

SOLDIER

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Many a knight of old glitters in his stained glass window: why not the modern Serviceman? This design by Frederick W. Cole — who served with 10 Armoured Corps in Africa — shows that the more sober uniforms of today need be no handicap. (See Page Ten).



Gillette put shoulders behind each edge!



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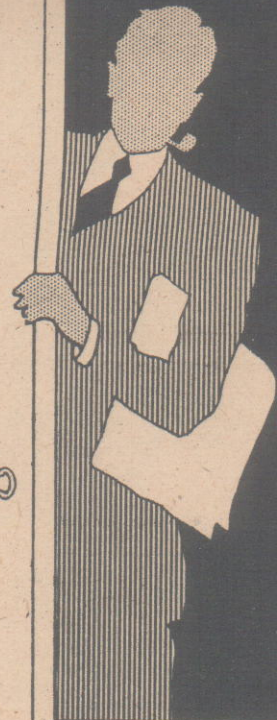
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FOUR SQUARE
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-EACH A BALANCED BLEND
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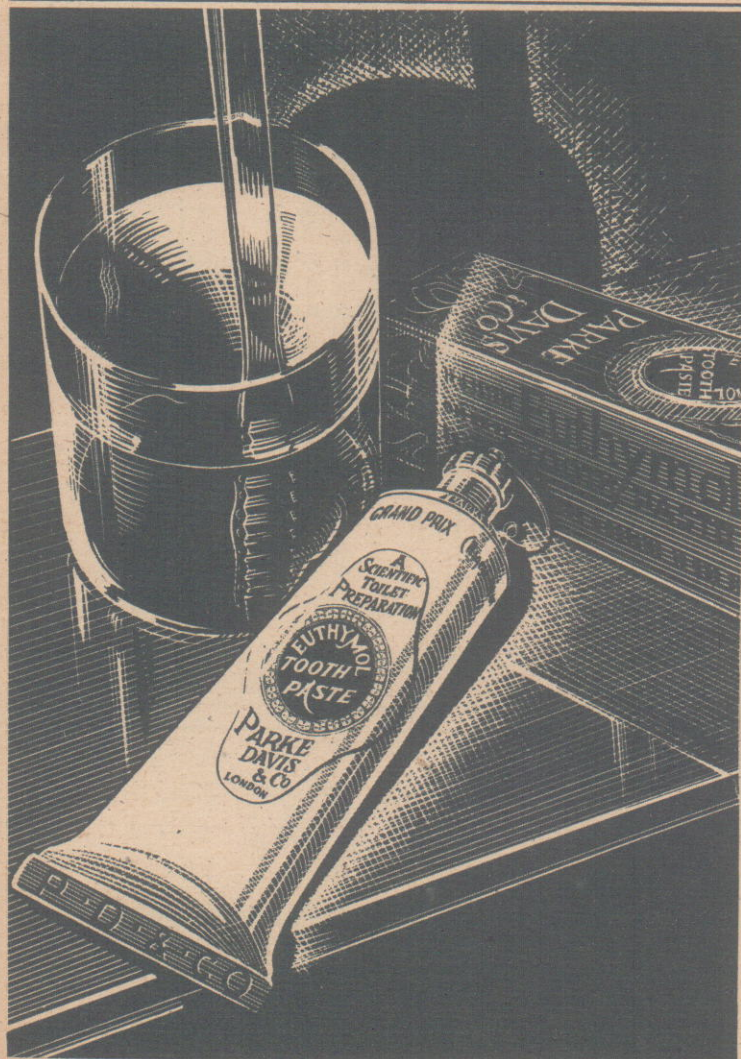
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If you had been a Soldier in 1854

You might have served in the Crimea, facing not only the hazards of war, but death by sheer starvation or exposure. More soldiers died through lack of proper food and shelter than from bullets. This was largely due to the failure of the supply system, but conditions were worsened by the absence of a canteen service, or even of organized sutlers. Levantine traders who set up their booths along the road from Balaklava to Sebastopol sold goods of indifferent quality at prices which only the wealthy could afford. It is recorded that these traders sold water at eight shillings a bucket.

Public indignation at these conditions resulted in many reforms in the Army, and several canteen systems were tried and discarded; but the problem of bringing necessities and comforts to men serving at home or abroad was not finally solved until 1921, when Naafi was established as the official canteen service for the Forces, buying goods at wholesale prices, selling at competitive retail prices, and returning all profits to the Forces in rebate, discount and amenities.

NAAFI
belongs to the Forces

Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Write to: Staff Manager, Naafi, Ruxley Towers, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, England.



RICHARD ELLEY has been touring Middle East Command for **SOLDIER**. His article on this page gives a broad picture of the 30-country Command which General Sir John Crocker has just taken over from General Sir Miles Dempsey. On succeeding pages are an account of an armoured car patrol in Palestine with the 17/21 Lancers, and of an RASC unit unique in the British Army. There will be further articles on **MELF** in next month's **SOLDIER**.

THIS COMMAND COVERS 30 COUNTRIES

MIDDLE East Land Forces — the busiest Command of the British Army today — is like an overworked housewife, who has to keep her house in order, feed the children and stop them squabbling, nurse the weaklings, help the neighbours — and pack up her household goods for a removal every other week.

In plain words, this is a Command whose activities range across 2300 miles from East to West, from Tripolitania to the Syrian border of Palestine, and well over 4000 miles from North to South, from the Greek-Jugo-Slav frontier to the border of Northern and Southern Rhodesia. It covers more than 30 countries, including island outposts like Malta, the Seychelles and Mauritius, and the dry wastes of British and Italian Somaliland.

In his fourfold task of defence, maintaining order, caretaking and training of allies the British soldier in **MELF** is helped by

Indians, Soudanese and East and South African troops.

The Command's defence garrisons are mostly in stations which Britain garrisoned before the war and which sorely upset Hitler's strategy: in Malta, on the Suez Canal, round the oil-fields of Iraq, on the East coast of Africa, and in Aden and Cyprus.

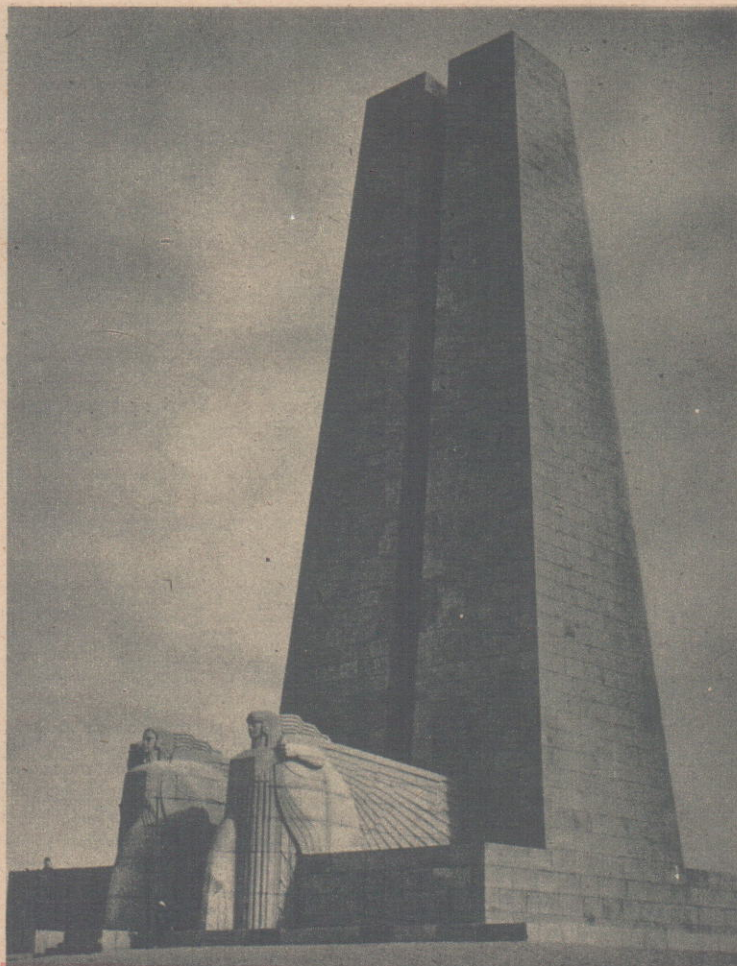
They are not idle, these garrisons. The busiest is the one on the Suez Canal, where troops who evacuated the Delta are now settling in. Moving from one part of Egypt to another at short notice was an enormous job; moving out of Egypt entirely will be a bigger one.

Whether there will be another big base area like the Nile Delta and the Canal Zone, or whether installations will be scattered, and where GHQ will be remain to be seen. The political uncertainty in the Middle East makes the problem an immensely complex one for the planners. Other contributions to this headache are the disposal of the Polish troops in the Middle East and their dependents; the housing of families of British soldiers, both those who are with their menfolk in Egypt and those who were evacuated from Palestine; and guarding and repatriating the thousands of German prisoners of war.

Steady progress of the release scheme reduces the number of soldiers available; close policing of Palestine ties down a big proportion of those left. In some places, as on the Suez Canal, German prisoners can be used on tasks permitted by the Geneva Convention, but the "points" release scheme limits this source of labour, too.

The range of Middle East garrison activities was recently enlarged when **MELF** took over East Africa Command, but so, at the same time, were its resources, for men of the King's African Rifles continue to provide the defence of their own territories and the Somaliland garrisons.

There are two troubled areas



Hundreds of Army trucks daily pass the Suez Defence Memorial erected after World War One. Now the Egyptians are being given a tip or two on the defence of the Canal Zone.

in which the Command has to keep order: Palestine, where the all-too-familiar political problem has been referred to UNO; and Greece, where presence of British troops has had a stabilising effect in the post-war chaos.

The Command's caretakers are the troops garrisoning the former Italian colonies in Africa—Tripolitania and Cyrenaica, Eritrea and Somaliland — and the members of the British Military Administration who govern those territories and make them yield a contribution to world economy.

Lastly there are the men who are helping the armies of our allies to train. There is the British Military Mission in Egypt, which advises Egyptian forces on the defence of their country, especially the Suez Canal.

In Greece, 1400 officers and men have been helping to train

the Greek Army on British lines; their task is showing results and by September their numbers will be reduced by three-quarters.

There are British troops, too, helping to train the Abyssinian, Iraqi and Saudi Arabian armies.

While these four big jobs are being done, **MELF**, like the rest of the Army, must also reorganise internally on a peace-time footing. Vast stocks of material accumulated during the war must be dispersed; installations spreading over hundreds of acres must be dismantled. Units and formations must be cut down, telescoped or disbanded. Training must be given to young soldiers who have come out to replace the war-time veterans; the older soldiers who remain must be kept up-to-date.



Monty's Camel: the famous sign of GHQ, Middle East. General Sir John Crocker has now inherited it.

THE LANCERS DRIVE DOWNSTAIRS



In the Mea Sherim district of Jerusalem the crowd admires the armoured car patrol in silence. Below: A traffic check on the Jaffa road.

"THIS isn't quite an ordinary routine patrol," shouted Lieutenant Tony Williams over the roar of the dingoe's engine. "Normally we patrol either a main road, a country area or a town area. But today we're doing a bit of all three because we want you to see what they're all like."

Lieutenant Williams is the commander of the two troops of the 17/21st Lancers stationed in Jerusalem on detachment from the rest of the regiment, which is in north Palestine. His are the only armoured cars belonging to the Army in Jerusalem; the rest all belong to the RAF Regiment or the Palestine Police.

"The first armoured cars on this job were from the 'Kings' Dragoon Guards," he explained. "They came here to help enforce the curfew. Now we've taken over. We've been so useful that now they won't be without us."

The dingoe pulled up outside a gate in the barbed wire that surrounds the District Headquarters of the Palestine Police. Behind it stopped the two heavy Daimler armoured cars and the other dingoes that make up 1st Troop, "B" Squadron, of the "Death or Glory" boys. A British Constable climbed on to the first vehicle.

"We always take a Palestine Policeman on patrol", explained Lieutenant Williams. "When there is no martial law, we can't arrest anyone for civil offences; he can, and you can't tell what you might run into. And he solves the language problem."

As the troop gathered speed on its way towards the outskirts of the city, Tony Williams picked up his microphone and announced that he was going to make a snap traffic check on the Jaffa road.

"This set is on the Police network", he said. "I let them know what I'm doing and they keep me in touch with what's going on. The dingoe is also being fitted with another set to keep me in direct touch with Brigade Headquarters as well."

The road block for the snap check was set up in a few seconds. Two dingoes, each on its

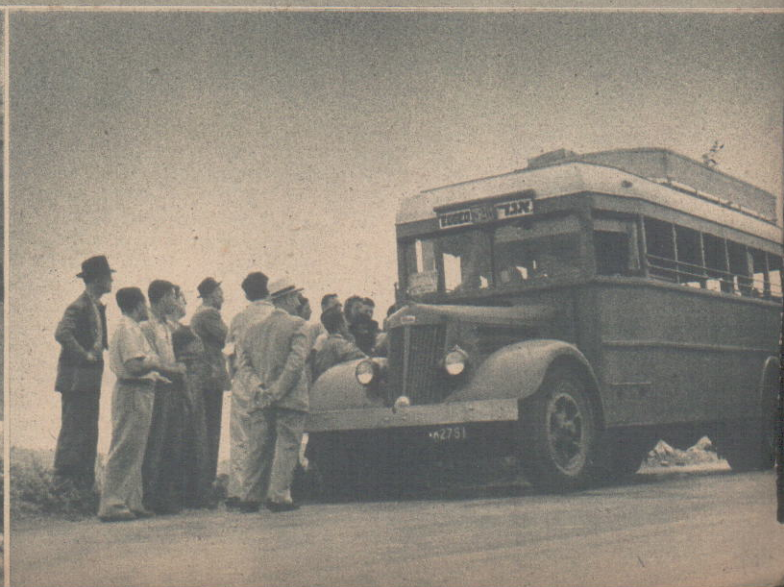
Flights of stone steps, beds of wadis, fast arterial roads all come alike to the drivers of the 17/21 Lancers on armoured car patrol in Palestine. The patrol holds "snap" traffic checks on the Jerusalem highways—and a gangster needs more than bluff or bullets to slip the gauntlet

nearside, pointed in opposite directions. Between them, the heavies parked diagonally across the road, their guns pointing along it. Any car trying to rush the block would have had to swerve dizzily between the armoured vehicles. It would have been covered by guns the whole time and would have found a dingoe ready to chase it immediately if it did get through.

The gunners of the heavies controlled the traffic through the block and the dingoe drivers were at their Bren guns. Two other troopers were stationed at the tails of the queues of vehicles that soon began to form on either side of the block, to see that nobody left a vehicle or tried to throw anything away. The rest of the car crews began checking identity papers and searching the vehicles.

They pummelled upholstery, looked under seats and bonnets, craned their necks under chassis, had tool-boxes and luggage-boots opened, felt through parcels with the skill of customs-men. The Jewish and Arab occupants of the shining, grotesquely-bulging American cars, the overworked little Fiats and the

Bus passengers stand by as their vehicle is searched for hidden arms. Their personal papers are also checked.



homely Austins that looked unfamiliar with their steering-wheels on the left, the crews of ancient lorries that had acquired twisted chassis and a crab-like movement from years of overloading, and the passengers of the drab buses, stood silently by as their vehicles were searched. Some of them smiled at the searchers; they all took the check as a matter of course; nobody seemed to resent it.

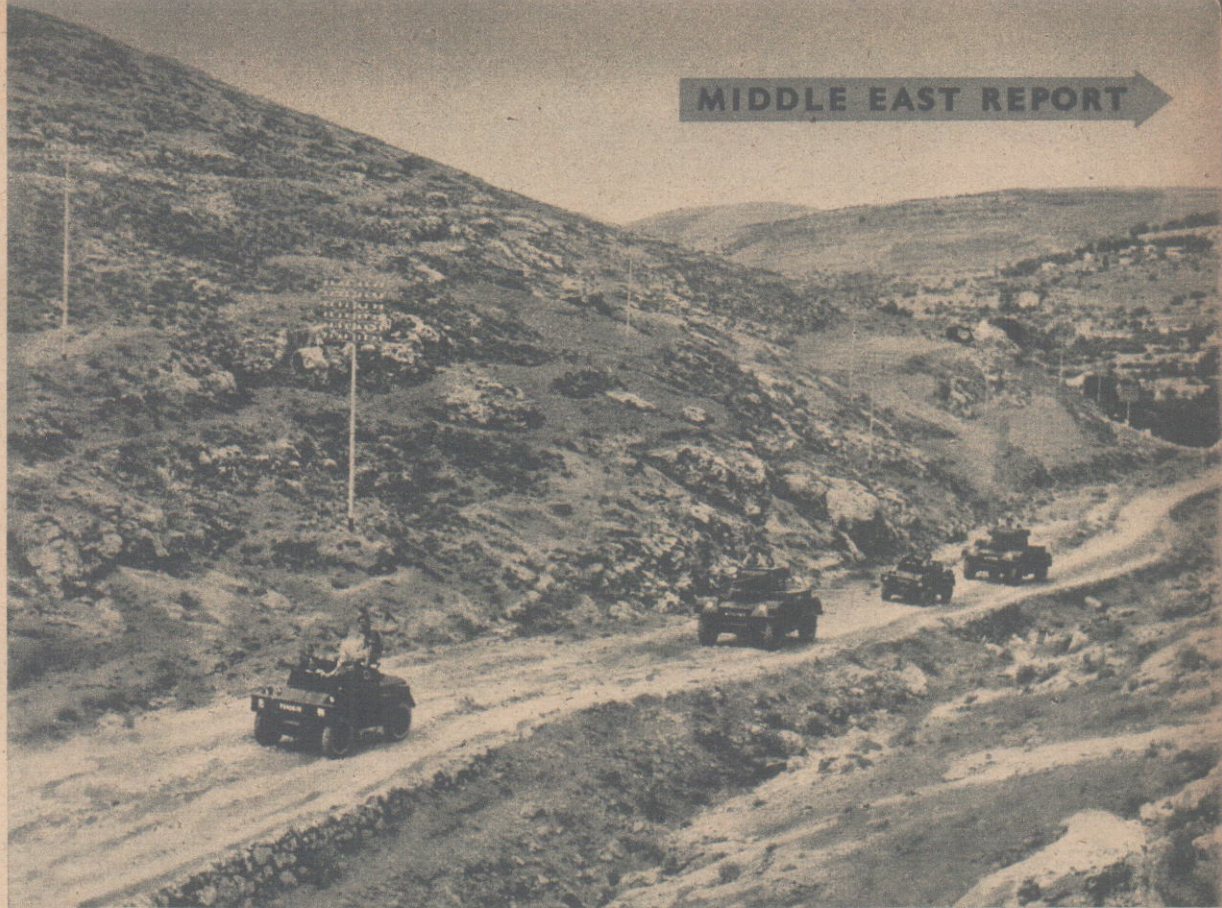
"They co-operate pretty well as a rule", said Lieutenant Williams. "They know we're doing a necessary job and that we try to hold them up as little as possible."

Service vehicles overtook the queues and went straight through the block after their drivers had identified themselves. One Jewish lorry got stuck across the road and a green-painted jeep, mounted with Bren-guns and loaded with killed Jocks, pulled up behind it.

"Move him over", called the jeep-driver. The lorry was beckoned into the side of the road and the jeep went on, followed by a staff car and another Jock-laden jeep. "It's the GOC", said someone. The men of 1st Troop snapped to attention as its OC saluted. From the staff-car came a friendly salute as Lieutenant-General G. H. A. MacMillan drove through. Then the check went on.

After half an hour the snap check was taken off. "It's no use doing this for more than half or three-quarters of an hour", explained Lieut. Williams. "People who have gone through can warn those coming our way that we're here and that takes the snap out of the check."

The troop reformed on the road and drove further out of Jerusalem. After a while it turned off the road and drove over an unmade track through a wadi. The cars rode smoothly over the stones and across the ruts made by rushing water in the rainy season. Up this track, which most motorists with respect for their springs would consider im-



The track which winds up the Wadi Beitar is hard on the springs. Gangsters might use it just because everyone else avoids it.

passable, gangsters might carry arms into Jerusalem.

At the top of the wadi the patrol came into a Jewish settlement. "This is a pretty bad one," said Tony Williams. "Quite a few terrorists have been traced here. They have a nasty way of stretching wire across the road, at just the right height to cut the head off a man standing in the turret of an armoured car. We've been lucky so far, but keep your eyes open."

The inhabitants of the settlement took very little notice of the armoured cars, except for a few children who waved.

The cars turned back to Jerusalem, for a surprise visit to the Jewish Mea Sherim quarter. They passed through narrow

streets, overhung by balconies. Orthodox Jews with long hair and thin, straggly beards jostled on the pavements. A solitary Arab boy leading a calf brought forth a comment that Arabs were rarely seen in that area.

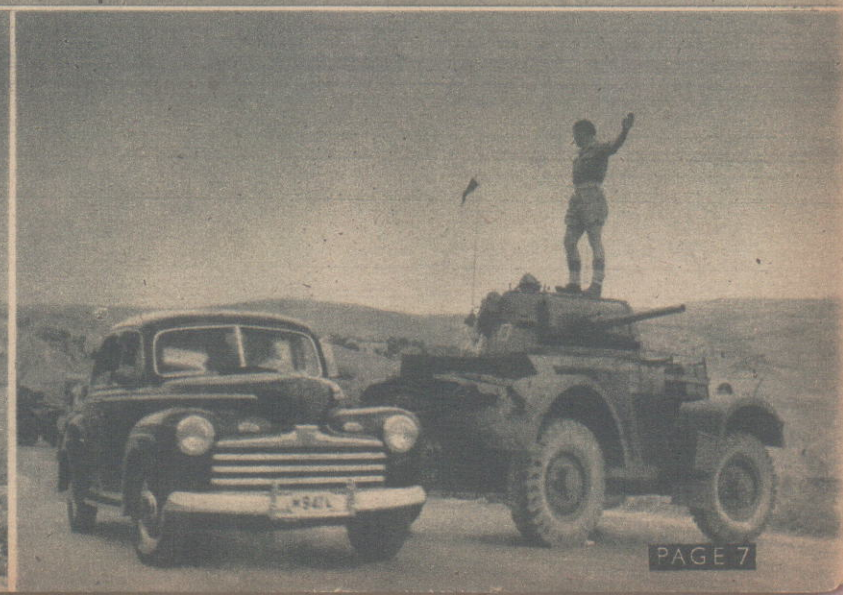
It was in the Mea Sherim district that the patrol really did arouse some interest among the Jews. One back-street ends in four flights of six stairs each, which lead down to Mea Sherim Street. Slowly and majestically, tilting steeply, the four armoured vehicles drove down the steps. By the time the second was on its way down, there was a crowd of 50 or 60 people watching and when the last car reached the main street safely it seemed, for a moment, that the audience would start clapping.

From Mea Sherim the cars went back to barracks, to rejoin the other troop. One troop always stands by in the barracks when the other is out on patrol, in case it is urgently needed. If the siren blows to denote an incident in the city, the cars turn out as fast as fire-engines and make for a rendezvous where they are given their task — perhaps to control traffic, to chase escaping gangsters or search for gangsters cars.

"We have the best life any troops have in Jerusalem", said Lieutenant Williams as the patrol ended. "We're not stuck behind barbed wire all the time; as many of them are. We get out and around, we see something of the country and we get plenty of movement."

The search of vehicles is carried out politely and efficiently; most drivers co-operate with a good grace.

Trooper directing traffic is Edward Allmond from Oxford, a laboratory assistant before call-up. He finds the job "good fun".



THE UNIT WHICH

ONE of the secrets of the British Army is its ability to produce out of the hat units to do jobs that don't appear in the text-books — anything from a field broadcasting station to a mobile psychiatric hospital.

One of these units is the Command Supply Production Supervisory Unit (Egypt) which, in spite of its grandiose name, was once described by a brigadier who had something to do with its administration as a "comic unit with a bastard war establishment."

Its war establishment certainly looks a bit queer on paper: 67 British soldiers, five officers, and prisoners of war and native labour as and where required. But "comic" is hardly the word to describe its function, which is to supply fresh food to the troops in Egypt, the sort that NAAFI usually provides at home. This unit, which is an RASC unit, runs a fish-pond the size of Sussex, four dairies, three vegetable collecting centres, a dairy-farm, an ice-factory, a pie-factory, and a sausage factory; it supervises the growing of vegetables on native farms, and inspects the farms which provide milk for the Army.

