SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Price 6d (MELF Pt 3)

Vol. 5 — No 11
January 1950

A. GAMES.

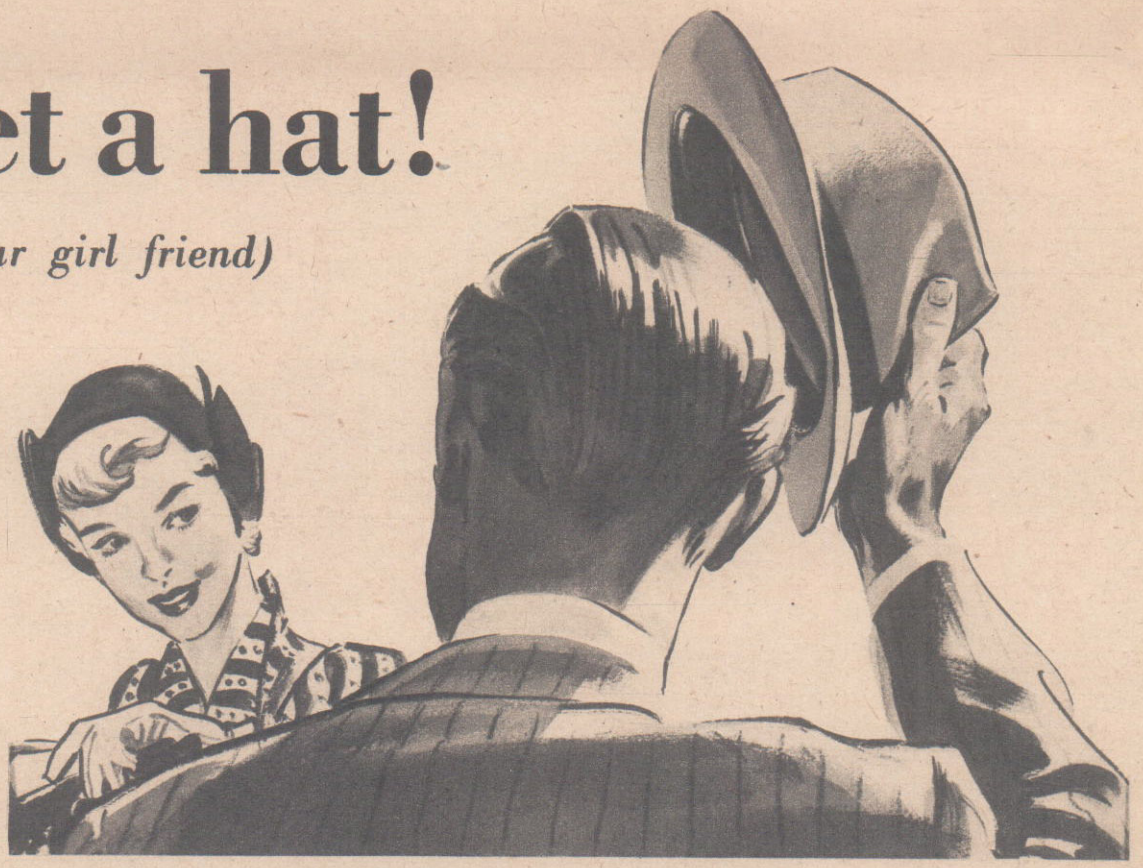
POSTER PARADE:
This design shows a modern treatment of a traditional appeal. It is from a recruiting poster which bears the slogan "Ride Ahead — With the Household Cavalry." See pages 27—29.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Household Cavalry.

IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD . . .

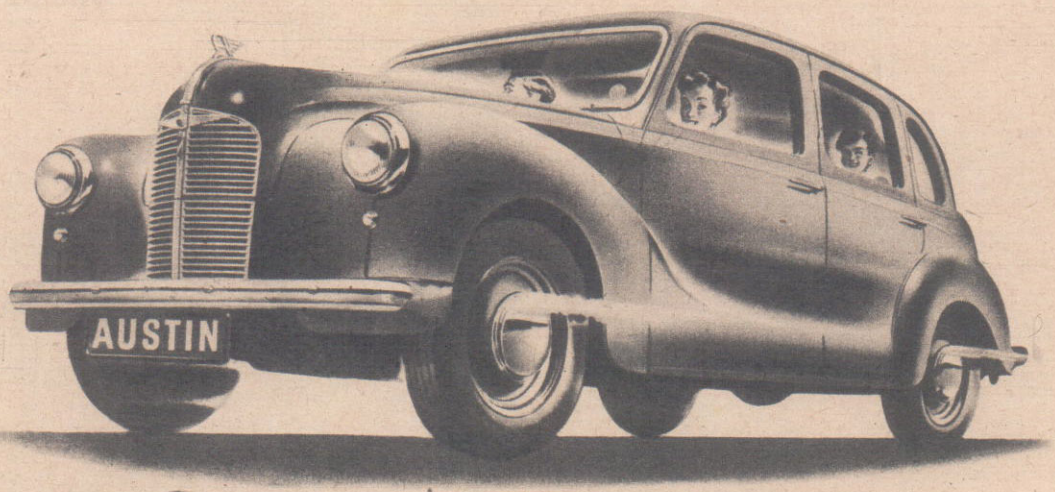
get a hat!

(ask your girl friend)



BIG in what it does – *SMALL* in what it costs

THE AUSTIN A40 'DEVON'



Early delivery for Allied personnel overseas

● Powerful 40 b.h.p. O.H.V. engine with full pressure lubrication ● 35-40 miles per Imperial gallon of fuel ● Independent front suspension ● Interior centre-frame jacking ● Leather or leather-cloth upholstery; ample luggage room ● Interior ventilation; built-in windscreen demisting ● Rear-opening doors for safety and convenience.

Delivery within a few weeks after Bank of England Foreign Exchange Control approval regarding payment.

AUSTIN – you can depend on it!

THE AUSTIN MOTOR EXPORT CORPORATION LTD • BIRMINGHAM • ENGLAND

PARTS AND SERVICE Austin Service covers the world, and Austin owners everywhere can depend on it for parts, servicing and repairs.

Full details from:

UNIVERSAL MOTOREN G.m.b.H.
43 ACKERMANNSTRASSE, FRANKFURT A.M. (Tel: Frankfurt 71667)

ARTHUR BRUGGEMANN G.m.b.H.
17-19 WEBEREISTRASSE, DÜSSELDORF GERRESHEIM (Tel: Düsseldorf 692028)

O. J. AULEHLA
III/40 MARXERGASSE, 6-8 RINGNAHE, VIENNA, 3 (Tel: Vienna U.12.0.03/4)

1702

HE doesn't look very happy and why should he? Off to fight in Flanders under Marlborough, his basic food issue was bread, and bread only. For everything else he depended on private contractors who cared little for his welfare. The soldier of to-day, with his own NAAFI run by the Services themselves on co-operative lines, is protected from exploitation at home and overseas. NAAFI buys wholesale, sells retail, and returns all profits directly by way of cash rebates to Unit funds and indirectly in the form of clubs and the many amenities and facilities now universally accepted by the men and women of Britain's fighting Forces. *The more the soldier uses his* NAAFI, *the more* NAAFI *can help him.*

Artilleryman or Mortar Train of Artillery, 1702.

Grocery Shop, Sandhurst. The service wife who deals at a NAAFI *retail shop benefits from a discount allowed on purchases.*

your

NAAFI

Naafi needs female staff for canteens. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.

YES, Craven 'A' ARE DISTINCTLY BETTER QUALITY

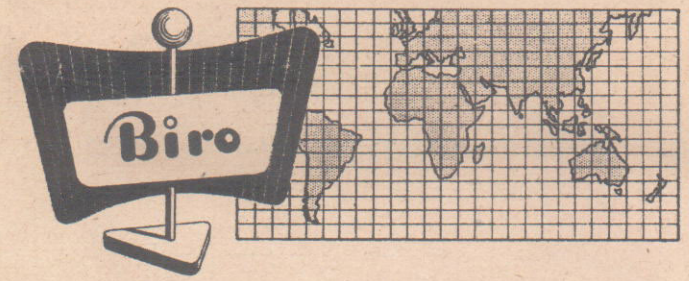
Those quick to detect true quality in a cigarette, prefer CRAVEN 'A'. Made with rich, fine tobacco, their unvarying excellence provides so much more in smoking enjoyment.

The largest selling Cork-Tipped cigarette in the World

Craven 'A'
CORK TIPPED

ON SALE IN NAAFI CANTEENS AT HOME AND ABROAD

THE SIGN OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE



THE WORLD'S FINEST BALLPOINT PENS

In virtually every country of the world people who write for work or pleasure recognise the advantages offered by British Biro, the original and still the finest ballpoint pen. Biro has once and for all overcome the previous inconvenience of old style writing. It dispenses with spluttering, scraping, scratching nibs, with smudges and smears, with ink-wells and fillers and with blotting paper.

WORLD-WIDE GUARANTEED REFILL SERVICE

Refills that are reliable are essential to the continuing service of a ballpoint pen and Biro guaranteed refills are obtainable in every corner of the world filled with ink specially prepared and tested to suit local climatic conditions.

BIRO MINOR

This popular adaptation of the famous Biro pen is designed for practical, everyday use in office, store, factory, workshop or home. The protective cap enables it to be carried about anywhere. Sold in four colours—blue, green, red and black. Quick change refill inserts are available in the same colours.

PRICE COMPLETE WITH CAP 3/4½d
REFILL INSERTS PRICE 1/10½d

BIROETTE

A slim, elegant pen in attractive colours—blue, black, grey, maroon—with a cap in gleaming silvery argenite, or in plastic to match. Biroette slips easily into pocket or handbag. Refills can be obtained everywhere and fitted in a few seconds.

PRICE COMPLETE 11/3d
BIROETTE REFILLS 1/6d

Distributed to B.A.O.R. by Services Central Book Depot through C.V.W.W. and Malcolm Clubs

6001

PRIVATE *likes* OF THE STARS

JOAN GREENWOOD

likes

BULLDOGS, BALLET AND *GOOD CHOCOLATES*

THIS lucky dog is a close friend of Joan Greenwood, famous British film star with a long list of pictures to her considerable credit. Green-eyed, vivacious, and only five-feet-two, Joan had a childhood ambition to become a ballet dancer and still considers ballet the best form of exercise. French novels, cooking and 'pottering round art galleries' are among her other private likes. No wonder Joan has an 'educated' taste in *chocolates!* "I'm specially fond of Duncan's Capital Assortment," she says, "the centres are so deliciously varied." Take Joan Greenwood's advice—she knows. Capital Assortment is sold in ¼ lb. cartons for 1/- (also in ½ lb. packs).

DUNCAN—*THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE*

For the Record

The habit of making payments by cheque is worth cultivating. It simplifies the task of maintaining a record of personal or household expenditure. It helps to restrain the impulse to spend. It increases one's sense of poise and self-possession. By opening a current account at Lloyds Bank you can enjoy these and many other advantages. The manager of any branch will be glad to tell you what they are.

Let LLOYDS BANK

look after *your* interests

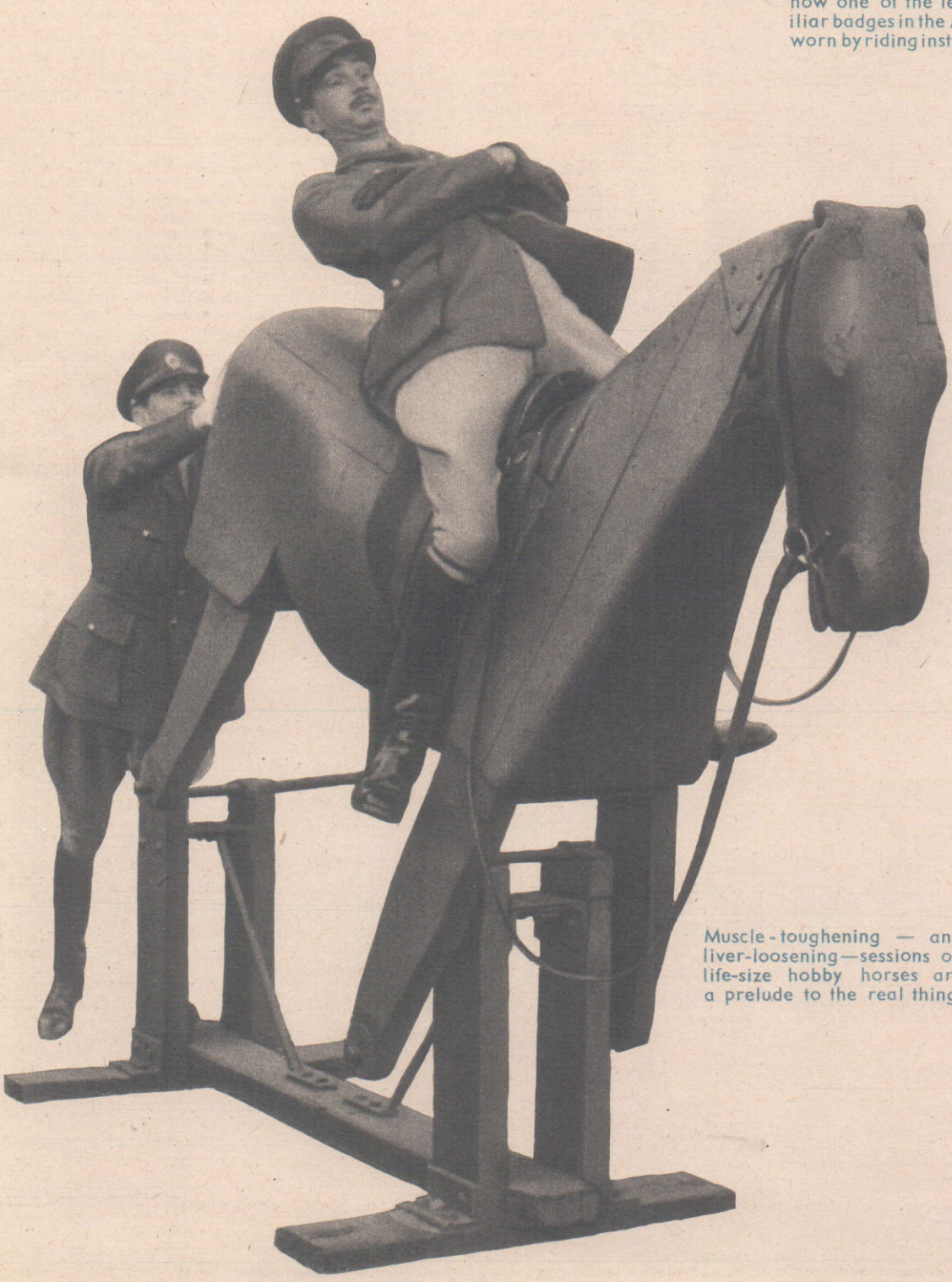
JANUARY **SOLDIER** 1950

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Cavalry regiments have long since forgotten the sound of thundering hooves, but the Army Equitation School at Melton Mowbray still trains its quota of horsemen, on dummy mounts as well as live

WINNING THEIR SPURS

Right: This golden spur, now one of the less familiar badges in the Army, is worn by riding instructors.



Muscle-toughening — and liver-loosening—sessions on life-size hobby horses are a prelude to the real thing.

"WE don't like a rider to get thrown from his horse," said the instructor. "It's bad for the horse, you know."

This was not as callous as it sounded. The instructor knew only too well that a horse which has managed to get rid of its rider will probably try the same trick again.

The Army Equitation School at the Veterinary and Remount Centre RAVC, Melton Mowbray, trains both horse and horseman. One needs as much care and attention as the other. Officers and men from the Household Cavalry, the King's Troop of Royal Horse Artillery, the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Veterinary Corps spend six-and-a-half months at Melton Mowbray learning to become instructors of horsemanship in their own units. On arrival they are given charge of three horses each, one trained, one half-trained and one completely "green." For the first month or so most of their waking hours are spent either on muscle-toughening exercises or on the care and maintenance of their mounts. Officers and men clean their own harness, groom their own horses and muck in on the mucking out.

To the disgust of some of the students who rather fancied themselves as horsemen before they joined the school, some of the riding during this first period is done on wooden rocking-horses. But they soon develop a healthy respect, if not love, for their Trojan mounts. After an hour's muscle-toughening exercises and violent rocking they are only too pleased to crawl out of the saddle and take a well-earned breather.

An interesting part of the course is the training of "green" horses. Training is the word, not breaking-in. There is no bronco-busting, which is quite likely to ruin

OVER

WINNING THEIR SPURS (Continued)

Morning parade at Melton Mowbray: the instructor is on a wooden horse too.

Below: These newly "backed" horses are being ridden to and fro at close quarters to eliminate any tendency to shy.

a good animal. Everything is done in stages, with one stage leading quietly into the next. The horse is first taught to let itself be led. As it is turned this way and that, halted and started again, the movement is always accompanied by the appropriate order, so the horse learns to associate the movement with the spoken word. Later it is put on a long "longeing" rein and stops, starts, trots and turns in a circle round the trainer. Harness is fitted to it piece by piece and the horse is taught to carry out its movements to spoken instructions alone.

The longeing rein is replaced by double reins and the horse is taught to associate orders with varying pressures on the reins. Then the orders are discontinued and the animal responds to rein movements alone. All this time the trainer has been getting the horse used to feeling a weight on its back. Now comes the "backing," the moment when he first climbs into the saddle. Sometimes the horse bucks or rears, sometimes it tries to bolt and sometimes it just lies down, but patience and understanding always win in the end. During their stay at the school the students complete the training of their half-trained horse and bring their green one up to the half-trained stage ready for the students of the next course.

Every horse, like every rider, has a distinct personality. The Chief Instructor, Capt. W. Richey, and his assistant, Serjeant D. H. Smith, are expert at assessing the character and temperament of both horse and man. They are careful to "marry-up" the equine and human students who are best suited to one another. Thus, a rider whose hands are over-heavy on the reins will be given a trained horse with an over-sensitive mouth. By the time they have settled their differences both will be sadder but very much wiser animals.

Serjeant Smith lives so much with and for his horses that he sometimes gets confused between the animals and the men. When he first became an instructor he used to think "Poor old Corporal Tranter, he looks just like Goldy." Now he is more likely to think, "Poor old Goldy, she looks just like Corporal Tranter." He has a collection of horsey sayings which he likes to quote at the appropriate moments, like "The horse you have had and the wife you have not yet got are both the most perfect of their kind." When some hapless student loses control of his mount the Serjeant quietly reflects, "A horse is always a horse, but a rider is not necessarily a horseman."

All students are volunteers, for horsemanship is not a job, it is a vocation. The hours are long, the work hard and reveille on Sunday is at half-past six, but students are even keener when they finish the course than when they begin it. The spirit of competition is encouraged by splitting the school into teams for quizzes, turn-out and later on for competitions like mounted football, wrestling and plucking the handkerchief. The students also have a method of self-encouragement known as the Rabbit Fund. If they fall off a horse they contribute sixpence to the fund, and for dropping a whip or committing some other equestrian *faux pas*, or for being checked on inspection parade, the levy is threepence. By common consent

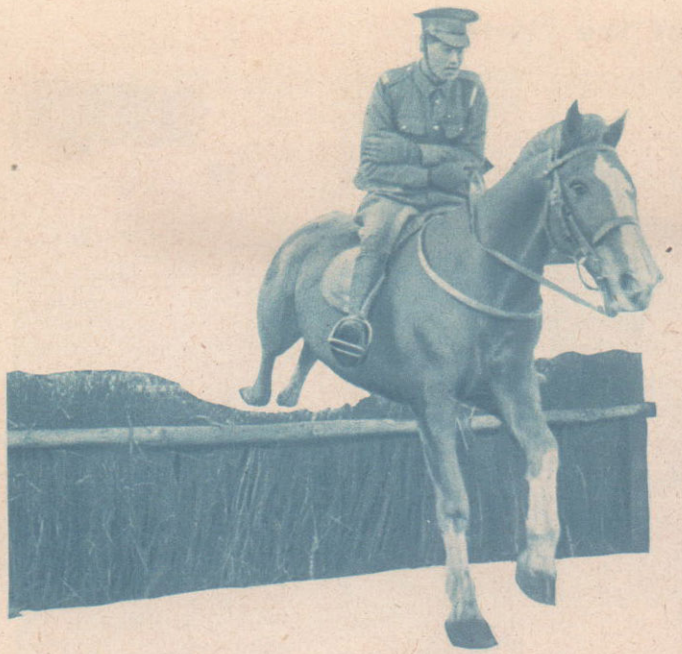
LOOKING BACK

UNTIL a few years before the Napoleonic Wars there was no veterinary service in the British Army. It was not until 1796 that the title "veterinary surgeon" was coined by a board of generals. The title was a misnomer, because veterinary officers have always been more concerned with medicine than surgery, but perhaps it sounded better than "horse doctor."

In those days it was held that only simple drugs were needed to cure animal diseases. Some treatments were barbaric. To cure staggers the horse was bled liberally (not less than four quarts at a time) and, among other things, boiling water was poured on its pasterns twice a day.

The Veterinary Services became a Corps in 1903. The outbreak of the Boer War had found the Army without horse hospitals or men to staff them. Although an inquiry was held into the heavy loss of horses, it was not until shortly before World War One that proper hospitals were provided.

