

SOLDIER

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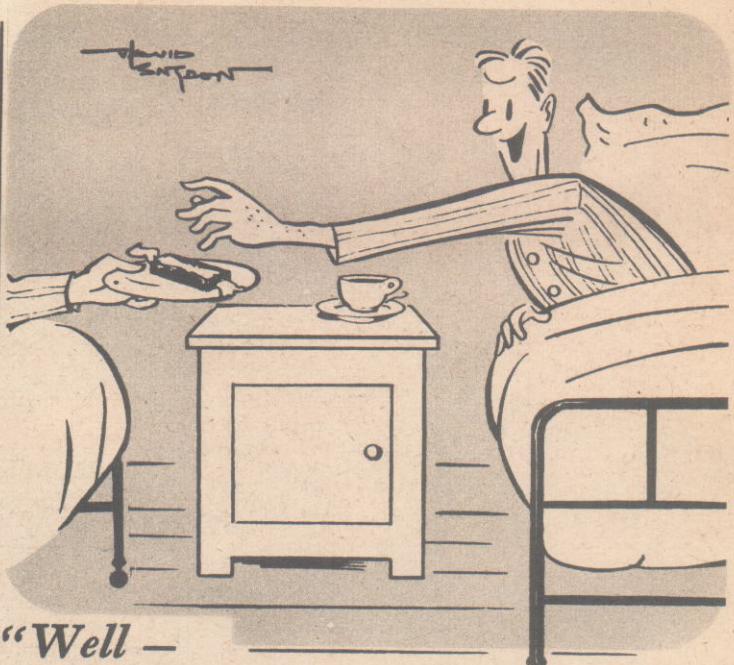
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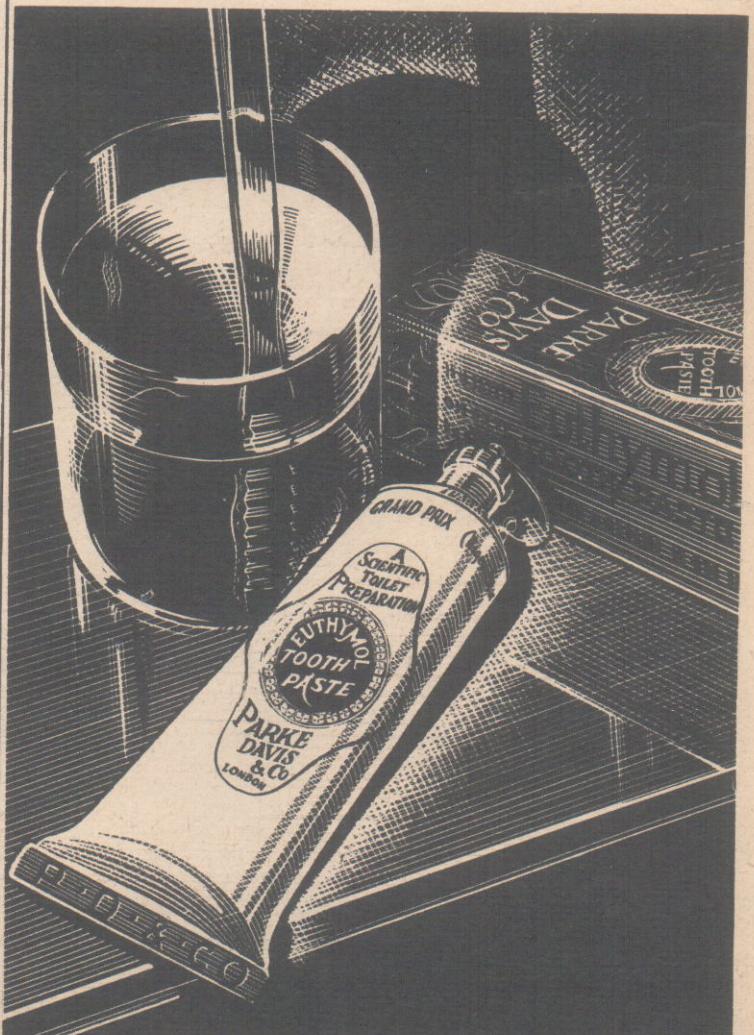
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What makes a good driver? Where can his vehicle best be used? How should it be looked after? They produce all the answers —



The badge of the Army Mechanical Transport School.

AT THE SIGN OF THE STEERING WHEEL

THE armoured car started sedately enough down the rough slope which, a notice proclaimed, was one in 2-3. Then it gathered speed, the rear wheels locked and it swayed and slid with abandon. At the bottom of the slope its right wheels ran off the track and it tilted alarmingly — though in fact the tilt was not so dangerous as it looked.

"And there," said a loudspeaker mounted on a 15-hundred-weight truck, "you see what happens if you don't keep the wheels turning. The vehicle takes control. Of course, that was not a very experienced driver. Now you will see how it should be done."

As another armoured car, of a different type, made a model descent of the same slope, the group of spectators, most of whom were lieutenant-colonels, majors and sergeants, stamped their feet and swung their arms. It was cold on Longmoor.

The spectators were students on courses at the Army Mechanical Transport School where driving instructors and mechanical transport officers and NCO's are trained. The lieutenant-colonels and majors were on a special course for commanding officers and seconds-in-command. For a week they had been learning how best to organise the driver training in their units, how to supervise maintenance and inspect vehicles, and all about the 54 forms used for transport accounting — in fact everything which could help them to keep their units mobile.

One of the commanding officers reported that just before going on the course he had heard, through the open door of his adjutant's office, one of his officers ask, "Where's the old man going?" and the adjutant answer, "The old man's going Cuckoo." Investigation revealed that the adjutant was using one of the latest (unofficial) sets of initials, CuCCO — standing for Cushy Courses for Commanding Officers.

But this had not been a cushy course. They had listened to lectures and watched demonstrations, and they had crawled over and under vehicles and driven across country. The demonstration on the cold heath was one of the course's easier moments.

As they stood on a hill-top and watched, the first armoured car failed twice to get up a hill; the second one made it the first time. To the left, a Matador, towing a 5.5 inch gun, came to a stop at the foot of a hill called Flagstaff. The gradient to the top was one in two, and at the steepest, one in 1.8. Not even the lowest gear could get the vehicle and tow up the hill in the normal way. So the crew carried a ground anchor (a metal device which is "nailed" to the ground) up to the top, and the Matador winched itself up; then, in turn, it winched up the gun. If it had been a well-attended public demonstration, there would have been a round of clapping at this stage.

A high spot of the demonstration for the officers was a trip round the demonstration course in the Kraus Maffei, a three-quarter-track German gun-towing vehicle which the School keeps as a museum piece. It made no fuss about lifting its 12 tons and 15 or 16 passengers up Flagstaff Hill.

Before the morning was over, the spectators went on to another demonstration ground where they saw what carriers can cross and climb and how to get a bogged carrier out of trouble with the help of others.

Demonstrations are never twice the same. The surface of the demon-

"I am turning right." The School lays down that learners shall master the Highway Code before they hit the highway.



OVER

PAGE 5



A Matador winches itself up a gradient of one in two (left) to its ground anchor (above). Once at the top, it will winch up the gun it was towing.

AT THE SIGN OF THE STEERING WHEEL (Continued)



"We are going along a straight road. There is not much traffic about. But I think that is a hazard ahead..." Road signs flash on to the screen of this trainer.

stration ground changes as vehicles wear it away; the weather alters it from day to day. Sometimes vehicles will baulk at the bottom of hills they have often climbed nimbly before. Over the toughest kind of ground, a cross-section of the School's 86 vehicles, expertly maintained and expertly driven, give their best performances. And the moral is that every unit can get the same service from its vehicles, if it handles them properly.

But the demonstration misses one of the most important things which the School's pupils have to go away and teach to learner drivers: road sense.

"In our system of training," says the School Commandant, Colonel R. E. L. Tuckey, "the learner is taught right from the start that mechanical skill is secondary in importance to driving with safety — safety to himself and safety to others. He is introduced to the Highway Code immediately, and the need to acquire road sense is impressed upon him all through his training."

The School's training method has been evolved after two years of studying every kind of driving instruction, including that of the police squad car drivers. It is intended to produce large numbers of safe, efficient drivers in the shortest time. One of its features is that the trainee learns only one thing at a time, which is why he is taught the controls on a static trainer, and then on a vehicle confined to a barrack square or open space where he cannot harm others. The whole system is embodied in a new Army manual for training in driving and maintenance — the first since 1937.

The system is made as lively as possible, and one of the most interesting places at Bordon is the driving instruction model room. Here, when you open a cupboard marked "The Cause of All the Accidents," you look into a mirror. When you press one of four buttons, to give an answer to a question on the Highway Code, a machine will either flash a red light if you are right, or make a rude noise if you are wrong. There is a road model with toy vehicles and just about all the hazards a driver is likely to meet.

There is also an elaborate trainer built round a cockpit like that of a single-seater car, which tests the speeds of a driver's reactions to road hazards. Flashing lights indicate the course he must follow; a whirring motor and a speedometer tell him how fast he is going; road signs of various sorts appear on a screen in front of him. And the instructor gives him a commentary on his journey with the help of a microphone and loudspeaker. Another machine has three screens showing working parts of a three-tonner. Gramophone records explain how they work and are maintained, and each part lights up as the loudspeaker talks about it. These trainers are not for general issue to units which train drivers. They are there for the School to try out, and they can help the learner-instructors.

The School runs an eight-week course for unit mechanical transport officers and sergeants; courses varying from one to four weeks for driver instructors on "B" vehicles, carriers, medium artillery tractors and motor-cycles in both Regular and Territorial



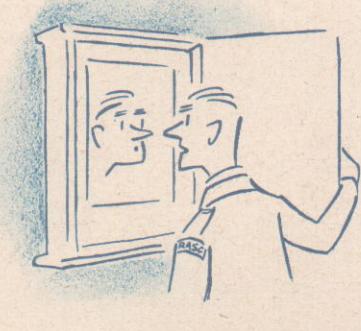
A trick for special occasions. The track is suspected of being mined, but the driver is in a hurry. So he sets his carrier in low gear and walks behind. Steep banks will keep the carrier from straying.

units; and a fortnight's course in unit mechanical transport accounting, for clerks. In 1950, its output of students was 290 officers and 1590 men.

When the School was formed in 1946 from the old Royal Artillery transport school at Rhyl and from the Infantry driving and maintenance school at Keswick, it was given a charter which made it a university of wheeled "B" vehicles and carriers. The School studies the Army's needs in mechanical transport and how they can best be met. It studies the vehicles the Army receives and directs how they shall be used. (Water-proofing is one of its subjects and in 1949 the School "treated" fire tenders for rescue work in a Thames flood area.)

The School spreads its doctrine by manuals and training films as well as courses, and sends a travelling instruction team to help units with transport problems (it has just visited West Africa).

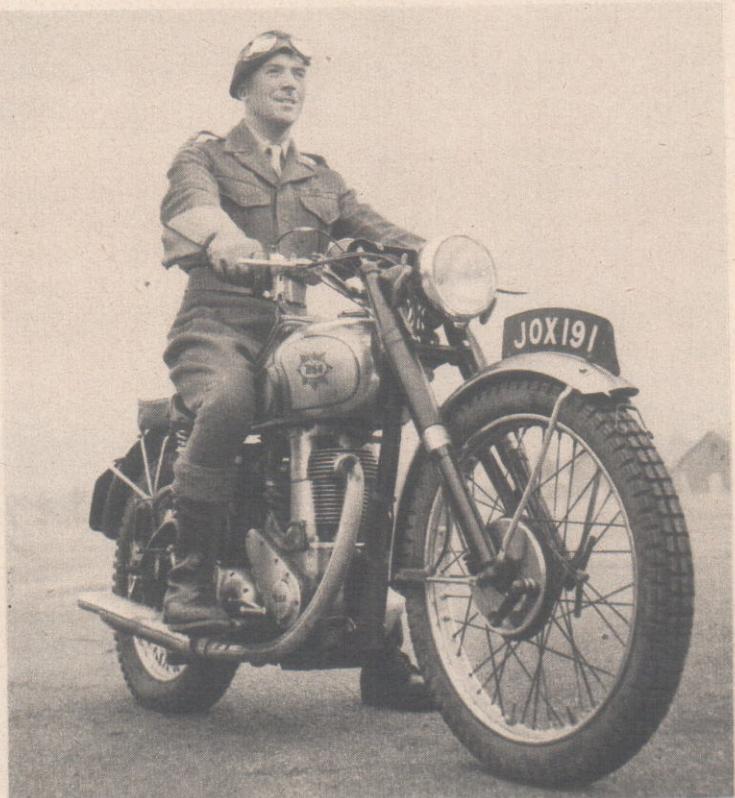
RICHARD ELLEY



Bordon has a cautionary cupboard for the cocksure.



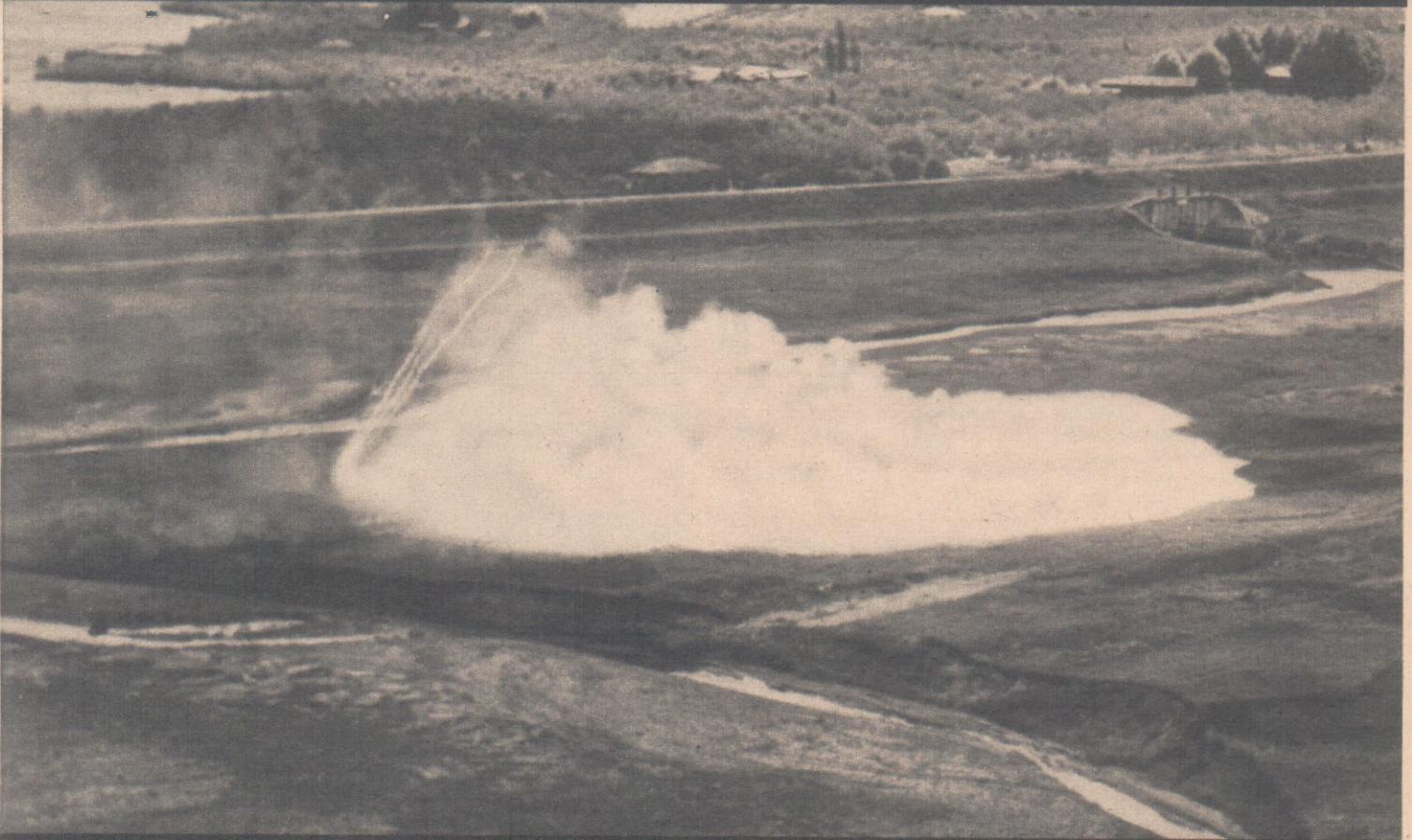
All the hazards of the road are represented on this model. An instructor demonstrates them to two Malay officers. Below: Captain D. C. Osmond, Royal Artillery, on one of the School motor-cycle club's Gold Star BSA's. Captain Osmond won a Gold Medal in the 1949 International Six-Days-Trial.



KOREA



1. CREEPING UP: A ball of fire rolls forward towards the target from the point where the bomb was dropped. On the right is the shadow of the low-flying aircraft which flung down the bomb.



2. HOLOCAUST: In the centre of the white area is the tank — and still the fire flows onward, consuming all it touches.



NAPALM

IN recent years, no more potent weapon has been developed for use in the field than the napalm bomb.

It is man's nearest approach to the creation of lava — and blazing napalm flows faster and more terrifyingly than lava.

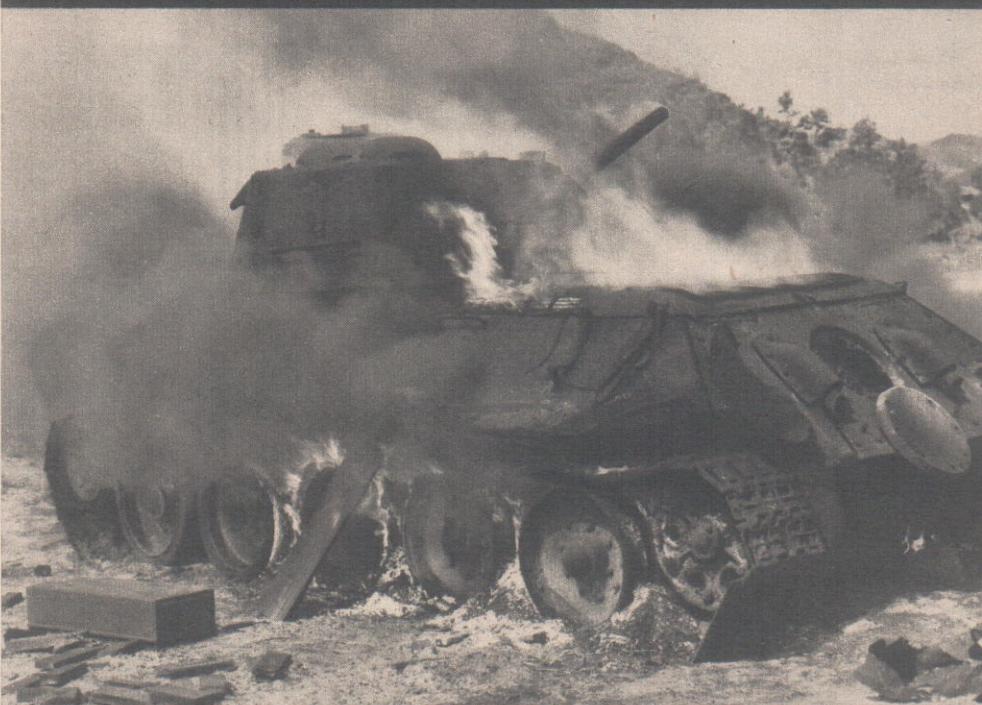
The pictures on these pages were taken at an American demonstration of the weapon against a captured Russian tank.

Napalm is a form of petrol jelly, generating intense heat when ignited. One 100 lb bomb can devastate a pear-shaped area 275 feet long and 80 feet wide.

Dropped at the lowest possible altitude, by fighter aircraft, the bombs can be exploded by sparking on a hard surface, by fuze grenade or by machine-gun fire against the missile after it has been dropped.

Napalm bombs have been widely used by the United States Air Force to support United Nations forces in Korea. The 27th British Commonwealth Brigade has watched enemy tanks blasted from its path by this means.

3. THE PALL: The flames are beginning to burn down, and a cloud of black smoke overhangs the valley. Now the tank is visible again.



4. THE FINISH: When the photographer could approach the tank, he found a reeking shell, a hunk of iron carrion.



Holding the crest: men of the 3rd Royal Australian Regiment, with tank support, engage the enemy from a crest overlooking the approach to Chonju.

ROLE OF HONOUR

Note: SOLDIER goes to press a long time ahead of publication, and is unable to carry up-to-the-minute news of Korea.

IT is in the hour when the heavens are falling that the British soldier is at his best.

Fate, and General Douglas MacArthur, had reserved for the British troops in Korea a proud role: that of rearguard to the American and South Korean divisions forced to pull south as the Chinese flood spilled down from Manchuria.

To the men of the 29th British Commonwealth Brigade Group one month had brought abundant surprises. They had set off on the long voyage across the world when the war seemed over; the best they could expect, it seemed, was a chilly job of policing. Instead they found themselves, with their new equipment, the only troops moving north when the rest of the traffic was pressing south to regroup.

The 27th British Commonwealth Brigade, with more than 100 days of strenuous service behind it had also been given a role of honour in the big retreat. In the knife-like winds the Argylls, the Middlesex and the Australians dug in on the snowy ridges and with mortars and machine-guns sought to frustrate the enemy's ambushing of the long southbound columns. The Infantrymen made grotesque figures in the mists; each man had his own dress variation

designed to withstand the cold. This was living hard, with a vengeance. The most welcome sight was the rare glimpse of a bonfire. Luckiest were those who were able to bed down in the much sought-after schoolrooms. And every man knew there was far colder weather to come.

It was a new kind of warfare with which the Allies were faced; the swarming by night of thousands upon thousands of the enemy, silently and on foot, over the hills and down the defiles. The Chinese could cover between 12 and 20 miles in a night so that maps became useless by the morning. And infiltration was not the only threat; there was frontal assault in suicide waves when the enemy tacticians so decided and many American units had paid a heavy toll.

Correspondents told many admiring stories of how the British soldier acted in this "slightly ropey" situation. Some men kicked footballs as the evacuating divisions came past, others larked with Korean children. Others again took pride in being able to help the Americans who had so often helped them — by giving up their blankets and medical supplies. Adversity strengthened the bond.

Wrote Bernard Wicksteed in the *Daily Express*: "In the distant, difficult war on the other side of the earth it is the thin line of smocks (windproof, camouflage) that makes you so proud of your race. You can dress up the British soldier in anything you like but he still remains a mighty fine heritage."

And while that was being written the *London Gazette* (announcing the award of the CBE to Brigadier Basil Coad) was recording that the 27th Brigade had distinguished itself in every action in which it had taken part and had earned much praise from its American commanders.

The 29th knew that it had much to live up to. It was more powerfully equipped than the 27th. Its 8th Hussars had the heaviest tanks in Korea — the new Centurions and flame-throwing Cromwells. Its 45th Field Regiment RA had their 25-pounders — guns which the Commander-in-Chief, Far East assured his troops are still the finest field guns in the world. Its Infantry were the Gloucestershires (last troops out of blazing Pyongyang, the enemy capital), the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

Moreover, the 29th (which SOLDIER visited at Colchester last year) already had its own fighting tradition to maintain. It was first formed in 1940 and served in Madagascar and Burma. After disbandment it was formed again by Brigadier T. Brodie who revived the original flash — a white ring on a black background.



The picture which tells its own eloquent tale of fortitude and comradeship: a wounded soldier of the Argylls is helped by two mates towards an ambulance.

FIFTY POUNDS OF KIT



Lighter moment: British Infantrymen (one wearing a Chinese officer's cap) try out a captured Communist machine-gun.



Private N. Downing, of Darlington, emigrated to Australia. After only a week there he volunteered for Korea. Now he's in hospital in Japan.

OF late there has been much debate in the press on how to cut down the death-roll on the roads.

It is a dismaying fact that traffic kills off more of the world's population than war. In America the millionth road fatality is expected in a few months.

