeates-Brown.

The best of luck to the Ameri-  
cans for knowing a good story  
when they see it. But the ques-  
tion is: "Why can't we film our  
own Army?"

Elephants, numbered and found correct, move  
off parade, followed by a column of troops.



A scene from "Kim": The  
waif (Dean Stockwell) who  
discovered his father's re-  
giment, questions Mahbub  
Ali, the Afghan horse-  
dealer who is a Brit-  
ish agent (Errol Flynn).



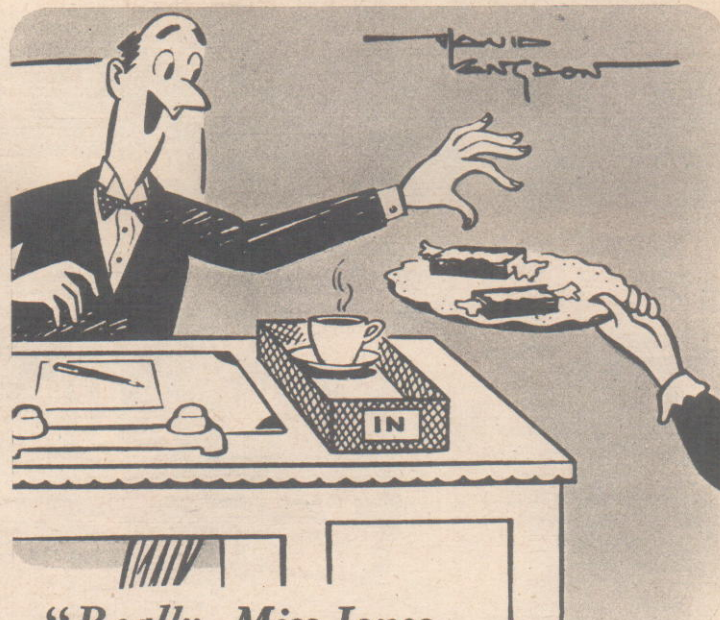
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booklet  
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Sir Robert Mansergh.Major-General  
Geoffrey Evans.Major-General  
C. H. Boucher.Major-General  
J. C. O. Marriott.

## They Were "Ball of Fire" Leaders

**T**HE Fifth Indian Division had six memorable years of life.

It was one of the few formations to fight all three of the principal enemies in World War Two.

It was present at some of the crucial phases of the war: the defeat of the Italian armies which menaced East Africa; the retreat to Alamein; Kohima and Imphal.

It was, also, one of the last formations in which British and Indian troops fought side by side.

As a memorial to the Division, some of its former officers subscribed to the cost of producing a fitting history. The result is "Ball of Fire," by Antony Brett-James (*Gale and Polden, 25s*), 480 pages of readable narrative, leavened and coloured by anecdote and character sketches.

One of the most notable features about the Division was the number of its officers who were later to take big jobs outside it.

When Major-General M. L. Heath (himself later to be a corps commander in Malaya) formed the Division in the Deccan, his three brigade commanders were Brigadier A. G. O. M.

Mayne, later to be a full general and now chairman of the Soldiers' Families Association; Brigadier H. R. Briggs, who was to have Burma Command and is now Director of Operations in Malaya; and Brigadier W. J. Slim, now Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

In the next few years, Brigadiers Mayne and Briggs were both to become commanders of the Division. But Brigadier Slim commanded it only as a corps and army commander. He was one of the Division's early casualties; in East Africa, he was wounded by an Italian aeroplane.



The flash of 5th Indian Division.

While he was in hospital, a friend sent off a telegram to his wife on his behalf. It said: "Slightly wounded and in hospital. Shall not sit down again for some time." The telegram was stopped by the censor on the grounds that it was

in plain language. Before he left hospital Brigadier Slim had the satisfaction of knowing he was avenged: his opposite number, an Italian brigadier, was brought in with a wound in the same part of the body. One of Brigadier Slim's successors as a brigade commander was a stocky little Welshman, T. W. Rees, who four years later was to capture Mandalay. Brigadier Rees was succeeded by Brigadier C. H. Boucher, who had served with a Gurkha Regiment and to whose command came the first Gurkhas to serve with Fifth Indian Division. In 1948 he was

GOC Malaya District, and the first to tackle Malaya's bandits.

The first GSO 1 of the Division was Colonel Frank Messervy, who was later to have jurisdiction over it for a time in the Western Desert and in Burma where he was a corps commander.

Among the Gunner officers of the Division in East Africa was Major E. C. R. Mansergh, now Commander-in-Chief, Hong-Kong. The fact that he had spent his early life in South Africa saved the Division from a nasty mistake in the Western Desert when, as a new brigadier and Commander, Royal Artillery, he went to investigate some unidentified tanks. The crews were talking in a foreign language which probably only Brigadier Mansergh, in the Division, could have distinguished from German. It was Cape Dutch; the tankmen were South African.

Now serving under General Mansergh, as Commander of Land Forces, Hong-Kong, is Major-General Geoffrey Evans. He commanded a battalion in 5th Division in the Western Desert, a brigade in the Division in Burma, and then the Division.

The Division also had in its strength Brigadier J. C. O. Marriott — now GOC, London District — a Guardsman who had not been to India and spoke no Indian language but who commanded an Indian brigade. His explanation of his success with his sepoy was: "I just go round and smile at them and say 'Tigeri, tigeri' and they seem to like it." "Tigeri, tigeri" was his attempt at a phrase meaning, "Are you on top of your form?"

## Tale of a Tunnel under Poland

**A**PART from Mr. Winston Churchill, no British writer has had such a spectacular success since the end of the war as Eric Williams, author of "The Wooden Horse."

The book's world sales now exceed three-quarters of a million copies, and the publishing world is watching with interest (and envy) the race to the million mark by this book and "The Kon-Tiki Expedition," by Thor Heyerdahl (at present in the lead).

Now, in case anyone thought that Eric Williams was a one-book man, comes "The Tunnel" (*Collins, 10s 6d*). Originally this book was part of the manuscript of "The Wooden Horse." It deals with the earlier adventures of "Peter Howard," the airman, and "John Clinton" (the soldier), two of the men who escaped via the wooden horse tunnel. It starts with Howard's parachute descent into Germany, his flight and capture, his meeting with Clinton, and the unlucky tunnel which the two helped to dig from Oflag XXIB near Schubin, in Poland.

Is "The Tunnel" an anti-climax after "The Wooden Horse"? Not to anyone who enjoys a suspenseful story of life on the run, and of resource and determination in adversity.

After his descent Peter Howard was captured by the Germans, escaped and crossed into Holland, only to be captured by Dutch police and handed over to the Germans. He ended his irregular journeyings — and this is an anti-climax if ever there was one — standing in a street queue in Frankfurt-on-Main, with his guard, waiting to catch a public omnibus to prison camp.

The policy in Oflag XXIB was to annoy the "goons" as much as possible, thereby wasting German manpower. A committee advised on escape attempts; rash exploits were frowned upon. There were the usual obstacles and even seismographs were sunk in the earth by the Germans to pick up the sounds of tunnelling. This merely meant that tunnels had to be dug deeper. The tunnel on which Howard and Clinton were engaged had to be abandoned for a period because of the tightened security which followed a break from a "priority" tunnel. Had it not been for this other tunnel, Howard and Clinton might have escaped from Oflag XXIB — and the wooden horse episode might never have occurred.

The book ends with the impending move to Stalag-Luft III. One man decides to stay behind in the

tunnel, hoping to emerge when the others have left and the coast is clear. A prisoner with no intention of trying to escape is "Hugo," whose 80-year-old aunt is going to leave him £100,000. Far better, he decides, to take life as it comes. It would be interesting to know what happened to the man who stayed behind... and whether Hugo duly collected his legacy.

## White Horse Held Kohima

**I**N the "Ball of Fire" Division was a Territorial battalion which took the shock of the Japanese assaults on Kohima (the battle which, said Earl Mountbatten, "was in effect the Battle of Burma").

The battalion was the 4th Battalion, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. Its story is told by Major E. B. Stanley Clarke and Major A. T. Tillot in "From Kent to Kohima" (*Gale and Polden, 21s*).