From 1914 to 1918, when the Corps became "Royal", 1668 officers and 41,755 men served with it. Since then its size has been greatly reduced. But the horse and the dog are not entirely ousted from modern war and the RAVC is as important in its own sphere as it has ever been.



the instructor pays double if guilty of similar crimes. The first man to fall off is appointed treasurer of the fund and the accumulated money provides a breaking-up party to celebrate the end of the course. The instructors have been accused (perhaps unjustly) of placing the jumps awkwardly when contributions are low.

The passing-out examination takes a whole day. Apart from being able to perform complicated movements like the counter-change-of-hand at the trot and the half pass and change at the canter, the students must know how to apply first-aid to their mounts and how to nail on a cold shoe. When they have passed out at last after a six-hour grilling under a board of examiners they have the right to wear what is now one of the rarer badges in the Army, the spur badge of the riding instructor.

Above: A rider learns to acquire an independent seat. He must ride this way before he touches the reins.

Right: Dental parade. Horse's mouth is held open by metal brace while CSM J. Rollinson files a tooth.

Below (left): Tpr. H. C. Stephenson, Life Guards, sets out his equipment for inspection. He has two saddles to maintain.

Below (right): While a sprained ankle is bandaged, a supporting bandage is applied to the other foot.

After Horses, Dogs . . . Here is Another Job for the "Vets":

Into the "minefield" come the mine-detecting dogs. They can discover buried mines even in the presence of surface metal (right).

LEARNING THE "SMELL" OF DANGER

FAME and possibly fortune await the man who can solve this problem. All he must do is to find out how a dog detects the presence of foreign bodies under the earth, and, using the same principle, make a machine that will do likewise.

Groups of distinguished scientists, doctors and psychologists have visited the War Dogs Training School at Melton Mowbray to try to explain the mine-detecting dog's uncanny knack of locating buried articles. Several theories have been discussed, but none that stood up to tests. Those vague words "instinct" and "sixth sense" are still the nearest answer.

The dogs have two great advantages over present mine-detecting machines. They can locate non-metallic mines which would not register on a machine and they can detect mines buried beside railway lines or other metallic fixtures which would render a machine useless through "atmospherics."

One theory was that they did it by smell, but two dogs whose sense of smell was carefully eliminated still worked perfectly efficiently. Someone else suggested that the animals recognised the disturbed earth, but at Swanage, where mines were buried in sand that was later swept clean by the tide, the dogs operated as usual. They have also located mines buried in ploughed fields. Another theory was that the dog feels a kind of echo up through the pads of his feet as he walks and the echo changes when something solid is buried in the earth, but a brick can be buried in stony ground and the dog will still locate it, ignoring the natural stones. Mines buried eight feet six inches deep and six years previously have been found by dogs.

It takes nine months to train a mine dog, but the training is fairly simple. At first bits of meat are scattered about the search area for the dog to find and eat. Later the meat is put into open tins and buried. In the next stage the tins are buried without the meat and the dog is rewarded every time he finds one.

In mine clearance the dog is led to the edge of the minefield. Its lead is changed from its collar to a shoulder harness. The dog then knows it is working, not just going for a run. Nose to ground it steps delicately forward, snuffing from side to side. Suddenly it concentrates on one spot, then sits down and looks up at its master who prods just in front of its fore-paws, locates the mine, caps it and moves on. The dog gets a suitable reward.

In all other war-dog activities only males are used, but for mine-detecting half are females. This has been the custom since the days of the "phoney war" of 1939—40. Before then only males were used, but in France both Germans and Allies played havoc with the opposing mine-lifting teams by releasing a bevy of bitches in their vicinity. Since that time, mixed teams of dogs and bitches have been the order.

Peggy, the dog dropped with Sixth Airborne, has the France and Germany, Defence, Victory and General Service ribbons. With her is Private A. Atkins.

The dog's work done, he is carried away, lest he frolic among the "mines."

Ambulance dogs are also trained at Melton Mowbray. They are used to locate casualties. The stretcher-bearers can go out, even on a pitch dark night, and the dog will quarter the ground looking for wounded men. When it finds one it will return to its master and sit before him. He attaches the lead and the dog takes him to where the man is lying. So successful are they that out of 280,000 dogs used by the German Army during the war, 150,000 were ambulance dogs.

Guard dogs, savage Alsatians which obey only their own masters, tracking dogs which are often lent to local police to track criminals, patrol dogs which reveal to the patrol the presence of a hidden enemy and liaison dogs which carry messages between forward scouts and headquarters, are all trained at the War Dogs School.

TED JONES

NEW YEAR HONOURS —

FOR THE ARMY

The man who has put "that extra something" into his job may hear something to his advantage, when the New Year dawns

TO a select few soldiers, from privates to generals, and to members of the women's corps, New Year's Day brings a pleasant surprise.

It comes when they see an envelope addressed to them, bearing unfamiliar letters after their name. This year the mail may be a day late, for New Year's Day falls on a Sunday.

These are the men and women who have been singled out, for good work, to receive the Army's share of the New Year Honours. In June, when the King's Birthday Honours are awarded, others have the same experience.

The awards come as a surprise, because standing orders for Honours lay down that nobody who has been recommended shall be told about it, to avoid disappointing those whose recommendations are unsuccessful.

Half-yearly awards for the Army are made in the Order of the Bath and the Military Division of the Order of the British Empire (including the British Empire Medal). Awards of the Royal Red Cross are also made to members of the nursing services.

Half-yearly awards are now for exceptional service since World War Two (earlier service can be quoted as background to a citation). For the British Empire Medal it is laid down that the citation must show that the man or woman recommended did outstanding work which would normally have been done by someone of higher rank.

Only hard or inspired work brings half-yearly awards. The appointments to the Order of the British Empire for gallantry are special awards, made after the incident in the same way as other gallantry awards. Half-yearly awards cannot be made for gallantry.

The standard of the half-yearly citations is high, for the Army's share of the vacancies in the Orders is limited. Eligibility for the different classes of the Orders is governed, in part, by rank. For senior generals there are the GCB and KCB (Knight Grand Cross and Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath) and the GBE and KBE (Knight Grand Cross and Knight of the Order of the British Empire).

For major-generals, brigadiers and colonels there are the CB (Commander of the Bath) and CBE (Commander of the Order of the British Empire). The OBE (Officer of the Order of the British Empire) goes to lieutenant-colonels and, in exceptional cases, majors. Majors, captains, subalterns and substantive or war-substantive warrant officers are eligible for the MBE (Member of the Order of the British Empire). For ranks below that of war-substantive warrant officer, class two, there is the BEM (British Empire Medal).

For the MBE warrant officers and commissioned officers up to the rank of major are eligible; the medal is seen above, left. The BEM on right, goes to those below the rank of WO. The design of the ribbon is the same for BEM, MBE and OBE.

A recommendation for an award starts with the unit in which a man is serving and travels to War Office through the "proper channels." At each stage, in each higher formation, it is weighed against others, to decide if it can rank in the quota of recommendations the formation is allowed to pass on.

For the highest awards there is no citation, as a rule. The work of those recommended for them is usually well-known to the military members of the Army Council, who consider recommendations before they go to the King.

Citations are forwarded for the CB and the CBE, which are also considered by the military members of the Army Council. A committee consisting of the Military Secretary and his deputies and the Director of Personal Services discusses the OBE and MBE lists. Recommendations for the British Empire Medal are considered by the Honours and Awards Committee of the Treasury, on which the War Office and other Ministries are represented. It is the King who gives final approval.

The citations for the half-yearly awards are not published when the Honours List is issued. The reason is not secrecy, but because few newspapers could find space to print stories of hard, but usually unspectacular work.

The CBE that went to the Deputy Director of Ordnance Services, in the last Birthday Honours, for instance, was a reward for "being largely responsible for the very considerable progress made in evolving the future organisation of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. This has entailed concentration of the RAOC training centre in one location, a complete revision of the training policy for officers and other ranks, reorganisation of the Ordnance Services in commands overseas and the evolution of a new organisation for the RAOC in the field, based on lessons from the last war."

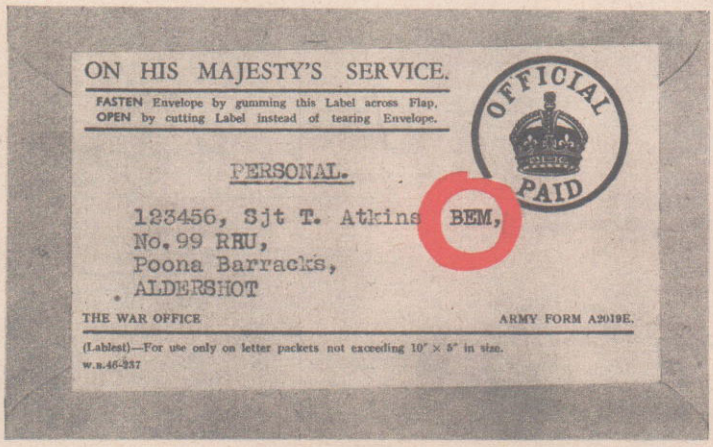
Work of a completely different kind brought an MBE to a captain of the Royal Engineers. He was with a radar air survey liaison section in East Africa, "responsible for plotting photographs and computation of flight tracks" for a Royal Air Force Squadron which mapped 300,000 square miles. His job involved "a considerable amount of really arduous work" on which the progress of the survey depended. The survey was never held up.

Another well-deserved MBE was that of a major commanding a vehicle depot at Sudbury. He organised a new depot for storing earth-moving cranes and equipments which had been held by the Royal Engineers. In two years he took over 6000 heavy equipments and many tons of spares.

A British Empire Medal went to a woman who could keep a secret: she was a staff-serjeant who for three years was confidential clerk to the Director of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Territorials get their share of the Honours. A colour-serjeant of 11 Parachute Battalion (Middlesex) who received the BEM, served in World Wars One and Two and became a lieutenant-quartermaster. He first joined the Territorial Army in 1929 and joined it again in 1947. He was too old to be a parachutist and the only vacancy for him was that of a colour-serjeant, so he gave up his claim to a commissioned rank to take it. "He gives not only his spare time at training parades and week-end camps," said his citation, "but attends out of training hours as well, in spite of a responsible civilian employment."

A similarly rewarded serjeant in the Army Catering Corps at the Army School of Hygiene "made the most of rations, with the aid only of inexperienced staff, and produced messing of unusually high standard." Of a company quartermaster-serjeant in the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers at Dortmund it was written: "He treats every man's pay and allowance problems as if they were his own and accounts for stores and buildings as if his were the pocket from which any deficiencies and damages would be made good."



First time a recipient of a New Year Honour knows about his award is when he sees unfamiliar letters after his name on an official letter.

Austria's second city, one-time bastion against invaders from the East, is a picturesque outpost of Britain's occupation army

GRAZ:

THE GARRISON BEYOND THE ALPS

Above right: from the citadel of Graz two Yorkshiremen survey the ancient city – Private Edward Dyer (left) and Private Philip Simpson.

Left: Steep, zig-zag steps lead to the old clock-tower on the Schlossberg. The summit can also be reached by cog railway.

Below: The Schlossberg, Graz, with the River Mur in foreground. A city with a whiff of garlic . . .

ONE of the most easterly outposts of the British Army in Europe — yielding only to Vienna and Greece — is the ancient Styrian city of Graz, with its onion spires and red, romantic roofs, asprawl over the snow-fed River Mur.

Graz is almost on the fringe of the plains of Hungary. Even closer than the Hungarian frontier (which is masked by a strip of the Russian Zone of Austria) is that of Jugo-Slavia, to the south-east — a mere half-hour's ride away. To the north is the Russian Zone again.

Thus, on three sides, the Yorkshiremen who garrison Graz are bordered by frontiers where sightseers are discouraged. On three sides they can strike a match on the iron curtain.

Standing as it does at the gateway to the Austrian Alps, Graz guards one of the old invasion routes followed by Eastern hordes. Its defenders threw back the Turks 300 years ago — but they failed to throw back the Russians four and a half years ago.

When the Four Powers drew up their present boundaries in Austria, Graz became the headquarters of 46 Division (whose flash was the Sherwood Oak). The large SS barracks on the outskirts of the town were rechristened Hawkesworth Barracks, after a former commander of the Division who had died from war strain. The commander was an East Yorkshireman, and now by an odd coincidence it is the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment which occupies the barracks. (The tour of the Regiment's band in the Russian Zone of Austria was described in last month's SOLDIER).

The Sherwood Oak and the Battle-Axe of 78 Division have long since vanished from the Austrian scene. But the memory of the Eighth Army, to which these divisions belonged, is perpetuated in the Crusader's Cross worn by all ranks in Austria . . . and by the persistence of the "Two Types" in mess murals.

As a station, Graz has its good points, the East Yorkshiremen will tell you. They are usually glad enough to get back there after their duty tour of two months in Vienna; especially so if their visit to the capital has covered the period when Britain is "in the chair", for that means mounting international guards as well as the ordinary ones.

Not that garrison life in Graz is a rest cure. Regularly flag-showing patrols go out into the outlying towns and villages, where perhaps no British soldier has been seen for weeks on end. These visits are popular with the inhabitants, who crowd round to watch the Infantrymen indulge in military evolutions in the square. There is rarely any difficulty in finding a comfortable billet for the men in farmhouse or *gasthaus*. This is foot-slogging at its best. Sometimes, on their rounds, the flag-showing patrols will meet a lone officer or NCO going about his occasions with that mysterious and knowing air which betokens Field Security.

There are more exciting duties than patrolling, however. Periodically in the summer a platoon goes for Infantry training to a mountain chalet and spends three weeks scrambling up and down steep rock faces, coached by an Austrian climbing instructor. It's a bit unnerving at times, but the good Infantryman should have a head for heights. And there's nothing like being roped to one's comrades to test out *esprit-de-corps*.

In the snow season there is Schmelz — the warfare training centre where beginners are taught to ski. Not every National Serviceman called up can go home and boast that he has had skis on his feet; that is one of the privileges which go with service in Austria. Incidentally, this winter the East Yorks propose to run their own battalion ski school.

Austria's occupation army still wears the flash of the old Eighth Army.

During the past summer and autumn the East Yorks spent a number of days on strenuous battalion exercises. Somehow this sort of thing goes down much better against a background of castled crags and blue-green rivers, of Slav steeples and quaint villages and those fertile flats where the curiously-formed haystacks look like rows of witch doctors.

Those who have not had enough of the outdoor life in "Army time" can qualify for more of it in their own time. In summer there is plenty of swimming, boating, climbing and sightseeing, and the local leave centres on the lakes near Klagenfurt are first-class of their kind. At Peggau, not far from Graz, is a famous grotto which by now has been well trodden by Army boots.

Graz itself is the sort of city which likes to be strolled in. It is old-fashioned and thoroughly provincial with a whiff of garlic about it. There are no glittering American limousines and very few chic women. But Graz has the friendly air of a city in which the people are not too busy to stand and stare. Here the Austrian men habitually wear their national costume, their chamois trousers of staggering antiquity (and grubbiness), their "shaving brush" at the back of their green hats. Only a huge Union Jack outside the Hotel Wiesler and the nearby sign of the "NAAFI Styrian Club" indicate that this is an occupied city.

Sooner or later every soldier climbs the Schlossberg, the rock dominating the town (or ascends it by a rather alarming cog railway). The view from the top compares well with the famous view over the Austrian capital. On the summit, where the swastika flew for a few brief years, are the ruins of the citadel which the French armies flattened out in 1809, leaving only the old clock tower. This tower is one of the showpieces of Graz — though that did not prevent the townspeople covering it with enormous election posters.

Another showplace of Graz is the Zeughaus, where enormous quantities of old weapons have been lying for centuries ready to be picked up and used by the citizens against an invader. But the citizens of Graz signally failed to make use of them, four and a half years ago.

British soldier in a lost world? No, this is Private Edward Dyer looking at a diorama in a hunting exhibition in the Schloss Eggenberg, near Graz.

These are only a few of the hundreds of skulls and antlers displayed at Schloss Eggenberg. Below: a rather older skull — that of a cave bear which used to inhabit the grotto at Peggau.

This monster stalactite, called the Prince, is one of the attractions of the Peggau Grotto, near Graz. The original finders of the Grotto had to be rescued, with the aid of divers and dynamite, by order of the Emperor Franz Joseph, back in the 'nineties.

SOLDIER to Soldier

NINETEEN-FIFTY... Half way through a century is a good time to look back. But how far back?

Today, when the Infantryman has begun to covet the Gunner's radar, when submarines can launch stratospheric rockets, when missiles can pilot their own way to the target, when a town can be wiped out with one bomb, comparisons with the world-at-arms of 1850 are all but impossible.

Likening the British Army of 1750 to that of 1850 is akin to likening one stage coach with another; to compare the Army of 1850 with that of 1950 is like comparing a stage coach to a diesel bus.

In 1850 the British Army had been rusting for 35 years, ever since the Battle of Waterloo. Six years after Napoleon received his quietus, the British Army had run down to 100,000 men — a record "low." It was rusting only in the metaphorical sense for what was left of it had never glittered so brightly. The Prince Regent, and after him the Prince Consort, had succeeded in giving Britain an army which to modern eyes looks like something out of a musical comedy.

Not until 1852 did this gilded Army first begin to hold manoeuvres, of a gentlemanly kind. Two years later it was to find itself locked in a major European war — against the Russians in the Crimea. This does not mean that all its regiments had seen no active service. In three continents the pacification of "the lesser breeds without the law" had been in progress.

* * *

IN South Africa, exactly a hundred years ago, British soldiers were fighting their third Kaffir War; by 1853 the tribes were beaten down to an uneasy calm.

In New Zealand the first of the Maori Wars was just over. In China British battalions were garrisoning the recently acquired island of Hong-Kong. In India the second of the bloody Sikh Wars had been ended, and the Punjab was secured for British India. Still to come were many more Indian wars — and the Mutiny.

Today the writ of the British Army no longer runs in any of these territories, with the notable exception of Hong-Kong.

* * *

JUST before 1850 there was an important development in the structure of the British Army. Instead of enlisting for life a man could sign on for ten years. This had the effect of attracting a rather better class of soldier to the Colours, to leaven the ranks of those who had enlisted because they had got themselves, or women, into trouble.

The lash enforced discipline, but no lash was needed in battle. It was a tough army, in every sense. Within the lifespan of people now living, there flourished a British general — Nicolson, the "Hero of Delhi" — who sliced a man in two in a running fight, and who set the head of an executed rebel chief on his desk when interviewing restive tribal leaders.

But tough as they came in those days, general and private alike, people were already saying that the British soldier was his country's best ambassador.

* * *

"SOME of the hardest people to photograph are British soldiers in action.

"I've seen fellows advancing under fire, looking dog-weary and anxious and determined — just as you'd want them for a revealing photograph. Then, just as soon as they've caught sight of the camera, they would start grinning and sticking their thumbs up, and all that they were really feeling was lost." — Bert Hardy, of *Picture-Post*, writing in *Photography*.

Soldier, sweating in Malay,
Do not footle in the fray.
Death is there at twenty paces —
Please refrain from pulling faces.
Leave the V-sign out, you rogue,
Don't you know it's not in vogue?
Only those who cut no capers
Get their pictures in the papers.

* * *

ONE humble soldier to make history in the year which has just ended was the Irish Guardsman on dock-side duty who (according to the *Army Quarterly*) was charged with "recklessly driving a bogie, and thereby causing bodily harm to fifteen frozen carcasses and an officer."

Private M. J. Phillips, wearing the Dover cliffs flash, says her piece — about sweet rations. Hers was the only idea unanimously adopted.

"SIR,

AN all-ranks conference on how to wage a battle would be as good a way as any of ensuring military disaster. But there *is* room in the Army for the all-ranks conference in other spheres; for instance, in the running of regimental institutes, clubs and canteens.

Like the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, the Army now gives the man-in-the-canteen the chance to meet the heads of NAAFI, and to give the user's point of view. Since NAAFI's profits are ploughed back into the Services by way of rebate and providing welfare amenities, it is reasonable that the men themselves should be able to recommend how their own money should be spent.

These half-yearly conferences, attended by nearly 50 men and women of all ranks up to major-general, are held at Ruxley Towers, Surrey, "country seat" of NAAFI.

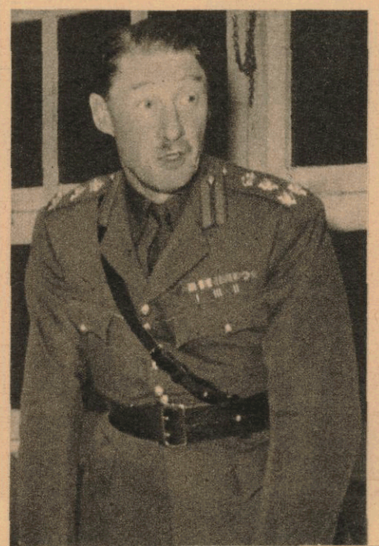
Although the atmosphere of the meeting is quiet, it does not mean that every man agrees with his neighbour. If a private disagrees with a brigadier he is at liberty to say so; and vice versa.

This general committee meeting is attended by a delegation from each Home command and from Rhine Army (more distant commands have their own way of reaching NAAFI's ear). The delegations are armed with instructions and suggestions they have received at the command committee meeting from the district delegations, who got *their* instructions from lower formations, right back to unit level. Recommendations passed by the general committee go higher still, so a suggestion made by Trooper Smith at the canteen committee meeting of his own unit may eventually find itself being fought out between the Army Council, heads of NAAFI and a couple of Ministries.