"It's unique," says its OC, Major G. W. Jefferson, with satisfaction. "There's another CSPSU in Palestine, but that's really only a butchery unit." Major Jefferson is an agricultural merchant in Yorkshire by profession and he thinks his present job is the best the Army could possibly give him.

Oddest of the unit's activities is the WD Fishing Scheme, but it is also the least spectacular

and least-known, because fishing takes place at night. It started in 1943 when the War Department got a concession from the Egyptian Government for 1600 square kilometres of salt land on the east bank of the Suez Canal at Port Fouad, at a rent of £E 6000 a year.

A canal was cut through the sand from the Mediterranean and the 1600 square kilometres of desert were flooded. Fish, mostly grey mullet, but with some loot (something like a cross between a chub and a cod), nut (a dark-fleshed fish) and a few red mullet, migrate through the channel at certain times of the year when they are looking for shallow water. The fishery is only about three feet deep, apart from the channel, at its deepest points.

At night, during the six months' fishing season, native fishermen go out with nets. The fish are sent off before dawn in refrigerator vans to supply platoons; any spare ones are stored in ice at the fishery. During the 1945-46 season it produced over 200 tons of contract-size fish for the Army and 70 tons of smaller fish for sale on the open market. Roe from the mullet, sold by the contractors, more than paid the rent.

Further down the Canal, at El Kirsh, near Ismailia, are the unit's sausage and pie factories. The pie-factory used to belong to the New Zealand Army at

DOES EVERYTHING

Maadi, but it was taken over by the unit and moved to the Canal Area when the Delta was evacuated. At El Kirsh, its modern machinery produces 80,000 beef pies a week, each weighing six ounces, half of which is best frozen beef and the other half crust made from Empire flour.

Next door, a contractor makes the sausages from materials provided by the unit.

"There's no fill-up stuff in either the pies or the sausages," says ex-Chindit SQMS A.L. Lawson, from Buckie, Banffshire, who looks after both the sausage and the pie factories. "It's just pure meat and materials."

Not far from MELF's GHQ at Fayid is the unit's dairy, which gives the Army 70,000 pints of fresh, pasteurised milk a day. From the unit's dairy farm and from the farms of contractors the milk

reaches the dairy at night. It is heated up to 82 degrees centigrade and cooled to 15, given five quality tests and sent out to units in time for breakfast each day. Ice for keeping it cool is provided by the ice-factory in the same building, which also turns out ice for units.

"Our milk is better than they get back home," says Sgt. P. Mackie, NCO in charge of the dairy. "At home the minimum standard for milk is three per cent of butterfat; ours is at least four

per cent and usually about 4.2 per cent. Most of the milk comes from water-buffalo, because they yield better than the ordinary cow."

A few miles away, at Fanara, are some of the milk-producers, the 170 water-buffalo cows (gamoose, they are called locally) and 57 European-type cows of the unit's own dairy farm, looked after by Lieut. T. D. G. Merry, whose civilian job is farming.

The cattle are stall-fed, since there is little forage in the Canal area.

Next to the dairy farm is one of the unit's vegetable-collecting centres where Corporal A. Ritchens, from Somerset, holds sway. Cpl. Ritchens was a farm worker for eight-and-a-half years before joining up and since then has had an Army agricultural course in Palestine. Through the centre, under his experienced eye, pass 2000 tons a month

of vegetables of 15 different kinds, mostly homely types but including one or two exotic specimens like pumpkins and egg-fruit.

Nearly all the unit's work is done at night, since pies, sausages, milk, fish and vegetables are better if they are delivered and used immediately after they are produced. They are all enthusiasts since most of them do something similar in civilian life, and anyway, it's cooler working at night in the heat of an Egyptian summer.

In the Suez Canal Zone is a unit of the Royal Army Service Corps which runs, among other things, a fish pond as big as Sussex, a farm of water buffaloes, an ice plant and a sausage factory

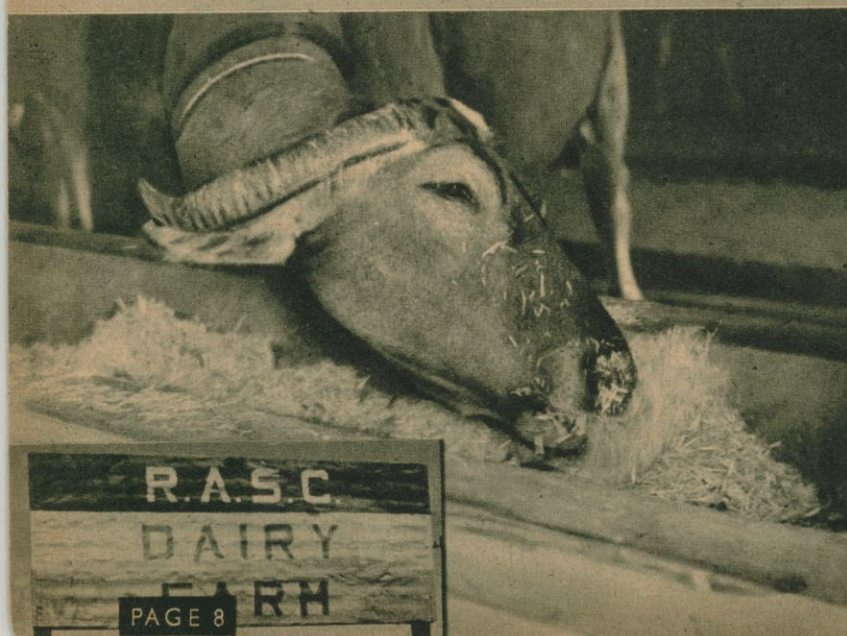


Native workers soon get the knack of twisting the gut to yield the regulation one-and-a-half ounce sausage.

The most welcome sight in the Canal Zone: Ice! Below: "How do you count this lot?" asks Cpl. A. Ritchens.



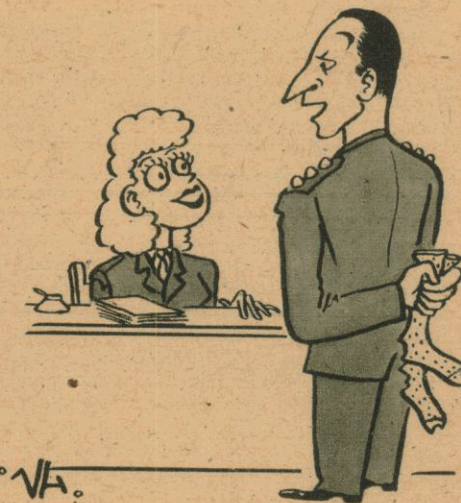
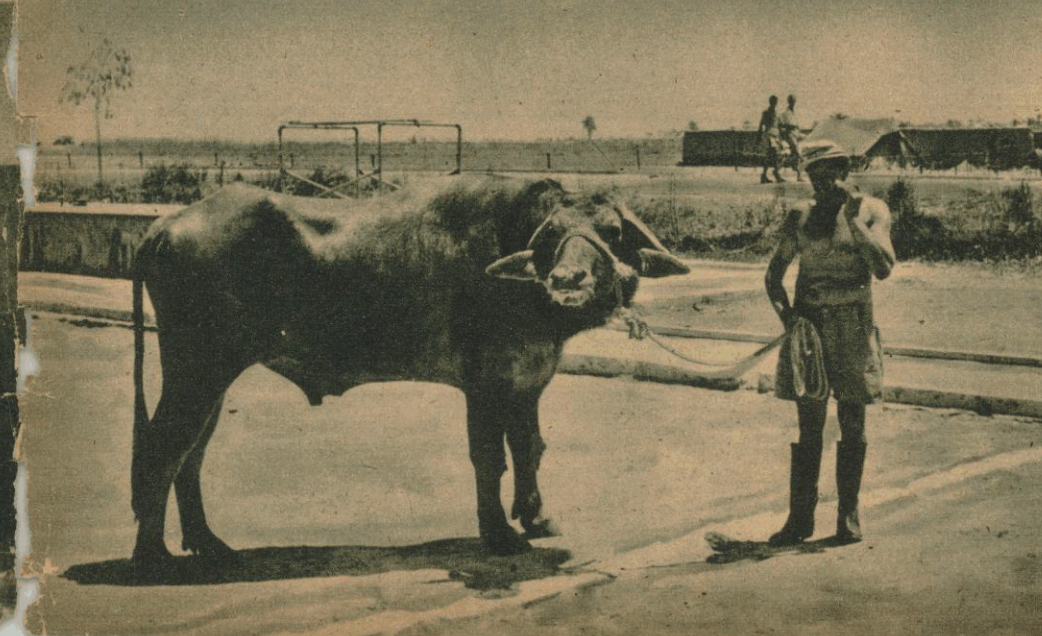
The Egyptian water-buffalo cow may be a messy eater, but she produces more milk than her European sister.



Lieut. T. D. G. Merry drops in at the maternity ward with a word of comfort for an expectant mother.



There is not much forage in the Canal area, so the beasts are stall-fed. This bull is out on exercise.



"Er, I don't quite know how to ask you this, Private Jones."

SOLDIER to Soldier

WAKING up with a hangover on the morning of 12 January 1787 Ensign John Johnes of the 64th Regiment wrote in his diary:

"Out of humour with ye Army."

Even those stalwarts who are proud of having served over 20 years in the same battalion must occasionally have been tempted to make a similar entry in their diaries.

Even the Editor of SOLDIER has had his moments of disillusion. But what very often puts him in a good humour with ye Army is opening the mail, especially when it contains a letter like that from NA 145018 Signalmen Elijah Oke who air-mails his compliments from Enugu, Nigeria. Especially noteworthy is the way Signalmen Oke signs himself; he is nobody's obedient servant, he scorns the hackneyed word "faithfully." Proudly he ends his letter: "Fraternally yours, In the Service Royal." Greetings 'Elijah Oke, and may those who borrow your SOLDIER always bring it back to you.

There are plenty of foreign postmarks on the mail these days. Here is a long letter from a lance-corporal Red-cap in India asking whether lorry-borne troops in other theatres make whistling noises — and worse — after Servicemen's wives. Alas, they do. Here is a letter from a sailor at Malta asking for personal advice. Here is a postcard from a German phrenologist who wants to advertise in SOLDIER. Here is another letter from a soldier's wife (but why, oh why, anonymous?) asking whether she will have to pay duty on a sewing machine when she goes home. And here, among a batch of letters asking how to get married, is a letter from an ex-soldier whose demob suit has not arrived yet — and it is twelve months since he came out.

Writes another reader: "I suppose you know they were asking questions about you in Parliament." Yes we knew about that. An MP wanted to find out, among other things, whether SOLDIER was run at a profit or a loss. SOLDIER is one of the few Army units which makes money for the taxpayer instead of spending it.

POINTER FOR UNO

Once A, B, C and D found themselves on a desert island. Each had his personal peculiarities, but in no case were these marked enough to get on the other man's nerves. Then 100 more A's, 100 more B's, 100 more C's and 100 more D's arrived. Automatically they set themselves up in four separate camps. Now the A's looking at the B's in a mass decided they really were rude, unpolished fellows; the B's sneered because the A's wore their shirts outside their trousers; the C's thought everybody else had a funny smell, but especially the A's; the D's thought the C's were absurdly excitable; and so on. They began to snub each other. Then someone discovered that you can insult more people at a time if you use a printing press. So there was strife on the desert island.

Now what caused this trouble? In a word: multiplication.

Read the story on Page 14 of SOLDIER. It tells how an Englishman, an American, a Russian and a Frenchman ride round Vienna in a truck, without knifing each other in the back. Theoretically, if four soldiers can get on together so can four nations. But multiplication breeds vexation...

At all events the Vienna patrol is always a pointer for the generals and admirals who are trying to organise a United Nations Security Force. They might well take the advice given to the hen which was shown an ostrich egg: Look on this and do your best.

FAIRY STORY

"So you want a job as a headline writer," said the daily newspaper editor. "Well, here's a story about the Army needing more space for training. What would you call that?" "BLIMPS' BIGGEST LAND GRAB," said the applicant, readily.

"Good. And here's a statement by a War Office spokesman saying deserters will be brought to justice even if they have not been living on the Black Market."

"ARMY GESTAPO THREATEN CRIMELESS DESERTERS."

"And here's a story about the War Office opening a canteen."

"WHITEHALL CHAIRBORNE GORGE LUXURY FOOD IN REQUISITIONED FLATS."

"OK. Start tomorrow."



The Eighth Army's shield is seen in this full-size design for a stained glass window in Christ Church, Vienna. Artist F. W. Cole was a Sapper officer at El Alamein.

"Eighth Army" Window for Vienna

A former Sapper camouflage officer, Captain Frederick W. Cole, who helped to put over the large-scale *legerdemain* which foxed Rommel before the Battle of El Alamein, is today back at his old job in London — designing stained glass windows.

He has a theory — and the theory is excellently illustrated on the cover of SOLDIER — that the drabber costumes of this age can still be successfully featured in stained glass. Since coloured windows are made for posterity as much as for the present, it is important, Mr. Cole contends, that a record should be made in this way of the costumes worn by Servicemen in World War Two.

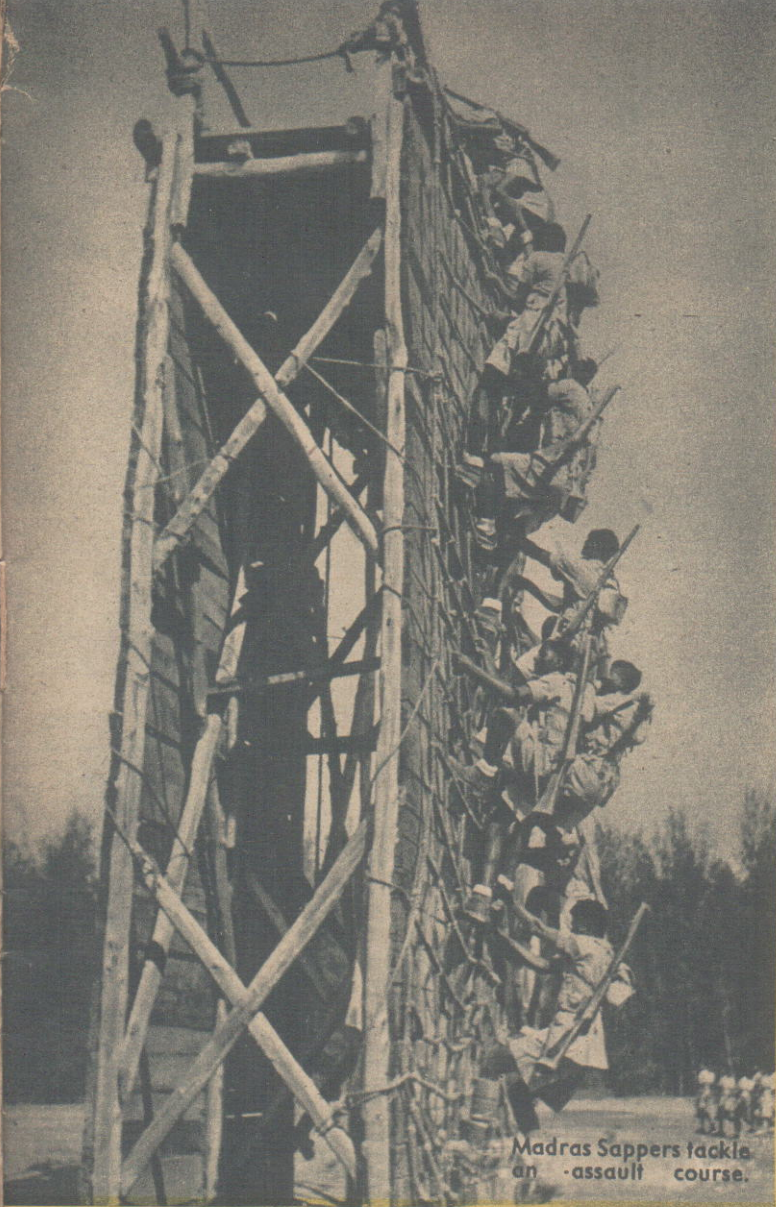
SOLDIER found Mr. Cole at work on a full-size pattern of a window to be erected in Christ Church, Vienna, to commemorate the presence of British troops in Austria. Incorporated in the design are the BTA gold cross on a white background (the old Eighth Army emblem) and the signs of 5 Corps, 6 Armoured Division, 46 Division and 78 Division — the formations which went up into Austria.

Mr. Cole is chief designer for the firm of William Morris and Co. Ltd. in Great Peter Street, London. Thanks to the Luftwaffe's ravages on London, the firm has plenty of restoration work on its hands.

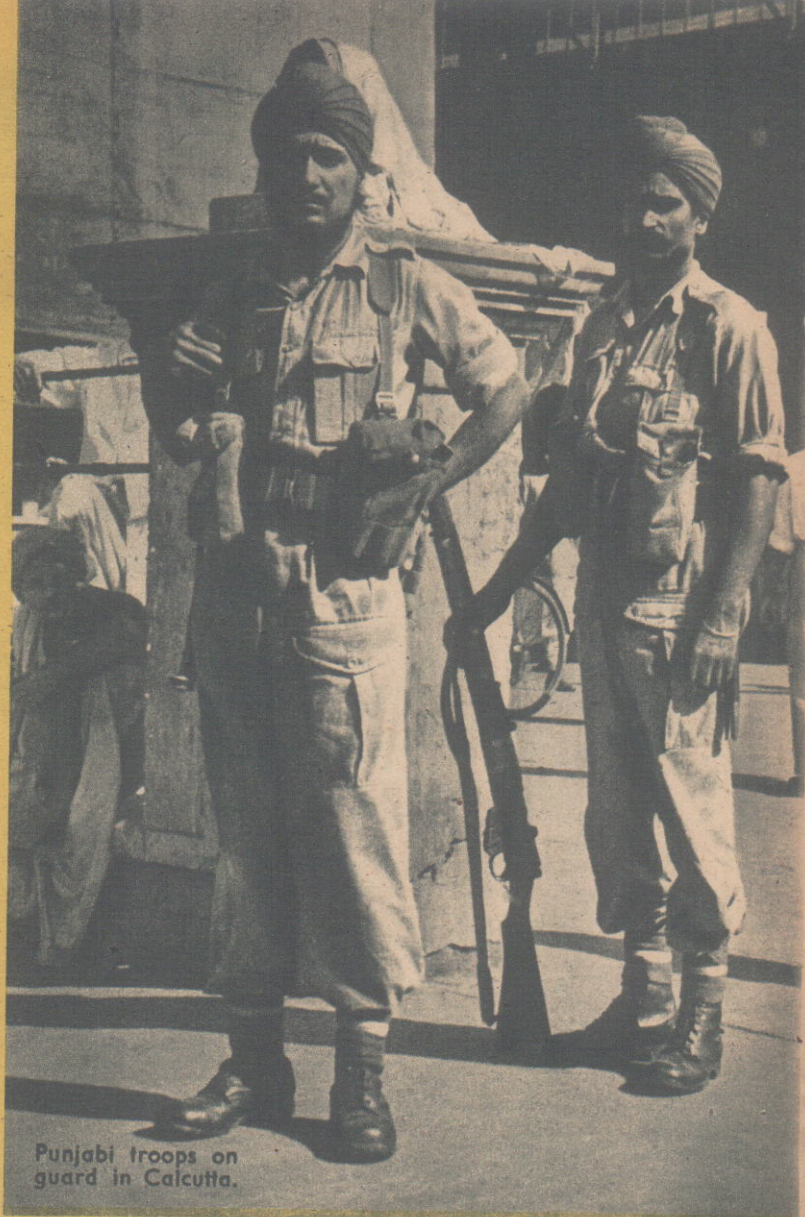
How is a stained glass window made? First, the client outlines what kind of window he wants and what should be incorporated in it. A design, in colours, is submitted to him on a scale of one inch to one foot. When this has been passed, the design is copied, full-size, on to paper, the shapes of all the individual pieces of glass being carefully marked. Ordinarily this pattern is executed in charcoal.

From the full-size drawing a tracing is made and the glass selected and cut to size. The glass is then painted according to the colours in the original design, and the paint is burned into the glass in the kiln. Finally the window is leaded and assembled in sections. After the design stage, the selection and colouring of the glass calls for most skill.

Don't let anyone tell you that the secret of making good stained glass was lost after the Middle Ages. Age may give a crystalline brilliance to certain colours, but — says Mr. Cole — there is nothing the ancients knew about stained glass windows which we don't know.



Madras Sappers tackle an assault course.



Punjabi troops on guard in Calcutta.



Kitchener: he overhauled the Indian Army.

An Army at The CROSS-ROADS

The Indian Army conceived by Clive and reorganised by Kitchener awaits its destiny as the Last of the Viceroys hands back a sub-continent to its new rulers



Auchinleck: he is today's Commander-in-Chief.

THE Indian Army of Kitchener and Kipling — the proud fighting force which pillared the British Raj during five reigns, and fought the King-Emperor's cause in two World Wars — is halted at the cross-roads, awaiting orders: one arm of the signpost points to Hindustan, the other to Pakistan.

Four hundred thousand strong in 1939, this army welded together a score of diverse creeds under British command. Loyalty flowed in both directions, from the Sepoy to the British soldier and from the British soldier to the Sepoy.



Gurkha patrol in Calcutta: these are among India's toughest fighters.

For many years the Indian Army has had Indian commissioned officers, of increasingly high rank. (Indian Army officers are studying today under General Sir William Slim at the Imperial Defence College).

As **SOLDIER** goes to print there is no firm news of the fate of the Indian Army. There are rumours that British officers will be invited to stay on in both Hindustan and Pakistan forces. But it is clear that the brave days of Poona, Simla and a score of other famous stations are numbered. None will regret the passing of the Poona legend more than the professional jokesmiths.

How easy it was to make fun



In the days when Poona was Poona: a group of officers of the 72nd Highlanders, 1865. In World War Two the mysteries of Poona were revealed to thousands of British soldiers. Hence the cartoon (right). Below: King George V rides out through the Delhi Gate at the glittering Durbar of 1911.



"But I tell you, when I was in Poona..."



of colonels with complexions kippered by Indian suns coming "home" to Cheltenham or Torquay, with the wives they persisted in calling "memsahibs". It was difficult sometimes for a man accustomed to wielding power over a region the size of England to settle down in a private hotel, with no hot weather aid from *punkah wallahs*; no wonder that frustration should vent itself in irate letters to *Times* and *Telegraph*.

The British regiments which went out to India in peace-time worked with the regular Indian Army formations in keeping the peace. (It used to be said that you were not a soldier until you had been to India). Tommy Atkins brought back with him, not only the song "Bless 'em All", but a score of Indian phrases which have passed into common circulation; "char" being the prize example.

How was the modern Indian Army formed? It did not start peaceably from a "blueprint". It was welded together from disunited forces, many of whom had painful memories of the Mutiny. But it is necessary to go farther back than that.

The Indian Army really started with the trained bands of sentries

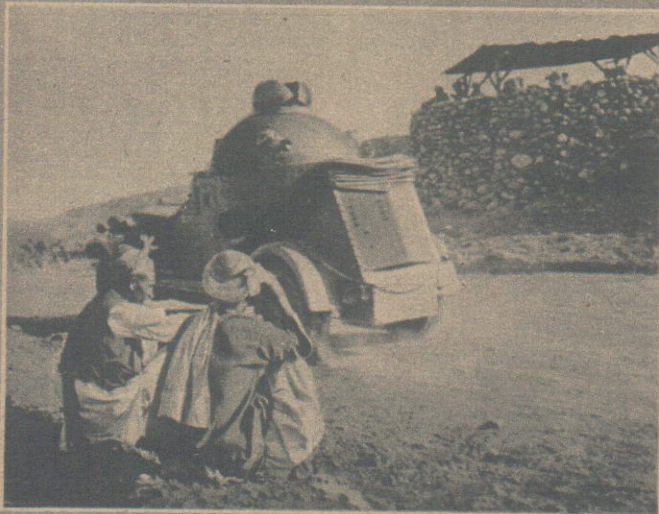
and doorkeepers employed by the British merchants of the East India Company in the early eighteenth century. These bands included not only Indians, but soldiers of fortune or deserters from the British, German, Dutch and Swiss armies.

At this time the Company employed a clerk named Robert Clive, who was discontented with his office stool. He became a soldier and successfully led the Company's troops (200 Europeans and 300 natives) against the rival French. An Anglo-French agreement was made which lasted until 1758, when France and England were once more at war. By this time England realised her interests in India should be better defended, and Sir Eyre Coote was sent out with Royal troops. These were the 39th Foot, today the Dorsetshire Regiment. Their cap badge is "*Primus in Indus*" which gives them the right to go first ashore from troopships.