The Royal West Kents were well-seasoned by the time they reached Kohima. They had fought in France and at Alamein. With 5th Indian Division, the Battalion went on through Paiforce and India to Burma.

After three months hard fighting in the Arakan, the Royal West Kents were flown to Dimapur and they squeezed into Kohima just before the Japanese ring closed round the village. In the close fighting that followed, Lance-Corporal John Harman capped a series of brave actions with a one-man bayonet charge and died a few minutes later, saying, "I got the lot; it was worth it." He was awarded the Victoria Cross.

Even after the climax of Kohima, the Battalion's work was not done. It fought down the Tiddim Road and in the closing stages of the Burma campaign. Finally, it had the satisfaction of providing an escort for the senior Japanese officers who came to surrender their armies in Rangoon.



# The Man who Dropped in from Berlin

A taxi drove up blacked-out Brompton Road in London, one evening in 1941. Inside was a man who, only a few nights before, had driven up the blacked-out Frankfurterstrasse in Berlin. He had urgent business with the British Admiralty.

Who was he? A secret agent? A neutral diplomat? Or one of those ubiquitous "Swedish business men" who spread so many rumours during World War Two?

He was none of these. This man who could visit the warring capitals at will (keeping his mouth shut in Berlin about what he had seen in London, and vice versa) was Marcel Junod, a Swiss doctor-delegate of the International Red Cross.

He has written in "Warrior Without Weapons" (Cape, 12s 6d) one of the most engrossing, and one of the most inspiring, books about the late war.

The story starts, in fact, before the war, when Dr. Junod was sent to Ethiopia to organise help for the soldiers of the Emperor Haile Selassie. There he saw the Red Cross bombed, at Dessie, by Italian airmen. One day, innocently, he asked why the whole



Since 1863 (with a few ugly exceptions) the sign of the Red Cross has ensured a vessel safe conduct in war-time. This picture shows the *St. Julien* at Cherbourg.

countryside smelled of horse-radish. They told him it was mustard gas; and later he saw the Emperor's blistered and dying warriors chanting "Abiet... abiet..." (Have pity). But there were no doctors and the ambulances had been destroyed.

Next, the Spanish War. Dr. Junod went to endless pains to arrange exchanges of hostages. Those whom he was trying to help spat on him when his plans temporarily miscarried; and a Franco general objected that to exchange a *caballero* for a Red was not a fair deal. Thousands of Spaniards must owe their lives to Dr. Junod's intercession.

In World War Two it was Dr. Junod who helped to persuade the warring powers to allow free passage on the high seas to the Red Cross's own "great white ships" — the specially chartered vessels which carried parcels for prisoners-of-war. Hitherto, these parcels had been pilfered disgracefully at many ports.

Another of Dr. Junod's tasks was to put prisoners-of-war into contact with their families. In previous wars it had been the families who tried to get into touch with their captive menfolk; in this war, all too often, it was the captive menfolk who were trying to get into touch with their bombed and dispersed families.

Dr. Junod saw the crowds in ruined Warsaw pounce on a dead horse in the street and cut the flesh from its bones; he saw the Greek flag flying over Athens, even during the occupation; he was detained and cross-examined by the Gestapo in Berlin, on suspicion of "careless talk"; he

saw a well-fed and highly-organised British prisoner-of-war camp in Germany alongside a shockingly conducted camp

for Russian captives (the excuse for the ill-treatment was that Russia was outside the Geneva Convention); and he saw the sinister black smoke belching from the incinerator chimneys at Mauthausen concentration camp. All this he saw, and had to remain resolutely neutral. His only duty was to alleviate suffering, no matter who the victims were.

In the last stages of the war Dr. Junod set off on the Trans-Siberian railway to visit prisoner-of-war camps in Manchuria. It was a long and at times amusing journey; at one stage he fried his own bacon in the compartment and shared it with a Soviet general. The Japanese obstructed Dr. Junod with all their traditional wiles; his two-months journey resulted in a highly unsatisfactory two-minutes conversation in a camp at Mukden with General J. M. Wainwright, defender of Corregidor, and a briefer interview with General A. E. Percival, who had commanded Malaya. By a strange irony it was on that very day that the first atom bomb was dropped on Japan. Dr. Junod, as it turned out, was one of the first to visit the dead city of Hiroshima.

"We were a handful of Swiss," writes Dr. Junod, "and millions of men turned to us for help in their distress." The British Army is only one of many armies which owe a tremendous debt to that handful of Swiss. Even now, the same organisation is negotiating, persistently, to see what it can do to help United Nations soldiers captured in Korea. This assignment is as difficult as any it has tackled.

## "Minor" Crimes At Changi

NORTHWARD from Australia, threading through tropical islands, sailed a fishing boat in the late summer of 1943. It was skippered by a Captain Lyon of the Gordon Highlanders and carried a specially trained crew.

Undetected by the Japanese, the craft reached Singapore harbour, where the crew calmly blew up no fewer than six Japanese oil tankers and sailed away again to Australia. (Captain Lyon was killed on a later venture.)

The tanker disaster caused great loss of face among the Japanese in Singapore. To the Kempei Tai, the half-military, half-security police, it seemed certain that the British and other internees of Changi Gaol were involved. They set to work to obtain "confessions" — which means that they burned their victims with cigarettes, lit fires on their stomachs, submerged them in water, electrified them, hung them by the thumbs and — in some cases — succeeded in wringing confessions of a sort. One man whom they could not break even by beating, trampling and suspending, was a member of the British Foreign Office, Robert Heeley Scott, barrister-at-law, suspected of being the ringleader.

Retribution overtook the Japanese in 1946, when 21 men were put on trial by a British military court in Singapore; of these seven were acquitted, eight sentenced to death and the rest imprisoned. These men were "minor" war criminals, and outside Singapore the case was not news. Now the full story — and a grim one it is — has been put on record in "The Trial of Sumida Haruzo (The Double Tenth Trial)" edited by Colin Sleeman and S. C. Silkin (*William Hodge and Company*, 18s). Both authors were intimately connected with the trial; Lieut-Colonel Silkin was president of the court and Lieut-Colonel Coleman was chief prosecutor.

Thousands of British soldiers on Singapore island have seen Changi Gaol; few of them know of the infamies which went on there only a few years ago. It is right that the facts should be put on record, in an age which is too tolerant of evil.



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# WHEN THE BALLOON WENT UP, 'MAC' WENT WITH IT

THE artist whose caricatures appear on the opposite page — "Mac" — is a serving Army officer with an unusual record in two world wars.

His name is Captain G. D. Machin DFC, Royal Army Educational Corps, and he is currently to be found at 20 Army Education Centre at Shorncliffe, Kent. Specimens of his handiwork are to be seen on the walls and mantelpieces of scores of military messes. He has probably sketched more soldiers than anyone alive.

In World War One "Mac," serving in the 1st Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, scraped and scrapped amid the mud and gas of Hill 60, sniped at German positions and sketched them for Intelligence. Via the King's Shropshire Light Infantry and the Royal Hampshire Regiment he was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps. This did not take him away from the Ypres Salient, but now he was well above the mines and quagmires — he was a balloon observer, directing gunfire and sketching terrain from a swaying basket. In this role he was the target of a notorious 9.5 anti-balloon railway gun, and of incendiary bullets from Fokker fighters.

When he saw the big orange flash in Houthulst Forest "Mac" could calculate from his stop watch the exact time of arrival of the next "fourpenny one." Since hauling down the balloon in a hurry involved the risk of casualties to the winch crew and was a confirmation of aim to the enemy gunners, Captain Machin strove to keep aloft as long as possible; except when, as often happened, 9.5 perforations in the balloon envelope called for a frantic winding in

to beat gravitational fall through loss of gas. Twice the cable was cut by shell fire and free balloon trips had to be curtailed by ripcord landings to avoid enemy capture.

Once in a lightning evacuation during an attack by nine aircraft, Captain Machin edged his companion (a newcomer) out of the basket and leaped after him; the 'chutes became entangled and the descent was a more than usually alarming one. German fighter pilots had orders to shoot at balloon observers as they were floating down. In this stimulating brand of reconnaissance Captain Machin was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and a Mention in Despatches.