One such suggestion at the last meeting was that NAAFI canteens in Britain and Germany should be supplied with bottle coolers. Lance-Corporal F. G. Wones, representing Eastern Command, pointed out that a really cool bottle of beer was a necessity for men who had just returned from a route march or an exercise in hot weather. Tepid beer had very little refreshment value.

Admitting that any well-conducted cafe would have a bottle cooler, the chairman, Major-General N. C. D. Brownjohn, insisted however, that these must be supplied by NAAFI, that is from the men's own money and not from public funds. "There is no public money for frills," he said. "I could not convince the authorities that bottle coolers are a necessity in Britain."

Now it is the turn of Brigadier the Lord Stratheden, who represents the Adjutant-General.



if I Might Make a Suggestion..."

All ranks sit down together at Ruxley Towers, headquarters of NAAFI, to discuss how Army canteens can be improved

The manager of the home canteen service, Mr. R. J. Wallace, was equally adamant that NAAFI should not provide the coolers. He maintained they should be a charge upon the State, a point of view which, he said, had already been recognised by the RAF. The discussion reached a deadlock on this issue and both sides agreed to take the problem higher.

Another matter which aroused controversy was a suggestion that a small body of NCO's should be appointed to travel round their commands, inspecting the organisation and running of unit canteens and reporting back to the Army member on the NAAFI Board of Management.

"Most servicemen think NAAFI is a swindle," remarked Serjeant E. Goodstadt of Western Command, who proposed the motion. "The fact that one of their own comrades is empowered to examine the running of the unit canteen and report on it will help to eradicate that feeling."

Maj. N. S. Watkin-Williams of Scottish Command added that it would give the military member a better idea of how things were going. He would get the benefit of the "low level look."

"How would the average commanding officer react to a sort of NCO super-snooper from another unit nosing around his own canteen and telling him how to run it?" asked Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. C. Weldon, of Southern Command. The unit canteen was the CO's responsibility and no-one else's, he added.

"Yes, but does the commanding officer have to use it?" asked Bombardier C. G. Reeves, Eastern Command.

The viewpoint of Rhine Army was expressed by Serjeant S. Wilson, CRMP, who thought that a great deal of inter-regimental bad feeling would be aroused by NCO's from one regiment snooping in the canteen of another.

"Oh, I don't think so," replied Gunner G. Macdonald, Scottish Command. "Five military police come into our canteen regularly and nobody takes any notice of *them*."

The only woman member of the committee to make a proposal was Private M. J. Phillips, WRAC and it may or may not be significant that hers was the only suggestion which was unanimously approved. She advocated, on behalf of Eastern Command, the introduction of a 12-week sweet rationing card.

Other innovations announced during the meeting were the gradual provision of refrigerators in NAAFI grocery stores; the issue of a whisky ration to officers, warrant officers and serjeants living out of mess; and the extension of a NAAFI delivery service for isolated areas.

Welcoming SOLDIER to the meeting, Major-General Brownjohn remarked that it was most fitting that the first Press representatives to attend should be from the Army's own magazine.

Major-General N. C. D. Brownjohn (in foreground) is the link with the Army Council. Speaking is Major J. H. G. Black, representing the War Office.

Western Command's Serjeant Goodstadt thought that a body of NCO's might be empowered to inspect canteens in their area.

The voice of NAAFI: Mr. R. J. Wallace regrets that he cannot keep the beer any colder...

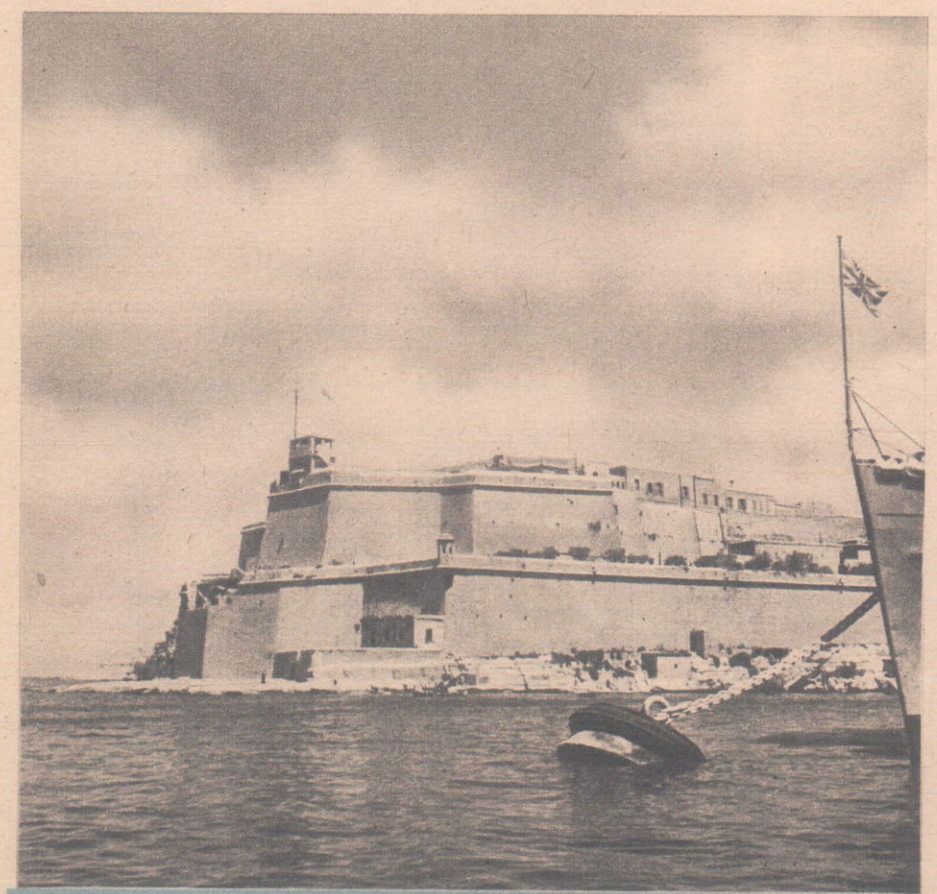
...which is sad news for stripe-bearing delegates, especially Lance-Corporal F. G. Wones, whose idea this was.

Major N. S. Watkin-Williams, Scottish Command, supported the "low level" inspections idea.

Malta has the George Cross... but the Maltese Cross still figures on the garrison flash.

SOLDIER pays a call on Malta — the Mediterranean isle where British troops shared with the inhabitants one of the most gruelling sieges in recent history

"A LEAF ON THE SEA"



The sight every soldier sees: one of the forts guarding Valletta.

TO the airman Malta looks like a leaf cast upon the water. To the sailor it is a welcome haven set in a sometimes turbulent sea. To the soldier it is a natural fortress which Nature — with the touch of an expert strategist — has built between two continents.

Since the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869 this stony 17-miles-by-nine island has watched over the waterways to the East. It was a port of call for the Army on the way to India. Today most troops who go by sea to Hong-Kong, Egypt and Tripoli get at least a glimpse of it. Few passing vessels fail to look in, or stand off the harbour while collecting and dropping off men.

The waterfront, the forts guarding the entrance, the creeks leading off Grand Harbour have been snapped by thousands of Servicemen's cameras. Few scrapbooks or albums recalling regimental days fail to include at least one aspect of photogenic Valletta. Malta has been tattooed on hundreds of hairy arms, and engraved in many more hearts.

In the 150 years since the George Cross island chose of her own free will to come under the Union Jack (just as 2000 years before she voluntarily entered the Roman Empire) her people have seen almost every regiment or corps of the British Army. There are some who still remember when 11 Infantry battalions were stationed on the island. Today the Royal Marines (now temporarily absent in Hong-Kong) look upon it as their home; the most common Army shoulder title is that of the Royal Artillery.

Malta is the island where thrifty soldiers can manufacture their own "blanco" from the local stone, where the local archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church has the honorary rank of brigadier in the British Army, where the married

soldier is paid an extra 9s. 6d. a day to meet the cost of living (and the single soldier 10d.) and "Matistax tpejep" means "No smoking."

It is an island where women are forbidden to wear two-piece bathing suits, where British money goes no further than it does in Britain (and not nearly so far when it comes to buying food).

Tobacco is the one cheap commodity in Malta. Cigarettes cost from 1s. 4d. to 1s. 11d. for 20, depending upon the brand. New cars glisten in the garage showrooms but absence of purchase tax is more than compensated by an import duty. Pure silk stockings and nylons are plentiful at about 10s. a pair.

Without the Services the island would be hard pressed to employ her 300,000 inhabitants, for local industry is limited. As it is, thousands have left for Australia and America, and there is a long waiting list. Outside Valletta the main employment is agriculture. The labourers work bare-footed — they prefer it that way — in the tiny, walled-in fields, few of which have gates. Absence of gates is due to a shortage of wood; as the walls are of rough stones held together by the law of gravity the farmer removes a section to get his plough through, and rebuilds it again when the job is done.

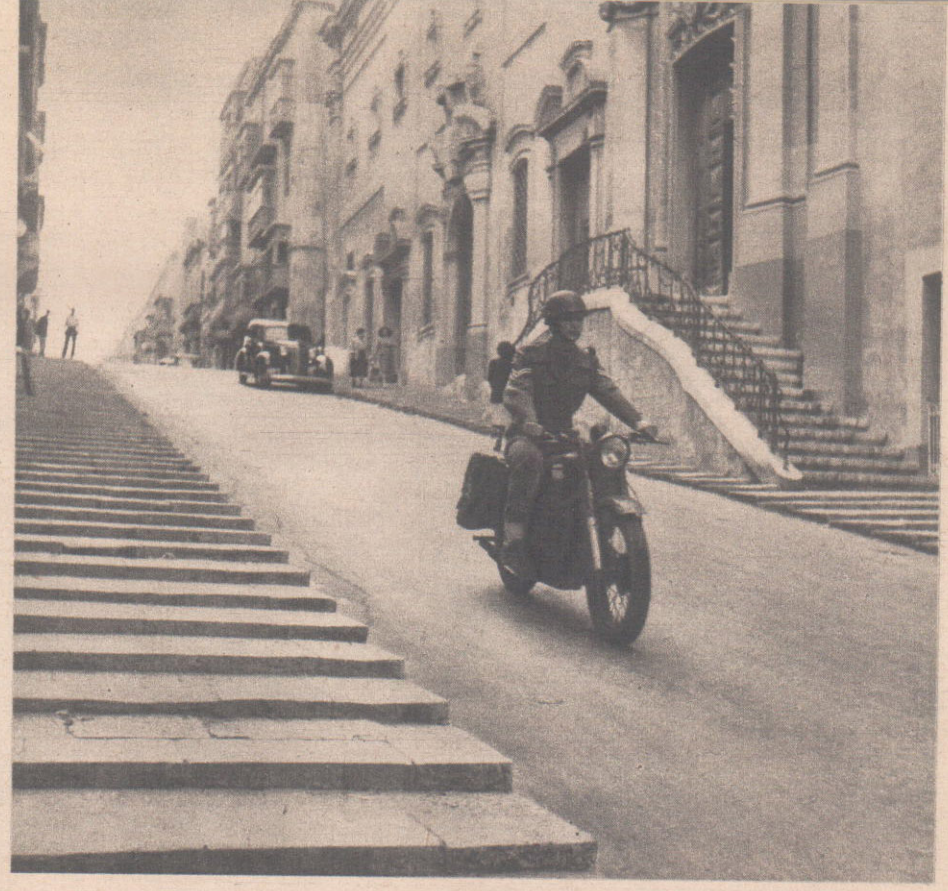
The lack of wood shows itself in the houses — and the barrack rooms — where the cement roofs are flat and the floors tiled. Ceilings are high to ward off the oppressive summer heat. In the town the rebuilding of houses shattered by the 1400 air raids of the early war days is a somewhat slow process. The masons shape their large limestone bricks (the same stone that yields the "blanco") with an axe after it has been quarried from the ground. All buildings, from henhouses to forts, are built of this stone. Many of them have stood for three centuries and look like standing for three more.

There is one drawback common to most hot countries. After the summer heat the stones contract and with the first rains the troops, like the civilians, are on the roofs with the cement bucket filling in the cracks.

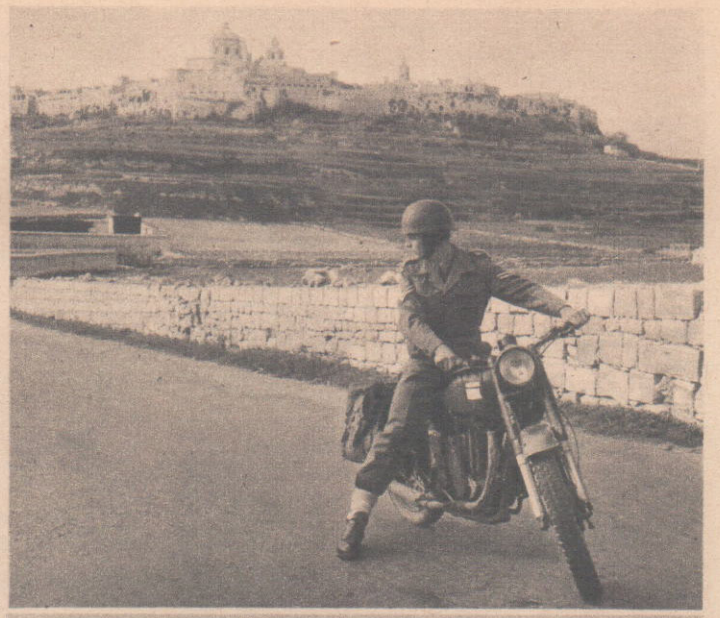
Since the Navy — numerically the strongest service in Malta — is paid fortnightly Valletta is supposed to undergo a succession of "wet" weeks and "dry" weeks. The difference is hardly noticeable, for every evening the town is full of sailors who meet the soldiers in bars and clubs. There is little mixing with the civilian population, who are happiest talking their own language, which is a mixture of many languages, much of it Arabic. English is taught in the schools and most people now understand it, but Maltese has contributed one word — via the British Army — to the English language. "Sahha," meaning "health," is a common form of greeting and has been admitted into the Concise Oxford Dictionary as "saha" or "goodbye."

Service welfare has done a good job in Malta. The best-known club is the Vernon, overlooking Grand Harbour. The officers' Marsa Sports Club, noted for its collection of 304 regimental and naval wall crests, has the gratifying total of two polo grounds, 16 tennis courts, three squash courts, two rugger grounds, two cricket pitches and a golf-course. At St. George's Bay the Army has built something that Malta civilians do not possess — a lido where on summer afternoons up to 500 men and their families bathe. And on the western coast

OVER



Motor-cyclist whose job takes him round the island is Corporal Eddie Maskell, Royal Signals. Top picture shows him in Valletta's Kingsway. Above: He passes the time of day with a carozzin driver. Left: A typical stretch of coastline.



Left: In ancient Mdina where boys swarm like bees, the combination of a motor-cycle and a cameraman is irresistible. Above: Mdina, the old walled city, is in the background. It was the original capital of Malta.

"A LEAF ON THE SEA" (Continued)

above a small sandy bay is the transit and rest camp where the Army takes its leave.

In the Pembroke area, just outside the town of Sliema, live many soldiers' families, for the Army chose this point for three of its barracks. The wives have formed a committee to buy surplus household goods from families returning to Britain, for re-sale to new arrivals. Most families like the island; to those who have been stationed in the Canal Zone of Egypt it is a pleasant change from sand and hutments to come to a place of sea breezes and old buildings.

Inland at Imtarfa, near the old walled city of Mdina, the original capital of Malta before the sea-loving Knights Hospitallers of the Order of St. John built Valletta, stands the military hospital, one of the best equipped the Army has overseas. During the war when the nearby barracks were taken over and huge Red Cross signs were built in concrete in the grounds, it had 1200 beds, for treating the wounded from the convoys and the gun sites.

The Knights of St. John, who did so much for the civilised world of their day, gradually abandoned their high ideals and went in for a more luxurious life. One outcome was the building of palaces, some of which were destroyed in World War Two. One of them, the Auberge de Castile, the most splendid of them all, is now headquarters of Malta Garrison. The Palace of the Grand Masters in the principal square is now the Palace of the Governor, Sir Gerald Creasy, a World War One Gunner.

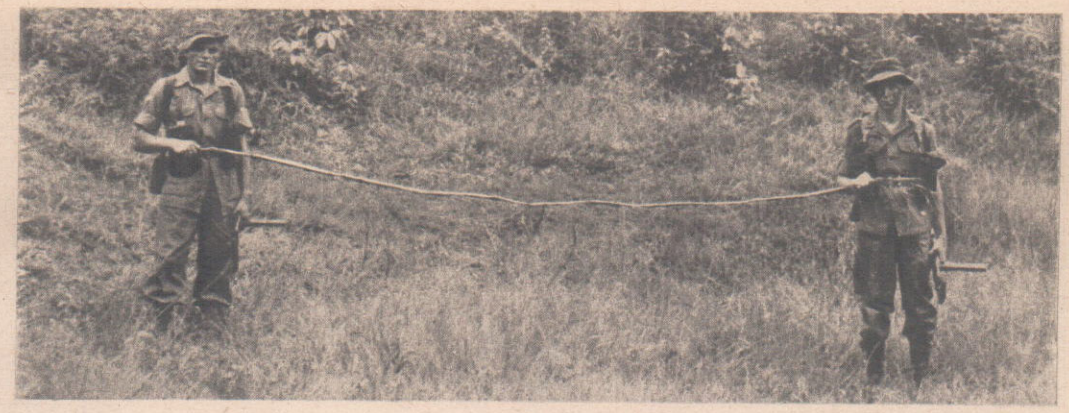
To the soldier, service in Malta is split into two seasons, with their distinct routines. In November he goes into battledress and his working hours are from half-past eight to half-past four. In the spring he goes back into summer dress, starts work at eight and finishes at half-past one.

Since Malta is a flag station and a saluting station, the soldier sees plenty of ceremonial — and not only when an *Amethyst* calls in, or when one Governor retires and another arrives, or when a Royal bride arrives to visit her husband. Probably the ceremony which most concerns the Island people is on 15 April, when they commemorate the award of the George Cross. The Cross is then on show and each Service takes it in turn to mount a guard over it.

PETER LAWRENCE

(There will be another article on Malta shortly)

"Armour's all very well, but give me a modern crash helmet," says Corporal Maskell, in the Palace at Valletta. Grand Masters gaze down at him austerely.



These two pictures give some idea of how tall the lalang grass grows. That is one blade the two men are holding (top, right).

LEECHES IN THE LALANG

THE Army in Malaya advises troops to expose their bodies to the sun, and at the same time lays down that every possible square inch of skin shall be covered.

The advice and the order are not so contradictory as they might seem. Knowing when to expose and when to muffle is an important factor in the soldier's battle for health in the Malayan climate.

During the day, when the malaria-bearing anopheles mosquito is asleep, a soldier who is not in a jungle or town or on guard duty, can work in shorts and boots. As a working garb, it is more comfortable than sweaty shirts and trousers.

But he must take to the sun slowly, to avoid blisters and to get most out of his sun-bathing. A well-tanned skin will stand up to the sun if it has to in an emergency. Tanning also helps his body to absorb the ultra-violet rays which are essential to health.

Bodies which have taken the sun's rays slowly do not develop prickly heat — one of the most infuriating minor afflictions in a sweaty climate. And a properly-tanned skin presents no openings for the germs of skin diseases.

"Well, you try getting blood out of a quartermaster!"

But from dusk to dawn, when the mosquitos are out, and in the jungle and *lalang* (long grass), where there are snakes, leeches and the mites of scrub typhus waiting to attack unprotected areas of skin, it is important to keep covered.

There are 64 varieties of leech and the only protection against them is clothing. Their craving for blood like that of the malaria-carrying mosquito, is part of their reproductive process. Just how strong is their ability to smell out blood is vouched for by an officer who watched a leech oscillate violently in trying to get at a man's leg, encased in rubber and cloth, which passed a few inches away from it.

Leeches pierce the skin painlessly with their suckers and often the victim knows nothing about it until he feels blood trickling down his skin when he unwittingly squashes them. In the jungle, NCO's carry ointment to clear up leech-bites on their men after the leeches have gone.

Usually a few leech-bites, properly looked after, have no great ill-effect, but a man who has been at the mercy of leeches for some time, like an unconscious, unattended casualty, may lose a serious amount of blood to them.

The Army's rubber jungle boots, with the trouser legs tightly tied in, make an effective protection against leeches. But an officer who went on patrol in ordinary ammunition boots had 29 leeches on his legs in three days. He got rid of them by the 14th Army method of burning them off with the lighted end of a cigarette.

The Padre Puts on Jungle Green

IN Malaya, where jungle terrorists are still being remorselessly pursued, the duties of the Army chaplain are probably more varied than anywhere in the world.

One chaplain takes his morning services in a tented camp on a slope outside a small town. His congregation wears drill — and perspires freely. By nightfall the same chaplain is in a hill station and holds evening prayers with troops wearing battle-dress to keep out the cold.

Another takes an early celebration of Holy Communion and a morning service, properly robed, in a small hut converted into a chapel. His next "service" may be prayers said quietly with a little group of men in a small jungle clearing. The men — and their chaplain — will all be wearing jungle green and jungle boots, and will be armed. (The terrorists know nothing of the normal custom that a chaplain does not carry arms, and in order not to be a burden on his comrades, he must be prepared to defend himself). Sometimes the chaplain will be in the jungle for a period of ten days or more with his troops.