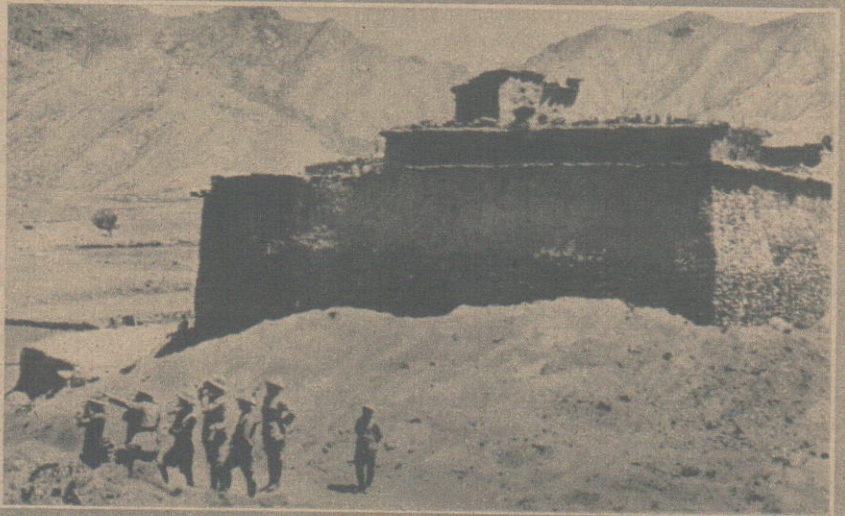
The Company continued to protect their own interests, but it was an expensive proposition and in 1773 the British Government was asked to assist. Bit by bit a Sepoy army was built up. After the second Mysore war the men were clothed in scarlet. By this time there were 1500 Europeans and 12 battalions of 11,500



A typical semi-permanent camp on the North-West Frontier, looking to the Mohmand hills. A road bisects the camp. Fighting troops are on the outside, administrative troops in the centre. In peace-time a third of the Indian Army was normally deployed near the turbulent Frontier.



Mohmand tribesmen watch the passing of a British armoured car.



A survey party pauses by an ancient tribal fort near the Frontier.

native Infantry. By 1807 there were 50 battalions.

History books are full of the comradeship between British and Indian soldiers. During the first Afghan War the Bengal native Infantry and the Somersets together held the walls of Jellalabad after an earthquake had brought them down to a heap of rubble. At Meeanee and Hyderabad the Cheshire Regiment and Sepoys fought five times their number at the bayonet's point.

Even during the Indian Mutiny detachments of the Bengal army remained loyal, like that which held out for four months with the

DCLI at Lucknow (the only place in the world where the Union Jack is never lowered day or night).

The Mutiny meant the end of the East India Company's army. Now it was "nationalised"—that is, reorganised under the Crown. Until 1895 the Army was split into three Presidencies: Bombay, Bengal and Madras. After that date geographical commands were established and in 1903 Kitchener regrouped and renamed units on an all-India basis. In 1923 the Infantry was reorganised on a regimental basis.

The real triumph of the Indian Army was in the way Indians of

opposing religions and castes learned to tolerate, if not to understand, the other man's viewpoint. All possible indulgence is shown to the individual's beliefs. A Mussulman will decline the flesh of pigs; a Hindu will refuse the flesh of cows. So goat and mutton are the rations of the Indian Army. And the strict rules about the preparation of food are observed.

In World War Two the Indian Army served in every theatre except the South-West Pacific. More than 70 per cent of the forces which slashed the Japanese in Burma were Indian. An Indian brigadier commanded an

all-Indian brigade in the Arakan.

The British soldier has not suffered from his tours in India. In World War Two men who never expected to go further than Brighton Pier found themselves at the Golden Temple of Amritsar.

They were lucky they never had to take Kipling's celebrated advice to the Young British Soldier:

*"When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains,
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier."*



From its blandoed holster the Soviet inspecting officer takes the revolver of the British Red-cap, examines it carefully. He has just inspected the Russian and American members of Vienna's International Patrol; next is the turn of the Frenchman. An interpreter follows behind.

A RUSSIAN OFFICER INSPECTS THE INTERNATIONAL PATROL



Left: one of the Russian soldiers on the International Patrol. Below: the patrol's business-like radio car, bearing the flags of four nations.



IN the shadow of the ancient Hietzing Church, Vienna, where the luckless Ferdinand Maximilian worshipped before embarking to be Emperor of Mexico (it was his fate to be shot by rebels) stands Lance-Corporal W. Dean of the Lancashire Fusiliers.

When an Army truck comes along he steps out into the Amplatz, stops it and asks to see any of the following forms: AB 64, AFG 3518, AB 412, AF's 239, A 3676, 3681 and Appendix A to GRO 1060 of 1945. And on the other side of the road his colleague Fusilier K. Cottrill checks traffic coming the other way.

These two are not Military Policemen although they wear arm-bands, white belts and gaiters, and are usually seen on patrol or check duty with Red-caps. They are part of the force of 21 Lancashire Fusiliers attached to the Provost Company in Vienna to help in routine duties. For although 105 Company is 175 strong — and therefore stronger than most — it is still not large enough to carry out all the patrolling necessary.

The Fusiliers are all volunteers. Most of them had spent months doing guard duties in various parts of Austria with the 2nd. Battalion. Dozens put down their names; those with the best records were chosen.

A Military Policeman in Vienna — whether "amateur" or "professional" — has a high tradition to keep up. Each man must have a taxi-driver's knowledge of that part of the city coming under the British, a basic knowledge of law and a great sense of fairness and tact. He must operate only within those numbered districts allotted to the British; and the only way he can tell he is in one of those districts is to watch the name plates on street corners.

The most central district remains international and the nations take it in turn to police it for a month at a time. During those four weeks the Red-caps try to stamp out the black market which always seems to be going on in the back streets of Number One District. At night time they raid suspect cafes. They have succeeded in reducing the number of armed robberies and other more serious crimes this spring.

In all these jobs the Fusiliers take part. Said Corporal G. Rennie, of Manchester: "Our chaps like it. They have found it a change from static guards in the battalion. We soon picked up the drill and have learned most from the Military Policemen who accompany us on patrols. They tell us how to deal with each little situation as it crops up. We also get plenty of time off. We do eight hours on duty and then when cleaning up and fatigues are over we are free."

Many of the Fusiliers want to join the RCMP and have delayed their release for this purpose.

There is one job which is not open to the Fusiliers: the Inter-

Fusilier K. Cottrill under instruction by Red-cap Cpl. R. Stephens at a Vienna check-point.

Pupils of the Lancashire Fusiliers go out "on the beat" with Red-caps to coach them.



INFANTRYMEN AID VIENNA'S RED-CAPS

national Patrol. This is the combined police effort of the four Occupying Powers. Four patrol cars, supplied by the Americans, operate one in each Zone daily. Each car carries an armed MP from the four Armies and day and night the vehicles tour Vienna.

These patrols make a colourful picture — the British Red-cap, the American with his scarlet muffler, the Russian with his polished helmet and purple epaulettes and the Frenchman in his grey, all riding in a vehicle decked with the four flags. As in Britain you dial 999 for the flying squad, so in Vienna a call to the International Police headquarters in Number One District brings help from the squad car in your zone.

The police feed together and in their off-period moments in the evenings have supper in the canteens in the particular zone they are patrolling. The policeman whose country governs that zone stands host to his three colleagues.

PETER LAWRENCE.



Checking papers in the Amplatz: L-Cpl. W. Dean (left) and L/Cpl. Goodrich.



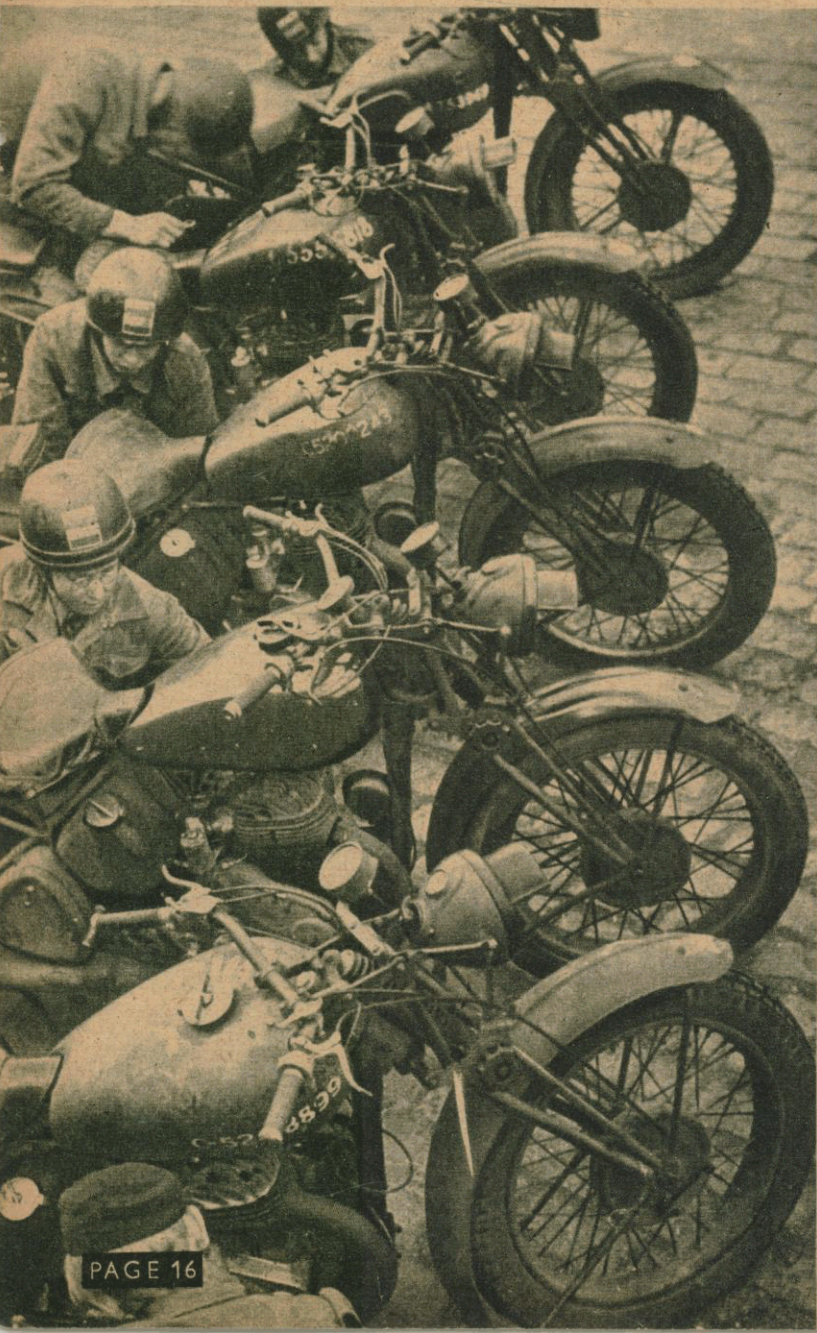
Inspecting out-of-bounds quarters: Sjt. L.H. Livingstone, who speaks Italian, Spanish and German; and L Cpl. J. Gaffney.

Germany's "Lost" Generation

German lads from the dead naval port of Wilhelmshaven sweat the Nazi poison out of their pores as they work for the British Army at the great vehicle depot at Oldenburg



Above: a group of REME's German apprentices who work at the Alexander Aerodrome. Below: Tinkering with motorcycles as a prelude to the real thrill—testing them.



"IT'S impossible. You can't expect German youths who received the full impact of Nazi philosophy to go to the British to learn a new trade and work willingly for them."

That's what many quite intelligent people said a few months ago when officers and men of No. 1 Central Vehicle Depot, REME decided to take on the task of training German boys as vehicle mechanics, welders, fitters, electricians, tinsmiths and coppersmiths.

Proof that it was possible is to be seen in the huge workshops of the Vehicle Depot—the largest in Rhine Army—at the Alexander Aerodrome just outside Oldenburg. Here 150 German boys between the ages of 15 and 19 have just completed the first part of their training and are well on the way to becoming skilled craftsmen. And, far from being sullen, resentful and unmanageable as the pundits forecast, they have responded surprisingly to the opportunity of learning a new way of life free from Party Orders.

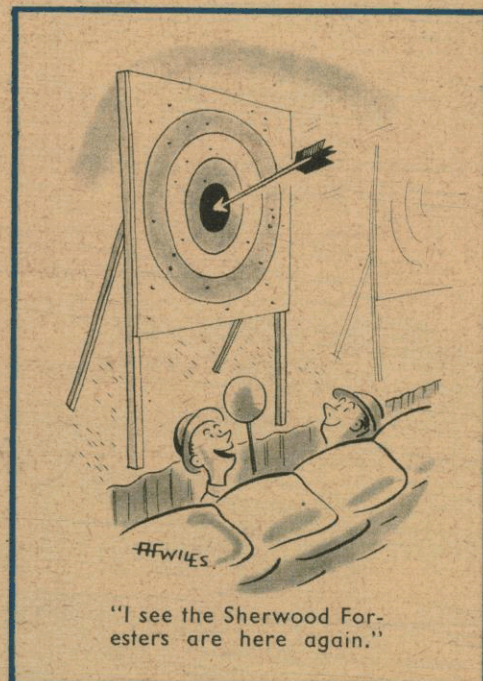
The scheme began as an experiment aimed at solving two different problems. The Central Vehicle Depot was faced with the apparently impossible job of supplying sufficient skilled craftsmen to service its vehicles; and 40 miles away at the once-great naval base of Wilhelmshaven thousands of youths who normally would have been working in the shipyards were roaming the streets idle and disillusioned. There seemed to be no future for them.

The Manpower Branch of Mil-

tary Government was asked to assist and within a short time more than a hundred boys who had had some experience of mechanical jobs volunteered to leave their homes in Wilhelmshaven and work for the British Army. It meant separation from their families, and in many minds was the suspicion that the boys would become "slave workers" for their British masters. That suspicion was soon allayed, for within the first few weeks the boys had formed themselves into a Youth Group under the guidance of a British Welfare officer, and they had been given material to build their new quarters which they furnished with their own pictures and tables. A number of wireless sets were also provided. The boys have their own committee which presents suggestions to the REME authorities through their spokesman and they take part in sports and hobbies organised by themselves.

As far as possible they are free from restrictions and regimentation. Those who wish can supplement their trade knowledge by joining classes at Oldenburg Technical College. Every other week-end they may visit their parents in Wilhelmshaven. In the short time the project has been in existence there has grown up a remarkable spirit of co-operation between the British soldiers and their young German apprentices.

When I visited the CVD the workshops were buzzing with activity and there was an air of great efficiency and happiness about the place. Leaning against the side of a 15-cwt truck Captain Victor Mealyer, workshops officer was explaining to 16-years-old Walter Dehnert and Ludwig Busenbaum, both apprentice vehicle-mechanics, the ignition system of the engine. Both these boys have learned sufficient English during their three months stay at the CVD to understand most of their orders. And if there is any room for doubt they can always refer to the work card which bears instructions



"I see the Sherwood Foresters are here again."

Work for the British Army



Smallest apprentice at the REME depot is Karl, who stands just 4ft 2ins in his ammunition boots. At Oldenburg he can learn more about vehicles than anywhere else in the world.

printed in both English and German.

"Don't forget to check the points before you do anything," Capt. Mealyer said, and the two boys nodded and got on with their job.

"They are a good lot of boys," Captain Mealyer said, "and they like their work here. They are receiving better instruction than most other apprentices anywhere else in the world because they deal with all types of vehicles, from a Churchill tank down to a motor-cycle. And apart from that they are learning a new way of life and appreciating it. Some of them, like boys the world over, are a little troublesome at times and it takes a few sharp words from an NCO to put them in their places again, but on the whole they are good workers and are becoming good citizens."

Across the workshop CSM. E. Holloway was showing 17-year-old Eduard Hendricks how to deal with a Churchill tank sprocket that required repairing. "Now do the job properly as I've shown you and don't waste time," he said. Eduard got down with rapidity for the Serjeant-Major is a bit of a terror and a stickler for work—and Eduard had been caught having a couple of minutes rest on the quiet. "Just wants a bit of watching sometimes," said the Serjeant-Major with a smile.

Squatting on his haunches underneath a three-tonner, Karl Dirks, the smallest apprentice at the depot (he stands just 4ft 2ins in his ammunition boots) was tightening up chassis nuts and bolts. In broken English he explained how "working for the British" had given him a new interest in life.

In the motor-cycle workshops there is always an atmosphere of cheerful efficiency. What boy doesn't like tinkering with a motor-cycle and how many could resist the thrill of riding a machine on the smooth concrete runways that form the testing ground? Periodically Sjt. E. Pickford, NCO in charge of motor-cycles, has to issue instructions to his German charges to "go carefully and don't 'tear the guts' out of the thing."

These young Germans form one of the healthiest and happiest groups of German youths in Germany today. And one of the benefits the British Army is gaining is that the rate of repair at its largest vehicle depot is keeping pace with the demand.

E. J. GROVE.

In a German factory lavishly equipped by the Nazis work the officers and men of No. 1 X-Ray Repair Unit — a team of specialists who maintain the technical equipment of British hospitals in Germany

400,000 VOLTS!

AN electric switch fell neatly into its sockets. Two cables, thick as a man's arms, writhed angrily and with a sharp hiss a blue spark leapt and curved into the air, dancing a fantastic ballet.

The young officer crouched in front of the metal globes on which the flame swayed, jerked at the two cords in his hands and bent to read the dial in front. Behind him, a craftsman pulled out the switch and the spark died as quickly as it was born.

This exercise with high voltages — and sometimes the young officer summons up voltages as high as 400,000, as though they were no more dangerous than the current across a sparking plug — threw into high relief the work of Rhine Army's No. 1 X-Ray Repair Unit.

In a great glass and steel factory on the outskirts of Hamburg, the ten officers and men who make up the unit — the only one of its kind in Europe, if not in the Army — juggle casually with apparatus so mysterious as to

make the most complicated radio set look like a child's toy.

To them the behaviour of Rontgen rays, ultra-violet rays and other electrical manifestations beyond the ken of the layman is an open book. Surrounded by some of the finest equipment in Europe, working where German scientists tried desperately to win the race for atomic power, they are responsible for the maintenance of all the X-ray and similar apparatus used by the Army from Calais to the Baltic.

Since D-Day-plus-one, when the unit landed on the Normandy beaches, the character of its work has changed. At that time, most of the apparatus carried by the Army was, of necessity, easily transportable — small machines which could do their work in casualty clearing stations and emergency field hospitals.

Often, members of the unit, answering calls from forward areas, rode through zones of



Ballet dance featuring the "Blue Devils." To Lieut. A. Hewett-Emmett this sort of experiment is all in the day's work.

heavy fighting, usually on motorcycles. There were casualties, naturally, but these technicians in uniform — "boffins" one might say — carried on with their tasks.

As the Allied Forces advanced and hospitals became permanent,

X-ray machines became bigger — and static. Eventually, with the drive into Germany and the capture of Hamburg, the Muller Rontgen factory (one of the best in Europe and one on which the Nazis had lavished millions of marks) became the unit's HQ. There, among machines uncanny in their efficiency, terrifying in their power Capt. W. L. C. Gover and Lieut. A. Hewett-Emmett and their men work and have their being.

Much of the equipment used in military hospitals in Germany is German. That has meant that Capt. Gover has had to maintain the closest liaison with the German technicians working at the factory producing material for the civilian hospitals long neglected by the Nazis.

To be accepted in this unit, a man must have a good scientific background and a knowledge of radiography, photography, hydraulics, electricity, optics and high voltage electronics. No mean set of qualifications this, for a staff-serjeant or a serjeant.

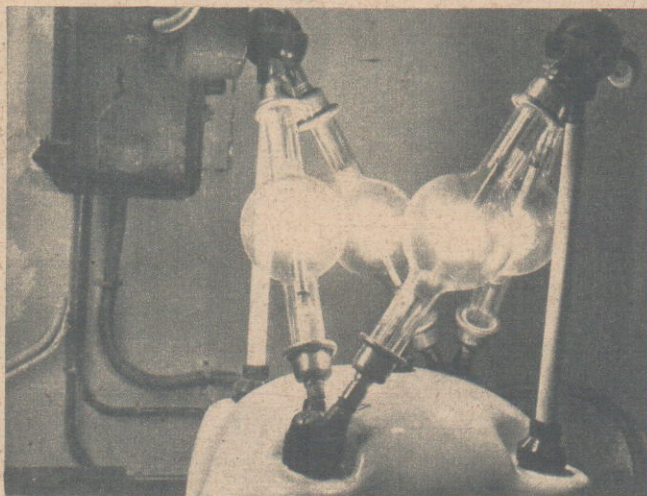
So highly is the unit's work valued that in addition to normal calls from the Medical Corps, its advice is sought by the German authorities and those of other Continental countries.

Maintenance of British equipment is done by teams, usually of two men, who make long swings around the British Zone, checking and repairing X-ray and other machines in the 12 hospitals for which the unit is responsible. Meanwhile, back at workshops, other members of the unit carry on the task of rebuilding, or quite often improvising, machines too complicated to be dealt with "in the field."

JOHN HUGHES.



The sign of a highly technical unit: only radio-graphers and experts in electronics need apply.



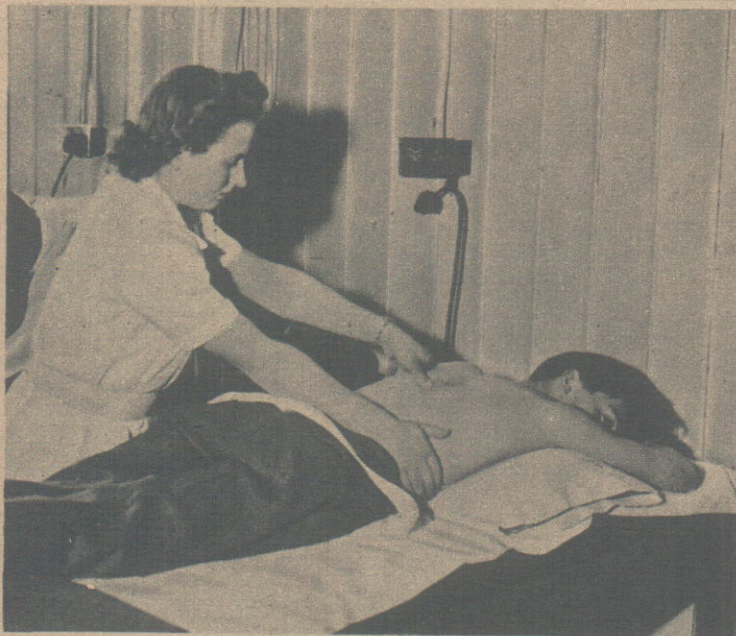
Where the X-rays are born: cathode equipment like this is repaired by the unit. Right: Like a scene from a futuristic film: Lieut. Hewett-Emmett at the controls watches 400,000 volts performing behind a glass panel.



