

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE  
NOVEMBER 1953

NINEPENCE



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FRANK FINCH



# CHRISTMAS FARE

Christmas celebrations have their chief excitement—traditionally and properly—in the family gathering around the party table. It is there that the merriment reaches its climax, and the good things spread before us reflect the essence of the year's greatest festival. Make sure that *your* party table is laden with the finest fare. Naafi's Christmas supplies for Wardroom, Mess or family gathering are bountiful and varied, whatever the need may be. But, may we urge your placing orders at the earliest possible moment, please.

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## A message to Commanding Officers

*from Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A., Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee*



Today, of all Forces personnel, 30% wisely save through National Savings, and the method chosen by 93% of all Forces savers is deductions from pay into Service Series Post Office Savings Bank Accounts.

My Committee provides for each Service a special leaflet telling all about this Scheme by means of 20 simple questions and answers. It is our aim that every serving man and woman—and particularly every new recruit—should have his or her own copy of “20 Questions.”

We are indebted to many Units for their co-operation in making a complete distribution of the leaflet to personnel and especially to each new intake of recruits.

One of the ways in which all Commanding Officers can help us to further this important welfare work for Savings in the Services is by seeing that a copy of “20 Questions” is issued to every Rating or Other Rank who has not already received one.

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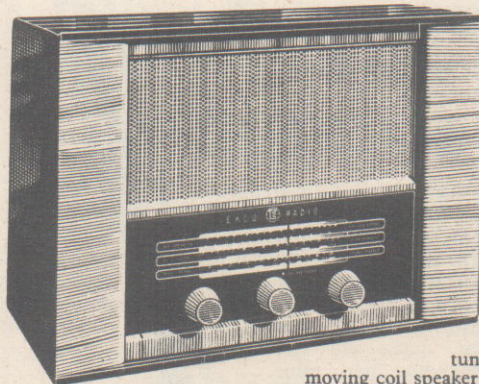
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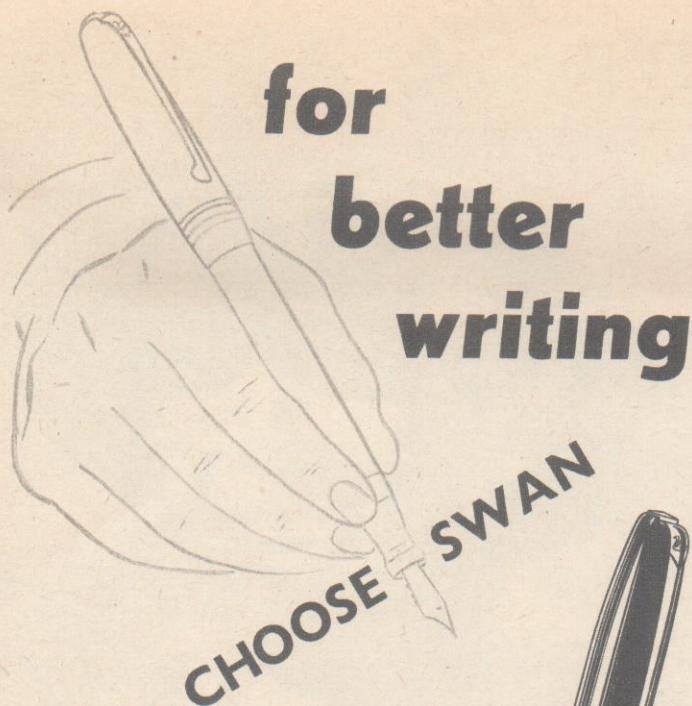
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Britain's most photographed and

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## It's no longer just a man's world

More and more women are making their mark on the world, not only in the more feminine jobs like modelling, but in careers that were once almost exclusively male. In factories, offices and shops girls are being given a chance to make a success. And the qualities a girl needs are the same, no matter what her job may be: energy, pluck and enterprise. If you've got these qualities nothing can—or will—stand in your way.

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Whatever your job is—while there's Free Enterprise there's opportunity. So make the most of it yourself, and encourage the spirit of Free Enterprise in others all you can.

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Y10A



**A new Adjutant-General takes over . . . and becomes responsible, overnight, for manpower and medals, boxing and bands, doctors and dentists, Redcaps and radio stations**

# THE MAN IN ROOM 219

**R**OOM 219 at the War Office has a new tenant. This happens regularly in peace-time, at intervals of three years, for Room 219 is the office of the Adjutant-General to the Forces, Second Military Member of the Army Council.

It is a room calculated to impress the more junior of its visitors, who find themselves sitting beneath an arched ceiling two tall storeys high. Round the walls, massive panelling contributes an air of heavy Victorian dignity.

Opposite the desk is a book-case, filled with volumes chosen for the age and respectability of their covers rather than for the Adjutant-General's use. Flanking it are panels bearing the names of former Adjutants-General. The floor is thickly carpeted to the scale laid down for members of the Army Council.

Only a portrait in oils of Lord Wolseley, once Adjutant-General himself, and a brightly-coloured man-power chart break the solemn colour-scheme. The room's familiars, including Adjutants-General, habitually liken it to a chapel.

From Room 219 go out the orders which animate scores of other rooms in satellite War Office buildings in Berkeley Square and at Stanmore, Middlesex. These orders also determine much of the work done by military staffs all over the world, from major-generals in charge of administration to orderly-room clerks. It is these orders which guide the military career of every soldier from the day he walks into a recruiting office to the day he finishes his Reserve service. The main task of the Adjutant-General is to keep the Army supplied with men—the right numbers of the right kind of men in the right place at the right time—and to care for them. And, of course to do the same for women.

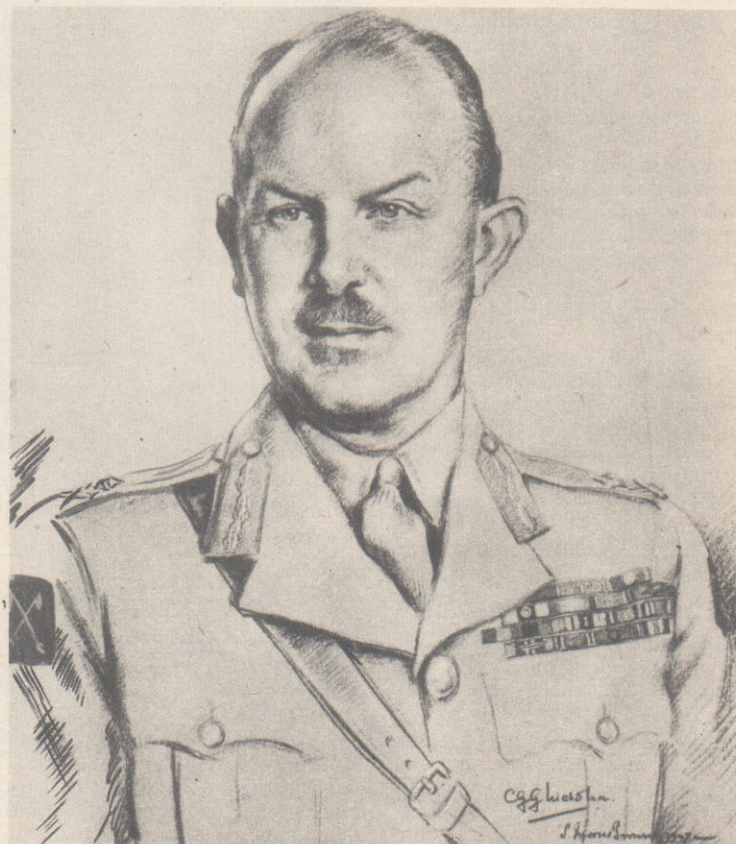
A list of the directors who assist the Adjutant-General indicates how this work is divided up. There are Directors of Personal Services, Manpower Planning, Personnel Administration, Army Legal Services, Women's Royal Army Corps, Army Education, the Sport Control Board, the Army Medical, Dental, Health and Nursing Services, the Provost-Marshal and the Gurkha Liaison Officer.

Neatly compartmented under these headings, the duties of the Adjutant-General's department fall into a logical pattern. Pick and choose among the duties delegated to junior staff officers and you obtain a curious selection of seemingly odd jobs.

The Adjutant-General, you find, is responsible for selection of officers and for hospital ships, for discipline and battle honours, for movement of actresses and planning of mobilisation, for registration of graves in wartime and for military bands, for radio stations and for prisoners-of-war, for medals and for SOLDIER.

The Adjutant-General has a great many duties which are not obvious to anyone who thumbs through a text-book. He represents the Army in negotiations with the Ministry of Labour on manpower and resettlement, and at the Ministry of Defence when such matters as pay codes are being settled. He is a member of the Nuffield Trust Committee, of the Imperial War Graves Commission, of the committee which distributes NAAFI profits and of the Army Benevolent Fund board. He is invited to speak at meetings of the Regular Forces Employment Association and is always in close touch with such organisations as the Soldiers' Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

As head of Army ceremonial, he has heavy responsibilities on State occasions, such as the Coronation, and much contact with Buckingham Palace over questions like the grant of the "Royal" title. He is a commissioner of Queen Victoria School, Dunblane, though no Adjutant-General in living memory has attended a meeting of the commissioners; **OVER**



Reproduced, by courtesy, from the Royal Artillery Commemoration Book

**General Sir Cameron Nicholson, the new Adjutant-General. He has the MC and Bar, the DSO and Bar.**

## A GUNNER IS THE ARMY'S No. 2

**F**ROM an unexpectedly brief sojourn beside Egypt's Great Bitter Lake, General Sir Cameron Nicholson returns to Whitehall to succeed General Sir John Crocker as Adjutant-General to the Forces.

General Nicholson, who is 55, was commissioned in 1915 and served with "O" Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery—the famous Rocket Troop (see page 10)—in World War One. He won the Military Cross and Bar and was twice wounded.

By World War Two, he was a lieutenant-colonel and as a Staff officer to the force which landed in Norway in 1940, won the Distinguished Service Order. He went to North Africa in General Sir Kenneth Anderson's First Army and was Chief of Staff. In the Battle of Kasserine Pass, he took command of the British and American forces which drove back the Germans, and for this received a bar to his Distinguished Service Order.

Moving farther East, General Nicholson took command of 44th Indian Armoured Division, in Burma, then went on to command 2nd British Infantry Division, which forced the Irrawaddy in 1945 and marched on to Malaya.

Back at the War Office, where he had served for a spell ten years previously, he became Director of the Royal Artillery in 1946. In 1948 General Nicholson was appointed Commander-in-Chief, West Africa, then in 1951 Commander-in-Chief, Western Command. Earlier this year, he went to Egypt as Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, in succession to General Sir Brian Robertson.

"General Nicholson has a good sense of humour," writes one of his former Staff officers at Western Command. "He tells a funny story, likes people and never stands on his dignity—but he does not suffer fools gladly."



# THE MAN IN ROOM 219

Continued

he sends a representative.

By custom, almost tradition, each appointment on the Army Council carries with it leadership in one field of Army sport, and the Adjutant-General's share is the presidency of Army boxing.

The Adjutant-General is much in the public eye. He receives scores of invitations to public functions, such as the Royal Academy dinner, Guildhall banquets and parties at foreign embassies—far more invitations than one man could accept. The retiring Adjutant-General, General Sir John Crocker, even found himself on the stage of a London music-hall helping to introduce a new Army song—in the cause of recruiting.

Within the Army, the Adjutant-General has scores of invitations to passing-out parades and regimental functions. He does his best to visit each overseas command during his tenure of office.

He must find time to consider personal cases. Every appeal by an officer against an adverse confidential report, every appeal by a soldier against reduction in rank as a result of a civil conviction is personally read by the Adjutant-General (and two other members of the Army Council).

On top of it all, the Adjutant-General must take his share of responsibility for every decision of the Army Council. Whether that decision is to be put into practice by his department or not, he is consulted and takes part in the discussions leading to it. The Army Council really does work as a council.

There are two fallacies current about the appointment of Adjutant-General. The first is that because his full title is Adjutant-General to the Forces he must wield some power over the other Services.

The second is that no Adjutant-General ever becomes Chief of the Imperial General Staff. The late Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd held both appointments in the nineteen-thirties.



The retiring Adjutant-General, General Sir John Crocker (second from left) rides in the Coronation procession through Whitehall with other members of the Army Council.

## BULLER BUILT UP THE JOB

**T**HE Adjutant-General has come a long way in the last four hundred years. His forerunner under Queen Elizabeth I was a Corporal of the Field, who carried a commander's orders to his subordinates.

About the time of the Stuarts Britain borrowed the title General-Adjutant from the Spanish Army where "hee is commonly some able man, or some favourite at least unto the General." Cromwell's New Model Army had two Adjutant-Generals of Horse and one of Foot.

The duties of Adjutant-General in the field remained pretty much the same for centuries—he was in roughly the same relationship to his general as an adjutant to his colonel, relieving him, as one historian says, "of the more laborious details of his duties and forming the medium of communication with the troops on any matter of discipline generally or tactical movement."

The Standing Army acquired its first headquarters Adjutant-General in 1673.

When war broke out with France in the late eighteenth century, the Duke of York was appointed to the revived office of Commander-in-Chief, and to him is due much of the expansion of the functions of the Adjutant-General. One of his first orders was that correspondence should go through "regular channels" to ensure that commanding officers and either the Adjutant-General or the Quartermaster-General should know of matters which concerned them. He also paved the way for today's vast, but orderly, system of correspondence. Soon afterwards came the confidential report on officers which was useful in helping the right men to appointments.

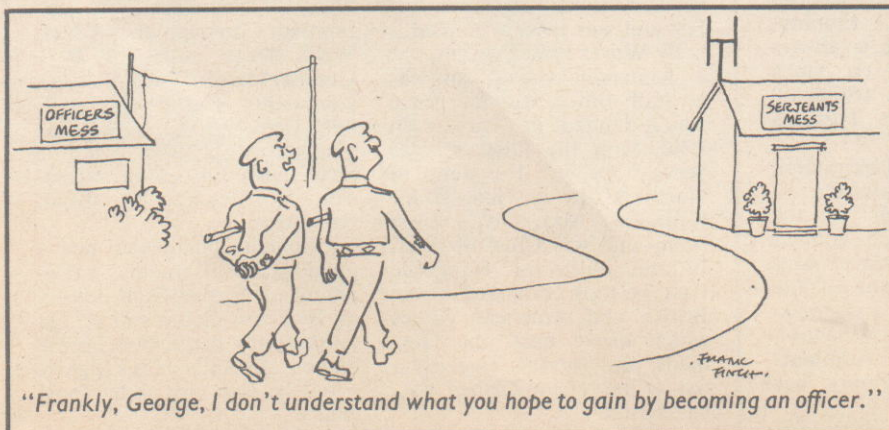
The Duke's Adjutant-General, Colonel Harry Calvert, had also the task of producing a uniform system of discipline throughout the Army. He drew up the forerunner of Queen's Regulations. Recruiting and returns were added to his duties, despite which he was carrying on his work satisfactorily in a small, two-roomed office in 1779. The expenses of the Adjutant-General's office for the first half of

1808 totalled only £1,537 1s 1d.

Never has the Adjutant-General been more powerful than during the period in the 1890's when the office was held by General Sir Redvers Buller VC. Buller was a man of independent means, independent character and dominant personality. A historian of the War Office says, "he lifted the office of Adjutant-General to a plane perceptibly higher than that on which other War Office departments stood and for a considerable period he was, next to the Duke of Cambridge (Commander-in-Chief), distinctly the most powerful officer in the Army." Before long, it was difficult to say whether it was the Commander-in-Chief, whose office was waning, or the Adjutant-General who wielded most real power and influence.

Then, in 1904, the office of Commander-in-Chief was wiped out, the Army Council was established and the Adjutant-General became one of a team.

During World War Two General Sir Ronald Adam faced unprecedented problems as Adjutant-General. He was responsible for the welfare of the first women to be conscripted in Britain. He formed a Directorate of Army Psychiatry, and sent psychiatric units into the field. He introduced discussions on current affairs, published a network of Army newspapers and set up a chain of radio stations. Finally he had to organise the orderly run-down of the great Army he had done so much to build up.



"Frankly, George, I don't understand what you hope to gain by becoming an officer."





## THINGS TO COME

In the Nevada desert an atomic shell is fired from America's 11-inch cannon, which has a 20-mile range. When the first round was fired the five-man crew were at a distance of eight miles from their gun!

# Will NOISE Become a Weapon?

*It was an idea first tried out at Jericho—remember?*

**T**HE big bangs caused by aircraft passing the speed of sound are being considered as future weapons of war, says the air correspondent of a Sunday newspaper. "People may be deafened, buildings damaged, windows broken . . . by the blast of high-speed bangs at low level."

He might have added, "and defence radar tubes shattered."

Up to now most bangs of this type have been made at high altitude, by aircraft nosing more or less cautiously through the "barrier." What will happen when ultra-fast aircraft rip through the barrier "like bullets"—at a low altitude?

The pressure wave which accompanies the bang is similar to that created by an explosion and could, in suitable circumstances, produce all the familiar effects of blast. By pointing the aircraft, the pilot can aim his "barrier-bang" accurately, as was demonstrated at the Farnborough air show.

The notion of using noise as a weapon is not new. During World War Two a German scientist was busy on a plan to bombard the enemy with sound reflected from a parabolic mirror.

In the focus of the mirror, which was 3.2 metres in diameter, was set a chamber and a resonator. The chamber was fed with acetylene or methane and oxygen through tubes. When this mixture was ignited an explosion was produced and the pressure of the sound wave was projected, as if it was a ray of light, along the axis of the mirror. After the first explosion, a second charge was spontaneously fired, and so on.

"Thus," said one report, "with a frequency of 800 to 1500 times per second, powerful pressure waves were emitted capable of stunning an assailant and perhaps killing him if he was exposed for about a minute."

Just what happened to the plans of this invention nobody seems to know. It sounds, if workable, a disagreeable refinement for use in, say, siege warfare.

During World War Two, both sides broadcast heavily amplified propaganda messages at each other. A non-stop "bombardment" of hideous noises—as of a monster slate pencil perpetually grating on its slate—would appear to be equally feasible.

When the Normandy D-Day was planned, the film industry demonstrated (as Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan has told) "how a suitably amplified sound-track of martial noises wafted down-wind to a jittery listening-post in the dark could carry conviction of the imminent

onslaught of all arms in overwhelming strength." Though this idea was not adopted, similar hullaballoos designed to mask military movements have been used since Julius Caesar's day.

During World War Two there were various attempts to make noisy weapons noisier. The sirens attached to Stuka dive-bombers were perhaps the best known example. Shrieking bombs were also used.

In the Burmese jungles, the Japanese tried to strain the nerves of their opponents by "jitter-parties"—men wandering about clashing swords, rattling sticks against bamboo and shouting insults.

One purpose of "battle inoculation" was to accustom troops to the sound of battle. As every Infantryman knows, the yells which accompany a bayonet charge are as likely to stampede an enemy as the sight of steel.

But these are only examples of noise used incidentally as a weapon. How long before somebody invents a noise which, by itself, will blow down a wall as the trumpet and the shouting brought down the walls of Jericho?







**BEFORE modernisation:** This was once a NAAFI canteen—now only a derelict shell.



**AFTER:** The new NAAFI canteen at Assaye Barracks. There are even guest-rooms for entertaining ladies.

## TIDWORTH'S FACE IS LIFTED

**W**HEN Tidworth was born as an Army camp, just 50 years ago, it provided daring novelties for the troops. For one thing, instead of eating in their barrack-rooms, men found themselves filing into dining-rooms.

"Luxury!" snorted some of the old hands. "This is going to make the men soft. Anyway, it's years ahead of them. They haven't been brought up to it."

But despite this what's-the-good?—they'll-only-use-the-bath-to-keep-coal-in attitude, the men thus privileged failed to grow soft, as the first world war demonstrated. By 1938 the old "luxuries" were beginning to look pretty rugged, and the Army prepared plans for modernising Tidworth.

Then came the war and modern-

isation plans were pigeon-holed. Tidworth was tenanted not only by British troops but by Americans, Canadians and prisoners-of-war. Some of these occupants added to, some subtracted from, the amenities.