In the morning, if circumstances permit, a rough bamboo table serves as an altar. Then out of some belt-pouches, the chaplain brings a small chalice and paten, a tiny flask of wine and a few wafers from an air-tight tin, and the small congregation squats on the uneven ground to hear the familiar prayers.

Casualties in the jungle are always brought back quickly if possible, but recently a medical officer had to operate on a man who was at least four days' march deep into the jungle. The chaplain stood by and handed him the instruments, and later helped to carry the wounded man through the jungle and across streams back to hospital.

One man was killed in a place from which he could not be brought back — although this is always attempted. So the chaplain and one or two of the dead man's comrades dug a grave in the jungle and did their best to mark well the spot.

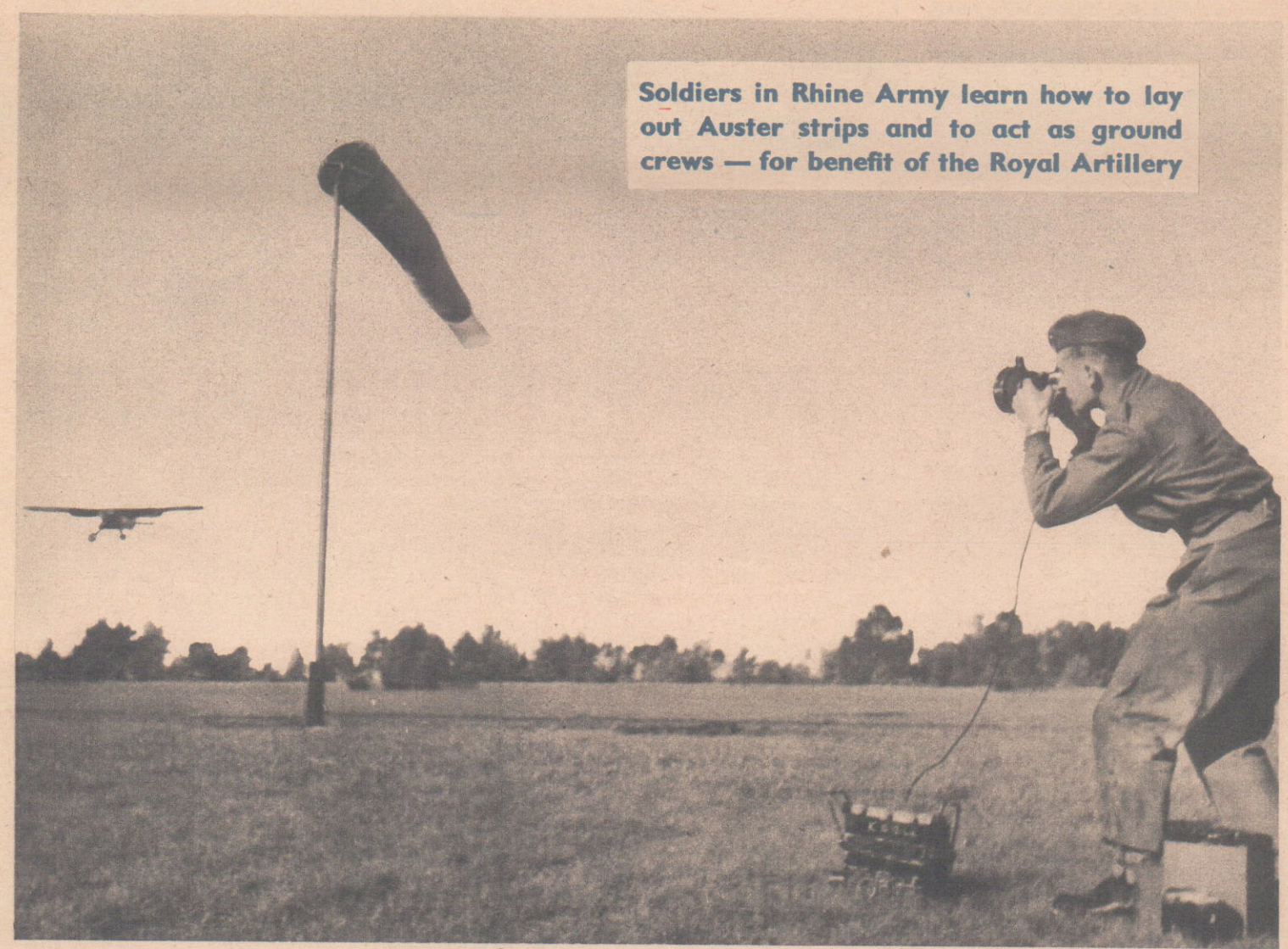
One chaplain may cover his area once every ten days; another may take 14. Rarely do they meet each other, yet they work as a team just the same. When a wounded or sick soldier comes 150 miles or more into hospital, he is closely followed by a note from the chaplain of his own unit to the chaplain who visits regularly at the hospital.

Not all chaplains travel great distances or work frequently in the jungle. Some spend their time in peaceful towns, taking Padre's Hours, visiting troops in their lines or in hospital. One chaplain is a very good footballer and has recently trained a regimental side which has beaten all challengers.

In the whole country there is at present only one Garrison Church and that quite small. It is at Headquarters Malaya District, where there is a military centre complete with married quarters and a school. Normal Sunday services are held there, and the only robed choir on the mainland of Malaya leads the singing. Their is also a Sunday school.

The work of a chaplain in Malaya is not easy under the best conditions, and the absence of permanent buildings in which to hold services makes the job very much harder. Some soldiers are reluctant to worship in a hut or tent which is the church for the duration of the service and maybe the cinema or the canteen for the remainder of the week. But, despite all the difficulties, the chaplains are giving of their best and their prestige is high with all ranks.

Soldiers in Rhine Army learn how to lay out Auster strips and to act as ground crews — for benefit of the Royal Artillery



There's a knack in swinging a propeller, and this is Lance-Corporal B. Norris, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, acquiring it. The other arm must be kept well clear.

A green light from an Aldis lamp, operated by Private T. Howard, is the "safe to land" signal for incoming Auster.

AIRSTRIPS WHILE YOU WAIT

A lance-bombardier and a captain in the Royal Artillery levered themselves out of the tiny Auster aircraft after it had taxied to a standstill on a windswept grass field in the Westphalian Plain of Germany.

It was a curious experience for Lance-Bombardier Alfred Monahan, of 15 Medium Regiment Royal Artillery. He had served in the RAF for four years without leaving the ground, and then had joined the Army — to get his first flight in an aeroplane.

This flight was one of the highspots in a course run by 652 Air Observation Post Squadron to train Rhine Army soldiers to select and man airstrips, for the benefit of the squadron's Auster aircraft.

When Lance-Bombardier Monahan and the other students had arrived, they had pictured a back-breaking time levelling off acres of rough ground. But it had not turned out quite like that. First they were introduced to the Auster VI aircraft — the latest machines used by the Royal Artillery's pilots — and were shown how to service and refuel them. They spent several hours swinging propellers until their arms ached and they had acquired the art of so priming the engine that one thrust was enough to set the propeller whirling. They had

Left: In stormy weather an Auster must be tethered to the ground. Here students learn how to set out pickets.

Above: refuelling an Auster in quick time calls for team work: L/Cpl B. Norris checks oil, Gunner J. Watson, and Trooper H. Wright pour in the petrol.

Right: Beating out the bumps: Gunner J. A. Watson and Lance - Bombardier A. Monahan.

listened to lectures on how to make a temporary airfield in a matter of minutes and had practised on the ground until they knew the drill backwards. By the end of the course they could select and lay out a strip in less than half an hour.

They found that there are many things to remember when planning an Auster airstrip. Once a piece of land has been chosen (a grass field is the best surface) it has to be cleared of all large stones, mounds have to be flattened and holes filled in. Telephone wires on the approach or in the direction of the take-off must be marked with streamers. The boundaries of the airstrip, which must never be less than 300 yards long and 25 yards wide, must be defined and a windsock erected to show the direction of the wind. Unsafe patches of ground are marked with pieces of yellow canvas and a dispersal and refuelling area is selected.

When the strip is ready one of the team of four signals to the pilot by Verey light or Aldis lamp that his aircraft can land. He must be ready at a moment's notice to fire a red warning light should another plane attempt to land at the same time or should any other emergency arise. A second man stands by to take over as soon as the plane lands. Using pre-arranged hand signals he directs the Auster to the dispersal point. The other two members of the team watch the plane until the engine is turned off, ready with fire extinguishers and first-aid kit. If a plane overturns they must dive to the rescue of the pilot and crew, switch off the magneto and disconnect batteries.

After an aircraft has been guided to its dispersal area it must be placed head-on into the wind with chocks behind and in front of the wheels. In rough weather these light-weight aircraft must be tied down securely. Pickets are driven into the ground and connected by rope with rings on the aircraft. Where possible dispersal points are chosen in the lee of a building, or a vehicle is driven alongside to shelter the plane. Guards are mounted over stationary planes to watch for changes in the wind and to keep animals at a safe distance. Cows are particularly fond of aircraft because they seem to like the taste of the "dope" with which the wings and body are sprayed. A heavy cow can cause much damage to a frail aircraft.

The airstrip crews also learn refuelling drill and how to fill in the complicated aircraft servicing form carried in each aircraft. This is like an extended vehicle work ticket with 28 separate columns.

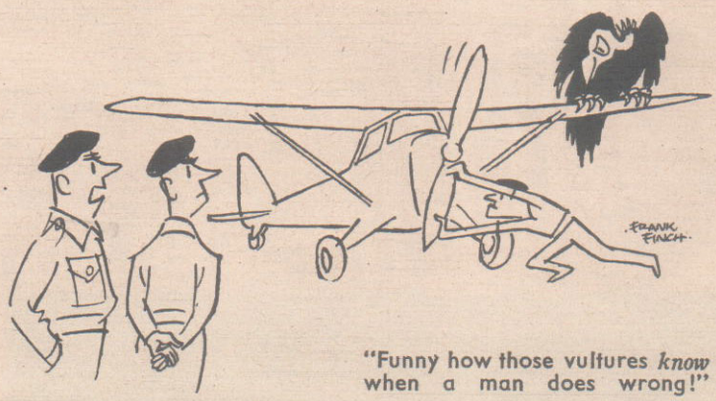
Training soldiers to man Auster airstrips is only one of the jobs carried out by No. 652 Air Observation Post Squadron, but an important one nevertheless. Occasionally, when Royal Air Force communication planes are not available, the air observation pilots are called on to fly high-ranking officers to conferences or on quick visits to units many miles away. The squadron cannot man more than three or four airstrips at one time, so if more are required the Army calls on the crews who have passed through the course.

The real job of the squadron is to train its own pilots and airstrip crews. Each pilot, with his section, is attached to an artillery regiment and accompanies it on all exercises. In the recent Rhine Army "Agility" exercise the entire squadron was in action and the pilots earned high praise.

Another important part of the squadron's work is to instruct Royal Artillery pilots who are sent on refresher courses to keep their flying and spotting skill up to the mark.

While the squadron commander, his second-in-command and his pilots are Army officers, the adjutant and the quartermaster (called an equipment officer) belong to the Royal Air Force. Incidentally, the adjutant has to know both Army and RAF administration. In each section there are two aircraftsmen (a fitter and a rigger) and two soldiers (a driver-operator to keep in wireless touch with the Auster in flight, and a driver-batman). There can be no closer inter-service integration than in an air observation post squadron.

E. J. GROVE



"Funny how those vultures *know* when a man does wrong!"

Bandswoman Doris Grainger played the church organ when she was eleven. Now she is a saxophonist.

A spot of euphony from the euphonium... Bandswoman Jacqueline Fox played this instrument in a civilian silver band.

It's a serious business, the clarinet. The player is Bandswoman June Millard.

The Women's Royal Army Corps is building a first-class band —

BUT the Conductor is a Man

Fancy getting paid to do this... Bandswomen Dorothy Hall and Lynette Hopkin on the xylophone.

THEY still remember, in Paris, how that band of British girls in khaki (Les Ah Tay Ess, in fact) marched proudly down the boulevards one day in 1945, playing military airs on drums and pipes. The Parisians were enchanted. How fearless, how versatile was the English miss!

That was the unofficial ATS band which was formed during the war. Today the Women's Royal Army Corps is training a new band from girls on regular engagements. One of the last male preserves is facing feminine competition.

During the war it was easier to find girls with musical talent; conscription pulled in even trained instrumentalists. And there was no question of girls having to sign on for a fixed engagement.

In peacetime building a feminine band is a slower process, and there are prejudices to be broken down. Today a girl hankering to join may have to overcome a natural shyness when she pictures herself on parade with the big bass. Or she may feel that as she has never played a brass instrument there will be no scope for her. The main qualification required, however, is the ability to read music. Once accepted, recruits are taught an instrument in the bandroom at the WRAC Training Centre at Queen's Camp, Guildford.

The WRAC band is the only staff band with a bandmaster (normally it would rate a commissioned director of music.) As there is a WRAC officer in charge of administration, the War Office decided that the conductor — a man — would hold the rank of warrant officer class one.

Mr. Frederick Goddard, former bandmaster of the 1st Battalion Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment, was chosen. He was a bandboy with the Royal Artillery Mounted Band and graduated through Kneller Hall. Bandmaster Goddard is not the only man in the band; his serjeant is Thomas Evans, who comes from the band of the 2nd. Battalion South Staffordshire Regiment.

Administration officer of the WRAC band is Junior Commander Joan Rodway.

Mr. Goddard engages the girls and gives them tuition on any instrument. At full strength his band will equal the normal staff band establishment of 40 — 30 players and ten "girls under training" in lieu of bandboys. (As SOLDIER goes to press the band numbers 23).

The problem of instruments, which are not only expensive but scarce, was soon solved. Infantry regiments, down to one battalion, handed over many of their surplus instruments; so did cavalry regiments.

With little publicity and no ceremony the band came into being on 1 July 1949, when three girls presented themselves at the bandroom. They were Lance-Corporal Evelyn White of Rainham, Essex, and Bandswomen Iris Attfield of Rustington, Sussex, and Evelyn Atkinson of Hull.

Lance-Corporal White is, so far, the only member of the ATS band in the WRAC band. During the war she was a drum-major. Today she plays the clarinet as well, and can also perform on the bagpipes, having been a Dagenham Girl Piper.

Bandswoman Atkinson owes her place in the band to the fact that after World War One her father decided to spend his gratuity on a piano. She became so proficient that when she joined the WRAC she was asked to play the accompaniment at the WRAC physical training displays. In the band she plays the clarinet. Bandswoman Attfield is a violinist at home, a tenor saxophonist in the Army.

Other girls were attracted by newspaper advertisements and through recommendations. Bandswoman Jacqueline Fox of Edgeware, a spare time euphonium player in Child's Hill Silver Band saw an advertisement in a London evening newspaper. Sylvia Thomas of Birmingham, who worked as a chiropodist in London and played the clarinet in her spare time, and June Millard of Hitchin, both studied under a professor of music who is on the Kneller Hall staff. He suggested they should both join the WRAC band.

Doris Grainger, who has played the organ at Dunkirk Church, near Faversham, since she was 11, joined the Corps before she heard of the band. She now plays the saxophone. Dorothy Hall grew tired of her job in a Manchester gown shop and joined up. She plays the trombone.

There are two bandsmen's daughters, both cornet players: Winifred Pollard, from Yorkshire, who was a WRAC driver; and Doreen Wright, of Southport, whose family agreed to her entering the Army provided she joined the band. Ex-NAAFI assistant Muriel Spicer of Corfe Castle is also a cornet player.

Most applicants who are not already in the corps undergo an audition first. They go to their nearest recruiting office and pass the medical and recruiting tests, one of which is that they must be at least 58 inches tall. Then at Guildford Bandmaster Goddard asks them to play a few notes on a piano or any other instrument.

OVER

Above: Bandmaster Frederick Goddard, the man who must be obeyed, coaches Bandswoman Evelyn Atkinson on the French Horn.

Right: Lance-Corporal Evelyn White is no novice as drum-major: she flourished the mace in the former ATS band.

Below: Perhaps they will tour your way soon: a group of the WRAC band. At the back are Bandmaster Frederick Goddard and Serjeant Thomas Evans.

WRAC BAND (Cont'd)

If a girl does not pass she need not join the WRAC. If she does she must undergo five weeks recruit training before joining the band, and must sign on for at least four years.

To start with the girls are slaves to the Universal Band Primer, with its scales and exercises. Then come items like "Blaze Away" and the "Nights of Gladness Waltz."

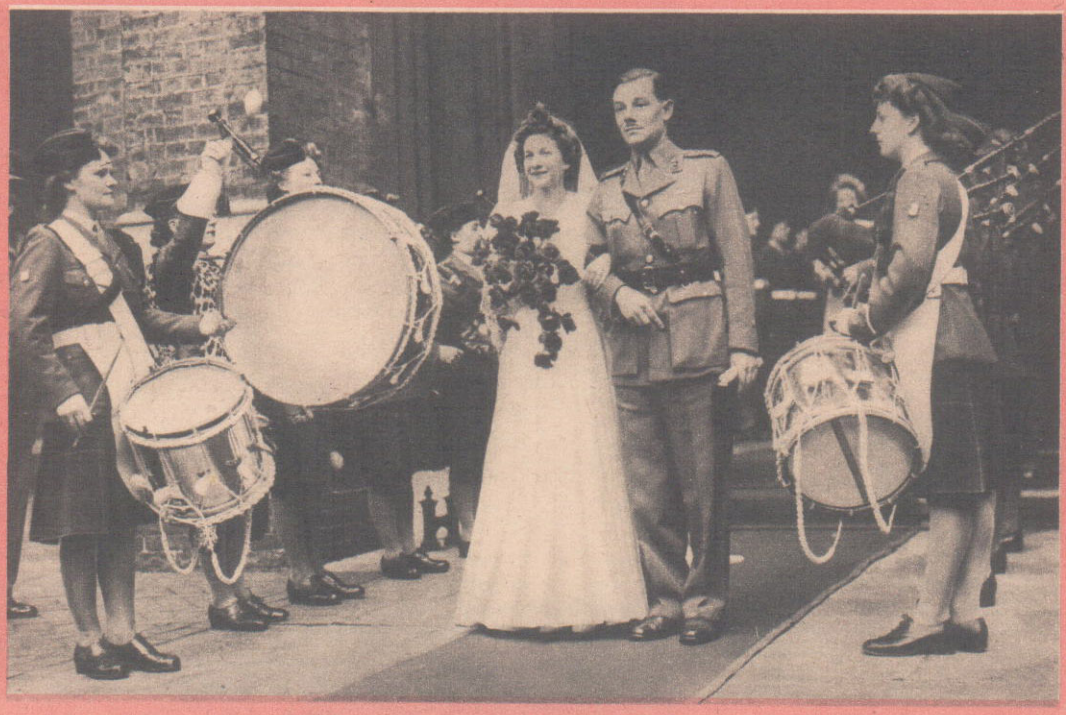
One of the girls said: "You get better instruction here than at a school, where they are mostly concerned with cramming you for examinations and receiving fees."

Said Bandmaster Goddard: "The girls are as quick as men at mastering their instruments."

Said Junior Commander Joan Rodway, the band's administration officer: "The girls have two ambitions. One is to play for Corps parades on the square; the other to go on tour overseas."

When the band does go on tour it should have a triumphal progress. WRAC's are welcome at any Service station; so are bands. The WRAC band merits a double welcome. The WRNS, by the way, have no band; the WRAF have a brass one.

ERIC DUNSTER



FLASHBACK

In 1945 — Victory Year — there was a British Army Exhibition in Paris. To give a touch of distinction to the opening, the ATS wartime band marched with drums and pipes along the chestnut-lined boulevards. This band had already proved popular at many ceremonies in Britain.

Right: When the founder and leader of the ATS Band, Junior Commander Angela Stebbings, was married, kilted players formed a colourful guard of honour.

NEW JOB FOR THE BUSH TELEGRAPH

FORTY-FIVE tons of medals and campaign stars packed in 300 wooden cases recently arrived in Nairobi from London: a weighty testimony to the part played by East African troops during the war.

Now the problem for Captain A. V. E. Godden, Royal Sussex Regiment, of Military Records, East Africa Command is to get these decorations to the 350,000 *askaris* who served in Abyssinia, Ceylon, Burma, Somalia and North Africa. Many of these men are living hundreds of miles away from the villages where they enlisted and which are their last-known address. Those who are illiterate are unable to grasp the idea of making formal application for the awards which they have earned — and which they prize.

The Army has been consulting the civil government to try to work out a plan for distributing the medals to their rightful owners. One proposal involves circulating nominal rolls to all government headquarters in East Africa. By this means it is thought that any ex-soldier, whether living in his own home district or not, could put forward his claim and be handed his medals. But there would have to be some way of preventing an unscrupulous man collecting medals in one district after another.

Another suggestion is that each District Commissioner should be sent a consignment of medals and a nominal roll of those natives, normally living in his district, who are entitled to decorations. It will then be up to the *askari* to apply for his award in person to his District Commissioner, or to advise through his headman when he will be able to collect.

Mr. F. C. Bradish, with 30 years experience of East Africa as a Government official, recommends invoking the "grape vine" or "bush telegraph." No matter how far from his village the African may wander, his chief and his headman are able to keep track of him in a way that seems uncanny to a European. Mr. Bradish thinks that the news about medals might be circulated by this means.