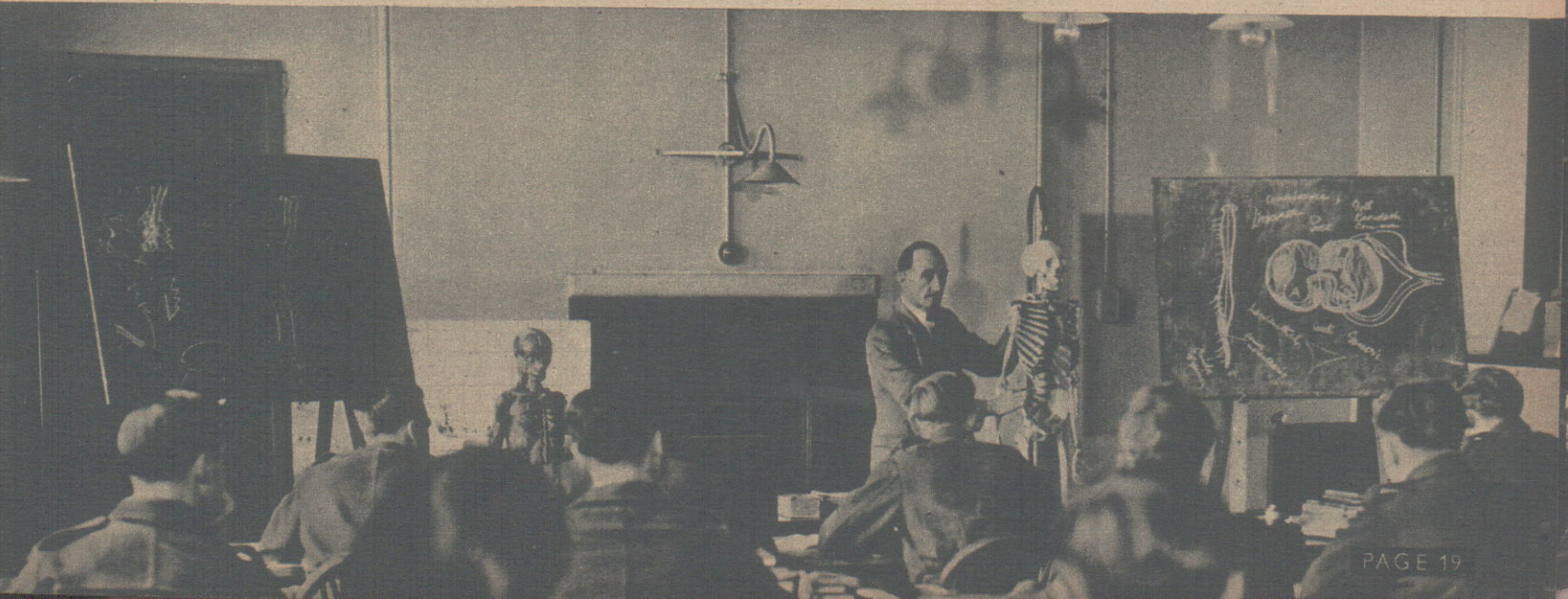
... And a Few Volts for The Corporal



Tracing a human "fault" by electricity: the head of the Army's School of Physiotherapy, Mr. A. F. Smith, shows his class how muscles react under the touch of the electrodes.



If it's a choice between electric shocks and the touch of a female hand most patients will plump for this treatment. The operator is Miss Paula Hammond. Below: medical students in uniform study anatomy with the aid of skinless model Popeye and skeleton Clarence.



THE Corporal had a partly-paralysed shoulder; his right arm wouldn't work properly.

Stripped to the waist, he stood a little nervously while the instructor, keeping up a flow of explanation to the students gathered round, moved his arm sideways and over his head. There was an abnormal bulge near the right shoulder blade.

The instructor put the Corporal's hands against his own shoulders and said "Now, push me." The students got closer; the bulge was more interesting when the Corporal pushed.

From a corner the assistant wheeled over a cream-enamelled metal box, topped with a sloping panel on which were lights, switches, dials and terminals. Two lint-covered electrodes were connected with it and the lint dipped in water. The Corporal sat astride a chair, leaning over a pile of blankets.

The instructor put one electrode firmly on the Corporal's spine and then moved the other from place to place over his shoulders and the upper part of his back. At some places where it touched, the Corporal's muscles jumped up strongly, shifting the electrode and the instructor's hand; at others it caused only a little reaction; at some, none at all.

The demonstration was one of electrical diagnosis and the instructor Mr. A. F. Smith, head of the Army School of Physiotherapy. (Physiotherapy can be summarised as healing without medicine or surgery). By passing different types of electricity through the electrodes and noting the reactions, he was able to discover which nerves were affected and how badly.

Electrical diagnosis is just one of the things students at the Army School of Physiotherapy learn. They are taught massage and how to give treatment with electrical equipment, among them ultra-violet and heat-ray machines; other subjects include anatomy, physiology, remedial gymnastics, electrical therapy and basic subjects like physics and mechanics.

Physiotherapy is helpful in

setting right deformities and rheumatic conditions and helping back to health patients who have had long illnesses.

The Army School of Physiotherapy is housed in the enormous Royal Victoria Hospital at Netley, overlooking the Solent, which was built as a military hospital by Queen Victoria.

The students of the School are all young soldiers of good education from the normal intakes. Many of them intend to be physiotherapists in civilian life; some are medical students.

Their course lasts four to six months, but a ten to eleven months course for regular soldiers, suspended when the school closed down during the war, is to be resumed soon. Those who want to qualify as civilian physiotherapists have to take a three-year course with the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists, but a good recommendation from the Army School may get them some concession.

Besides lectures and demonstrations, they get a good deal of practical experience. Down the corridor from their classrooms is the hospital's own physiotherapy department, run by three civilian women physiotherapists, and patients from there go to the school for treatment by the students.

Mr. Smith, the Chief Instructor, served for 24 years in the RAMC before qualifying with the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists, and began teaching at the Army School in 1933.

His assistant, Serjeant J. W. Morris, RAMC, also has the civilian qualification. He made good use of it when he was a prisoner in Japan, helping patients suffering from beri-beri and pelagra.

RICHARD LASCELLES.



Rider with the horse-shoe on his stripes is Staff-Serjeant-Farrier J. Havercamp, who turns out over 400 horse-shoes every month.

In a Capital starved of colour and ceremony the Riding Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery makes a welcome sight as it heads down from the Barracks at St. John's Wood to fire a Royal Salute in Hyde Park

FIVE times a year a staff officer at London District headquarters looks at paragraph 972 of King's Regulations and writes a letter to the Ministry of Works. And five times a year a secretary at the Ministry writes in reply.

The subject: the firing of Royal salutes in Hyde Park. For King's Regulations says: "Royal salutes will be fired... in honour of the following personages on the occasions stated..." These are the King's birthday, the anniversaries of his accession and coronation, the Queen's birthday and Queen Mary's birthday.

Because the Ministry of Works are responsible for Hyde Park they must be consulted before the 41-gun salutes are fired. The staff officer also tells Buckingham Palace, the War Office, the Police at Cannon Row, the Superintendent of the Park and last, but by no means least, the Superintendent of the Riding Troop of the Royal Horse Artillery at the Barracks, St. John's Wood.

In the past it was always the Royal Horse Artillery which had

the honour of firing Royal Salutes. But the regiment was mechanised during the war and nobody cared for the idea of a mechanised salute. The solution was to revive the Riding Troop, a branch of the RHA formed in 1803 to teach Gunners to ride, and disbanded in 1938.

Back from the fighting fronts to don the old ceremonial uniforms came men who had served with both horsed and mechanised units. Quite a number wore the wings of the Parachute Regiment and Special Service. Recently six 18-pounder guns and six 13-pounders arrived. Officially the 13-pounder is the regiment's gun because it is light enough to allow the horses to gallop (it is a tradition that only the RHA gallop into action — the Field always trot). But there was a shortage of 13-pounder blank ammunition and so 18-pounders have been used for the salutes. Soon the battery will consist of

only 13-pounders. The new rounds are on the way.

Today there are more than a hundred horses at the barracks. Some of them were captured from the German Army and they are getting used to words of command in a strange language.

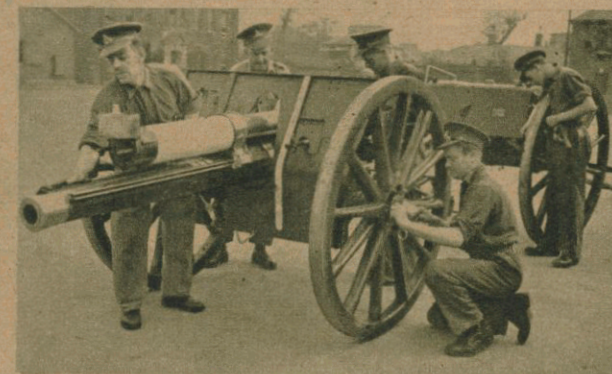
Like other units the Riding Troop suffers from the Age and Service Group scheme. Familiar figures go, but the ceremonial uniforms they wore have to be handed on. Before each parade the regimental tailor gets busy on alterations.

From six o'clock until evening the men of the Riding Troop are on the go. Stables, breakfast, rehearsing for musical drives — for the RHA are in great demand at out-door functions — exercising, polishing harness, grooming, feeding and bedding down.

In his forge Staff-Serjeant-Farrier J. Havercamp, with 25 years' service in the RHA, is busy making shoes. Every animal must be reshod once a month and every shoe is made on the premises. Together with Serjeant-Farrier A. Polk, who has served 21 years, Havercamp turns out 424 shoes every four weeks. A proportion of new metal is supplied from official sources and the rest is made from old shoes. Sometimes a horse takes two hours to shoe but they have known it take two days. What do farriers do when their Army days are over? They are in demand wherever horses are



Refresher... there's one gunner who looks as if he would like to dip his head in the trough too.

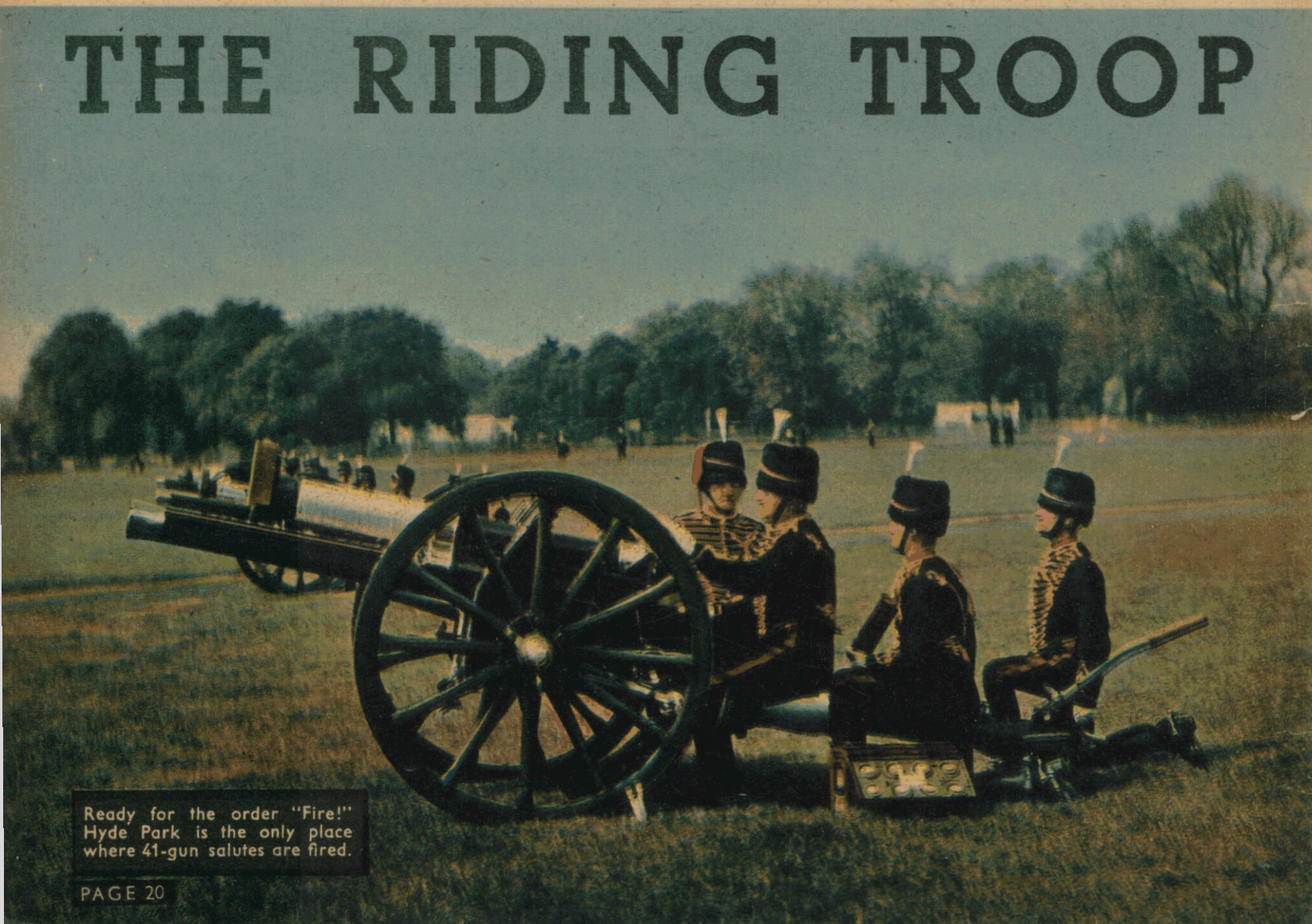


This 18-pounder will not fire salutes much longer: the Troop is reverting to 13-pounders.



Wiseacre is not used to crowds and ceremony. Captain W. Froud shows him a sample of what to expect.

THE RIDING TROOP



Ready for the order "Fire!" Hyde Park is the only place where 41-gun salutes are fired.

FIRES A SALUTE

used. Many join the Metropolitan Police.

There is one man in the farrier's shop who is not thinking of the future but of the past. Gunner J. Davies remembers his days down a Yorkshire coal mine. There he shod the pit ponies. The shoes were put on cold. No fires were allowed down the mine. After six years he left, never to return. It's no fun going down a shaft after being buried alive.

Outside in the sunlight another ex-miner is busy grooming a remount. Gunner N. Linsley, aged 20, of Horden, County Durham, was a Bevin Boy, left to join the Colours for five years. His father was a regular Gunner. When he was not down the shaft young Linsley was always pottering about with the local tradesmen's horses grooming and feeding them, and when he was "down under" he worked with the pit ponies. So, not unnaturally he volunteered for the Riding Troop.

While the work of grooming falls on the men there is one job which the sub-section commander must do himself. That is "pulling" the tail of each animal. Serjeant J. Senior is busy with the comb, running its long teeth through the sleek black hairs, plucking one or two out here and there until the tails of his horses hang

Through Marble Arch: the men of the Riding Troop are the only soldiers allowed to ride through when not accompanying royalty.



THE RIDING TROOP FIRES A SALUTE (continued)

gracefully with only their ends spreading.

In the *manège* (riding area) the battery commander, Captain W. Froud, makes friends with a rather frisky new charger who may cause trouble on the Day. He gives it a lump of sugar, and lets it take a look at the plumed hat he will wear. Then he rides it round and lets it get the feel of the sword at his side. A few days of this and No. 96 Wiseacre will be peaceful enough.

On the square RSM. R. Jackson, who survived Dunkirk to fight the Japanese with 20th. Indian Division, watches the men put an extra polish to the guns. After the shoot they will be busy pouring boiling water into the muzzles of the guns — with the ensuing ritual of cleaner's wool, piasaba brush and a thin coating of oil.

Walking through the stables Sjt. J. Stephens of the RAVC eyes the animals. They all look healthy enough. Now and again one of them falls lame and has to be treated at his "horse hospital" which the Army prefers to call a Class 1 Pharmacy. Stephens, ex-POW — he was taken while serving with the Scots Greys in Greece in 1941 — knows that the horses will be all right on the Day.

Taking a final look at the fitting parade, Major J. A. Norman,

DSO, the Superintendent, and Captain T. M. Sutton, the Quartermaster, make sure that collars button neatly and that the sleeve which yesterday was too long is now the correct length. Both were at St. John's Wood before the war.

For the Superintendent of Hyde Park the Day is much like any other except that just before twelve a larger-than-usual crowd begins to gather, and a warrant officer and 12 Military Policemen arrive to control them.

At Marble Arch some policemen from Cannon Row get off their cycles and their combined exertions push open the large central gates. The only other occasion when these gates are opened is to allow Royalty to go through on formal drives.

With the clatter of hooves and the rumble of wheels the Troop swings into the park and the six teams turn and advance in line. Horses and limbers are then withdrawn and the blanks loaded. In rear the battery captain, his eye on his watch, yells an order and the first gun sends a crash echoing across the grass. The salute has started.

At ten-second intervals the guns fire. Occasionally there is a misfire and the No. 1 throws the round clear so that, if it does explode, it can do no damage. The



Well, that is another Salute over.
What's on tomorrow—a Musical Ride?

next gun immediately carries on and the 41-gun salute is completed.

The story is told that once a salute fired in honour of the Kaiser at Dover was one short. A round had fallen down the cliff. The Kaiser had counted the explosions and immediately lodged an official protest. Since that day saluting batteries have had to carry spare rounds.

Hyde Park is the only place where 41-gun salutes are fired. Elsewhere a Royal salute is 21 rounds, except in India where the King Emperor is entitled to 101.

There are nine official saluting stations at home and nine overseas. At one time there were many more. Between the wars, when the economy cry went up, Scottish sentiment was outraged because the guns were removed from Edinburgh Castle. A quick decision resulted in the Scottish capital being retained as a saluting station and the guns were hurriedly returned to Half Moon Battery. A battery at Pembroke Docks was listed for a similar fate but the War Office decided to avoid hurting national feeling by gently enquiring of certain Welsh officials whether there would be a similar outcry. Back came the answer: "You can remove the guns. The Welsh look on Pembroke as an English colony anyway."

War Office records show that after Coalhouse Fort, East Tilbury, was abolished as a saluting station a US ship passing up the Thames fired a salute. Alas! there were no guns with which to return it. Hurriedly records were turned up and it was found that our Ambassador in Washington had been told six months previously that salutes at this point were no longer exchanged, but whether the Ambassador forgot to tell the US Navy or whether the US Navy forgot to tell the

US battleship *Utah* is not known.

On another occasion a request for a saluting gun came from West Africa because the Kabaka of Buganda had suddenly demanded a salute "in fulfilment of a treaty with the British Government." In London the treaty was turned up and, sure enough, there was a clause entitling the Kabaka to a salute — and the Kabaka was not letting the British get away with it.

In 1937 a message came from Hong Kong asking if gun salutes there could be modified. Apparently a Portuguese gun-boat kept popping in and out of the harbour and people in the colony were complaining that almost daily their windows were being smashed.

Mr. F. J. Bellenger, as War Minister, is entitled to a salute of 17 guns on arrival and departure from official visits to stations. Mr. Churchill, as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, is entitled to 19 guns from the forts within his jurisdiction. The Army Council, when travelling in a corporate capacity, rate 19 guns. King's Regulations say that two members and a secretary form a quorum.

Ordinarily a soldier receives a salute of guns only at his funeral, and then he has to be of the rank of brigadier or above. If his funeral takes place in London, these salutes are fired from the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

No salutes were fired anywhere during the war. When recently the War Office gave orders for salutes to be re-introduced it stipulated that they were not to be fired if there was any possibility of them being mistaken for guns firing in an operational role. Which just goes to show how far the world is from being in a settled state. **ERIC DUNSTER.**



Inquisitive Type



Literary Type

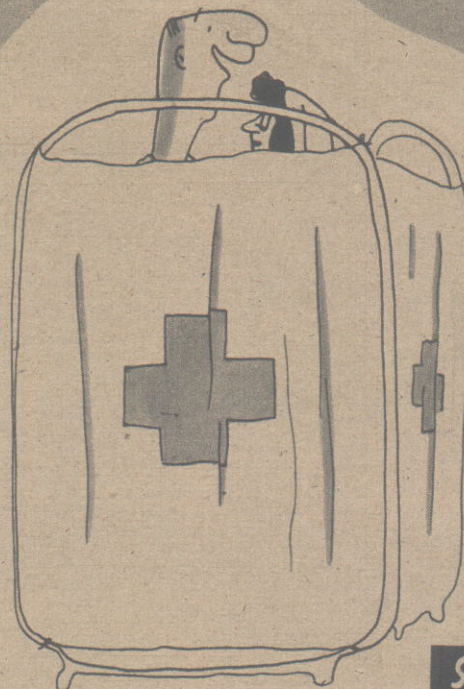


Hospital
Types -
by
Phelix-

Discounted Type



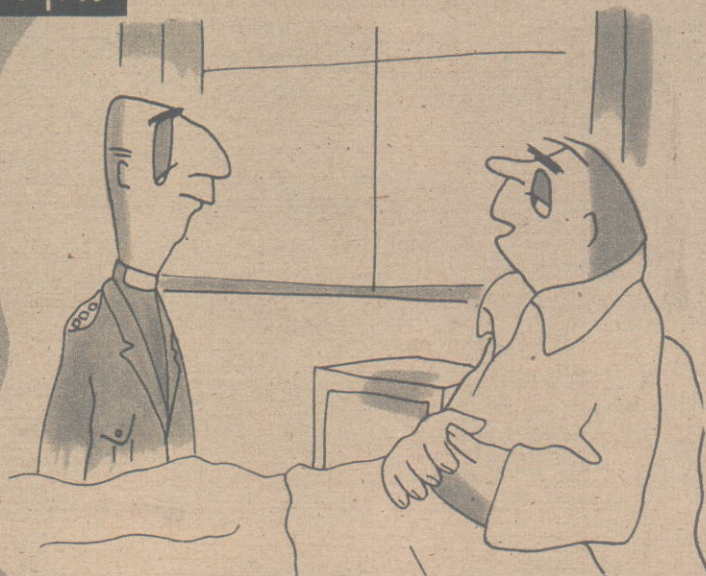
Agonised Type



Screens

Spiritual Welfare

Lockers





This is the fate which comes to every wax figure sooner or later — general or statesman, princess or murderer. Out of wax they are born and into wax they melt away, leaving only a scum of hair.

Startled gleam in the eyes of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke is caused by the photographer's lights.

One of the later military arrivals at Madame Tussaud's: Field-Marshal Lord ("Jumbo") Wilson.



Arched eyebrows and baleful eyes give a sinister air to Field-Marshal Lord Alexander.



Not so thickset as you might expect: India's last Viceroy but one, Field-Marshal Lord Wavell.

The only man in battle-dress, in a typical pose. At the moment Monty is two rows of ribbons short.

WAX The War Leaders in

Colour photographs by Desmond O'Neill.

THE artists of the Royal Academy may have forgotten all about the Army, but the sculptors of Madame Tussaud's remain loyal. In the celebrated array of waxworks in London the leaders of World War Two still stand in a place of honour.

Indeed, the gallery is now preparing a tableau showing an investiture of VC's at Buckingham Palace.

Monty's likeness is the one most looked for in the military section. It has been there for over three years. F-M. Viscount Gort arrived in 1939, General A. G. L. McNaughton (Commander of Canadian Forces) in 1940, F-M. Viscount Wavell, F-M. Lord Alanbrooke and F-M. Sir John Dill in 1941, Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten in 1944 and F-M. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson in 1945. The model of General Sir Edmund Ironside, added in 1939, was later withdrawn.

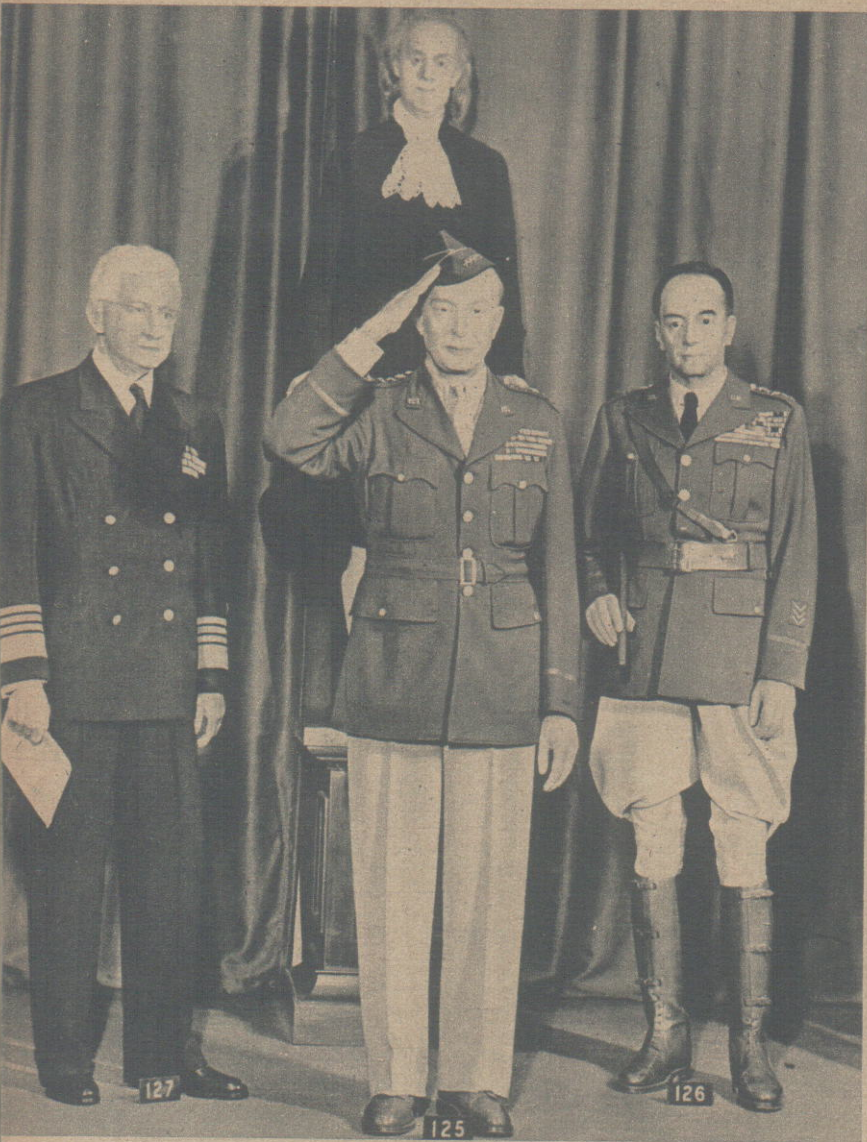
How do the Tussaud experts tackle the job of making a general? First they arrange an interview, and then three people go along to see him. They are Bernard Tussaud, the sculptor; Vera Bland, the artist responsible

for hair-colouring; and Reginald Edds, photographer, an ex-Staff officer of the RASC. Usually the interview lasts three-quarters of an hour. Bernard Tussaud takes facial measurements and studies intently the soldier's features while Reginald Edds takes photographs from 14 angles, and Miss Bland notes the colour of his eyes, complexion, and hair.