After the war much of Tidworth stood empty. Small boys with stones played havoc with the windows, and the weather

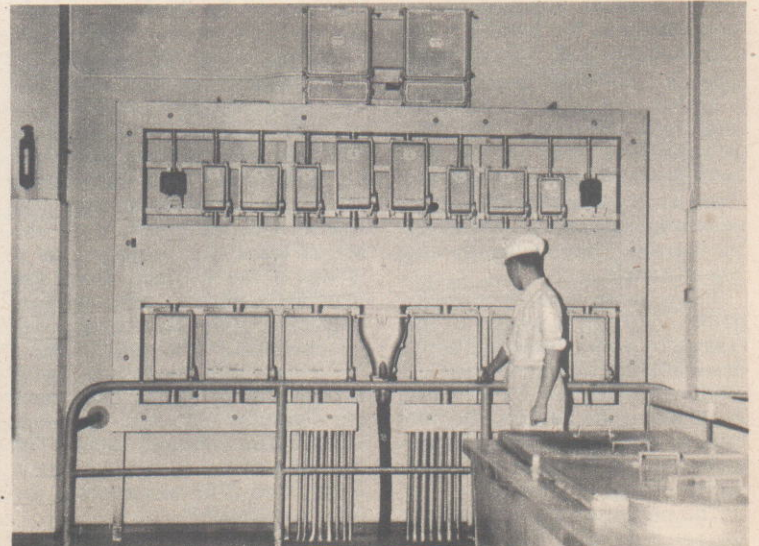
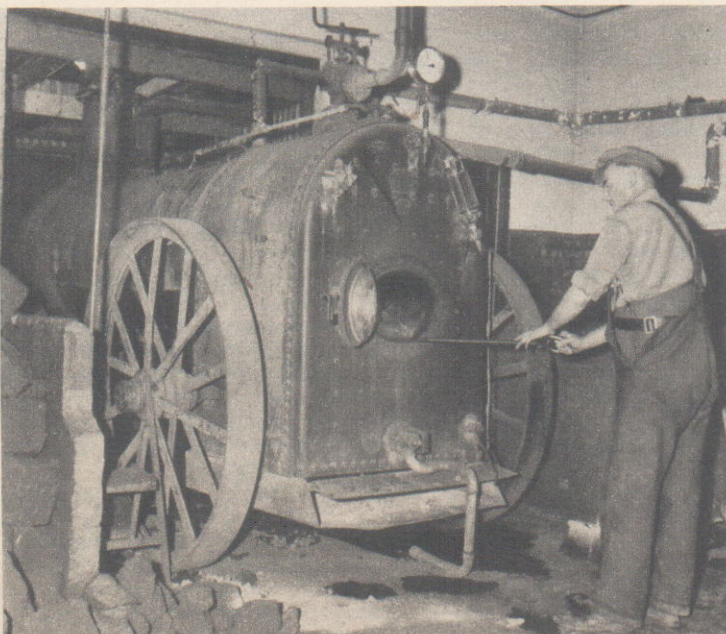
The 50-year-old garrison town now contains sharp contrasts in military architecture. Old barracks have been converted into "flats"—for privates

took its toll of paint, metal and wood.

Tidworth, however, had been solidly built. The brickwork stood square and mostly unscarred, waiting for a new plan (the 1938 modernisation plan was now old-fashioned); waiting also for the shortages of labour, material and money to subside; and waiting, as it turned out, for the stimulus of an increased armaments programme.

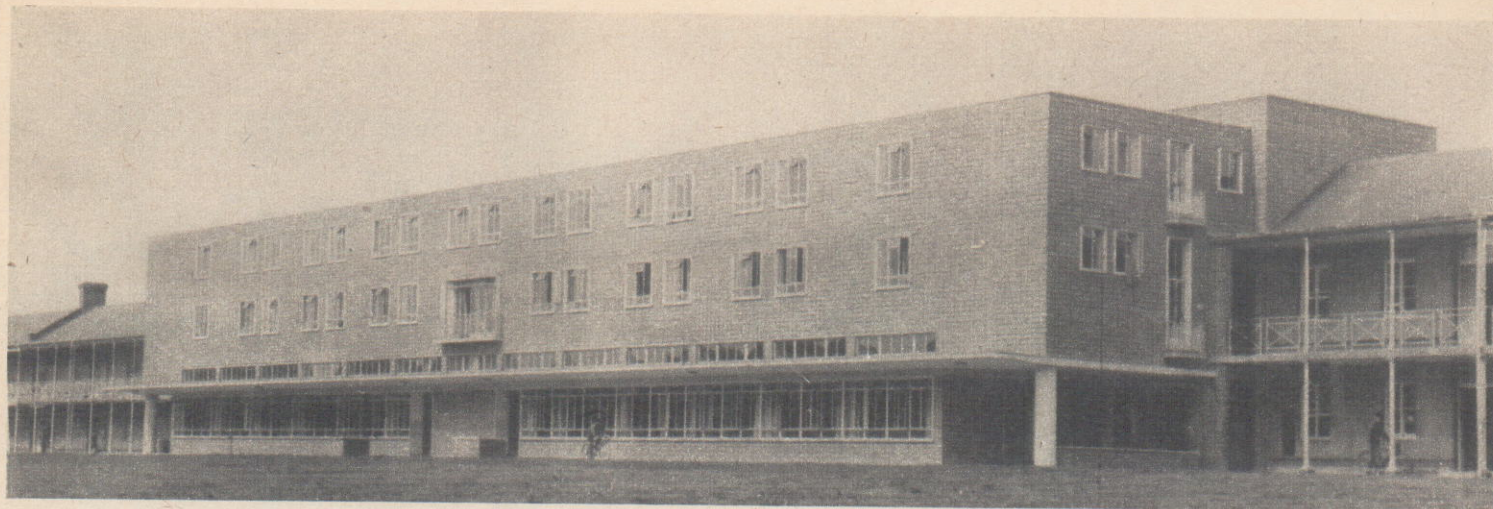
By 1949 the new plan had been decided. The Ministry of Works was asked to begin the task, under the direction of the Royal Engineers' Director of Fortifications and Works,

Tidworth has eight barracks of about the same age, and three of them have now been modernised and are occupied. All will be converted on similar lines, and moulded to the latest fashions in comfort.



**BEFORE:** Puffing Billy (left) provides power for old-type cook-houses. **AFTER:** The switchboard (above) which controls a modern Army kitchen.





**This brand-new dining-room, with living accommodation above it, is built on to modernised, old-type barrack blocks.**

**SOLDIER** visited Assaye Barracks, one of the first to be modernised, now occupied by the 1st Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment, which has not long returned from the Canal Zone. The Sussex still find themselves wondering whether it is all true. "We keep comparing this with what we had in Egypt," says Lieutenant-Colonel J. B. Ashworth DSO, the Commanding Officer.

The old barrack blocks, where men slept in 12-man dormitories and crept shivering, on winter mornings, to distant ablutions, have been turned into what are virtually self-contained flats. Some have two "bedrooms," one with accommodation for three men and the other for seven men, and with separate bunks for two non-commissioned officers. Others have three bedrooms, one for three men, one for four men and one for a corporal. Each bed, of course, has its reading lamp. Within the "flats" are the ablutions—four wash-basins, two showers and one bath, with hot and cold water. Everything is centrally heated from one of the two great boiler-houses which will heat all eight barracks. (This, in the words of the War Office, is the first "wholesale application" of central heating to barracks.) Before the resident private need sniff the morning air, he can be clean and fully-dressed.

To each block of "flats" goes a rest-room, so that the inhabitants may take their ease in arm-chairs without crossing the square to the NAAFI.

The new barrack-blocks differ from the old ones only in that their bedrooms accommodate four men only. (The American Army has recently adopted four-men rooms as part of the "buddy system" by which groups of four men will live and work together as recruits and be posted together.) The new blocks are three storeys high, for the same reason that civilian housing authorities

are concentrating on higher buildings—so that more open space can be left between them. Each floor will hold a platoon.

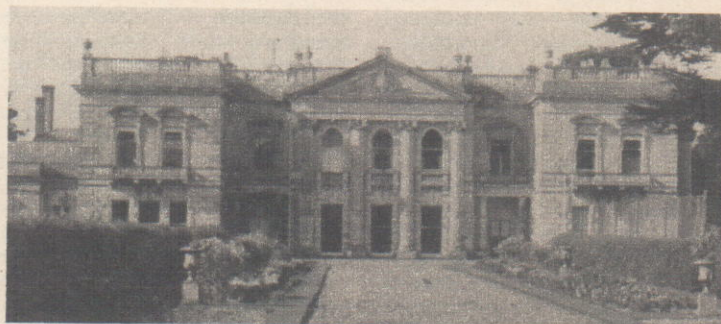
The dining-room at Assaye Barracks is completely new. Central heating ousts the draughts in the dining-rooms of the older barracks. There is cafeteria service from gleaming hot-plates; the kitchens boast enamelled electric cookers in place of the dismal black ranges; and, as a source of power, a business-like electric switchboard supersedes the old wheeled boiler, looking like a traction-engine without cylinders, which is one of the more picturesque behind-the-scenes features of kitchens in the older barracks.

The barrack NAAFI, now known as the junior ranks' club, has nearly everything the great garrison clubs provide, barring bedrooms, haircream machines and information desks. There are rest-rooms, games-rooms, guest-rooms where ladies may be entertained, a "tavern," a restaurant, a dance-floor and a writing-room. One end of the building is the

*Continued on page 28*

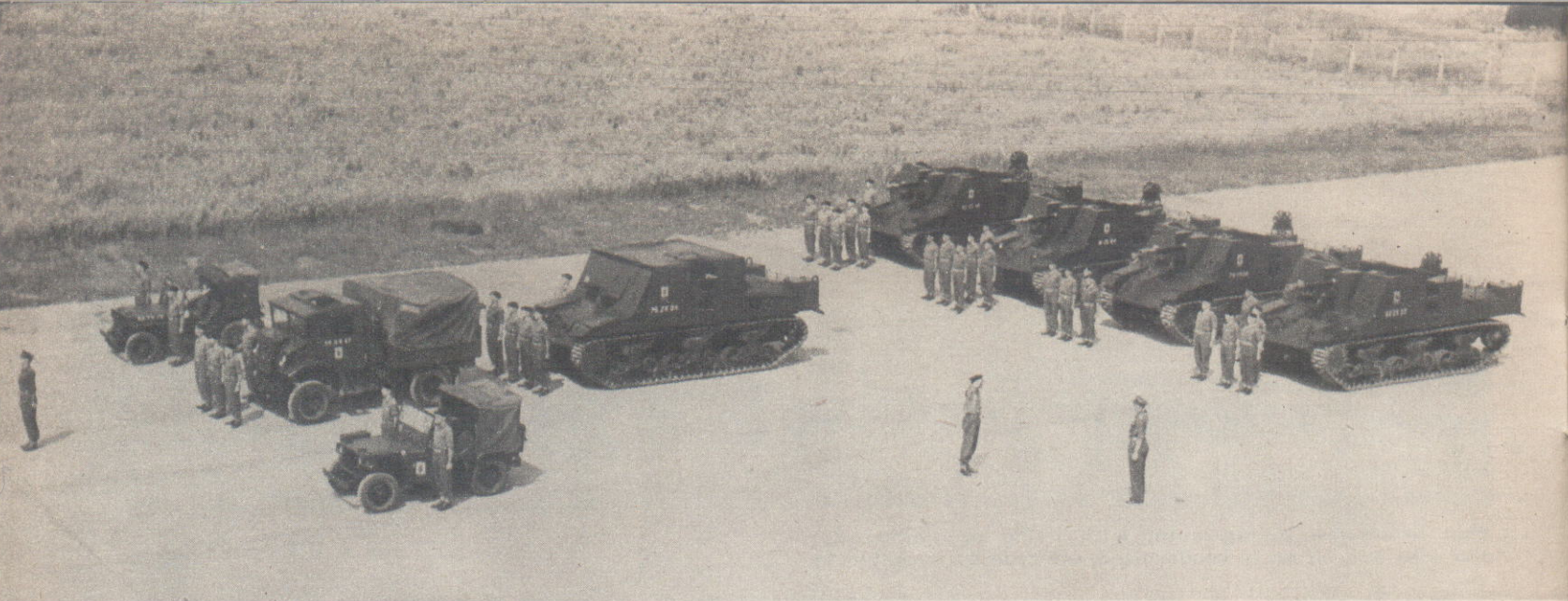


**Old-type barrack blocks like this are being turned into self-contained "flats." Below: Tidworth House is now an officers' club and a nursing sisters' mess.**



**Weeds and brambles now grow over stands from which crowds once watched the Tidworth Tattoo.**





Today's Rocket Troop parades with self-propelled guns on a barrack-square in Germany. Rockets are an ancient memory.

# THEY STRUCK PANIC— BY ROCKET

**T**HE rocket—now bequeathed by the Army to the Royal Air Force—is commonly supposed to be a new weapon.

It certainly has up-to-date controls, and someday it may have an atomic war-head. But a new weapon? Just ask "O" Battery of the 2nd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery.

This Battery, now equipped with self-propelled 25-pounders, proudly bears the name of the Rocket Troop, and inherits glory acquired just 140 years ago last month. In 1813 the Royal Artillery staked its claim to fame with rockets at the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig—fame which was to be consolidated in the Peninsula, at Waterloo and the bombardment of Algiers in 1816. It was a short-

lived triumph, for the weapon was ahead of its time. Its capabilities were not fully realised—the Duke of Wellington was particularly sceptical—and by 1823, there were no rockets left in the British Army.

The artillery rocket was invented by Colonel Sir William Congreve, of the Royal Horse Artillery. His idea, simply, was to place a shell in the forward end of a rocket which would be powerful enough to hurl itself and the shell up to a distance of 2,000 yards, according to the elevation ordered. A slow-burning fuze would explode the shell, either after landing or while still in the air—the fore-runner of the modern air-burst shell. It took Congreve years to persuade authority that this weapon might be used in close support of Infantry, but in 1805 he succeeded.

Colonel Congreve's first rockets carried only six-pounder shells and were fired from naval bombardment vessels with great success, particularly at the Siege of Flushing in 1809. Two years later he had produced a wide range of bigger and better rockets, the largest carrying a 42-pound

Death in a "supernatural" form screeched across the battlefield at Leipzig 140 years ago: Congreve had loosed his rockets. Today a Gunner battery in Rhine Army still boasts the word "Leipzig."

shell which could be thrown 2,000 yards. This was at a time when the heaviest gun in the Army was the 32-pounder with a maximum range of about 1,500 yards.

In 1811 a demonstration of Congreve's rockets so impressed the Board of Ordnance that he was given a detachment of the Royal Horse Artillery at Woolwich to continue his experiments. Soon the detachment was doubled and named the Rocket Brigade. In 1813, when Napoleon's Army was desperately fighting its way back from Moscow, the Brigade was ordered to Germany to join the Army of the North. It was fully mounted and equipped with 12- and 18-pound rockets.

The rocket's first appearance on the battlefield was very nearly its last and its performance almost certainly inspired the distrust with which the weapon was thereafter regarded by many high-ranking officers. At Gohrde, near Hamburg, the Rocket Brigade was ordered to engage targets beyond the maximum range, and some rockets fell dangerously close to the Infantry they were supposed to be supporting, causing "a certain amount of alarm and despondency."

At the Battle of the Nations the rocket atoned for its initial failure. The Brigade was attached to the force commanded by the Crown Prince of Sweden. Led by Captain Richard Bogue, the Brigade,

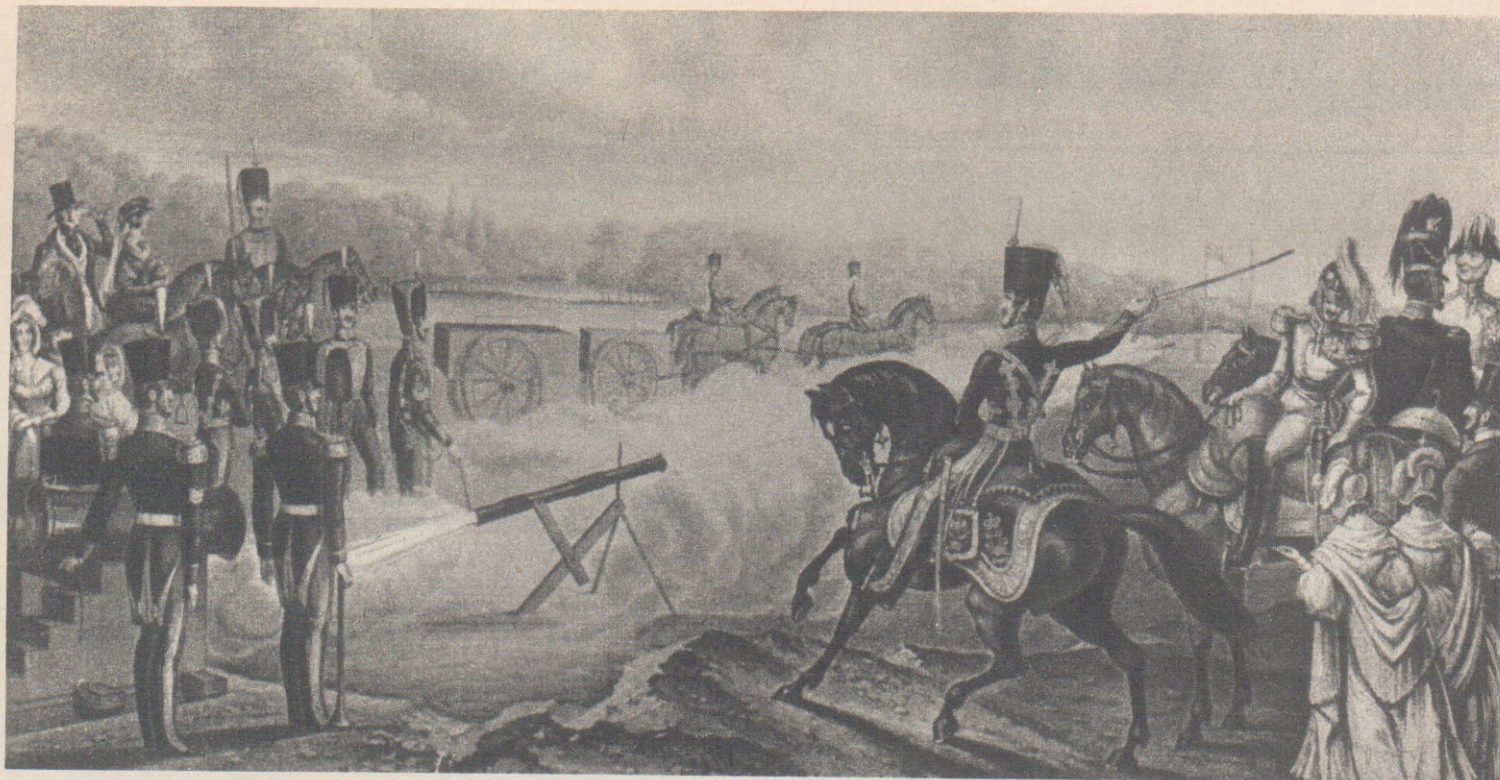


**Left:** Wearing the full-dress uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery: Lance-Bombardier F. Beattie. The signboard is in Sweden's national colours.

**Right:** The projectile fired by the Rocket Troop today is a 25-pounder round. Sergeant J. N. Earl is instructing.







This old print shows the 2nd Rocket Troop at practice in the Woolwich Marshes.

working well inside its range, routed a strong force of French Infantry. A military historian wrote: "Captain Bogue, in advance of the whole Army, opened up a most destructive fire . . . The enemy (five battalions), unable to withstand the well-directed fire . . . fell into confusion and began to retreat. Captain Bogue, seizing the moment, charged at the head of the squadron of cavalry, and the enemy, terrified at his approach, gave three huzzas and every man, to the number of between two and three thousand surrendered to the Rocket Brigade, which I believe did not exceed 200 men."

A British staff officer wrote: "Congreve's formidable weapon had accomplished the object of paralysing a solid square of Infantry which, after our fire, delivered themselves up, as if panic-struck. . . . I felt great satisfaction at witnessing during this day a species of improved warfare, the effects of which were truly astonishing and produced an impression upon the enemy of something supernatural. The rockets undoubtedly struck terror into the hearts of troops accustomed to enduring the normal shell fire without flinching, for they set alight to the clothing of the wounded and inflicted heavy casualties and ghastly wounds; while the noise and visibility of their approach was most unnerving."