Even in war, a high proportion of those killed on active service meet their death in transport accidents; the actual figure, if it were available, might well prove to be a shocking one. And there is a peculiar poignancy in the fate of a soldier who survives a dozen actions unscathed only to die under an overturned jeep.

This problem of road safety is one which intimately concerns the Army, and one to which it is very much alive (see pages 5-7). How good a reputation do Army drivers enjoy?

The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents say this of Service drivers:

"In an analysis of 2000 road accidents which we made in 1948, we drew up a special table showing the extent to which road users involved as 'other parties' (other than victims) did or did not apparently commit breaches of the Highway Code.

"Service vehicles involved numbered 63. Of this number only 19 per cent were adjudged not to have breached the Code — in other words, they were at fault in four out of five cases.

"Service drivers showed the worst record in this respect when compared with drivers of trams, cars (who had the best), trolley buses, buses and coaches, goods vehicles, hackney vehicles, private cars and motor and push cycles."

Listing the reasons, the Society blame youth and inexperience tending towards recklessness, unwieldy vehicles, and vehicles carrying large numbers of passengers for which they were not built.

* * *

BY its very nature, the Army of today must contain young and inexperienced drivers; the great mass of National Servicemen have had no opportunity to handle mechanical vehicles, except perhaps motor-cycles, before call-up.

The Army has to train them, and the demands on its manpower are such that it cannot spare as long a period as it might wish in order to teach them. It does not follow, however, that the National Serviceman's apprenticeship at the wheel is shorter than that of, say, a civilian woman driver who, if she has reasonable aptitude, may be lucky enough to pass her test after only four or five lessons.

Young soldiers, however, handle a very different type of vehicle from the average civilian; it is slower, bulkier,

clumsier. Slowness does not necessarily mean safety. A soldier may have to operate a bulky right-hand-drive vehicle, with bad rearward visibility, in a country where the rule of the road is "drive on the right." In these circumstances a left turn can be a perilous adventure.

* * *

ONE thing an Army driver must guard against is the feeling of intoxication which comes from driving a juggernaut; a feeling which is sometimes inspired by the fact of sitting high above the road and well cushioned against collision.

One school of thought argues that if drivers sat right at the front of their vehicles with only a sheet of glass in front of them there would be fewer accidents; that the knowledge that there is a solid mass to assimilate the shock encourages recklessness. Whatever the truth of that, an Army cannot afford transport which makes such a generous target of its drivers (though in certain types of Army vehicle the driver is already well out in front).

The bigger the vehicle, the more courtesy is demanded of the driver of it. An Army driver does not enjoy a privileged pos-

ition over other road users; the Highway Code is not just a system of idle hand flapping devised for civilians by civilians. An Army driver is expected to conform to it as closely as he does to his own convoy code.

* * *

PROBABLY the most dangerous stage in a man's career as a driver is two or three months after he has been passed out, when he has begun to acquire a confidence which may not be justified.

Sometimes a near squeak teaches him discretion; often it is just about this time that he has his first serious accident. At any given moment, the Army is full of drivers who are at this dangerous stage in their development. They may have been taught in fair weather conditions, and have no experience of bad.

If the ranks of Army drivers were drawn from middle-aged commercial travellers accustomed to logging 30,000 miles a year in all weathers, the accident rate might go down. But the Army is filled with young men, and they have to learn that while dash and fearlessness and the aggressive spirit are excellent things against the King's Enemies, they are not wanted on the King's Highway.

WHEN the new-fangled Royal Flying Corps was being built up, back in World War One, those Infantrymen and Cavalrymen who volunteered for it were liable to be accused of disloyalty to their regiments. To which the quick (if heartless) answer was: "I want to belong to a unit with a future, not one with a past."

It was just as well, for the safety of these islands, that there were, at that time, plenty of adventurous spirits willing to join a new-fangled outfit. Which is far from meaning that we do not want units with a past.

Now another corps with a future is looking for men to transfer to it: the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (see pages 15-16). In fact, REME has already eight crowded years of tradition behind it and its badge is one which anyone can wear with pride. There will be heartburning, perhaps, among men of long-established regiments who are faced with the decision whether to transfer or not, for no soldier likes to change his regiment in mid-career. But the greater efficiency of the Army must come first — and there is some solace to the individual in the prospects of quicker advancement on transfer.

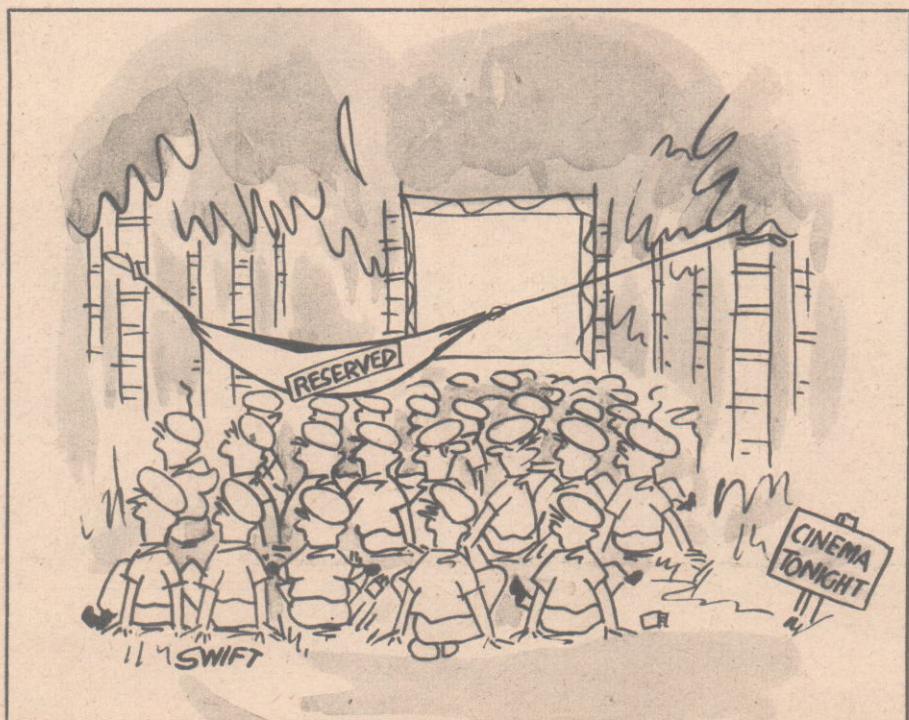
It is a mistake to suppose that because a unit handles spanners and oilcans it must be without traditions. A striking answer is to be found in the Tenth Railway Squadron (described on page 32) which traces its origins back to the late eighteenth century. True, there were no railways then, but the Squadron had its problems of engineering and even in those days military engineering called for skilled and brave men.

* * *

THREE is one tradition of military engineering which stands in notable need of being strengthened.

Brigadier O. E. Chapman, Chief Inspector of Fighting Vehicles, has drawn attention to the fact that whereas a man can make a career for himself as a naval architect or as an aircraft designer, he cannot expect to make a career as a tank designer. There is no single firm, Brigadier Chapman pointed out, whose financial stability depends entirely on turning out tanks.

This is really an extraordinary anomaly. The tank, in some form, is going to be with us for a long time. The sooner there is a breed of tank designers able to interpret, and even guide, the needs of the military the better. Tank designers must not be able to retort by saying that the military do not know their needs. How many of the tank building errors of World War Two might have been obviated if there had been an élite professional "corps" of tank architects?



Three Miles of Bread -

— that's the weekly stint of an Army bakery in the Ruhr. The unit gives National Servicemen a better training than they would be likely to receive in Civvy Street

(Pictures: H. V. Pawlikowski)

A N Army which cannot bake its own bread will not travel far in an emergency. It must have bakers who can operate not only in a well-set-up static bakery, but in improvised conditions in the field.

In the Ruhr a Royal Army Service Corps Field Bakery teaches the science of bread-making to National Servicemen, and in the process manufactures enough loaves and rolls in a week to stretch three miles.

Every ten weeks, some 40 National Servicemen (most of whom were apprentice bakers before call-up) arrive from the RASC Training Establishment in England and are trained into class two bakers, able to assist in, and supervise, bread-making in other Army bakeries. They study bread-making in all its aspects from the time an ear of wheat is ground into flour until a crisp, brown, steaming-hot loaf comes out of the oven.

On most military exercises in the Bakery students take out their mobile equipment and make bread in the field.

"This is probably the most important part of their training," says Captain G. C. C. Wood, who commands the unit. "If they can

make as good a loaf in a blizzard as they can when the sun is hot enough to fry an egg then they are good bakers — but not until."

Captain Wood showed SOLDIER round his bakery where a class of white-smocked, white-capped soldiers were busy on the day's baking of 10,000 lbs of bread.

From a huge dredger, flour cascaded into a dough-mixer where

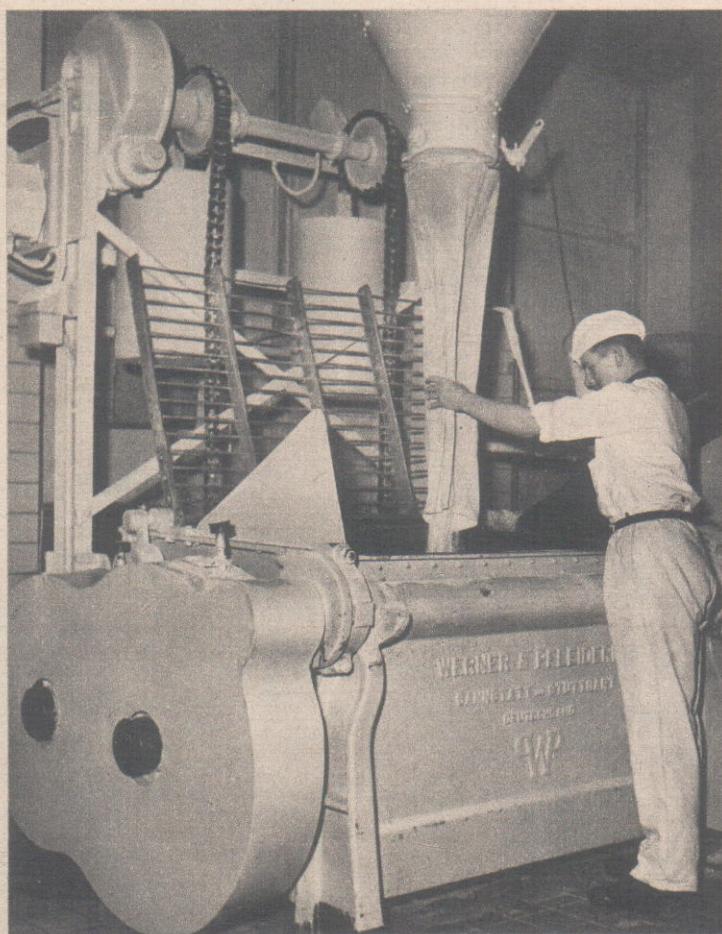
it was mixed with salt and yeast. Water, the temperature of which was regulated to obtain a finished dough of 80 degrees Fahrenheit, was then added and the mixture was churned into a thick dough. Weighing and mixing are all-important in bread-making. Too much water, incorrect temperature, bad mixing or the wrong quantity of yeast will produce a bad loaf. (Then there are "fast" and "slow" mixtures, the "fast" ones requiring more yeast.) The usual time from when the dough is first mixed until it is moulded into shape on the kneading table is between five and six hours.

The dough mixture is placed into large wooden troughs where it ferments, the chemical re-action of the yeast producing carbon dioxide gas which blows up the dough and helps to give it an even texture. Twice during the fermenting process the dough is "cut back" by being thrust down

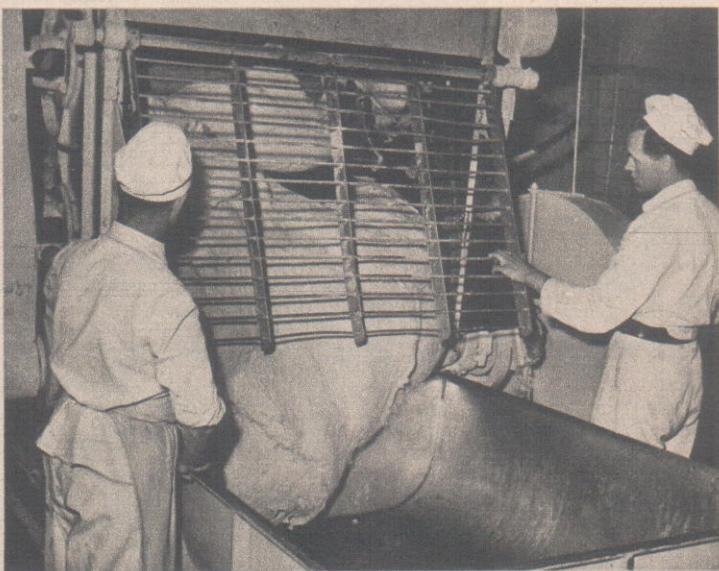
with the hands to its normal dimensions. This forces the gas out of the dough and allows the yeast to continue "working." After five hours the dough is transferred to the dividing and moulding machine where it is cut into the required weights and forced along a channel round a conical wheel to expel any remaining gas.

As the pieces of dough come out of the machine they are pitched on the kneading table where, two at a time (one piece in each hand) they are rolled, pressed and slapped into shape, tossed to the head of the table and placed in their baking tins. This part of the process has to be done quickly as the dough must retain its original temperature. Within a few minutes scores of shaped pieces of dough are stacked on to a waiting trolley and rushed into the proving room — a large

OVER

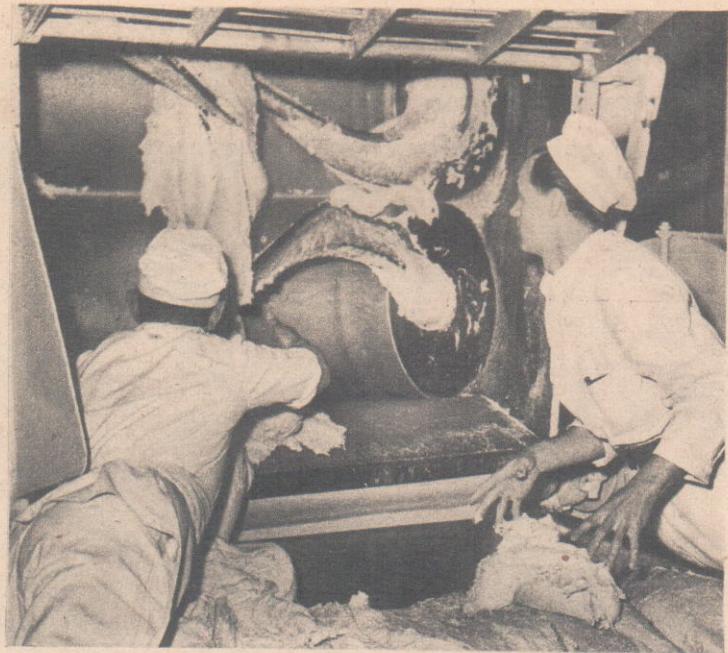


Here a soldier regulates the flow of flour from the dredger into the mixing machine, afterwards weighing it to within one ounce.



Men who handle the big dough: the mixer is disgorging enough to make more than 500 pound loaves.

Three Miles of Bread (Continued)



Puzzle picture: here the dough is mixed into a stiff paste which soon will have swollen to twice its present size.



When the dough has risen, it must be manhandled back into its correct size by forcing out the gas: Serjeant Stanley Webster shows students how. Below: Captain G. C. C. Wood watches the kneading. It makes fingers supple and strong.



brick-lined room — where they remain for 40 minutes to allow the yeast its final working and to bring the dough to its correct size.

Meanwhile the huge ovens have been heated to about 500 degrees Fahrenheit and are ready to receive the loaves. Baking takes about 50 minutes; then the ovens are thrown open again and, armed with pieces of hessian cloth to protect their hands against the heat, soldiers lift the loaves off and stack them on a trolley ready for the storage room.

"In the field," says SSM Michael O'Leary, the Bakery's chief instructor, "it's a different story. There a man has to use diesel-fired ovens and prepare his dough sometimes when the weather is almost cold enough to freeze the water."

Captain Wood joined the Army as a baker at the age of 19, and has had 25 years service in the RASC. In World War Two he was captured by the Japanese at Hong-Kong and was in charge of the bakery producing bread for the prisoners.

"Rations were always uncertain and often when they arrived they were difficult to use. Many times we were reduced to baking bread

from rice flour. This produced a palatable loaf if eaten within four hours of baking, but after that it became as hard as a brick. We had to build our own ovens from any material we could lay our hands on."

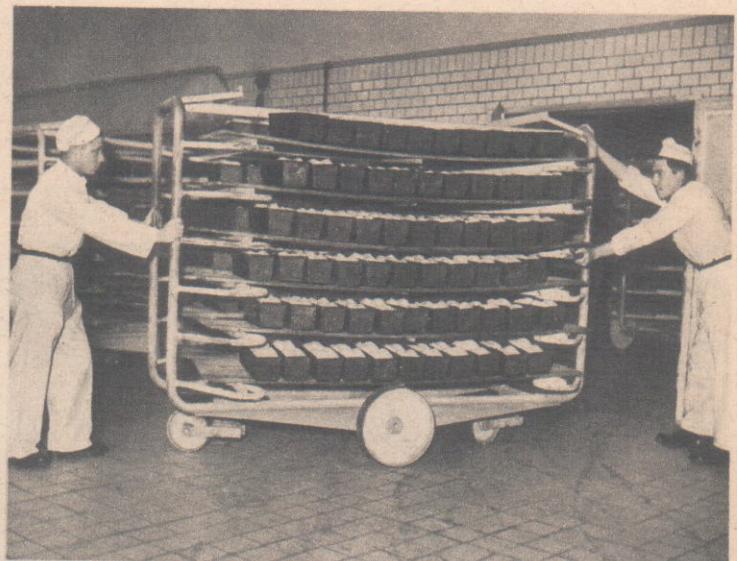
SSM O'Leary, an Irishman from County Cork with 17 years service in the Army as a baker, estimates that he has baked more than one million loaves.

"The National Serviceman we get today receives a much better training than ever before and certainly better than he could hope to receive in Civvy Street unless he went to a special school," he says. "By the time he leaves us he knows nearly all there is to know about bread as well as how to make it with his own two hands."

Staff-Sergeant Leslie Coates, a master baker, and Sergeant Charles Little, the other instructors, have both been bakers since leaving school. Sergeant Little has baked bread for the British soldier in Norway, Greece, Egypt, France, Belgium and Germany.

Students at the Bakery undergo Infantry training too — for an Army baker is a soldier first.

E. J. GROVE



This trolley load (containing 700 lbs of bread) is on its way to the proving room, where it remains for nearly an hour before entering the ovens. Below: When the loaves emerge they are hot to handle; the men wear hessian "gloves."



R.E.M.E.

Now For Phase Two

The eight-year-old corps which exists "to keep the punch in the Army's fist" (Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's phrase) is taking on big new responsibilities. For thousands of unit tradesmen this will mean better chances of promotion

THE Army is getting ready for one of its biggest jobs of reorganisation since World War Two. This is due to start in July and, in official terms, is Phase Two of the formation of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers as a separate corps. It will affect the futures of thousands of skilled soldier-tradesmen.

When it is over, the eight-year-old corps will have increased its strength by about a fifth.

From the Household Cavalry, Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Artillery, Infantry and Royal Army Ordnance Corps, it will have taken over unit repair work (replacing of minor assemblies) and the unit fitters who do it; from the Royal Signals it will have taken over unit repairs, and fitters, for all except signals equipment; and from the Royal Army Service Corps it will have absorbed the workshop platoons which do unit repairs and field repairs (replacing major assemblies).

All this was first thought of long ago. The Corps came into being in October 1942, after a committee under Lord Beveridge

had pondered how to make the best use of skilled men in the Services. In Phase One, REME make-up was 79 per cent Royal Army Ordnance Corps, 20 per cent Royal Army Service Corps and one per cent Royal Engineers and its tasks were the heavier repairs.

The Army realised then that all maintenance tradesmen should come into one corps if their skill was to be distributed where it was most needed, if their standards of skill were to be uniform and high, and if they were all to have equal chances of promotion. But the task of finishing the re-organisation was too big to be carried out in wartime.

Early last year, plans began to be laid. Now they are complete and going into operation. As the scheme progresses, other arms will lose the following trades: Household Cavalry and Royal Armoured Corps — electrician, fitter (gun) and vehicle mechanic; Royal Artillery — artificer RA, fitter (gun), electrical fitter, fitter (engine room), vehicle mechanic; Royal Signals

— carpenter and joiner, vehicle mechanic; Foot Guards and Infantry — vehicle mechanic; Royal Army Service Corps — blacksmith, carpenter and joiner, coach painter, coach trimmer, electrician, sheet metal worker, shipwright, turner, vehicle mechanic, welder; Royal Army Ordnance Corps — vehicle mechanic.

Most of the trades exist in REME already, and men can be transferred to them.

For National Servicemen in the

trades affected, transfer to REME will be compulsory, in the Regular Army; in the Territorial Army and Supplementary Reserve, it will be compulsory for National Servicemen unless they have been accepted as volunteers. Regular soldiers, short-service men and normal volunteers in the Territorial Army and Supplementary Reserve will not be compulsorily transferred. Instead, they will be invited to transfer.

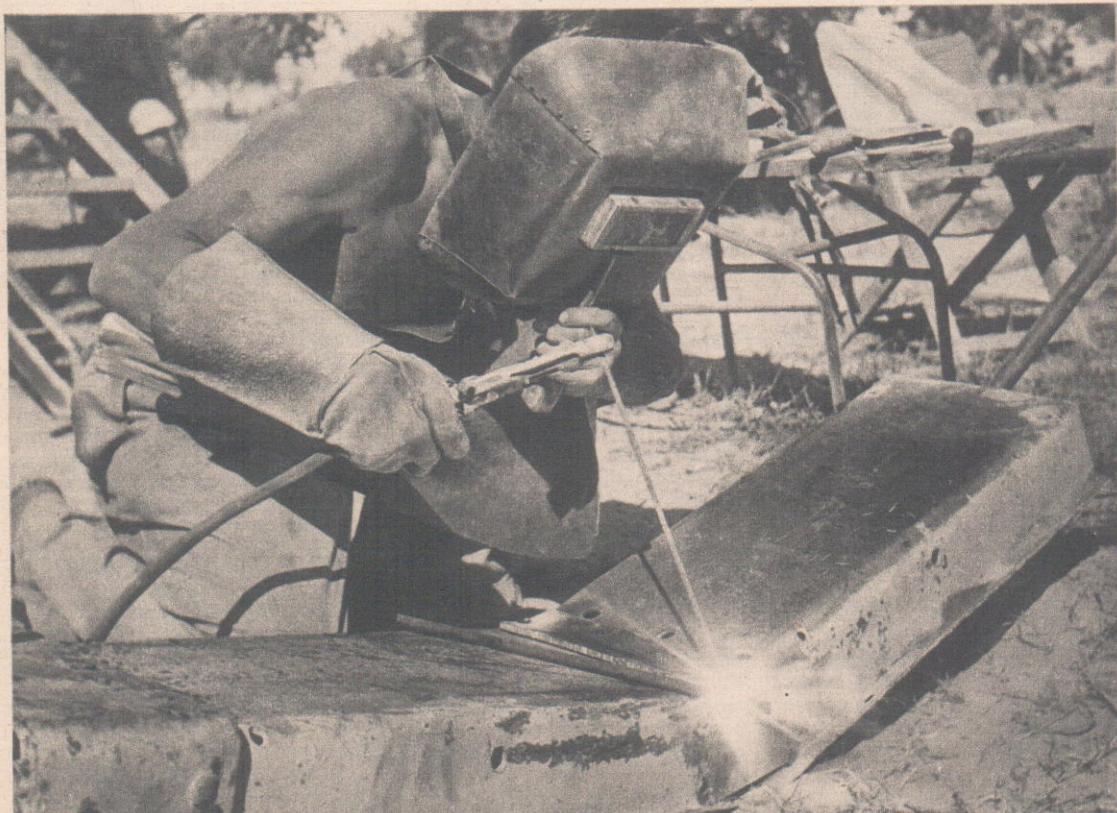
Whatever pangs may be suffered by those who decide to leave their old regiments and throw in their lot with REME, it is certain that they will find better prospects in the new corps. In their present arms, promotion is limited by the smaller number of vacancies for tradesmen and there are not the opportunities of increasing skill and knowledge that the all-embracing REME organisation can offer. In the bigger establishment of REME there is much more scope and the sky is the limit for promotion.