Many long months will elapse before every African has been presented with his awards, but the Army is determined that the *askari* shall receive the guerdon of his service.

Four miles of ribbon to cut: Serjeant "Popo" of Zomba has a long job in front of him.

SOMETHING TO ARGUE ABOUT

SHOULD WE BAN PIN-UPS?

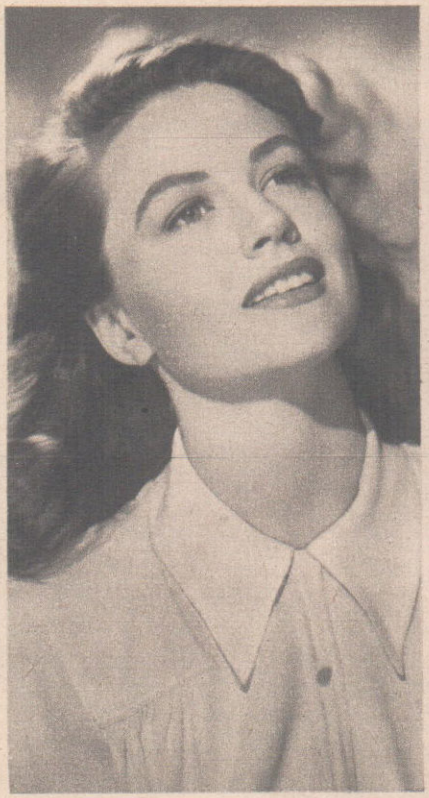
The Indian Army is the latest to ban pin-up girls. Here are the two sides to the controversy

Yes

ADDICTION to pin-ups is the sort of thing a schoolboy ought to grow out of, when he grows out of pimples.

At its best, the pin-up presents a woman as impossibly good-looking, so that a man tends to look for artificial standards of beauty in his womenfolk, and to forget that personality matters more than looks. At its worst the pin-up is designed for a leer. It enshrines the wrong ideal of womanhood — brazen, sexy, man-eating, fleshy and flashy; it encourages a man to think that women are no better than they look; it leads his mind into the wrong channels. The cynics who produce these photographs show their contempt for the ogling public by referring to their art as "cheesecake." Many actresses, having no desire to pose in a fishnet, try to get clauses in their contracts stipulating "no pin-ups." Young soldiers who put up these pictures in their barrack-rooms would not dare do so at home. Since sex is rammed into our minds at every turn — on hoardings, in newspapers, at cinemas — let's have a rest from it in the barrack-room. In any case, it is no sort of compliment to an inspecting officer to be asked to walk through a room full of bust-and-thigh art. The pin-up ought to be beneath the dignity of the British Army.

"You wouldn't prohibit us — or would you?" Above: Diane Lewis. Below: Dorothy Malone (left) and Anne Baxter.



No

ARE the opponents of pin-ups quite sure that they have clean minds?

There are unsuitable pin-ups, certainly, but most barrack-room pictures are innocent enough, and it would need a queer kind of crank to see any moral evil in them. Many pin-ups are just heads of pretty girls, which are much more agreeable to look at than pictures of Mont Blanc. The man who has no wife or girl friend can still have an ideal — and there is no harm in that ideal being a few degrees more attractive than he is likely to encounter in real life. Since when was it wrong to aim at the highest standards? To ban pictures of girls entirely and to try to pretend that the opposite sex does not exist is the short cut to all sorts of trouble (this would mean banning photographs of wives and sweethearts too). If men in camps remote from women are not to have pin-ups, they had better not have films or "live" shows — and does anyone seriously suggest that? Nor is it any good blaming Hollywood for the pin-up fashion; our fathers decorated the sides of their dug-outs with pictures which, by all accounts, would make us blush. Let us not copy those humourless nations which have banned the pin-up. Incidentally, who will say that a pretty blonde head is not serving a useful purpose if it distracts the orderly officer's eye from a defective kit lay-out?

Nearly ten years after the "Blitz," the Sappers still get messages —

"There's a Bomb in our Back Yard"

Colour photographs by SOLDIER cameraman Desmond O'Neill.

IN suburban gardens, in fields and ditches men of the Royal Engineers are still probing for bombs which have lain inert but alive for anything up to ten years.

This is one Army organisation which is still on wartime active service.

Apart from known bombs which have defied previous efforts at extraction, or which have a low priority, an average of 25 new "discoveries" are reported each month from London and South-East England alone. Many of these turn out to be false alarms, but they all have to be investigated.

Responsible for bomb disposal in this area is No. 2 Squadron Royal Engineers, stationed in Richmond Park. When a call comes an officer or NCO must set off, even in the middle of a winter's night, to reconnoitre. Sometimes a quick investigation of the suspicious hole will enable an officer to say "made by rats" and get back to his warm bed. At other times a week's work may have to be put in before the "bomb" can be discredited.

Nervous householders are quick to imagine unexploded bombs. A forgotten gas meter ticking in a cellar, water gurgling in an underground main, the subsidence of soil above the place where an old tree-stump has rotted have all caused hurried calls to Bomb Disposal. An excited policeman telephoned to report an infernal machine ticking loudly in the village street one dark night. It turned out to be a clock which had fallen from one of the automatic street lamps.

Since the war ended 1586 suspected bombs have been reported, but 1214 of these have been false alarms. Altogether 482 bombs have been dealt with, but there are still a hundred known bombs lying beneath the soil of Britain awaiting disposal. There is less danger than there used to be, but bomb disposal today is a bigger engineering job than ever, because only the toughest nuts, which were abandoned when the pressure of work was higher, are left to crack. Some of these are lying in shifting sand, which keeps filling the shaft as it is being dug; others are under water, in places which cannot be sucked dry by pumps. Some bombs have travelled so far underground, being diverted from their true course by stones or other obstructions, that they have never been located. To cope with these conditions improved mechanical appliances and better techniques have been evolved, many of them secret. Among the equipment which has recently been publicized is the stethoscope for detecting whether a bomb is ticking and the meter which reports any steel object below ground, on the principle of a mine-detector.

The work still has its exciting and sometimes unpleasant moments. A squad sinking a shaft in the grounds of Southwark Cathedral dug up several shards of pottery and ancient human jawbones, which they presented to a local archaeologist. Another squad needed ecclesiastical and Home Office sanction to extract a bomb which had fallen in a cemetery, passing through six coffins in a family vault before it came to rest in peace.

Every period of drought or flood brings reports of suspicious-looking holes which were not there before. Mostly these are mares' nests. Sometimes people think a small bomb has gone off when in fact a crater is made by a big one which has not. There is a case on record of a farmer who reported that a small bomb had exploded in his cowshed. It had made a large hole in the roof and knocked the building about, but miraculously no cows were hurt. One animal, however, had

OVER

A crimson bomb marks headquarters of No. 2 Squadron Royal Engineers. Beside it (note bomb flash) is Corporal N. E. Cuthew, from Glamorgan. He has been helping to resurrect bombs for two years.

Somewhere under the water is a bomb. Sappers under Serjeant H. Leary are sinking a duralumin jet-pipe which bites down as water is forced through holes at the lower end, clearing away earth and mud before it. An instrument will be let down the pipe to detect any steel object in the vicinity.

Left: There are Sappers at the bottom of her garden. Mrs. H. Oberg, of Neasden, reported a subsidence in her flower bed. Mildly apprehensive, she watches the sounding party.

Right: On the trail of a 250-lb bomb at Sherley, Essex. A German labourer digs, and a serjeant probes the earth.

Sapper A. G. Stone and a German labourer, in piratical garb, lower the detector down the pipe.

MQMS W. G. Jones takes meter readings registered by the detector at the bottom of the canal.

Lieut. Tan Shien, from Burma (learning British bomb disposal methods), Serjeant Leary and a German labourer break for tea.

"There's a Bomb in our Back Yard" (Continued)

escaped from the damaged building and disappeared. It was some time later that a bomb disposal officer came to investigate. From the absence of splinter marks he decided that the bomb had not gone off and a digging party sank a shaft. Fifteen feet down they found the bomb, a huge one, still very much alive. Round it were wrapped the remains of the missing cow, very much dead. It had received a direct hit and been forced right into the earth.

Ironically, much of the spade-work in bomb disposal is done by German ex-prisoners-of-war who volunteered to carry on with the job of clearing up their own mess. At a Grimsby bomb site a former *Luftwaffe* pilot swore he was working on a bomb he had himself jettisoned.

The Germans were kind enough to stamp the heads of their fuzes with serial numbers. It is possible to distinguish at a glance an ordinary impact fuze from a long-delayed clock fuze. In top priority jobs the clock had to be stopped by magnetic instruments and the fuze extracted. At other times the bomb would be left for three days before work was resumed, if it had not gone off in the meantime. If the clock was not ticking when the bomb was found, work could go on as usual, but a constant check had to be maintained lest a jolt should set the mechanism going. The period of greatest danger was while the bomb was being located and before the type of fuze could be ascertained. Today, clocks which have lain in earth and water for ten years are often still in perfect condition. Very occasionally the jolting starts one ticking.

Other fuzes contain anti-handling, booby trap devices fitted with a sensitive trembler-switch designed to make contact and detonate the bomb at the slightest vibration. Most of them rely on a charge of electricity released into the detonator when the points of the switch close. The method of disposal is to neutralise the electric charge, after which the switch points can open and close harmlessly. Another anti-handling device is worked by a hair-trigger mechanism. The "butterfly" bomb, which could be set off by the vibration of someone walking near it, was the deadliest example of this type.

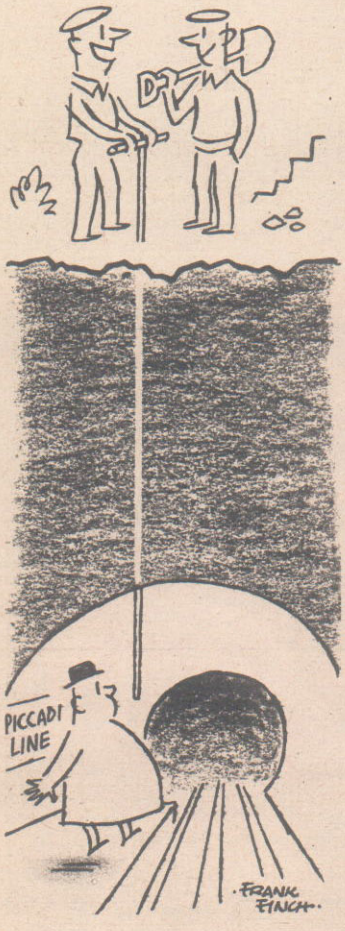
Bombs fitted with two fuzes, one delay and one anti-handling were among the hardest to deal with. To stop the clock might have set off the booby trap, and in the time needed to neutralise the anti-handling fuze the clock was liable to detonate the bomb. The electric charges on trembler-switch fuzes did not normally last for more than six months so today they present little danger.

One working party discovered a new fuze the lucky way. It appeared to be a normal impact fuze and they started work under that impression. When the officer in charge went to pull it out it seemed to be stuck so he gave it a hefty wrench. The fuze that eventually came to light was twice as long as the normal one and the letter "Y" was lightly stamped where the date should have been. He sent it off for laboratory examination and learned with back-dated horror that he had yanked out a new fuze, fitted with a highly sensitive anti-handling device.

Our knowledge of enemy fuzes and expertness in methods of dealing with them, were bought with lives. Up to the end of the war 35 officers and 211 men had been killed on bomb disposal, mostly in the early days. A total of 45,000 unexploded bombs, 5671 of them "butterfly" bombs, had been dealt with. Also 230,000 mines had been lifted, which accounted for 16 officers and 102 men.

Now British experts are passing on this hard-won knowledge to other nations. Students from countries as far apart as America and Burma come to Britain to study equipment and technique.

The film world also has made good use of Bomb Disposal's technical knowledge. In the British comedy "Passport to Pimlico" the good burghers of Pimlico find buried treasure in a bomb-disposal shaft and a document which proves them to be Burgundians. Bomb Disposal were able to lend the film company a technical adviser to get the details right. They had an even greater share in "The Small Back Room," lending men and equipment as well as advice. They even dreamed-up a new type of bomb fuze for the hero to dismantle.



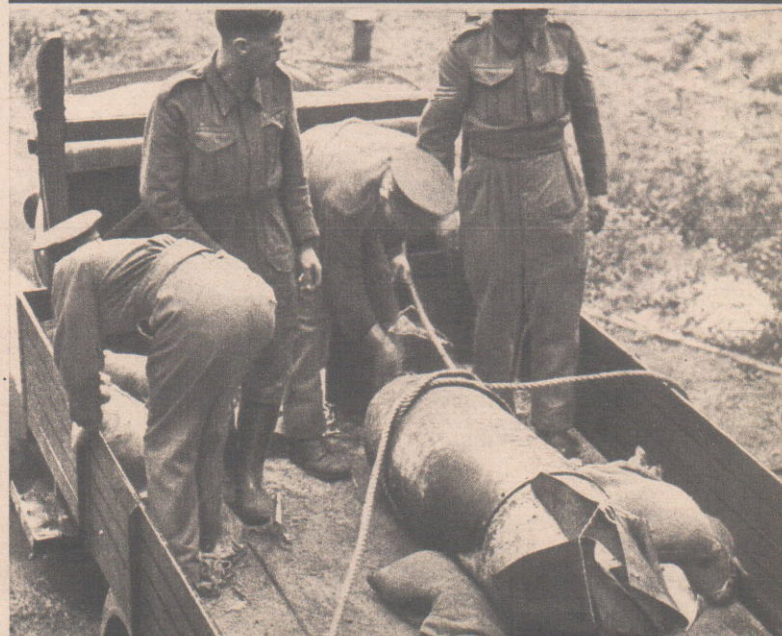
"Feels like another blockbuster, Bert."

ONE OF THE FIRST

Here are pictures showing the removal of a German 1200-lb bomb from the grounds of the German Hospital, London, in September 1940. It was a big risk in those days.

Above: Lieut. R. Davies (who directed the squad which removed the St. Paul's bomb) adjusts the tackle. Below: a quick scrutiny of the casing.

The bomb is lashed to a lorry for its last journey — to Hackney Marshes, where it will be exploded.



Serjeant Hammond Stole The Show

A HORSE! A HORSE!

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE!

Now my lads for the

14th LIGHT DRAGOONS

or the

DUCHESS OF YORK'S OWN

All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a pinch-gut Master, all you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents

may apply to

SERGEANT HAMMOND, ROSE & CROWN, WHITECHAPEL

You are quartered in the fertile County of Kent, where you have provision remarkably cheap, luxurious living to the brave and ambitious mind, is but a secondary object, else thousands would repair to the Standard of the gallant 14th, could they obtain the honour of being received

Those of address and education are sure of preferment, your comforts in this Service surpass all clerks or mechanics, an hospitable table and capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican Chief

N.B. Four Farriers are wanted, and a Master for the Band

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

Above: Serjeant Hammond's rousing call to the hard-up and the henpecked of 150 years ago. It was the subject of a praiseful leader in *The Times*.

SERJEANT Hammond, of the 14th Light Dragoons, swashbuckler and psychologist, had a good press last month.

His famous recruiting appeal, issued during the Napoleonic Wars, was the highlight of an exhibition in London of Army recruiting posters. It inspired, for instance, a fourth leader in *The Times*, which praised the "rich perfection" of his simultaneous appeal to the nobler sentiments and the human love of comfort.

For 150 years the Army has been ringing the changes on Serjeant Hammond's poster (without, however, repeating his appeal to the henpecked). Many regiments consistently stressed the appeal of adventure, the "Old Saucy Seventh" addressing itself to "young fellows whose hearts beat high to tread the paths of Glory"; and the Regiment thought this poster good enough to re-issue a hundred years later.

A rather less heroic note was struck by a poster of the Royal Irish Rifles, before World War One. A far from prosperous looking civilian was depicted talking to a smart soldier. The dialogue ran:

Civilian: You always look fit and well, Pat, and never seem short of a shilling.

Rifleman: Indeed, McKie, that's true. Soldiering just suits me. No worry, good food, clothes and pay, what more does a chap want?

This kind of appeal was embodied in another poster showing a map on which a recruit's progress was charted from King's Shilling Bridge via "The Good Companions," Opportunity Hill, Promotion Corner, Long Leaves Wood, Overseas View Learnatrade Hall to Pension Point, from

OVER

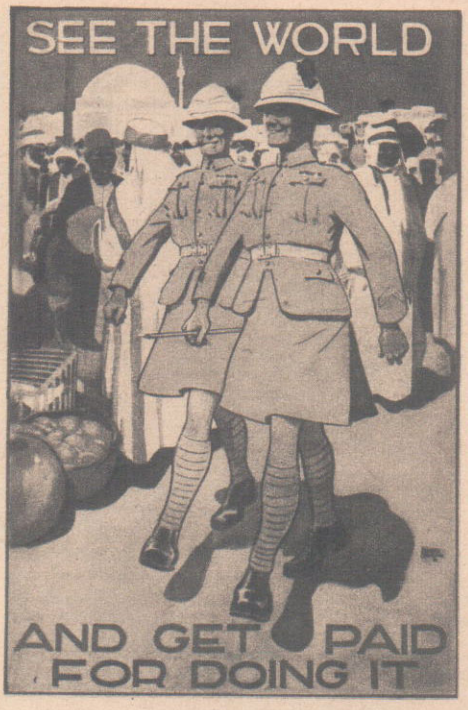
This Serjeant of the Guards, on duty at the exhibition of recruiting posters, admires the appeal of another regiment which flattered itself on its exclusiveness: the Lilywhites, whose Colonel was Sir Robert Baden-Powell.

Above: An Alfred Leete poster pulled them in by the thousands in World War One, even after Lord Kitchener was dead. Left: The Old Saucy Seventh reproduced, between the world wars, part of a century-old poster issued when the Regiment, newly returned from Spain, was mounted on new blood horses — and hunting was allowed only once a week.

Between the wars the appeal of football was stressed. Individual regiments fell over each other to portray dashing footballers. Right: The poster which launched a world-famous slogan — and a variety of "wisecracks."

Once at least, in World War One, the appeal was to the spirit of Vengeance.

This modern recruiting poster invokes the volunteer spirit along with the spirit of adventure.



Here is the "See the World" idea with a mercenary motive added to it. But did that kilt really lure the recruits?

(Continued from Page 27)

which branched "Easy Road to Full Employment."

The posters on these pages show how, during World War One and after, the Army appealed to patriotism, the spirit of revenge, the spirit of service, love of sport and love of travel. (The Royal Scots even printed a specimen menu). Many individual regiments still chose to stress their traditions, their glamour or their exclusiveness.

Recently the emphasis has been on "Join the Army and Learn a Trade," but the lure of colourful uniform and proud traditions has not been overlooked (see the Household Cavalry's fine design reproduced on SOLDIER's cover). And the Parachute Regiment appeals simultaneously to the volunteer spirit and the love of adventure.

Nobody is as critical of a recruiting poster as a serving soldier. Many men in uniform toured this London exhibition. There were a few sardonic comments, which was to be expected, but there was freely spoken praise too — especially for the poster of Serjeant Hammond.

POSTER POSTSCRIPT

This is not a recruiting poster, but one of a series on "What To See In London." SOLDIER cannot remember seeing a beer-bottle helmet like that in London.

Steel Tape

— is the symbol and staple of the care taken by the Military Forwarding Organisation when handling soldiers' baggage

Above: In a wire cage, from which even the depot loading party is excluded, a Customs man checks the contents of a case while a corporal lists each item. Below: Start of a journey. In a German depot of the Military Forwarding Organisation steel tape is tightened round a case.

URGENTLY recalled, a soldier flew home from Singapore, carrying with him only the limited amount of kit allowed air passengers.

A few weeks later, a horse-drawn cart trundled from the nearest station to the remote village in the Scottish Highland which was his home. On the cart was the rest of his kit — his spare clothes, sports gear, souvenirs and books.

It was delivered entirely at the Army's expense and was handled by a part of the Army which conveys anything belonging to a soldier, from a perambulator to a packing-case full of china, half way across the world: the Military Forwarding Organisation.

The organisation was a wartime necessity which events have turned into a peace-time necessity. It was born in World War One, but disbanded when peace came. The between-wars soldier carried everything with him, or left it behind, and Service families employed agents to move their goods.

There were three reasons why the Military Forwarding Organisation did not disappear after 1945: the need to evacuate India (which involved moving 10,000 tons of kit) and Palestine; the decision to give every soldier an increased baggage allowance; and the use of troop planes.

Trooping by air has made a good deal of difference to the amount of unaccompanied baggage to be handled. Today all soldiers posted to West Africa, for instance, fly there instead of going by ship, as they did before the war. They take with them 66 lbs of kit; the rest must go by sea. Where possible, the Military Forwarding Organisation tries to arrange for the kit to arrive at the same time as its owners.

A private soldier is now allowed two hundredweight of kit when he goes abroad and the amounts for others rise on a fixed scale according to rank. Similarly, wives' allowances are determined by a scale which starts with five hundredweight for a private's wife (half a hundredweight less for a posting in Europe). The wife of any soldier, irrespective of rank, can take an extra three hundredweight if she is not going into furnished quarters, and each child, irrespective of the father's rank, is allowed one and a half hundredweight. Each family may also take one perambulator.