Captain Bogue was killed later in the battle, but not before he had received the congratulations of the Crown Prince of Sweden. His second-in-command, Lieutenant Thomas Strangways, was personally thanked by the Czar of Russia, who removed his diamond-studded Order of St. Anne and pinned it to Strangways' breast on the battlefield. For their part members of the Rocket Brigade were awarded Swedish medals for brav-

ery, many years before similar awards were introduced into the British Army.

The following year at the request of the Crown Prince of Sweden, the Prince Regent decreed that the Rocket Brigade (by then re-named the 2nd Rocket Troop) should wear the word "Leipzig" on its appointments and saddle-cloths, and the Troop adopted the Swedish national colours of light blue and yellow.

Encouraged, against all its instincts, the War Office now doubled the strength of the Brigade within three months. It was formed into two troops, each commanded by a lieutenant-colonel. One troop stayed with the Army of the North and a battery of the other troop was sent to join Wellington's Army in

the Peninsula, where it was soon in action at the Battle of the River Adour. After driving off a French naval flotilla, the troops crossed the river where, according to an observer, "a few rockets thrown into the midst of the dense columns spread such consternation amongst their ranks that, facing about, they retreated in great disorder. The men of the Rocket Brigade followed and now the extraordinary scene presented itself of a strong body of Infantry flying before some dozen assailants. They did not stop until they had reached the citadel. This was a great day for the Rocket Troop."

This battery stayed with Wellington's Army until the end of the war and further distinguished itself at the Battle of Toulouse. Another battery went to America

in 1814 to take part in the storming of New Orleans. At Waterloo, Wellington, who was said to be violently prejudiced against Congreve's rockets, ordered the 2nd Rocket Troop to use their guns as well as rockets. Only 52 rockets were fired, most of them at a range of 300 yards at a brigade of French cavalry which retreated in disorder.

The 2nd Rocket Troop's most memorable action was the bombardment of Algiers, then the headquarters of Turkish pirates, in 1816. This was one of the few occasions on which the Royal Artillery has fought at sea. The expedition included a detachment of the Troop armed with 2,500 rockets to be fired from flat-bottomed naval boats. In the early stages of the bombardment, the rocketeers set fire to every ship of the Turkish fleet in the harbour and to some parts of the town.

Today "O" Battery (The Rocket Troop) preserves the identity and traditions of the old 2nd Rocket Troop. It is stationed in Germany, where Congreve's rockets were first fired in action. The Battery's guns and vehicles bear the word "Leipzig" and all battery signs are painted in the blue and yellow of the Swedish national colours.

In the Battery Commander's Office hang faded pictures of Captain Bogue, the Brigade's first commander, of General Sir Thomas Whinyates, who commanded the Rocket Troop at Waterloo as a lieutenant, and a score of medals won by officers and men of the Rocket Brigade.

Every year, on 18 October, the Rocket Troop celebrates the anniversary of the Battle of the Nations with a reunion of old comrades and a battery dinner.

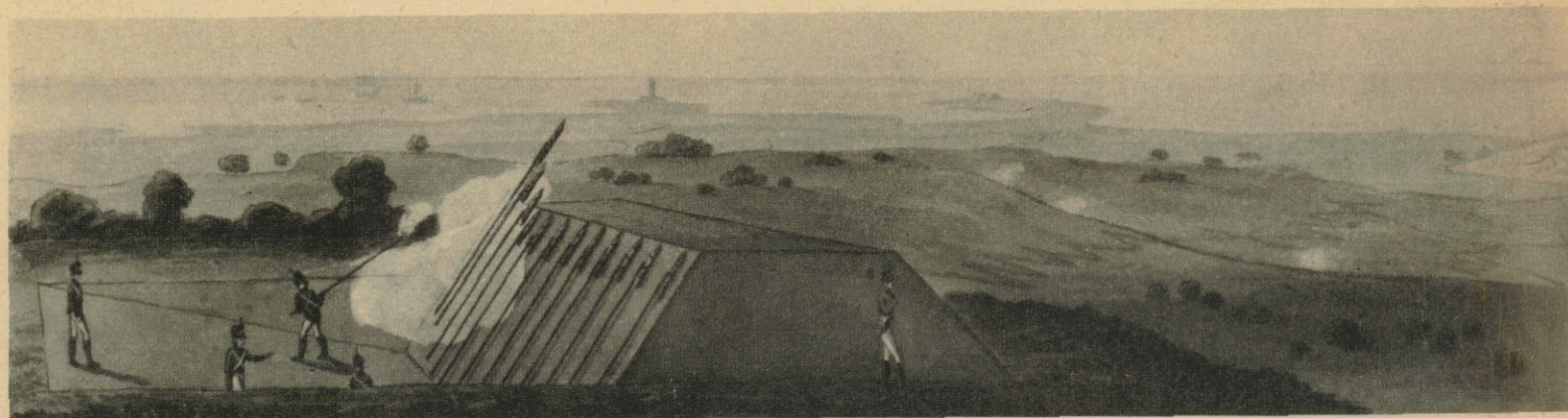


Gunners practise on one of the Rocket Troop's 25-pounders.

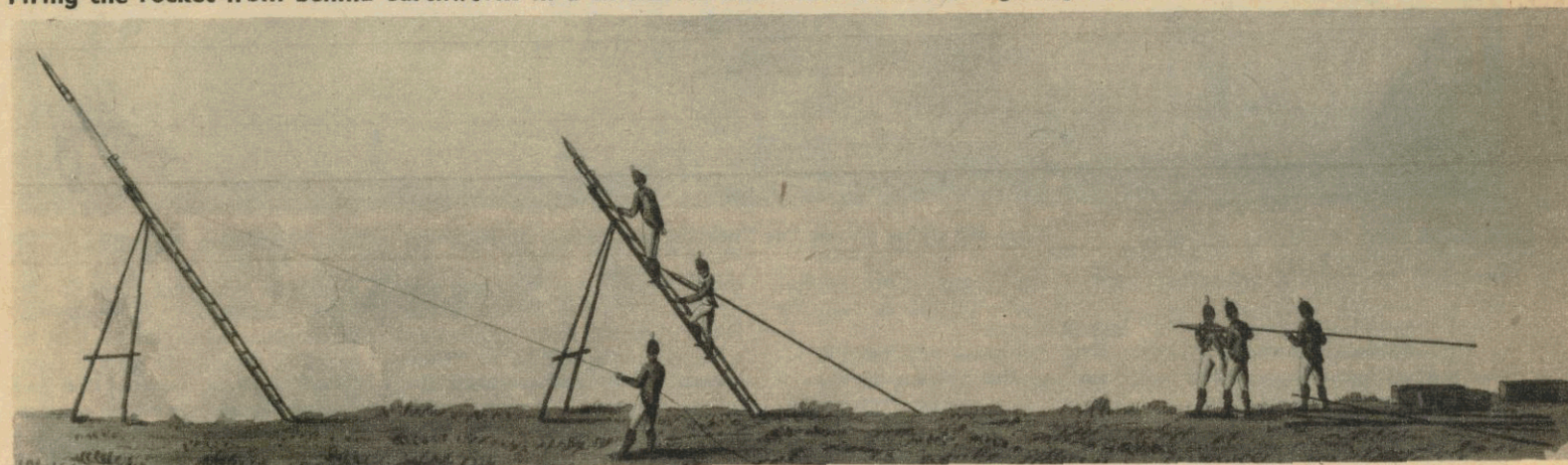
OVER



# LAUNCHING A ROCKET—



Firing the rocket from behind earthworks in a defensive role. Note man with lighting stick.



Showing the adjustable tripod device by means of which rockets could be fired in the field.



Rocket boats: the sail shielded from blast.

Below: fire ships filled with rockets to strafe the enemy's fleet.



# OLD STYLE



Colonel Sir William Congreve saw a future in rockets. The Duke of Wellington did not.

**N**OT without justification, Colonel Sir William Congreve claimed that his rocket was the cheapest form of artillery ever invented. A 32-pound rocket cost £1 1s. 11d. and a 12-pounder only 9s. 4½d. He calculated that every shell fired by field artillery in the early 1800's cost the taxpayer at least £5.

Inexpensiveness was only one of the advantages the Colonel advanced in his book "The Rocket System," published in 1814. While he admitted that rockets lacked the accuracy of a field gun he pointed out that they could more quickly blanket an area with fire. A mounted sub-division of 18 rocketeers could fire 80 rockets in three minutes, and 100 men could fire nearly 300 rockets in less than five minutes.

The rocket could be used in every phase of war and by mounted and dismounted Cavalry and Infantry, also from special rocket cars and boats. There were rockets light enough to be carried and fired by one man from any position the Infantryman reached. As a rocket sped forward, leaving a trail of sparks behind, it emitted a high-pitched, nerve-shattering scream which shook even Napoleon's toughest soldiers.

A mounted rocketeer ordered into action had only to fit the rocket to the stick and light the fuze. One man in each section carried a metal base plate which allowed rockets to be fired parallel to and six inches above the ground. If targets were more than 1000 yards away or the rockets had to be lobbed on to enemy positions a light metal frame which enabled the rocket to be fired at high angles was used. The

greatest range of 3000 yards was obtained by firing the 32-pounder, singly or in pairs, from chambers built on the top of a 12-ft metal ladder. The one disadvantage was that after each rocket was fired a rocketeer had to scale the ladder with a sponge and bucket of water to clean out the fouled chamber.

The Congreve rocket was never used in a defensive role, but the inventor described how rockets could be fired from embrasures cut into earthworks, in volleys of 100 or more and set off by a length of fuze passing over each firing hole.

At sea, the Colonel thought rockets would be useful to boarding parties. They should be pushed on board the enemy ship "where, being left to their own impulse, they will scour round and round the deck until they explode; so very shortly to clear the way for the boarders both by actual destruction and the equally powerful operation of terror amongst the crew." So far as is known, rockets were never used in this way.

Colonel Congreve also invented a light ball, or floating rocket, which would illuminate a wide area for ten minutes.

The illustrations on the opposite page are from a book written by Colonel Congreve, now in the possession of "O" Battery.

★ How tough is YOUR mind? How well would YOU face up to a prolonged ordeal?

**T**HE output of books by escapers in World War Two has now reached the stage where a book has been published "digesting" other escape stories (see page 24). As these lines are written another publisher is boasting a sale of 85,000 copies for a new escape book before issue.

Wisecracks said the public would grow tired of reading escape stories; the fact that they have not is a healthy sign.

Escape books are not, like detective stories, merely escapist books. Between these two classes of literature there is one big difference. A good detective story baffles, excites, but that is all. A good escape story inspires as it excites. It gives the reader a new respect for fortitude, physical and mental. Above all, it makes him ask himself "Would I have done that?" and "If not, why not?"

**SOLDIER** has a theory that a man who has read three or four books like "The Wooden Horse," "The White Rabbit," "The Jungle Is Neutral" and "Return Ticket" might prove just that fraction more robust in an emergency than a man who has swallowed a hundred novels about stabbed blondes. Escape stories show how much a man who is mentally tough can survive in adversity. In every war, in every misadventure, men die because the will to live is not strong enough. Survival against heavy odds—whether in captivity, in the wilderness or on a raft in the tropics—calls for the right attitude of mind. "If the spirit can endure," said Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, "the flesh will usually find the capacity to do so." And there is a saying which goes: "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so."

It was mental toughness that enabled Wing-Commander Yeoman Thomas to survive bludgeonings and half-drownings in ice-baths; Lieutenant-Colonel Spencer Chapman to survive three hideous years in the Malayan jungle; and Lieutenant-Colonel Deane-Drummond to stand for 13 days in the cupboard of a German guard-room. The knowledge that other men have survived worse ordeals is the most powerful incitement and inspiration a man can have when he is up against it; and at any time a soldier is liable to be faced with a challenge to his endurance. Eric Williams, of Wooden Horse fame, says that as a boy he read escape stories of World War One and was fortified by the inspiration he received from them in his escape exploits of World War Two. Other escapers have told him the same.

To some extent it is mental toughness which can prevent a man from falling for the propaganda which, judging from the Korean example, is henceforth to be pushed down the throats of prisoners of war; a treatment which was spared all but a few British prisoners in World War Two. The Army cannot send a soldier into battle with his mind sealed against suggestion. It warns him that, if captured, he must surrender nothing but number, rank and name. His mind is

## SOLDIER to Soldier

his own to surrender or not. In the main the British soldier is far from gullible. He still retains, deep down, something of the attitude of that London mob whose instinctive reaction to the sight of a foreigner was to throw him in the river. This instinct, however deplorable, sustained a generation of soldiers against the pretensions of "Boney."

The Army, however, is drawn from the mentally tough and the mentally flabby alike. It is like a music-hall audience in which the professional hypnotist can always find half a dozen persons to make fools of themselves. But the hypnotist knows that in any audience there is a hard core of persons who, through strength of mind, pride, scepticism or natural cussedness will be immune to suggestion.

Now it may be that the civilisation of Sunday newspapers, comics, dog tracks, dance halls, cinemas, pools, and cups of tea is not ideally designed to produce the mental toughness which can uphold a man in the first numbing shock of captivity. Some will say it is only adversity or a life of rigorous adventure and discipline which can give mental toughness. *But the knowledge that other men, ordinary men, have survived far worse, and hung on to their resolution and common-sense, ought to be a powerful stimulus.*

Incidentally, one sentence in Eric Williams' new book could with advantage be quoted and repeated until it becomes a military maxim: "The enemy is very apt to accept you at your own valuation." In other words, when the captor sees from the start that he has rocky ground to cultivate he will often abandon the struggle.

★ ★ ★

**C**ERTAIN people in Caernarvon (including the Town Clerk) are said to be offended because the name of the town has been bestowed on the Army's new tank.

**SOLDIER** knows one town beginning with "C" and ending with "n" which would have been proud to have a British tank named after it.

It is Caen.



# THE BAMBOO BAMBOOZLES



A Buffs sergeant in the bamboo: can you see his two comrades?

A company detachment of the Devons in the Kikuyu Reserve. In the distance are the now notorious Aberdares.

Anti-Mau Mau patrols in the bamboo thickets may cover only 100 yards in an hour. In the open the pace is quicker—especially if rhino are about!

**S**TEADY, the Buffs! "On one patrol, No. 3 Platoon were charged by rhino no less than seven times in two days. "On another, the Company Clerk (Private Alabaster) showed admirable restraint when confronted by a lone bull buffalo in the dark at a range of two yards."

These laconic extracts from despatches in the Buffs' regimental magazine are a useful reminder that Mau Mau gangs are not the only ill-wishers faced by the British Infantryman in Kenya. To be treed by rhinoceros may seem comical in retrospect, but it is not outstandingly funny at the time. Nor is it so funny to find that the patrol's food has been pillaged by monkeys.

Unneutral behaviour by rhinoceros is one hazard of the man-hunt in Kenya which is absent from the man-hunt in Malaya. But there are many similarities: in each land the basic situation is that there are murderous gangs to be hunted down, isolated, starved; there are hide-outs to be burned; there are squatters to be prevented from helping the marauders; there are leagues of treacherous, baffling country to be combed on foot—with a similar dependence on light aircraft; and there are loyal natives to be trained on Home Guard lines.

As compared with Malaya, British troops in Kenya have been

making much more frequent accidental contact with gangs; but the enemy—indifferent marksmen—have avoided pitched battle whenever possible, and are uncommonly quick on their feet.

The worst country the Infantrymen have been called upon to comb is that which is matted by bamboo forest. For centuries the bamboo has been growing and dying. Fallen trees criss-cross each other treacherously. One moment the patrolling soldiers, hacking away with machetes, may be treading three feet above ground, the next crashing through. Not the ideal conditions in which to trail, in silence, an elusive and savage adversary.

Besides the bamboo and cedar forests, there are tall crops of maize and banana swamps which conceal terrorists. Every valley could hide a battalion. Ordered to proceed to a certain destination at utmost speed a platoon commander of the Devons reported: "My maximum rate of progress at present is 100 yards an hour."

Of great help in these con-

General A. R. Wainwright (left), late Royal Horse Artillery, an old Kenya settler, meets General Sir George Erskine, Commander-in-Chief East Africa.



## HE LEADS THE

**C**OLONEL PHILIP A. MORCOMBE DSO, who not so long ago commanded the Suffolks on anti-terrorist operations in Malaya, now has an unusual task in Kenya. He is Inspector-General of the Kikuyu Guard, formed of loyal tribesmen who despise the Mau Mau.

The loyalists, who vigorously opposed terrorism long before the Emergency was declared, had lacked leadership.

In less than four months this lean wiry Australian with the piercing eyes and the reputation for getting things done quickly had turned isolated bands of anti-Mau Mau tribesmen into an

efficient force which, though still civilian, now takes part in combined operations with the police and Army.

Indeed, the Guards can carry out operations on their own. They help to police their own areas and provide badly needed information of terrorist movements.

Perhaps even more important is the role they fill in the struggle for the minds of the Kikuyu. By their example and initiative they help rid the waverers in the tribe of the pernicious influence of Mau Mau. When the Emergency is over, the mental and physical rehabilitation of the tribe will depend largely on the men who refused to yield to the fear that is

ditions are the Piper Pacers and Piper Cubs which skim the forest looking for clearings and dropping food and messages (and leading fighter-bombers to their targets). The Malaya technique, in fact.

In the Rift Valley, with its grassy farmlands, the task of patrolling may seem easier, but the distances between settlers' homes are great—10 or 15 miles. A battalion commander may find himself "holding" a front 100 miles long. The soldiers find themselves stationed, not in towns or villages, but at farms—Squair's Farm, Wallace's Farm, and so on—and when off duty they are entertained by the farmers in their houses.

Besides long-distance patrolling, the Army has these tasks:—*Watching* the shoot-on-sight belts which adjoin suspected hide-outs, to prevent cattle and food being smuggled to the Mau Mau;

*Carrying out sweeps* in the Kikuyu locations, with the aid of police and loyal Kikuyu;

*Cordoning off* areas in towns while police search houses (Army clerks, men of the Royal Army Pay Corps and Field Records have served in this role in Nairobi and elsewhere).

Before World War Two Kenya was a station known only to soldiers seconded to the King's African Rifles. Battalions there now are the Buffs, the Devons, the Black Watch, the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers—plus a Gunner regiment. The Inniskillings are believed to be the first British battalion stationed in Nairobi.

*Footnote:* Nylon hammocks have been tried out recently by British Infantry patrols in Kenya. They are slung between convenient trees and braced at each end with lengths of bamboo. If the supports give way the sleeper may find himself netted like a fish. The hammocks are very light and are easily rolled up and slipped into a pack.



Men of the 7th King's African Rifles are back from patrol: the Quartermaster tastes the stew.

## KIKUYU GUARD

Mau Mau's greatest weapon.

Colonel Morcombe spends much time touring Kikuyu Guard posts in dangerous areas, tackling problems on the spot. It is not unusual for him to cover 200 miles a day. He loathes "fortress-mindedness." When he showed the Guards how to concentrate into fortified posts he emphasised at the same time that such posts were expendable. He urged the loyalists to "get out and find them, and hit them when you find them."

Jungle-green battledress is the Colonel's usual working uniform. He was partly responsible for the issue of jungle equipment to the Security Forces.

Three generations of Australians go into Colonel Morcombe's family. Born in Sydney in 1909, he entered the Army through the Royal Military College at Canberra and was commissioned in the Suffolk Regiment in 1931. He served throughout the war with African troops, first with the Northern Rhodesia Regiment and later with battalions of the King's African Rifles.

Since the war he has served with 26th Indian Division in Sumatra, as commander of the Ethiopian military training college at Addis Ababa and as military adviser to the Greek National Army.



Colonel Philip A. Morcombe DSO: he rallied the loyalists.





Lieutenant-General Sir James Cassels, commanding 1st Corps, organised Exercise Grand Repulse

Brigadier J. E. C. Pangman, commanding the Canadian 27th Infantry Brigade Group, unrolls his maps on the Jeep bonnet.



It may be a make-believe war, but the rain and mud are authentic. Under their waterproof capes, these men of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry will see it through.

## AN EXERCISE IN TIME AND SPACE

How to scatter one's forces, and yet contrive to be there at H-hour "fustest with the mostest"—that was one of the problems for commanders in Rhine Army's manœuvres





Another commander from Korea:  
Major-General B. A. Coad, com-  
manding 2nd Infantry Division

Left: For the Netherlands Army,  
Grand Repulse was an exercise in  
taking the offensive: a Dutch soldier  
spies out the land in an advance.

So that's where G Ops got to . . .  
a neat little underground snuggery  
in the thick of it near Klattenhof.