In REME, those who transfer will find that the primary aim of all good tradesmen is to become armament artificers. These are multiple tradesmen, highly skilled, who normally have completed a 12- to 18-months course. Their lowest rank is staff-serjeant (it is possible to reach this rank at 23); there is time promotion to warrant officer class II after six years, and there is vacancy promotion to warrant officer class I. From that point, there are good prospects of commissions as electrical and mechanical assistant engineers.

Some senior tradesmen, with the right qualifications, will be offered direct transfer to the roll of armament artificers without attending a course. Others will transfer as artisans and have the opportunity of qualifying as armament artificers later.

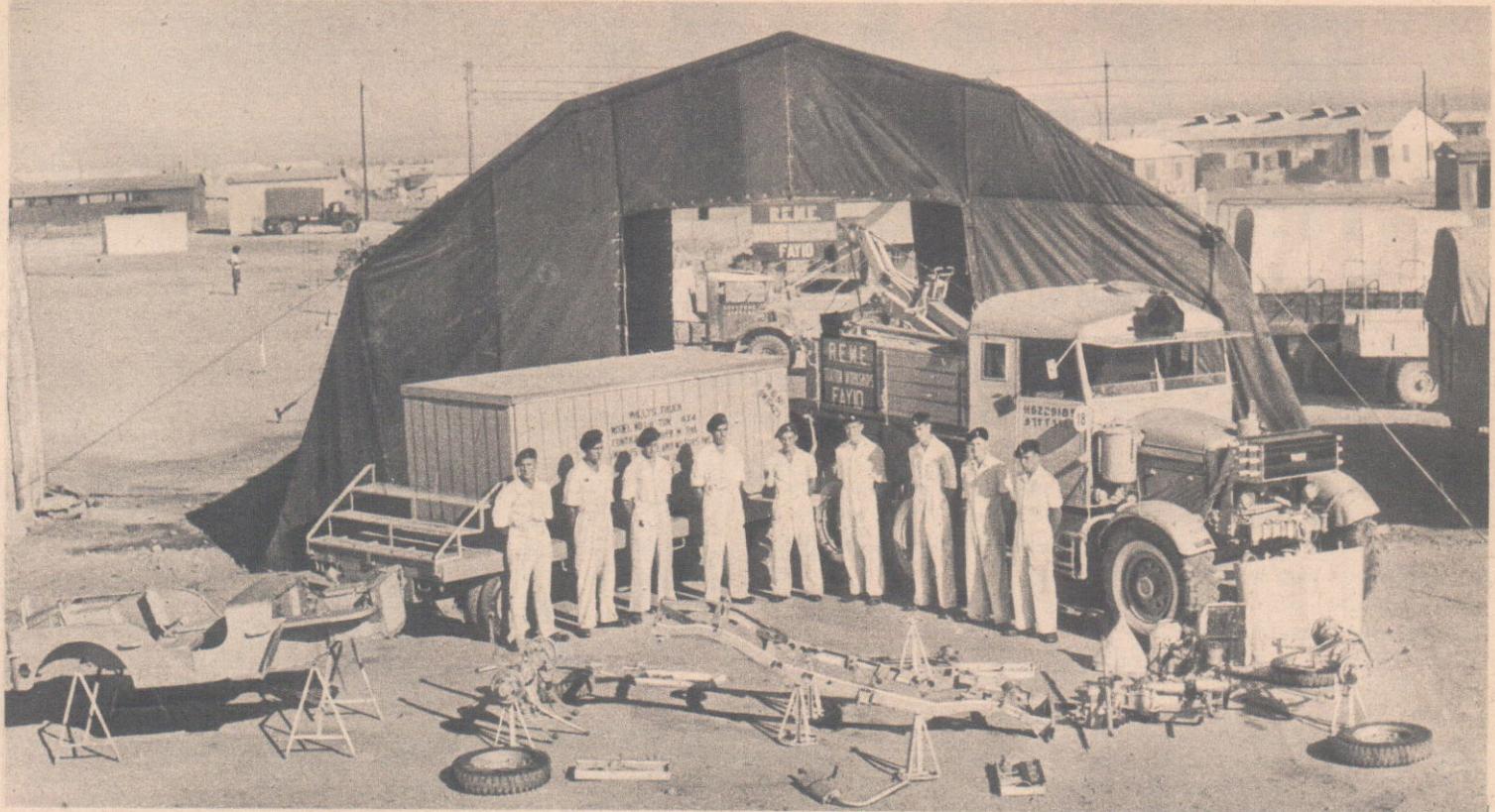


Director of an expanding corps: Major-General S. W. Joslin CBE.



The Man In The Iron Mask: a war-time picture of a REME craftsman in the Western Desert, where the Corps performed prodigies to keep the tanks in commission.

OVER



The picture below was taken one minute and 33 seconds after the photograph above.

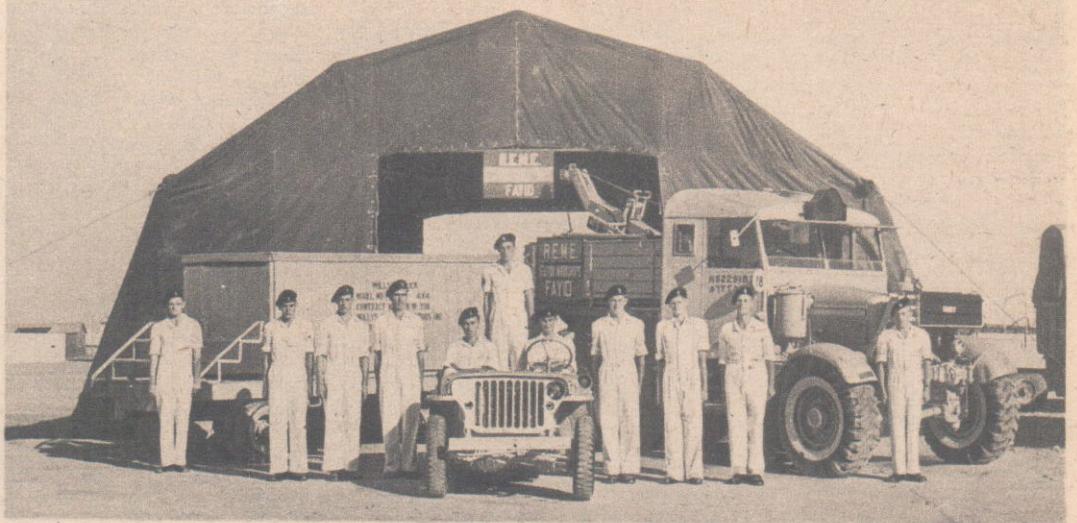
BACK in October 1947 SOLDIER told how a REME team at Arborfield had assembled, and driven away, a jeep in three-and-a-half minutes.

Since then Arborfield has improved on the time spectacularly—and so have rival teams. At a tattoo at Fayid, in the Zone of Egypt, a team from the Station Workshops put a jeep together in one minute and 33 seconds—four seconds better than Arborfield's latest record.

The assembly crew consisted of seven men with Sergeant M. Bradley in charge. They had rehearsed one hour a day, four times a week, for a month. The operation was carefully "phased," so that two or more jobs were being done at the same time.

Their aim was to finish the assembly in 90 seconds flat. That time will continue to be the goal of REME assembly teams.

Pictures: Sjt. J. R. Gilman.



REME: Phase Two (Continued)

Junior tradesmen who transfer to REME as artisans will find prospects of quicker promotion, as there is a shortage of artisans. They will have the same chances as men already serving in REME of becoming armament artificers, and those who are not so keen on studying can also aspire to warrant rank and then to quartermaster commissions.

Only about 30 officers are affected by Phase Two. They are mechanist officers in the RASC, and if they elect to transfer to REME they may become electrical and mechanical assistant engineers, if their qualifications are suitable, or go on to REME's quartermaster roll but be given technical work.

Nobody, officer or tradesman, will lose any shadow, substantive, war substantive or acting rank by transferring to REME. A board,

including officers of his own arm, will decide what status and rank each tradesman shall be offered on transfer to REME.

For most men who transfer, the change will not mean an immediate break with their present units—merely a change of cap badge. They will continue to serve as attached tradesmen with the same unit or as members of a Light Aid Detachment attached to the unit. The same commanding officer will be responsible for the equipment the tradesmen are looking after, but technically the men will come under a REME officer. Not until he needs to be moved for his own advancement, or when his turn for overseas duty arrives, will a tradesman be moved.

Special arrangements are being made for men who, for personal reasons, decline to transfer to REME. If they want to stay in

their trades they will, as far as possible, serve in their own arm or corps, filling vacancies which should be held by REME tradesmen. There will be promotion openings for them, but as they reach the higher ranks they will probably have to leave their arms or corps to find a vacancy and accept attachment to a REME unit. Those tradesmen entitled to time promotion will receive it as long as they are serving in their trades. But generally, men who do not transfer will be missing opportunities of quicker promotion.

The most noticeable change for the Army as a whole will be that there will be more Light Aid Detachments and that many units without these will now have attached REME tradesmen instead of their own unit repair tradesmen. But the Light Aid Detachment or the attached REME tradesmen will remain part of the unit, controlled by the commanding officer, who will still be responsible for unit repairs, though he

will receive more technical advice from REME officers. Unit maintenance will go on in the normal way.

As part of the reorganisation, REME is taking over four Army basic trade training centres, which have been training tradesmen for all arms, and the Armament and Electrical Trades School at Bordon. Also REME will be forming a new basic training unit.

Because of the huge amount of work involved in the reorganisation, especially for the REME Records Office at Leicester, Phase Two will be split into three parts, each of which will take three months to complete. The first group to be affected will be Infantry, Royal Signals, Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and transfers from those will start on 1 July 1951. Group Two, the Royal Artillery, will start on 1 October 1951 and Group Three, the Royal Armoured Corps on 1 January 1952.

(See SOLDIER to Soldier: Page 12)

The battalion from the West Country had been in the Far East for nearly a quarter of a century. Its last two years overseas brought a jungle campaign which it fought with vigour and distinction

1 DEVONS' GOOD-BYE TO THE "ULU"

TWENTY-FOUR years ago the 1st Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment sailed for Shanghai (which today is no longer a station for British troops).

Last month the Battalion was on its way home, for the first time since it took the slow boat to China. As SOLDIER went to press, the men from the West Country were at sea in the *Empress of Australia*, westward bound from Malaya. Their destination was not the West Country but East Anglia; however, the advance party waiting at Bury St. Edmunds, in Suffolk, had made all plans for the men to be home on leave over Christmas.

None of the old-timers who sailed, in January 1927, to join the Shanghai Defence Force remained in the Battalion when it left for home, though some of the men on the *Empress of Australia* had done two or three foreign service tours with the Battalion. Lieut-Colonel R. G. Pine-Coffin, the Commanding Officer, was one of four officers and a number of men who had served with the 1st Devons in Hong-Kong, in India and in the World War Two Burma campaign.

The Battalion was preparing to move from Malaya to Malta, where it had served from October 1927 to October 1929, when the first shots of the Malaya emergency were fired. So it stayed on to fight the peculiarly difficult war of the *ulu* (jungle).

Since then it has killed 70 terrorists, wounded 40 and found and destroyed 201 bandit camps. It has won a Distinguished Ser-

vice Order (the first awarded in the Malaya emergency), two Military Medals, two British Empire Medals and ten Mentions in Despatches.

At one stage, the Devons had 3700 square miles of Pahang forests, with only two roads, to patrol. About a quarter of the area had never been mapped. But they cheerfully accepted an invitation from their general to operate outside the area if they wished.

In 1949 the Devons played a series of football matches which has been likened to the game of bowls played by another famous Devon man, Sir Francis

Drake. At the time, the Battalion was very low in numbers, as National Servicemen were constantly leaving, and it had an area as big as Devon and Cornwall to patrol. In spite of that, the Battalion football team won the Far East Land Forces cup. Not one player missed a patrol, and the only practice they had was an occasional match.

The last patrol the Devons sent out before leaving for home came back and reported four terrorists killed — one more than any other single patrol.

Though the Battalion has gone home, more than half the men who were serving in it at the



RSM S. Climo: "A great deal has been asked of the men, and they've given even more. The youngsters, like their elders, were good dependable types."

Sgt. Gerald Fitzpatrick: "Our young soldiers were already men. They would have laughed at anyone saying they were too young for the jungle. Why, I'm 23, and I feel a veteran."

Pte. Walter Simpson (age 34): "I've had a go at pumping bullets towards terrorists. Malaya was no picnic — it was real soldiering. But if the 1st Devons go back I go with them."

last have stayed in Malaya. They were men whose tour of foreign service had not expired and they have been transferred to other units of the Wessex Group.

FOOTNOTE: After waiting nearly three years to go home, the regimental sergeant-major nearly got left behind. The special train carrying the Battalion from Kuala Lumpur to Singapore was held up and nobody told RSM S. Climo the revised time of departure. He just made it, as the tail of the train reached the end of the platform, by throwing himself on to the low wagon carrying an armoured car for the train's defence.

THE STORY OF ONE PATROL

ONE of the grimdest and most heroic stories of the Malaya fighting is that of a Devon patrol which set out to ambush the site of a bandit camp.

The patrol, ten strong and commanded by Serjeant Sidney Bulley, had early casualties: Serjeant Bulley and one of the two corporals walked into a hornets' nest. The corporal was so badly stung that he had to be sent back, with a private to accompany him. Serjeant Bulley could hardly see because of stings round the eyes, but he decided to carry on.

A little later they picked up an elderly Chinese who offered to guide them to the camp. They made good progress until they came to a small jungle clearing, near a rubber estate. Serjeant Bulley saw two men he thought were policemen. He hailed them and they ran away. Serjeant Bulley fired and one of them dropped.

Through the rubber trees, Serjeant Bulley then saw a group of men standing at the top of a slope. They scattered in confusion. Serjeant Bulley called for his Bren guns to give covering fire while he and the rest of the patrol advanced up the slope.

They were met with a storm of fire. Serjeant Bulley realised they were outnumbered (captured bandits later said they were over a hundred strong) and ordered his men back to a less exposed position. As they went back, Lance-Corporal Ted Banton was badly hit in the shin and could not walk. Three privates went back to get him.

The next step was to retreat across the open of a paddy field. Banton was carried by a private, who was himself hit above the knee. He had to drop Banton but was able to drag himself across the field. Another private went out to get Banton and pulled him to a bank.

By now the bandits had realised the patrol's predicament, and were working round the flanks to cut off their retreat. Serjeant Bulley, with two casualties on his hands, saw that the patrol was likely to be surrounded and annihilated. He ordered the wounded private and three others to go back to headquarters — a three hours' journey for a fit man — and optimistically told them to ask for a relief force.

Serjeant Bulley was now left with Corporal W. Sherrard, Private Turner and the wounded Lance-Corporal Banton. They got Banton through a strip of jungle to another paddy field, across that and into thick undergrowth. All this time, Banton kept repeating: "Leave me and get away or you will all be killed." Serjeant Bulley had to make a terrible decision; the only possible step was to do as Banton said.

The wounded man was concealed behind a fallen tree, in tall jungle grass, and then the other three hid themselves, ready to help him if he was found by the bandits. After a while bandit fire became sporadic and voices called, "Come on Johnny." Then a whistle sounded and the fire ceased. The bandits seemed to have given up the chase. Serjeant Bulley, Corporal Sherrard and Private Turner set off towards their company.

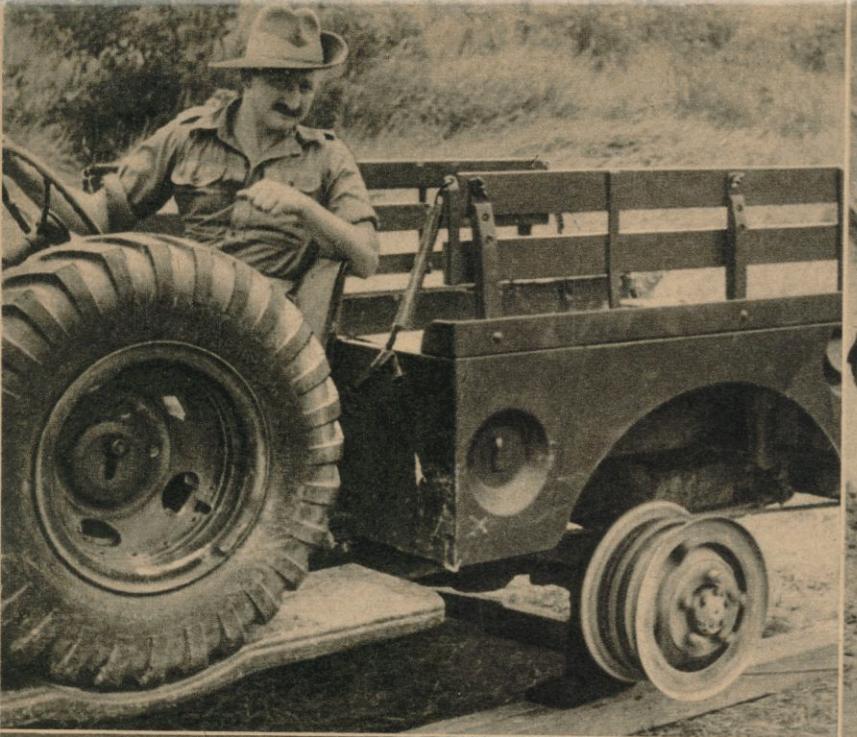
Banton lay in his hiding-place in great pain, sometimes conscious and sometimes unconscious. When he came to after one spell of unconsciousness, he heard two men talking loudly near him. He peered over the tree trunk, saw what he thought were two policemen and called out to them.

They were bandits. They went over to him, and one fired a Sten-gun burst into the upper part of his thigh. He passed out. When he came to again he crawled deeper into the undergrowth. As night fell Banton's only comfort was that his spells of unconsciousness were more frequent.

Meanwhile, the two other parties had got back to the battalion, and a rescue party, with the medical officer, was organised. Corporal Sherrard and Private Turner volunteered to go back as guides. Near the spot where the engagement had taken place, the rescue party heard noises probably made by bandits. But as rescue was their object, they did not open fire.

They called out to Banton, but he did not answer. He was conscious but was afraid the calls might have been made by bandits. Then the rescuers found the blood trail Banton had left and, by torchlight, they found him.

Banton was taken back to hospital, dangerously ill, and his 19-year-old sister was flown out from England to be with him. Nine weeks later he died.



He may not look like it, but he is driving a tank...



...a dummy one, built as a moving target for PIAT's.



In the butts, an officer checks that the mortar is ready...



It was. The Malay soldier under training scored three hits with three shots.

FAR EAST REPORT

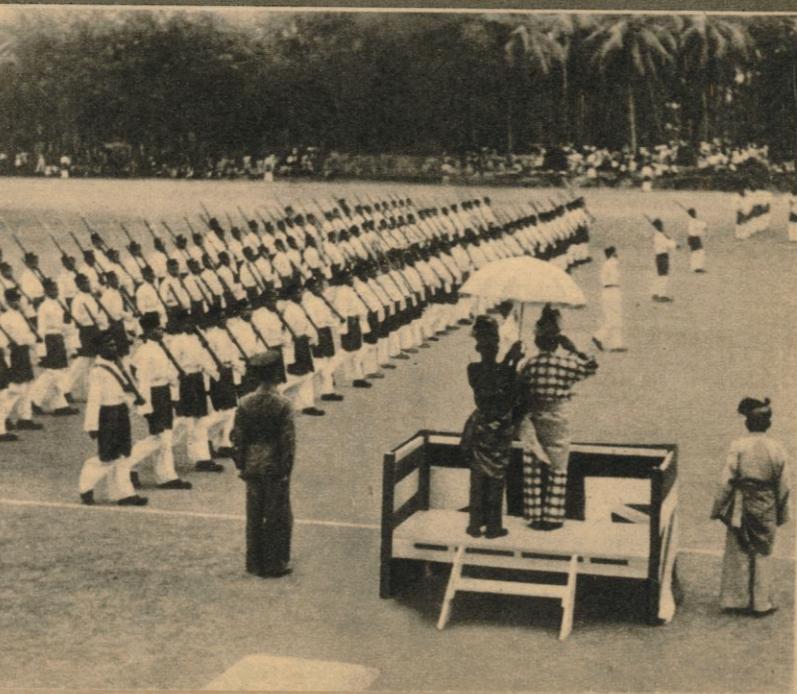
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Britain helps Malaya, but Malaya helps herself too. Her soldiers are keen and jungle-wise

عمر مالاي (MALAY REGIMENT)



Left: Fisherman turned soldier: in his leisure he likes to smoke a contemplative pipe. Below: Immaculate in their sarongs, Malay soldiers march past the ruler of Negri Sembilan.



HALF-WAY through this year, the Malay Regiment was given the task of combing Communist bandits from north-east Malaya — some 10,000 square miles of the most densely forested and least-explored country in the Federation.

The Malay Regiment is a young one, but no one could say that this was a case of sending a boy on a man's errand.

Was it not the 3rd Battalion of the Malay Regiment which, on 25 March 1950, at Ulu Semur, in Kelantan, killed the largest number of bandits so far in a single action — 29? A modest enough figure by Passchendaele standards, but an impressive total for this sort of hide-and-seek war.

A recent check showed that out of a total of 214 killed and 326 wounded in the British, Gurkha and Malay forces since the emergency began, 52 killed and 31 wounded had belonged to the Malay Regiment.

The Regiment was born as an

experimental company in 1933, with 25 recruits chosen from one thousand available. When the Japanese poured into Malaya in December, 1941, the 1st Battalion had been in existence several years; but it was the 2nd Battalion — officially formed only in December 1941 — that drew first blood from the enemy, before the year was out.

Since the outbreak of Communist terrorism in Malaya in June 1948, the Regiment has rapidly expanded. There are now four battalions. Commanding it, often up in the wild country near the

Siamese border, is Brigadier J. R. G. André, CBE, DSO, who joined the 1st Battalion in 1934 and directed it in action against the Japanese.

The home life of the Regiment centres on Port Dickson, where recruits are trained.

According to Brigadier André's deputy, Colonel C. W. P. Richardson, DSO, there is always a steady demand for British officers and warrant officers. "The British establishment includes 15 officers and seven warrant officers per battalion as well as a number at regimental and brigade headquarters, at the depot and in the various services. There are 15 Malay officers to a battalion. Recruiting Malays for the ranks is no problem; in fact, the Regiment could fill its ranks several times over."

The Regiment would never have reached its present magnificently

disciplined state without hard, grinding training. In the educational wing at Port Dickson British officers and warrant officers who have recently joined the Regiment are given a six-weeks course in the Malay language, customs and habits.

"The value of our new officers and warrant officers being able to speak to, and understand, their men from the first is incalculable," said Lieut-Colonel C. Ford, the Depot Commander.

The Regiment has been undergoing a thorough training in the PIAT. At the depot is an ingeniously rigged travelling "tank" which runs along a miniature gauge railway with the aid of a pulley device attached to a Dodge Commando truck. There is also an ingenious nine-hole "golf" course to initiate recruits into grenade throwing. Number One is a "window," Number Two a

"high cover," Number Three a "bunker," Number Four a "fox-hole" and so on. "One of the best courses I have seen," commented the Director-General of Military Training at the War Office.

Eleven men of the Malay

Regiment will be attending the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, this winter. Other specialists — officers and men — regularly visit Britain for advanced training. For instance, Lieutenant Khalid bin Yassim recently returned from a weapons course at Hythe with a brilliant report.