He ended his first war on Old Sarum aerodrome. Then he joined the Indian Supply and Transport Column and served until 1923. All the time he was sketching, and his work was appearing in *The Tatler*, *The Bystander*, *The Times of India* and many other publications. Soon he made caricaturing his career, specialising in impressions of sportsmen. His work became well-known in many national newspapers — *Daily Express*, *Evening Standard*, *News of the World* among them — and he was in demand as an artist who could be relied on to do last-minute jobs. For good measure, he ran comic strips, lent a hand in advertising campaigns and designed cigarette cards.

At Munich time he tried to rejoin the Royal Air Force and also filled in papers for the Royal Navy — the one service he still hopes to join some day! (His liking for the sea is such that he goes for daybreak sea dips at Shorncliffe even in snowy weather, and executes pastel sea-scapes at this hour unencumbered by gapers).

Then came World War Two. He had a tussle to get back into uniform; what chiefly helped him, he thinks, were some specimens of anti-gas propaganda designed off his own bat. In fact, he was



Captain G. D. Machin DFC: he sketched from an observation balloon on the Ypres Salient.

commissioned into the Royal Army Service Corps, and was soon out in the Middle East. On the troopship his drawings of people and events on board were auctioned for £125 to help a Spitfire fund. Besieged in Tobruk, he found time to produce and print some instructional and morale-boosting cartoons, some of which appeared in the Australians' *Tobruk Truth* and others in *Parade*. While he was spotting and shooting at raiding aircraft, a near hit sent him sailing through the air accompanied by the main mast of the *SS Urania*. He was picked up from the well of a small boat into which, instead of the open sea, he had been projected. He treasures some interesting "before and after" photographs of the ship involved.

After that, with two legs in plaster, and in one hospital or another, he turned out a prodigious number of sketches to help training, based on his experiences in two wars. Moved to Cairo, at the instance of Major Randolph Churchill, he began to turn out posters and other propaganda for a big anti-waste campaign.

Home in England, in 1942, he had a long spell as Staff Captain, Illustrator at the Military Training Directorate of the War Office, where (among other tasks) he illustrated and laid out handbooks on recognition of armoured fighting vehicles.

But the jobs he has tackled for the Army are innumerable — drawings for propaganda leaflets, training posters of all kinds, covers and illustrations for pamphlets, scenery for stage shows, designs for Christmas cards and jokes for Army magazines, to say nothing of hundreds of caricatures, official and unofficial, of colleagues and commanding officers. If there is a sporting event anywhere in "Mac's" radius he will be there with his sketchbook, often producing coloured composites the same day.

Captain Machin took a short-service commission in 1947 with the Royal Army Educational Corps, who have been busy getting their money's worth out of him ever since.

## SPORT TEN

ONLY two of the 1950 winners were defending their titles when the finals of this year's Army individual boxing championships were decided at the Royal Albert Hall.

Both the holders were defeated and the Army had ten new champions — six of them National Servicemen.

One 1950 champion to reach his final again was heavyweight Private Peter Toch, of the Royal Army Pay Corps. Last year he defeated the 1949 champion, "southpaw" Corporal A. Worrall of the Royal Horse Guards.

This year, Toch and Worrall met in the final, and Toch never looked like winning. Worrall showed himself fast on his feet, though he has recently recovered from a foot injury, and his swinging lefts shook Toch in the second and third rounds.

The other reigning champion was Staff-Sergeant Instructor R. Middleditch, Army Physical Training Corps, who had travelled from Trieste to defend his welterweight title. Middleditch who is 33 came up against Signalman Andrew Baird, a National Serviceman, in the semi-final and they provided the best fight of the evening.

Middleditch took much punishment, including some punches to the jaw which would have floored a lesser man. Baird, 14 years younger and this year's Northern Command welterweight champion, is a strong and clever boxer who well deserved his win against a game opponent. Baird went on to beat Lance-Corporal Charles Munro, Queen's Royal Regiment, in the final.

Probably the closest fight was the light-welterweight final, between Lance-Corporal John Drummond, of the 12th Lancers, and Sapper Tommy Giles, both National Servicemen. Drummond, last year's and this year's East Scotland welterweight champion, just took the verdict from Giles, who was Army cadet champion in 1946, 1947, and 1948.

Giles had also had a close fight in the semi-final, when he beat Private B. Berry of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Berry was awarded the Sparta Trophy for the best losing semi-finalist. The trophy, a model of a Viking ship in Danish bronze, was presented in 1947 by the Sparta Club of Denmark, for whatever purpose the Army Boxing Association thought most likely to encourage boxing in the Army.

There was one knock-out in the evening. It came in the middle-weight final, between Lance-Corporal Eric Ludlam, Royal Engineers, and Lance-Corporal Colin Aukett, Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Ludlam, a National Serviceman, proved altogether too much for his two previous opponents. In his quarter-final the referee stopped the fight in the second round, and

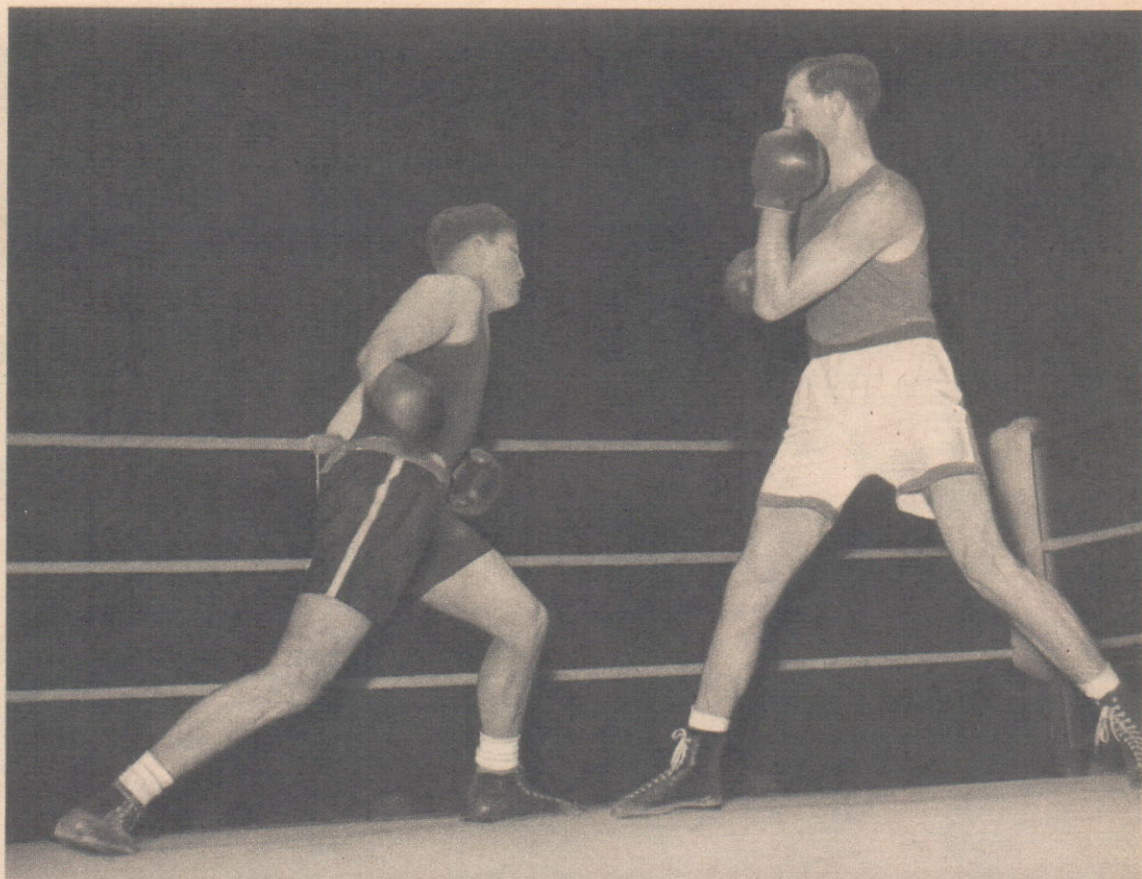
# NEW ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONS







The Army's new heavy-weight champion: Cpl. A. Worrall, Royal Horse Guards. (Photographs: *SOLDIER* Cameraman *LESLIE A. LEE*).