**I**T'S one thing to hide a platoon. It's another thing to hide a division. There was one fully equipped armoured division, in World War Two, which occupied 100 miles of highway, with vehicles spaced at 50 yards. Try hiding all that, at short notice, in such a way that an atom bomb will cause it the least possible damage!

Future wars will be won by the side which can most effectively disperse its forces against aerial (perhaps atomic) attack, yet most swiftly concentrate them again to give a knock-out blow.

The secret may be to concentrate troops *in time*, rather than in space. In other words, a force must be distributed piecemeal over the landscape in such a way that it can be readily consolidated, at the right spot, in the briefest period of time.

That was the technique practised in this autumn's Rhine Army manoeuvres — "Exercise Grand Repulse" — and practised very effectively, according to

General Sir Richard Gale, commanding Northern Army Group.

"I found it very difficult to realise, when travelling, that I was in a fully manned area," he said. Press correspondents, found the same, too. They passed and re-passed clumps of trees which, in fact, contained the troops and guns they were looking for. Then it appeared that the glittering spider's web hanging on the leaves of a tree was the sight of a Bofors gun.

The manoeuvres, in which 69,000 troops took part, differed

*continued on page 35*







## RHINE ARMY'S FIRST

*It is right that soldiers' sons, wherever their fathers are stationed, should be able to learn soldiering. At Plön, in north Germany, British schoolboys have formed a flourishing cadet contingent*

**W**HEN, last year, boys of the King Alfred School at Plön, in the British Zone of Germany, formed the first contingent of the Combined Cadet Force outside Britain, they got away to a flying start.

The headmaster who helped to found the contingent was Lieutenant-Colonel F. Spencer Chapman, DSO, explorer, mountaineer, author and soldier, who survived three years behind the Japanese lines in Malaya. The officers were all masters who had been in the Army during the war

and most of the cadets were soldiers' sons whose ambition had always been to follow in father's footsteps.

The King Alfred School is one of two boarding schools run by the British Families Education Service in Germany. The other, Prince Rupert School at Wilhelms-

haven, also has a cadet contingent.

Today the King Edward contingent numbers 150 and includes sons of all ranks from lance-corporal to lieutenant-colonel. It is unusual in that it musters its own Combined Operations Section.

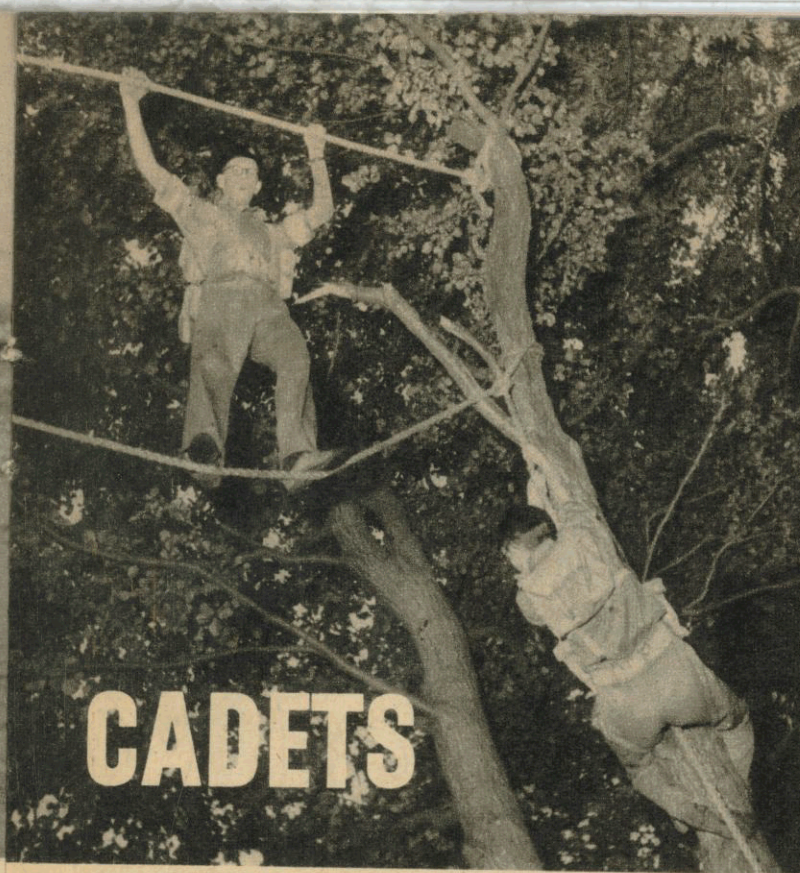
In just over a year the contingent has trained 20 first-class shots and two 16-year-old boys have earned the title of marksman, each dropping only two points out of a possible 200 at a recent rifle meeting. Two former members have gone to Welbeck College and

another is a cadet at Sandhurst.

The contingent has two companies—a Basic Training Company for the younger boys and a Specialist Company with Gunner, Infantry, Signals and Combined Operations sections, each led by schoolmasters with experience in those arms.

The Commanding Officer, Major P. Ronald, the physical training master, served with 57th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Normandy. His second-in-command, Captain Brian Coates, modern languages master, was in the Royal Pioneer Corps and later served with the Royal West African Frontier Force. Lieutenant S. Schofield, art master and formerly of the Black Watch, is second-in-command of the Specialist Company. Captain J. W. Haines, senior geography master, was in the Border Regiment and an instructor at the Outward Bound School, and Lieutenant Quartermaster J. Stirk, the school caterer, was in the Royal Army Service Corps.

In and around the school, which was formerly a German naval barracks, there are excellent training areas. On one side of the grounds is a large lake from which once a week the Combined Operations section launches assault landings, using the school yacht club's eight jolly boats and several small yachts. The Infantry train in a part of the grounds where thick woods and undulating open fields are used to create almost every tactical situation. Sometimes platoons join in exercises held by Canadian and British troops in Germany.



## CADETS

Setting off along the rope-walk is the contingent's Company Serjeant-Major M. Wilson-Brown. The cadets built the course.

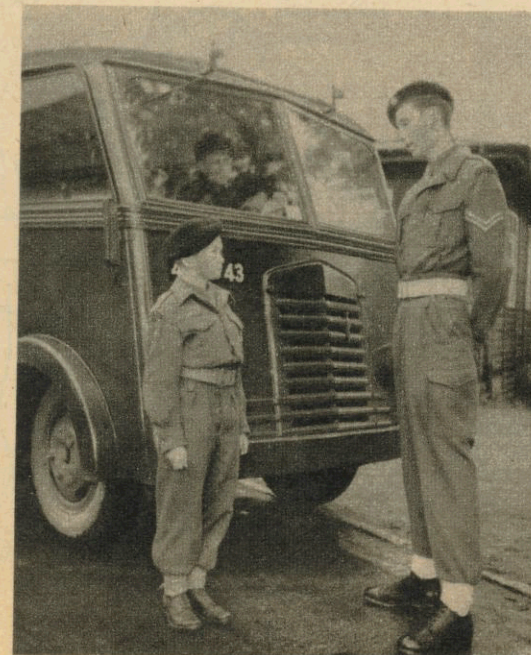
Last year a hand-picked platoon, acting the part of parachutists, earned high praise from the commander of the Norwegian Infantry Brigade when they "wrecked" his headquarters, captured many prisoners and put the communications out of action for 24 hours.

Once a year the boys spend a fortnight's camp at Rhine Army's All Arms Training Centre—reputed to be the best training area in Europe—and fire their small arms courses with rifle, Bren and Sten. They have their own miniature rifle range where they spend much of their spare time improving their shooting. Army units stationed nearby send officers and NCO's to the school to give lectures and demonstra-

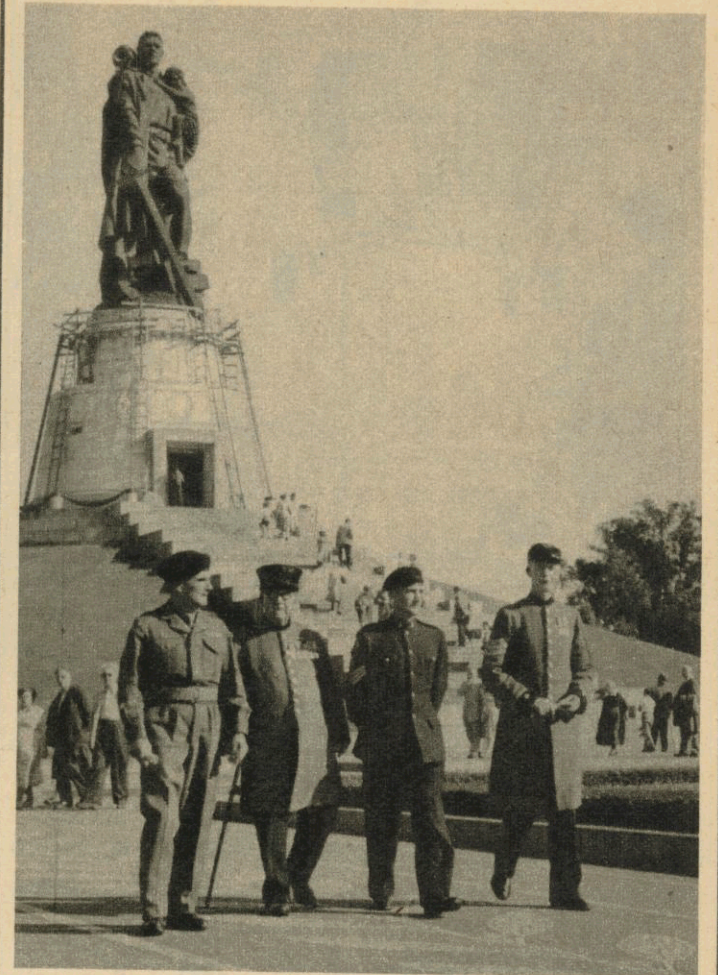
tions. The Gunner section hopes soon to be presented with a 25-pounder gun to use for training.

The boys' own enthusiasm has been a big factor in their success. They have built their own assault course, set up their own offices, stores and armoury (all staffed by cadets), and have formed their own canteen where, on training evenings, they are served with lemonade and cakes by the girls of the school yacht club. The Signals Section runs its own telephone exchange and is sometimes called in to repair faults in the school's communications. During Coronation week they laid lines to the school church so that the pupils could listen to the service in Westminster Abbey.

**Tallest cadet, Corporal Harold Game, a cadet military policeman, stands six feet 11 inches in socks. Smallest cadet, Edgar Baker, son of a padre, reaches four feet eight-and-a-half inches.**



## Redcoats in the Russian Sector



With their Sapper hosts in the Russian Garden of Remembrance, Berlin: Warrant-Officer William Hughes and Serjeant Patrick Herlihy (right).

**Y**OU hardly expect to see the uniform of a Chelsea Pensioner in the Russian Sector of Berlin—any more than you expect to find Russian soldiers strolling in King's Road, Chelsea.

Yet there they were, two Redcoats, in Russia's Garden of Remembrance—Warrant Officer William Hughes, a self-styled "young 83," and Serjeant Patrick Herlihy, aged 70, in their long red coats and trim shakos. Even the immaculate Russian officers, who ordinarily attract much attention in the Gardens, paused to stare.

The two old soldiers, both former Sappers, had been invited to Germany by the warrant officers and serjeants of 26 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers. First they went to the Pied Piper town of Hamelin, where they spent several days. They watched modern Sappers training, visited soldiers' homes, saw the mess beer garden declared open and watched the children of Hamelin act the Pied Piper story in the town square.

Their visit to Berlin was

a last-minute surprise, by invitation of Sappers in that city. While there they went on the sightseeing bus tour, organised for British troops by the Women's Voluntary Services, which runs through the British, American and Russian Sectors.

It is a journey through recent history and current headlines—with a peep behind the Iron Curtain. The two Pensioners saw the thousands of new trees in the Tiergarten; the English Garden, built in 1951 (to which the late King George VI and the present Queen, as Princess Elizabeth, sent trees); a far glimpse of the ruined bunker where Hitler died; a near glimpse of the Russians' great new blocks of flats in the Stalinallee (scene of recent disorders); and the ten-ton Freedom Bell made in Croydon and presented to Berlin by the Americans.



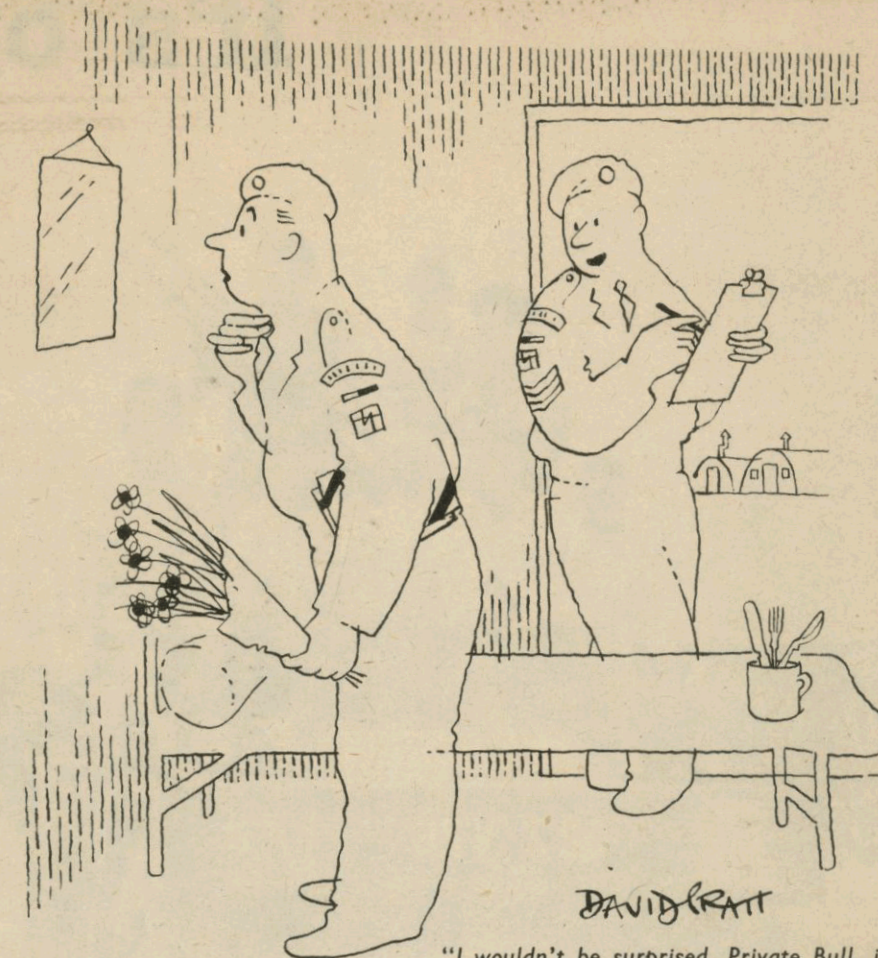


"Take her away!"



"... And this one is on test for the Army."

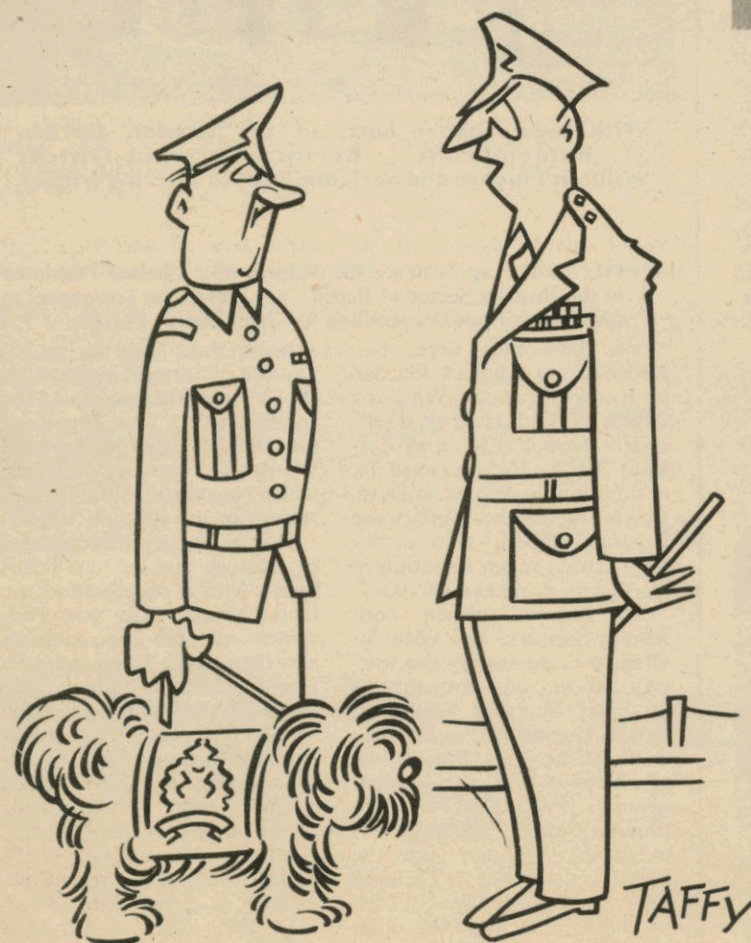
FRANK FINCH



DAVID RATT

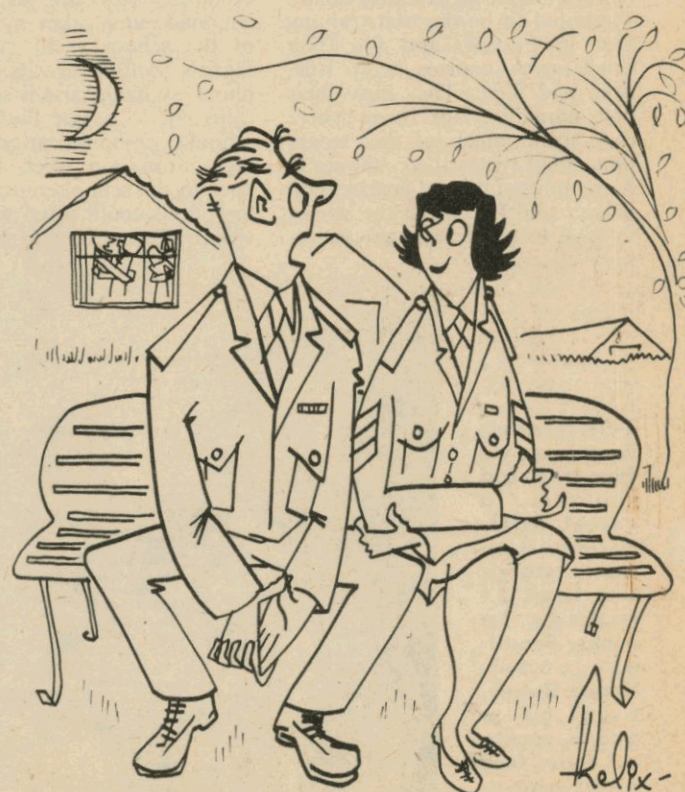
"I wouldn't be surprised, Private Bull, if you are the best turned-out man on fire picket this evening."

# SOLDIER HUMOUR



TAFFY

"Haircut—both of you!"



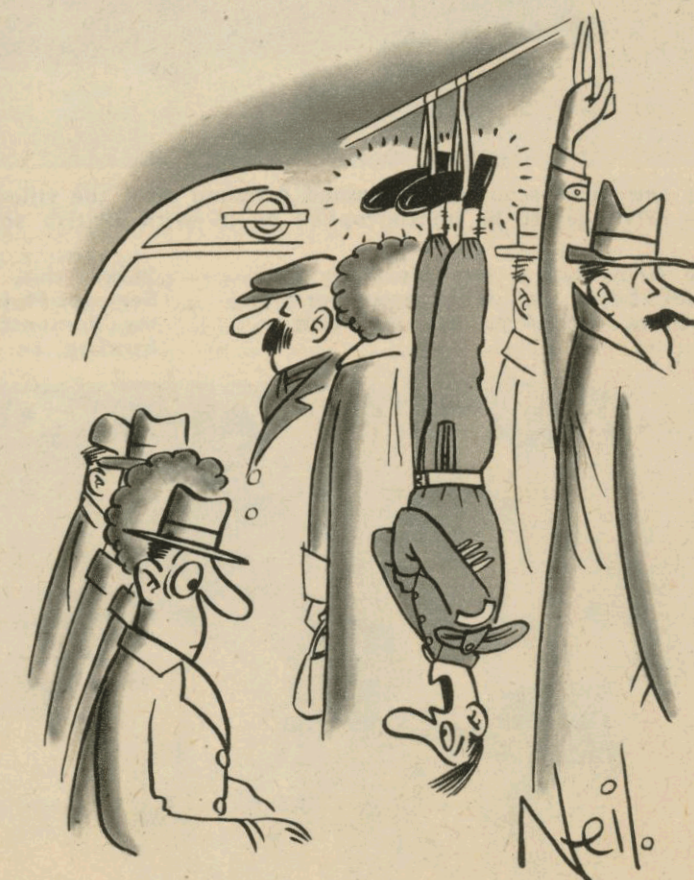
KELP

"Let's get this clear, Serjeant—are you ordering me to kiss you?"