If any eligible officer or warrant officer in the Army today has had experience of sea fishing, no doubt his services would be quickly accepted by the Malay Regiment. Reason: Colonel Richardson looks forward to the day when the Regiment will catch all its own fish. Captain Ismail bin Tahar, member of the Experiment-

al Company, and holder of the Pacific Star, Coronation and Jubilee Medals, became a fisherman when the Japanese invaded, and he has volunteered to be Regimental Controller of Fishing as a civilian when he retires.

Besides furnishing its own battalion, Malaya has provided thousands of other volunteers for the British Army. They are to be found as drivers, craftsmen, hospital orderlies, signallers, tradesmen and military policemen. In the Army Catering Corps they prepare special Malay dishes for their compatriots.

The RASC boasts a veteran Malay regimental serjeant-major — the only one in the Corps — who has helped to train 2000 Malay recruits. He is RSM Attan bin Yatim, who was recently presented with the British Empire Medal by the Governor of Singapore.

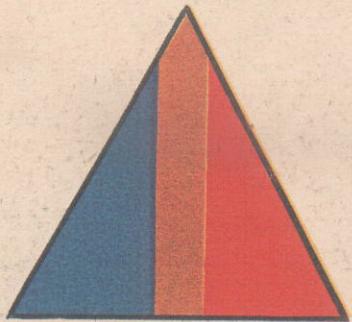
D. H. de T. READE

Three Regimental-serjeant-majors: RSM F. Hedditch, Welsh Guards, stands between his two Malay assistants—who have voices trained to Guards RSM standards.

Director of the Malay Regiment Band is Lieutenant E. Lenthall, who has composed many marches.

Malay Regiment hat styles: British instructor (above) and Malay orderly serjeant.





The tricolour flash of the Hong-Kong Defence Force.



"Second to none in the East," is the motto of the Hong-Kong Regiment.



Lunch-time on a Hong-Kong Regiment field day. A firm of caterers is engaged to produce the rations.

3 Hong-Kong's Private Army

THEY sometimes call the Hong-Kong Defence Force the Colony's private army, since only the Governor-in-Council can call out its members and decide where they shall fight.

In fact it is rather more than a private army: it is a navy and air force as well.

Its main components are the Hong-Kong Regiment, which includes an Infantry battalion, a Home Guard company and a specialist cadre; the Hong-Kong Naval Force, which is nearly a hundred strong and has a depot ship; and the Hong-Kong Auxiliary Air Force, which is in the early stages of being built up into a jet fighter squadron. There is also a Hong-Kong Women's Volunteer Force, a section of which works with each arm of the Defence Force.

The Force is made up of local volunteers, with a permanent staff of rather fewer Regulars than in equivalent auxiliary forces in Britain. Among the volunteers are expatriate Britons, working in Hong-Kong's big firms or with the Colonial government;

there are Portuguese, from families long resident in Hong-Kong; there are Chinese, Eurasians, Germans, Czechs, Poles and White Russians. The Force has three Colony swimming champions; and some of the Colony's best cricketers and the Hong-Kong Regiment's hockey team represented Hong-Kong in the Far East Land Forces championship at Singapore last year. In all the branches of the Force, men of all races serve side by side, in contrast to the pre-war Hong-Kong Volunteer Corps, which had separate companies for each race, including the Scots.

Commanding the Force is Colonel L. T. Ride, Vice-Chancellor of Hong-Kong University, a doctor who commanded the Hong-Kong field ambulance, in 1941, and was captured but escaped to command a British aid unit in free China.

Colonel Ride's headquarters staff is made up mainly of Regulars, or ex-Regulars who are employed full-time by the Force. They are nearly all from the Army, but under the Force's constitution, all the appointments, including Colonel Ride's own, may be filled by men from any of the three Services.

Immediately under the Force Headquarters come an Intelligence unit, well-equipped with local knowledge, and the depot of the Force.

In the depot, soldier, sailor and airman recruits get their

initial basic training together, from two to 13 weeks, according to each man's military experience. As far as possible, they then go on to the arm they choose. But they undertake that if there are no vacancies in that arm, they will serve in either of the others.

The Hong-Kong Regiment has a volunteer commanding officer, a Regular adjutant and a Regular regimental serjeant-major. All the rest of the Regiment are volunteers. Most of the officers are British or Portuguese, but there is one Chinese officer, Lieutenant Francis Lee, who won the Military Medal in World War Two. Among the others is probably the only subaltern in the world to have passed a course at the Imperial Defence College, Lieutenant D. R. Holmes, MC, who is in the Colonial Service and went to the College in that capacity. There are two other subalterns who have passed at the Inter-Services Staff College. Among the NCO's are Serjeant I. P. Tamworth, who was an officer in the pre-World War Two Hong-Kong Volunteer Defence Force and won a Military Cross in the battle of Hong-Kong, and Serjeant W. D. L. Ride, son of Colonel Ride, who was a war-time officer in the Gordon Highlanders and now commands the carrier platoon, which consists of students from Hong-Kong University.

The Home Guard Company is composed mostly of men over 40 who have served in any of the three Services and whose job is static guards. The commander is an ex-Lieutenant-Commander, Major J. C. M. Grenham, and one of his officers is Captain E. G. Stewart, who won the Distinguished Service Order when he commanded the Eurasian Company of the old Volunteer Defence Corps in the battle of Hong-Kong.

The specialist cadre has two sections, one of Gunners training to be Technical Assistants, Royal Artillery, and the other training for air liaison work with the Royal Air Force. Members of the

specialist cadre parade three times a week.

The Force has its own drill sheds and battle-course on Hong-Kong Island, where companies and platoons train together at least once a week. Once a month, employers, Government and private, give the Volunteers a weekday off for a field day. Other field days are held on Sundays. Once a year, the volunteers go to camp, with contractors supplying the food so that the men can concentrate on their military training. The volunteers are not paid for any training stint shorter than 24 hours. And, unlike Territorials at home, they receive no bounty.

Instructors for the Hong-Kong Regiment are provided by Regular units of the garrison, and the Force joins the Regulars in exercises. It also holds its own combined operations exercises and recently all three arms of the Force took part in the invasion of Ma Wan, an island less than a mile long and half a mile wide, in Hong-Kong waters. Unluckiest man on that day was the soldier who received the first direct hit scored by the Auxiliary Air Force — a flour bomb dropped from an Auster.

The members of the Army section of the Women's Volunteer Force learn to drive and maintain military vehicles, Army clerical procedure and field cookery. They also have a nursing section which is training to run a families camp for dependents of volunteers if the Force should be called out. In their spare time they have built up a rifle team which ran a team from a Regular battalion very close. Main problem of the women's section is to keep the recruiting rate high enough to balance the "wastage" due to marriage.

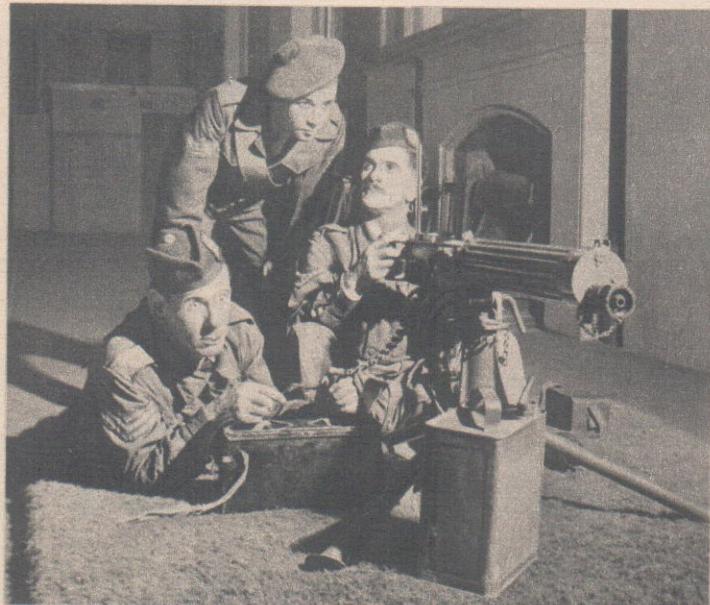
Off-duty, the Force has plenty of social events and it also has, in its Volunteer Centre, one of the most popular clubs in Hong-Kong, complete with officers' and serjeants' messes and a canteen where meals are served every day.



WHENEVER, and wherever, two or three Scotsmen meet, they set about forming a regiment. By now they have a long lead over their fellow Celts—the Irish and the Welsh. All three have volunteer regiments in London: the London Scottish, the London Irish Rifles and the 499 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment

(London Welsh). Other Scottish regiments outside Scotland include the Liverpool Scottish, the Tyneside Scottish, the New South Wales Scottish, the New Zealand Scottish, the Transvaal Scottish, the Canadian Scottish, the Toronto Scottish and numerous regiments of Highlanders.

LONDON SCOTTISH



Indoor drill on a weapon which has helped the regiment in many a tight spot: Serjeant J. M. Gordon (standing) with Serjeant J. Redmond and L/Cpl. W. Nisbet. Below: A platoon drills in front of the regiment's war memorial, with its impressive list of those who fell in the first world war.



To join the volunteers in hadden grey, you need two things: the will to serve, and a Scottish grandparent

IF Napoleon had invaded Britain 150 years ago he would have found among the regiments defending London the Loyal North Britons — otherwise known as the Highland Armed Association of London. But the danger passed and in 1816, after 23 years existence, this volunteer force was disbanded.

After the Crimea there was again a French invasion scare. Prominent among those Londoners who rallied to arms were Scottish residents. From meetings of the Highland and Caledonian Societies in 1859 sprang a force known as the London Scottish Rifle Volunteers.

Today the London Scottish Regiment enjoys world-wide repute. And there are some 20,000 men living who have worn its uniform.

So many of Britain's officers in the past two wars came from this regiment that it is often believed to be a purely officer-producing unit. It is not and never has been, although out of the 10,000 men who served in World War Two, 1400 were commissioned in the first two years.

In three wars the regiment has sent battalions into action. The most famous battle was Messines on Hallowe'en, 1914, when the London Scottish were the first Territorials to go into action as a complete battalion. The event is celebrated each year by a regimental dinner. In the drill hall the battle is depicted in a large painting which, survivors say, magnifies the fierceness of the encounter; but they admit it was no picnic.

Nearby hangs another painting of troops being inspected before leaving for South Africa. But one officer, Capt. A. E. Rogers, is not in the picture. He was so anxious to take on the Boers that he paid his own fare out and on arrival attached himself to the Gordon Highlanders (to whom the London Scottish are affiliated) before the London Scottish contingent arrived. He thus became the first man to fight in London Scottish uniform. However, the War Office failed to appreciate his enthusiasm and refused to pay him. When he was wounded, they charged him for his passage home.

The man who left his stamp on the regiment for all time was the first commanding officer, Lord Elcho, later Earl of Wemyss. To avoid any inter-clan feeling about choice of tartan, he introduced his own family tweed. Hadden grey has been the regiment's colour ever since and even the officers' blues are, in fact, grey. It proved a better camouflage than the scarlet of the last century.

The present Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. M. Borthwick, was a company commander with the 1st Battalion during the late war, and his company earned the title, "Algy's

OVER



Open house for Scots: Major D. Ord welcomes Pipe-Sergeant W. Hannah, Black Watch of Canada, who looked in on his way home from Berlin.

LONDON SCOTTISH (Continued)

Irregulars, "owing to his unorthodox but successful methods of training and fighting. He was wounded in a hand-to-hand fight with a German on the River Garigliano, where he won his MC, and where a posthumous Victoria Cross was awarded to Private G. A. Mitchell, whose portrait now hangs in the canteen. Anzio was perhaps the hottest spot. Ask Sergeant Douglas Leitch, mortar platoon sergeant, about that mortar position on the lateral road ...

Before the war, once every four years the regiment marched through an area of Scotland instead of going to camp.

The London Scottish have one of the few quartermasters with a Territorial commission. He is Major David Ord, who joined the Gordons (with whom four of his brothers served) as a drummer in 1919 and came to the London Scottish in 1935 as permanent staff sergeant-major.

Several men distinguished in the entertainment world have served in the London Scottish. They include Ronald Colman, Basil Rathbone and Leslie Sarnon. The tradition continues; Major Hugh Attwool MC, a film production manager, helped to make "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman."

Permanent staff: RSM H. Foster, Gordon Highlanders, discusses the training programme with CSM A. Whyte, Scots Guards drill instructor.



promotion in order to stay in London and remain with the London Scottish. His pipers play at many functions. Once a week he goes to St. Thomas's Hospital to pipe for the doctors' and nurses' reel club. The London Scottish also has its own reel club, to which members and old comrades can bring their wives and girl friends. The instructor is 29-year-old Pipe-Sergeant John Williams, who piped the Black Watch up to the Rhine crossing. Now he and Miss Margaret Patton, who comes from a Black Watch family, give demonstrations for television. By day Sergeant Williams is a civil servant.

In the London Scottish every member must have Scottish ancestry, the minimum qualification being a Scottish grandparent. So much of the family spirit has always prevailed that during the war ex-wounded returned to the regiment even when posted elsewhere — and in some instances came to be listed as deserters.

Many men with war-time commissions are back in the ranks. CQMS Peter Martin was a lieutenant in the Royal Berkshires and Sergeant William Williams was a major with the Sikhs. The ex-major is by night regimental tailor. By day he is a tailor with his own business in the Piccadilly area. Before the war the regiment had five or six uniforms, including mess kit worn by all ranks. Today battledress blouse with kilt and spats forms the official dress but mess kit is still often seen at dinners.

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Permanent staff: RSM H. Foster, Gordon Highlanders, discusses the training programme with CSM A. Whyte, Scots Guards drill instructor.



This model of one of the "Footballers of Loos" stands on the regimental war memorial of the London Irish Rifles.

LONDON

As they led an attack on the German lines in the Battle of Loos, in September 1915, the men of the London Irish Rifles punted a football towards the enemy trenches.

Was it just an escapade? A piece of bravado? Or the irrepressible sporting spirit? Whatever it was, it was in the London Irish tradition of devil-may-care.

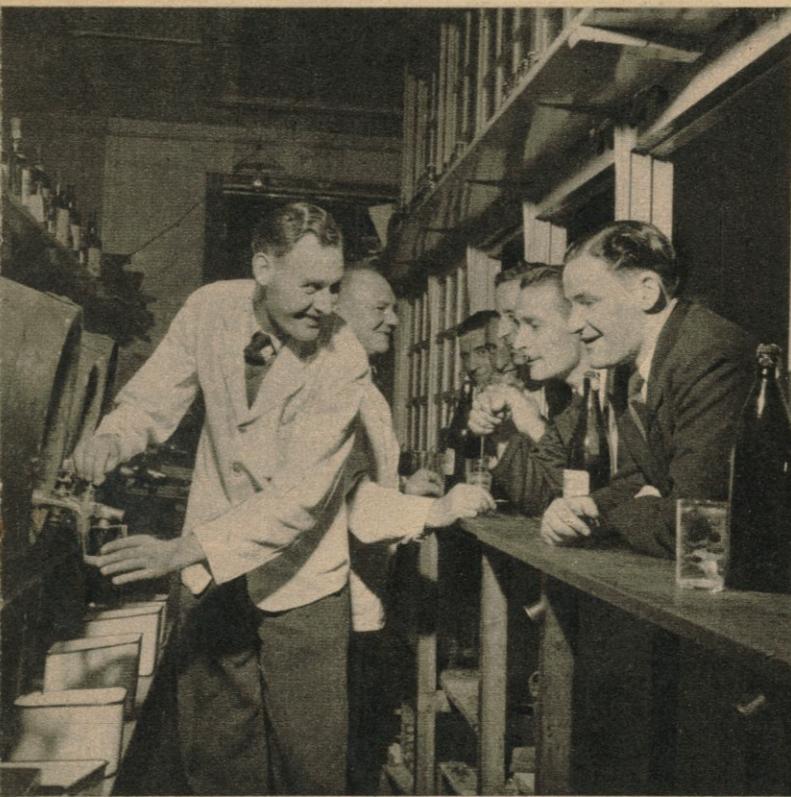
What could have been more unconventional than the way a party of the London Irish joined in a "private war" eighty years ago? When Prussia declared war on France, an officer and 40 men paid their own fares to the Continent and fought in the French Army for a year. The hardships they endured included eating rats, but it took strong Government pressure to bring them home. The survivors were charged at Bow Street "that they, while wearing the Queen's uniform, did take service with a foreign power." The officer was fined 40s and the men dismissed with a caution. The last man died, aged 95, back in the 1930s.

From a small beginning in 1859 when an Irish journalist, J. T. Dempsey, gathered some friends in his rooms to form the "Corps of Irish Gentlemen-at-Arms," the regiment has given spirited service in three wars (not including the Franco-Prussian episode). Its pipers have become part of the London scene — whether at the Lord Mayor's Shows or at Rugby internationals.

Many Territorial battalions underwent a "slump" in the late 'twenties and early 'thirties, but not the London Irish. There was a young subaltern called Jack Macnamara who breathed fire and enthusiasm into the unit. He became a Member of Parliament

(representing Chelmsford) and soon rose to be commanding officer. In 1942 he was given a staff appointment, but he always visited his regiment when he could. On such a visit in 1944 he was killed by German mortars. The regiment is affiliated to the Royal Ulster Rifles. Its officers must claim Irish blood, but the men need not necessarily have links with Ireland, although there have always been plenty of Murphy's, Irwin's, Kelly's and Sullivan's. A scrutiny of early recruit lists shows the name of a former Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston.

Today the regiment runs a social club, the chairman of which is Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. Richards OBE (he is also Deputy Commandant of County of London Cadets), who joined as a Rifleman in 1914 and served at Loos. "I remember the football incident," he says. "We were told that we were to lead the big push, which we regarded as a great honour; nor did it seem any less an honour when we were told that no survivors were expected. Rifleman Edwards — later he became a sergeant and he lives at Greenford — carried the football. We have one in the officers' mess which may be the original, but we are not sure. We carried footballs on many attacks and some of them got left on the



Bung-hole view of the beer bar, in the London Irish canteen.



Overlooked by his own portrait, Lieut-Col. Viscount Stopford, who was second-in-command of the 1st Battalion during the war, discusses the evening's work with RSM A. Banks, Royal Ulster Rifles.

IRISH

"Does your mother (or grandmother) come from Ireland?" It doesn't really matter. A Territorial whose spiritual home is Ireland may wear the caubeen

German wire. At Loos we attacked 1000 strong. I was one of the 159 who came back."

In World War Two Colonel Richards was Welfare Officer for the unit. He helped to build up the regimental welfare fund to which each man gave a shilling a month. Over £12,000 was raised.

Just as there were two battalions in World War One, so a second was raised in 1939 (in addition there was a Young Soldiers battalion — the only one raised by a Territorial regiment — until 1943).

It was during the Battle of Britain that the regiment made their first contact with the Germans. While they were stationed on Graveney Marsh, Kent, a German plane was forced down in the battalion area. All units had been asked to try to obtain intact a new type of enemy bomb sight, so men hurriedly left their pay parade to capture this machine. The German crew opened fire with machine-guns and the men (who carried only rifles) formed themselves into a platoon and attacked successfully. Before the four wounded prisoners were taken off a time bomb was discovered in the cockpit. One prisoner then revealed that there was still another. Captain (now Major) John Cantopher dived back into the plane and found the second bomb, which he put in a bucket of water. The Air Ministry were presented with an almost undamaged new-type Junkers 88, and Captain Cantopher was awarded one of the first George Medals. This may have been the first action against

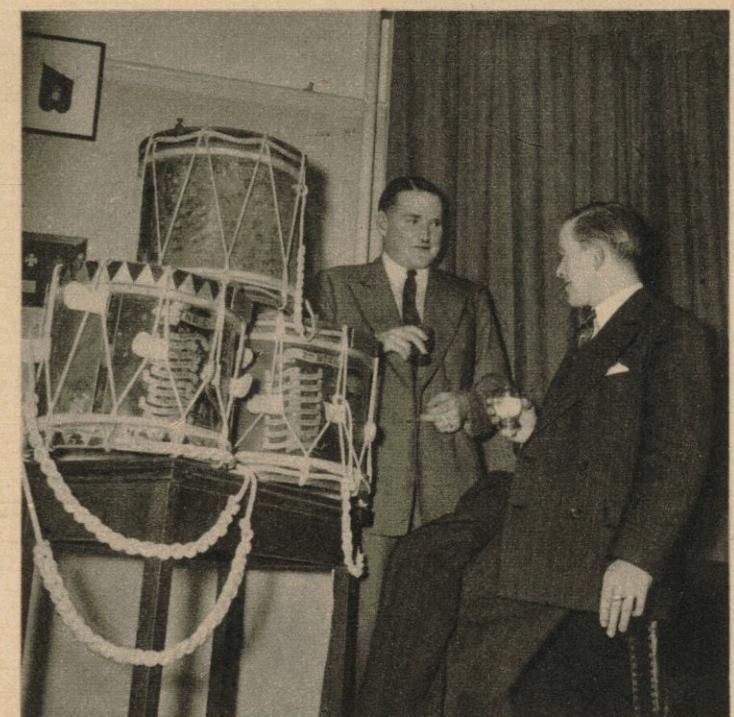
an enemy on British soil since the French landed at Fishguard in 1797.

The 1st Battalion went to Iraq, Palestine and Egypt and took part in the Sicily landings, later fighting in Italy. It was joined by the 2nd Battalion, which had fought in North Africa and was to play a prominent part at Cassino. The 1st Battalion looks back on Anzio as the most difficult battle. Active in it was Sergeant Patrick Sweeney, now regimental carrier sergeant, who never missed an action and was never hit.

Less fortunate was Sergeant Major John Madigan who, as a platoon sergeant, found himself in command of a company for three hours in Sicily. Despite a severe wound in his left arm he personally attacked a self-propelled gun, for which he won the Military Medal. Today he is a clerk in Chelsea, and spends much of his spare time training the younger men of the regiment.

Another sergeant-major still serving is CSM Patrick Murphy, who during the war was transferred to the Green Howards. He won a Bar to his Military Medal at the relief of Arnhem.

Pipe-Major John Franklyn joined in 1925 and became pipe-major in 1936. Twice a week he trains his pipers as well as those of the affiliated cadet battalion. He estimates that it takes a man 18 months to master a tune, and another 18 before he is ready to take his place in the band, and wear the well-known blue-lined green cloak, saffron kilt and blue caubeen. The London Irish pipers are the only Territorials to wear cloaks. (See *SOLDIER Scrapbook*: Page 34)



Drums of the Irish regiments disbanded in 1922 are kept in the officers' mess. Beside them is Major J. Cantopher, George Medallist, who is talking to the regiment's medical officer, Capt. N. D. H. Heneghan.

THE AIRDROP BEGAN AT KUT -



Take-off on the first airdrop. Note the supplies slung on the quadricycle undercarriage. (Imperial War Museum).

AND HERE IT IS TODAY... ...IN THE DESERT



Packing water-cans in bomb cell containers for a desert column. Below: A pannier of supplies is pushed out of the aircraft. (Pictures: Sjt. J.R. Gilman, Public Relations.)



...IN THE DESERT

LAST summer, a party of British sailors went to visit the deserted rock city of Petra, in Jordan (described in *SOLDIER* last month). To their surprise, they found themselves snowed up in the mountains — 70 miles from the Red Sea.

They were reported overdue and an aircraft went out and found them. Soon afterwards, another aircraft turned up with the rations. Food, petrol, cigarettes floated down without a hitch; it was just bad luck that the rum jar broke as it hit the ground.

For the men of 73 Air Despatch Company, Royal Army Service Corps, who packed the supplies into the aircraft and pushed them out again, this was more than an opportunity to do someone a good turn: it was a welcome chance to try out in earnest the trade they practised so often in training.

This was a minor operation for the Company, which has Arnhem as the highlight of its air despatch history. It was small, even by comparison with the operation in the previous year, when in a month the Company delivered 751 tons of grain from RAF aircraft to starving villages in the Hadhramaut, on the south-east corner of the Arabian peninsula. And it lacked that worrying moment which comes sometimes on a practice flight when the pilot pretends he has run into heavy anti-aircraft fire and takes evasive action, and each man of the despatch crew finds his stomach taking evasive action too.