Back in the studios behind the Exhibition, the photographs are developed and work begins on the head. Says Edds: "The artist sculpts the head in clay just as a sculptor would for a bust or war memorial. When he has done this to his satisfaction it is moulded with plaster of paris and the clay head smashed up when the mould is complete. Molten wax is poured into the mould and allowed to set from the outside until a crust is formed which is one and a half inches thick. The wax in the centre which is



OVER



American trinity: Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur and Admiral Stark, overlooked by Benjamin Franklin, an original Tussaud figure.



Keeping medal ribbons up-to-date involves much painstaking reference. Washington supplied details of the decorations worn by Generals Eisenhower and MacArthur.

When the old heads are melted down the eyes are removed, cleaned, re-graded and stored till next time. It suggests an idea for a thriller: "The Queen With The Murderer's Eyes."

Continuing THE WAR LEADERS IN WAX

still molten is poured away. After cooling the plaster of paris is taken away leaving a perfect facsimile of the clay head."

Simultaneously other artists are making the body out of plaster of paris. The head is passed on to Miss Bland, who is supplied with hair of exactly the same colour and character as those of the subject. She has to insert them one by one, which takes from one to two weeks. The head is held under a light bulb the heat of which is sufficient to soften the wax; the hairs are then pushed into the head. When the wax cools and hardens the hairs are clamped tight and can never be removed.

Tussaud's have thousands of glass surgical eyes classified according to size and colour (the artists say with a twinkle in their own eyes that they even have colours for fellows just back from a booze). The eyes are fixed into the eye-sockets by molten wax.

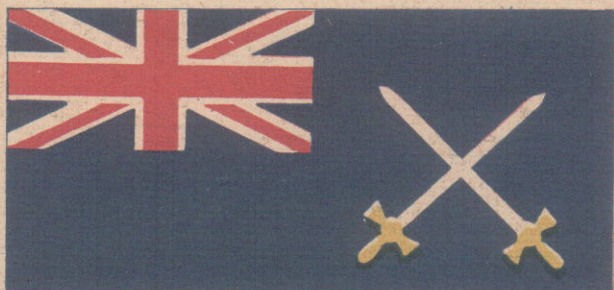
Probably the hardest part of making a wax model is to capture the right expression and attitude.

ANTHONY MARTIN.



THEY JOINED THE ARMY -

On each schooner which carries supplies to the British garrison at Pola, on the Adriatic, travels a soldier of the RASC. It's a good life in summer, a hard one in winter



This is the flag the Army flies at sea. The design is also worn as a sleeve flash.

A small fleet of broad-beamed, wooden sailing schooners which once plied a picturesque trade between small islands and ports in the Adriatic and Mediterranean with cargoes of olives, spices and barrels of good red wine are today sailing the North East Adriatic loaded with bully-beef, tinned beans and drums of diesel oil.

These ships are part of the Army's Fleet and fly the flag of the RASC at sea — crossed swords on an ocean blue background with a Union Jack in the top left corner.

In the Adriatic the main job of these ships for months past has been supplying the British garrison in the enclave of Pola, which is cut off from Trieste by Jugo-Slav-occupied territory.

Each ship is manned by an Italian skipper and local crew plus one private soldier in battle-dress. These soldiers, known as "escorts," live aboard the schooners for months on end in their own small cabins, keeping a watchful eye on the valuable military cargoes.

Today most of the escorts are young soldiers, typical landlubbers before joining the army. Former electric welder Private A. Wilson of Port Glasgow, former apprentice toolmaker Private L. Armstrong of Basingstoke, surveying student Private L. E. Manns of London are some

of them. As these men say: "We joined the Army, and what did we see? We saw the sea."

The men's compact cabins aboard the schooners are British enough, littered with home-town papers, letters-to-be-answered, a "Penguin" and packet of "Players," but the rest of their life follows the Italian pattern. They eat with the skipper and mate, with at least two huge plates of piping hot spaghetti a day at a table where a bottle of Chianti is never empty. They sing Italian songs with bearded accordion players of the crew, and some have even mastered Italian card games.

During the long Adriatic summer the escorts' job is probably as attractive as any in the Army. In the winter, when there are blizzards, storms and loose floating mines, some of the escorts dreamed of good old days in the barracks with only an RSM. to worry about.

This part of the Adriatic in winter is notorious for its hurricane-force winds, the "bora" and

"sirocco," and many of the schooners were forced to take shelter in Jugo-Slav ports. When this happened an officer of Marshal Tito's army would come aboard and tell the crew that they would be allowed to shelter in the port until the storm blew itself out, but would not be permitted to set foot ashore.

Such storms tore apart old mine-fields and floating mines were frequently met. The soldier escorts took their turn on mine-watches during the sea trips down the Adriatic.

Escort L. G. Shepherd of Liverpool, while running dangerous enemy ammunition from Pola to a dumping ground out at sea, sank three mines with small-arms fire. Mines that cannot be sunk are charted and reported to the Royal Navy.

In spite of storms and mines, however, the life of these sailors in khaki today is calm when compared to war days. During the war the Army had some 150 schooners operating in the Italian theatre. Some were manned by all-British crews, others by Italian crews with escorts.

Then the schooners ran supplies to Anzio beachhead and a shuttle service up the Adriatic on the tail of the advancing Eighth Army. Others made even more perilous trips across the

Adriatic to German-occupied Jugo-Slavia and Greece.

One escort had a "believe-it-or-not" escape when his schooner hit a mine in the Bay of Taranto. He was sleeping in his bunk when the mine exploded and blew out the side of the ship; he fell, unharmed, from his bunk into the sea.

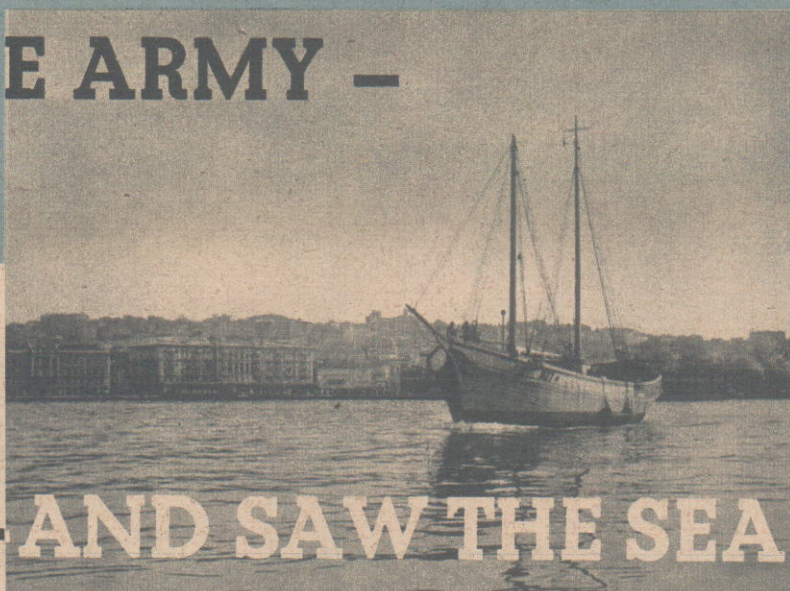
Corporal J. H. C. Bell of Birstal, Leicester, the only old-timer still with the schooners today, tells of an experience during a storm. "Our schooner's life-boat was smashed by huge waves, the sails were ripped to ribbons, then the small auxiliary engine packed in, and there we were drifting a few miles off enemy-occupied Jugo-Slav coast." But the storm abated, the engine was coaxed into action again, and Corporal Bell lived to tell the tale.

As the curtain comes down on the Italian theatre the schooners are doing their last jobs evacuating troops and equipment. But among the soldiers who became sailors the saga of the Adriatic schooners will never be forgotten, and as the schooners return to their cargoes of olives and wine, the odd faded pin-up girl still tacked to a cabin wall will remind the crew of the days they taught Englishmen the art of eating spaghetti.

HENRY THODY.

- AND SAW THE SEA

With Trieste's skyline as a background, the schooner *Arsia* enters port after a run from Pola.

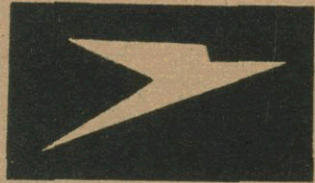


"Spaghetti up!" Private Harry Peters sits down to lunch on the *Fabio* with the Italian mate and skipper.

Right: Escort Peters hangs up his Monday wash. There's plenty of time to do the laundry on a leisurely cruise down the Adriatic.



How Much Do You Know?



1. Illustrated here is the device of:
The Luftwaffe;
Imperial Chemical Industries;
British Overseas Airways Corporation;
The Ku Klux Klan.
Which?
2. If you were a farmer in Scotland you might receive a bill for teinds. What are teinds?
3. What is a loose box?
4. Is there any difference between libel and slander?
5. What are the five classic horse races?
6. Doctors have been debating whether it should be legal to grant doomed patients "easy death". Only they call it by a longer name—what?
7. The "Roaring Forties" is a phrase used to describe:
A storm belt in the Atlantic;
The period from 1840 to 1850;
Man's last fling before middle age;
Cowboys belonging to a famous Texan estate.
Which?
8. A musical play named after an American state recently arrived in London. Its name?
9. Herbert Hodge is the name of:
A taxi-driver turned author and broadcaster;

The husband of Vera Lynn;
An MP recently rebuked for eating oranges in the House;
The new Governor of Trinidad.
Which?

10. Who said: "Work is the curse of the drinking classes"?

11. Which of these statements are true (if any):
Continental distillers import water from the Scots Highlands;
Napoleon died on Elba;
"Billy Bunter" stories do not appear any more.

12. How many of these cities do not possess an "underground": London, Paris, Glasgow, New York, Brussels?

13. If you wanted to buy an instrument which would record how far you walked, you would ask for (a) an ambulator; (b) a pedometer; (c) a milometer; (d) a pedestrometer; Which?

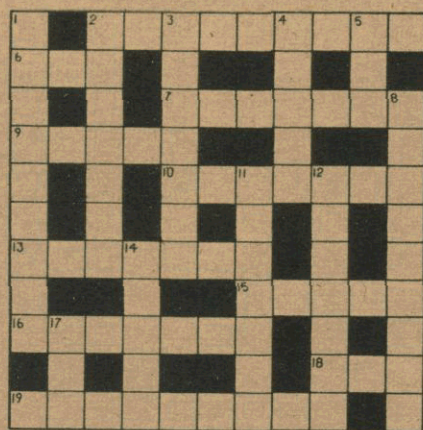
14. Last line, please:
*Land of our Birth, our faith,
our pride, For whose dear sake
our fathers died: Oh Mother-land, we pledge to thee*

15. There has been a "flap" over the proposal to build a power station across the Thames from St. Paul's Cathedral. Architect of the power station is—? And of St. Paul's—?

16. If a nobleman is an aristocrat, what kind of a "crat" is (a) a pillar of officialdom; (b) an absolute ruler; (c) an advocate of government by the people?

(Answers on Page 43)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 2. He might make a vain noise on his own instrument. 6. The paid player is for. 7. He is in caper. 9. Music that sounds like beer. 10. Grass-green. 13. If you obeyed the order in 3 down you would have to 11 down before being this. 15. Cook on an open fire.

16. Thereat you get entertainment.
18. Opposite of 6 across.
19. Fee is ruse—if a soldier has to pay it for this (two words).

DOWN:

1. Tin cap, pal (anag.)
2. Hill on tear for rushing water.
3. Sort of bay in mixed run.
4. England, with the no-good part left out, gives you an antelope.
5. West of England river.
8. Making repartee.
11. Put right.
12. Suspicion in a look.
14. Angry, I start estimating my worth.
17. The lady's in the rest.

(Answers on Page 43)

NOW IT'S "ARMY RECRUITER"

TIME was, if you didn't want to join the Army, you took care to keep out of the way of a tall, glittering-eyed soldier with a red sash across his chest and a cluster of flags on his sleeve.

He was the Recruiting Serjeant and (rumour said) would sell you a "seven and five" as easily as you could sell a barrage balloon to your country cousin.

Recent exchanges in Parliament suggested that the Recruiting Serjeant was no more, but now and again you find one when you least expect it... at Northolt, for instance where SOLDIER's photographer took a picture of Serjeant E. A. Scutt. Thirty-one years in the Army, 25 of them in the Grenadier Guards, Sjt. Scutt was occupying Germany before most of today's occupying troops were born.

Talking to Sjt. Scutt is Sjt. W. E. Smith, who wears neither blues nor red sash, but has a modest flash on his shoulder which says "Army Recruiter." He has been on the job since 1925.



Recruiting Serjeant (left) meets Army Recruiter.



On these foundations will rise a VC's memorial.

THE ROGERS ESTATE

ON these foundations will be built a housing estate which will be the proudest address in Bethnal Green.

It will be called the Rogers Estate. Serjeant Maurice Rogers, of the Wiltshire Regiment, was a soldier from Bethnal Green. In World War Two he won the Victoria Cross an honour which, because it is the reward of high daring, goes to the dead as often as it goes to the living.

And Serjeant Rogers is one of the dead. He fell in Italy, shot at point-blank range after he had advanced, against the fire of seven machine-gun posts, firing his Tommy gun and hurling hand grenades at the defenders, whom he threw into confusion.

The people of Bethnal Green were proud of him. They wanted to do something to perpetuate his name. So the Council decided to name this new housing estate in his memory.

Other councils label their estates by meaningless names like "Elmvale" and "Clarehaven." Sometimes the estate is named after the builder who erected the houses.

But Serjeant Rogers was himself one of the Builders.

THE KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR

APPOINTED recently to be a member of the oldest military brotherhood in existence was Lieut-Col. John M. Mackenzie, The Royal Scots.

He became a Military Knight of Windsor.

In 1348 King Edward III, inaugurating the Order of the Garter, made room for "twenty-four impoverished warriors, infirm of body or in needy circumstances, to be supported perpetually from the emoluments of the said Chapel (of Windsor) ... who shall be worshippers of Christ perpetually." They were to receive twelve pence a day, with a bonus of 40 shillings a year.

The early knights included such distinguished but unlucky gentlemen as Sir Robert Champlain who, fighting for the King of Hungary against the Turks, was held to ransom of 1500 ducats, which left him very weak financially; and Hugh Gratwick who "at Plymouth contracted almost extreme blindness, from the supine carelessness of a common soldier, firing off a gun."

The record of the brotherhood is not without its piquant passages. The Knights complained at one time that they were not getting their money and were barred from participation in an annual shareout of red herrings made by the inhabitants of Yarmouth. The Dean counter-charged one of the older knights with being a dilatory worshipper and falling asleep at prayers. In 1623 it was laid down that a Knight should hold his appointment "so long as he shall well behave himself." Within the precincts of the Castle of Windsor, Knights were to be free of arrest, but this privilege was not to avail them in dodging creditors. The Knights got a bad name again in Cromwell's day, the Constable of



The girl in the tree works —

IN AN ARMY GARDEN

IN Suburbia it's the man who digs the garden and the woman who keeps him at it.

In the Army it's much the same. If you go to the Eastern Command School of Horticulture at Colchester you will find, on an average, 14 or 15 men wielding hoe and spray under the eye of two ATS instructors.

It's all done by kindness, however. There is a large garden laid out to instruct students in all aspects of horticulture. Here a man can pick up a few useful tips on gardening for pleasure or profit.

Chief instructress is Warrant Officer B. Brown-Constable (pic-

tured above), who was studying horticulture at Reading University. Helping her is Serjeant Peggy Lean of Manchester.

The Army's interest in horticulture is by no means new. During the war ack-ack gunners in Great Britain were stimulated to put the spare corners of their gunsites to profitable use.

And since the war ended Lieut-Col. W. E. Shewell-Cooper has made periodic swoops on Rhine Army with a well-rehearsed team of horticultural experts, demonstrating the "do's" and "don't's" of gardening.

At Colchester men work and women show them how.



Small Talk

An author wrote a biography of Mr. Cordell Hull, the American statesman, and sent him proofs. One chapter described how, in the Spanish-American War, Hull won all the money in his company at crown-and-anchor. The only alteration Hull made in the entire book was to strike out "company" and insert "regiment."

Extract from *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* (US): "The nations in which our advanced bases are situated will become open to destruction even with present-day rockets and planes as the only means of delivery. America

may thus be able to keep those advanced bases only at the expense of exposing these friendly nations to total devastation and, thus, probably against their will." Probably is the word.

Thought for today: "What repels me from the service here is that I see by the past it would be difficult for the future to content the Parliament and the people, who are prepossessed with the notion that any English soldier, even a boy recruit, can beat above six of the enemy." — Extract from a letter written to King William III, in 1689.

M I S C E L L A N Y



The fretsaw expert does not tackle every badge, only those which require special finish.

SOLDIER visits a factory in Birmingham where they turn sheet metal into cap badges. It's not a purely mechanical process — there's still scope for the craftsman



In front of this battery of pin-ups a girl hand-enamels a Sappers' Old Comrades badge. (Not a British soldier among the pin-ups).

HOW YOUR CAP BADGE IS MADE

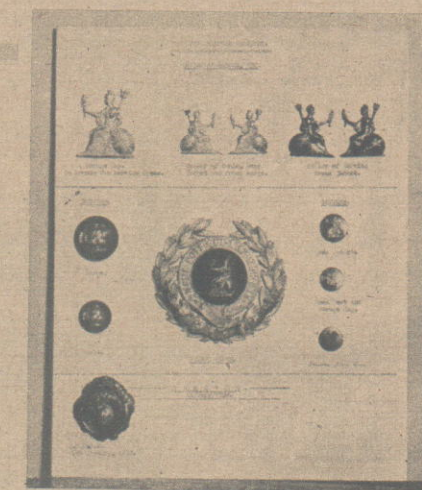
THE KING APPROVES THE BADGE

ALL the badges and insignia of the British Army are made to conform with sealed patterns which are kept by the Controller of Ordnance Services — officers' patterns in a set of steel cabinets at the War Office, men's patterns at the Ordnance Depot at Brans-ton.

When a regiment wants a new badge it puts forward its own design, and if the Controller of Ordnance Services approves, a prototype is made and submitted to the King for approval. The Royal approval is no mere formality, for the King takes a keen interest in the uniform and insignia of the Army; when he approves a badge, he initials the file "GRI".

Each set of badges and insignia is then put on a cardboard sheet, sealed on with War Office seals, and goes into the archives, where it is available for reference by military tailors and manufacturers.

When new regiments are raised, the authorities raising them



Sealed patterns of Army badges are kept in War Office archives.

are consulted about the badges and insignia before designs are made. If, for some reason, a badge has to be got through in a hurry, the King may see the designs and not a prototype for approval; he did this in the case of the badge for the new Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, which he approved before sailing for South Africa.

YOUR cap badge came — as likely as not — from a red-bricked building in the dusty heart of Birmingham. It is the factory of Messrs. J. R. Gaunt and Son, Limited, who are among the biggest manufacturers of Army cap badges and buttons.

Gaunt's is a family concern, founded 70 years ago — though its history is longer than that because it incorporates a firm that has been in existence more than two centuries. Head of Gaunt's is Mr. W. F. Gaunt, son of the founder, who has been in the firm 58 years and knows more about cap badges and buttons than most collectors.

The badges start their career at Gaunt's as strips of metal, straight from the rolling mills. They are cut into pieces of the right size and then stamped. In this process the pieces of metal are stamped into a die by a drop stamp in which the operator raises a hammer by pulling a rope over a power-driven wheel, which helps him with the pull, and lets it fall with the rope running slack over the still-turning wheel. Some badges need four or five blows with the hammer before the pattern is properly stamped on.

Next, women working small hand-presses trim off surplus metal round the edges and pierce holes in the badges. There are more holes than you think at first glance—the inside of an "A" or an "O", the spaces between the legs of an animal emblem, and some of the spots the trimming machine cannot reach. A Royal Engineer's badge, for instance, has to be pierced 17 times and these piercings are done in several operations.

In piercing, the badge may be pulled a little out of shape so it is then "tapped in", which means it is tapped into the die again and brought back to shape. It is still flat and if, like the Sapper badge, it needs "doming", it goes into another machine which gives it a rounded surface. Girls then solder on the shanks or prongs, the badge is dipped

into an acid bath to clean off the tarnish and it is ready.

The buttons start from strip metal in a similar way. Most of the buttons are hollow and consist of a front (or shell), a back and a shank.

The shells are made on power presses from strip metal and then have the design stamped on, in the same way as the badges, except that somewhat lighter hammers are used. They are then cleaned and treated with whatever finish is required.

The backs are also made on power presses and when the shanks are assembled and closed over by girls on hand presses they are ready to be assembled to the shell and closed over, thus completing the button.

All these operations are fairly skilled, but the really clever work is that of the die-sinkers and tool-makers who make the highspeed process possible.

The die-sinkers are sculptors in steel and their job is to cut, with little chisels, the design of a badge in reverse into a block of steel in which the badge-metal will be stamped. Since badge designs are usually complicated and not very big, die-sinking needs an artist's eye and a craftsman's hand. The tool-makers produce from steel, which is hardened by heat treatment, the tools which fit into the presses, so that women, with a quick flick of a lever, can trim the metal accurately or make some of the piercings.

Gaunt's have between 700,000 and 800,000 sets of dies and tools, not all of them for Army badges because they also produce badges for transport companies, sports clubs, regimental and old comrades' associations and similar organisations, as well as medals and other fine metalwork of various kinds.

For officers' badges and the more fancy affairs worn by some Guardsmen, the process is rather different. Trimming and piercing are done by hand, with piercing saws, rather like tiny fretwork saws to look at, and two or three pieces of metal may be mounted together to make one badge. Some of them are enamelled by hand, with a vitreous enamel something like that used on kitchen stoves, and then baked. Many are gilded by hand.

Gaunt's turn out so many badges, buttons and similar articles that they hesitate to try to tell you how many they do in a given period, but during the war they were supplying about 4000 gross — 576,000 — military buttons each week to the Allied services, and "military buttons" does not include things like trouser-buttons. They also supply the Empire and foreign countries in normal times.

The hobby of collecting badges and buttons of the British Army has become very popular throughout the British Isles, the Empire and the United States. There are thousands of keen collectors and the firm have received many requests for various old pattern badges, but in present circumstances are unable to help.

PUPILS IN A CAGE

"Our Father Beechart in heaven, alwed be they name they kindom they will be dun in earth our tis inheven and forgives this day our daly bred and forgives they thesments again us, and lead us not in temtachen but lievers from evil for thine kindom the powyer the glory for ever and dever, Amen."

THAT is a version of the Lord's Prayer written by one of the brighter girl pupils at an Army school in 1858. Obviously it did not matter whether the pupils knew what they were learning, so long as they learned it.

This prayer is quoted in "Adult Education" (Macmillan 15s) a record of education in the British Army, by Major T. H. Hawkins and L. J. F. Brimble. Don't be put off by the title.

Forerunners of the AEC fought a hard fight. When the military chiefs did not discourage education the moralists did. In 1825 a

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

list of 28 books authorised by the Bench of Bishops for the use of sick soldiers included:

Kind Caution for Profane Swearers;
Companion for the Aged;
Discourse on a Death-Bed Repentance.