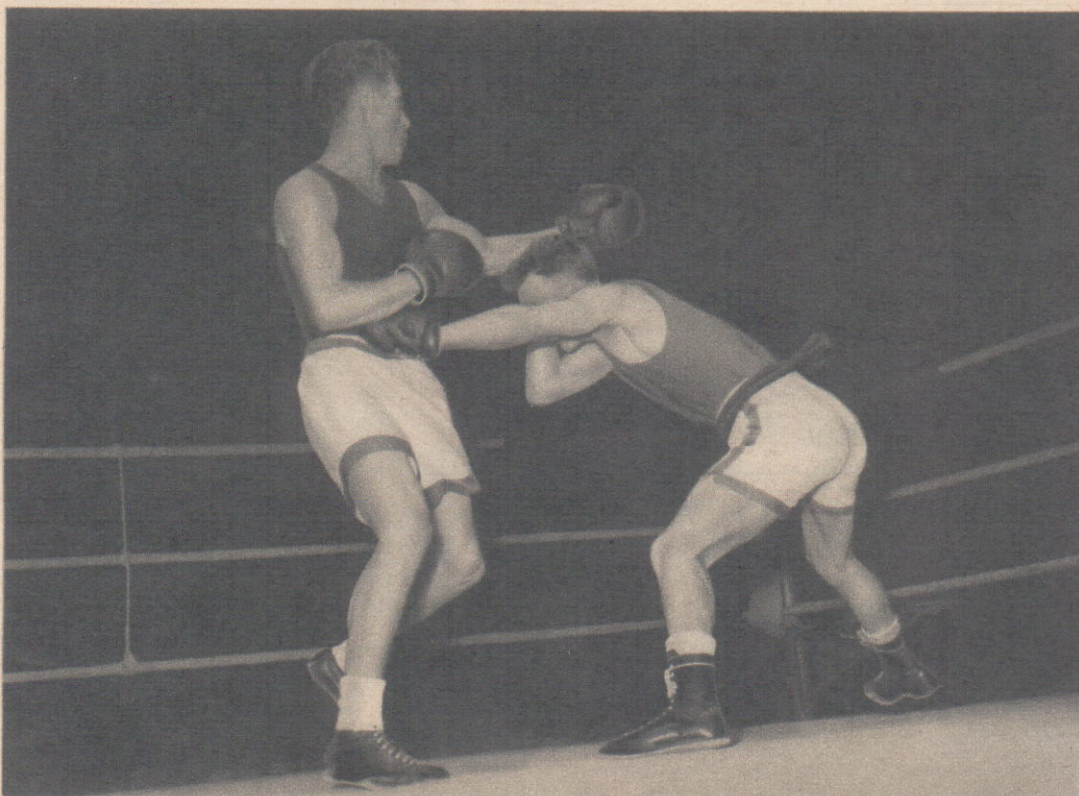


The Royal Horse Guards meets the Royal Army Pay Corps in the Army's heavy-weight final at the Albert Hall. Left: Private Toch, RAPC and Corporal Worrall.



Left: Two straight lefts connect simultaneously, in the flyweight final: Gunner A. Spriggs (left) and Lance-Corporal T. Giles, Royal Hampshire Regiment, both of Rhine Army.

Below: Signalman A. Baird averts the full strength of a left to his solar plexus from Lance-Corporal C. Munro, Queen's Royal Regiment. Signalman Baird is welterweight champion.



## TEN NEW CHAMPIONS

(Cont'd)

his semi-final was also stopped, because his adversary had a badly cut eye. He floored Aukett, who had been both junior and senior North-Western Divisional champion, in the second round.

Like the welterweights, the lightweights had to fight off their semi-finals as well as their finals in the same programme. Lance-Corporal Basil Williams of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, a former Welsh Amateur Boxing Association champion, beat Fusilier Lawrence Dooley, Royal Irish Fusiliers; and Trooper William Sliney, 12th Lancers, for two years Northern Command champion, beat Lance-Corporal Douglas Howard, Royal Engineers, last year's Western Command champion. In the final, Williams beat Sliney.

Lance-Corporal Clem A'Court, a finalist in last year's Army championship, won the bantam-weight title by a walkover. His scheduled opponent, Lance-Corporal Dennis East, Royal Army Service Corps, received a badly cut eye in the semi-final, making him unfit to fight in the final.

In the flyweight class, Gunner Alan Spriggs beat Lance-Corporal Tommy Giles, Royal Hampshire Regiment. Both men came from Rhine Army. Lance-Serjeant Donald Roberts, Coldstream Guards, the 1949 Malaya District middleweight champion, beat Lance-Corporal A. Light, Royal Hampshire Regiment, in the light middleweight final; and Corporal R. Crookes, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, beat Lance-Bombardier A. Smith for the light-heavyweight championship.



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PRIVATE *likes* OF THE STARS



Googie Withers murmurs encouragement as husband John McCallum gives baby Joanna her bottle. Why the name Joanna? Googie and John first met when they were making 'THE LOVES OF JOANNA GODDEN.' Their latest co-starring film is 'TRAVELLER'S JOY.'



An unusually versatile actress, Googie excels in both drama and sparkling comedy. Remember her in 'IT ALWAYS RAINS ON SUNDAY' and 'ONCE UPON A DREAM'?

Googie, who started her career in the theatre, enjoys nothing so much as the glitter and glamour of a "first-night."



And to add the final touch to a perfect evening, her choice is a box of CAPITAL ASSORTMENT. Googie loves the luxury of really good chocolates, with their delicious variety of exciting centres. In 1/2-lb. cartons 1/- (also in 1/4-lb. packs).

**DUNCAN** — THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE

## Who's the Famous P.C. in these boots?



"49" OF COURSE! The star who plays the part takes a great pride in his appearance both on and off "duty." His name — Brian Reece, the genial compère of "Starlight Hour."

### WHAT'S THE CLUE?

WHAT'S THE SECRET of that brilliant shine? A daily rub-over with Nugget — it cares for shoes and boots in *three ways* —

1. A quick lasting shine... from Nugget's top-grade waxes.
2. Better colour... from Nugget's richer stains.
3. Extra smartness... Nugget keeps leather smart and supple far longer.

Try Nugget to-day. Black and richer browns — Light Tan, Dark Brown, Ox-Blood Stain.



**Keeps shoes smart and supple**

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do for me if I save

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If you live—Among other things the CROWN LIFE plans will

- \* Make money available to you between the ages of 55 and 65—when you will need it most. Free of tax.
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- \* Pay the rent on your home or clear off a mortgage.
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- \* Provide the money to give the youngsters a start in their chosen careers. Free of tax.

Really it is surprising what can be done—even with £2 per month. In any event find out what you—at your present age—could obtain. Send the coupon below, and KNOW what you could get—if you decided to.

### To THE CROWN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

(Incorporated in Canada with Limited Liability)

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Without obligation let me have details please. Assume I save each month £2; £4; £6. (Cross out the inapplicable.)

Name (Rank) .....

Address .....

Date of Birth .....

SOL. 5/51.





Gosh! How the money piles up! On the day of their release, two National Servicemen count up their savings. (A scene from the film described below).

## They Played Soldiers — Before Their Call-Up

WHEN a film-making team went to the Signals Training Centre at Catterick to produce a film for the National Savings Committee, it took along two young actors.

Their names were Robert Howes and Edward Judd. Neither had yet done his National Service; both were to play the parts of National Servicemen. They were issued with kit and uniform and accommodated in the camp. They did some square-bashing, so that they should look right in the parade-ground shots.

The two lads had the usual uncomfortable moments experienced by actors in such circumstances. Perhaps the worst was when they tried to "show willing" by throwing up a salute to the commanding officer of the unit in which they were working. Their salutes, more theatrical than military, caught the eye of the regimental sergeant-major, who expressed an unflattering opinion.