These men, who are stationed at Fanara, in the Canal Zone of

Egypt, take pride and pains in their work. Parachutes, for instance, must be properly packed, or they will "candle" and their loads will meet the earth with a damaging crash. And containers must be well packed, so that the

load can withstand the bump that no parachute can prevent. The science is now so well developed that ripe tomatoes and fresh eggs have been dropped and collected unscathed.

Freight packing into the aircraft is another tricky problem. Jeeps, trailers, guns, odd-shaped crates of varying sizes and weights must all be packed in such a way as to preserve the balance of the aircraft and not affect its performance in flight. And lastly there is the drill over the dropping zone itself, when a few moments' delay in responding to the pilot's signals can make all the difference between landing the supplies in the cleared dropping zone, or putting them down into a river, inaccessible bush or even enemy positions. The air despatch men earn their extra 1s 6d a day.

They take pride, too, in their close relations with the Royal Air Force crews who fly them. Says Major H. T. Abbott, who commands 73 Company: "We work so closely with the RAF that we quite often forget that the man next to us belongs to another Service."

To show that the air is not the only element in which they are at home, the men of 73 Company have built up an impressive sporting record, on land and in the water. Their football team is the only RASC team in the Canal Zone major league. Last year they won the RASC Canal Zone swimming championship; four of the seven players in the Canal Zone water-polo team come from the Company; and Corporal Peter Pulcella, from Tamworth, Staffordshire, has lowered the record for swimming the Great Bitter Lake by 26 minutes. (From a despatch by Capt. J.R. Galwey, Public Relations.)

THE first troops to be supplied from the air were probably the men of the unfortunate garrison of Kut al Amara, in Mesopotamia, early in 1916.

From the beginning of December 1915, the 14,000 British and Indian troops, under Major-General C. V. F. Townshend, had been cut off by the Turks. With them were the 5000 Arab civilian inhabitants of the town.

The siege dragged on. Attempts daily, to give his garrison six ounces of rations a day. They had an emergency five days' "ration" of horses. So the order was given that as much food as possible should be dropped to the garrison.

Out of a total of eight BE 2c's of the Royal Flying Corps, and one Voisin, one Henri Farman and four Short seaplanes of a naval air unit, all but four of the BE 2c's and one seaplane were turned on to food dropping. The lift was not a long one — 23½ miles from the airfield to Kut — but the work was tricky.

When the siege had been on four and a half months, General Townshend reported that he would need 5000 lbs of supplies

The BE 2c's carried a 50-lbs bag on each wing and two 25-lbs bags on a hastily-designed frame which had been substituted for their bomb frames; the Voisin and the Henri Farman carried their loads of 150 lbs to 200 lbs under the fuselage; the seaplanes carried 200 lbs to 250 lbs, held by a canvas band to prevent them fouling the water.

These packages made the aircraft difficult to fly. So that as much food as possible could be carried, the aircraft were flown as single-seaters, which meant that the pilot's only defence was his revolver.

For nine days all went fairly well, though the biggest drop in any day was only 3350 lbs. Then German fighters took a hand and began to attack the food-planes, with the result that an escort with a navigator and a Lewis gun had to go with each flight. This cut



Kut al Amara. Its fall was one of the greatest tragedies of the Mesopotamia campaign.

down the number of aircraft available for carrying food. One seaplane was shot down in combat; one of the BE 2c's was damaged.

Altogether, 140 food-dropping flights were made and 19,000 lbs of food were hurled down in 14 days. The garrison received 16,800 lbs; some of the supplies were dropped in the river. (Turkish machine-gun fire kept the aircraft at between 5000 and

7000 feet, which made accurate dropping difficult.) The garrison actually fed on airdrop food for four days, the ration totalling four ounces a man.

It was not enough. An attempt to run supplies to the garrison by ship failed. General Townshend was forced to surrender to the Turks and 10,000 combatant troops and 3000 non-combatant Indian followers went into captivity.



...IN THE JUNGLE

"THE RAF will be delighted to fly *SOLDIER* from Kuala Lumpur to Ipoh," said the telephone. "They are making supply drops to the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry and they will land you on the way back."

The Dakota climbed over the early-morning mist. When it lost height again, the Perak river, khaki-yellow, wound below.

The pilot reached up to the roof of the cockpit and pulled a switch; the navigator opened the door of the crew compartment and gave a shrill whistle. "We give them a warning bell ten minutes before we get there," he roared in explanation, indicating the despatchers with his thumb.

Now the tree-tops seemed very close. They rose and fell as the aircraft passed over some low hills, and swayed from side to side as the pilot circled to find the first dropping zone. If anyone was going to feel airsick, now was the time.

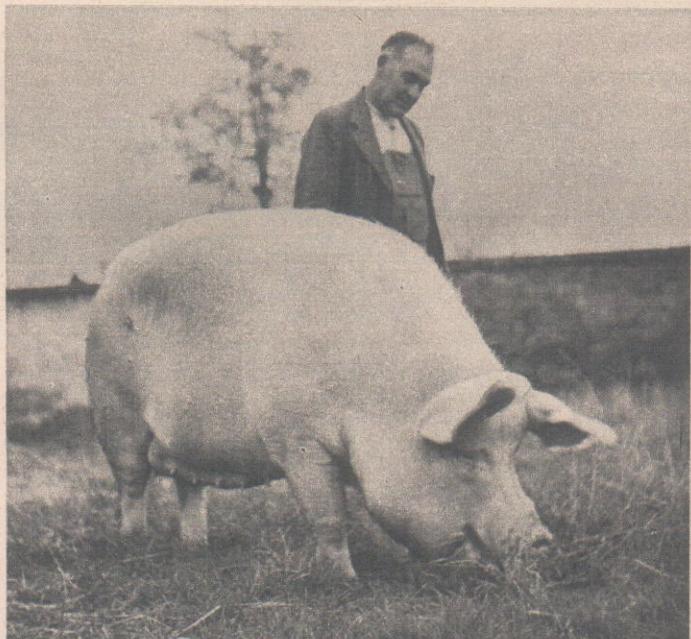
In the freight cabin, a huge case was standing by the open door-space. A static line ran from its parachute to a bar by the door.

The corporal offered a monkey belt — a wide web belt with a long strap that clipped to the fuselage. "Just to stop you from falling out," someone explained.

The corporal sat on the floor behind the case, with a despatcher on each side. Then an electric bell sounded loudly, three times. The despatchers tilted the case on the edge of the doorway and held it there. The bell rang once more and they tipped it over. There was a slap as the static line tautened, then the case disappeared. A moment later there was a glimpse of a red parachute underneath the

On a Malayan dropping zone, men of the KOYLI wait for their rations. Below: The rations arrive. A parachute lands on another KOYLI dropping zone.





Mr. C. Stockford, who went to war at 14, with the pride of his stock farm: Borley Rose, four years of age, half a ton in weight and mother of nearly 80 pedigree piglets.

Portable buildings, pedigree pigs and Christmas crackers are produced by ex-Service men patients at the British Legion Village —

Preston Hall

IN 1920 a young clerk named Arthur Howick, who a little while before had been operating blimps in the Royal Naval Air Service, lashed out a precious ten-shilling note to buy a present for the girl he was courting — two tickets, in the Golden Ballot.

He was in the fashion. Thanks to enterprising advertising (condemned in a letter to *The Times* as lacking in dignity) the Golden Ballot was much in the public eye. It offered, to purchasers of five-shilling tickets, the chance of winning one of a long list of prizes, headed by £2500, the lease of a London-house (or £1000), a motor-car, a pearl necklace and £500.

Exactly how the prizes were to be distributed was not made very clear, though there was no doubt they would be fairly awarded. Lord Beatty was patron of the Ballot, and General Sir Ian Hamilton, Father Bernard Vaughan and a rear-admiral were among the judges.

In fact, it was a lottery and the organiser, Mrs. C. F. Leyel, who was well-known for her charitable work, found, when it appeared to be all over, that the Ballot had developed legal complications. One point which seemed to irk

the prosecution was that the pearl necklace "was destined to adorn the bosom of a cook." But the important thing, especially for young Mr. Howick (whose fiancée's tickets did not win a prize) was that the Golden Ballot raised more than £250,000 for charity. And much of that money was spent in buying Preston Hall, near Maidstone, in Kent, to set up a vocational training centre for tuberculous ex-Servicemen.

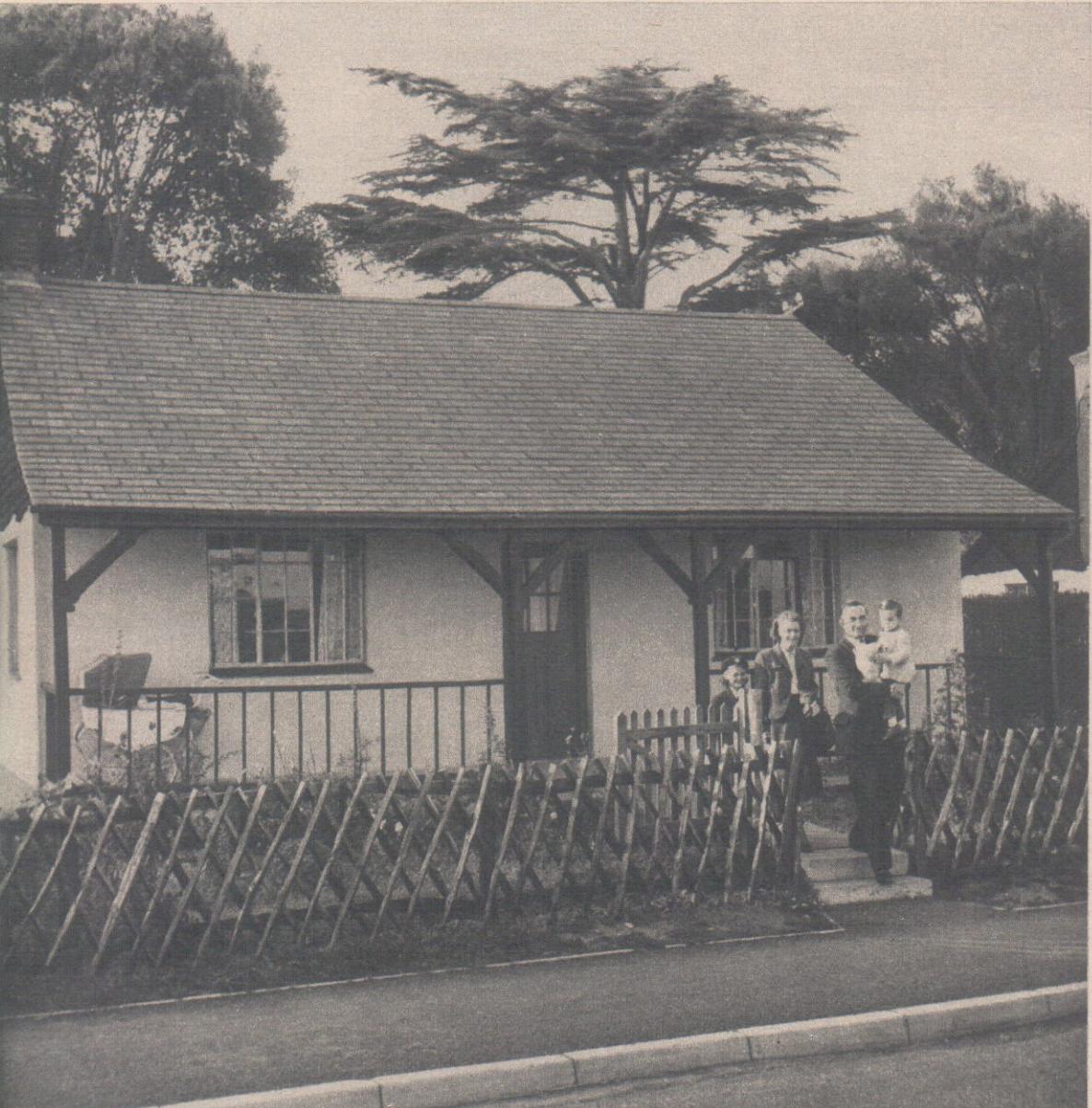
In 1923, Howick, just out of a sanatorium, and now married to the girl for whom he had bought the tickets, went to Preston Hall as a patient. Two years later he was on the road back to health, and working as a clerk in the Preston Hall office, when the British Legion took over. The centre became the British Legion Village; its work was expanded, its facilities improved. In 1930 Mr. A. A. Howick became its secretary-administrator, and he still is.

Today, Preston Hall is home to more than 900 men, women and children — tuberculous ex-Servicemen, their wives and families and medical staff. Its 220 acres provide everything they need.

First, there is hospital treatment. The hospital was started and built up by the British Legion, and it was taken over by the Ministry of Health as part of the National Health scheme in 1948. But it was running so successfully, and fitting so smoothly into the other work of the British Legion Village, that the Ministry agreed that Mr. Howick and his senior officials should continue to run the hospital side by side with their other work.

Once out of the hospital, the patient starts his rehabilitation. It is a gradual process, carried out in conditions to suit each particular patient. The doctors approve the work done by each man and decree how many hours a day he shall work. Patients usually start with two hours a day, and then increase the period gradually to six hours. No overtime is allowed.

There is an initial period of re-



"Married quarters" at Preston Hall. There are several types, all designed to have more ventilation than most houses.



The printers' shop. Working on the "stone" is Mr. R. Spencer, who served in the 21st Lancers in World War One. He has been at Preston Hall 16 years.



The carpenters' shop. Working the rip-saw are Mr. W. Wood (left) and Mr. W. Hodgson, who have been at Preston Hall 25 and 18 years respectively.



The engineers' shop. Mr. D. J. Brickwood, who repairs wireless sets, was a wireman in the Royal Navy and a member of the Normandy D-Day assault party.

habilitation, during which a patient may take vocational training, just as he would under the Ministry of Labour training scheme but working fewer hours a week than Ministry trainees.

Rehabilitation is a slow job. It takes at least 18 months and may take years. So after the initial period, a patient may become a "settler," with a full-time job at trade union rates — but in conditions to suit his physical case.

Every job done by the patients is purposeful and practical: there is no question of building something just for practice and then knocking it down. That, says Preston Hall, is psychologically wrong. And every man is fitted, so far as possible, into his own trade, or the trade he hopes to follow when he leaves Preston Hall. "The job is found for the man," says Mr. Howick, "not the man for the job."

Many of the men help with the day-to-day work of the village, driving electric trucks, looking after motor-cars, and in the offices. And some stay on when their rehabilitation is complete: nearly all the permanent non-medical staff first went to Preston Hall as patients. Mr. J. W. Joel, for instance, who is accountant to the British Legion Village and finance officer to the management committee of the hospital, was a patient in 1944. Before that he was an Army staff-serjeant and was secretary to Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, the architect of the Normandy D-Day.

Most of the men find jobs to suit them in the British Legion Industries which are at Preston Hall. They have a pretty wide

choice. There is a printing shop, which carries out government and commercial printing and has many orders from British Legion branches. There is a garage, where motor-cars, including the Village's own, are repaired and which is supervised by Mr. D. J. Woodhouse, who served in the Royal Army Service Corps in World War One and as a mechanist-serjeant in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in World War Two. He went to Preston Hall as a patient in 1943.

The Preston Hall stock farm is run by Mr. C. Stockford, who went overseas at the age of 14, as a Gunner in World War One, and came to Preston Hall as a patient 29 years ago. It has one of Britain's most up-to-date poultry farms, and breeds pedigree pigs which earn dollars for Britain and help feed the hospital. The carpentry department makes anything from small boxes to portable buildings, including the chalets in which some of the patients live.

The building and maintenance department does all the building, redecoration and repairs at Preston Hall (just now it is building a new youth centre) and the engineering department is kept busy with maintenance work. Most versatile section is the fancy goods department which gives light work to the more disabled patients: it produces soap-cakes with coloured pictures on them, wooden toys, Christmas crackers, brushes, brooms and light wooden assembly jobs of all kinds.

For all this work, the men are paid **OVER**



"Father of the hut patients," Mr. W. Marshall calls himself. He has lived in his chalet for eleven years. In World War One he was a horse-transport driver in the RASC.



Mr. J. B. Butt (right) is chief cashier at Preston Hall and an ex-patient. He was a World War One Territorial. With him is Mr. R. S. Johnson, one of his staff, who was a Regular sergeant in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. He was captured on Crete in 1941 and later served in Palestine.

Preston Hall (Continued)

at trade union rates. Up to the time of its silver jubilee last year the British Legion Village had paid out £1,270,000 in wages and the rehabilitation factories had produced £2,190,000 worth of goods. The difference was not profits: there were the bills for raw materials and "overheads" to be paid. Poppy Day helps balance the Preston Hall budget. To fill the Industries' contracts, the managers are allowed to employ outside labour and patients' wives if there are not enough patients working to complete them.

Unmarried "settlers" live in hostels or in single-bed wooden chalets. Married men may bring their families to the Village and live in one of the 138 houses (specially designed to give good ventilation). The incidence of

tuberculosis among the families, which include about 120 children, is lower than the average in Britain — "because," says Mr. Howick, "we know how to live."

The Village has its own post office and store, cafe, village hall, branches of the men's and women's sections of the British Legion, and football, cricket, gardening, chess, angling, rifle and dramatic clubs. But it is not cut off from the world: the main London-Maidstone road runs through it and there are buses to Maidstone, two miles away.

The British Legion gives the same facilities to tuberculous ex-Servicewomen as to the men. They can have their hospital treatment at Preston Hall, but their rehabilitation takes place at the British Legion sanatorium at Nayland, near Colchester.

In the hostels, patients make themselves a cup of tea after lunch and relax on their beds, by wide-open windows.



How Much Do You Know?

1. The traffic light sequence in Great Britain is:

- (a) green, amber, red;
- (b) green, green-and-amber, red;
- (c) green, green-and-amber, amber, red;
- (d) green, amber, amber-and-red, red;
- (e) green, amber, red, red-and-amber.

Which?

2. "The wildest dreams of Kew are the facts at Katmandu." Who said that? And where is Katmandu?

3. There was talk of burying George Bernard Shaw in Westminster Abbey. Was that done?

4. Where and what is the High Atlas?

5. That circular building entirely covered by a gently rising dome on the Festival of Britain site is to be called:

- (a) Dome of Science;
- (b) Hall of Discovery;
- (c) Temple of Knowledge;
- (d) Mirror of the Future;
- (e) Dome of Discovery;
- (f) Hall of Science;
- (g) Abode of Love.

Which?

6. A famous theatre called the Old Vic has recently been re-opened in London — in which road or street?

7. In which country were anti-aircraft troops recently concentrated to fire at clouds, in order to make rain?

8. To take part in the sport of curling, you need:

- (a) a horse and a mallet;
- (b) a bow and a quiver;
- (c) a stone and a frozen pond;
- (d) a lance and a pig;
- (e) a pack of 52 cards.

Which?

9. Which continental city has staged meetings of the Council of Europe?

10. A new book is called "Views of Attica." Which country would you expect to find featured in it?

11. Can you regroup the partners of these famous firms correctly: Swan, Freeman, Crosse, Spencer, Willis, Wells, Marks, Hardy, Edgar, Swears, Blackwell.

12. Peggy Castle in this picture is:

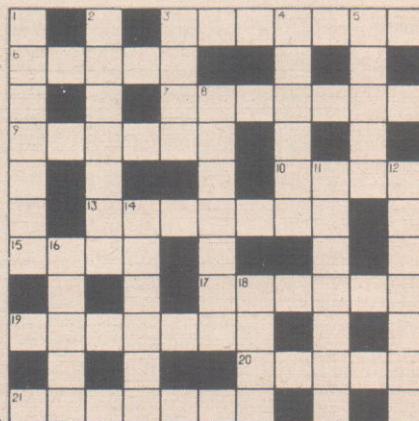
- (a) a toxophilite;
- (b) toxicologist;
- (c) taxidermist;
- (d) tympanist.

Which?



(Answers on Page 46)

CROSSWORD

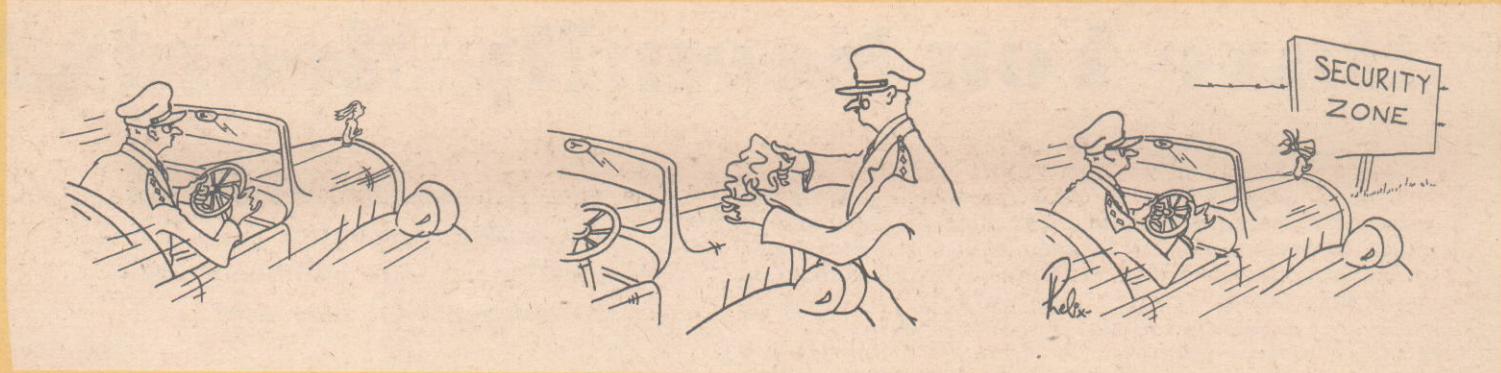


ACROSS: 3. Crossword puzzles are meant to. 6. To tell beheaded, with a confused tale in its tail. 7. Our army has one. 9. Go on — take a chance! 10. Where teas come from. 13. This can be constructed of an animal and a job for an actor. 15. Approach. 17. It doesn't matter

an atom to us whether it is a fruit or a vegetable. 19. An ancient one detained a wedding guest. 20. Fish. 21. This could not have a better start, but becomes brutish.

DOWN: 1. Are its quills used for writing? 2. A sea will make a ram roar. 3. A ringing leap. 4. The sort of noun to be written with a capital letter. 5. Court for noblemen—and commoners. 8. Concerning malice? 11. Unconfined (two words). 12. To be found in a lathe or emery wheel. 14. He could go strait in the Royal Academy. 16. If you do this to an issue you are trying to get out of something. 18. Moral, lose a thousand.