SOLDIER visited the London depot of the Military Forwarding Organisation at Stratford, which copes mostly with Continental traffic — about 1600 packages a week. Many are from Service families in Germany packing up to come home; they send their unaccompanied kit to the nearest forwarding depot where it is bound with strong steel tape or wire, to prevent pilfering.

The luggage goes to the main depot at Ratingen where it is loaded in sealed German ferry wagons in which it travels all the way to the depot's 1000-feet long shed at Stratford. The Night Ferry from Paris to London is thus not the only Continental train to run on British tracks.

When the wagon seals are broken, Customs men decide, from the declaration forms which accompany the packages, which items they want to see. But they have to wait until the keys have been sent by the owners or permission has been given to open cases before they can make their inspection.

The owner has the right to be present at the inspection or to send an agent. The agents appointed are usually friends or relatives living in London, even children from London schools whose parents live in the North. Depot officers may be appointed as agents, too, under a War Office ruling.

Inspection is made in a wire cage. During SOLDIER's visit the baggage was being handled by five men under Corporal Richard Eadie, aged 20, of Rhyl.

"When an officer has examined the steel banding for tampering, we cut it and open the cases," he said. "We are liable to be searched at a moment's notice and our billets can be searched at any time."

Contents of the cases are checked with the Customs declarations (false declarations can bring fines up to £500 and imprisonment) and Corporal Eadie lists each article as it goes on the table in front of the Customs officer. A smashed article might be removed, to stop it from damaging others, and a note put in its place.

A military policeman watches over the examination and sees that the cases are repacked and rebanded. Then the loading party, which has been waiting outside the cage, stacks the packages. The baggage cannot leave the shed until the Customs give the authority — which is not until they have received the duty and purchase tax.

If an owner feels he is being charged more than he can afford or more than the article is worth to him, he can abandon it. Then the Customs dispose of it, usually by auction.

Several popular misconceptions bring correspondence to the Customs. Most foreign brides, for instance, have the idea that all their belongings are exempt from Customs duty and purchase tax. That is not so, though there are concessions for people moving into Britain to make their homes. Another misconception is that purchase tax is not charged on British goods bought overseas and brought home.

Liquor and tobacco are also the subjects of misunderstandings. The facts are that a little of each is allowed into Britain duty-free in accompanied baggage (if much more than the free allowance is brought, duty is charged on the whole lot), but none is allowed to pass duty-free in unaccompanied baggage.

The Military Forwarding Organisation finds that the owners are often less careful of their kit than are the men who handle it. Said Major R. Oldham, Military Forwarding Officer at Stratford, "Some people are children when it comes to packing. Recently we found a box of heavy car tools in a crate of china and glass. Of course, it had smashed everything.

"And people do not trouble to insure their kit. We are not responsible for it after it leaves here by rail."

Today the work of the Military Forwarding Organisation is straightforward compared with the war years, when kits frequently arrived unmarked and undocumented. In those days, too, the organisation received the kits of men who had been killed and stored them until the legal questions of their disposal had been settled. Another of the big wartime tasks was handling 50,000 kits which were held behind the lines in North Africa, never caught up with their owners and had to be passed back to regimental depots.

The men at Stratford meet occasional surprises. There was one soldier who sent a bust of himself home. And there were two cases containing loaded revolvers, both of which fired themselves, luckily without hurting anybody.

When a soldier's family moves, the house and furniture stay behind. But the things which make a house into a home go too.

How Much Do You Know?

1. Who offended the population of Great Britain by writing of "the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs in the goal"?

2. What do you call (a) a person who deals in small articles of dress; (b) a person who deals in soap, candles, oil and paint?

3. If someone tells you he thinks you are *de trop*, he means: (a) that you are a witty fellow; (b) that you are badly dressed; (c) that your presence is unwanted; (d) that you have drunk quite enough. Which?

4. What is the word which the dictionary defines as "a fold of loose skin hanging from the throat of cattle"?

5. If you visited the famous Grand Guignol Theatre in Paris you would expect to see (a) historical comedy; (b) nude chorus girls; (c) bloodthirsty melodrama; (d) ice ballet. Which?

6. What's the difference between a gourmand and a gourmet?

7. Why are British sailors called "limeys"?

8. Any spelling mistakes in these statements: (a) Do not alight until the vehicle is stationery. (b) I hate to be dependent on him. (c) The defendant is guilty, as charged.

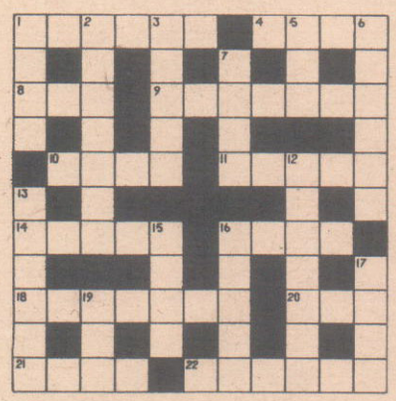
9. What one word means all of these: (a) a hot, spicy root; (b) an aerated drink; (c) mettle?

10. Can you give the nationality of the four young women in these pictures?

(a) (b) (c) (d)

(Answers on Page 45)

CROSSWORD



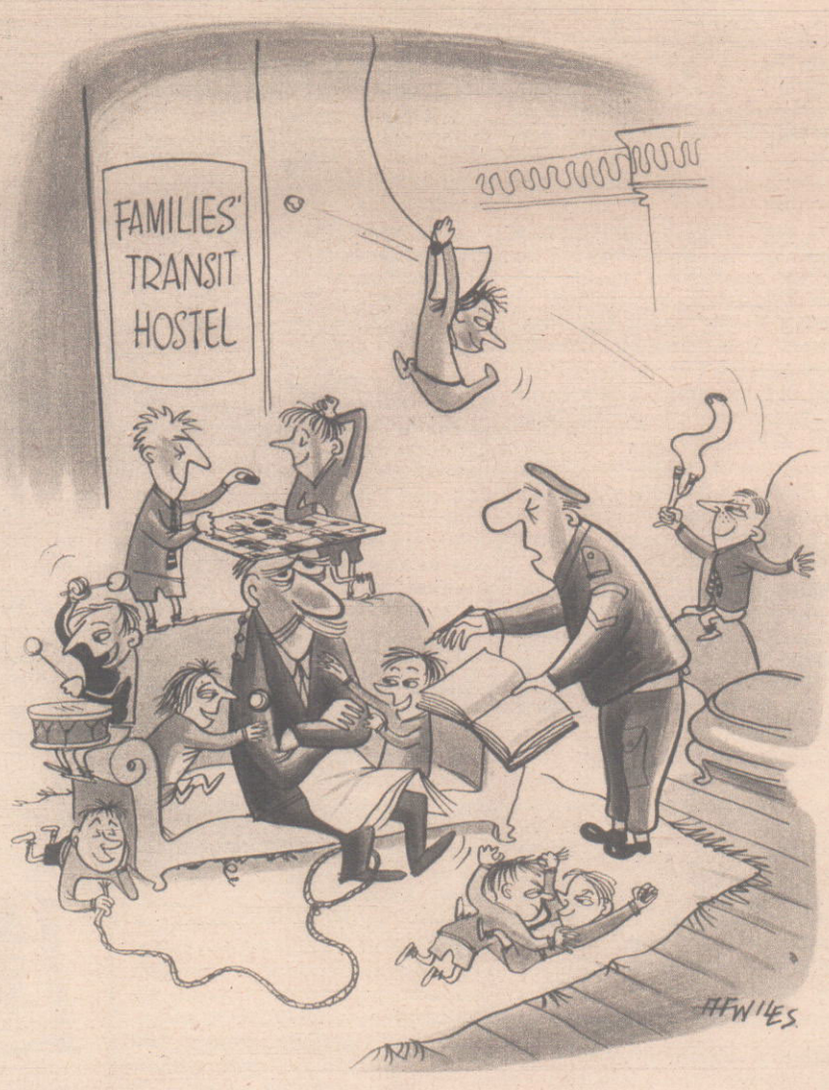
ACROSS: 1. The hackney vehicle was in front. 4. Above a spinner. 8. 1 down loses a hundred and turns Scottish. 9. Imitate a tardy bird. 10. A little word. 11. Gee! A female relative! 14. Part of a horrid germ. 16. Pother. 18. Is no cut (anag.). 20. It bores. 21. It's difficult to lose the thread of this story. 22. Evergreen.

DOWN: 1. First fratricide. 2. A dead nib should be swapped. 3. Polish paper. 5. Could be eat or drunk. 6. Staple folds in clothing. 7. Led on this to have botched. 12. Rats up in mixed put. 13. A sword that is this beheaded is no longer this. 15. Time's up. 16. It's no joke to hit this bone. 17. 'E's got a broken leg on top—what fun.' 19. Put a tail on this dog to shorten.

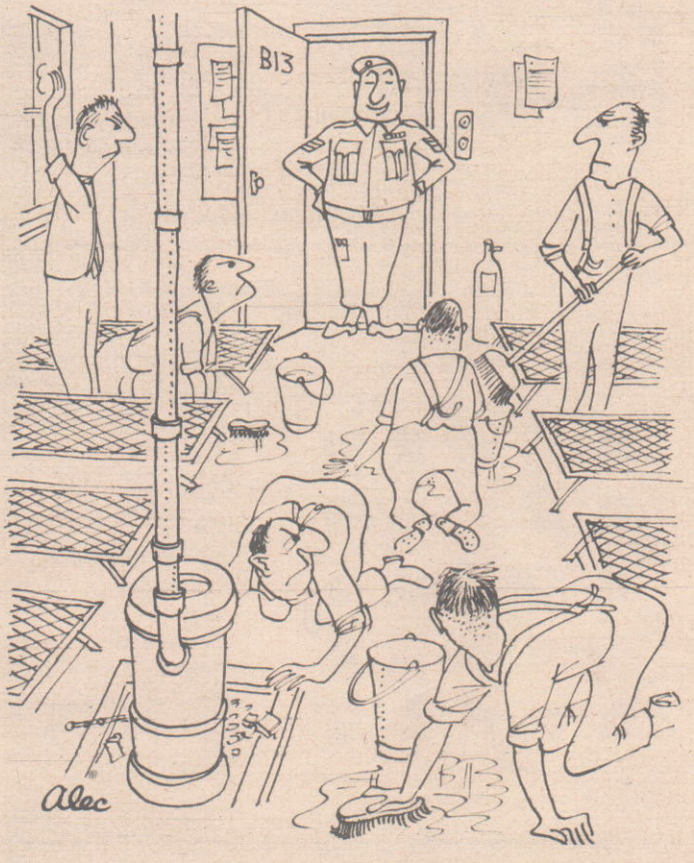
(Answers on Page 45)

"These are drawings by prehistoric man, with — er, Eighth Army additions."

SOLDIER *Humour*



"Would you care to write something in the Suggestions Book, sir?"



"Anyone like to volunteer for a little job?"

"Family — *'shun!*"

He Fought Them All — From King Koko to Adolf Hitler

SOLDIER BOOKSHELF

HE was invalided out of the Navy in 1887 and was fighting as a Commando in 1944.
He won a DSO in 1898 and a bar to it 46 years later.
He took part in the Battle of Omdurman from the deck of a warship, and served in the Boer War on horse-back.
He fought at Jutland, and earned a baronetcy for naval operations against the Bolsheviks in the Baltic.
He followed the sound of the guns for half a century — yet was never wounded.
He was the only Admiral to be Colonel of a Cavalry regiment.

These bare facts will give some idea of the strenuous and vivid career of Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, Baronet of the Baltic and Bilton (County Warwick). To soldiers and sailors alike he was one of the great "characters" of World War Two. If the guns were firing he was never far away.

The Colonel-Admiral: he lived for "turbulence."

The Admiral's life affords rich material to a biographer, and Captain Lionel Dawson, Royal Navy has done a very creditable job in "Sound of the Guns" *(Pen-in-Hand Books, Oxford 12s 6d.)*

The Admiral started his career afloat in the days when the Navy still clung to sail as an auxiliary to steam (or was it steam which was auxiliary to sail?) At the outset he vowed to be present, by hook or by crook, wherever there was a promise of "turbulence." Soon he found himself serving in the African river expeditions of the 'nineties, an early adversary being King Koko of Nimbi. His first real "blooding" was in the march on Benin City, a West African Belsen ruled by the infamous King Duboar. The long road to Benin was lined with the bodies of hideously mutilated men, women and beasts, left there in the hope of discouraging the punitive expedition. The Admiral's description of Benin, when they arrived was:

"Corpses everywhere and black festering pools of blood. Men crucified on trees, and under each tree a heap of heads — among them that of poor Pritchard, the new Captain of the *Alecto*, distinguished by his red beard and hair . . . A compound with a huge live alligator in it where the King would put little children who were just old enough to run about and let the alligator catch them."

As a member of the expedition said, "it was about time someone visited this place."

Inside the "city" were red uniforms of almost every British regiment and scores of hunting coats — all bartered at some time or other by traders.

The next river expedition was the biggest of all: the penetration of the Sudan by gunboat. Lieutenant Cowan's ship helped to move up troops for the Battle of Omdurman, and to strafe the Dervishes as opportunity offered. He watched the cavalry return, hacked and bleeding, from the famous charge, in which Mr. Winston Churchill rode and saw the veterinary surgeon go down the lines shooting the badly injured horses.

The next area of "turbulence" was South Africa, where Lieutenant Cowan contrived to get a job as aide-de-camp to Kitchener, spending much of the war in the saddle. On one occasion his rather dashing reconnaissance of a Boer gun position drew from Kitchener the comment that his seafaring ADC must be out for the VC. He returned to London just in time to save himself being struck off the Navy List by the aggrieved Lords of Admiralty.

However, the Navy quickly forgave its erring Lieutenant and promotion was rapid. In 1919 he was a Rear-Admiral commanding the Baltic Force, in that confused fighting in Northern waters which followed World War One. Summing up these operations, the Board of Admiralty said that the Baltic Force had "attacked the enemy with the utmost gallantry . . . It has prevented the destruction of States which have upheld the Allied cause, has supported the Forces of Civilisation when menaced with Anarchy . . ."

Admiral Cowan was a stern master, and not everyone measured up to his high standards. He retired in 1930, but nine years later — at the age of 70 — he was back looking for a job. Lord Keyes, who knew a happy warrior when he saw one, attached him to the Commandos as a Naval Liaison Officer. The Admiral trained with them in Arran, and soon afterwards accompanied them on the raid on Bardia — "altogether a remarkable escapade for a Flag Officer past his first youth," says his biographer. For a spell the Admiral became a well-known man about Tobruk; then, when his Commando was broken up, he mysteriously attached himself to the 18th Cavalry, an Indian Regiment, and accompanied them to Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and back to the Desert. Soon afterwards he was captured by the Italians near Bir Hakim. His position over-run, he emptied his revolver at his captors, who fired back with a machine-gun — and missed. Refusing to put up his hands, he simply pointed to his empty revolver. He was duly put in the bag, which proved a comfortable one, for the Italian Navy saw to it that he got the best treatment. Soon he was exchanged for an Italian general.

Even now, the Admiral declined to retire. He took part in the Commando operations based on the island of Vis, in the Adriatic, sharing in all the fatigues and excitement. There he met Marshal Tito, who still, reputedly, asks after the "little Admiral."

Six months of fighting and living as a Commando officer told on the Admiral, however, and at last he decided to retire for the last time. Apart from such trifling excursions as a visit to the North-West Frontier in 1947, to inspect the 18th Cavalry (of which he had been appointed Colonel), he has stayed retired ever since, surrounded by the trophies of stirring fights on sea and land.

"Swift and Bold"

EARLY in June 1940 Mr. Winston Churchill rose in the House of Commons to give news of disastrous military setbacks in France. Amid the gloom, however, there was cause for pride. The Premier said:

"The Rifle Brigade, the 60th Rifles and the Queen Victoria's Rifles with a battalion of British tanks and 1000 Frenchmen, defended Calais to the last (Cheers). The British Brigadier was given an hour to surrender. He spurned the offer — (Cheers) — and four days of intense street fighting passed before the silence reigned over Calais which marked the end of a memorable resistance."

Thus the riflemen of the British Army early reinforced their heroic traditions in World War Two. The story of this defence and of all the other campaigns of the King's Royal Rifle Corps (60th Rifles) between 1939 and 1945 is told in "Swift And Bold" *(Gale and Polden 25s)* edited by Major-General Sir Hereward Wake and Major W. F. Deedes. The narrative is by battalion eye-witnesses and thus has a fresh, intimate touch, whatever it may lack in historical perspective. The official regimental history is yet to be written: it will appear as Volume Six of The Annals of the King's Royal Rifle Corps.

"A 60th Rifleman in the Desert": frontispiece drawing by Captain Oswald Birley MC from the history of the King's Royal Rifle Corps *(reviewed here)*.

The Regiment began the war with two regular battalions, and these six Territorial battalions: 1st and 2nd Queen Victoria's Rifles, 1st and 10th Rangers, 1st and 2nd Queen's Westminsters. The two regular battalions were armed and trained as motor battalions for service with armoured formations; the Territorials were rifle battalions, except for one which was on a motor-cyclist basis. During 1940 all became motor battalions. The Regiment fought in France (twice), North Africa, Greece (twice), Crete, Italy and North-West Europe. A posthumous Victoria Cross was earned by Rifleman John Beeley, 1st Battalion, who wiped out the crews of an anti-tank gun and two machine-guns in a lone dash with a Bren, at Sidi Rezegh.

It is interesting to note that 17 Americans became officers of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. Even before Pearl Harbour a number of Americans had joined the British Army, being granted temporary British nationality, "and it was to be expected that the Royal American Regiment of 200 years ago would have a special claim on their services." Six of the Americans commissioned into the King's Royal Rifle Corps fought at El Alamein, and were wounded in that campaign, two being later killed in Tunisia.

Bookshelf Continued Overleaf

Victory fireworks in London, 1945: once upon a time the Master Gunner was responsible for staging big fireworks festivals.

500 Years of Stopping Rockets

A "Brock's Benefit," they used to call it, when the anti-aircraft gunners threw their firecrackers five miles up into the night sky, when clusters of white flares descended and red tracer rose optimistically to greet them.

The phrase was used even by those who had never seen a real "Brock's Benefit," that fiery extravaganza which used to be staged annually at the Crystal Palace until 1936. (The first "benefit," by the way, was in 1826 when the then Mr. Brock sought to recoup some of the losses he had sustained in an explosion at his premises, and staged a big show in City Road, London).

A member of the Brock family, Mr. Alan St. Hill Brock, has written a captivating book, "The History of Fireworks" *(Harrap 21s)* which describes the part played by the pyrotechnist in peace and war. The coloured illustrations of the big set-pieces which delighted our grandfathers and great-grandfathers make it a cause for regret that the pyrotechnist in the twentieth century should so often have been the slave of Mars.

Nobody "invented" fireworks, or even gunpowder, says Mr. Brock. They just happened. What is sure is that as men accidentally hit upon explosive substances they lost no time in throwing them at each other. "Greek Fire" cropped up in various lands at various times; it consisted of burning masses of adhesive fire which could be propelled beyond the range of arrows, and was a potent enough weapon until the invention of artillery. The recipe was well guarded. Some contemporary accounts of the use of Greek Fire were greatly exaggerated, however, says Mr. Brock; "writers on the side which employed it were influenced by feelings of understandable exultation in its invincible efficiency; those on the opposing side by a desire to excuse defeat."

As for rockets, the English soldier has been stopping them in the most literal sense for at least 500 years. The Bastard of Orleans threw them at our soldiers in 1449; and Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sahib employed thousands of "rocketers" against British redcoats in India. The result of these latter attacks — which caused much upset among the cavalry — was that British pyrotechnists were inspired to develop a weapon they had neglected.

Their big moment came during the Napoleonic Wars when rocket-equipped ships sailed to set fire to the French Fleet in Boulogne Harbour. As things turned out, they burned down the town instead. In 1813 a Captain Bogue of the Horse Artillery was put in command of the Field Rocket Brigade, which served with distinction at Leipzig. By this time protests were being made at the ungentlemanly use of rockets in "civilised" warfare.

The last occasion in the nineteenth century when rockets were extensively used in ground warfare was in the Zulu War of 1879, but Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley had no confidence in them. He said: "In a thick bush country like Burma or Ashanti rockets are likely to be as demoralising to your own men as to the enemy, owing to the eccentricity of their flight when they strike trees." Rifle fire was more deadly.

The nineteenth century produced a pyrotechnic device which was to feature in many wars: the Verey pistol, for signalling by means of coloured stars. It has been adapted for various purposes: for projecting flares to illuminate enemy positions; for sending up parachute lights; and (in World War Two) for firing the recognition "colours of the day" from friendly aircraft accidentally attacked.

Pyrotechnists in World War One hatched a rich variety of brainwaves, ranging from mock gun flashes and shell bursts, for deceiving the enemy, to incendiary bullets for bringing down Zeppelins. A member of the Brock family, Wing-Commander F. A. Brock (formerly a Gunner) accompanied the Zeebrugge expedition to see the operation of his special devices, which included smoke floats, flame throwers, phosphorus grenades, flare rockets and light buoys. Un-

The fireworks firms did their bit in the war — if only to provide training excitements like this.

"Until a general had his head in fireworks he could hardly be said to have arrived..."

happily, he was killed on the Mole. He invented the million-candle-power "Dover Flare," which lit the Straits like a ballroom, greatly discouraging U-boats.