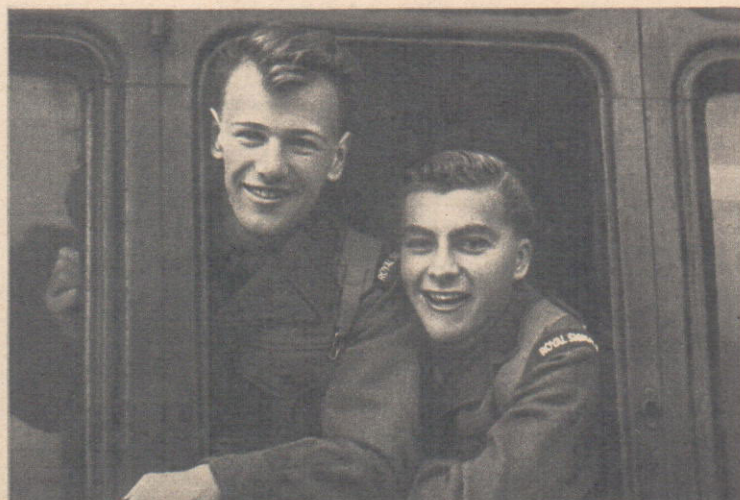
The rest of the cast were genuine soldiers, from Brigadier J. J. Duvivier, Commandant of the Centre, to the other National Service recruits. They all play

themselves. The result is an accurate little film on National Service and its opportunities, helpful both to young men awaiting their call-up and to their parents.

The National Savings message is very tactfully introduced. The two men put up their hands at the end of a brief address by a Savings Officer. And when the day comes for their release, they look at their savings books and realise just how that sixpence a day has piled up.

The National Savings Committee hopes that Robert Howes and Edward Judd took the lesson to heart themselves. Both were due for call-up soon after the film was made. Both intended to apply for a posting to the Royal Signals, which might take them back to Catterick. And as soldiers, they may well be paraded to see the film in which they themselves appear.

They were actors when this picture was taken. By now they may be soldiers: Edward Judd (left) and Robert Howes.



## FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

### KING SOLOMON'S MINES

Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger and Richard Carlson in a colour picture based on H. Rider Haggard's best-seller of the same name. It took five months and a 25,000 mile safari in equatorial Africa to produce, and shows a stampede of thousands of wild animals. The supporting cast includes such intriguing names as Kimursi, Siriaque, Sekaryongo and Baziga.

### FANCY PANTS

Bob Hope and Lucille Ball in an adaptation of the old story of the hard-up actor who takes a job as a butler and becomes entangled with his employer's daughter. The locations range from a stately English home to the Wild West, all in colour.

### I'LL GET YOU FOR THIS

George Raft goes to the Mediterranean coast for a little big-time gambling and finds himself involved with an unwanted corpse and a gang of counterfeiters. Coleen Gray, Charles Goldner and Greta Gynt are also in the cast, and the story was written by James Hadley Chase of "No Orchids for Miss Blandish" fame.

### KIM

Rudyard Kipling according to Errol Flynn and Dean Stockwell. See page 33.

### PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

If a woman asked you, as proof that you really loved her, to push your racing car off a cliff, what would you do? Push her off instead? So would we. That is not how it works out in this film, however. The voluptuous Ava Gardner, who exacts this expensive tribute from one of her admirers, is duly called upon to sacrifice something she herself appreciates — her life — to show her love for James Mason, here playing the master of the legendary Flying Dutchman. Beautiful colour photography, a bull-light, a haunted bark — and a magnificent racing car.

## A FAMOUS GENERAL SHOT

this question at a young soldier:

"What does every private carry in his knapsack?"

"A copy of SOLDIER, Sir," came the reply.

"And so should everyone else in the Army," said the general.

SOLDIER keeps you in touch with the rest of the Army. And it helps your family to keep in touch with you if you send it home when you have read it. You can't afford to miss it.

SOLDIER costs only sixpence a copy—six shillings a year. Your unit may order it in bulk for resale (thus obtaining a rebate for unit funds) or your canteen or AKC cinema may stock it.

The order form below is for use either by units or individuals. If you do not want to cut this copy, send the appropriate details in a letter.

Please notify SOLDIER at once of any change in your address, or your copy may not reach you.

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- \* Individuals in any Command may, if they prefer, order their copies direct from No. 1 BANU, 58 Eaton Square, London SW1.

No remittances can be sent from UK to Germany.



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all for  
Eno's



*It keeps  
me regular!*

If you're out of sorts through late nights and irregular meals, take a glass of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" in the morning. ENO'S will keep you regular—and that's the secret of keeping fit. More than that, sparkling ENO'S is very refreshing to a stale mouth. It cleanses the bloodstream of impurities that make you feel dull and heavy. Take your "Fruit Salt" in the morning, every morning.

## Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED for IRREGULAR ACTION,  
SICK HEADACHE, LIVERISHNESS, BILIOUSNESS, HEARTBURN, etc.  
From the N.A.A.F.I. or any Chemist.

The words "ENO", "ENO'S" and "FRUIT SALT" are registered Trade Marks.

## UNSUSPECTED Premature LOSS of HAIR

PREMATURE loss of hair frequently results from such causes as overstrain, overwork, over study, anxiety, worry, an accident or illness.

Nearly always, however, there is at the very outset a background of scalp disorders such as dandruff, weakness of the hair sheaths, and so



Receding at forehead is often unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. Just a few hairs fall unnoticed. Then a few more. And then a few more... The crown is another common site of premature loss of hair.

forth, and these troubles fortunately yield well to a timely reconditioning treatment applied to the scalp.

*But...*



The diagram indicates the great loss of width in hairs thinned by overstrain, over study, worry, etc., compared with normal hairs, as seen in cross-section under the microscope.

Scientific tests reveal that the width of hairs may be greatly reduced following illness, overstrain and so forth. This results in an appearance of great loss of hair, even though little if any hair has fallen. Neglected, the trouble may gradually worsen. Fortunately, however, it rarely fails to respond to early specialised treatment.

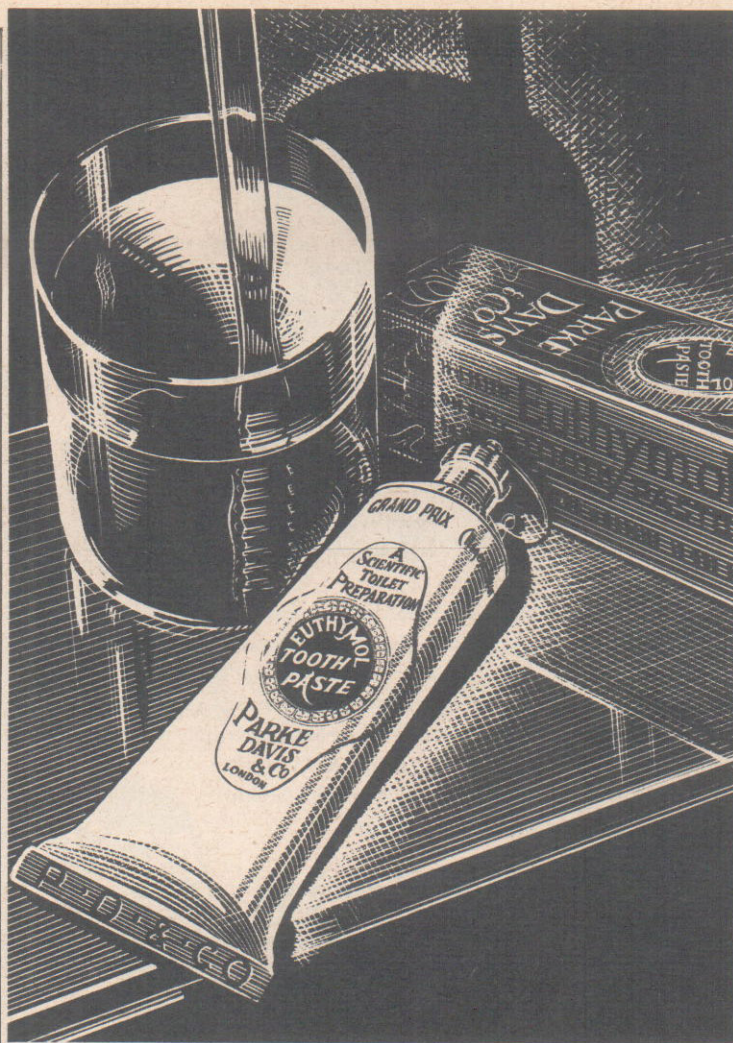
### PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT LOSING YOUR HAIR

So says Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool. He has written a book on the whole subject. It may be obtained free on request, addressed: — Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 79.