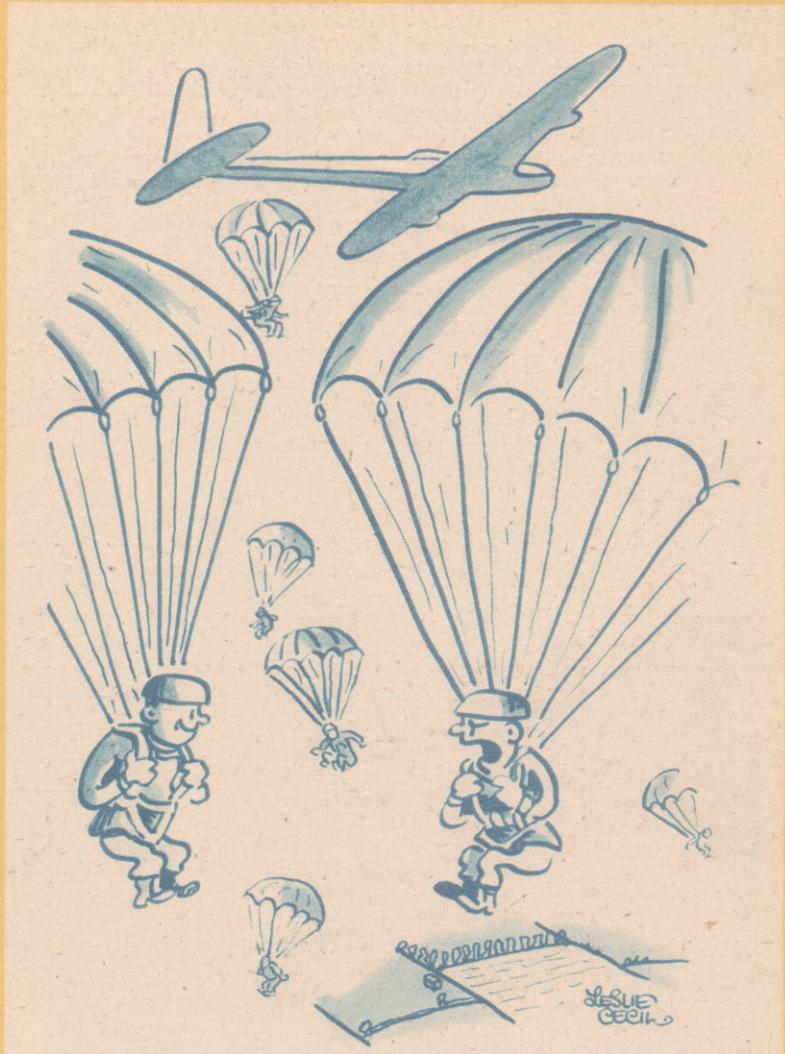
(Answers on Page 46)



SOLDIER HUMOUR

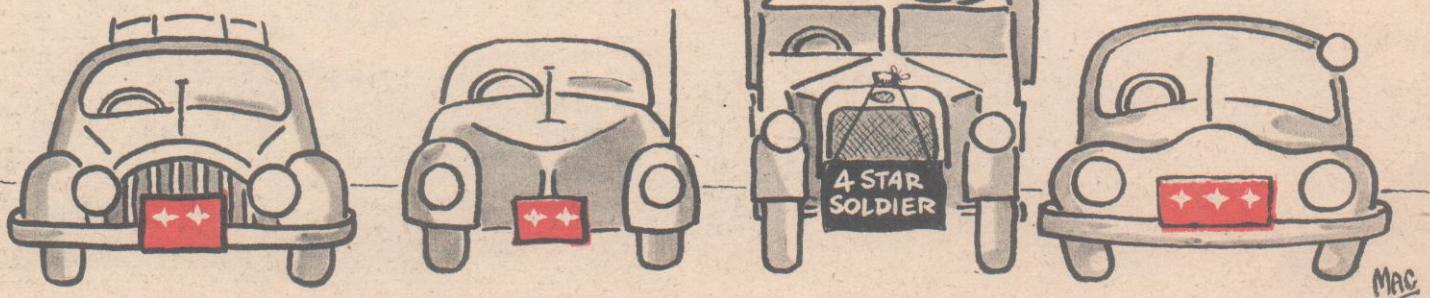


"A couple of days' sunshine
and we'll be as right as rain."



"He'll be sorry he made me jump. I'm the pilot."

CAR PARK



"Have You Seen My Medals?"

IN London auction rooms hardly a day passes without the personal possessions of soldiers of bygone days coming under the hammer: medals, badges, buttons and sometimes a sword that was waved aloft at Diamond Hill, Doornkop or maybe at Balaclava.

Nearly always the sales attract the same bidders.

There is the man who is always looking for medals, the retired Guardsman who collects ancient pistols, the colonel who hunts for relics of the Indian Army; even the man who has never been a soldier, but is driven by an inexplicable urge to amass military buttons.

Sometimes, when the last item has been sold, the collectors get together to "talk shop." The man whose house is full of gay uniforms is not so consumed by his own branch of collecting as to be indifferent to somebody else's hoard of helmet plates.

**A spur, a plume that Roberts wore,
A badge, a scimitar
Once slippery with heathen gore —
How beautiful they are!**

Old verse, revised.

film of military interest (and the historical detail had better be accurate!). In the north of England some members have formed themselves into a local branch.

Not all the members are necessarily collectors. One or two are professional researchers, whose knowledge can be tapped by, for example, film companies. Several are adept at sketching and colouring uniforms. Others have written or hope to write, books on military lore.

On a long table in a private room at the Imperial War Museum, members of the Military Historical Society set out a few of their more portable treasures for each other to admire.



All 600 of them..."

he found of value when serving in Army Intelligence. He saw all the service there was to see in Africa and was in the Boxer Rebellion as well.

On his travels he started to collect native weapons and now he has more than 100 in his London home. He is records officer and quartermaster of the Legion of Frontiersmen.

Captain V. W. Edwards, of Woodford Green, has what is believed to be the best display of yeomanry uniforms in the country. These, with the uniforms of other arms, total over 100; he also has 200 headdresses.

Mr. J. F. R. Winsbury, of Leytonstone, is interested in arms and armour. His collection of pistols and guns runs into 300. He started as a schoolboy when a friend gave him a grapeshot said to have been picked up at Waterloo. To it he has added a German wheel-lock dated 1588 and one of the famous Ferguson breechloading flint-lock rifles of 1775.

A husband and wife are members. They are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Young, of Stroud Green. Mr. Young, who was in the RAMC, collects model soldiers, of which he has about 1000, and his wife collects buttons and badges.

Other badge collectors include Squadron-Leader A. J. Green, of Stevenage, who also has about 600 Army and Navy medals, and the Society's secretary, Mr. Ernest Martin, who has amassed a big collection during the past 30 years.

Probably the best collection of formation signs owned by one individual — 540 in all — is that of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard Cole, who has written two books on the subject.

A connoisseur of swords is Major A. N. Ingram, of Epsom. In his big collection are some rare Chinese ones and a gold presentation sword given to Major-General Thomas Dundas by the people of Guernsey in 1791.

The Society runs a quarterly bulletin edited by Mr. W. Y. Carman, of Ewell, to whom historical research is a full-time job. Frequently his knowledge is sought by regiments and museums. And he has been commissioned to make model figures for the Festival of Britain.

The bulletin advertises articles wanted and "for exchange." One member seeks a George III gorget; the Imperial War Museum asks for an embroidered cloth collar badge of a Methodist Scripture Reader, and a cap-badge of the Long Range Desert Group. Another announcement regrets that Lieut-Col. V. Peniakoff ("Popski") has no Private Army badge left.

Besides the Military Historical Society, there are the Society of Army Historical Research and the Military Antiquarian Society, two bodies which cover rather different fields. Some enthusiasts belong to all three.



Medal under the magnifying glass: holding it is Mr. R. H. Blethyn, treasurer of the Society.



Captain V. W. Edwards collects yeomanry uniforms. Already his house is like a miniature museum.



Group-Captain H. C. Collier-Gates (first military campaign: 1882) has more than 100 native weapons. He is a member of the Legion of Frontiersmen.



Mr. L. R. Bradley, Director-General, Imperial War Museum, sees a demonstration of an ophicleide (one-time military instrument) by Mr. E. Martin, secretary of the Society.



A man with an eye for a sword is Major A. N. Ingram. But his interest extends to bayonets, daggers and pistols.



Power on parade: Three ex-LMS 2-8-0 locomotives, now on the strength of Tenth Railway Squadron, await the appraisal of the Officer Commanding.

"Locomotives Ready For Your Inspection, Sir"

EVERY young lad, greedy for glory, realises sooner or later that he cannot be both an engine driver and a soldier.

Unless, that is, he is fortunate enough in later life to join a unit like Tenth Railway Squadron, Royal Engineers, which is based at Adabiya, near Suez, in the Canal Zone of Egypt.

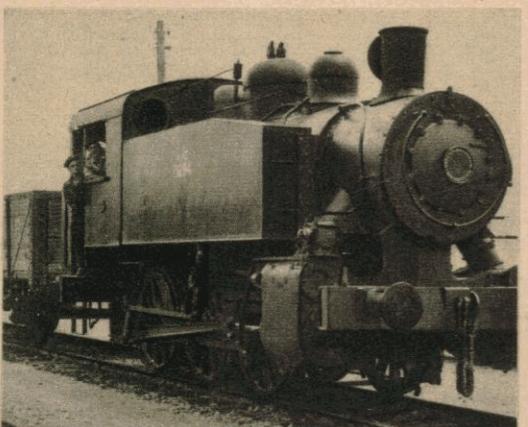
This Squadron, the only one in the Middle East, is rightly proud of its heritage. Research has shown that it had its beginnings in Gibraltar at the end of the eighteenth century as part of the Corps of Military Artificers. It was one of two companies, commanded by officers of the then Corps of Engineers, stationed on the Rock. The Tenth Company was converted to a Railway Company in January 1885 and has been one ever since. Certainly it is the oldest Royal Engineers unit now serving in the Middle East and possibly the oldest unit of that corps still in existence.

Located on the sandy shores of Suez Bay under the shadow of the frowning, precipitous Gebel Ataka, the Tenth Railway Squadron lives and leads a purposeful life. Military stores are unloaded at the docks of the adjacent Port Operating Group, Royal Engineers and it then becomes the responsibility of the Squadron in close co-operation with the Egyptian

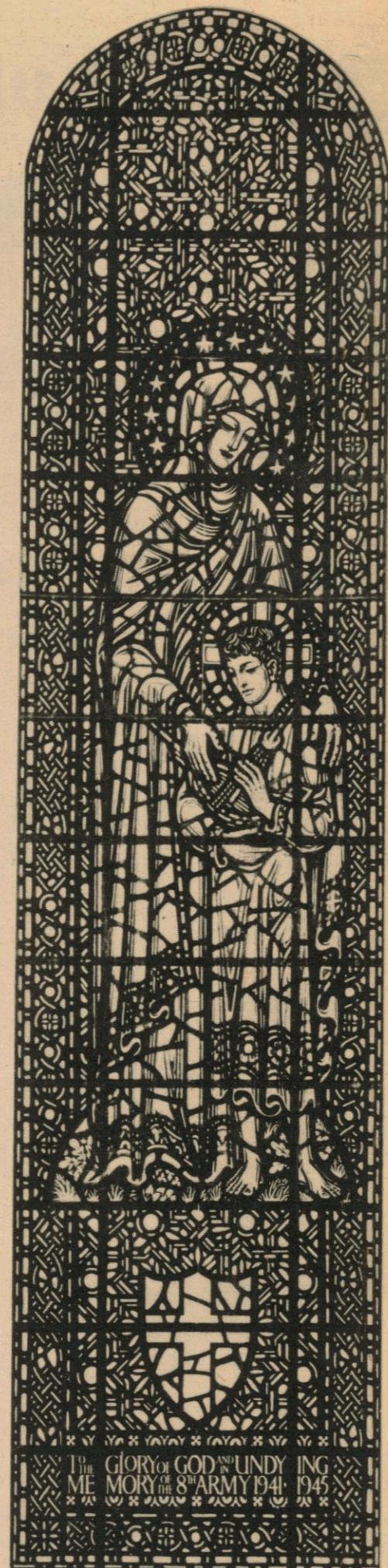
Squadron rolling stock includes three ex-LMS 2-8-0 giants, built just before World War Two. For the edification of the technically minded these engines have a tractive effort of 32,438 lbs and a boiler pressure of 225 lbs per square inch.

It is intended that these three locomotives shall commemorate Sappers who won the Victoria Cross. The first naming ceremony was performed a few months ago by the Chief Engineer, Middle East Land Forces, when WD locomotive No. 70320 became "Lt. W. O. Lennox VC," in tribute to the first Sapper Officer to receive the award — in 1855.

Tenth Railway Squadron provided a guard of honour to greet the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, General Sir Brian Robertson, when he first arrived at Fayid to assume his appointment. It made a fitting compliment to a general whose military career started in the Royal Engineers. — From a report by Major D. O. Hogg, Military Observer in Egypt.



One of the Squadron's tank engines which hauls military freight in the Canal Zone.



There are 12,000 pieces in this 13-foot window to be erected in Cairo Cathedral, in honour of Eighth Army.



The "stained glass" window a lance-corporal made—with plastics, paper clips and insulating tape. It is in the Garrison Church at Tobruk. (Colour photograph: SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL)

Windows for Remembrance

WHEN veterans of Eighth Army gathered for their last Alamein reunion in the Albert Hall, they inspected a stained glass window which will shortly be fitted in Cairo Cathedral, to commemorate their comrades who fell. (Already Eighth Army has a memorial window in Christ Church, Vienna).

Last month two Army windows were dedicated in Salisbury Cathedral. They were erected in memory of men of the Glider Pilot Regiment, and of the Royal Air Force serving with that regiment, who died in the late war.

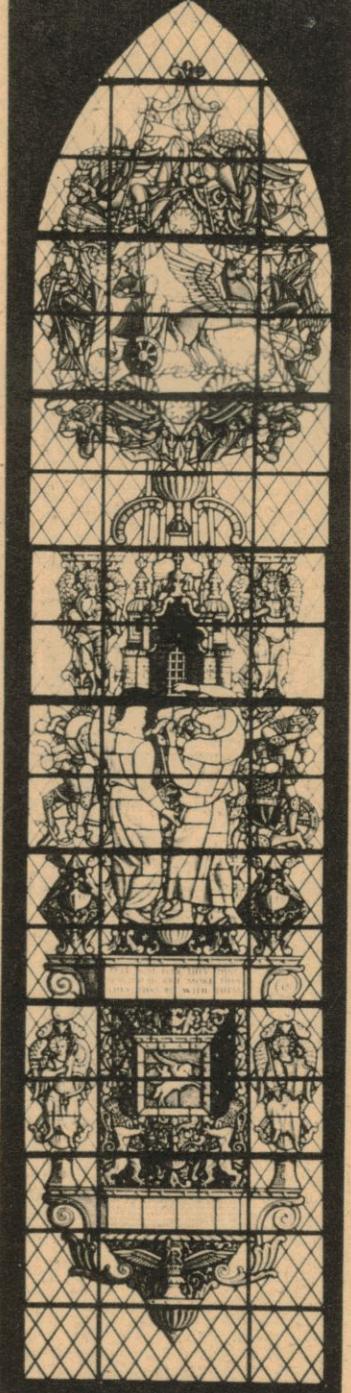
These windows were made by English craftsmen well versed in an ancient and intricate trade. But in at least one Army church is a

"home-made" coloured window which reflects much credit on the soldier who designed and executed it:

This window is in the Garrison Church at Tobruk. Formerly the church was part of an Italian workshop, and was transformed by German prisoners-of-war. At one end it had a plain glass, horizontal window through which the desert sun almost blinded the congregation.

Lance-Corporal John Porteous, Royal Engineers, designed a new window to take its place, with three Gothic arches and mullions. But there was no glass — not even plain glass — of the right size. So he hit on the idea of using plastic material — plain and coloured. These pieces were built in with insulating tape and several thousand paper clips, and all the tools needed were a razor blade, scissors, an office stapling machine and a small paint brush.

In the design, St. George represents the siege defenders and there are symbols for the eternal

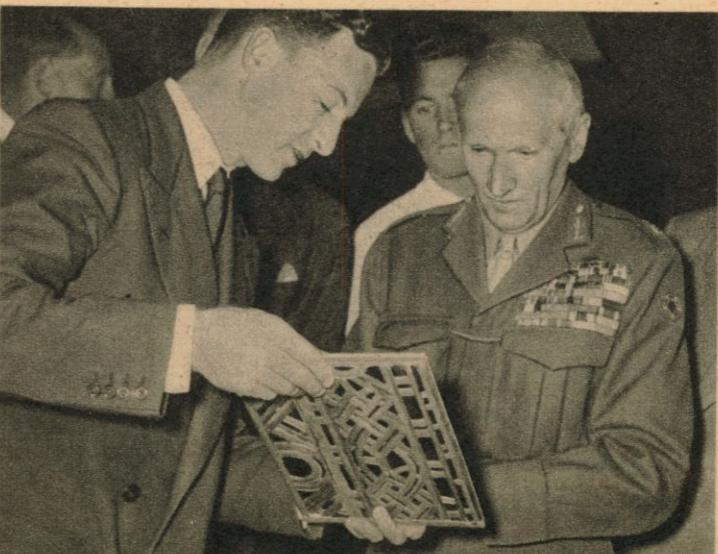


Two winged horses appear in this window to the memory of men of the Glider Pilot Regiment, in Salisbury Cathedral; the lower one represents the Airborne flash. A companion window bears the Royal Air Force crest.

life of the town and its martyrdom. Another section, dedicated to travellers, shows St. Christopher with a map of Cyrenaica at his feet.

The window cost £3 10s. From a few feet away it looks as good as a stained glass one which would have cost several hundred pounds.

Designers of Army windows still fight shy of portraying soldiers; they cling to traditional figures. But some readers of SOLDIER may remember that on the cover of the issue for July 1947 were featured two striking window designs by ex-Captain Frederick W. Cole, showing soldiers in battle-dress, sailors in duffle coats and airmen in flying kit.



Examining the intricate craftsmanship in a section of the Eighth Army window: Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

On pages 21-23 are pictures of the London Scottish and the London Irish as they are today, in their London drill halls. Here are pictures of them as they were in Italy in wartime.

Right: Men of the 1st Battalion, London Scottish, pick their way carefully over rubble during street-fighting at Teano in 1943. Below: Men of 1st Battalion, London Irish, during the attack across the river Senio in 1945.



Men With Fins

SOLDIER has a particular interest in frogmen. It was the first publication to give photographs and a detailed description of Britain's underwater warriors.

But the subject was worth a book in itself. And here it is: "The Frogmen" (Evans Brothers, Ltd, 12s 6d), by T. J. Waldron and James Gleeson, the scriptwriter and producer who prepared the BBC's feature on frogmen. It is a straightforward story of tremendous gallantry by men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines.

Frogmen originated in the Italian Navy, which started experiments in 1935. It is now known that the Italians intended to mark their entry into World War Two with a frogmen's "Pearl Harbour" on the British and French fleets. As it was, Italian frogmen caused trouble in Gibraltar harbour. One British Naval officer, wearing captured underwater equipment, met an Italian frogman and a prolonged fight took place with knives — possibly the first hand-to-hand battle under water.

The Italians blew out the bottoms of the battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* at Alexandria, but all the attacking frogmen were captured, which meant there was no one, apart from spies on shore, to get news back to Rome. As there was no sign of damage above water, steam was kept up, receptions were held, bands played and normal activity on deck continued.

The senior Italian frogman later fought with our underwater forces. When in 1945 he paraded before the Crown Prince to receive the Italian VC for his attack, Admiral Sir Charles Morgan, former captain of *Valiant*, took the medal and pinned it to the chest of the man who had so severely damaged his ship.

In Britain, the Admiralty got down seriously to training frogmen, developing "human torpedoes" and producing the "X" craft, or midget submarine. But whereas the Italians worked in the Mediterranean, the British sailor had to be prepared to swim in the icy waters round Norway.

The British soldier who thinks he was hard done by at battle school would do well to dwell on the descriptions of training and experimenting in this book. Men had to go into pressure chambers to test their powers of endurance on pure oxygen. One by one they would pass out, and many a man would have to step over the prostrate body of his predecessor as he went in.

One of the great bogeys was "Oxygen Pete," the gremlin who poisons the oxygen. In order that the men could recognise carbon-dioxide poisoning on dry land, "blackout" parades were held in which men were slowly poisoned until they bordered on insensibility.

Here an able-seaman describes his experiences in the "pot," or experimental tank, used for poisoning tests:

BOOKSHELF

"I suddenly felt a violent twitching of my lips. I tried to wriggle them around the mouthpiece again, my mouth was blown out like a balloon, and it was blurring out oxygen through my lips so much that it was hard to keep the mouthpiece on my mouth. I felt a tingling sensation at the side of my mouth as if someone were touching it with a live wire. My lips became so distorted that it felt as if my mouth were stretched to somewhere near my right ear. I felt myself falling backwards... an hour later I came to on a stretcher. I felt as if I'd had a monumental night on the beer."

From the moment the new fighting arm of the Royal Navy started to hit at the Germans by means of human torpedo or explosives carried on the "X" craft, no place was safe for German shipping. After a first unsuccessful attempt, the frogmen penetrated anti-submarine nets and minefields to attack the *Tirpitz*; ships at Spezia (birthplace of the Italian two-man torpedo) were sabotaged; blockships in Tripoli harbour were blown up just before the British entered the town; and on the Normandy D-Day more than 2500

obstacles — many of them mined — were cleared by 120 frogmen, wearing kapok suits which protected them from blast.

Frogmen who operated in the Far East learned how to combat sharks — "Throw them a dead horse as bait."

The Germans also trained frogmen. One unit was formed from convicts, who were given a pardon for volunteering. It was notably a failure.

Great enterprise was shown, however, in a German underwater assault on the Nijmegen bridges. Charges were linked by rope and drawn down the River Waal by the frogmen who dropped them with time mechanism pre-set at the foot of the bridge supports. Then they swam on down the river to climb out in German-held territory, where — unluckily for them — the Dutch Resistance seized them. Some charges exploded, but the damaged bridges caused little delay to the Allies.

Britain's frogmen were used in Palestine to frustrate attempts to mine our ships, and they were called on in an attempt to save the crew of the submarine *Truculent* which sank in the Thames.

Is there any further scope for frogmen in peacetime, outside the fairground? The authors point out that frogmen discovered wrecked Roman ships on the bed of the Mediterranean; they are sometimes enlisted to examine bridge supports, gasometers, and to search for bodies. Any day now the Customs authorities expect to hear of frogmen smugglers fastening contraband to ships' bottoms.



How the German frogmen took their charges down the River Waal to Nijmegen.

(Illustration from "The Frogmen," reviewed on this page.)

Duff Gen?

OFTEN reviewers suspect that something published as fact is really fiction.

Now it has been suggested that the incident which is the climax of Sir Duff Cooper's new novel, "Operation Heartbreak" (Rupert Hart-Davis, 8s 6d), is fact and not fiction.

This is how it goes. A Regular officer who, a quarter of a century after passing through Sandhurst, has never been in battle, dies a natural death at the height of World War Two. Posthumously he is promoted major. Documents giving false information about a proposed operation are put into his pocket and a submarine slips his body overboard off a "neutral" coast. In due course the false information is passed on to the enemy, and as a result one of the biggest surprises in military history is achieved.

Recalling that Sir Duff Cooper was Minister of Information during the war and later Ambassador to France, the *Sunday Express* asked: "Is 'Operation Heartbreak' really a true story? Does it disclose for the first time a ruse employed by British Military Intelligence during a vital stage of the war?"

Sir Duff promptly replied that the story was pure fiction. But the following week the *Sunday Express* declared that shortly before the North African invasion in 1942 the body of a British officer was washed up on the Spanish coast near Gibraltar. In his pocket was a package of secret information about the invasion for the Governor of Gibraltar. After a short delay the papers were delivered to the Governor. Asked the *Sunday Express*: "Was the body planted by our Intelligence? Did the Germans ever read the papers? If so, were they intended to do so?"

The *Spectator* said: "It is by no means impossible that a dead body was used in just this way during the war of 1939-45, and there may be some doubt whether it was desirable for Sir Duff Cooper to make quite such a frank display of British ingenuity."

But Sir Duff was in good company. In "Operation Victory," Major-General Sir Francis de Guingand revealed a ruse very similar in outline to that described in "Operation Heartbreak."

When Eighth Army was back on the Alamein line, a false "going" map of the area behind the line was prepared by Intelligence. The fake was made to look old and dirty and covered with tea stains, and it was stuffed into a soldier's haversack with all the usual kit. The haversack was then put into a scout car which was blown up where the Germans would find it.

When Rommel made his attack it followed the line the fake would have suggested, and the Afrika Korps became thoroughly bogged.

Bookshelf Cont'd Overleaf

THE COMMANDO IS NOW A PROFESSOR

IN the Commandos served a handful of writers who did not entirely forsake the pen when they took up the sword.

Evelyn Waugh was one; Dudley Clarke was another. There was also Douglas Grant, now an Associate Professor of English Literature at Toronto University.

He served in a Royal Marine Commando and his book about his personal experiences in Sicily and Normandy has now been published: "The Fuel of the Fire" (Cresset Press 12s 6d).

As befits a Professor of English Literature, the book is written in immaculate English. There is not a hackneyed phrase in it; nor are there any of those strained, outlandish phrases so dear to writers who strive, at all costs, not to be hackneyed.