There is a horrifying description of a school session at the Duke of York's School in 1845. The only furniture in the large classroom consisted of chairs for the serjeant schoolmasters and four iron cages for the punishment of the boys. These cages were built so that the prisoners could not stand upright and they were required in addition to atone for their shortcomings by turning a heavy handle. Spelling, arithmetic, and the Church Catechism were all taught simultaneously. Not even the masters

THE GENERALS PLOTTED

REMEMBER the celebrated word-of-mouth message which started as "Send reinforcements — we're going to advance" and finished as "Send three-and-fourpence — we're going to a dance"?

At an early stage Lieut-General Sir Philip Neame, VC learned the peril of sending verbal messages. As a Sapper subaltern on the Western Front (where he earned his VC in 1914) he sent a word-of-mouth message "The RE are going out to wire. Don't fire." The message which reached the machine-gunners was "Enemy in the wire. Open fire." The machine-gunners acted accordingly.

General Neame tells this story in his autobiography "Playing With Strife" (Harrap 15s). It describes — in a style purged of any emotion — the highlights of his Army career up to his escape with other generals from the Florentian castle where he was imprisoned after his capture in the Western Desert. The account of the successive escape attempts have the fascination of all escape literature.

The generals started their plotting early. As soon as they were captured the author and General Sir Richard O'Connor (now Adjutant-General) worked out a plot to seize control of the aeroplane which was to fly them across the Mediterranean. They persuaded a British pilot, captured with them, to pose as General O'Connor's ADC.

"We spent several hours during our first night in Derna rehearsing an attack on pilot and guards in a confined space like an aeroplane. O'Connor was armed with a revolver, and I with a hammer, both concealed in our clothing; the others had only their bare hands. We aimed at moving like clockwork on a given signal, and had real hopes

of knocking out the guards and persuading the Italian pilot to hand over to our RAF officer."

Unfortunately the generals were whisked away suddenly without ADC's or batmen and the plot collapsed. In any case they found that several German guards stood with tommy-guns at each end of the plane, which flew only 50 feet above the sea all the way.

General Neame tried at one time to teach the Tibetans how to modernise their forces. Anyone who thinks that the issue of ammunition in the British Army is needlessly tied up with restrictions ought to know that, in Tibet, even a handful of rounds may be given out only in the presence of the Prime Minister, the entire Cabinet and both C's-in-C.

The Tibetans laid on a military review for the mission. Says the author:

"The rifle shooting was beneath contempt, but I wormed it out of them that, except for a few rounds the day before, no one had fired for six years."



"The Tibetans laid on a military review..."

knew whether Britain was an island.

How the Army Education Corps was built up from scratch is the theme of the book. In modern times one of the Corps' most controversial innovations was the Army Bureau of Current Affairs, launched in World War Two. There was a good deal of opposition, even though the doctrine that "private soldiers shall be taught to think" had been preached as far back as 1892. The ABCA scheme was attacked, on the one hand, because it encouraged the spread of Socialism and on the other because it was a cunning scheme to buttress the Old Order; it was attacked because it encouraged discussion among people who didn't know what they were talking about, which sometimes included the regimental officer conducting the session (it was, of course, impossible to raise enough experts to supervise every unit discussion).

But ABCA went on, and in the majority of units it provided a highlight in the week's routine. "The Corps knew that ABCA had really arrived when Tommy Handley gave an ABCA talk in an 'Itma' programme; but they were worried when a Hampshire paper reported that a patient 'was admitted to the Royal Portsmouth Hospital suffering from discussion'."

FOR YOUNG JOE

WITH the run-down in strength followed by a general reversion to peacetime procedure, the unit orderly room undergoes a time of trial. Old Charles, the ORQMS of war days who "knew all the answers," is now battling his way in Civvy Street, leaving Young Joe, the junior clerk of a few months service, to step into his shoes.

Sympathy for Young Joe was felt by Major E. J. Smith, one time commander of the RA Clerks' School. His "Orderly Room" (Gale and Polden, 3s 6d) is a successor to his "Artillery Clerk" and is far wider in its scope. It covers all aspects from writing official letters to writing-off official stores. In detail it explains the vast organisation of the Army, that wonderful chain that links Pte. Snooks peeling his potatoes to the CIGS. But is it not an unbroken chain, Major Smith is wise to point out. "For instance, when Pte. Snooks gets only one sock back from the wash he does not go to the CIGS about it."

The author expresses the need for the use of short words in written matters. A long overdue reform. Most soldiers have got overtired of being called "personnel" when they were born to be "men". And why does a soldier "commence" instead of "start" or "proceed" instead of "go"?

This book will be a comfort to the junior administrator who, in the middle of a pile of returns, begins to feel after all that "clerking isn't soldiering".



Badge of the Regiment contains the shields of Lincoln's Inn, Middle Temple, Inner Temple and Gray's Inn. The Benchers first banded themselves together in 1584.

A volunteer unit first raised from London's lawyers after an attempt to assassinate Queen Elizabeth is now reorganising to play a Territorial Army role as Armoured Car Regiment to 56 London Division

A New Life For The

THE Devil looks after his own.

So the saying goes. Certainly if the Devil has any proprietary rights over the Inns of Court Regiment (nicknamed the "Devil's Own") he has taken good care that the regiment should not die out. It went into suspended animation in March, and two months later it was reborn as part of the new Territorial Army.

Today this regiment with a proud lineage — it was formed in Elizabethan times — is facing up to the problems of part time existence as the Armoured Car Regiment to the 56th. London Division.

It was an attempt to assassinate Queen Elizabeth which led



As an armoured car regiment in North-West Europe the Inns of Court Regiment saw exciting action. Picture shows Lieut-Col. R. A. V. Bingley and Lieut-General Sir Brian Horrocks studying the line of advance.

to the formation of the Inns of Court Regiment.

The legal gentlemen of London's Inns of Court deplored that "... the lief of gracious Sovereigne Quene Elizabeth hath been moost trayterously and devilyshly soughte..." and decided to "withstande, offende and pursue, as well by force of armes as by all other meanes of revenge, all manner of persons that shall tend to the harme of her Maties royal person."

From that day onwards the Regiment, under many titles, has been raised and disbanded as the situation demanded.

Not that every attempt at resuscitation was successful. In 1617, King James I addressed a letter to Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, suggesting that "out of the Innes of Court and Chauncery there shall be 600 gent. tolerated and allowed to practise and exercise martiall discipline." The 600 gent. refused to budge from their office desks and the unit was never formed. More successful was Charles I. Foreseeing a struggle with Parliament he wrote to the Benchers of the Inns asking them to call upon their students to exercise themselves in arms and horsemanship. In February, 1633, the "gents" rode before the King armed and equipped.

Charles's fears bore fruit. In December, 1641, when the tension with Parliament grew acute the Inns formed a body-guard at Whitehall. An onlooker at the time wrote: "I never saw the Court so full of gentlemen."

A century later the Inns were asked to defend London against Charles Stuart and in 1780 the Inns themselves were defended by the regiment during the Lord George Gordon riots. Among those who shouldered a musket in the defence of Lincoln's Inn was William Pitt, afterwards Prime Minister.

France had her revolution and Napoleon his wars. The years 1797 to 1802 were lively ones for the Inns of Court. The Inns

themselves assumed the appearance of a barracks and three units were raised — the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court (a battalion of eight companies and two smaller units), the Lincoln's Inn Association and the Temple Association. After the Peace of Amiens they were disbanded but the Colours given to the Temple Association by the infant Princess Charlotte of Wales still hang in the mess. A year later (1803) the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association, the Law Association and the Gray's Inn Rifle Corps were raised. The Law Association commanded by the Hon. Thomas Erskine, later to become Lord Chancellor, paraded in Hyde Park for review by George III. The King took one look at them and named them the "Devil's Own." That title has clung.

Into suspended animation went the regiment until its rebirth in 1859 when many volunteer units came into being. During the Boer War a mounted detachment formed part of the Grey Brigade with the Kensington's, the London Scottish, the Civil Service, the Westminster's and the Artists. To South Africa also went a contingent of 30 mounted infantry, 19 cyclists, and one signaller. Two men received the DCM, two were "mentioned" and the regiment carries "South Africa 1900 1901" as an honour.

When the Territorial Army was born in 1908 the Inns became the 27th. Battalion of the County of London, but King Edward VII decided that a regiment made up of the brains of the legal profession should be used for training officers.

The outbreak of World War One resulted in the Regiment becoming an officer-producing unit for the regular army as well as the TA. By the Armistice 14,500 had joined its ranks, of whom 11,000 had become officers: 2100 officers were killed and 5000 wounded. Twenty per cent received decorations and three won the VC.

In 1932 King George V chang-



This "Red Devil" cap badge worn by officers of the Inns of Court Regiment is in temporary eclipse.

'Devil's Own'

ed the name from Officer Training Corps to Inns of Court Regiment. Two Infantry companies (there was one mounted squadron) were converted to light tanks in 1937, but always the work of finding officers for the TA went on.

Membership was still confined as much as possible to people connected with the legal profession. While there were commissioned officers, the trooper rank and file really held cadet rank and officers, NCO's and men messed together and called one another by their Christian names off duty. Discipline was maintained on the family basis.

When World War Two started the regiment sent its headquarters and its two mechanised squadrons to Sandhurst OCTU and the horsed squadron to the cavalry OCTU at Edinburgh, which however, was disbanded in 1940 when all cavalry became mechanised. The War Office then decided to form an armoured car regiment. In January 1941 training started at Blackdown and many of its early members came from the 13/18 Hussars and similar units.

After taking part in many large-scale exercises with 9 Armoured Division, the Inns of Court joined 1 Corps and on D-Day C Squadron landed in Normandy where it suffered heavy casualties in the fight for the Orne bridges. The rest of the regiment followed a few

days later and later still the Inns joined 11th. Armoured Division. The troops of the 11th. have good cause to remember the men who were continuously in action with them — men who led many of the advances from Caumont to the Seine, were in the lead to Antwerp, and then took them over the Rhine to Kiel Canal. They remember the distinctive green berets and "Devil's Own" badge worn by the officers — a badge which was embroidered on the ceremonial saddle blankets before the war, and which appeared on the buttons in peacetime.

Today the Regiment has been completely reorganised, its Commanding Officer, adjutant and quartermaster and certain regular army instructors coming from the Household Cavalry. As the Armoured Car Regiment to the 56th. London Division, it is equipped with Daimler scout cars and armoured cars.

The green berets and "Devil's Own" badges have gone — although many are anxious that they should return — and the day of the cadet is over. In the headquarters in the calm of Lincoln's Inn a sergeants' mess and men's canteen are being prepared, for up to now there has been only an officers' mess. But much of the family discipline will remain. A volunteer unit which can trace its history back to Elizabethan days must have something of the family spirit about it.

He's Young Enough to Pilot Race Craft, so —

SPEED ACE VOLUNTEERS FOR T.A. AGAIN — AT 62

IN the Summer of 1939, Sir Malcolm Campbell, seated in the cockpit of his speedboat Bluebird, was shattering the peace of the Lake District's Coniston Water to clock a new world water speed record of 141.74 mph.

Two months later he was called up into the Territorial Army's 1st. London Division to start out on his second war, in which he was to serve as a Company Commander in the 8th. Armoured Division, as an experimental officer in Combined Operations HQ, and finally as a Commando officer in the Far East.

Now more than seven years later he is back where he was. He is trying to rejoin the Territorial Army, this time in the newly-forming 16 Airborne Div., and is once more back at Coniston Water. In a new Bluebird, the first boat to be fitted with a turbo-jet aero engine, he is confidently getting ready to break his own water record of 141.74 mph. Sir Malcolm Campbell's age today is 62, repeat 62, and the Territorial Army are a bit worried about that.

But that is Campbell. His life shows that the older he gets the faster he wants to go.

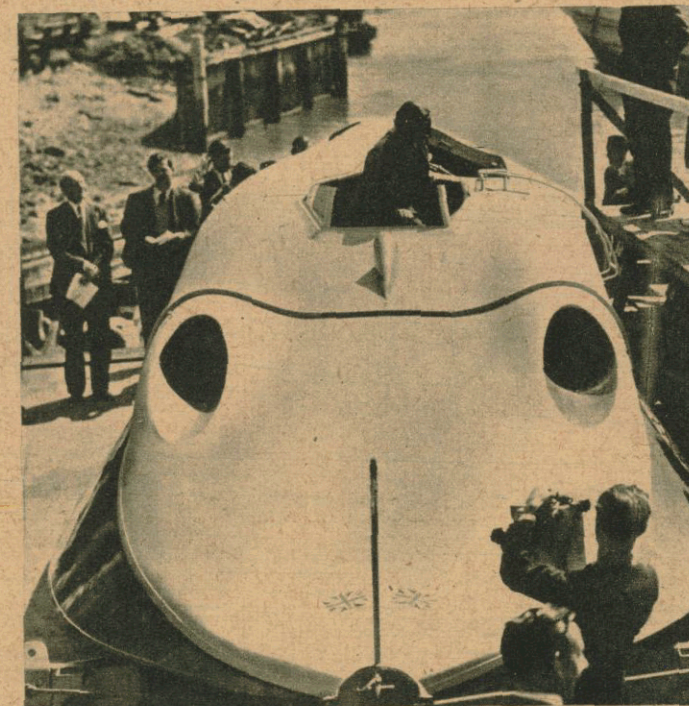
As a boy he was summoned for speeding down a hill at 28 mph. on a bicycle with his hands in his pockets. At 23 he was racing motor-cycles, at 24 building and flying his own plane — and crashing it. Several years later he was doing these jobs in the Army, first a despatch rider in France and later as a pilot in the RFC. But after World War One he really got going. In 1925 he was racing cars at 150 mph., in 1928 at 206 mph., in 1933 at 253 mph., and then finally in 1937 he flashed past the 300 mark to clock 301.1 mph., and to finish his career on racing cars. He had promised his wife to stop car speed attempts once he had reached the 300 miles.

But Campbell couldn't keep away from speed so he turned from racing cars to racing boats, and today at an age when most men are content to steer a lawn-mower, he is still at it.

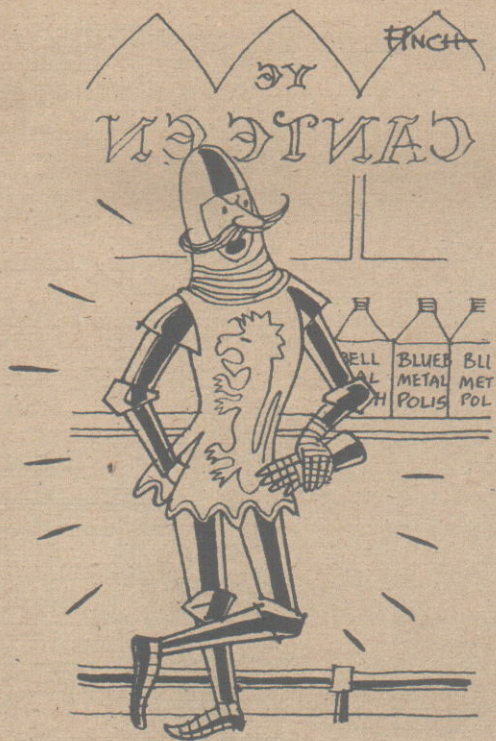
"Why does he do it? 'It's for the joy of achievement,' he says. "There is no greater joy."



Sportsman in khaki: Sir Malcolm Campbell.



Not the kind of vehicle usually favoured by a sexagenarian: the jet-engined Bluebird II photographed at Portchester, Hants.



"Pint o' bitter and a pint o' Bluebell!"

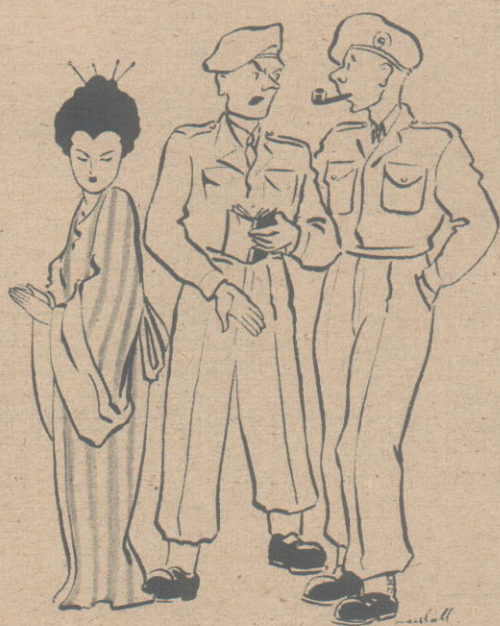
Have you sent in your drawing for this page? All those used will be paid for

SOLDIER

Humour



"Perhaps you didn't know," it says, "that ATS wear blue-and-white striped pyjamas."



"Either this is a rotten language guide or her name's 'Scented aroma of decomposing dishwater'"



"It's the only way I can stop them talking in the ranks, sir."

QUIET PAGE

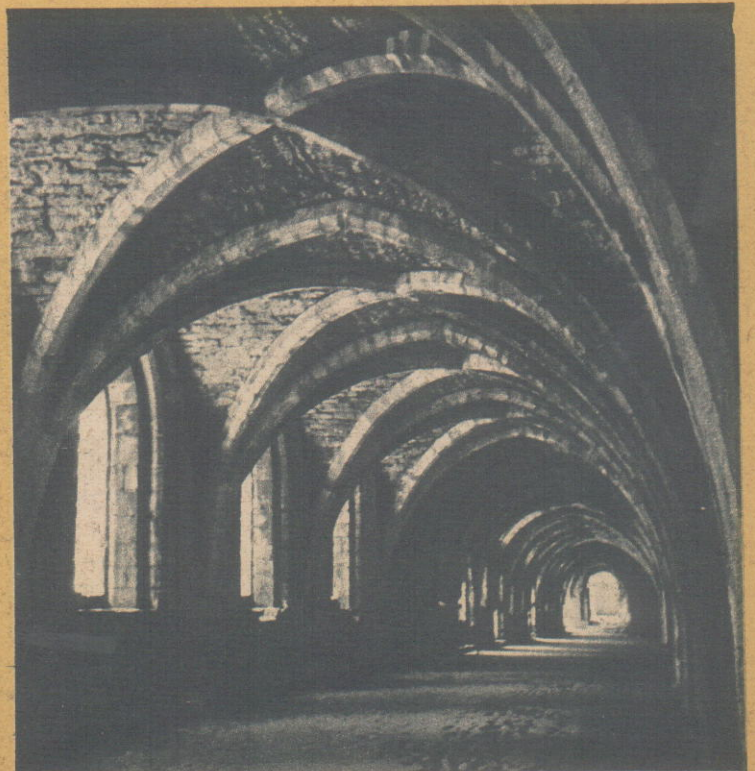


Here is a scene familiar to thousands of British troops: Blankenese, quaintly huddled on a hill overlooking the River Elbe.

And this is a close-up of the Elbe taken also at Blankenese.
(Sgt. W. Johnston)



Underneath the arches... a fine vista from Fountains Abbey.



GLIDING



Above: Airborne over Luneberg Heath. The pilot has still to cast off the tow-rope. Left: Dvr. F. Rowe getting the feel of the controls.



This Baby Gruenau is light enough to be manhandled to the starting-point.



THERE is no sport which can give you as many thrills for five bob a week as gliding, says Herbert Bartauni, the South African ace who is now teaching British troops how to become expert glider pilots.

Before the war Bartauni was Chief Instructor to the South African Gliding Association at Johannesburg. He once flew 302 miles across country.

Now he and his wife Else, also a pioneer glider pilot, are instructing soldiers at 4th Armoured Brigade Gliding Club's airfield just outside Soltau on Luneberg Heath. Already they have helped a dozen pupils to gain their "A" and "B" licences, and this year hope to pass out as many "C" licence fliers and several score in the less advanced grades.

At present there are 100 members, most of whom come from the Hamburg, Celle and Luneberg areas. They include private soldiers, nearly all ranks of NCO and about 30 officers. These pupils are learning one of the most expensive of sports for five shillings a week. Each week they may put in as many hours glid-

ing as they like — if the weather is suitable.

On the enormous airfield (used during the war as a Luftwaffe emergency aerodrome) there are five different types of sail-planes, to suit alike the taste of the high-performance flier and the learner who doesn't know an aileron from a rudder bar; one of the longest and best launching strips in Europe; and a team of German aeronautic mechanics who keep the machines in good order.

The Armoured Brigade are very proud too of their two winches, each driven by Ford V-8 engines, but proudest of the winch-launch of 3700 ft. reached by Bartauni recently in a two-seater plane. They claim this as probably the highest launch ever made and are awaiting its official recognition. Normal launches in England are only 300 ft.

A beginner is first shown the use of the controls while he sits in the pilot's seat. Then he

L/Cpl. Charles Munro is strapped in by a pioneer glider pilot, Mrs. Else Bartauni.



on Victory Heath



handles them himself for a few minutes before the glider is hitched to the back of an old motorcar (which, by the way, looks as though it couldn't pull a wheel-barrow) and pulled up-wind across the field. This accustoms him to what the experts call "the feel of the thing" and is known as a "ground slide." Next stage is the "low hop" with the glider flying some six feet above and behind the car and still attached to it by the steel hawser. Then comes the real thrill of the first winch-launch flight when the plane is pulled upwards some 70 ft. and slowly glides to earth.

"That", says L/Cpl. Charles Munro, of the Royal Scots Greys, who is hoping to take his "C" licence soon, "is when you really begin to glide — when you feel a wonderful sense of elation and excitement which is difficult to describe. We call this the 'high hop'."

After a few more lessons the launching height is increased and the learner is floating in the air for five minutes or more.

But there is much more to real

gliding than this, as Herbert Bartauni will tell you. "British troops learn very quickly. There is always something to learn, however, and always great care and watchfulness required. One of the chief faults is over-correction of instruments, and there is also a very dangerous urge to 'stunt' or do turns near the ground which spell disaster."

"Fortunately" — and here he touched the wooden wing of a Gruenau Baby Glider — "we have had no accidents here. Later when you become more competent you learn how to find thermals, those spirals of hot air that hang over houses and ploughed, sandy fields, and gliding begins to get really interesting. If you're good you can go from one thermal to another and keep flying for hours."

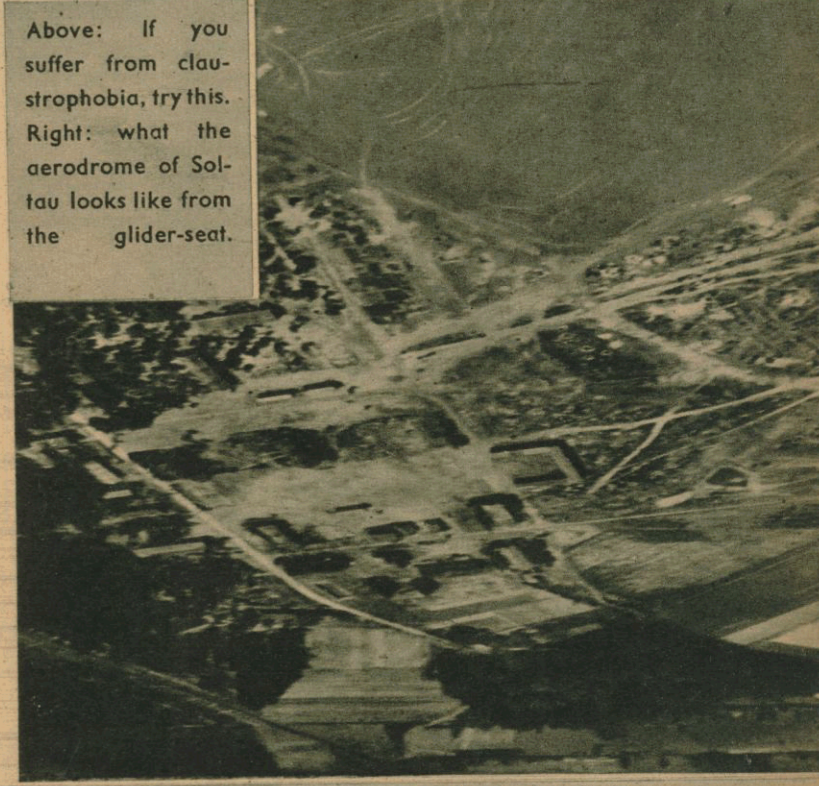
No pupils have got to the thermal-hopping stage yet, but several are well on the way and many more soldiers are taking test flights at half-a-crown a time on Sunday mornings and then joining the club.

ERIC JAMES.