In World War Two flares of an even greater brilliance were used by Royal Air Force bombers to illuminate their targets, and there was a photo-flash — a very big brother to the Press flash-light — to enable night reconnaissance pictures to be taken.

Between 1939 and 1945 the rocket made fresh, and familiar, history. It was fired against aircraft, it was fired from aircraft, it was used to propel aircraft. One of the more impressive rocket weapons was the Landing Craft Tank (Rocket) which was used against the coasts of Sicily and Normandy. The captain was the only man above deck when the broadside was fired, and he was housed in a fireproof structure.

And, of course, the pyrotechnists provided fabulous quantities of "thunderflashes" and similar battle simulation devices.

It is worth noting that the Master Gunner (today Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke) used to provide the fireworks on occasions of national rejoicing. Those were the days... when pyrotechnists thought nothing of recreating the Field of Waterloo, or even — as in a much later war — of picturing in fire the heads of Queen Victoria and all her generals in the South African War. Until a general had had his head in fireworks he could hardly be said to have arrived.

Mr. Brock's history contains much engaging information. Most of his chapters are about fireworks in peacetime, and they are thoroughly readable.

No Quarter for Commandos

ARE Commandos soldiers? The answer, to most people, is a straightforward "yes." But to Hitler, in 1942, the answer had to be something different. Commandos and other special service men, including the Russian partisans, were hurting the German military effort badly.

So Commandos became, to Hitler, "terrorists and saboteurs, conducting themselves like bandits." And Hitler issued an order that all quarter was to be denied them on principle, if they surrendered or were captured.

One of the men who passed on the order was Generaloberst Nikolaus von Falkenhorst, German Commander-in-Chief in Norway and one of the old school of German officers. And von Falkenhorst added to it: "If a man is saved for interrogation he must not survive for more than 24 hours."

In 1946 a war crimes court tried von Falkenhorst in Hamburg and found him guilty on seven out of nine charges of issuing the order and causing the deaths of British and Allied Servicemen who were either killed by the *Wehrmacht* under his command or handed over to the security service, which killed them.

A full report of the trial, edited by E. H. Stevens, has now been published *(William Hodge, 18s)*, as part of the War Crimes Trials series. It records that von Falkenhorst pleaded that though he disliked the order and told his generals they must carry it out in a "knightly and human manner," he had to carry out "superior orders." But the war crimes trials have laid down the principle that "superior orders" is no excuse for a responsible commander when the order is illegal according to the usages of war.

The court sentenced von Falkenhorst to death by shooting; the sentence was afterwards commuted to 20 years imprisonment.

The Brave and Shy

NEARLY 1400 Victoria Crosses have been won, and three of them have gone to the sons of men who have themselves been awarded the medal.

Two of the father-and-son VC families were linked up by the Cross. Lieutenant F. H. S. Roberts, son of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, VC, was awarded the medal posthumously for gallantry in South Africa. When he was mortally wounded, he was rescued by Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Congreve, who was awarded his Victoria Cross for the action. General Congreve's son, Major W. Congreve, was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross in 1916.

The third father and son were General Sir Charles Gough, who won the Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny, and General John Gough, who earned it in Somaliland in 1904. The Gough family set up a record of three VC's when a brother of Sir Charles also won it.

These are some of the interesting facts about the Victoria Cross which Kenneth Hare-Scott produces in the introduction to his book "For Valour" *(Peter Garnett, 10s 6d)*. Another is that, contrary to popular belief, women are eligible to win the Victoria Cross.

The book retells the stories of some of the Victoria Cross awards in World War Two. It deals (on the Army side) with Captain Charles Upham, of New Zealand (not the only double VC known to fame); Lieut-Colonel Geoffrey Keyes, killed in the assault on what was believed to be Rommel's headquarters; Serjeant Thomas Derrick, Australian Army; Captain Paul Triquet, Canadian Army; Lieutenant Gerard Norton, Kaffrarian Rifles, South Africa; CSM Stanley Hollis, Green Howards; Major Robert Cain, 1 Airborne Division; and Corporal Fazal Din, of the Indian Army. All in all, a good Empire bag, including a bank clerk, a fish salesman and a brace of farmers.

Apart from the gift of courage — if it is a gift — there seems no common trait linking VC's, unless, perhaps, shyness. That very quality makes it difficult, as in this case, to write really intimate studies of them.

Over the spectral ruins of a once-great monastery, silent after the last bombardment, fly the flags of Great Britain and Poland. This picture of the hill-top monastery of Cassino was taken from a Royal Air Force aircraft after the Allies had finally carried the hill and the town.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Left: Through the Abomination of Desolation below Cassino a bulldozer clears the road for the armies thrusting north to Rome.

Kick out that cough
You can, you know
Say "cough, be off!"
And see it go,
Hoarse? Go—suck a Zube!

ZUBES
Regd.

The Cough Lozenges in the Handy Tin—ask for them at your Naafi

BRYLCREEM
in the new style TUB..

Here's the new-style Brylcreem tub, worthy companion for the famous tall jar and handy tube. Easy to grip, easy to dip into, it's the perfect pack for the perfect hairdressing. Brylcreem keeps the hair smartly in place all day long. Besides imparting a soft, glossy lustre, its pure emulsified oils promote natural hair growth and safeguard you against Dandruff and Tight Scalp. Ask for Brylcreem —it gives life to Dry Hair.

County Perfumery Co., Ltd., Stanmore, Middx. *royds 77/1*

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

AH! You can't beat a WREN shine!

WREN'S
For *Sheer* Brilliance

BY APPOINTMENT
WM. WREN LTD.
WATFORD

Be Smart- use WREN'S

easy-to-open tins 4D & 8D

The first Wax Shoe Polish supplied to the Services. There is still nothing finer for smartness afoot.

W/QW

This Sport Is Illegal

Here, for a change, is a story about a Royal Marine. The sporting world will be hearing a good deal more about him

WHEN a 16 lbs metal ball thudded on to the turf of a Cambridge sports ground and shattered a record, the athletic world sat up and took notice. There were signs that other records might be doomed, too.

The record-breaker was Corporal John Savidge, Royal Marines. He already held the British record for putting the shot (48 feet 10½ inches) when he went to the Cambridge meeting. Now he had boosted the distance to 51 feet 4½ inches, and was the first British athlete to pass the 50-foot mark.

Corporal Savidge had already received an invitation, too, to represent Britain at the Empire Games in New Zealand this year. But he had turned it down. He was not ready, he said. And Geoffrey Dyson, chief coach of the Amateur Athletic Association, agreed. Even the 50-foot put was ahead of his pupil's programme.

Corporal Savidge, who is 24, had been training with Dyson less than a year. The story goes that Dyson was on a demonstration tour when he picked Corporal Savidge out of an audience and said: "There's the man I want to turn into a weight-putting champion."

For Corporal John Savidge stands out in a crowd. He is 6 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 16½ stone. Under Dyson's tuition he came third in the Amateur Athletic Association championship last summer, with a put of 45 feet 0½ inches.

He was developing his abilities to a schedule. By next summer, Dyson planned, Corporal Savidge would be able to make the 50-foot put. But he beat the schedule; the experts say he will be consistently putting 53 feet next season. Just to show it could be done, after his record-breaking effort, he did put the shot 53 feet 2½ inches, only to have the attempt disallowed because his toe went out of the circle.

In time, Corporal Savidge may well secure the world record, which is now 57 feet 1 inch, held by an American, J. Torrance, since 1934.

Putting the shot is not the only sporting use to which Corporal Savidge directs his bulk, strength and skill. He is the heavy-weight boxing champion of the Royal Marines. He holds a yellow belt for Judo. He plays Rugger and Soccer, is a capable swimmer and a fine water-polo player and holds a bronze medallion for

OVER

Cpl. John Savidge, Royal Marines. He broke the putting-the-shot record when he wasn't trying.

This Sport Is Illegal (Continued)

life-saving. He plays basket-ball regularly — it is part of his training for putting the shot.

He has passed the Amateur Athletic Association coaches' course and an advanced coaches' course. Recruits to the Royal Marines who go to Chatham find him among their physical training instructors.

Twice a week he goes up to London to train under Geoffrey Dyson. Some of his training is done with apparatus which an admiring British Weight-Lifting Association has provided to help him develop his powers — not as a weight-lifter but in field events. Just now Corporal Savidge is concentrating on throwing the discus. According to plan, he will be well up among the discus-throwers by next summer.

When Corporal Savidge broke the record for putting the shot, he probably broke the law too, though he may not have known it. The game, which started as putting the stone (it is recorded that it was part of the Tailtin games in Ireland in 1829 BC) was prohibited by statute in the reign of Edward III. It was so popular that the King thought it might oust the practice of archery and deprive the country of bowmen.

So far as SOLDIER knows, that statute has never been repealed. But if he was breaking the law, Corporal Savidge was in good company: Henry VIII was fond of putting the weight.

When cannon-balls became fairly common, they replaced the pieces of rock which had previously been used. Cannon-balls were standardised at 16 lbs for the sport and were known as weights; a 14 lbs missile was known as a stone. But the weight was not always what it was supposed to be. By accident, at the first English championship meeting in 1866, it was 18 lbs 10 ounces, which says a good deal for the man who won the event with a put of 34 feet 10 inches.

The first man to put a 16 lbs weight more than 40 feet was a huge Sapper, E. J. Bor, who won the English title with a put of 42 feet 5 inches in 1872.

"I'd like to find the chap who pinched our barrow."

Originally the weight was bowled, which gave the athlete the advantage of a run, and probably the old-time lengths were greater than those of modern days. Even so, Sir Walter Scott seems to have gone astray in "The Lady of the Lake" when he describes how a man called Douglas beat all his opponents by a rood. Since a rood was 104 feet and his opponents presumably put up reasonable performances, Douglas's feat can only have been in the realms of fantasy.

Later, the weight was put from a seven-foot square and the put was measured from the mark made on the ground by the shot to the front edge of the square or to a projection of it. That meant competitors had to put straight if they wanted to get full value for their efforts.

The square was replaced by a seven-foot circle in 1908 and the put was measured from the mark made by the shot to the nearest point on the circle. Now it did not matter in which direction the shot went. But, at a meeting that was not too well regulated, it might produce dangerous incidents.

In his book, "Athletics of Today," Captain F. A. M. Webster, a famous athlete in his day, has written about a meeting at Maryland, in Essex, in 1911: "I have often wondered if the local bobby was more erudite than the rest of us, although we had a couple of rising barristers in the competition ... There was never a final, for an official was nearly brained through getting in the way of the shot, which the policeman promptly impounded, so perhaps, after all, he had heard of Edward III's statute."

The technique of putting the shot varies. There is an American style and a Scandinavian style. In all of them the shot starts from the hollow of the neck, just below the ear. The competitor takes a hop and a glide, to get momentum, and then sends the shot on its way with a push that has behind it the effort of as many muscles as possible. His foot must not go out of the circle.

Training for putting the weight is a strenuous business. Captain Webster recommends a lot of gymnastic work and plenty of exercises to build up the body; sprinting and high jumping for speed and spring; long walks for stamina building; half-mile jog-trot runs to strengthen the legs; body stretching exercises to increase reach and length of arm drive; heel and toe lifting exercises and skipping to strengthen the calf, ankle, sole of the foot and toe muscles; and chest expander exercises.

Generally big men are considered to stand the best chance at putting the shot, but some short-statured ones have done well, probably because their speed and co-ordination are often better than those of the big men, who may be rather ponderous. It is also easier for small men to keep in the seven-foot circle.

BOB O'BRIEN

Favourite Double

Economical Smoking

Perfect Rolling

WITH

RIZLA

CIGARETTE MACHINES
CIGARETTE PAPERS
FILTER TIPS

TO MEN LEAVING THE SERVICES

London Transport Offers

CAREERS

ON THE ROAD SERVICES. Commencing as a Bus Conductor, with opportunity of promotion to Bus Driver, Inspector and Higher Grades.

ON THE RAILWAY SERVICES. Commencing as a Platform Porter and proceeding to Ticket Collector, Guard and Motorman, with opportunity of promotion to Inspector and Higher Grades.

IN THE ENGINEERING DEPTS. Commencing as a General Hand, with opportunity of promotion to Higher Grades.

If you are interested and will be living within 25 miles of the centre of London (CHARING CROSS), write to:—

LONDON TRANSPORT
RECRUITING CENTRE
566, HIGH ROAD · CHISWICK · LONDON · W.4

Please state when applying: — TYPE OF WORK REQUIRED · HOME ADDRESS · DATE OF BIRTH · HEIGHT IN SHOES.

ASTONISHING RESULTS of Consulting Hair Specialist's New Home Treatment for Premature

LOSS OF HAIR

GREYNESS, DANDRUFF AND ALL HAIR DISORDERS

UNHEALTHY HAIR

Weak, relaxed sheath causes hair to fall.

HEALTHY HAIR

Tightly braced-up sheath holds hair fast.

Remarkable results are being achieved by a New Treatment for Premature Loss of Hair, Falling Hair, Greyness, Dandruff and other hair disorders. The Treatment is specially prepared for the different types of cases by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the well-known Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool. The following letters afford most gratifying evidence of the astonishing results produced by the treatment.

SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT VITALISES DORMANT HAIR ROOTS

"I have new hair growing at the temples, and am nearly free from a very bad case of Dandruff".
Mr. R-, DONCASTER

"My wife says the hair is already starting to grow again on the thin patch on the crown of the head".
Mr.C-,MIDDLESBROUGH

Readers of this paper who are suffering from any hair disorder should at once fill in and post the form below for a FREE copy of Mr. Pye's book "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES". Post the form to Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 59.

Fill in form for a free copy of Mr. Pye's book.

SEND FOR FREE COPY OF MR. PYE'S BOOK "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES".

To Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 59.
Send free copy of your book and particulars of treatments.

NAME.....
(Block Letters)
ADDRESS.....
(Block Letters)

For

COLDS & 'FLU

JUST DO THIS

'ASPRO' is the quick-working, effective, modern answer to colds and 'flu. It gets to work in no time—clears the head, stops the feverish, shivery sensations, dispels the aches and pains and the miserable fed-up feeling. On going to bed it is a good idea to take a further couple of 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. 'ASPRO' lulls you off into a refreshing, natural sleep, at the same time inducing a gentle perspiration which helps to eliminate the cold through the pores of the skin. In most cases **you will lose the cold while you sleep**—by morning it will all be gone. Where colds and 'flu are concerned it is better not to delay one hour—or one minute—so

Take a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets with a HOT DRINK

WHY NOT GET 'ASPRO' TO WORK ON THAT COLD NOW!

Wonderful Recovery From 'Flu

B. M. S. writes from London, S.W.16 :—"I would very much like to express my gratitude for such a wonderful recovery from 'flu. I am feeling very well again now. I was with friends at a party and was taken ill with 'flu. I could not go back to my place until the following morning. A friend gave me two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot drink. He also gave me a small box of tablets and then I was in bed for one day only. I was then able to carry on with my work feeling myself again, thanks to 'ASPRO' tablets, and I shall never be without them."

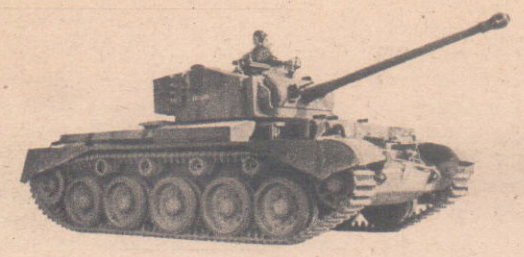
FROM N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS AND CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

'ASPRO' as a Gargle

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

Made by ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks.



TANKS: ALL THE WAY FROM MARK ONE

TO veteran tankmen who are never so happy as when they are describing their wartime experiences, "Men in Armour," the latest film produced by the Army Kinema Corporation for the War Office, will come as a stimulus.

It does not matter in which of the two World Wars they fought in armour, they will see their old tanks, armoured cars and comrades on the screen in sequences filmed on the battle-fields at the time. Ghosts of men who fought in suits of armour at Agincourt will find they get a show, too — less authentic, but still impressive.

There are some notable shots of Mark I tanks going into action in World War One: majestic as battleships, they curtsey their way across shell-holes and abandoned trenches, surrounded by swarming Infantry. You see what the commentator means when he tells you it was their slowness as much as anything that scared the Germans. You see what he means, too, when he talks of co-operation with Infantry.

In the World War Two shots, you see again the more familiar Matildas, Valentines and Crusaders, then the Grants and Shermans and the Churchills and the specialist jobs, like bridge-layers, which came along later in the war.

You see tanks rolling across open desert in clouds of dust, manoeuvering for position in the "naval battles" of the earlier desert campaign. You see them again in clouds of dust in Burma, and in the teeming monsoon rain, and again you see what the commentator means by co-operation with Infantry as tanks wriggle their way through the teak-trees in ones and twos, or back up the assault on Mandalay.

There is dust again in the Normandy sequences. But this time it gives place to the snow of Holland and now another narrator is saying, "There was nothing much we could do except support the Infantry in this kind of country."

This is no mere instructional film. Its object is to keep up the crew spirit in the Royal Armoured Corps and to show men in other arms the sort of thing the Royal Armoured Corps does. It is to be shown, too, to Army cadets. If anything is needed to convince them that glamour did not leave the Cavalry with the horses, this is it.

Above: The Mark I tank first went into action on 15 September 1916. Below: On 17 May 1943 tanks entered Tunis and dealt with a German strong-point in a half-built block of flats.

Coming Your Way

The following films will be seen at AKC cinemas shortly:

THE GAY LADY

Jean Kent in tights and Technicolor, singing and dancing as an Edwardian Gaiety girl. In spite of elaborate Edwardian costumes, she goes ballooning, lands in a stream and, in the Gaiety Girl tradition, ends up as a Duchess. Lots of fun with James Donald, Hugh Sinclair, Lana Morris, Andrew Crawford and Bill Owen. In Britain, this film is called "Trottie True."

MURDER AT THE WINDMILL

More music, more dancing. London's Windmill Theatre finds a dead man in its seats at the end of a Revudeville performance. Was he shocked to death? Detective Inspector Garry Marsh comes along to make the investigations among all those Windmill girls. Also there are Jack Livesey, Jon Pertwee, Elliot Makeham and Jimmy Edwards. Good recruiting propaganda — for the police.

THE BARKLEYS OF BROADWAY

Still more music. Still more dancing. For veteran cinemagoers who can remember the sparkling 'thirties, this is a "must": Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing together again. The later generation will see that glamour does not end at 20 after all. Plenty of new tunes and one old favourite, "They Can't Take That Away from Me," from the early Astaire-Rogers film, "Shall We Dance?" All in Technicolor.

WHITE HEAT

Corpses, corpses everywhere, thanks to James Cagney playing a mad gangster. There are hold-ups, prison-breaks, gun-battles, straitjackets and everything else needed to give good horror-for-money. Virginia Mayo plays a faithless moll.

SLATTERY'S HURRICANE

Pilot Richard Widmark gets mixed up with Linda Darnell and Veronica Lake. Such complicated love-lives these Hollywood airmen lead! But a hurricane sorts things out for him.

THAT MAD MR. JONES

New idea for a murder. Put a plastic brush-handle in boiling water and shape it into a dagger. Stab victim. Cool brush handle, which goes back to its original shape. Only don't tell Red Skelton if you want to get away with it.

LETTERS

RECORD BREAKAGES

NAAFI have just published their figures for losses and breakages of crockery in BAOR for the six months ending 30 June 1949 —91,000 cups, 31,000 saucers and 84,000 glasses. By my reckoning their figures mean that every soldier in BAOR breaks or steals nine cups, three saucers and eight glasses a year. Do NAAFI seriously expect anyone to believe this? — **Bdr. L. Dean, British Intelligence Interpreters Pool, BAOR 1.**

★ *These figures are enough to make anybody sit up. Bombardier Dean's "breakdown" of the figures is a bit wide of the mark, but the wastage is nevertheless deplorable. The bald facts, NAAFI assures SOLDIER, are that crockery and cutlery losses or breakages in the clubs and canteens of Rhine Army from 1 May to 6 August 1949 were: 47,814 cups, 16,289 saucers, 22,336 plates, 61,390 glasses, 3884 knives, 2976 forks and 3910 spoons. These figures (covering a different period from that quoted by Bombardier Dean) represent a bill of £7262 for losses and breakages in just over three months, or over £74 every day. It all means a smaller NAAFI rebate, hence fewer amenities. NAAFI do not think that pilfering or carelessness by locally employed staff can account for a noticeable proportion of the losses.*

TATTOO FAN

It was with great interest that I read your article about the cry for a revival of the pre-war Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo. To what better use could the traditional units in Britain and BAOR be put today? It would be a good thing for them to polish up their pike drill for a few months and give back to the British Army some of its pre-war glory. It would also boost the recruiting campaign. Old figures show that many recruits were obtained after a military tattoo at Aldershot.

If we cannot have a tattoo, why not have a massed band ceremony of "beating tattoo" held, say, at Wembley Arena? I think massed band displays would go down well with the public.

It must be admitted that the British Army is in a rut. Spectacles like massed band displays would help pull it out. — **"Drummer" (name and address supplied).**

TOWER GUARDS

Your recent statement that the Royal Fusiliers took over guard duties at the Tower of London in May last for the first time since 1935, is not quite accurate. The 11th (TA) Battalion took over from a reservist battalion of the Welsh Guards in October 1939.