Captain Grant's war was essentially an Infantryman's war and his descriptions of suspense, violent action, the nauseous aftermath, resting up and regrouping should stir the memories of any man who has been up "at the sharp end."

The first landing in Sicily was easier than had been expected. From the cliff the author looked down at the wide bay full of ships, with landing craft plying back and to:

"It was a scene of intense but apparently peaceful activity, like the building of a new city on the Asian coast by ancient settlers. My men came up from the beaches singing and hailed us cheerfully; they were glad to find that we, too, were alive and that death had as yet driven no wedge into our unity."

But death was soon to drive many an ugly wedge into the company, both in Sicily and in Normandy. Through it all the author kept his five senses alert; he records the colour, the sound, the taste, the smell and the feel of the campaign.

Fate played a strange trick on Douglas Grant when the Normandy invasion was mounted. The maps of the coast where landfall was to be made were in code; but the grouping of roads and houses seemed oddly familiar. At last he recognised the area: it was that of the River Orne, near Caen, where he had

tramped and cycled only four years before

The descriptions of the fighting on the Orne are exceptionally graphic. In the excitement — "... we found it as difficult to breathe as if we were in a high altitude or a breathless dream. The dream became more real as we passed the fields where the gliders had landed. The craft lay on their broad bellies like bulky sea monsters stranded out of their element by a cataclysmic subsidence of the world's waters. The whole scene was pre-historic, remote, strange and frightening, and we seemed to be entering another planet."

Ironic things happened during the Orne deadlock. A Commando, whose job was to trace the telephone lines from Commando headquarters every dawn and to mend any breaks, one morning stepped a foot out of the path he had trodden regularly every day for three weeks and was destroyed on a mine. Between the embattled armies at Sallenelles were fields of ripe corn. The mayor pleaded to be allowed to reap the fields, to

"I thought it was about time I sat for my First."

save the villagers from starvation. At length permission was given; "the clatter of his machine must have been heard miles away, and that the enemy did not mistake it for a tank and bring down a barrage proved that some arrangement must have been reached with them as well as with us." These were fields which the British troops had very carefully avoided, because it seemed more than likely that they had been mined.

In the fighting in Normandy the author received a wound which caused him to be invalidated from the service.



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What? No History? So He Wrote One

MORE than a quarter of a century ago, a British officer happened to require, for professional purposes, a short history of the British Army. To his surprise he found that there was not one to had — unless an out-of-date one in a second-hand bookseller's.

So what did he do? He sat down and wrote one for himself. Without carrying out any extensive research into archives or into unpublished documents, he produced a simple, straightforward history, which was soon to become an official text book at Sandhurst.

The industrious officer was Major E. W. Sheppard, Royal Tank Corps (now retired), who has since become well-known as a writer on military topics.

Now a revised and greatly extended edition of his "A Short History of the British Army" has been published (Constable 30s). In fact, the "short" history now runs to 500 pages, thanks to the addition of chapters on the two world wars and a summing-up chapter on British soldiers, officers, general officers and the military machine as a whole.

Says Major Sheppard:

"An army should not be judged by the artistry of its generalship, the industry of its staff work, the leadership of its officers, or the valour of its soldiery, still less by the splendour of its uniforms, the wealth of its armament, the rigidity of its discipline, or the correctitude of its bearing on

ceremonial parade. We do not value a machine for its beauty, its ingenuity, or its expensiveness, but because of its efficiency in the work it was designed to do. Now an army is first and last a military machine, and the same primary criterion applies; our judgment of it must be based on its efficiency, and any other standard can only lead to a misleading verdict."

From this point of view, the author says, the record of the British Army is remarkably and consistently good. But he regrets (and what soldier would not?) the way in which, war after war, it has been the role of the regular force to sustain the first blow and be shattered, "leaving behind nothing but a trained cadre and a tradition of valour." Our great victories, he points out, "have been won mainly by amateur soldiers, who came from peaceful pursuits to save their menaced motherland..." Now, if we could only start off strong...

This is a valuable book. Incidentally, it does not start with Cromwell's New Army. An early chapter heading reads: "The Beginnings of the British Army, 55 BC — AD 1660."



Serenade for Jean Simmons! A "night out" is still a big thrill for Britain's outstanding young star. Feted wherever she goes, Jean modestly finds it all rather hard to believe.



Jean's wardrobe is full of glamorous clothes, but she likes to dress for comfort when she can. That's why she chooses slacks for relaxing on the beach with this playful little pup.



Good Chocolates rank high among Jean's enthusiasms. She loves a box of CAPITAL ASSORTMENT to dip into between "takes". And she finds those delicious new Capital centres one thrill after another. So will you! Ask for Capital Assortment, the luxury chocolates in the dainty new carton. 1/- 1-lb carton (also ½-lb. packs).

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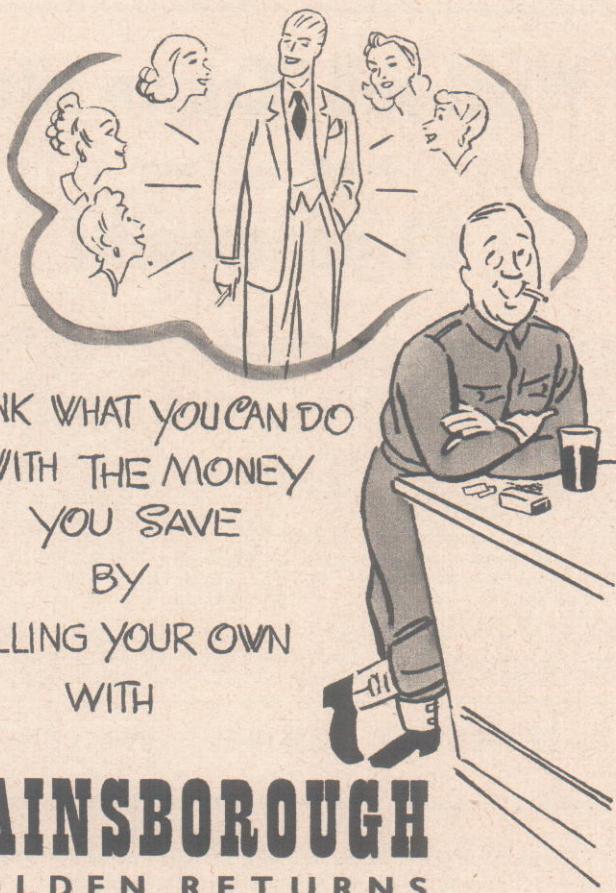


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The Soldier Whose Idol Was Dempsey

IF Jack Gardner does not become world heavyweight champion — a title modestly estimated as being worth £100,000 — it will not be for lack of wishful prophecy by his admirers.

The older hands are urging "Keep your head, Jack!" They know that fame can go to a boxer's head as concussively as a straight left.

There is reason to believe that Jack Gardner knows it, too. Receptions, dinners, interviews, news-reels — these are all very well but they are not boxing and Jack Gardner has much to learn if he is to win the world heavyweight title, which has been lost to Britain for more than 50 years.

Jack Gardner was just 19 when the Grenadier Guards made him a serjeant, and barely 24 when he made himself heavyweight champion of Britain and the Empire. The exciting 11-round contest

in which he beat Bruce Woodcock after a tough slogging match brought into the world limelight the good-looking man with the Guards bearing.

It also provoked an argument on whether boxers should wear moustaches and a controversy between a woman Cabinet Minister and a woman back-bencher on the merits of boxing as a sport. Ex-Serjeant Gardner is a man who has had a succession of ambitions and, by good fortune, has seen many of them fulfilled. As an Army cadet he wanted to be a Regular soldier. As a serjeant of the Windsor Castle guard he longed to be a champion boxer.

And as a champion he looks forward to owning a 30-acre pig and poultry farm.

Serjeant Gardner is one of the few head-line boxers whom the Army discovered, moulded and "passed out" as a candidate for high honours. In this respect his story so far is akin to those of Bombardier Billy Wells and Johnny Basham, both Regular soldiers who became heavyweight and welterweight champions of Britain respectively in the early 1920's. Jack Doyle, who was bought out of the Irish Guards after winning the Brigade of Guards heavyweight championship, failed the British title.



With the three stripes he earned at 19: Serjeant Jack Gardner.

Serjeant Gardner's first hero was Jack Dempsey and his first coach was his father, a Durham Light Infantryman who was a boxing champion of the first Rhine Army. The first "ring" was the kitchen with the table pushed back, the stove marking one corner, the sink the other. He was aged five when his father bought him his first gloves. He used to spar with his brothers (now aged 19 and 21) but that is forbidden now; they would impair their amateur status if they boxed with a professional!

But he never boxed very seriously until he joined the Guards. As a member of the Army Cadet Force at Market Harborough he had found difficulty in getting an opponent of the same weight. At 16 he touched 13 stone.

In 1944, at the age of 17, he volunteered for the Grenadiers. Came the Guards Depot, the Training Battalion at Windsor, the School of Infantry and then Germany. The 1st Battalion sent him on an all-ranks boxing course at Paderborn, where his instructor was Serjeant-Major-Instructor Ernest Shackleton.

"I owe him a great deal," said Jack Gardner. "And I also owe a lot to Serjeant-Major Verlander."

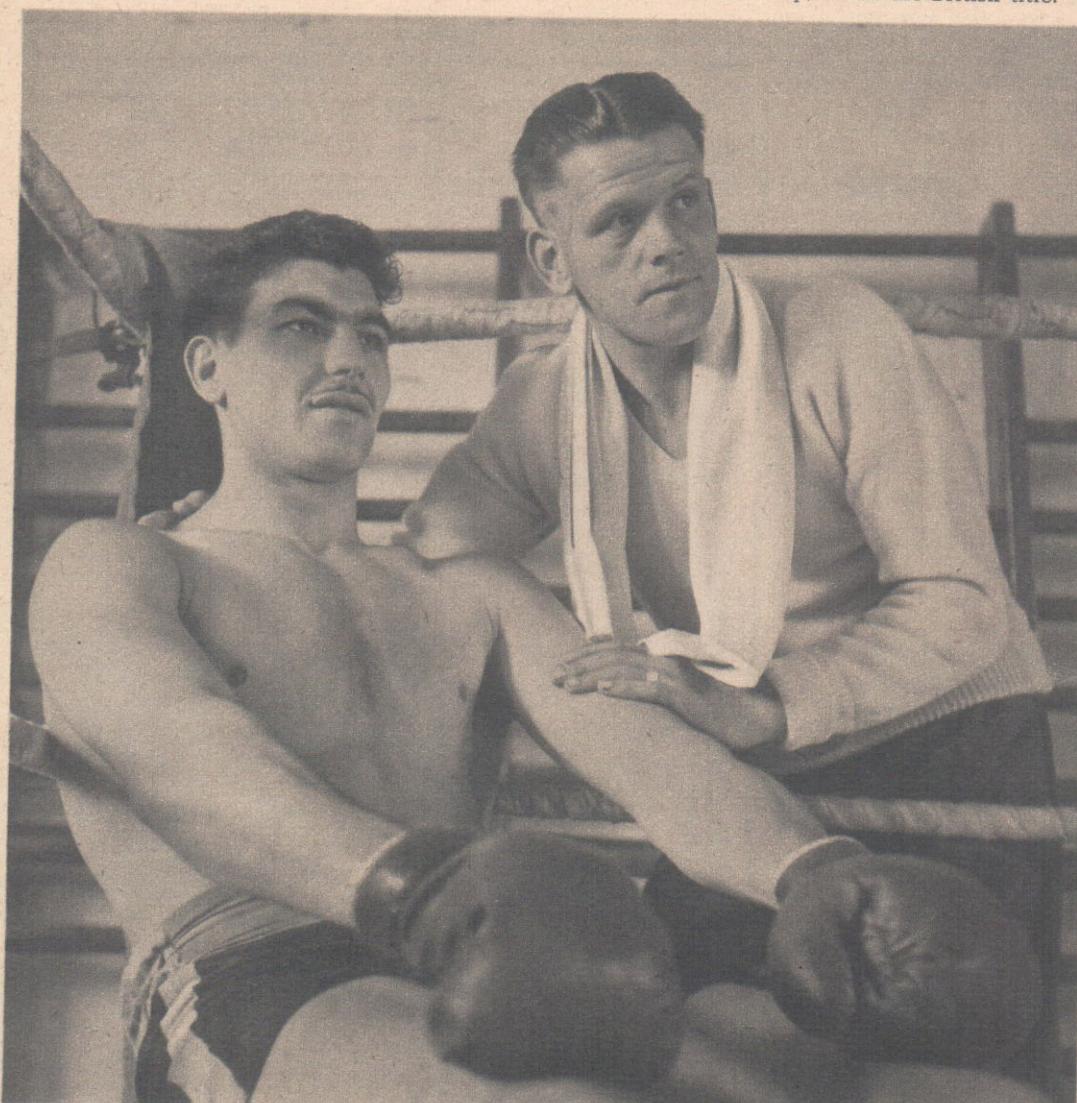
Serjeant-Major-Instructor Frederick Verlander, who coaches the Army's boxing teams, first saw the future champion practising on a punchbag at Chelsea Barracks in the summer of 1947. A tug-of-war team from the Grenadier Guards in Germany had arrived at Chelsea for the Royal Tournament, and Serjeant Gardner was a member.

"I could see then what a punch he had," said the serjeant-major.

That same summer Serjeant Gardner was due for release. He had married the local beauty queen of Market Harborough, and the problem of the future faced him. Having failed to pull off the Rhine Army championship he realised that he had a long way to go before he could make a professional fighter. He re-enlisted for five years.

The following January the 1st Grenadier Guards at Windsor were staging a boxing contest against

OVER



Jack Gardner with his Army coach, Serjeant-Major-Instructor Frederick Verlander. These pictures were taken in August 1948, two months before he left the Army. (Cameraman: Desmond O'Neill).

THE SOLDIER WHOSE IDOL WAS DEMPSEY

(Continued)

REME, but the Arborfield team lacked a heavyweight to take on Serjeant Jack Daniels of the Grenadiers. At that time Serjeant Gardner was home from Germany with his battalion and after some persuasion from Serjeant-Major Verlander he agreed to fight Daniels, whom he knocked out in the second round.

Said Serjeant-Major Verlander: "I soon had him in the Army team against Wales in February 1948. He lost to Ken Wyatt, who is now a professional, but since then he has knocked Wyatt out."

Gardner went on to box for the Army against Denmark at the Royal Albert Hall and won in two rounds. In turn he won London District, Army and Imperial Services championships and beat Johnny Morkus in 15 seconds in the Amateur Boxing Association championship.

In the Olympics team he failed against Muller of Switzerland. Said Gardner: "It came as a great surprise. It was brought about by a puzzling series of loping left swings which Muller lashed out."

The same year Serjeant Gardner fought for the Amateur Boxing Association in Denmark and Sweden. In Sweden he defeated the runner-up in the Olympic Games.

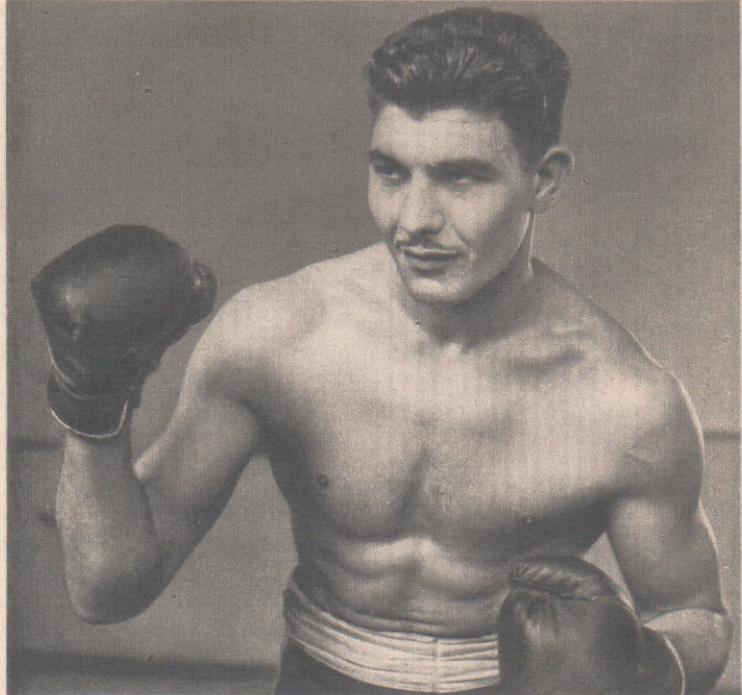
By now he had won the interest of Mr. John Simpson, later to be

his manager. It was Mr. Simpson who arranged for the serjeant to buy himself out of the Army in October 1948, thus allowing him to turn professional.

His first contest was at Harringay, where he undertook three fights in the evening. He knocked out his three opponents and his total time in the ring was less than three minutes. His prize: £500.

In January he beat Nick Fisher, and followed this by beating Morkus in the fourth round, George Barrett in the second, Frank Walker of the Birmingham Police (the same man who as a Royal Horse Guardsman had beaten him to the Rhine Army championship) in the fourth, Frank Ronan in the third, Robert Eugene of Belgium in the fifth, and then lost twice to the Canadian champion, Verne Escoe.

Soon after this he was winning again — this time beating Stephan Olek, a French-Pole, Frank Brown and Nisse Andersen of Sweden. Last June Gardner took on Johnny Williams who had recently beaten the Canadian Escoe, Gardner's old antagonist. He realised that if he could beat him, he was ready to beat Escoe. Williams left the ring with a smashed nose and spent three days in hospital with concussion. The next fight was that against



Woodcock, whom Gardner engaged almost wholly with his left.

The Grenadier Guards knew Gardner as a quiet, unassuming young man who besides being an efficient soldier, excelled at putting the shot, throwing the discus, throwing the javelin, rugby football (he was a BAOR trialist). In the boxing world he is more than a worthy successor to the list of Grenadiers (including Serjeant A. Griffiths, Lance-Corporal H. Nicholls VC and Serjeant J. Daniels) who have become Army heavyweight champions in pre- and post-war contests. Many Guardsmen attended the fight against Woodcock and echoed the congratulations contained in the letter Gardner received from the

Shoulders of a champion: critics say he must make more use of that right.

Colonel of the Regiment, Princess Elizabeth (signed by Lieut-General Sir Frederick Browning, Comptroller of her Household, himself a Grenadier).

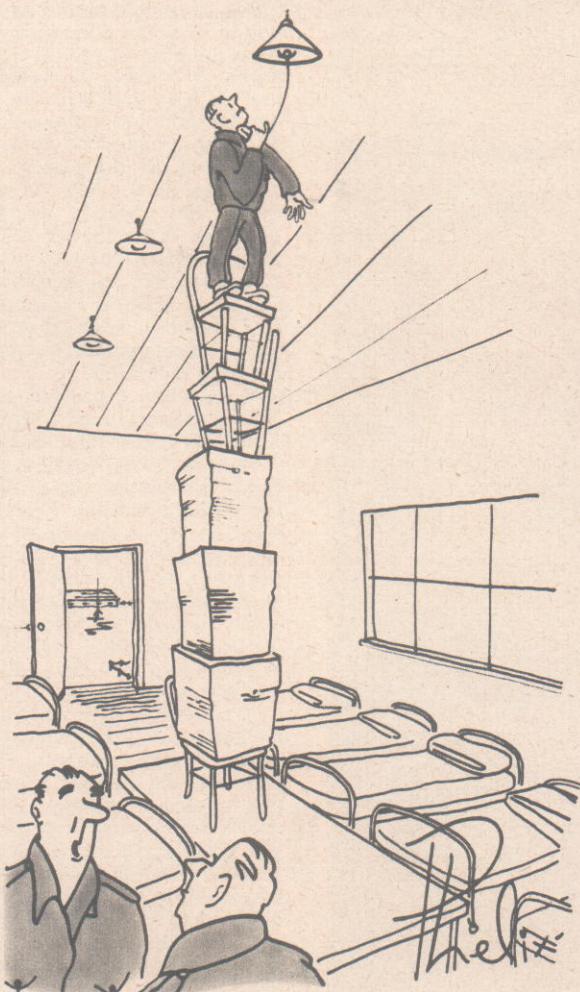
What of the future? Serjeant-Major Verlander says: "Coached on the right lines Gardner will become a world champion. He has the height, the power and the guts."

The champion was due to leave for South Africa at the end of the year. Soon he goes to America to gain experience in a tour of gymnasiums. The Army wishes him the best of luck.

BOB O'BRIEN



Home after defeating Woodcock: Jack Gardner's daughter helps him to unpack his kit. One of these days "home" will be a 30-acre farm.



"Why he can't shave in the ablutions like everybody else, I don't know."

And Here's Dempsey on the 'Lost Art' of PUNCHING . . .

JACK DEMPSEY, the man who fired Jack Gardner with the ambition to be a heavyweight champion, has written a book on boxing. It is called "Championship Fighting" (Nicholas Kaye, 10s 6d) and it may fire the ambition of other Jack Gardners.

The book develops Dempsey's pet theory of "explosive punching," and, appropriately perhaps, it is written in a peculiarly explosive form of prose (much of which is probably that of the editor, Jack Cuddy).

Though some may think there is over-much emphasis on the "sleep-dealing punch," the book contains much excellent advice for the boxing beginner.

Dempsey is rightly proud of his punch. Outweighed by 65 pounds, he battered down the giant Jess Willard at Toledo in 1919, and then went on to draw gates of over a million dollars each with Carpenter, Firpo, Sharkey and Tunney. The publishers of the book claim that punching of this kind has become almost a lost art — with an exception to be made in the case of Joe Louis. Big-money promotion encouraged the wrong kind of fighter, according to Dempsey, namely, the "punchless performer who wins amateur or professional bouts on points."

"Because of this commercial, win-on-a-point-as-soon-as-possible attitude among modern instructors, the amateur and professional ranks today are cluttered with futile 'club fighters' and 'fancy Dans'."

Sometimes the advice becomes a little lost in the jargon. "Punching" becomes "exploding body-weight." Dempsey says, or is made to say:

"I was at my peak as a fighter the day I met Willard... My body-weight was moving like lightning, and I was exploding that weight terrifically against the giant. Even before the first round was finished, Willard looked like the victim of a premature mine blast."

This is perhaps the place to point out that, in the Army at

least, the object of boxing is not to make the other man look like the victim of a mine blast. The Army firmly discourages spectators from applauding or shouting "Kill him." In the Army, boxing is a means of self defence, and a sport — not a form of slaughter; the Army wants its men fit, not punch-drunk and disfigured.

The fact remains, of course, that a boxer must be able to punch, and what Dempsey has to say on the subject of developing a punch must be treated with respect.

He divides a punch into two parts: (a) setting the weight of the entire body in motion; (b) relaying the moving weight to a desired point on an opponent with a stepped-up impact or explosion. Anything else is only a partial punch.

While Dempsey plainly considers that the main thing wrong with boxing is that learners are not taught to punch properly, he has many more criticisms to make of training methods. He says that instructors put too much emphasis on "shoulder whirl" alone, without the necessary footwork; that by failing to teach the trigger step they have weakened the effect of the left jab, which ought to be a stunning blow; that they do not explain the bob weave, or the need for the three-knuckle landing; and that they allow beginners to take long steps with hooks, which converts the hook into a swing.

"It is my personal belief that beginners should be taught all types of punches before being instructed in defensive moves, for nearly every defensive move should be accompanied by a simultaneous or delayed counter-punch. You must know how to punch and you must have punching confidence before you can learn aggressive defence."

He also points out that certain fundamental movements in boxing seem unnatural to the beginner, and in consequence require very close co-ordination between body and mind. "In fighting, as in many other activities, it's natural for the beginner to do the wrong thing. It's natural for him to swing rather than to punch straight. It's natural for him to hit with the wrong knuckles of his fist. It's natural for him to use leg-tangling footwork."



Jack Dempsey: he dislikes "fancy Dans."

— From the wrapper of his book "Championship Fighting."