Keeping a wary eye on the in-coming wire which has the glider at the other end of it is Captain Evans who as well as being a first-class hand on the winch is also a qualified instructor on single seat gliders.



Above: If you suffer from claustrophobia, try this. Right: what the aerodrome of Soltau looks like from the glider-seat.

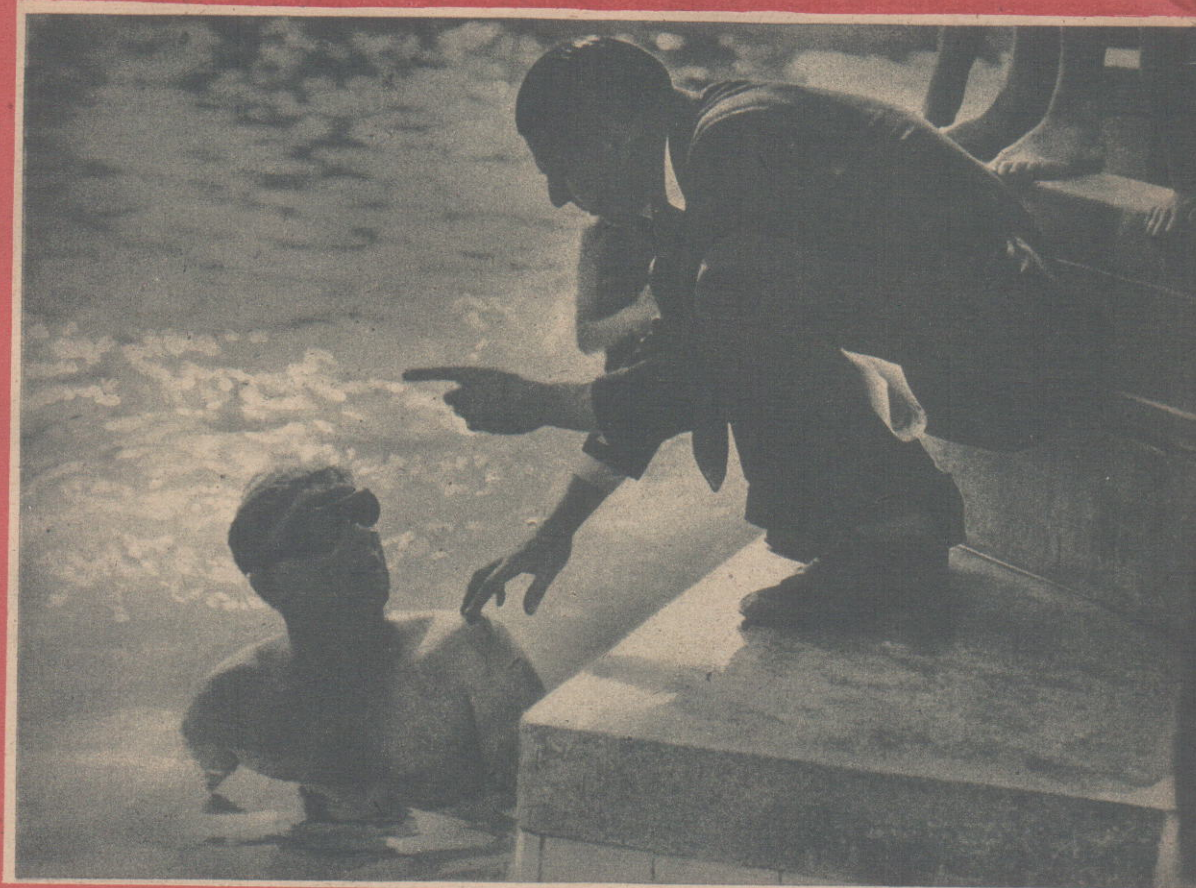


It looks like a RAF type shooting a line — but it's Capt. Norman Vyvyan explaining the art of banking to Sgt. John Reidy, Pte. Victor Brandrick and L/Cpl. Charles Munro.



Swimming's a lot of fun or a lot of hard work. It all depends how ambitious you are.

Right: Tom Blower, the English Channel swimmer from Nottingham, who is out to swim the Irish Channel both ways, recently lost seven pounds in a 16-hour practice swim.



Don't Forget The Diver

LET'S talk about swimming — and swimmers.

Next year — drawn by the Olympic Games — sun-tanned sportsmen and sportswomen from the famous beaches of two hemispheres will show the world what they can do in the less stimulating confines of Wembley Pool.

The chances are that there will be a display of the new "butterfly" stroke in which there is so much current interest. This stroke was being brought to popularity just before the war, mainly by the Japanese. The International Federation has not yet decided whether the "butterfly" shall be allowed, but it has been "legalised."

The stroke which really revolutionised swimming — insofar as you can revolutionise it — was the crawl. I remember way back 20 years ago when I was a member of the biggest swimming club in the world — Hove Shiverers — how our president Carl Wootton impressed on the beginner the necessity of learning the then new method of crawling and how it clearly proved its superiority, especially over distances up to a quarter of a mile when compared with the old-fashioned trudgeon, breast, side, and over-arm strokes.

It was generally known as the

Australian crawl, chiefly because it was early exploited by "Boy" Charlton and the Bondi and Manley Beach Life Guards. But that was a six-beat affair which the Americans of the Johnny Weismuller era developed into an eight-beat. Let me explain that eight-beat means eight waggles of the feet to one stroke of the arms. It eliminated self-made "waves", it necessitated longer under-water breathing, but the sleeker, slicker progression was there for all to see.

In company with England's greatest swimming coach, Ross Eagle, I first met Weismuller of the long, dank hair at a Royal Albert Hall boxing show with his wife, film actress Lupe Velez. "The crawl has speeded up swimming more than anything else," he said. "But it is not the end." Yet we have had to wait all these years for the "butterfly".

At the moment the Amateur Swimming Association are conducting a hard coaching campaign in view of the approach of the Games, but, although they

will not openly admit it, it is my opinion that theirs is a long-term policy. They realise that as hosts they must make a show at Wembley, but they also realise that if British successes are to be gained these will not come until 1952 and then only after experience and hard work. There is no one in England who can show the times being put up in the United States.

Now everybody who swims competitively does not necessarily dash up and down baths in the quickest possible times in order to win canteens of cutlery and eight-day clocks. Some turn to diving; the hefty rugger type favour that most robust of pastimes, water polo; others try to cheat the Southern Railway of boat fares between Calais and Dover. I once went on one of these Cross-Channel jaunts when South African Peggy Duncan succeeded in getting from Cap Griz Nez to St. Margaret's Bay, but my more hallowed memories are of trainers like Wolff, Kellingly and

The tiring part of diving is the climb up to the top diving board, says champion Betty Slade, Britain's leading exponent of the Swallow and the Pike.



Holbein smearing ugly grease on the otherwise comely forms of Gertrude Ederle, Mercedes Gleitze, and Sunny Lowry, and then scraping it off again in the most nonchalant manner. Wolff by feeding Sunny with loaves of bread and mounds of steaks raised her weight from eight-and-a-half stones to nearly twelve in six months.

And now we have a Nottingham chap, one Tom Blower, who is enthusiastic and large enough to attempt to swim from Scotland to Ireland. He is being trained by Ted Temme, the only man to swim the Dover Straits both ways. When I tell you the currents of the North Channel are 50 per cent stronger than at Dover, the sea deeper and colder by many degrees and the distance as the crow flies a mile longer you can see what young Blower has taken on.

A swimmer may spend as many hours a week as an ice skater spends on his figures doing nothing but holding on to the side rail of a bath speeding up his crawl kick. Or if he is a male distance performer then there are endless weary lengths of a deserted bath to be traversed.

But more rigorous and tedious still is the training of a first-class diver. Betty Slade, our pre-eminent exponent of the Swallow and the Pike has told

me that it isn't the short, standing practice dives from the side of the bath with their few steps back out of the water she minds. It is that climb after climb up to the top of the stage to the five-metre board. Pete Desjardins, the greatest of them all, once said that he walked farther in a week's practice than a referee runs during a football match.

Mr. H. E. Fern, Hon. Secretary of the ASA for so many years, tells me that club memberships nowadays are so crowded that weekly "splash" nights are like a Piccadilly Circus traffic jam and local authorities are hard pressed to fit in more than one night a week at indoor baths. The newcomers are not so much interested in competition as in bodily health and that I suppose, should come first.

Just a final anecdote about an experience of mine.

I was walking down the Strand when a man was pointed out to me as a former world champion swimmer. I asked him if he would go to a nearby bath and be photographed for a reminiscence picture. He willingly did so and I was little confused afterwards when I discovered that the man I got into an abbreviated slip was the then Lord Mayor of Melbourne.

ARCHIE QUICK.



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And here, all ready for a plunge into the middle of an English field, is Zena Marshall, the film starlet. We don't know how this picture got into a swimming article, but it's too late to change it now.



Goodbye To BRUSSELS

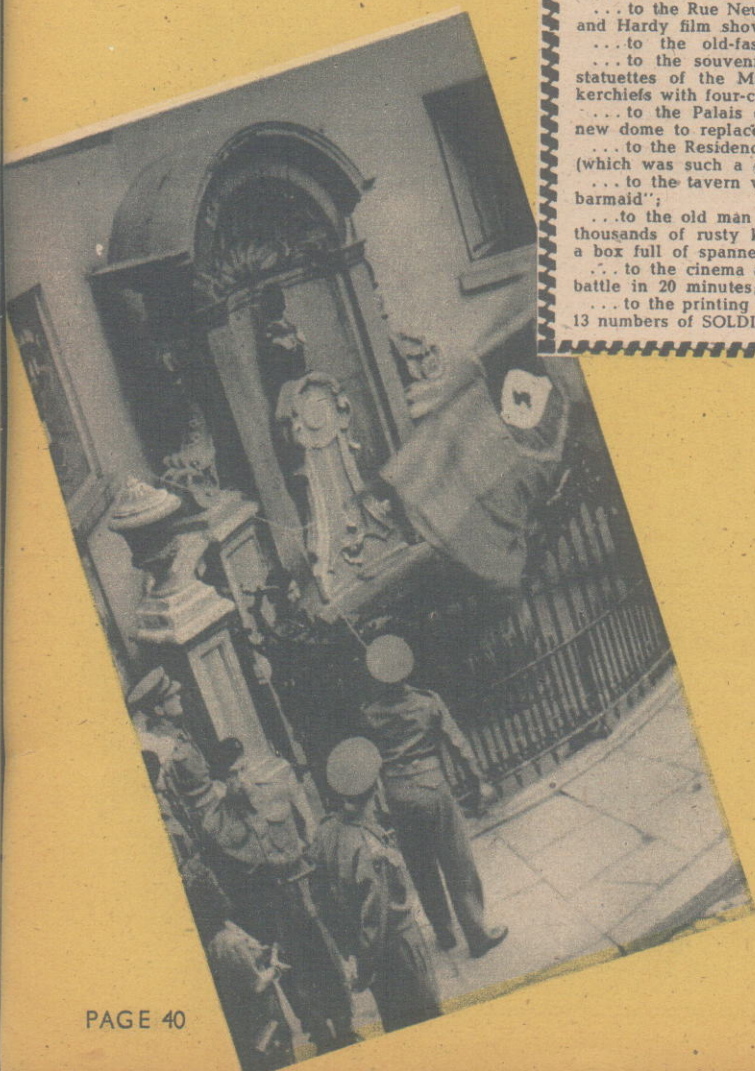
(The BAOR leave centre in Brussels closes down this month).

GOODBYE...

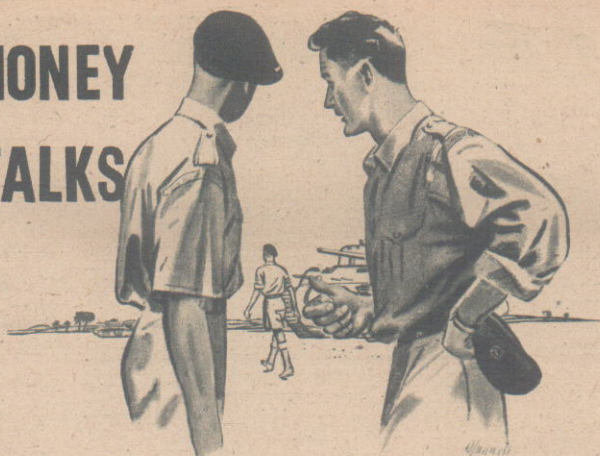
...to the girls who wore ear-rings made of officers' pips, and their five-year-old brothers with the flashes of the Coldstream Guards and Calgary Horse;
...to the Girls in Blue, who were such charming hostesses to the soldier on leave;
...to the hospitable Belgian matrons who invited British soldiers to a Sunday meal of chicken;
...to the conductor of the last tram, who allowed the victorious Allies to ride on the roof;
...to the notice inside the trams urging you to give up your seat to pregnant women;
...to the men who chalked "Vive le roi!" on the walls, and to those who added "d'Angleterre";
...to the 21 Club and the Montgomery Club;
...to the Rue Neuve, where there was always a Laurel and Hardy film showing;
...to the old-fashioned, unsophisticated music-halls;
...to the souvenir shops with their performing brass statuettes of the Mannikin, and the hand-painted handkerchiefs with four-colour views of the Town Hall;
...to the Palais de Justice (and may it soon have a new dome to replace the one the Germans blew off);
...to the Residence, long time the home of 2nd Echelon (which was such a good excuse for a visit to Brussels);
...to the tavern with the sign in the window "English barmaid";
...to the old man who sat on the market cobbles with thousands of rusty keys for sale; to his neighbour with a box full of spanners, tin-openers and crucifixes;
...to the cinema at Waterloo which showed the whole battle in 20 minutes;
...to the printing presses at Anderlecht, where the first 13 numbers of SOLDIER were published.

Remember them? Private Jack Fox, who landed on D-Day was the millionth visitor at the 21 Club, Brussels. His partner was Private Effie Redden, ATS. . . . Below: Guards Division flag flies in front of the famous Mannikin statue, robed in Guards uniform. The Mannikin has many ceremonial suits.

One of the best-known of the Leave Hostels was Victory House. Now Brussels can call her city her own again. Below: The Guards who liberated Brussels march to the square in front of the Palais de Justice to be honoured by the city.



MONEY TALKS



"See that bloke over there?"

"Uh—huh."

"His father's worth a packet."

"What's that make him?"

"Well, it should make him worth a couple of drinks."

"But does it?"

"I don't know. I've often found that people who own a lot of money aren't very free with it."

"Are you having a crack at me, chum?"

"It's the first time I knew you were a man of means."

"You'd be surprised. Owing to an arrangement I made with the Savings Officer, I shall have quite a nice little sum tied up in National Savings Certificates by the time I get Home."

"And what do you call a 'nice little sum'?"

"Rather more than you'll ever be able to lay your hands on, old boy—unless you get weaving on this National Savings idea yourself."

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ALL ATHLETES NEED

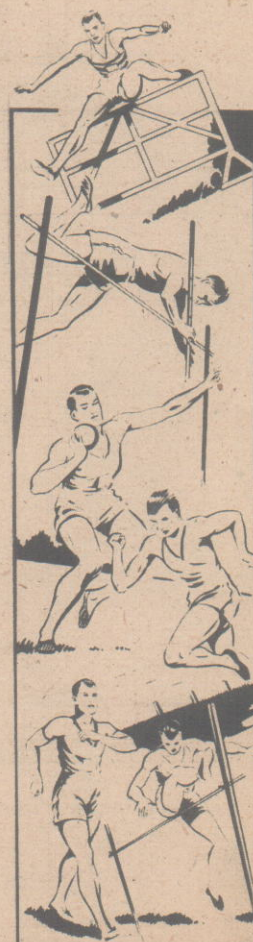
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Wherever
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"I've been around a bit with this outfit. And it's the same in every country — KIWI's the number one polish."

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keeping it soft and supple..."

"Which reminds me. I must get some KIWI in the canteen — my tin's nearly had it..."

KIWI BLACK



KIWI DARK TAN

4d. & 8d. PER TIN

Also obtainable in OX BLOOD, TAN, LIGHT TAN, BROWN Transparent Dressing for Patent Leather & Glace Kid, all colours. Obtainable from Stores & Forces Canteens.

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Cold-infection occurs through the nose, mouth and throat. Safeguard yourself with POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES. Marvellous in cases of

Catarrh, Head Colds, Hay Fever, etc. 1/3d. per tin.

Supplies limited but they are worth trying for.

POTTER'S
Catarrh Pastilles

C.P. 43. F.

POTTER & CLARKE LTD., ARTILLERY LANE, E.1

PAGE 42

NASTY RASH CLEARED

Lady's skin better in less than two days!

THIS woman suffered with painful spots over her face and body too! But now she is overjoyed to have said goodbye to every sign of skin trouble. She tells her own story below:

"I am writing in praise of your wonderful ointment Valderma. I will never again be without a few jars in the house. I had a nasty dirty looking rash over my face and body. I thought I would try a jar of Valderma and believe me, in a day and a half, it cleared my skin and now I am pleased to say my skin is as smooth and soft as a baby's. So I must say thank you for your wonderful ointment."

Mrs. E.B., Eggleton.

Chemists have perfected a new kind of skin balm called Valderma.

Quickly Heals
ECZEMA
DERMATITIS
BOILS RASHES
PIMPLES
AND COMMON SKIN DISEASES

It gives quick results in healing spots, rashes, Eczema, boils and other skin troubles. Hospital tested — Skin Specialists recommend it. White, creamy, non-greasy, Valderma is



Valderma is white and non-greasy. Because it is non-staining and invisible on the skin, it can be applied anywhere, at any time.

pleasant to use. Only Valderma contains the wonder antiseptic POLYCIDIN which makes it deadly to the germs that cause most skin infections.

Try Valderma today for your skin trouble. It soothes and heals quickly. Irritation and itching go. Poisons filter away. Skin becomes clear and healthy often in only a few days. At chemists, 2/-. Double size 3/6d. The large size saves you money.

DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC

Valderma
THE Non-Greasy BALM

(1346)

Day of Prayer: July 6

WHY has the King called the Nation to a Day of National Prayer?

It is because Britain victorious but crippled by her sacrifices, cannot win through unless all classes and individuals work together, seeking no mean personal advantages, and setting the common good first. Only God can place this high standard of conduct in every heart. This is what every British man, woman and child is summoned by the King to ask God to do.

Before the Day of Prayer ask yourself:

Do you keep strictly the Ten

Commandments? And try to discover exactly what God's Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, taught?

Do you give to God the place due to Him, rendering your worship on Sunday and your obedient service in all your occupations?

Do you ask Him daily for help to deal rightly with each task and hour?

A faithful answer to these questions will show everyone what to pray for and the need for prayer. No one who answers them will come to the Day of Prayer self-satisfied or without knowing something in his own conduct which needs amendment.

God has blessed, united and

inspired this Nation before. He will do so again if we ask for His Spirit and help to lead an honest, hardworking, kindly, cheerful and unselfish life which God can approve and use.

Let His Majesty's Army everywhere keep this Day of Prayer with personal sincerity and in corporate strength.

All over the world our soldiers are Ambassadors for Britain. Of what avail is that, unless we be Ambassadors for God, convinced ourselves and convincing others that the Way of Life we follow is His road to the Family of All Mankind?

THE LORDS AND THE SOLDIER

Last month the House of Lords held a long debate on the National Service Bill. Here are pointed excerpts:

"I think a tremendous lot can be done with any young man if you give him 12 months training. But it must be training, and not lounging about in barracks, shifting coal or doing any other duty that other people are not called upon to perform. And he must be sent away from his home. Do not let us have the local MP jumping up and asking why Tommy is not allowed to go to his sister's birthday party.

"There are those who say, 'What is the good of training along pre-war lines? They will be wiped out by atomic bombs, rockets or weapons of that description.' If you get the men formed into units you can always transform them into anti-rocket corps, or anything you like, far quicker than you can train new recruits. It is everything to have a man at hand for a task and ready to do it"...

The Earl of Cork and Orrery (Admiral of the Fleet)

"So long as it (the atomic bomb) is not an accurate weapon, it cannot be used for the purpose of forestalling war. You cannot, for political reasons — apart from strategic reasons — make use of a weapon which kills the just equally with the unjust, for the purpose of forestalling war. The weapon to do that is still the rifle and bayonet, in the hands of a British soldier." — *Lord Bridgeman (former Director-General, Home Guard)*

THE NEW BLUES Have Been Approved

THE new Army dress, known as the Number One, has been approved. It will not have collar and tie. An Army Order on the subject states that the patrol collar with which a white strip collar will be worn has been adopted as smarter and more appropriate for formal occasions than an open-necked jacket.

All units will wear the dress in dark indigo blue except Rifle regiments which will wear "Rifle green" and Light Infantry which will wear a green jacket.

Dark blue berets will be worn except that tank regiments will wear black, airborne maroon, Rifle and Light Infantry "Rifle green" and dark green, and the 11 Hussars brown with crimson band. These berets will replace the khaki beret and will be worn with battle-dress.

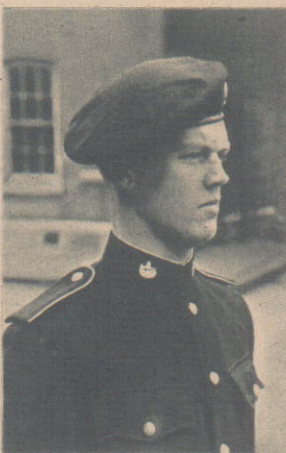
For Highland regiments a Highland jacket of dark piper green will be issued; for Lowland the jacket will be blue except in the case of the Cameronians who will wear green. The London Scottish will wear Hodden grey. Kilts will be worn where traditional. Highland regiments may wear trews but not at public expense. Lowland regiments may wear trews at public expense. The dress for the HLI has yet to be announced. Spurs are to be abolished for all ranks, except in horsed units.

For ceremonial parades a coloured girdle is to be worn. Officers and WO's class I will wear red sashes except in Rifle and Scottish regiments. The men's girdles will be the colour of the arm of the service (Infantry will wear red). If it is decided that swords are not to be worn in future the Sam Browne belt will die out.

Troops will be issued with one suit of Number One and two suits of battledress. The Number One will be maintained from clothing allowance. Battle-dress will continue at present to be treated as public clothing.

The men's greatcoat has not yet been approved but it may be of Atholl grey to conform with the officers'. Service dress for all ranks will eventually disappear except for officers of the rank of colonel and above.

Note: Because of shortage of material it will be some considerable time before soldiers will receive the Number One dress.



"Smarter... for formal occasions"

Answers

(from Page 28)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. BOAC. 2. Tithes (tax of one-tenth of proceeds of land, usually for support of clergy). 3. A stable in which a horse can sleep untied. 4. Libel is a published defamatory statement; slander is spoken defamatory statement. 5. Derby, Oaks, St. Leger, One Thousand Guineas, Two Thousand Guineas, 6. Euthanasia. 7. A storm belt in the Atlantic. 8. Oklahoma. 9. A taxi-driver turned author and broadcaster. 10. Oscar Wilde. 11. Continental distillers import Highland water. 12. Brussels. 13. Pedometer. 14. Head, heart and hand through the years to be. 15. Sir Giles Scott; Sir Christopher Wren. 16 (a) bureaucrat; (b) autocrat; (c) democrat.

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The HELP YOU NEED IS HERE

The best insurance against pain, against upset nerves, feverish colds and the many discomforts and troubles associated with summer weather, is to have 'ASPRO' always on hand. If you are out for the day, tear off a strip containing a few tablets and keep it available in pocket or handbag. 'ASPRO' will help you in so many ways—it loses no time in getting quickly to work. This is so because after ingestion in the system it acts as an analgesic or pain dispeller, an anti-pyretic (fever reducer) and a sedative, bringing sleep to the sleepless; yet it does not create any craving or habit; it does not harm the heart or stomach. In time of emergency 'ASPRO' will come to your rescue, bringing swift relief. You'll prove, as millions have proved, that



'ASPRO'

will not fail you!

MOTHER & DAUGHTER FIND RELIEF

99 Boston Road,
West Croydon, Surrey.

Dear Sirs,
I am pleased to say I still enjoy wonderful good health considering my age. Although I do not suffer with bad headaches myself now, I have a daughter that suffers more or less the same as I used to. But thanks to your 'ASPRO' which we are never without she always finds great relief.

Yours faithfully,
A. L. BYLETT (Mrs.).

SUDDEN CHILLS AFTER EXERCISE

Hundreds of summer colds are picked up by the simple process of standing about and getting chilly after hard exercise. The first consequence of this is usually a sneeze or a fit of the shivers. Don't let things go beyond that stage—take a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets and be on the safe side.