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To Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 79.  
Please send post free Literature offered and particulars of treatments.  
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SOLDIER, MAY 1951



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*This tin...*  
and only this tin, contains the  
real **BLUEBELL** shine.



# DRY HAIR?



correct it... feed it... groom it...

Don't try to hide dry hair—it will soon become scurfy and brittle. The only sure way is to *correct* it—with Silvikrin Lotion WITH OIL. The lotion tones up the whole scalp; the *Pure Silvikrin* content—nature's own hair food—provides the essential substances for healthy hair growth. And the natural oils that dry hair lacks are there, too—keeping your hair wonderfully well groomed. Massage a few drops into your scalp daily—and you will have done something *fundamental* for your hair's health.  
2/9 and 4/10 at all chemists and hairdressers.

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*Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion is also available without oil for naturally oily hair. For thinning hair and severe cases of dandruff use Pure Silvikrin, the concentrated organic hair food*

## With Kep for sauce

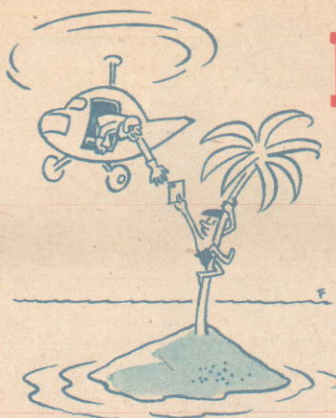


you could eat a horse



★  
but better still

try it with cheese,  
stew, ham, cold meat,  
fish or poultry. So many  
things taste nicer with Kep



### "SOUND OFF"

One of your correspondents who has had the popular tune "Sound Off" on the brain asks if it is a drill movement in the American Army. No, it is a marching song, sometimes known as the "Duckworth Chant" after the American negro soldier Willie Duckworth who originated it in 1944. The command "Sound off" is given as the left foot strikes the ground. When it strikes the ground again the troops answer "One." As the right foot comes down they say "Two," so the chorus goes like this —

Individual: Sound off. Troops: One, two. Individual: Sound off. Troops: Three, four. Cadence count: One, two, three, four. One, two, blank, three-four.

This cadence is a high morale building factor for troops on the march. There were several verses in the original chant, and new ones are continually being added. — Cpl. R. Kopaczewski, 351 Infantry Regt., US Army.

In addition to the cadence count itself, there are several verses often chanted, for example:

Had a girl  
In the Philippines,  
'n' all she'd eat  
Wuz rice and beans.  
One, two, three, four,  
One, two,  
(skip)  
Three, four.

Many others exist, but I fear that neither the United States nor His Majesty's Government would care to have any of them go through the mail. — Captain Joel F. Vaile, Fort Knox, Kentucky.

The "Sound Off" chant is quoted by Colonel Bernard Lenz (US Army, Retired) in his work "The Cadence System of Teaching Close Order Drill." He states that it was invented in May 1944 by a New York negro soldier, Willie Duckworth. The drill sergeant cries the verses and the troops render the chorus. The chant is not an official method, but it is used sometimes by troops doing close order drill. All odd numbers are called on the left foot and all even ones on the right foot. — SFC Ira S. Rion, HQ Coy., 1 Inf. Div., Defence Pl., APO 1, US Army.

The "Sound Off" idea is an informal way of drilling troops. It does not appear in any drill book but was popularised by the film "Battle-ground," starring Van Johnson. The song illustrated the morale of the troops as they marched to the rear after being extricated during the Battle of the Bulge in the recent war. — Cpl. Carl F. Clippinger, 540 Military Police, Frankfurt, Germany.

I have heard the expression used as a command by the officer of the day to the band leader at formal guard mounting, years back at the Air Corps Technical School. After the old guard had been replaced by the new guard the command "Sound

# 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.

Off" was given and the band stepped out at once and began to play.

To "sound off" in Army slang means to talk loud, too much, or out of turn. The expression is also part of the old artillery marching song "The Caissons Go Rolling Along." — P. M. Peyran, US Air Force (retired).

"Sound Off" is one of the unofficial commands of our Service and means "Reply more loudly and clearly!" It is heard most at formations where the roll is called and the non-com. in charge has difficulty in hearing the responses of the men in the ranks. The song containing the phrase never made a large hit with the Army. — SFC D. Schnarr, Adjutant General Sections, HQ. 7th Army, US Army.

"Sound off" is a command given to a troop of trumpeters or buglers before they sound a call. An example of this would be "Last Post, sound off." — "Gunner" (name and address supplied).

★ To **SOLDIER's** American readers, many thanks.

### NAPALM

In your article on the napalm bomb in the January edition you say that napalm is a form of petrol jelly. But why call it napalm? — J. J. (name and address supplied).

★ Napalm is petrol thickened by a chemical process so that it will spread over the ground while burning instead of igniting upwards like ordinary petrol. Experiments with the bomb in World War Two showed that a mixture of aluminium naphthenate and fatty compounds from coconuts made the best thickener. Hence nap. from naphthenate and palm. from coconuts.

### CRASH LANDING

The article on the Gurkha regiments in February's **SOLDIER** was really great.

When I fought with them during the war a current story about them told of a Commando officer who addressed a parade of Gurkhas in an effort to recruit volunteers for Commando work.

"It's a great job, lads," he said. "You go up in an aeroplane, jump out at 2000 feet behind the enemy lines, cut their communications, blow up bridges and power-houses and so on. Any volunteers?"

No response. The lecture was repeated. Still no response. In desperation the Commando officer turned to the senior Gurkha officer. "Why does no one come forward?" he asked. "I should have thought they would all volunteer."

"Perhaps they would like to ask some questions," suggested the Gurkha officer.

"Right-oh," said the Commando. "Any questions?"

"Major Sahib," asked one grizzled Gurkha, "You say we drop out at 2000 feet. Couldn't you make it 600 feet?"



"Why, no," replied the major. "Your parachutes would not open at that height."

"Oh, Major Sahib," exclaimed the Gurkha. "Do we get parachutes?" — Maj. (retd.) C. J. Potts, 42a Brunswick Sq., Hove, Sussex.

★ This story is also told in Group-Captain Maurice Newnham's book "Prelude to Glory." It should be taken with a pinch of salt.

### MALAYAN MENACES

In your February issue "Jeepster" remarks how much more pleasant motoring is in Malaya because civilian lorries carry a spare "bod" on the back to warn the driver to pull in and allow faster vehicles to overtake. All I can say is that he has been luckier than I have. The majority of these men are a menace. I average 2500 miles a month in the Federation and I find it far better to wait for the driver's signal than to go by the actions of his mate.

Another menace on the Malayan roads is the car packed with a Chinese family, each member imitating the driver's hand signals. — Ex RRA (name and address supplied).

### ARMY IN RALLIES?

The recent story of the Frenchman who joined the Mediterranean-to-Cape Town car rally on the spur of the moment, started two days late, and beat all official competitors, to-



gether with the news that the Metropolitan Police entered a police car in the Monte Carlo Rally, has made some of us wonder why the Services do not enter for these and similar events.

We hear about the new standardised types of Army vehicles. It would be a fine boost for morale, and great interest would be aroused, if Army teams took part in rallies.

Apart from the data which such tests would provide, a driver might take more interest in his 16 tasks if he knew that a truck of the type he was driving had won a pot and headlines for performance and efficiency. — MSM. H. W. Richards, 531 BSE, RASC, MT Unit, GSO, BAOR 8.

★ The rules of motor rallies are at the discretion of clubs organising them. Usually there is no class which would allow any Army vehicle, other than a staff car, to enter (the Metropolitan Police entry in the Monte Carlo Rally was an ordinary civilian Humber). The Algeria-Cape Town Rally was open to all types of vehicle, but there was a £1000 entrance fee and all competitors had to have a thorough medical grounding.