GRIMES

"I want to shake hands with the serjeant who made my Willie sweep under his bed."



NEIL

"After two hours polishing them, I'm not going to have them trampled on!"



# It's our Village

—say these men of the Royal Army Service Corps who have taken 8,000 Chinese under their wing

**C**OMPANY SERJEANT-MAJOR William Bradley will be a proud man when he sees his own unit defeated on the football field.

The team he hopes will achieve this victory is being coached by him from Chinese of Ampang New Village, which has been adopted by his unit.

"Of equal importance to killing Communist terrorists is the winning of the hearts and minds of the people," says General Sir Gerald Templer, Malaya's High Commissioner.

The unit which has adopted Ampang New Village—27 Independent Infantry Brigade Transport Company, Royal Army Service Corps—is one of many which are befriending those Chinese resettled as part of the anti-terrorist drive. Almost every man in the Company, from the latest reinforcement to the Officer Commanding, is committed to the welfare of the village's 8,000 Chinese people. Major A. Campbell-Crawford, of Tain, Ross-shire, sits on the village committee and is the local "mayor."

Young Malays are taught, not only football, but boxing and games like table tennis. The unit's volunteer projectionist, Driver Michael Ferguson, gives the village film shows.

The Company maintains a section of DUKW's to assist in flooded areas during the rainy months. Children of the village had a big thrill riding in these when they were tried out on a lake near their home.

The role of the Company—recently 95 per cent Regular and now half composed of National Servicemen—is no light one, even without its voluntary tasks in the village. For two years in North Malaya it supported the Royal Marine Commando Brigade. Now, based on Kuala Lumpur, the Company is training in the setting out and operating of dropping zones.

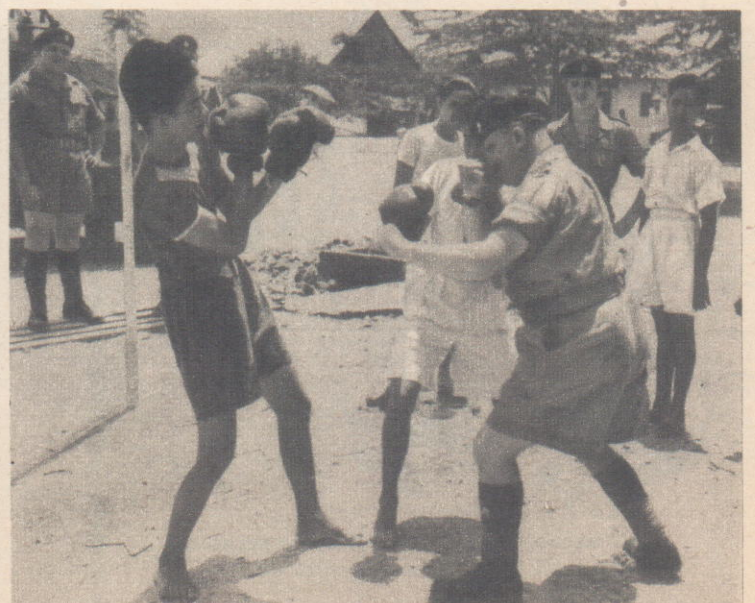
Inevitably, many of its vehicles have been ambushed—but without any casualties.—*From a report by D. H. de T. READE, Army Public Relations.*



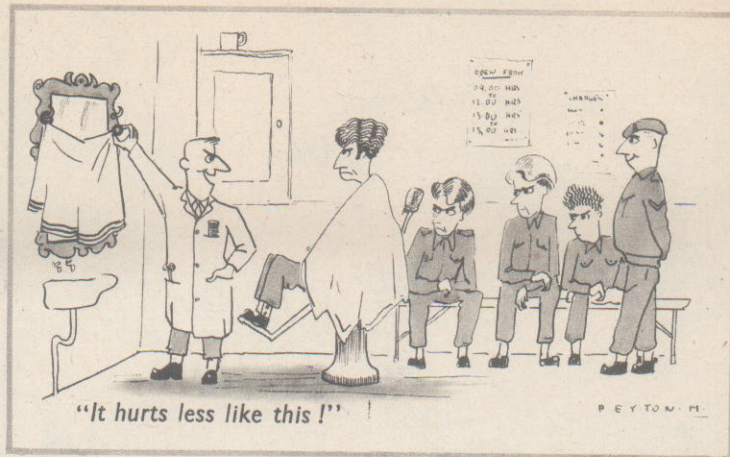
The armoured scout car is named Ampang after the village. To perch on it is a privilege; to be photographed on it—with British soldiers—an honour.

The Army has a way, not only with small boys, but with great grandmothers. In Ampang is security.

"Like this, see?" Company Serjeant-Major William Bradley demonstrates a point in boxing to village youths.







Hair-cuts never fail to inspire humorists. The drawing at top, right, is revived from a recent issue. See also page 20.

# IS THE ARMY HAIR-CUT A MENACE?

*The cult of "short back and sides" distresses the hairdressing trade. It distresses some soldiers too!*

**T**HIS all started with a letter written to *Picture Post* by one Samuel Clay. He said:

"I suggest that men intending to become hairdressers should be exempt from National Service. Once they have been in the Forces they seem quite unable to cut hair properly—all they do is to seize their clippers and cut off all they can at the back and sides of your head, leaving the top to grow unrestricted."

It would be instructive, SOLDIER thought, to hear what the hairdressing trade thought about Mr. Clay's allegations—and about the Army hair-cut generally (meaning not only Mr. Clay's version, but the notorious full scalping treatment, with the skin showing white through the stubble and every pimple on parade).

It was not only instructive, it was humiliating. The trade thinks very little of the Army hair-cut, "if you can call it a hair-cut." But not all agree that the Army's mania for "short back and sides" is debauching young hairdressers. There are butchers with clippers who have never been in the Army

—and the trade is anxious to weed them out.

There was some agreement with SOLDIER that, since the arrival of (a) the beret and (b) National Service, serjeant-majors have been not so ruthless as of old in detailing recruits for scalping; that, so long as back and sides are short, nobody minds much what you hide under your beret.

The objection of many in the trade to the cult of "short back and sides" is that many ex-soldiers resign themselves to this style for life. They utter the phrase automatically as they sit down in the chair, and if they don't the unimaginative barber mutters it for them, with an interrogation mark.

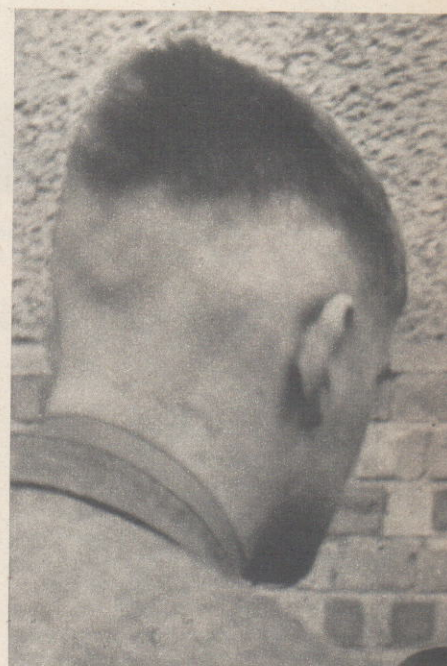
The imaginative hairdresser seeks to persuade his sitter that certain shapes of head and certain styles of feature demand their individual hair style. And of course he is right.

Mr. Taylor Briggs, secretary of the National Hairdressers' Federation, is no advocate of long hair or fancy styles in the Army, but he says that the hair-cuts inflicted on many young soldiers are atrocious, "Psychologically and physically the lads would be better off if their hair were cut with greater skill—and greater leniency," he says. "Most men would gladly pay more than they do rather than be turned out in such a sorry state."

Mr. Taylor Briggs recognises that the fateful sentence in Queen's Regulations—"The hair of the head will be kept short"—was inspired by a demand for hygiene. But today's Army is a cleaner Army, says Mr. Taylor Briggs, and men do not need to have their hair shaved down as harshly as a generation ago.

The National Hairdressers' Federation has been urging the Army to allow young hairdressers to practise their trade when called up, and wherever possible the Army does this. But in the Army, as in civil life, there are not enough skilled hairdressers to go round. At some camps it has been arranged that outside hairdressers shall pay regular visits.

At the offices of the *Hairdressers' Journal* SOLDIER was assured that since the war men had definitely begun to wear their hair longer—no doubt as a reaction to Army life (for some reason the north of England wears its hair shorter than the south). The *Hairdressers' Journal* informed SOLDIER, without even a sorrowing shake of the head, that numbers of young men of call-up age were accustomed to spending seven shillings a week on having their hair styled, and some of them considerably more to have it permanently waved. It is, of course, only the young generation which has this sort of



**Soldiers are rarely scalped like this today. If back and sides are short, almost anything can happen on top.**

money to spend. At that age their fathers had their hair cropped once a month, at fourpence a time.

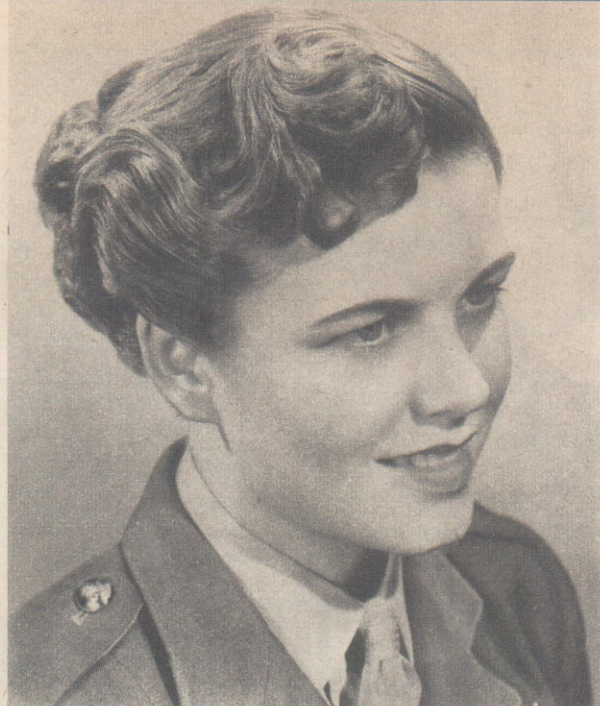
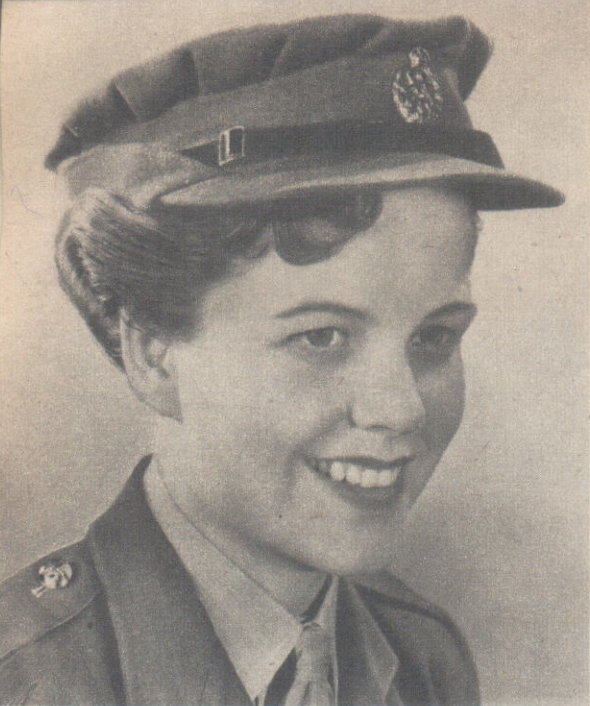
Sometimes when these young men come out of the Army—having had their hair cut by barrack-room amateurs, veterans of Ladysmith, impetuous Egyptians or imaginative Chinese—they lose heart and have to be coaxed back into treating their hair as a crowning glory rather than a dreary nuisance. Tactfully, they have to be told that the men who get ahead, the men who sell motor cars and face shareholders, have to look the part. A crude hair-cut can cost a man promotion.

Next SOLDIER went to see Mr. Leonard Pountney, of Hounslow, a rising hair stylist who himself served in the Army—as a physical training instructor. This year he was the first Englishman to serve on a French hair-styles "jury". Mr. Pountney thinks that the Army, as personified by the old-fashioned serjeant-major with his "Get them 'airs cut!", just does not understand how much a man's morale is improved by the knowledge that his hair looks right. "Hack it off anyhow and he says to himself, 'All right, if they want to



**Desert trim: in war, who worries about hair styles? In peace, a bad hair-cut does not help the victim's self-respect.**





Copyright by Hairdressers' Journal, London

Out of 500 girls on pay parade this corporal was chosen as model for a new hair style, designed for Service girls. It is feminine—and clears the collar.

## IS THE ARMY HAIR-CUT A MENACE?

(continued)



These are two of the styles which the trade prefers to the Army hair-cut. Any comment, serjeant-major?

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make a monkey out of me, why should I worry what I look like?" But if his hair is smart, he'll take pride in the rest of his appearance." SOLDIER agreed that Mr. Pountney had something there.

Once, in the Army, Mr. Pountney saw an NCO detail a man from the ranks—a man who had never cut hair—to trim the locks of another recruit who had incurred his displeasure. The result was what you would expect. He did not suggest that that sort of thing went on today, but he did say that soldiers returning from leave called on him begging

him to do something about their hair so that they dare show themselves to their families—or girls. And in his ladies' department mothers bemoan the things the Army had done to their sons' hair.

Mr. Pountney takes pride in the fact that many men from the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall have their hair treated by him. They know that, appearing in public as they do, they must have the extra touch of grooming. He is not so happy about the Guards. It can be a most disillusioning sight, he thinks, when a Guardsman re-

moves his towering bearskin and reveals his stubbled pate.

SOLDIER suggested that the reason soldiers (and civilians) are content with a quick "short back and sides" is that there is always a queue in every barber's and nobody wants to waste more time than is necessary. The man in the chair who insists on "having the works" when others are waiting receives black looks.

Mr. Pountney deplored that Englishmen are prepared to spend so little time and money on their hair. As a result England has the cheapest barbers in the world, and most bald heads. This is a theme on which Mr. Pountney will discourse eloquently.

What of the women's Services? A woman's morale is linked more closely with her hair-do than a man's (or so SOLDIER thought before talking to Mr. Pountney). During the late war the hairdressers got together and evolved the "Liberty Cut" for the women's Services—neat, attractive and clear of the collar. This is a theme on which Mr. Pountney will discourse eloquently. More recently the enterprising *Hairdressers' Journal*, with a similar idea in mind, sent a representative to watch a pay parade of the Women's Royal Army Corps, in order to pick out a girl with a good head to re-style. Out of 500 girls the spotter chose the corporal whose picture is seen on this page. Her hair-do fully earned the unit's approval. Those old notions of roll-it-up-and-hope-for-the-best or hack-it-off-with-a-blunt-instrument are not so prevalent as once they were. The idea of curls which appear to hold the hat on would have shocked some of the Service matriarchs a generation ago, but is accepted in most quarters today as being by no means unmilitary.



Hair on the collar:  
a Cavalier of 1642.



Bushy back and sides:  
Artilleryman of 1710.



Long all over: a  
Highlander of 1857.

## "Short on Top, Long Back and Sides"

DOWN the years British soldiers have worn their hair in a strange variety of styles. They have even worn wigs, though this was usually an officers' fashion.

Pigtails were once *de rigueur*. A Woolwich cadet wrote in 1802:

"Our hair was pomatumed and powdered. A pigtail about two feet long, made of whalebone not thicker than a common clay tobacco-pipe and bound round with black ribbon with a curl of hair at its end was attached to the back of the head. This

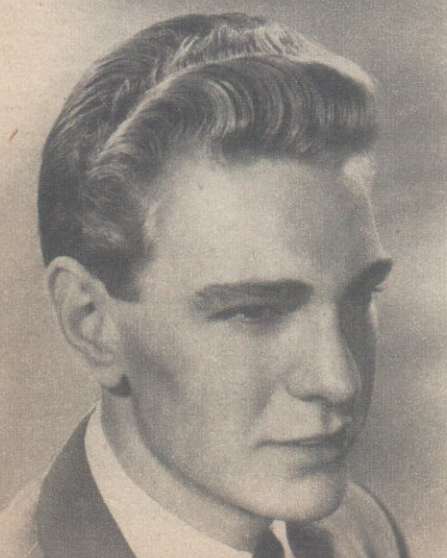
monstrous freak of fashion, absolutely ridiculous for a lad of 15, as I then was, was discarded about two years after this, and long before in hot climates, if indeed it was ever tolerated between the tropics."

In the Royal Fusiliers, in 1798, it was ordered that men's hair be cut once a month "agreeable to the following form, from which on no account whatever is the smallest deviation to be made:

"Brush top to be cut as close as possible, allowing the comb to lay between the scissors and

the head, the side hair somewhat longer than the top, so as to admit when combed upwards with soap and grease to appear as if it was frizzed..."

A garrison which took hair-cutting really seriously was that of Gibraltar when the Duke of Kent was Governor at the turn of the eighteenth century. The first person to board every ship entering harbour was His Royal Highness's hairdresser, and no officer was allowed to land until trimmed by that autocratic stylist.







Major F. H. Anderson, King's Own Scottish Borderers, second-in-command of the Mission.



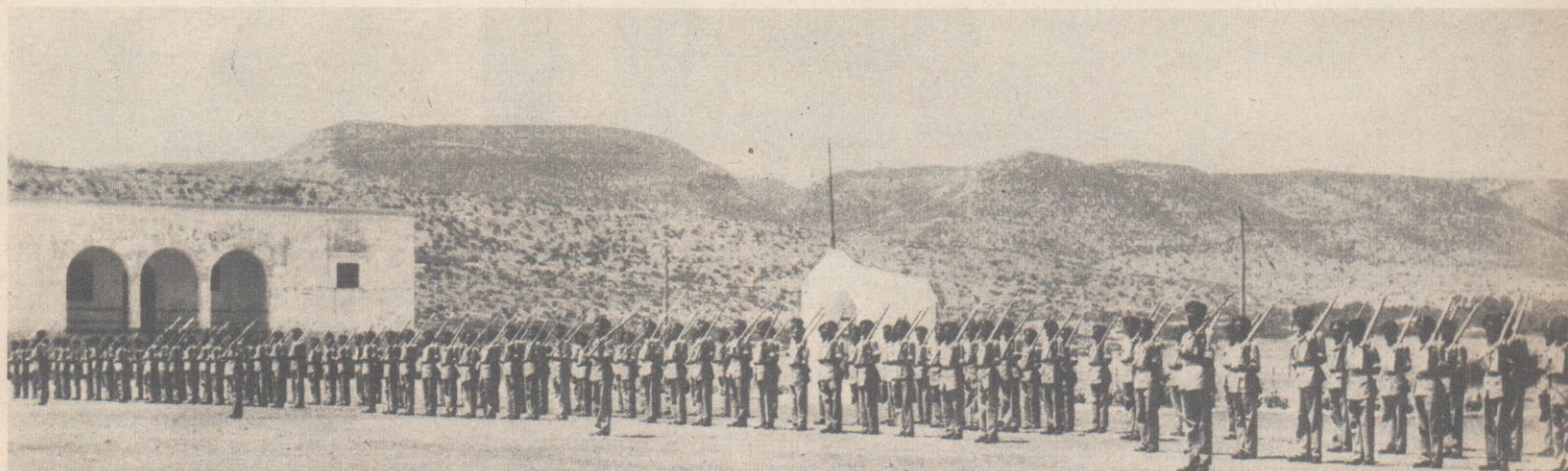
Major C. Aspinall: after 18 years with Colonial troops he is now training King Idris's Libyans.