FROM N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks

Ease for Sore Feet.....

Active service conditions have resulted in many interesting letters referring to the great value of Germolene.

Here is the experience of a man back from two years' service in Africa. The letter is dated February 6th, 1945. "For six months I suffered with foot-rot, a very uncomfortable complaint. I thought my feet would never get better, and were going to remain like it all the time. After using Germolene the trouble was completely healed in one month—and healed permanently. I advise every serving man to use this ointment Germolene who suffers the same."

IF YOU HAVE SKIN TROUBLE
THERE'S ALWAYS



Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT

1/4 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax
SOLD EVERYWHERE (incl. N.A.A.F.I.).

LETTERS

FOR UNBELIEVERS

Some months ago I read in different issues of SOLDIER of a German rifle with a curved barrel

that fired round corners without the user exposing himself; also details of a giant German gun that took a whole regiment to man it.

I have tried to convince some of my friends about these two weapons, but they just laugh at me. Will you be kind enough to let a regular reader have the details? — **Ex-Gunner J. G. Jones, (ex 4th. RHA) 2 First Parade, Golf Links Estate, Southall, Middlesex.**



The gun which fired round corners.

★ The German Machine Carbine MP 44 had a curved barrel capable of swinging a bullet through an angle of 32 degrees. This round-the-corner weapon (too late to use against us) had a periscopic sight. An explosive charge forced the bullet up the straight barrel to the curved attachment; ten small holes bored in the curved part allowed the gases to escape and reduced the velocity of the bullet as it rotated through the remainder of the barrel. Ministry of Supply tests proved this carbine effective at short ranges up to 100 yards. (SOLDIER 7 July, 1945).

The Germans built two guns, "Schwere Gustav" One and Two, each weighing 1500 tons and of 31-inch calibre. The shells weighed seven-and-a-half tons and the range was 28 miles. Each gun was commanded by a major-general and served by 1500 men. They were used in the battles of Sevastopol and Stalingrad. (SOLDIER 16 February, 1946).

LOUDEST VOICE?

In SOLDIER May, 1947 you say that "RSM. A. J. Brand reputedly has the most powerful voice in the Army." I must point out, with all due respect to RSM. Brand, MBE, whom I have also seen and heard, that 161 RMC OCTU was for a considerable period most ably served by one RSM. Brittan, Coldstream Guards, known as "Great Brittan", the largest and most powerfully voiced RSM I have ever heard. I think most of the cadets of the period December 1943 to April 1944 will support me. — **Capt. T. A. Sutton, S. Lancs. Regt.**

VOLKSWAGEN

I understand the Volkswagen can be bought by a soldier in BAOR for £160 and taken to England when he leaves Germany. What about duty, tax and transportation? Do any firms in England undertake the sale of spare parts? — **"Curious", BAOR.**

★ A member of the Occupation forces can buy a car for £160 provided he has 12 months to serve in Germany,

and he must not resell unless posted away, and then only to another member of the Forces. He can export the car provided he is not remaining in Germany and can sell it outside Germany if he is not returning. (See CCG Prov. Adm. Instructions, 16 December 1946).

Import duty at the end of 12 months will be 33 1/3 per cent of the purchase price with a purchase tax of 33 1/3 per cent. We know of no English firms likely to carry spares.

HE KNOWS HOW

There have been many letters in SOLDIER on getting motor cycles to BAOR. I have mine with me so I pass on the gen.

First I contacted Messrs. Hogg, Robinson and Capel Cure of London. They shipped the machine which was handed in at Tilbury Docks and delivered at Hamburg four days later. I already had my Commanding Officer's permission. Next I arranged third party insurance, not to cover Germans or ex-German nationals, from the Britannic Insurance Co. When the machine arrived I went to the regional headquarters, mine being at Dusseldorf, and contacted Highways and Highway Transport who, on examining my English log book and third party insurance (this must cover BAOR), gave me a licence and log book for BAOR.

With these I was able to get petrol coupons from the nearest field cashier. I am now enjoying touring on my machine.

If any reader has difficulties he can write to me and I will do what I can to help. — **SQMS. D. Millett, 5 RTR, BAOR.**

★ Information on importation of cars has been promulgated in GRO 3242/47 and it is understood that this will now include motor cycles.

Cars may be purchased through Army channels, but as only a very limited number are available they are sold only to deserving cases and not to individuals for pleasure purposes. The question of the purchase of surplus WD motor cycles is under consideration and details will be announced soon.

CAMERAS

For some months I have been trying to buy a camera through Unit welfare but the allocation is so small that there is little chance of getting one before I am demobbed. Are there any other methods of buying one? — **L/Cpl. N. Board, No. 1 Eng. Trg. Est., BAOR.**

★ Those unable to obtain articles in a unit ballot or from a NAAFI gift shop may now apply to their local NAAFI manager who will do his best to supply the item.

OVERSEAS LEAVE

Soldiers released since the release scheme came into operation are entitled to a day's leave, with full pay and allowances, for each month of service spent overseas. However, this apparently does not apply to the pre-war regular who continues to serve, even though all, or most, of his war service may have been spent abroad. — **"Java."**

If I had gone out with Group 27 I would have received one day's pay and allowances for every month overseas. I now understand that, having signed on as a regular, I have lost this benefit. The explanation offered is that overseas leave is added to release leave and if you were not in a position to take that leave

you must forfeit the benefit. It would appear that a person is somewhat penalised for signing on, and that the inducement is for a man to take his release and then come back if he feels like it. — **Sgt. E. W. Barnard, Command Pay Office, Gibraltar.**

★ The regular released during the life of the present release scheme (which cannot go on for ever) receives the same benefits as anyone else. The position of the regular who completes his service after that time, and who has overseas service since 1939, is the subject of discussion at the War Office.

It is true that the man who is released and then re-enlists gets 56 days leave plus overseas leave, while the most a man who re-engages can get is 28 days SEWLRM and 28 days REN-LEAVE (though the former may lose rank when he rejoins). The object of overseas leave is to give a man who has been abroad for most of his service extra time to establish himself in Civvy Street, compared with the home-service soldier whose resettlement is not the same problem.

THE RIFLEMAN

I am a regular who, on completing seven years, deferred release for two years. In January my battalion in the KRRC was disbanded and I was posted to a non-Infantry unit where I have been waiting about.

I have tried repeatedly to get back to my regiment where I want to continue my interrupted Army career. I am a qualified regimental instructor in weapons and commanded a section of carriers in Africa and Europe. Lately I have had the feeling that I shall never get back and that I must leave the Army when my release comes through—in eight weeks time. “**Hopeful**”.

★ With battalions going into suspended animation the Infantry soldier who finds himself in a non-Infantry unit is bound to feel disappointment, but while the present emergency lasts no individual applications for transfer are allowed. When the emergency ends, however, regular soldiers transferred from their original regiments can claim re-transfer back under the Armed Forces Act. (See ACI 626/39).

GIRLS IN UNIFORM

Speaking as a man, I would say that Lord Mancroft's description of the ATS uniform as a “humiliating mixture of sackcloth and sandbag” is unfair (SOLDIER, May). Many ATS look very smart in their uniforms; but everything



“... fattening food...”

depends on their figures. So many of them (I never knew why!) are short and dumpy, and so few of them make any serious effort to carry themselves properly. They stuff themselves with fattening food and put bulky objects in just those pockets which a sensible girl would leave empty.

Now, if all ATS looked like the girl in Earnshaw's drawing... — **Sgt. W. Richardson (ex-gunsite).**

ATS IN NIGGER?

I read your article on the new ATS uniform. I enclose a few ideas:

TUNIC: Nigger brown, fitted.

SKIRT: Nigger brown, box-pleat, back and front.

SHIRT: Same design, in cream colour.

TIE: Nigger brown.

CAP: Nigger brown, with beret for overseas.

SHOES: Same design and colour.

STOCKINGS: A shade to match the uniform, but not nigger brown, in fine lisle with silk for summer wear.

— “**Great Expectations**”, Independent ATS Coy, 2nd Echelon, BAOR

★ Sketch enclosed shows tailored and well-pleated tunic, with small breast pockets and smaller side pockets worn to front instead of at side.

OVERDUE SUIT

I was released on 31 July last year. When I arrived at Woking there was not a suit to fit me. The man who took my measurements said a suit would be sent along in three months. I have written to the depot and to RE Records but have received neither reply nor suit—and nearly a year has gone by. I feel something should be done about it, don't you? — **Ex-Spr. J. Deacon, HQ, NAAFI, BAOR.**

★ Our advice: Write to DADOS, Ordnance 17, War Office, Whitehall, SW1, giving full particulars.

THE FIRST BRIDGE

Can you settle a very heated argument going on in our ward?

Firstly: Which divisional engineers built the first train-bearing bridge over the Rhine, and where?

Secondly: Roughly how many Pioneers and RE helped to build it?

Thirdly: How soon after the Rhine crossing was this bridge started?

Fourthly: How many lost their lives in the building? Could you please state the figures for RE, Pioneers, RASC and other units? Thanking you. — **L/Cpl. R. Walker, Room 2, No. 4 (Diphtheria) Ward, 121st. British General Hospital.**

★ In order to reduce the high temperatures in Ward 4, here is all the information we can unearth:

(1) The first British train-bearing bridge over the Rhine was built at Spyck by RE Transportation Troops.

(2) About 1200 Pioneers and 2000 Sappers took part.

(3) Work started on 7 April 1945 and the bridge was opened for traffic on 9 May 1945. (The Rhine was crossed by the British on the night of 23 March 1945.)

(4) Sorry, we just can't find the answer to this one.

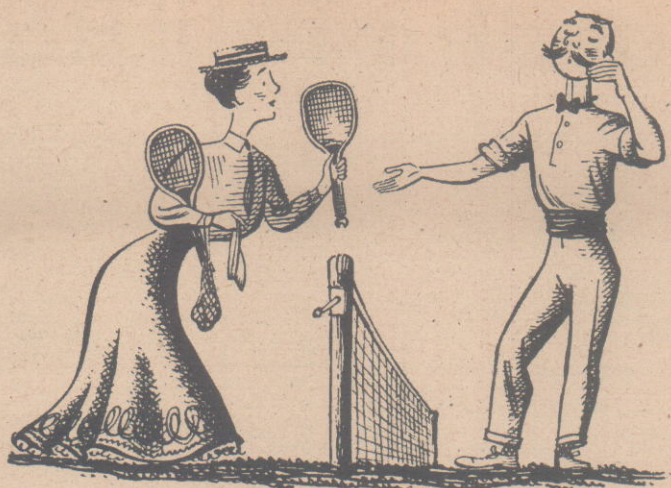
OLD FILMS?

Serjeant A. Sagar cribs about the price of entertainment in BAOR and the fact that pictures are old (SOLDIER, May). The other day one of us received a letter from home where the family were anxiously awaiting the arrival of “King Kong” at Ramsgate.

Does Sgt. Sagar expect anything earlier than “Great Expectations” or “Suspense”, which are now being shown in BAOR before many at home have seen them?

Incidentally to our knowledge the prices in cinemas out here are 9d., 1s. 3d. and 2s. Is he forced to go into the 2s seats? — **Sjts. Mess, 37 Sub District, AKC.**

(More Letters on Page 46)



Come, hand me my eyeshade and racquets...

Now partner, keep out of my way

If you want to see how they play tennis

Down Wimbledon way.

You ask how I manage those smashes?

That service that no-one can play?

I've a secret that gives me advantage...

A Guinness a day.

There's nothing like a Guinness
except another Guinness



G.E.1340.L

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MORE LETTERS

MATCH BOXES TO INDIA

My hobby is collecting the tops of match-boxes. I have more than 500 from all over the world. I wonder if you would ask your readers to help on the collection by sending match box tops to me. I would be very grateful. — **14870215 Pte. H. Prodrick, RAMC, CMH, Secunderabad, India Command.**

SWEETS

I was interested in your reply to Pte. John Granger's letter on sweets (SOLDIER April). I fail to see how soldiers purchasing from civilian sources would disrupt the supplies for civilians. Surely the problem is solved by diverting supplies from NAAFI?

Your reply gives the impression that the soldier receives a better ration than the civilian. Personally I would prefer to buy from a civilian shop. The NAAFI ration usually consists of 75 per cent of little-known brands of chocolates or sweets. I know because I live in a civilian billet where the other occupants have civilian sweet ration cards, and as a result get a much better sweet ration. One is forced to the conclusion that the soldier's purchasing power is limited to NAAFI in order that this institute can be kept in being. — **S/Sgt. R.J. Bottomley, Army Pay Office, Manchester.**

LEAVE IN USA

I have no relatives now in England and intend eventually to live with my mother in America. Can I go to USA on my privilege leave from BAOR, and if so can I take leave in one period of 38 days instead of the usual two periods of 19 days? — **Pte. Frankel, 4 Trg. Bde., RASC.**

★ Permission to go to the USA and take your privilege leave in one 38-day furlough rests with your Command and your unit, and you should apply through your OC to HQ BAOR. You would have to pay your own fare and make your own travel arrangements which at the moment are difficult and expensive. It is not likely that permission to travel would be given unless you could guarantee your return to your unit at the end of your leave.

WAR LEAVE

Am I entitled to end-of-war leave? I joined on 25 January 1945 for seven years with the Colours. — **Pte. B. Walsh, Black Watch, att. 6th (H) Bde. Sigs.**

★ No. You must have served for 12 months with the Colours by VJ-Day to be eligible.

GROUP 75

How is Group 75 affected when general demobilisation begins in the latter part of 1948? Some of the men in this unit say that this Group goes out then. If it does not, can you say when it will be? — **"Curious."**

★ Sorry, but we know no more than you do. We do know Group 58 comes out between 13 and 30 September 1947 and that it is hoped to have part of 61 out by the end of this year.

TO MINES? NO

Can I be released from the Army to work in the coal mines? I have never worked in the mines before. I am a regular soldier and have served two years of my seven with the Colours. — **Gnr. W. Jones, 29 Field Regt., RA.**

★ No. You must have at least six months previous experience in the mines before you can apply for a release.

HIS PET

It's the old problem of exporting pets to Britain. I have had an Alsatian puppy since it was two weeks old. I applied through the usual channels, but was told the Army scheme has fallen through. Can you help me? — **Pte. F. Wilkinson, 1st. Black Watch, BAOR.**



"I would prefer to buy from a civilian shop."

★ You may send your dog home by one of the two following methods:

(1) Contact Messrs. Hogg, Robinson and Capel Cure Ltd., official Ministry of Transport shipping agents, Hamburg, who will advise you on the regulations that apply in Germany. You will then have to make contact with an agent in Britain who can arrange for you to be given an import licence and book the six months' quarantine in kennels in Britain. You will have to provide a box for the dog and five days' rations. Shipping cost: £3.

(2) It has been agreed that a certain number of vacancies for animals to be sent home should be allotted to corps. The Service scheme to import dogs into UK will recommence in the near future when quarantine accommodation is available.

BIG BROTHER

My elder brother is serving in MELF while I am in BAOR. Is it possible for him to claim me? If not, can I get a transfer to MELF? — **Gnr. W. Hardman, 76th Field Regiment RA(WF).**

★ Transfer cannot be granted if the units in which the brothers are serving are in different theatres, or the elder brother is in a technical unit for which the younger brother is not qualified. You can, however, ask your CO if you can be posted to MELF. You cannot ask for a transfer: transfer means moving from a unit of one arm to a unit of another. Posting means moving to another unit of the same arm—in your case an artillery unit. Such a posting would depend on whether you can be spared, or whether there is a vacancy for you.

NO STARS

In SOLDIER for April you make the incorrect statement "... you get British campaign stars to prove you have been overseas."

In 1941, after much volunteering, I got an overseas posting, and found to my disgust that I ended up in Gambia. On 6 June 1944 I embarked for home. Owing to courses and illness I could not get out of England again until November 1945.

For three years in West Africa and 100 days on the Atlantic all I get to

prove my overseas service during the war is the Defence Medal, which I could have got by staying in England. — **"Fly Basher".**

★ This is an old complaint, and still a sore one. West Africa was not the only overseas theatre in which the Defence Medal was the sole reward of service. A man who served in Gambia—or Bagdad, or the Falkland Isles—may well feel that he is as much entitled to a special ribbon as, say, a soldier who earned the Africa Star for service in Cairo. But these inequalities are almost impossible to avoid without issuing a multiplicity of medals.

GERMANS TO BRITAIN

Can I bring a little German girl of 12 to Scotland for a holiday? I would like to return the goodness shown to me by a German family when I was stationed there for 18 months. — **Ex-Sapper J. Roberts, Lanarkshire.**

Is there a scheme whereby a German civilian can spend a holiday in England providing a responsible person will pay the fares and share his rations? — **Cpl. J. Root, War Crimes Group, (NWE).**

★ (1) The Passport Control Officer says he cannot issue a visa for this type of case. Any change in policy would have to come from the Home Office.

(2) No. The Home Office state that the only Germans allowed into Britain at the moment are those on official business, fiancées coming for marriage, and special compassionate cases.

DANZIG MIX UP

My fiancée was born in Danzig where she lived until she fled from the Russians in May 1945 and is at present residing in Lübeck.

I have completed all the necessary forms for marriage and would like to know whether she is classed as stateless or as a German national? — **Cpl. G.J. Thurston, 54 RHU.**

★ When the Germans invaded Danzig in September 1939 they proclaimed sovereignty over this state. A Foreign Office official says that this sovereignty the Allies have never recognised, so that in point of law a Danziger is still a Danziger and will remain so until the future of Danzig is decided in a peace treaty. At present Danzig is administered by Poland under the terms of the Potsdam Agreement.

A CCG official says that Danzigers of German origin who are now living in Germany take on the nationality of their parents and administratively are not regarded as Danzigers. Your fiancée is not classed as stateless. For marriage purposes it will not matter whether she is classed as a Danziger or a German national, the procedure will be the same.

FRIENDS FROM BELGIUM

I have invited four friends from Belgium to spend a camping holiday with me in England in August. Is there any regulation against this? Can they bring food with them to supplement English rations? If so, are there any stipulations as to what they can bring? — **WO. 1 R. Willis, Education Centre, HQ, BAOR.**

★ We know of no regulations preventing them coming. The Ministry of Food say they must not bring more than 25 lbs. of food each and not more than 5 lbs. of any one commodity.

ALIVE IN MALTA

In contradiction of a statement in your May issue I would like to point out that all Commando units are not broken up. At present there is a complete

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brigade of Commandos in Malta and although it is the Royal Marine Commando Brigade there are still a few Army Commandos attached.

The green beret is still worn by this formation, but on being drafted to Britain a man is issued with the headgear and badge of his parent unit.

The only ranks who are allowed to wear the green beret in UK are men on leave from this Brigade. — **"Green Beret", HQ 3 Commando Bde, Malta.**

NO BOMB

When a soldier has served in "Bomb Disposal" for 18 months, can he still wear the bomb on his arm when he joins another unit? — **"Bomb Happy RE's", 557 Field Coy. RE.**

★ No. The badge may be worn only when a man is on bomb disposal operations.

STEN GUN INVENTOR

Can you tell me who invented the Sten gun and where? — **Pte. W. A. Hall, Worcs. Regt., 5 Div.**

★ The Sten was designed in England by a team from the Armament Design Department of the Ministry of Supply. Its design was evolved from an already existing pattern of a German machine carbine.

RE HAVE MORE

How many flames are there on an RE grenade and how many on an RA? — **Spr. J. Gates, 565 Field Sqdn RE, BAOR.**

★ The RE have two more than the RA who have seven

DEFERMENT COUNTS

I have finished my regular service and have deferred until General Demobilisation. Will my deferred service count towards pension if I complete 21 or 22 years service? — **Gnr. J. Sealing, RA.**

★ Yes.

ANY ADVANCE ON 28?

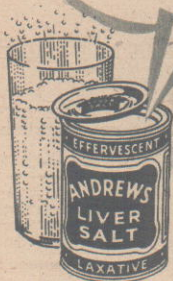
There has been rivalry in SOLDIER over who has served longest with one battalion.

I have served with 2nd. Bn. South Staffordshire Regiment continuously since 1 April 1919—28 years. Before that I was 21 months with the 3rd. Bn. (QO) Royal West Kents and 21 months with 8th. (Irish) Bn. King's Liverpool Regt. — **Captain R. Davies, MBE, 2nd. South Staffs.**

★ Captain Davies is comfortably in the lead. Highest previous longest-with-one-battalion claim was by Capt. C. W. Smart (SOLDIER, April).

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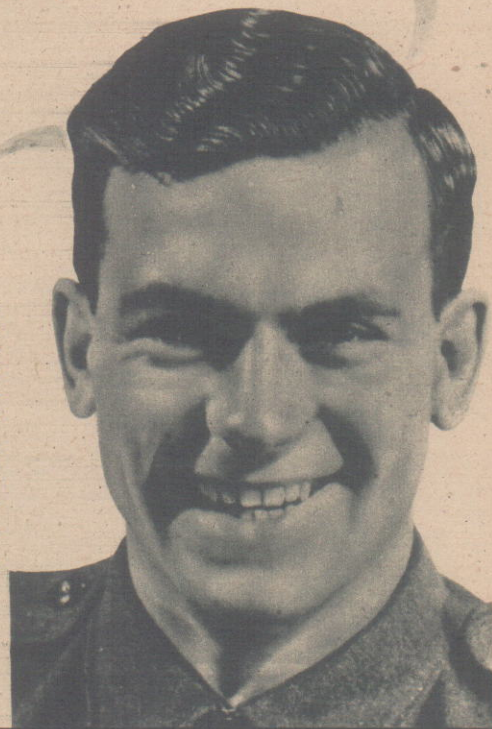
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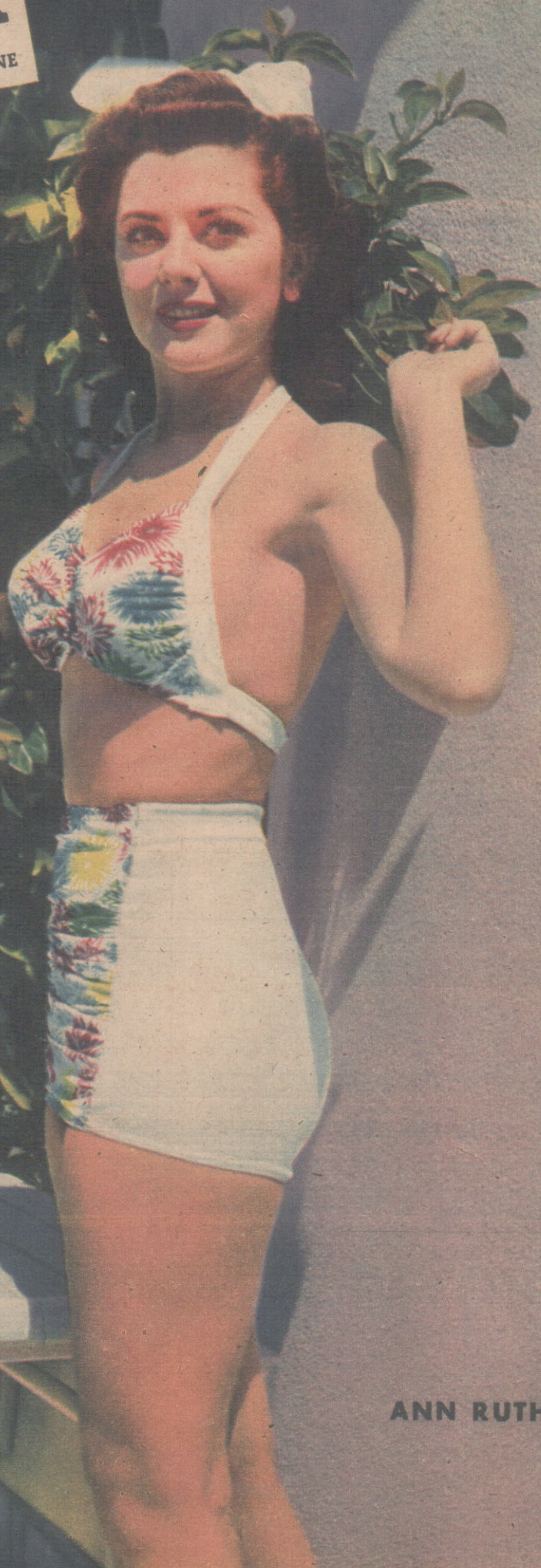
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