### IT'S A UNIVERSITY

In your article "Armour on the Isis" in the March issue, you quote an Oxford student who refers to "Queen's College, Belfast." He should have said "Queen's University, Belfast," which has been the correct title since the abolition of The Royal University of Ireland in 1908. Queensmen are touchy on matters like this. — Sjt. W. A. Kirkpatrick, 6, Finagby Rd., South, Belfast.

## Answers

(From Page 18)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. Jean Kent.
2. Lampreys (an eel-like fish).
3. Road-making.
4. (a).
5. (b).
6. Vicky, News-Chronicle; Low, Daily Herald; Giles, Sunday Express; Illingworth, Daily Mail.
7. Benjamin Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield).
8. (a).
9. Dragon, dragoon.
10. Yes.

## BOOTS IN KOREA

Asked in Parliament last month whether he could make a statement on the boots supplied to British troops in Korea, the Secretary for War (Mr. John Strachey) said:

"The Finnish pattern boots have not proved satisfactory for marching troops in all of the weather conditions encountered in Korea, mainly because the upper leathers have cracked and the stitching has broken. Neither the United States nor any other country fighting in Korea has provided a completely satisfactory boot for the alternating wet and dry cold of the climate. Complaints regarding the Finnish pattern boots were received in the War Office in February and in the same month, following inter-departmental consultations, the Ministry of Supply were asked to produce an improved type of boot for wet and dry cold. Meanwhile, orders had already been given for the production of a special boot which could be worn with heavy duffel socks for dry, cold weather, and sufficient numbers of both types of boot will be produced to equip the whole British force in Korea for next winter, if this should prove necessary."

### TERRIBLE GARMENTS?

Whatever their private views on military policemen may be, I am sure your readers were thrilled to see from your March issue that the Mounted Police are riding again. But surely the powers-that-be could have provided them with really smart riding breeches instead of the terrible-looking garments they are wearing?

They will no doubt take part in many important parades, so give them well-cut breeches and, incidentally, why not issue them with black riding boots similar to those of the London mounted police? — R. W. Skinner, Chillington, Findon Rd., Worthing.

### CANAL ZONE SOCCER

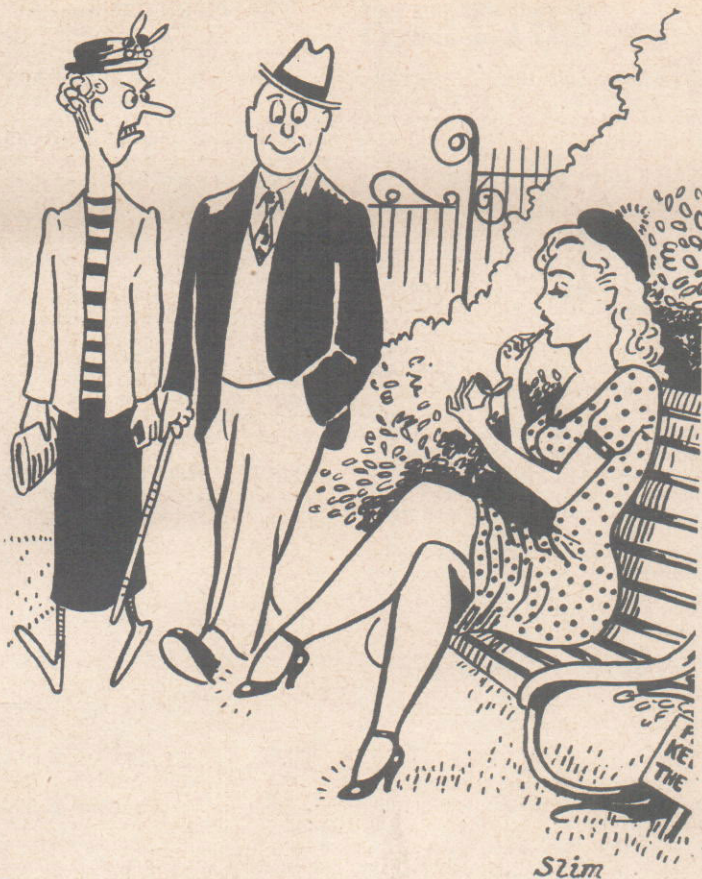
In an article on 73 Air Despatch Company in January's SOLDIER it is stated that their football team is the only RASC side in the Canal Zone major league. This is not so. The league is divided into two tables, North and South. There are two RASC teams in the Southern table besides 73 Company. They are 58 Company (GHQ Car) and 39 Company (Heavy General Transport). Although 39 Company's strength is only about 230 men and they have to play against sides drawn from units of battalion strength, they finished much higher in the league than either of the other two. The combined strength of 58 and 39 Company does not equal that of 73 Company, yet 39 Company defeated 73 Company in their league match. Please do not think us swollen-headed if we regard this as a fine achievement. — Cpl. B. Buckley, "A" Platoon, 39 Coy., RASC, MELF 15.

### INSURING BAGGAGE

My wife is shortly moving from BAOR to Britain and we are forwarding our household effects. Can SOLDIER tell us how to set about insuring our baggage against loss? — "Posted" (name and address supplied).

★ Men in BAOR can obtain from their unit a copy of BAOR Standing Orders, Part XXV (Movement Control), of November 1949, which give full instructions on how to insure baggage for journeys to Britain. All they need do is to complete a proposal form which the unit will then send to an insurance company. If the soldier is already in Britain he should write for a proposal form to — Railway Pas-

Continued Overleaf



"Boy, oh Boy! Cherry Blossom Boot Polish!"

Idea and drawing submitted by T. Somerville, Gateshead.

CB/X. 5/3.

# WEEKLY OVERSEAS MAIL HOME AND FORCES EDITION

SPORT  
CARTOONS  
PICTURES

This separately edited edition of *The Weekly Overseas Mail* not only contains the cream of the week's news and pictures from Britain, but also an exclusive section comprising features of special interest to all members of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

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## MORE LETTERS

sengers Assurance Co. Ltd., 64 Cornhill, London EC 3, or Travellers' Insurance Assn. Ltd., 1/3 Regent St., London SW 1.

### SPECIAL CASE

I completed eight years Colour service on an engagement of eight years with the Colours and four on the reserve. Then I left the Army for seven months, after which I returned to complete my reserve service with the Colours. Do I get any service gratuity? — Cpl. H. Hurley, Aldis Signal Tp., The Compound, Queen's Ave, Aldershot.

★ The rule is that in order to be eligible for service gratuity a soldier must have done ten years unbroken Colour service immediately before release. An exception is made, however, in the case of men who go on to the reserve but later return to complete their original engagement with the Colours — providing they do a total of at least ten years Colour service. Corporal Hurley will get his gratuity.

### TRANSFER TROUBLE

I want to re-engage in the band of the Scots Guards. At present I am serving in a band in the Far East, on a short-service engagement. How do I set about attaining my ambition? — "Lance-Corporal," c/o GPO Kuala Lumpur, FARELF.

★ Transfer to a staff band of the Brigade of Guards is regulated by ACI 126 of 1949. As "Lance-Corporal" is serving overseas he cannot transfer now, but he could ask his Commanding Officer to forward an application with a view to transferring (if accepted) when he returns to Britain, and then extend his short-service engagement to complete 12 years with the Colours.

### TRANSFER TO NAVY

I am undergoing my full time National Service in the Army. Can I undertake a Regular engagement in the Royal Navy, cancelling the remainder of my Army service? — Tar (name and address supplied).

★ If an Army National Serviceman wishes to join another service on a Regular engagement the Army will not prevent him from doing so. When he is accepted by the other service he will be discharged from the Army. His National Service obligation is not cancelled — only suspended. If he is prematurely discharged from the other service he may be called upon to complete the rest of his Army obligation. Men who wish to transfer to another service to enter on a Regular engagement should apply to their commanding officers.

### UNPOLISHABLE BUTTON

Back in 1947 you told us we were going to have a button which did not need to be polished. What has



happened to it? — Private L. Watts (address supplied).