Warrant Officer Graham Berry, Royal Army Service Corps. He instructed in the Emirial Guard.



21 years' service: Company Serjeant-Major C. Cookson.



## THEY BUILD A NEW ARMY

**A** HANDFUL of British soldiers are helping a new country to build a new army.

The country is United Libya, the three great provinces of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan, which became a sovereign state in 1951 under King Idris the First, former Emir of Cyrenaica.

From its scattered population of more than a million and a half, Libya is raising three regiments of mechanised Infantry and an armoured car squadron, all to be ready in three years. They will never be short of training areas. Libya, bordered by Egypt, the Sudan, French Equatorial Africa, French West Africa, Algeria and Tunisia, is largely desert. Its strategic position, however, has made it the target of conquerors throughout history.

It was inevitable that British soldiers should be called in to help train Libyan troops. The Libyans could have no finer model to work from than the British Eighth Army which liberated their country from the Italians. Between 1943 and 1951, the country was governed first by a British Military Administration, then by a British Civil Administration. From 1943 to the present, there

*Libyan boys who once cheered Eighth Army are now themselves soldiering the British way*

have been British troops there to defend Libya.

Today a small British Military Mission is advising the Libyans in raising and training the new force. The head of the mission is Colonel P. G. Wreford-Brown, of the East Surrey Regiment, who has served with the Sudan Defence

Force and Eighth Army, and until recently was soldiering in Cyrenaica with his own regiment.

The new force has made its depot at Apollonia, in the old Italian barracks which once served British troops as a leave camp. Here Major C. Aspinall, late of the King's African Rifles, who has

Men of the 1st Battalion of the Libyan Army parade on the square at Apollonia.

had 18 years' experience with Colonial troops, works out training programmes on British Army lines. He is closely understudied by the Libyan depot commandant, Captain Idris Abdalla.

Also at Apollonia is 41-year-old Company Serjeant-Major Clifford

**OVER**

**The fort at Apollonia: it was built by the Italians, served as a British leave camp.**







**Colonel Omran Jadra, future Commander-in-Chief of the Libyan Army, reviews his troops. Right: Commandant of the Depot at Apollonia is Captain Idris Abdalla.**



## NEW ARMY *(continued)*

Cookson of the Manchester Regiment, a notable boxer and shot, who daily breaks the language barrier to pass on the benefit of his 21 years' soldiering experience to the squads. Serjeant Ronald Cox of the King's Royal Rifle Corps instructs the more advanced squads in battle tactics and fieldcraft. One of his training-grounds is a strip of boulder-strewn coast in sight of Apollonia's fifth-century Christian basilica and the massive colonnade of the Temple of Apollo.

Serjeant Harry Doughty of the Suffolk Regiment is the hand-grenade expert. His squads squat Arab-fashion in the sand while he lectures with the help of a black-board. He speaks a fair amount of Arabic himself, but any language difficulties are ironed out for him by Serjeant Abdulla Molae, who wears the 1939-45 Star, the Africa Star and the Defence Medal. Serjeant Sam Curle of the East Yorkshire Regiment looks after weapon-training and drill. He once instructed officer-cadets in Britain. He sees the results of his present work when the whole training battalion, now 300 strong falls in for the depot commander's parade.

At the Mission's Benghazi Headquarters is the second-in-command, Major F. H. Anderson, of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. He speaks Arabic fluently and has served with the Aden Protectorate Levies, irregular forces in Palestine and the British Military Mission in Irak. He was also a member of the British Military Administration staff of the former Italian Colonies, in Cairo and Eritrea. Major Anderson's task is administration.

With him at Benghazi, supervising the motor transport section, is Warrant Officer Class Two Graham Berry, Royal Army Service Corps. His association with Libyan soldiers goes back to the formation of the former Emirial Guard, in which he was an instructor.

For although Libya has never had an army before, that does not mean that there are not seasoned soldiers among the Libyans. Some were with the Turkish Army before World War One, some served with the British-raised Libyan Arab Force in World War Two. Others were in the small but efficient Emirial—later Royal—Guard, which provided a core for the new Army.

Sayed Mohamed Ruhayem, who is liaison officer between the Military Mission and the Libyan Ministry of Defence, fought for the Turks against the British in World War One, but in World

War Two played a large part in raising the Libyan Arab Force. He was captured by the Germans while serving on attachment with an Indian unit.

The future commander-in-chief of the new army, Colonel Omran Jadra, was one of several hundred Libyan youths trained by the Turkish Army during the Italo-Turkish war of 1911, which made Libya an Italian colony. He is a physical training expert and personally looks after the fitness of his new command.

One of the veterans of the Emirial Guard is 27-year-old Serjeant Mohamed Abdul Wahad, who is in charge of the squad of newest recruits. Most of them come down from the jebels (hill districts) wearing their native clothes, to join up for a first engagement of four years.

They are keen young men. Serjeant Wahad's newest recruit, at the time this was written, was

Private Mustafa Mufta, aged 18, who comes from the Zwaed tribe which inhabits Tripoli. Mufta is an educated youth and has never had a civilian job—like many another Libyan of the same age. He has taken to an Army career with delight and has already been noted as a potential non-commissioned officer. He is naturally skilful with the rifle, and on his second shoot scored 17 out of a possible 20. In the same squad is Mufta's brother, Nur-ed-din (Light of Religion), who is 20, and also noted as a potential NCO.

The Libyan Army is to have an officer-cadet school in Tripoli, and potential cadets are being selected from all three territories, mainly from lads with secondary school education. As in the British Army there may be opportunities for men in the ranks to take commissions, if they have reached the right educational standard.

**Hand-grenade expert: Serjeant Harry Doughty, of the Suffolk Regiment.**



**Battle tactics and fieldcraft: Serjeant Ronald Cox, King's Royal Rifle Corps.**



**Weapon training and drill: Serjeant Samuel Curle, East Yorkshire Regiment.**







It's all in the day's work to the auctioneer. His firm has invited bids for battleships.

A visitor admires the parade from the turret of Lot 63. Note amputated gun barrel.

## WHAT AM I BID FOR FIFTY SHERMANS?

*And will the gentleman in the back row kindly stop singing "Thanks for the Memory"?*

**T**HE 50 Shermans stood in two mutilated rows in a construction company's yard at Poyle, on the Buckinghamshire border. Over them climbed men in flannel trousers and mackintoshes, smoking cigarettes.

It was a sad parody of a "farewell to armour" parade.

Some of the tanks lacked turrets. The gun barrels had been sawn off close to the hull, but a few bore imitation barrels made of *papier-mâché*, or some similar substance.

Unit and divisional flashes were faded beyond recognition. Only two tanks had names still legible on the sides: "Blenheim" and "Seven Hills." (Anybody remember them?)

The parade commander was an auctioneer, who took the occasion easily in his stride. If you had approached him with that old gag "Psst! Want to buy a battleship?" he would have told you that his firm had, indeed, auctioned battleships, before 1914—for the Admiralty.

The 50 Shermans, which had first been sold off by the Ministry of Supply after World War Two, were unwanted because they were powered by petrol-engines.

Their owners, Rotinoff Construction, Limited, bought large

numbers of "demilitarised" Shermans (no weapons or wireless) just after the war, to turn them into machines with a peacetime use. Former Shermans are now helping to produce open-cast coal in Britain. In South Africa they are moving the five or six feet of sand which covers diamond-bearing soil or, as bases for mobile conveyor belts, helping to carry the diamond-bearing earth up to a quarter of a mile for processing. In West Africa they are towing huge logs for timber firms. They are functioning as tractors, bull-dozer, angle-dozer, scrapers and cranes.

All those converted, however, were diesel-engined. Petrol-engined Shermans are too expensive to operate; their role was to yield spare parts for the others. The converted Shermans, however, wanted surprisingly few spares, which was why the company was now seeking to sell its stock.



A few of the tanks have had a break from the long wait at Poyle. They were hired out to film companies for "The Intruder," "Mr. Drake's Ducks" and other films—hence the *papier-mâché* barrels. Two of them had been completely overhauled and were in perfect running order.

All the bidders were scrap-metal merchants, and the auctioneer announced that buyers would be given up to eight weeks to dismantle the tanks on the spot. "Is there a clause saying they *must* be scrapped?" asked one of the audience. "No," said the auctioneer. "Could they be exported?"—"You must get your own export licences." "What are we going to do with them?"—"That's up to you."

Then bidding began. It was rapid. For the two which had been overhauled it went up to £480 each. For the next seven, £250. For the rest, £140. Then came 50 nine-cylinder Continental petrol-engines, and 170 Chrysler multi-bank engines, all built for Shermans. The auctioneer's hammer came down at £48, then £46, then £24, then £20; then £19.

But nobody had acquired either tanks or tank engines. They had all been "bought in" for the sellers.

Now £140 for a Sherman tank (which originally cost something over a hundred times as much) works out at about £4 a ton, which seems cheap at present scrap prices. Surely somebody could have put in a higher bid?

"Too much for us," said one of the scrap-metal dealers. "Think of the work there is in cutting up a tank for the melting-pot, and sorting-out the steel from the copper and aluminium.

There wouldn't be any profit."

Then why, if the tanks were useless for conversion, did the sellers not let them go more cheaply?

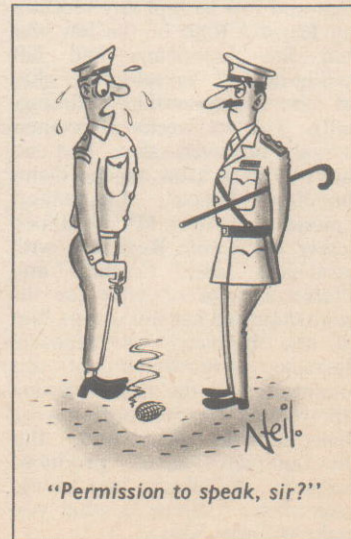
"Spare parts," said the scrap-metal man.

"But they don't need the spare parts."

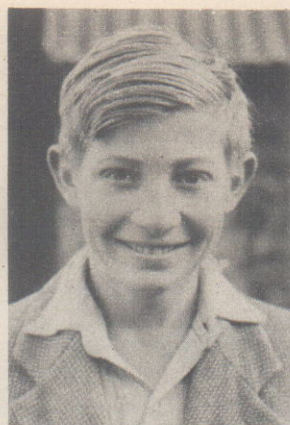
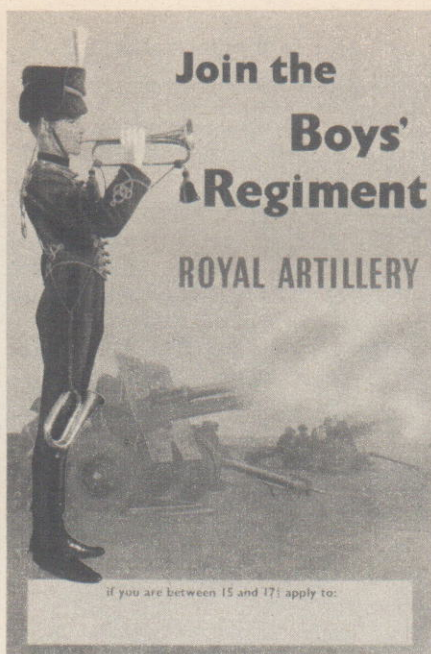
"Foreign governments," said the scrap-metal man. "There are plenty of governments which can't afford new tanks like Centurions. But they want tanks, so they have to make do with old ones like Shermans. Now if a chap who can sell spare parts to a foreign government buys these tanks and engines, he can afford to pay more than we can, and make a good profit on the deal."

So, in bits and pieces, the 50 old Shermans may yet see more parades, if Whitehall sees eye to eye with a dealer on the matter of export licences.

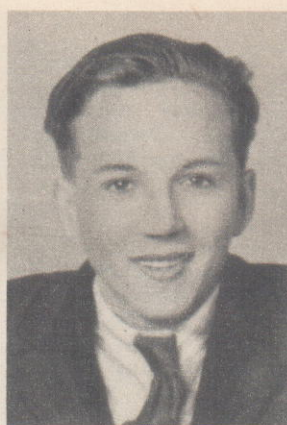
**Conversion job: this Sherman lives on as a bull-dozer.**



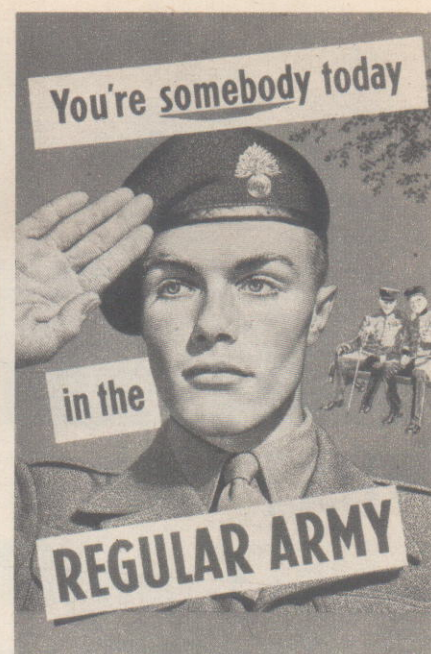




Keith Hoult heard the trumpet sounded by his brother Frank.



Brian Deakin decided to be Somebody—like brother Robert.



## “That’s My Brother in the Poster”

**W**ITHIN the space of a few minutes Chatham’s Recruiting Officer found himself enlisting two youths, both with elder brothers who have appeared as models for recruiting posters.

One was 15-year-old Keith Hoult of Sittingbourne, Kent, whose brother Frank appears in the Boys’ Regiment Royal Artillery poster. The other, 17½-year-old Brian Deakin of Gravesend, is the younger brother of Staff-Serjeant Robert Deakin whose “You’re Somebody in the Army Today” poster has also appeared

as an advertisement in hundreds of newspapers.

Major J. E. N. Scaife, the Recruiting Officer, told SOLDIER: “Neither boy knew of the other’s existence. It was an extraordinary coincidence to have two lads in so short a time pointing out their

brothers’ posters.”

Keith Hoult comes from a military family. His grandfather, a Guardsman, was killed in World War One. His father, a former Gunner serjeant of many years’ service, is now a Home Guard serjeant-major. Keith’s 20-year-old brother Frank (the one in the poster) joined as a boy and was followed by another brother, Frederick (19). Both are radar

instructors. Keith, who has gone into the Boys’ Regiment, has two younger brothers who hope to enlist.

Brian Deakin has joined the Royal Signals in Catterick Camp. His 23-year-old brother has no opportunity of admiring his picture on the hoardings; he is in Korea with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. (In the poster he wears a grenade badge.)

## TIDWORTH’S FACE IS LIFTED (continued)

corporals’ club, where the rest-room has been turned into a television theatre.

There are those among the old stagers who view all this cynically. “Luxury,” they snort. “This is going to make the Army soft. It’s ten years ahead of the men. They haven’t been brought up to it.”

Down the road from Assaye Barracks, in unmodernised Mooltan Barracks, the 4th Royal Tank Regiment looks towards its luxuriously-housed neighbours with envy mixed with pride. When the 4th Tanks moved into Mooltan, a year ago, they had to hunt high and low to find any redeeming features (one of the few was that the Americans had left ceiling-heaters to take the chill off the over-ventilated dining-hall). For six weeks after their arrival, however, they had no tanks to look after, so the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Carlton, MC, equipped nearly the whole Regiment with paint-pots and brushes and offered a prize of leave for the best-decorated barrack-room. Not all the buildings in Mooltan Barracks were worthy of this attention, and the most decrepit still remain as eye-sores among their smarter neighbours. But the tankmen’s efforts produced barracks in which they could take pride. “Home is what you make it,” they say.

SOLDIER found a serjeant of the 4th Queen’s Own Hussars saying the same thing about married quarters. Such money as the Army has to spend on married quarters is being devoted to building new ones, and except for some paint and new power-plugs, the long terraces of old-fashioned married quarters at Tidworth are having to soldier on much as they were in 1939. In time they will be pulled down to make room for garages, and new married quarters are now being built on a “housing estate” on the north-east of Tidworth. Meanwhile, the old terraces are better than no married quarters at all, and Tidworth has no waiting list.

The serjeant of the 4th Hussars, looking past the modernised buildings of Bhurtapore Barracks towards the old quarters, said: “There isn’t much plaster on the walls. You can see the bricks through it. But some of the families have made the quarters very nice inside.”

“What about the coppers, and the old ranges?” asked another 4th Hussar. “When we light our copper, we have to open all the windows to let the smoke out.”

The 4th Hussars were in process of handing over Bhurtapore Barracks to the 10th Royal Hussars. “You should talk to the 10th Hussars’ wives about those quarters,” suggested a cor-

poral. “They’ve just come from modern quarters in Germany.”

Tidworth’s eight barracks are built on a long, curving line at the bottom of a valley. They are named in alphabetical order, after battles in India; Aliwal, Assaye, Bhurtapore, Candahar, Delhi, Jellalabad, Lucknow and Mooltan. The roads which separate them also owe their names to India; among them, Kirkee Road, Kohat Road, Grand Trunk Road, Jamrud Road and Lowa Road. The married quarters are built on Bazaar Road.

When the Army took over, the area was part of a large country estate; much of it is still pleasant parkland. Tidworth House now contains a club for officers, and an officers’ mess for the Queen Alexandra’s Royal Army Nursing Corps, with the Royal Engineers’ offices occupying the stables. Thatched cottages, some bearing brass broad arrows beside their street numbers, recall the estate workers of the old days. Today, there are few civilians in Tidworth who are not employed, directly or indirectly, by the Army.

In 1901, the War Office considered “the most urgent requirement” in the area was a hotel. Invitations were sent out to contractors, but the only reply came from a brewery which offered to build a hotel only if it could have a large bar. This was turned down as “incompatible with a residential hotel for officers and their families.” Today, Tidworth

has one public-house, the Ram, kept by Mr. R. A. Wild, who until a year ago was a warrant officer class one in the Royal Horse Artillery. There are civilian cinemas and a garrison theatre which stages professional shows, boxing matches and dances. Even so, in their free hours the troops like to queue for the buses to Andover and Salisbury for a change of scenery.

Tidworth is well off for sports grounds and boasts The Oval, a very fine athletic stadium in the centre of the village, for major occasions. The Arena, where before 1939 the Tidworth searchlight tattoo strove to emulate the Aldershot tattoo, is now deserted. The open stands are seatless and overgrown, but the arena itself is trim and used for games.

Six of Tidworth’s eight barracks are in Hampshire and two in Wiltshire, which complicates administration. Brigadier R. N. H. C. Bray, whose troops were distributed between Tidworth and Bulford (he is now in Korea), told SOLDIER jokingly, in his office: “The boundary runs right through that chair you are sitting in.”

Tidworth is hard by the Salisbury Plain training areas, which means that in summer the Regulars spend their time looking after Territorials. The training season for Regulars begins in October, when the Salisbury Plain weather is preparing to test their hardness.



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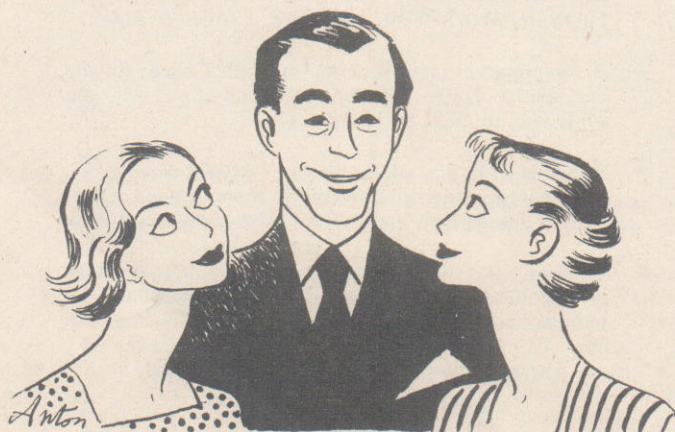
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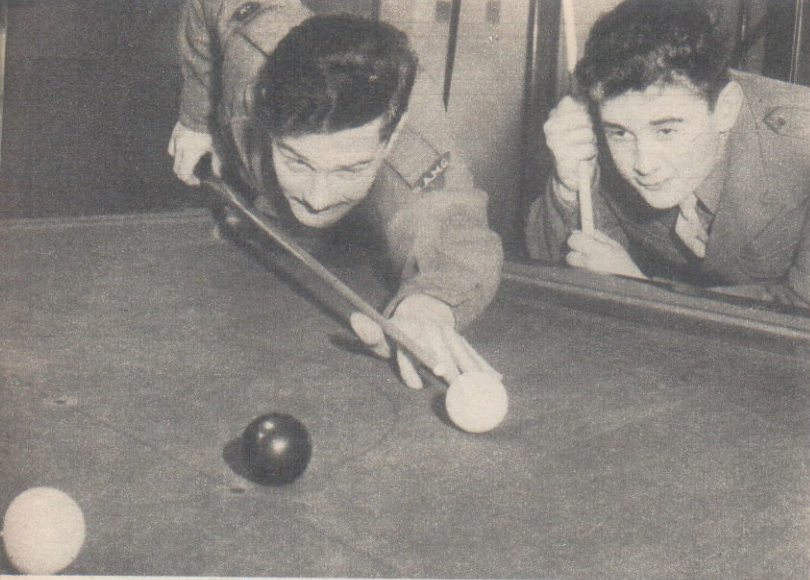
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**Snookered! That's pink in the bottom left corner. Private Larry Emery proposes to strike it via the cushion.**

**I**T was a wet afternoon at Jubbulpore in 1875. At least one subaltern in the 11th Regiment (now the Devonshires) was bored with the eternal games of Black Pool which occupied the officers' mess billiard-table during the Rains.