This guard must have been unique in many ways. The 11th Battalion had only been formed early that year and when detailed for duty at the Tower was widely scattered over London guarding vulnerable points. The Tower contingent therefore had to be made up of the Signal Platoon and one platoon from each rifle company. A drummer boy from the Welsh Guards was attached as bugler.

Their tour of duty was 14 days, for eleven of which they were all at immediate call and could take off neither equipment nor boots. The guard periods were two hours on and four hours off and the whole guard stood to at Reveille, Retreat, Tattoo and Officers Rounds.

They were by no means fully equipped at that time and blue steel helmets marked "Police" were commonplace. Although they all had battle-dress, they were without service overcoats. The Ceremonial Guard were lent sufficient Guards' grey capes for those on duty to be suitably dressed, while the rest were issued with civilian overcoats.

I believe we were the first Territorial battalion to provide guards at the Tower, although many others followed us. — **Major F. D. Reed, 11th Bn Branch, Royal Fusiliers Assn., 10 Duke St., St. James, London.**

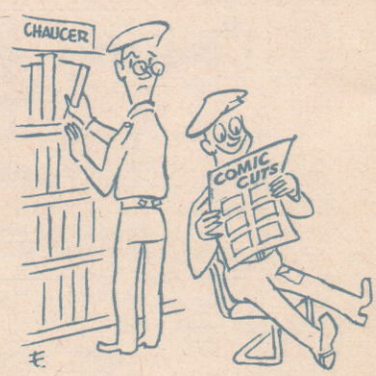
● SOLDIER welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full names and addresses. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

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.

"BLOOD" FEUD

I would like to assure "New Army" (SOLDIER, November) that the experience he described (finding Servicemen reading schoolboy magazines) is by no means unusual. I have seen a soldier placing a weekly



order for the *Wizard* and the *Adventure* at Smith's Book Shop in Trieste. One night I was called to quell a disturbance in the billetts, and found two soldiers actually fighting over the *Rover*. — **1937 Regular (name and address supplied).**

OLD CADET

I was greatly interested in "The Third Generation of Cadets" (SOLDIER, November) as I was a member of the First Cadet Battalion, The Queens, between 1902 and 1908. In those days we wore scarlet tunics, blue trousers, black leather leggings, field service cap, white "buff" belt, pouches and so on.

As Serjeant-Drummer I had the honour of winning the company shoot and the battalion badge. The years spent in the cadets were the happiest of my life and I would like to tender my sincere good wishes to Colonel Bennett and Drum-Major North.

My cadet collar and cap badges began my collection of military badges which now numbers some five thousand. Over £103 was raised for the Red Cross and Comforts Funds by exhibiting them during the last war.

I should be glad to hear from any of the old cadets who served with me. — **Charles V. Young, "Mar-Wyn", Courtlands Cross, Exmouth, Devon.**

SALUTE TO IN-LAWS

"Friendly Type" in a recent issue of SOLDIER wonders if there are others who get on with their in-laws as well as he does. I would like to assure him there are. My mother-in-law shows me as much kindness and consideration as if I were her own son. We get along splendidly. There may not be many like her, but I am sure that the old music hall type of mother-in-law has taken a back seat now. — **L/C L. G. Pinkney, Signals Troop, 3 Inf. Bde. Dist., MELF 10.**

IS IT FAIR?

A soldier who holds a School Certificate is exempt from taking Army Educational examinations. Is this fair on the soldiers who have served for years, doing a good job of work, who must then obtain an educational certificate or lose their position and the pay with it? A man who obtained a School Certificate had some ten years schooling behind him when he sat for it, but he did not take citizenship, current affairs or map reading. A good many of these chaps would not pass an Army first-class certificate now. I think they should all be called upon to take the Service examinations and I believe that many other Regulars share my views. — **Sjt. A. G. Croucher, College of the Rhine Army, BAOR 30.**

★ *It seems to SOLDIER that what a man learns in order to pass an examination of this type is more or less incidental. The main object is to prove that he has the mental capacity and the industry to enable him to pass it. Having proved this once, would it be fair to make him undergo a fresh course of study to prove it again?*

ARMY SCHOOLING

Although facilities do exist for the education of Servicemen's children overseas, these are for the most part very elementary. SOLDIER has a unique way of putting the case of the Services. How about taking up the cudgels on behalf of soldiers' children, the Servicemen of the future? Here are one or two points to set the ball rolling:

There are no facilities for the sons and daughters of Servicemen, who are with their parents overseas, to sit for the normal entrance examinations to Grammar and High Schools.

If a family is in Britain when the children *are* of an age to sit for one of these examinations, the financial drain becomes excessive when the family is moved to another station and the children must be left behind as boarders. Local councils are reluctant to offer financial assistance to Servicemen, whom they regard more or less as "foreigners."

If Servicemen's children have the necessary brains, why should they not have the same opportunities as all other British children? — **WO II E. J. Cook, 138 Static Workshop REME, BTA.**

★ *There is a scheme to give Service children the same opportunities for education as other children. It will be described in a forthcoming issue of SOLDIER.*

The old type of entrance examination to a secondary school no longer exists, since every child has the right to attend a secondary school. Instead, children are tested to see which kind of secondary education will benefit them most, and the Services carry out similar tests overseas. If the children stay abroad, they have their secondary education there; if they go home, they have the same opportunities as other children.

Local education authorities will help financially those children who stay in Britain while their parents are overseas. How great the help is depends on the means of the parents. Servicemen who have difficulties in negotiations with local education authorities can get help and advice from Command education officers.

REME BIRTHDAY

In your September issue you give the date of the formation of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers as 19 May 1942. May I point out that we celebrated our seventh birthday on 1 October 1949, our Corps being formed on 1 October 1942? — **2/Lt G.W.A. Pearce, Tactical Wing, REME Training Centre, Arborfield, Berks.**

★ *The Royal assent to the formation of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers was given on 19 May 1942. In the normal course this would have settled the matter, but ACI 1605 of 1 August 1942, which described in detail how the new Corps was to be formed, referred to a ruling date to be notified later. In fact, no postings to the Corps were made before 1 October 1942, which became the ruling date referred to in the ACI. To take this as the date of formation, however, would be a break with tradition, because some corps and regiments which grew up over a number of years took as their formation date that on which Royal assent was given. The official date of the formation of REME is therefore 19 May 1942, although the Corps celebrates its birthday on 1 October.*

ALL ABOUT LEAVE

After two years service in the Middle East during the war I was given home leave. If ships could be spared for this in wartime, why is it that they cannot be spared to carry Middle East Servicemen on home leave now? — **Cpl. A. Wenham, 1 GHQ Printing Press, RAOC, MELF 17.**

We sympathise with the wartime soldier who spent four or five years in the Middle East without any home leave, but is that a good reason why there should be none now? What is to prevent us from going home once a year? Knowing they are likely to be sent to some God-forsaken hole and forgotten for three years does nothing to encourage men to undertake Regular engagements. — **"Wild" Regular (name and address supplied).**

One hears so many moans about leave, or the lack of it, these days that I wonder if you would publish an "old soldier's" leave record. Perhaps the grumblers will think twice then.

I left Southampton on 10 March 1932 for India and did not arrive back in Britain until 7 July 1947, after more than 15 years of continuous overseas service. Just when I was due for six months home leave from India the war broke out, but as a Regular I had to make the best of things and carry on. Now I am out in the Far East again, but still not complaining about leave.

On the ship coming out I met quite a number of chaps who were with me in the "dark days" in North Africa, Syria and Abyssinia, but not one moan did I hear from any of them. They were just the "Old Regular" types who obey orders and carry on. Thank Heaven there are still some left! — **Veteran (name and address supplied).**

★ *Home leave from distant overseas commands (LIAP as it was called) was first started in September 1944 to enable men who had been facing the stress of war, and who had had long continuous service abroad, to see their families who had also been undergoing the strain of war conditions. The qualifying overseas service for LIAP was gradually reduced so that by the end of hostilities it was possible to qualify after two or three years service, and later this was reduced to 12 months. LIAP ended on 1 January 1948 because of shipping difficulties aggravated by the evacuation of India and Palestine and the release speed-up. The comparatively short overseas tour now served is not held to justify the very great expense of a similar peacetime scheme.*

Asked in Parliament on 22 November 1949 whether the Army overseas tour could be brought in line with the Royal Navy and RAF tour of two-and-a-half years, the Financial Secretary to the War Office said that different conditions made this impossible. It had been arranged,

OVER

50 Buns for 10 Cigarettes

WHAT chaos would have been caused had the Bun been devalued suddenly in Manchuria in 1945! Let me explain.

Just outside Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, there was a large camp for 1600 British and American prisoners-of-war. Poverty-stricken though they were, they still had a few personal belongings, and a considerable amount of bartering went on. They had no money, so the accepted form of currency was a small bread bun, forming a cube of one-and-a-half to two inches. Three buns were issued per day to officers, and five to men, who worked in an adjacent factory.

Each squad had its bun-broker, and these financial experts met every morning at 9 a.m. to fix the rates of exchange for the day. They were then ready to accept commissions from clients. The bun-broker in my squad was a member of a famous shipping firm in private life, and was regarded as an honest man. There were, however, some shady bun-brokers in the business, who failed to honour their contracts, and who paid their clients with what was known as a "Trade Bun." This was invariably very stale, and had passed through so many hands, that it no longer passed the lowest standard of one-and-a-half inches. Our bun-broker always provided buns of a very high standard.

The bun-brokers attended the "Stock Exchange" in the afternoons, and received or paid over currency about 6.30 p.m., after the evening issue. Clients would receive their buns about eight o'clock, which gave them plenty of time to eat one before roll-call, if they felt inclined. In the case of long-term contracts, the goods disposed of were handed over immediately. It was considered a point of honour that they should be returned in case the contract was not fulfilled. This did not, of course, apply to the edible, but cases of failure were very rare. Advance-deals were permitted, and Red Cross stores were sometimes mortgaged in anticipation that they might be issued.

I was feeling the pangs of hunger very badly and had a silver wrist watch I did not feel I really wanted. I approached the bun-broker, who strongly advised me to hold on for a few days as he had a feeling that the price of silver was going up from the prevailing rate of 80 to nearer 120. I took his advice, and, sure enough, the following week he told me that he could obtain 116 buns for my watch. Would I like them all at once, or a few a day?

I decided on a long term policy of two a day, so that for the next two months I should have the satisfaction of eating a whole one before going to sleep, the top half of one for "elevenses", and the bottom half, if I had been strong-minded enough, for "tea". The bottom half had a hard crust and took longer to eat. It was a glorious prospect. Oh, that many of the buns might be corner ones from the tin, and have a crust at the side as well.

Here are some of the prevailing rates of exchange during a certain week (the margins were to allow for varying conditions of the buns):

1 Segment from a bar of Red Cross Chocolate	10— 15
10 Cigarettes (Red Cross)	50— 60
10 Cigarettes (Chinese)	30— 40
Chinese Tobacco . .	30— 40
Coffee (Americans only)	60— 80
Warm clothing...	100 upwards
Silver Wrist Watches	80—120
Silver Cigarette cases	60—100
Fountain pen	10— 15
1 Cigarette	5

I never received my 116th bun. After I had enjoyed 68, Marshal Malinovsky's troops entered Mukden and I was free.

G. W. P. F.

Answers

(from Page 31)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Rudyard Kipling. 2. (a) a haberdasher; (b) a chandler. 3. (c). 4. A dewlap. 5. (c). 6. A gourmand is a greedy person; a gourmet is a connoisseur of food. 7. Because, last century, the Royal Navy and later the Merchant Service provided lime-juice for men at sea, to ward off scurvy. 8. (a) Stationery should be stationary; (b) correct; (c) correct. 9. Ginger. 10. (a) Chinese; (b) Japanese; (c) Indian; (d) Japanese.

CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Cabled. 4. Atop. 8. Ian. 9. Emulate. 10. Tiny. 11. Gaunt. 14. Ridge. 16. Fuss. 18. Suction. 20. Awl. 21. Yarn. 22. Myrtle.

Down: 1. Cain. 2. Bandied. 3. Emery. 5. Tea. 6. Pleats. 7. Bung. 12. Upstart. 13. Trusty. 15. Emit. 16. Funny. 17. Glee. 19. Cur.

MORE LETTERS

however, that with effect from early in 1950 the basic overseas tour for the Regular Army would be stabilised at three years and that details would shortly be issued.

SOLDIER, anxious enough that overseas troops should get the maximum home leave possible, nevertheless invites the writer of the second letter to consider whether, if he were serving on a civilian contract overseas, he would be likely to get annual home leave.

SECOND RENLEAVE

When I re-engaged in 1945 to complete 12 years with the Colours I was given 28 days RENLEAVE. In 1948 I re-engaged to complete 22 years and applied for a further period of RENLEAVE, but was told that a soldier could be eligible for one period only during his service career. Is this correct? — **Dvr. H. Richards, RASC, Gibraltar.**

★ *Although ACI's are not too clear on the point, the fact is that a soldier may be eligible for two periods of RENLEAVE during his service career, one when he re-engages from a non-regular engagement to a normal regular one of 12 years and another when he re-engages from a 12-years engagement to a 22-years engagement. SOLDIER learns that since receiving this information Dvr. Richards has re-applied for, and been granted, his second RENLEAVE.*

HARD TO GET AT

In your November issue "Snowman" wonders why troops in Middle East do not make more use of Troodos Leave Camp in Cyprus during the winter. Here are two reasons.

Firstly, heavy falls of snow made the camp inaccessible for some time last winter. Secondly, there is the question of sea passages for those in countries other than Cyprus. Authority for indulgence passages is granted readily enough, but getting the vacancy on a ship is another matter. Last March three friends and I had an authority for an indulgence passage from Egypt but were unable to get a berth on a troopship even though we were willing to sleep on the deck if necessary. We then tried to buy a passage through the steamship companies, but still without luck. Many junior ranks cannot afford to pay the full fare to Cyprus, so until transport is easier a leave there remains the unfulfilled dream of many. — **Cpl. A. Allen, "B" Coy, 12 Bn. WRAC, 25 Sloane Court West, London.**

SLACK BACKSTAY

After reading your very interesting article "The Army on the Adriatic" (October) I feel bound to remark upon the manner in which Miss M. Noakes and Captain Clement are sailing their yacht.

Surely the port backstay should be slack, not tight. Just imagine what a sudden change of weather, for which the Adriatic is famous, would do. What an unholy mess it would make if the boom fouled that tight backstay with any amount of force! If they were members of the British Baltic Sailing Association they would NOT be allowed to sail any craft in a manner that courts disaster, as they are doing in your photograph. — **AC 1 Lockhart, Technical Wing, RAF Station Schleswigland, BAFO, BAOR.**

★ *Granted the backstay should be slack and that it appears in the picture to be pulled back on the runner to the "tight" position, yet the stay itself looks slack. Perhaps the crew can explain?*

NO STUDS

Reading the article in the October SOLDIER about snap checks on the autobahn to weed out vehicles which are not road-worthy, I noticed one of the REME fitters' boots was also not road-worthy. What has happened to the Army's 13 studs? — **Ex-Signals DR (address supplied).**

★ *SOLDIER is informed that drivers of motor vehicles should not wear studded boots. This rule, which applies only to full-time drivers, is to avoid wear on the pedals and to make it easier for the driver to manipulate them. The man in the photograph may have been the driver of the check vehicle.*

STILL AN EMERGENCY

When I undertook three years supplementary service I understood that I could claim my discharge on payment of £20 during the first three months of the engagement. Now I am told that this rule (Section 81 of the Army Act) is in abeyance and that I would have to buy myself out for £55. How is this? — **"Serjeant," RPC/TC, Chester.**

★ *A state of emergency still exists and Section 81 of the Army Act is in abeyance. A concession to this rule is made in the case of men who join the Army for the first time. If men serving on supplementary or short-service engagements were allowed to buy themselves out for £20 during the first three months it would be tantamount to making them a present of £13 plus a free discharge, because they get £25 plus £8 clothing bounty when they sign on. Men serving on these engagements may register a claim to discharge under Section 81 of the Army Act, but their application will not be approved until the emergency is declared at an end and providing they renew their application within three months of that date. The fact that they have registered a claim to discharge under Section 81, however, does not prevent them from applying to purchase their discharge at the normal rates laid down in ACI 768/48.*

DOWN TO CORPORAL

1. If a serjeant is reduced to the rank of corporal by Field General Court-Martial, how many months must he wait before he is promoted to serjeant again? If his shadow rank was serjeant, is his commanding officer empowered to promote him when a vacancy occurs, providing he has had no further charges during the waiting period?

2. Why are soldiers in BAOR allowed to walk about without wearing divisional signs or regimental shoulder titles? Should not soldiers who walk about like this and visit the NAAFI be warned? Should not the guard commander inspect all soldiers to see that they are properly dressed? — **Inquisitive (name and address supplied).**

★ *1. A serjeant who is reduced as described takes rank and precedence as corporal from the date on which the sentence is awarded. If he was reduced to corporal on 1 January 1949, for instance, he counts his seniority as corporal from 1 January 1949. No period of service as a serjeant will count towards his subsequent consideration for promotion. At the periodical promotion conferences held by his CO his name would be considered in order of seniority. The CO, of course, is always able to promote an outstanding man over the heads of those senior to him providing there is a vacancy in the establishment.*

2. Soldiers in BAOR are not allowed to walk about without formation badges or regimental designations on their battle-dress, although Scottish units may wear tartan flashes instead of regimental designations. The soldier's unit is responsible for ensuring that he is properly dressed when leaving barracks.

"UNOFFICIAL, OF COURSE . . ."

DURING the late war I felt very keenly the need for some better form of equipment to carry Sten gun magazines.

The "pouches basic," to my mind, were totally unsuitable. Replacement of fired magazines into pouches containing loaded ones was not satisfactory. It caused the gunner to take his eyes off the target. To have one pouch for empty magazines and one for full ones made the weight on the belt one-sided.

An unfastened pouch during an advance over rough country would cause the loss of many magazines before the gunner noticed it. When a magazine was being drawn more than one would be lifted out, possibly along with a packet of cigarettes, or a cleaning rag, or a few letters from home. Furthermore, there was no proper "loading drill" for the Sten.

To obviate these drawbacks I introduced, unofficially of course, a Sten gun magazine carrier of my own design and equipped all my Sten gunners with it. The carrier consists of a waistbelt and thigh apron with four magazine pockets, the bottom being attached to the leg with a strap and buckle. It is designed to be carried on the left side to facilitate quick loading, though one could be worn on each side suspended from the one waistbelt.

The magazines are placed in the pockets base uppermost with sufficient of the metal protruding to enable the gunner to grasp it, and withdraw it easily without looking down or fumbling, and he can return it easily and quickly when empty.

A new line in Sten gun pouches.

The Sten gunner can march, run, climb, kneel, sit, drive a vehicle, or lie down in this equipment without discomfort or restriction of movement. It can be worn over a great-coat or leather jerkin.

I had a few carriers made for friends who requested them, and I was questioned many times as to when this equipment would be available for general issue and what was its correct nomenclature and catalogue number.

It would be as good a magazine carrier for the Tommy gun if the manufacturers ever increase the cartridge capacity and length of magazines. — **Captain Leo A. Milligan.**

NO TRANSFER

After a lengthy deferment of call-up in order to study for my profession, quantity surveying, I cancelled my deferment and chose to be enlisted as a National Serviceman in the Royal Engineers, with the idea of getting a posting to a survey training centre. Instead I have been posted to the RAOC and am now on a course to become an ammunition examiner. Is there any way to get a transfer to the Royal Engineers? — **Pte. D. Lamb, 28 Bn. RAOC, Basingstoke, Hants.**

★ *The only thing that would make such a transfer possible would be a suddenly increased demand for surveyors' clerks (quantity surveyors' assistants) in the Royal Engineers. At present the supply of experienced men for this job greatly exceeds the demand.*

Though a man's civilian experience and future plans are given every possible consideration, he may find himself posted into a Corps which he has not chosen and doing work which has no relation to his civilian profession. The prime object of National Service is to create an efficient fighting force and this cannot be done by overloading some Army trades at the expense of others. The Service must come before the individual.

Many National Servicemen believe that on entering the Army they may choose their Corps. This is not so, though Regulars and qualified cadets have this privilege. National Servicemen may state a preference, which is granted when possible. Once a National Serviceman has finished his basic training he is not normally allowed to transfer to a different corps unless he becomes a Regular.

DEAR RIBBONS

Your correspondent "Three Gongs" grumbles about the dirty medal ribbons he sees being worn. I would point out that in Hong-Kong a medal ribbon costs 1s. 3d. with an extra penny for mounting. I have only three ribbons but I cannot afford to spend four shillings to replace them every couple of weeks. When medal ribbons are made an issue they will no doubt be replaced more often. — **A. Nonim (name and address supplied).**

★ *SOLDIER thinks that another reason for frayed and dirty ribbons is a certain fad among soldiers that dull old medal ribbons are more distinguished-looking.*

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

GOOGIE WITHERS

— *J. Arthur Rank*

Not even zithers
Could comfort Miss Withers
On this hard couch.
Ouch!

PS: See Page 23.

SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is published by the War Office (No 1 British Army News Unit) and printed in Germany. All articles, photographs and drawings, and all requests to reproduce features should be addressed to The Editor, SOLDIER, No 1 BANU, The War Office, 58 Eaton Square, London SW 1. For subscription rates see order form inside. Advertisements: 30 Fleet Street, London EC 4. (Telephone Central 2786-7-8).