★ The unpolishable buttons announced by Mr. F. Bellenger in March 1947 were not to be issued until buttons, polishable, had been used up. It has now been decided that the first troops to receive them shall be members of the Royal Army Educational Corps; the reason is that their buttons are being redesigned to match the new Corps badge.

The new button is made of anodis-

## 2 minute sermon

"HEAVEN for climate: Hell for company." That remark strikes a chord of sympathy in most of us. We would rather be surrounded by real people than by good people; we would prefer to live with human beings than with angels. Few people have any great ambition about goodness. Parents urge their children to be good—but secretly hope their advice will not be taken too much to heart. The good little boy is not popular.

There is a healthy instinct behind this dislike of goodness. We feel that goodness should be natural and spontaneous; when it becomes deliberate and self-conscious it misses the mark because the accent is not on "goodness" but on "me being good." That was the fault of the religious people of Jesus' day. They thought they could earn virtue by observing rules. But the more they kept the rules the more pleased with themselves they became. They developed a very unattractive moral snobbishness.

Jesus came to make goodness attractive. His life was like a flame. It showed men for the first time what goodness really was and it burned up any trace of self-satisfaction they had in their moral achievements. From now on, human goodness if it had any meaning at all must be the natural response to the divine love which He had shown. Jesus made the dreams of the prophets come true. He took the ancient law, which had been written on tablets of stone, and He engraved it on the human heart.

ed aluminium, and will be available shortly; units will be told when to apply. Officers will obtain the new buttons through their military tailors.

SOLDIER has had one of the trial buttons since 1947. It still shines as brightly as when issued.

### CONDUCTORS

What are the duties of a conductor, Royal Army Ordnance Corps? Why is he called a conductor? — RASC Driver (name and address supplied).

★ Before the Royal Army Ordnance Corps was Royal, conductors were the men who conducted wagon trains with ammunition and stores from depots to the fighting line. Although they are still called conductors they are now mainly employed as chief clerks in the larger Ordnance depots or in the Ordnance elements of large

Army formations. Appointment to the rank is usually a preliminary stage towards commissioning as Ordnance Executive Officers. Conductors are warrant officers class one ranking with a class one master gunner and a class one staff sergeant-major as the senior warrant officers in the British Army.

### POLICE PROSPECTS

I understand that SOLDIER at one time published some information about prospects in the British South Africa Police Force. Can you tell me where to get further details, please? — M. H. Bassett, HQ BAOR.

★ Those interested in joining the British South Africa Police should write to The Recruiting Officer, British South Africa Police, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London WC 2.

## THE CONSUMER in BUSINESS

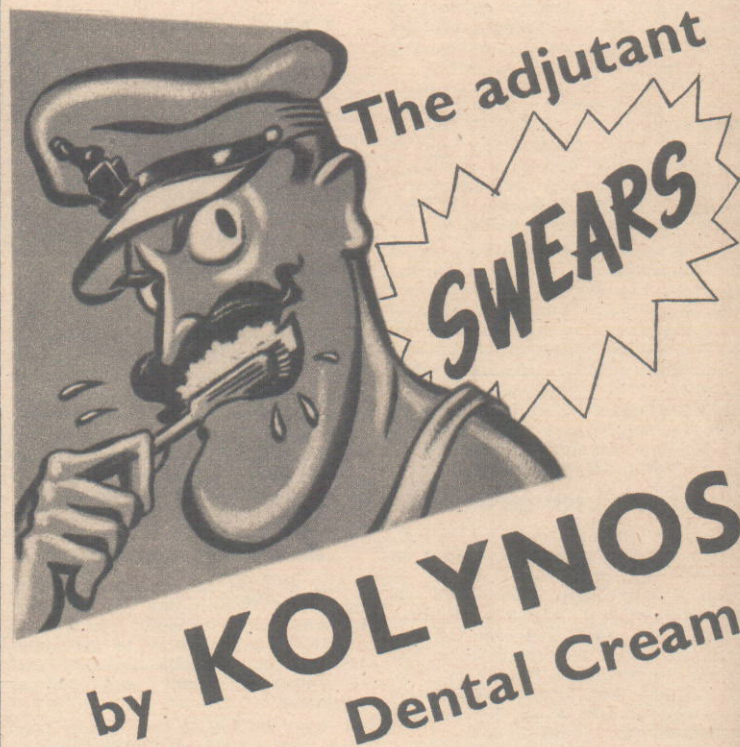
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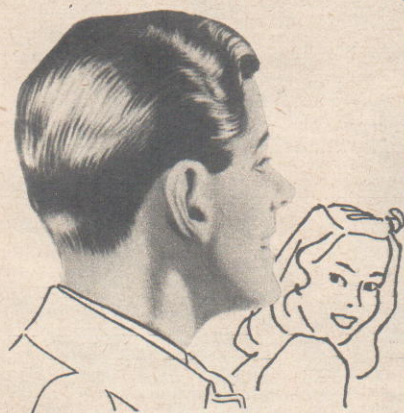


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BRASSES polished, gaiters cleaned—smart as paint, except for that hair! Just look at it! Dry, lifeless, untidy—it looks as if he never combed it. And see that dandruff in his parting? Dry Scalp's his trouble. Time he was put in the picture about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic.

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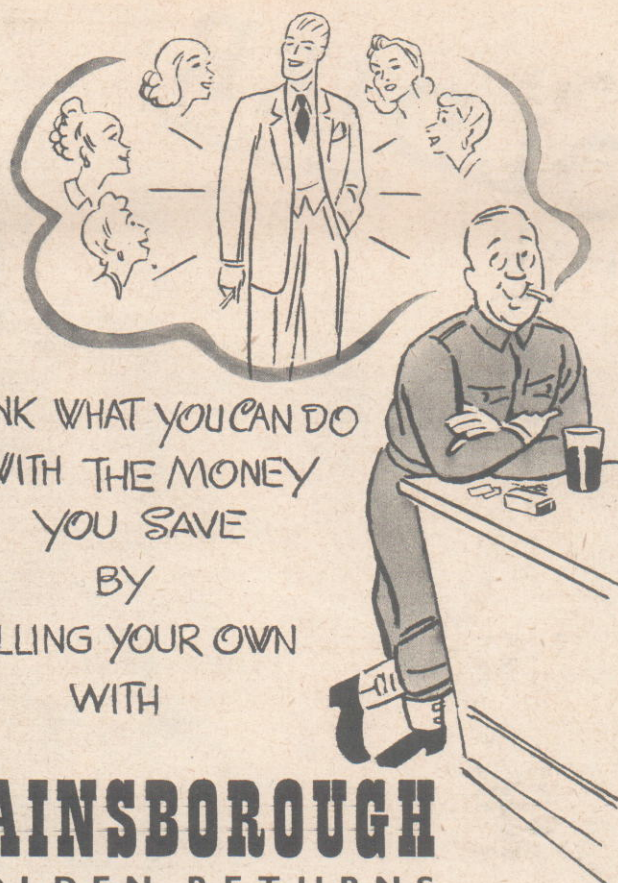
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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



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\* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

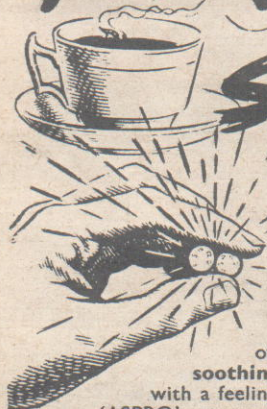


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Sudden Chills after Exercise

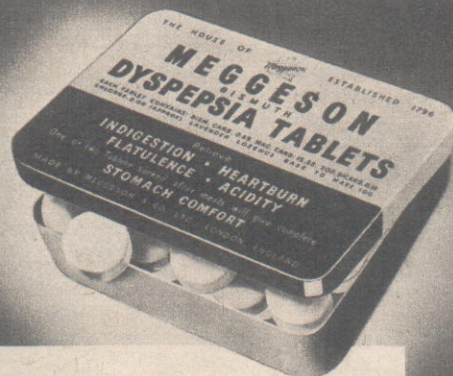
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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



## ESTHER WILLIAMS

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

The lady is biting  
Into something exciting  
We haven't a clue  
What it is — have you?