He suggested adding another coloured ball to the game. The moment was as historic as when a footballer at Rugby School picked up the ball and ran with it. Gradually still more coloured balls, of different values, went on to the table. (How these coloured balls happened to be available has not been explained.) Snooker had been invented, the game which was to grow into a serious rival of billiards.

There are people who will tell a different story of the birth of snooker—though they still credit the Army with its parentage. They claim it was invented at the "Shop," the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, where cadets were trained as officers for the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers. They back their claim by recalling that first-year cadets at the "Shop" were traditionally known as "snookers," a corruption of the original word "Neux."

It has been said, too, that Lord Kitchener copied the rules of the game from those at the Royal Military Academy and took them out to India, where he had them posted up in the club at Ootacamund. In fact, snooker was popular in India before Kitchener ever went there.

Sir Compton Mackenzie revealed the story of the game's origin in an article in *The Billiard Player* in 1939, after he had heard it from the inventor himself.

The man who added the coloured ball to the Black Pool set was Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain,

who died in 1944, aged 88. On that wet afternoon at Jubbulpore, he had been commissioned about two years.

Sir Neville recalled that he first heard the word "snooker," as used at the "Shop," from a Gunner subaltern who was being entertained by the Devons.

"The term was a new one to me," said Sir Neville, "but I soon had an opportunity of exploiting it when one of our party failed to hole a coloured ball which was close to a corner pocket. I called out to him: 'Why, you're a regular snooker!'"

"I had to explain to the company the definition of the word, and, to soothe the feelings of the culprit, I added that we were all, so to speak, snookers at the game, so it would be very appropriate to call the game snooker. The suggestion was adopted with enthusiasm and the game has been called snooker ever since."

The year after snooker was born, Sir Neville left the Devons and joined the Central India Horse, taking the game with him.

*An officer was bored one day in Jubbulpore. He hit on an idea for brightening up billiards—and a new indoor sport began to sweep the world*

# THE ARMY INVENTED SNOOKER

From 1881, as aide-de-camp to Lord Roberts, then Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, he went each summer to the hill station at Ootacamund.

At "Ooty," the rules of snooker were drawn up and posted in the club billiard room. Officers from the big garrisons and planters visiting the club looked on snooker as an "Ooty" speciality, and its fame grew.

Rumours of the new game spread from India to England during the 'eighties. In 1885, the celebrated professional billiards player, John Roberts, arrived in

India to give lessons to the Maharajah of Cooch Behar. He told the Maharajah that he had been asked in England to obtain the rules of the new game. The Maharajah invited Sir Neville to dinner in Calcutta, to meet Roberts, and thus snooker travelled to England.

Sir Neville's game has spread across Britain and, of course, throughout the Army. The rules have altered since 1875, but basically it is the same game which is played in canteen, club and mess from Kowloon to Catterick, as it was in Jubbulpore and Ootacamund.

**Nobody knows quite how they played difficult shots at Jubbulpore and Ootacamund, but this is how they play them in the Nuffield Centre, London—and wherever snooker fans get together.**







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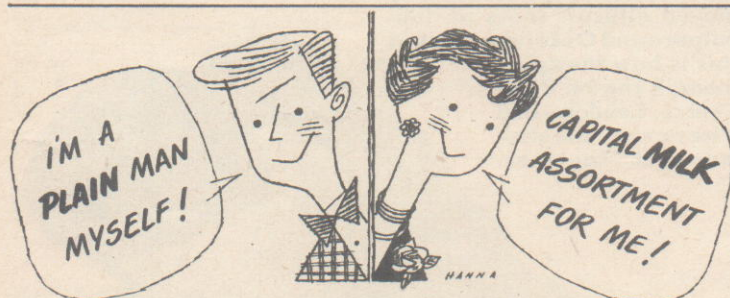
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SAUCE





# The Man Who Changed the Bulb

BOOKSHELF

**T**HE Staff College, Camberley, looks like becoming an authors' club. On the strength are Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Deane-Drummond, MC, author of the new best-seller "Return Ticket," (*Collins 12s. 6d.*), and Lieutenant-Colonel A. Campbell MC, whose "Jungle Green" was reviewed in September's *SOLDIER*. Newly posted to Camberley—with the rank of brigadier—is Colonel Sir John Hunt, whose story of the Everest ascent can hardly avoid becoming a best-seller.

Lieutenant-Colonel Deane-Drummond says he needed "much persuasion" to write his story. Those who succeeded in persuading him are to be congratulated, and so is he.

It is a straightforward story of three escapes, two in Italy and one in Holland. The author was first captured after taking part in that pioneer parachute raid on Italy in 1941. From Sulmona prison camp he broke out with the aid of a home-made ladder, after first dressing as an Italian workman and taking the bulb out of a searchlight on the pretext of changing it. He argued (against opposition) that the average Italian sentry would be dumb enough not to be surprised that anyone should seek to replace—in the middle of the night—a bulb that was already functioning perfectly. He was right.

This escape took him to the



Triple escaper: Lieut.-Col. Anthony Deane-Drummond, M.C.

Swiss frontier, where he was recaptured. Later he escaped again from a hospital, by climbing out of a window and along the face of a building. This time he reached Switzerland, burrowing through the soft earth under the frontier wire. The wire was hung with

bells, which could be sounded by the least movement. At one stage, he says, "I became stuck with one shoulder and one arm in Switzerland and the rest of me in Italy."

There are interesting details of how the author, along with others, was later picked up at Marseilles by a heavily armed naval vessel disguised as a trawler. One night on the way to Gibraltar the escapers were issued with paint and brushes and repainted the whole vessel grey before dawn.

After the Arnhem drop, Lieutenant-Colonel Deane-Drummond was herded, with other captives, into a Dutch house



A feat now famous: hiding for thirteen days in the cupboard of a German guard-room. It meant falling asleep standing.

which served as a prisoner-of-war cage. There he spied a wall cupboard with a flush-fitting concealed door. It was four feet across, twelve inches deep and about seven feet high. Just the place to hide, he decided; and he stayed there, with a meagre store of bread and water, for 13 days. (He had already spent three nights in a German lavatory, with two British soldiers, all sitting in turns on the seat!) Not the least part of his ordeal was listening to British officers and men being

tricked into giving unnecessary information. Once he was tempted to burst from the cupboard to prevent secrets being divulged, but luckily the talkers knew nothing of value.

"For the benefit of the curious" the author tells how he assuaged the needs of Nature during his 13 days in a guard-room cupboard. He was able to sleep, but sometimes his knees slumped forward and hit the doors a crack. It was an astonishing feat of endurance and it was rewarded with success. The man in the cupboard eventually made his way back across the Rhine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Deane-Drummond is scathing at times about prisoners-of-war who were content to "sit it out" or "wait till later, when we can organise an escape properly." The ideal time to escape, he says, is immediately after capture, before strict precautions can be imposed.

## The Proud Company

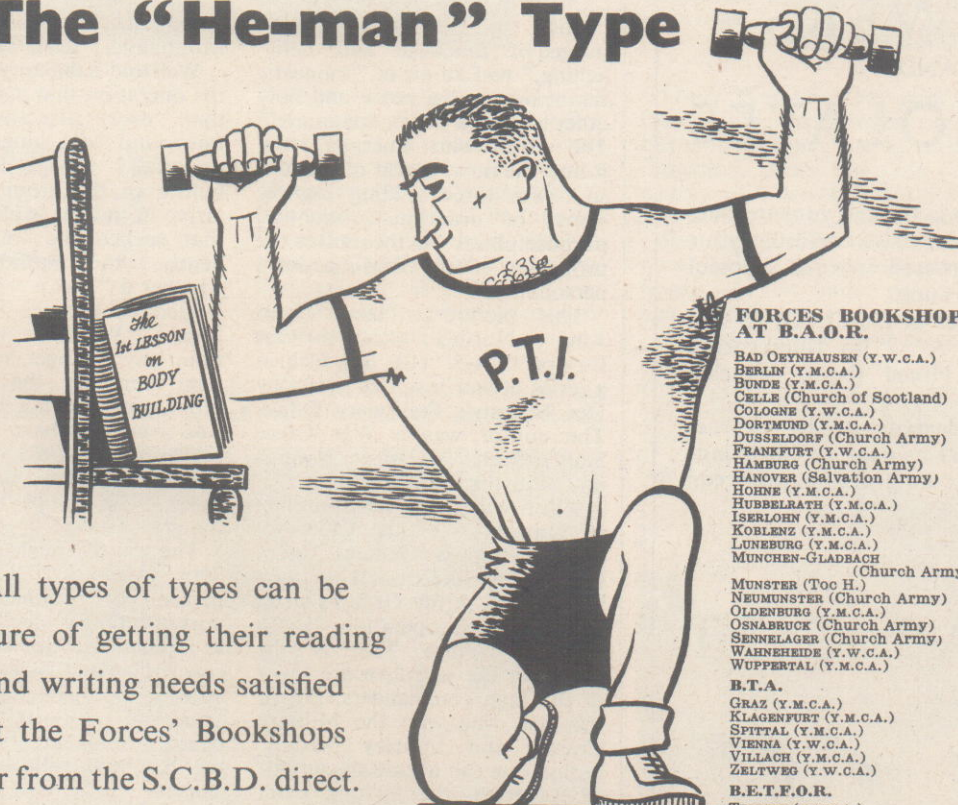
**E**RIC WILLIAMS is a man with a liking for escapers. He was one himself, and his account of his exploit, "The Wooden Horse," was a best-seller.

When he was a boy the escape books of World War One provided his heroes. They were, he says, a source of inspiration to him in his own captivity.

Since he joined the ranks of escapers, he has collected an escape library of several hundred volumes. From these, he has selected 18 first-hand accounts, which are published in "The Escapers" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode and Collins, 16s.*). They date from 1597, when John Gerard, a Jesuit priest, conquered the walls of the Tower of London with ropes, to World War Two.

The men who succeeded in  
(Continued on page 34)

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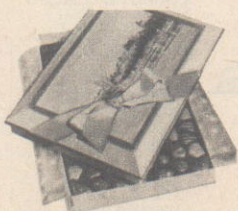
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## BOOKS *Continued*

passing the barbed wire and walls of oflags and stalags, only to be recaptured, will envy that unknown Frenchman of the Napoleonic Wars who got away from a camp in Huntingdonshire, and discovered that England was a land of liberty: "no passport was wanted; nor, as I was well informed, had any one a right to enquire whither I was going, or what was my business." It was all very different from the Gestapo-haunted police state which British escapers of World War Two had to cross, but it was not quite as free as the Frenchman imagined. He was caught by a press-gang, which handled him roughly, and only by luck did he avoid joining the crew of a British man-o'-war.

The book contains Sir Winston Churchill's account of his celebrated escape from the Boers, during which he was hidden in a coal-mine, with a supply of whisky and a box of cigars. Less known is the escape of Captain Aylmer Haldane, who was captured with Sir Winston. He and two companions hid in a confined space under the floor of their room for three weeks.

A notable World War One escape was that made by one naval and seven Army officers

from a Turkish camp. They tramped 450 miles across bandit-infested enemy country, stole a motor-tug, got it going with an improvised sail, eventually managed to start the engine, and navigated it to Cyprus.

The advent of barbed wire made twentieth century escaping more difficult, because sentries could see through it, as they could not see through walls.

In World War One a popular trick of escapers was to walk out of camp disguised as a German officer. The rank-consciousness and blind obedience of the German soldier of 1914-1918 was a great help, says the author. By World War Two, however, German officers had to show their passes to guards (in spite of which Lieutenant-Colonel Airey Neave walked out of Colditz Castle in this way). Similarly, seismographs, which had been absent in World War One, frustrated many World War Two tunnellers.

World War Two contributors to this anthology include Roy Farran, who escaped from the Germans in Greece; Robert Kee, who crawled through a tunnel in a latrine trench in Poland; James Hargest, who cut his way through the wire on the Italian-Swiss frontier; and George Millar, who jumped from a train in Italy.

## "Monty's" Holy Quiet

**I**N World War Two Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery was inspired by "a fire and an intensity that derived from Moses, Cromwell and Napoleon in triumphant combination."

His tactical headquarters, purged of "muckage" and "belly-aching," had an air of "monastic remoteness . . . a peace and holy quiet beyond a poet's imagining." The visitor who emerged from it into the noisy world of war did so "with three abiding impressions: of orderliness, serenity, purposefulness—in themselves the projection of the field-marshal's personality."

This picture is taken from John North's "North-West Europe 1944-5" (10s 6d), fifth in a series of war histories issued by Her Majesty's Stationery Office. The author was a War Office Staff officer. His prose style is one of distinction.

"You will enter the Continent of Europe . . ." the Chiefs of Staff instructed General Eisenhower—just like that. This book tells of 21st Army Group's share in the gigantic operation. It is a top-level picture. That is, the names in the narrative are those of the high commanders, not of the men who won the Military Crosses and Military Medals; but no one can accuse the author of forgetting the fighting man.

Without being tactless, the author investigates some of the famous controversies over strategy. General Marshall and General Eisenhower, those "great leaders," were rocklike in their solidity, he says, but "neither—to use an Army word—"under-

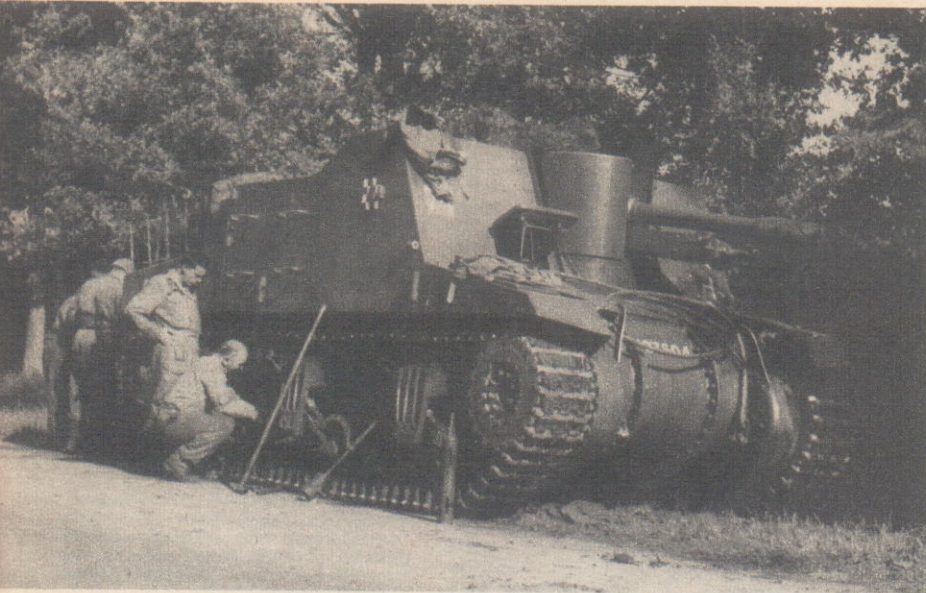
stood' the art of war in the Montgomery sense of the term."

Well told is the story of Arnhem, the operation that *did* succeed, in that "every objective was captured and held longer than the prescribed time." It was the failure of the ground forces to arrive in time to exploit the gains that spelled the tragedy. Diffidently, the author wonders whether a "war is won" attitude tended to hamper the relieving forces. "Whatever the explanation, any stranger to the battle who went up the Eindhoven-Nijmegen road not long after it was over must have been a little astonished to find a succession of notices stuck on the road-side trees: 'The troops in front are hungry—Hurry!'"

The war as fought by Britain's 79th Armoured Division—the division of "funnies"—in support of Infantry was "the ultimate in mechanised firepower, and the conception and its execution had been British throughout." Against armoured monsters vomiting petard bombs and spewing flame the Siegfried pill-boxes had no chance.

A touch of comedy was provided, in Holland, when British and German vehicles began to draw fuel from the same dump. The Dutchman in charge was bewildered to know how he was to account for issues to both sides on the same afternoon.





**Casualty:** a Sexton self-propelled gun is repaired at the roadside by men from a Light Aid Detachment.



**Left:** Driver Datars, Netherlands Army, has driven Field Marshal Montgomery, General Eisenhower, General Ridgeway and Marshal Juin.

**Right:** Dark doings: Danish troops set demolition charges on a Weser bridge.



## AN EXERCISE IN TIME AND SPACE

(continued from page 17)

from previous ones in that a full force was deployed on both sides. The rebuilt Netherlands Army was out in strength to practise an offensive mobile role—the kind of contribution it would be expected to make in European defence. Previous Dutch armies have been designed only as defensive forces charged with preserving their country's neutrality.

Other Western allies took the field. The commander of the Netherlands force had British and Canadians under him; the commander of a British Infantry division gave orders to Danish troops.

On both sides commanders were invited to suggest atomic targets—for a "paper study" at high level.

The manœuvres took place in

an area between Lingen, near the Dutch-German border and the region of Delmenhorst-Oldenburg, to the west and north-west of Bremen. Both sides had air support.

The troops had a wet time of it. Whether one is being concentrated in time or space, the same kind of slit trench has to be dug—and filled in again.

It may be the enemy . . . or the NAAFI canteen. Men of the Sherwood Foresters keep watch from a convenient haystack.



"Manœuvres? I've seen more than 25 years of them," says Company Serjeant-Major J. Marshall, Sherwood Foresters.



# LETTERS

## "THE SAPPER"

I am greatly surprised to see that *The Sapper*, the magazine of perhaps our most populous corps, has ceased publication after nearly 60 years.

Yet county regiments with only one battalion can still publish monthly magazines.

Is there some explanation not apparent on the surface?—"Grenade" (name and address supplied).

## FOUR DSO'S

I have heard that there have been instances of officers winning three Bars to their DSO. Can you name them?—"Gongless" (name and address supplied).

★ Yes. Three Royal Naval, three Army and two Royal Air Force officers have won four DSO's. They are Commander E. A. Gibbs, Captain F. J. Walker and Captain R. G. Onslow, Royal Navy; Lieut-General Lord Freyberg VC, Lieut-Colonel A. S. Pearson, Highland Light Infantry (Parachute Regiment) and Lieut-Colonel R. B. Mayne; and Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry and Wing-Commander J. B. Tait, Royal Air Force.

## BROTHER VC'S

Can you publish some information about the remarkable brothers Bradford—one a brigadier-general (aged 25 at death) who won the Victoria Cross, the other a Naval VC. I noticed their names in *The Times* In Memoriam notices. Brigadier-General Critchley is said to have been the youngest brigadier general of World War One, but I think Brigadier-General Bradford must have been in the running.—"Serjeant" (name supplied), 3rd Training Battalion, RAOC, Hilsa.

★ Lieutenant (T/Lieut-Colonel) Roland Bradford MC, 9th Battalion The Durham Light Infantry was awarded the Victoria Cross for most conspicuous bravery and leadership at Eaucourt l'Abbaye in October 1916. His battalion was supporting another battalion which had suffered such severe casualties that the flank of the division was dangerously exposed. Bradford took command of both battalions and regardless of heavy fire succeeded in rallying the attack and capturing the objective. He was killed later in the war. His brother, Lieut-Commander George Bradford RN, was posthumously awarded the VC for gallantry at Zeebrugge in April 1918. This was the second instance of brothers winning the VC.