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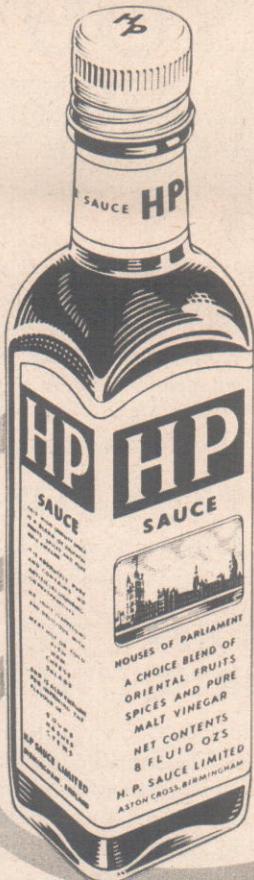
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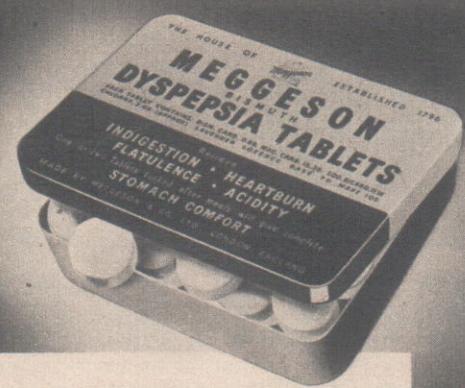
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SOLDIER, JANUARY, 1951.

10-STRIPE SOLDIER

FIIFTY years ago on the 4th of January, Private A. Carter — "Nick" to his friends — joined the King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

And this month for the last time he takes off his khaki with the ten service stripes and the ribbons of two Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. After 50 years unbroken service, Private Carter becomes a civilian at 68.

He was one of the "Soldiers of the Queen," and his first ceremonial parade, after he joined up at Copthorne Barracks, Shrewsbury, was in connection with Queen Victoria's death.

In July 1901 he joined the 2nd Battalion of his regiment in South Africa, to fight the Boers. He served there until 1903 and then went off to India until 1906.

From then until World War One, he served at home with the 1st Battalion. In World War One, he served with the 3rd Battalion, at Pembroke Dock and later in Ireland, and went to France six times on draft-conducting duties.

In 1919 he went back to the 2nd Battalion and served in it without a break until 1942. He was in the first Army of Occupation in Germany and spent periods in Jamaica and Curacao.

Since 1942, he has been at the regimental depot at Shrewsbury, and there his regiment recently paraded to do him honour. The Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General J. M. L. Grover, presented him with an illuminated address, outlining his service, and a tankard. Many of his former

commanding officers — including three brigadiers — were there for the ceremony.

For Private "Nick" Carter it was the last of a long series of ceremonial parades. He had been specially selected as one of the Colour Escort when the King (then Duke of York) presented new Colours to the 2nd Battalion in 1935, as one of the regiment's representatives in the Coronation procession of 1937; as one of the Colour Party which received back from the Governor of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the American Colours captured by the regiment at Bladensburg; and as personal orderly to the Colonel of his regiment when the 1st and 2nd Battalions were ceremonially amalgamated in 1948.

Private Carter had never been on a charge. And he had always refused promotion, so that he could stay with his pals.

And now? "I don't want to go," he says, "but I suppose I've got to." Anyway, he does not intend to go far. He plans to find a room near Copthorne Barracks, near to his friends — and his three favourite pubs.



Private "Nick" Carter: he is being congratulated by Major-General J. L. M. Grover, Colonel of the regiment.

8-STRIPE SOLDIER

WHEN Field-Marshal Montgomery inspected the depot of the Queen's Royal Regiment in 1949, he stopped in front of the burly figure of Private Frederick Sheffield.

He counted eight medals on Private Sheffield's breast and eight service stripes on his arm. Then he asked Private Sheffield how long he had soldiered. When he heard the reply, he commented: "Good heavens — longer than me."

For 60-year-old Private Sheffield, known throughout the regiment as "Chuck," has served continuously since 1908. And before that he had six months service in the Militia. He had served in Gibraltar, Bermuda and South Africa before 1914.

He was in World War One from the early days, and was wounded in October 1914 in France. Later he went to Palestine, then back to France in 1917.

After the war he went to India, then Palestine, then back to India where his service included spells on the North-West Frontier. Then, after six months at Dover, he was transferred to the regimental depot at Guildford.

That was in 1928. He has been at Guildford ever since, and the last time he went on leave was in 1929. He is not married and most of his relatives now live in the Guildford area.

Today, Chuck is in charge of the institute and library of the depot. And his own bunk behind the library is almost a private

regimental museum, hung as it is with photographs of groups of soldiers who have long since left the regiment — and Chuck with them.

Once a week, Private Sheffield joins in the drill parade of the depot party. RSM J. Groves, says: "He can still show up the youngsters and he is still a good shot."

There are two events to which Private Sheffield looks forward each year. One is the regimental reunion; the other is the regiment's joint celebration with HMS Excellent of the naval battle of the Glorious First of June, when men of the Queen's served as marines under Admiral Howe.

Private Sheffield does not propose to join in either of these events as an "old comrade" yet awhile. "I have no intention of going out yet," he says.

Now that Private "Nick" Carter of the KSLI has retired, Private "Chuck" Sheffield is probably the private soldier with the longest continuous service. Any contestants?



Private "Chuck" Sheffield: "No intention of going out yet."

A NEW CORPS?

In view of the present manpower shortage in the Army, may I suggest the formation of a new corps, to be called the Administration Corps? It would be composed entirely of men who had completed 22 years service and would be used to staff Second Echelon and records offices, depots and stores and leave centres. This would release thousands of younger men for more active formations and would enable the older men to continue giving useful service to the Army for many years after they would normally have been pensioned off. — **Armr. QMS S. Stone, HQ 7 Armd. Bde., BAOR.**

CORPS OF INFANTRY

Those who advocate a Corps of Infantry in place of individually named regiments of the Line appear never to be Infantrymen themselves. Like Major-General A. C. Duff, whose book "Sword and Pen" you recently reviewed, they are already members of a corps.

LETTERS

Yet I always notice that men in other corps are quick to seize on any historical threads which their sub-units may possess. Thus some Field Gunners are proud to belong to batteries which incorporate the names of Waterloo or Balaclava — titles these sub-units earned in action — and are quick to correct anyone who misses them out.

I agree with the General that the Infantry's territorial basis is not strong. He quotes as an example the two senior regiments of the Guards. But these, like the Infantry of the Line, have their traditional recruiting areas, individual names and regimental badges. Does the General advocate a Corps of Guards with a common badge in place of the five separate regiments? If so, I can visualise some attacks of apoplexy in Birdcage Walk.

Again, the Corps badge is hardly a means to an introduction. Yet often have I seen the Infantry officer stop a man in the street who wears his badge; even if strangers they

have common acquaintances in what Field-Marshal Earl Wavell called the Family of the Regiment. Corps are too cumbersome to be families.

In battle, if a sub-unit of a vast corps falls down on the job it can often escape mocking tongues by virtue of being just a portion of that corps. For the Infantry regiment which falls down on the job there is no escape from mockery. Knowledge that this is so stiffens determination to succeed. — **L. P. George, Ilford.**

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

78TH IN SICILY

A correspondent in your November issue suggested that the 78th Division did not fight in Sicily. Although the **SOLDIER** reply disproved that statement I would like to enlarge upon the Division's part in the Sicilian campaign. It was brief but costly. The successful storming of a position near Mount Etna was no small contribution towards speeding the enemy withdrawal along the north coast. Later the Divisional artillery took part in the barrage across the Messina Straits on the night of 3/4 September 1943. By mid-September most units of the Division had been ferried across the Straits and were re-forming in the olive groves around Taranto.

Throughout the whole Italian campaign the Battle Axe Division played a worthy part and maintained a valiant reputation. — **Major A. R. Cave MC (TA), 65 Austrhore Lane, Whitkirk, Leeds.**

the drone of his pipes echoing from one leafy glade to another.

My unit, the 1st Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, was stationed at Colchester then and formed part of the 11th Brigade, 4th Division. The other units of the Brigade were battalions of The Gordon Highlanders, The Durham Light Infantry and The East Lancashire Regiment. I often wonder how much benefit for the war years, so soon to follow, was derived from those manoeuvres round Aldershot. Very little I fear. Many fine soldiers, some of them my pals, who marched and counter-marched around Rushmoor that year were soon to die.

The boys of today are fortunate to have such a grand journal as **SOLDIER**. We had nothing like it before '14. There was a magazine called "The Regiment" but after 1918 I never saw it or heard of it again. — **Mr. H. V. Shawyer, 14 Thurmond Rd., Stanmore, Winchester, Hants.**

★ The Southern Command Tattoo, which was to have been staged at Rushmoor Arena during the Festival of Britain, has been cancelled. The formation of new Army Divisions has first call upon Britain's military manpower.

The magazine "The Regiment" referred to by our correspondent was the subject of an article in **SOLDIER** in December 1949.

CADET OFFICERS

Did an Army Cadet Corps officer hold a King's Commission during the war 1939-45? — **Mr. A. Arrowsmith, 17 Knights Brow, Macclesfield.**

★ From November 1942 officers of the Army Cadet Force were granted commissions in the Territorial Army Reserve of Officers, Special List. Before that date they held commissions granted by the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

2 minute sermon

JESUS said very little about the social and political problems of his own day. This was not because they were less pressing or less difficult than those which confront us now. Nor was it because he was not interested in them. Indeed he was tempted to deal with these problems and use his divine power to solve them.

To have commanded stones to be made into bread would have brought relief to many of his fellow countrymen in desperate need; to have accepted an earthly kingdom might have brought happiness and security to many. But in the end it would have short-circuited God's plan for mankind.

Jesus would not do for men what they could do for themselves; we are to do our own work and our own thinking.

No doubt he was severely criticised by his contemporaries because he gave no decisive lead in social and political matters. In fact, he gave the only lead that is practical for all men at all times: "The Kingdom of God is within you."

That is the hardest place of all to find it. Within the self the enemy of man is firmly entrenched in his stronghold, and to defeat him there is beyond human power and ingenuity.

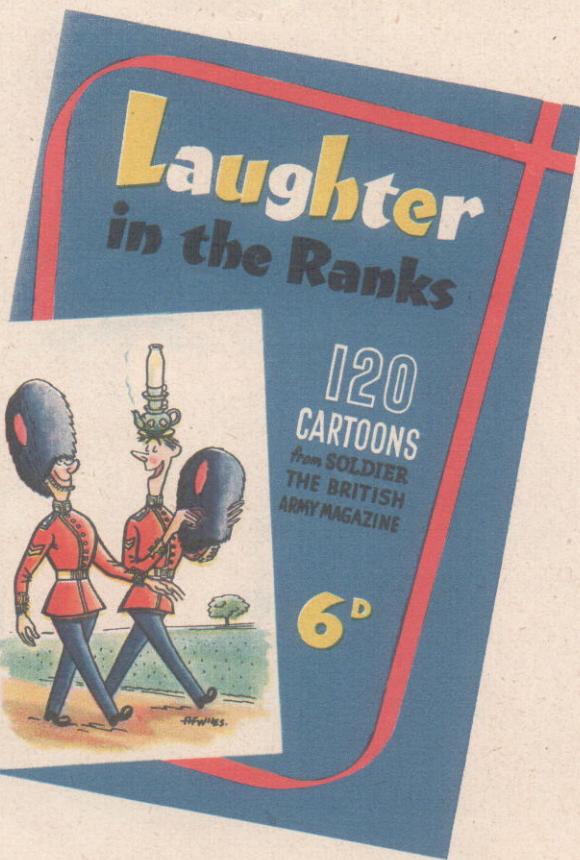
Only when the Kingdom of God has become a reality in the hearts of men can we really solve the social and political problems which press upon us.

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BROTHER VC's

Your article on the war history of the Rifle Brigade (SOLDIER, November), interested me because Colonel V. B. Turner, who won the VC at Alamein, was at school with me. I regret that you did not mention that Colonel Turner's brother was a VC of World War One. Surely this is unique in the history of VC awards? — Lieut-Col. R. L. T. Murray (late The Black Watch).

★ VC records show at least three other instances of brothers receiving the award: General Sir Hugh Gough and Major C. J. Gough, Capt E. H. Sartorius and Major R. W. Sartorius (these awards were made during the last century) and in World War One VC's were won by 25-year-old Brigadier-General Roald Boys Bradford and his brother, Lieut-Commander G. N. Bradford, Royal Navy.

PIPER'S STRIPES

A picture in the October SOLDIER shows the band of the King's Own Scottish Borderers playing on the quayside at Hong Kong. I notice that two pipers are wearing chevrons on the right arm below the elbow. What is the significance of this? I notice also that the Drum Major is wearing two chevrons with what looks like a band badge above them. Lastly I would like to know if the white jacket worn by the pipers is the same as the white cloth shell-jacket worn by Highland regiments before 1914? — Lieut-Col. F. L. P. Jones MBE, 21 Mulberry Avenue, Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants.

★ The chevrons are good conduct badges and are worn on the right arm by pipers because they would be obscured by the plaid if worn on the left arm. The plaid is fixed at the shoulder by a brooch and

hangs down the left side, covering the arm.

The man in the photograph was the Drum Corporal, who was acting as Drum Major for the ceremony. He was wearing a corporal's chevrons surmounted by the drummer's badge.

The jacket worn by the pipers is the tropical pattern of the regimental pipers' jacket. It is made of white drill and is not of similar pattern to the white cloth shell-jacket.

SCOTS GUNNERS

I am endeavouring to obtain further particulars of the 19 Light AA Regiment RA TA., which was formed during 1939 and consisted of 54, 60, 104 and 263 Batteries, later replaced by 77, 290, 420 and 421 Batteries. The men were recruited from the Crombie, Grangemouth, Haddington and Edinburgh districts.

The Regiment was disbanded towards the end of the 1939-45 War, but on the reconstitution of the Territorial Army in 1947 was reformed as 519 Light AA Regiment RA TA., with HQ. at Crewe Toll Camp, Edinburgh.

If any of your readers can help in this matter I would be very pleased to hear from them. — Captain D. N. Spratt, 519 Light AA/SL Regiment RA TA., West Pilton Camp, Edinburgh.

ACQUITTED

Did my eyes deceive me or did some of the QARANC have pocket buttons undone during General Sir James Steele's inspection (SOLDIER, November)? — Mr. A. E. Shoesmith, 8 Penrith St., Streatham.

★ Yes, Mr. Shoesmith's eyes deceived him. The girls were wearing two different styles of uniform, one with a button outside the flap of the jacket pocket, one without.

GUIDON GUIDE

In your illustrated article on the trooping of the Guidons of the 14th/20th Hussars, it is suggested that all Guidons were discontinued in 1834. This is not so. They are still in use in Dragoon regiments.

It was announced in 1938, that Mechanised Cavalry units would not be deprived of their Standards (Dragoon Guards) and Guidons (Dragoons) and that on "mounted" parades they would be carried in a light tank with an escort of two light tanks, echeloned in rear, one on each side. The 14th and 20th Hussars were both originally Light Dragoons and as such carried Guidons. Hussars and Lancers also carried Guidons until 1834, and it was not until 1861, when the 14th and 20th became Hussars that they ceased to carry Guidons.

At one time officers wore the "Black" Prussian Eagle as a collar badge on mess dress uniform and the initials F. R. (Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia) in gilt on the breast of the eagle. This was also worn on some Other Ranks' cap badges, but is apparently omitted from the present pattern cap badge. — Charles V. Young, "Mar-Wyn," Courtlands' Cross, Exmouth, Devon.

DOUBTER DOUBTED

The writer of a letter entitled "Diaphragm Doubt" in your October issue points out an inaccuracy in a SOLDIER Quiz. He states that the diaphragm divides the abdominal cavity into two parts. I would like to point out in my turn that he, too, is inaccurate. The diaphragm does not divide the abdominal cavity, it forms an upper boundary of the abdominal cavity and a lower boundary of the thoracic cavity. These two cavities are clearly defined and not to be confused. In other words, the diaphragm is a dome-shaped concave muscular organ, attached with its upper surface to the under surface of the pleura and with its crevices to the dorsal vertebrae behind. — Mr. E. G. Hodgkinson, Male Nurse, Bolton Royal Infirmary.

★ So now we know, eh!

Letters Continued Overleaf

In the November issue SOLDIER listed the 1st Parachute Regiment among the units authorised to wear an embroidered Glider badge at the top of the sleeve of No. 1 and battledress. This should have read the 1st Glider Pilot Regiment.

FILMS

COMING YOUR WAY

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

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN

The high-spirited, grimacing Betty Hutton in the film version of the famous stage musical. There are ten first-class tunes in this show — which is nine more than you find in the average musical. The plot doesn't matter much, but Buffalo Bill comes into it. There is some mighty pretty sharpshooting, which you don't have to believe unless you want to. In colour, of course.

SUNSET BOULEVARD

Two old-timers, Gloria Swanson and Erich von Stroheim, in a cynical but gripping story of an ageing film star of silent days, living in solitary magnificence, who tries to do a "come-back". It finishes with the Homicide Squad tearing along Sunset Boulevard... William Holden is narrator and leading male.

THE JACKPOT

A satire on the quaint American custom of awarding extravagant prizes in radio contests. James Stewart wins the jackpot — refrigerators, grand pianos, tins of pork and everything — but finds they are liable to tax. With Barbara Hale.

UNION STATION

Kidnapping story. The blind daughter of an industrialist is held to ransom, money payable at Union Station. Plenty of gunplay in tunnels. William Holden again.

NO WAY OUT

Another film on the colour bar problem. This time a coloured doctor is up against prejudice — and against crooks too. With Richard Widmark and Linda Darnell.

THREE LITTLE WORDS

Fred Astaire finds himself a new dancing partner, the more-than-talented Vera-Ellen. The story is set in the queer world of song-plugging, song-writing and radio studios. With Red Skelton. In colour.

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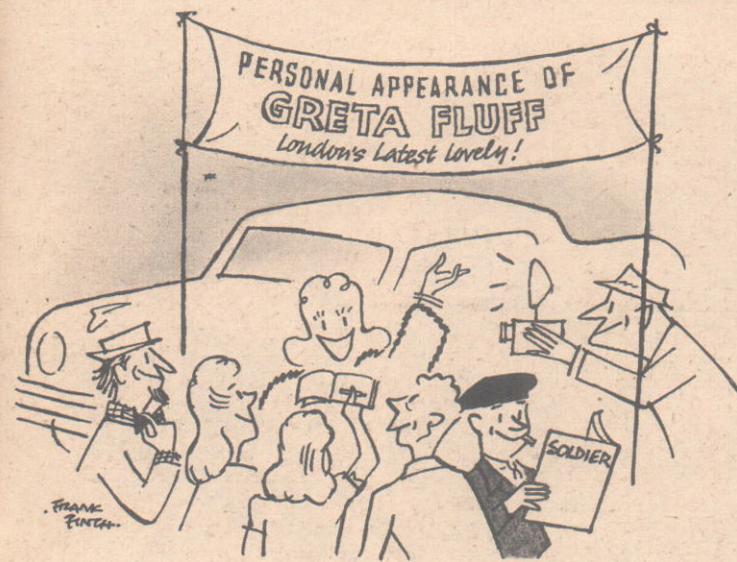
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** No remittances may be made from United Kingdom to No 1 BANU in Germany.



MORE LETTERS

ENGRAVED MEDALS?

Recently I have heard of quite a number of men who have lost their medals. When this happens a court of inquiry is held, but there is usually little chance of the medals being recovered because there is no indication on them to show who owns them. Why cannot all medals be engraved with the names of the men to whom they are awarded? This would not only make them easily recognisable but would mean that they were of no value to anyone else. — Cpl. W. French, 1 Bn., The Gordon Highlanders, BAOR 16.

★ When World War Two medals were first issued it was announced that there was no objection to soldiers having their names engraved on them at their own expense. In Parliament it was stated that the cost of engraving individual medals was too heavy to be borne by the Government and that in any case the process would take too long.

ATS LONG SERVICE

I am not sure whether I am eligible for the Territorial Efficiency Medal. Can you tell me what period would count as embodied war service in the case of a woman who joined the ATS in December 1938, was mobilised on the outbreak of war and is still serving? — J. H. Williams, 8 Rowland Avenue, Poole, Dorset.

★ Regulations governing the award of the Territorial Efficiency Medal to members of the ATS or WRAC (TA) are at present being amended. The question of reckoning pre-war service and war service is under consideration and the rules will be announced in due course.

BUYING A HOUSE

A correspondent suggested in your October issue that the Army should start a housing fund through which soldiers could buy a house which they could occupy with their families when on home service and which would become theirs on retirement — the houses to be built by the Army.

I would point out that many building societies run savings schemes, the object of which is to enable people to pay a fixed amount each month with a view to saving enough for a deposit on a house. The amount to be saved ranges from two shillings to ten pounds a month. A pound a month, for 14 years, yields with interest more than £200. For those serving overseas special arrangements can be made with the banks. The British Legion, too, in conjunction with some building societies, assists members in house purchase. — "Mortgagor" (name and address supplied).

Answers

(from Page 28)

How Much Do You Know?

1. (e). 2. Rudyard Kipling; capital of Nepal. 3. No. 4. A range of mountains in Morocco. 5. (e). 6. Waterloo Road. 7. France. 8. (c). 9. Strasbourg. 10. Greece. 11. Swan and Edgar; Freeman, Hardy and Willis; Crosse and Blackwell; Marks and Spencer; Swears and Wells. 12. (a).

Crossword

Across: 3. Perplex. 6. Elate. 7. Armoury. 9. Gamble. 10. East. 13. Ram-part. 15. Near. 17. Tomato. 19. Mariner. 20. Angle. 21. Bestial.

Down: 1. Penguin. 2. Marmora. 3. Peal. 4. Proper. 5. Earls. 8. Respite. 11. At large. 12. Theorem. 14. Artist. 16. Evade. 18. Oral.

Three More Units Wear This Ribbon



THREE units of the British Army which were awarded the French Croix de Guerre in World War One have just been given permission to wear the ribbon of that award.

They are the 5th Battery Royal Field Artillery (now renamed the 5th Field Battery RA), the 6th Battalion The Black Watch TA and the 24th 1/1st Wessex Field Ambulance RAMC TA (now known as 128th (Wessex) Field Ambulance RAMC TA.)

Four other units were given similar permission after World War One. They were: 2nd Battalion The Devonshire Regiment, 8th Battalion The West Yorkshire Regiment (now a Territorial Artillery regiment), 1/4th Battalion The King's Shropshire Light Infantry and a tank unit now disbanded.

They were permitted to wear either the ribbon at the top of each sleeve (below the shoulder title) or a cockade in

their headdress. As the beret has now replaced the stiff peaked hat the ribbon must now be worn on the sleeve.

Units granted the honour were those cited in French Army Orders for some exceptional exploit when fighting with, or close to, French troops. They must have received the Croix-de-Guerre first class, with palms. It was left to units to approach the War Office if they wished to wear the ribbon, and their claim had to be examined by a committee who, when satisfied, authorised Dress Regulations to be amended.

It is now believed that all units so honoured by the French have been granted permission. The ribbon worn is that of the World War One Croix-de-Guerre, not the one now issued with the decoration.

All soldiers on the strength of these units receive the ribbon free.

** Readers anxious as to the welfare of Sapper P. H. Diss who found himself (wrongly) deprived of braces on joining the Territorial Army (SOLDIER, September) will be relieved to know that he has now been provided with a pair manufactured by 64 AA Workshop Coy.

REME (TA), in accordance with their offer (November). The braces were forwarded through SOLDIER, along with an issue and receipt voucher. They were fully-fashioned, with two-way stretch, and appeared to have been made from the inner tube of a motor tyre.

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It was never long before the inquisitive but lovable Pepys tried whatever was new. On September 25th 1660 he records "I did send for a cup of tea, a China drink of which I had never drunk before." Perhaps it didn't appeal to him for it is hardly mentioned again in his diary but you can be sure of a distinctive tea you will like to drink and be proud to serve over and over again. Insist on —



Samuel Pepys

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