## MALAYA HEROES

Lance-Corporal J. D. Shaw (SOLDIER July), appeared to think that the Merchant Navy should receive the General Service Medal (Malaya clasp) which, as he says, has been awarded to NAAFI employees, Bible readers and so on. As a civilian who has travelled the country extensively I would point out that it was no uncommon sight at the height of the emergency to see on lonely, dangerous roads the familiar NAAFI vans delivering the goods to the men in the Forces. Carrying foodstuffs as they were, they were exposed to considerably more than their share of danger. More often than not they were completely unescorted and unarmed as the "thin red line" was stretched rather too thinly. On the same road it was a pleasing and inspiring sight to see now and again the Royal Navy and WVS workers.

The reference to Bible readers reminds me that when I was in a mess at Tapah in Perak a message came through that a soldier was dying in the

● **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 to ensure a reply. 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 orderly room or from your own officer.

● **SOLDIER** cannot admit correspondence on matters involving the discipline of an individual unit.

military hospital in the Cameron Highlands. The padre immediately set out alone and unarmed along a bandit-infested road on which vehicles only proceeded in convoy. He went at considerable personal risk.

At the start of the emergency and until the mass of troops arrived, the brunt of the bandit attack fell on the police and the "unpaid special constables," who were mostly European ex-Servicemen. They manned road blocks, patrolled estates and assisted the police in raids on bandit camps, and when they could they carried on their own work as lawyers, doctors and merchants. They received letters of thanks from the police, but they were left off the lists of those entitled to the General Service Medal.—E. F. L. Russell, 1 Clarke Street, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.

## UNKNOWN BADGES

I am very interested in collecting regimental badges of Commonwealth units. I must say I had never heard of some of those taking part in the Coronation procession. I am wondering if by publishing this letter you could put me in touch with other collectors or with Commonwealth soldiers interested in regimental badges.—H. J. Pike, 35 Hauteville, St. Peter Port, Guernsey.

★ The visit of Coronation contingents from the Commonwealth has prompted many readers to seek **SOLDIER'S** help in collecting regimental badges. Unfortunately **SOLDIER** has no means of obtaining these badges and pressure on space prevents us publishing the many pleas we receive.

## SUPERANNUATION

Your reader who suggested that the Army should adopt a superannuation scheme may be interested to know that Australian Regular soldiers of all ranks pay into the Defence Forces Superannuation Scheme as a compulsory payment. There is no other pension.

Each soldier buys so many units, each of which has a value after 20 years of, I believe, 12s. 6d. The number of units allowed a soldier varies with his pay and not his rank, so that as his pay rises with cost of living adjustments so do his payment and pension. This scheme was introduced with the post-war pay code in 1948.—"Aussie in England" (name and address supplied).



"And don't forget, hit him with respect."



"If you must have a 'shiner,' why not get the best—Cherry Blossom!"

## Great names linked in sport



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## BLANKETS ON TABLE

I read your story on courts-martial (September) with interest.

Surely the members of a court-martial should not be expected to sit at trestle tables covered with Army blankets? Cannot some more dignified form of "bench" be devised?—"Legal Type" (name and address supplied).

★ This reader may or may not be comforted to know that Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery accepted the surrender of all German forces in North-West Europe over a blanket-topped table in a tent on Luneburg Heath.

## COURT ORDERLY

I make no claim to being an expert on court-martial procedure, having been present as a defending officer on one occasion only. I am rather dubious, however, about the stage setting of "Carrington VC" as shown in the September SOLDIER.

Would the court orderly at the trial of a senior officer be a non-commissioned officer?—"Major" (name and address supplied).

★ Yes. The court is "open" in the sense that anyone is free to attend, unless evidence is being given in camera. The orderly is a messenger at the beck and call of the court and a commissioned officer would not be employed in this rôle.

## ROYAL LETTERS

You published a picture of Queen Mary visiting a military hospital in France during World War One,



### Why the letters 'RC'?

(SOLDIER, May). The two Rolls-Royce cars bear the registration "RC." As this has led to an argument I would be grateful if you could state whether "RC" stood for "Royal Car" or "Royal Command," or for the registration letters for Derby Borough. I have heard that these registration letters were issued only from 1930.—Edwin Blanche, May Street, Derby.

★ It is correct that "RC" was not issued as a registration number for Derby Borough before 1930. The Ministry of Transport, the War Office, the Royal Mews and the various motoring organisations are mystified by the letters. Rolls-Royce say that both vehicles were built before 1912, and there were no councils or boroughs using "RC." Their suggestion is that the letters were chosen by the Army Service Corps to denote the type of vehicle: "Rolls-Royce, closed."

## DESERT RATS

I would like to thank you for your very fair article on the Desert Rats (SOLDIER, June). Australians are very proud of their association with

the defence of Tobruk and pleased that they were not involved in its loss in 1942. While most of us know better than to think that there were only Australian troops in Tobruk, we do know that the Infantry were 100 per cent Australian during the early heavy attacks. In fact, the only Infantry to serve from start to finish were the 2/13th Australian Infantry Battalion, which also took a decisive part in the fighting which followed the breakout later in November. But I will always remember with gratitude the Royal Horse Artillery and the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers (machine-gunners), without whom the place would not have been held five minutes.—Sgt A. J. McDonald (one-time 2/13th Australian Infantry Battalion, 13th National Service Training Battalion, Ingleburn, New South Wales, Australia).

## CONDUCT SHEET

What happens when a soldier leaves the Army and later rejoins—does he have a new conduct sheet or is his old one brought back into service to "brand" him with his past misdeeds?—"Shorncliffe" (name and address supplied).

★ Regimental conduct sheets relating to previous engagements are retained with other Service documents. If a soldier re-enlists, a fresh conduct sheet is prepared and taken into use when he incurs a regimental entry, but the fact that he has entries on his previous engagement will be known.

## ON THE WAY

The first time that size rolls for No. 1 Dress were completed in my case was in 1948 or early 1949. Since then I have been through the same machinery twice more. Having served as a warrant officer for almost five years, I wonder how much longer I shall have to wait for uniform.—WOII T. G. Hipwell, Public Information Division, HQ Allied Forces Southern Europe, Naples, Italy.

★ Issues of No. 1 Dress for warrant officers and non-commissioned officers were retarded by Coronation requirements. However, the programme has now restarted. This reader should receive his uniform by the end of the year.

Although size rolls were received by War Office in 1949, they were required initially to prepare the size ranges for the uniform, which then had to be manufactured.

## INSIDE POCKET

I have received my Women's Royal Army Corps No. 1 Dress uniform and one thing troubles me—the lack of a pocket for Army Book 64 Part 1 and 2, the identification which every member of the Forces is expected to guard with care. I am sure that everyone in our Corps thanks Mr. Hartnell for this lovely uniform creation but a sling bag is not a secure place in which to keep this book. In the interests of Army security, it was considered an offence to carry the AB 64 anywhere except in the tunic pocket of the khaki uniform.—"Regimental" (name and address supplied).

★ SOLDIER is informed by a member of the Women's Royal Army Corps that Mr. Hartnell is not at fault. There is a pocket inside the tunic under the right arm for the pay book.

## BAYONETS FIXED

In the past I have seen newspaper correspondence in which persons of high standing have taken the view that no city or town (apart from London and Edinburgh) can grant the exclusive right to regiments to march through the streets with drums beating, Colours flying and bayonets fixed, since today any of the armed forces can march through any town in any way the military authorities consider necessary. On the face of it, this seems reasonable.

But the formula continues to be associated with the granting of Freedoms. Recently I saw on television a mayor giving the Royal Engineers permission to march "with bayonets fixed,

drums beating and bands playing" (surely the "bands playing" is a modernism?). The Mayor explained that he gave this permission by virtue of the grant of Freedom of the borough.—L. V. Shaw, Rugby Avenue, Greenford, Middlesex.

★ Historians are uncertain whether regiments granted a Freedom have the exclusive right to march with fixed bayonets, Colours flying and drums beating in any particular town outside London. Many units pass through towns with bayonets fixed and Colours flying, without having asked permission; no protests have been recorded. London is different, in that the Lord Mayor takes precedence over everyone except the Sovereign within the City boundaries. Instances have occurred of his representatives stopping units not holding the privilege, and ordering them to unfix their bayonets.

Town clerks to whom SOLDIER has spoken say that it is generally considered that regiments granted a town's Freedom should at the same time be given permission to fix bayonets and fly their Colours. The phrase "drums beating and bands playing" would no doubt apply in the absence of Colours.

## RAINCOATS

Types of clothing available for soldiers to wear in the wet are the groundsheet, poncho and greatcoat. The groundsheet gives insufficient protection to the legs, the poncho is unwieldy in a high wind (the wearer must also have a comb handy and six clear feet of space when disrobing) and the greatcoat may take up to a week to dry after a good soaking.

Could not troops be authorised to buy an approved pattern of raincoat of slightly different style from that worn by officers? As all soldiers will wear No. 1 Dress one day, I suggest it should be blue and similar in cut to that worn by Royal Marines.—Sgt F. Collins, Engineer Workshop and Stores, Austria.

★ Royal Marines may purchase from authorised Naval tailors a regulation pattern raincoat which may be worn only off duty.

## ARTILLERY CLERK

I am keen to know why the system of time promotion is still in use now that the peace promotion code has been reintroduced. In the Royal Artillery an NCO can and does obtain his substantive promotion to sergeant by serving three years with the Colours and by holding the rank of acting sergeant for six months. But an artillery clerk must serve five years in the appointment before he can obtain substantive promotion to sergeant.

These days, when a soldier is appointed artillery clerk, he is normally a full non-commissioned officer and may have been a sergeant. Under the



"... and there are opportunities for keen recruits to become skilled tradesmen. Hard work means more pay and more pay means quicker and better prospects of buying yourselves out."

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THE DAILY HERALD

time system in the clerical trades an artillery clerk could quite easily hold acting rank of sergeant for five years before his time promotion comes through.

In my unit I am being relieved by a bombardier (unit clerk) who is filling the vacancy for sergeant (artillery clerk), since no one of that appointment is available. If he makes good, this bombardier can become an acting sergeant without becoming an artillery clerk and, therefore, can obtain his substantive promotion within a matter of months. In contrast, anyone in my position has to wait five years although doing the same job.—"Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★ Time promotion up to the rank of sergeant (artillery clerk) under article 325 of the Pay Warrant is being abolished. In future, promotion to either sergeant (AC) or bombardier (AC) will be as for duty non-commissioned officers. As a result of this decision there are now several vacancies for substantive sergeant (artillery clerk). To be eligible for such promotion a bombardier (or lance-bombardier if no bombardiers are available) must be in possession of second-class certificate of education and have passed the trade test for clerk (general duties), group "B," class 1.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

## FILMS coming your way

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

**THE HOUSE OF WAX.** This is the third-dimensional in which chorus girls' legs reach out and kick your cap off, and your girl friend throws herself into your arms. It is about a fiend in a wax museum. Why use wax, he says, when you can use human beings? A similar film made history as an early "talkie." (A man's face fell off—remember?)

**THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS.** An atom blast in the Arctic frees a rhedosaurus, which has been in the deep freeze since the Year One. Like King Kong, it heads for Broadway, and finds itself bewitched, bewildered and bazooka-ed. Finally they slay it among the switchbacks of Coney Island. For Nature-lovers and nonsense-lovers.

**CALL ME MADAM.** The new American ambassador to the Duchy of Lichtenburg is a fabulous, uninhibited matron, a depth-charge in the dull seas of diplomacy. Ethel Merman plays this "hostess with the mostest" for all she is worth (which is a good deal). Colour, dancing, and tunes by Irving Berlin. Vera-Ellen and George Saunders are active, too.

**SHANE.** This is the Western the critics thought had "the mostest." Alan Ladd is involved in a struggle between homesteaders in Wyoming and a ruthless rancher who wants their land. Saloon fights, gun duels and hard riding. With Jean Arthur and Van Heflin.

**THUNDER BAY.** James Stewart, once doomed to bashful bumpkin rôles, is now among the rugged he-men. Here he is as an ambitious oil prospector, dynamiting other men's shrimp beds, fighting mobs, hurricanes and general bad luck. With Joanne Dru, Gilbert Roland and Dan Duryea.



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# MORE LETTERS

## KOREA RIBBONS

There is a dispute here about the position of the United Nations ribbon when worn with other ribbons such as the Long Service and Good Conduct. Some say it should go after the Korea Medal ribbon and others that it should be worn last like foreign medals.—Cpl D. Balmain, Britannia Camp, Korea.

★ It is worn next to the Korea Medal and before the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

## HIS MOVE

I recently submitted to my commanding officer a claim for removal expenses and was told to quote the authority. As I moved from one furnished quarter in one station to another furnished quarter in another, I am not quite sure which regulation applies.—"Posted" (name and address supplied).

★ When a family moves from one duty station to another because of the posting of the husband, a refund of the removal expenses is allowed (see Allowance Regulations para 496a for quantity which can be conveyed). When the move is from one furnished quarter to another, the amount of furniture for which removal expenses are allowed is restricted to one quarter of the entitlement given in paragraph 496a. Paragraphs 490-519 give the conditions under which claims for expenses will be accepted.

## CIGARETTE PRICES

When on duty with the Belgian Army in Germany I found that the usual English brands of cigarettes cost only five Belgian francs for a packet of 20. This is equivalent to 8½d. Since the cigarettes are obtained from the same source and transport costs are the same, how does NAAFI justify the additional 3½d. to British troops, particularly when one bears in mind that the pre-war price was 11½d. for 20, including tax?

One of the major firms in Britain recently said that the price of cigarettes, apart from the duty charged, was scarcely greater than pre-war. Presumably the Belgian equivalent of NAAFI is making some profit at their price of 8½d. a packet.—Major E. W. Bradley, c/o RAF BAOR 25.

★ A NAAFI spokesman says: Major Bradley is incorrect in his assumption that the cigarettes are obtained from the same source. Player's cigarettes, for example, are manufactured in Belgium and sold to the public at 24 francs for 20. Gold Flake, which are imported, cost 26 francs for 20. If English brands cost only five Belgian francs for a packet of 20 in Belgian Army canteens, they must be heavily subsidised. NAAFI's price for cigarettes in Germany (1s for 20) includes charges for transport and insurance, together with a small profit margin.

## UBIQUE

In his letter in your September issue, "Has Been" wrote that the Royal Canadian Artillery use "Canada" instead of "Ubique" as they "were not everywhere." As a collector of badges I would like to say that not only do the Royal Artillery carry the motto "Ubique" on the cap badge, but so do the Canadian, New Zealand and Australian Royal Artillery regiments. I have their badges.—G. F. Isom, Splott, Cardiff.

## NO EXAMINATION

I have seen a newspaper report that hundreds of boys and girls will be able to enter the Civil Service without taking the entrance examination provided they have passed the General Certificate of Education in English and four other subjects. I suggest that a similar concession might well be made in the case of long-serving Regular soldiers who possess their Army Certificate of Education, First Class.—A. E. Lee, 47 Parkhurst Road, Torre, Torquay, Devon.

## WALKING OUT

I was interested in your recent correspondence on the fees paid to pre-World War One soldiers by householders for walking out with nursemaids.

Such was Victorian snobbery that the mother who could boast that her nursemaid was walking out with a Life Guard felt she had one over a mother whose maid was escorted by a member of a less colourful, but none the less essential, regiment. Hence the variation in fees.—Sgt. R. G. P. Rose, Base Workshop REME, Korea.

## MERCHANT NAVY

I am due for my release soon, when I shall be 30 years old. What are the chances of entering the Merchant Navy?—Sgmn C. Dugmore, Royal Signals, British Forces Post Office 21.

★ Appointments in the Merchant Navy are restricted to men in their teens or early twenties, except for firemen and trimmers, for whom the maximum age is 30, and ships' cooks (up to 36) who have had 12 months' experience in cooking or baking. Application should be made to the Shipping Federation Ltd., 52 Leadenhall Street, London EC3.

## NO CHANGE

Is there any reduction in rent for soldiers occupying married quarters who prefer to use their own furniture instead of that provided by the Army?—"Bandsman," Buller Barracks, Aldershot.

★ All married soldiers' quarters are furnished. Occupants are allowed to return unwanted furniture but there is no question of the rent being reduced.

# ATTENTION!

## BAOR and 2nd TAF

We have great pleasure in announcing the establishment of our Travel Agency which will deal solely with the Serviceman's private travel and leave problems. We now announce the first arrangement for Winter holidays.

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**RISE  
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R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.V.O., M.B.E.,  
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for a parade ground polish.



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

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

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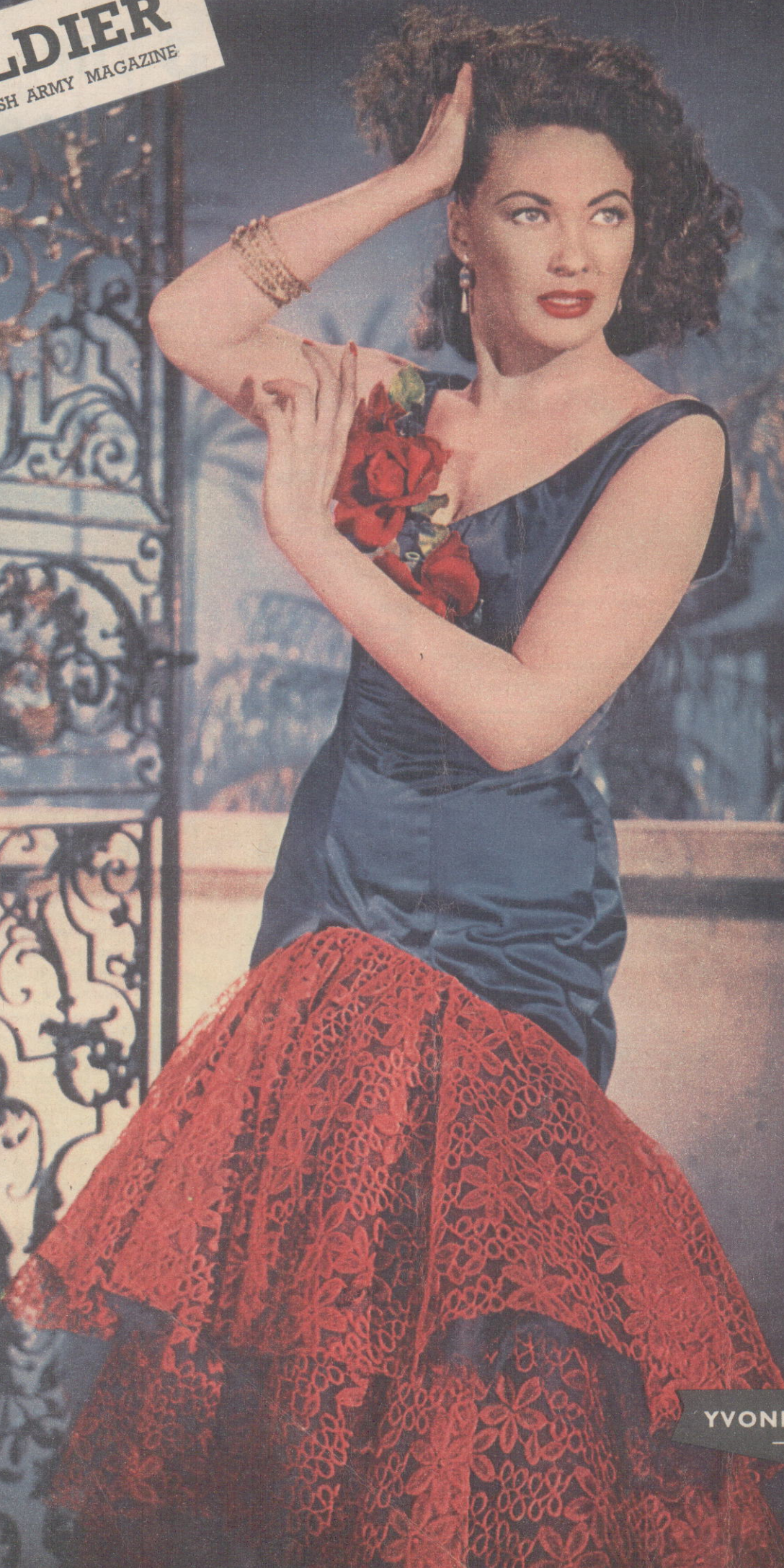
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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



**YVONNE DE CARLO**

—London Films