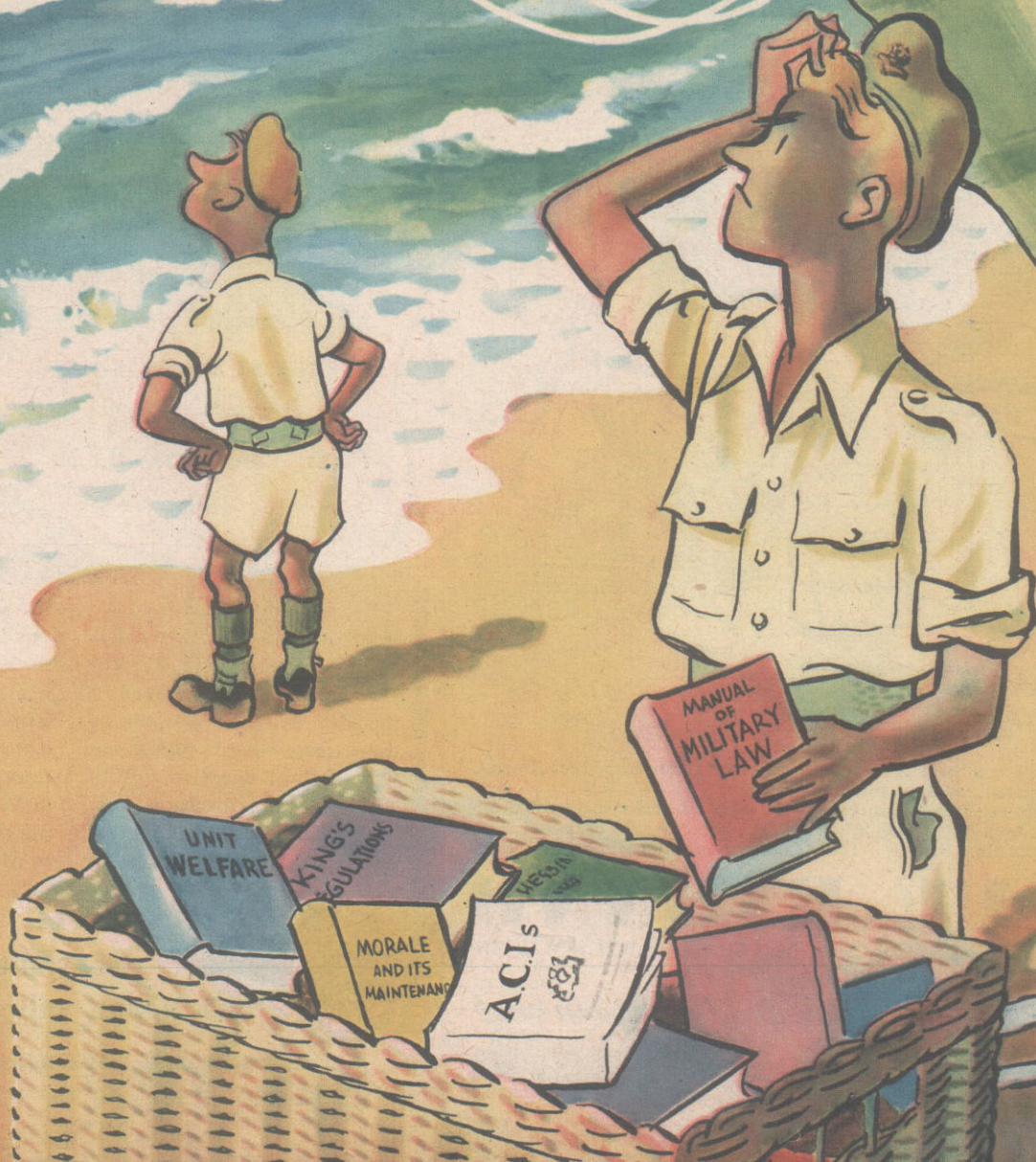


SOLDIER

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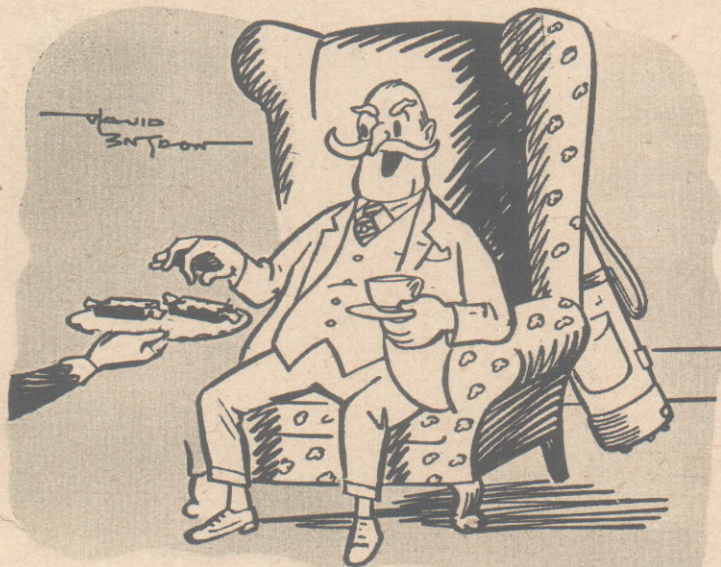
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1815

THE famous charge of the Highlanders at Waterloo when, determined to keep in the thick of the battle, they clung to the stirrups of the Scots Greys, is a glorious episode in the Regiment's history. Not so glorious were the feeding arrangements of those days, largely run by private contractors who cared little for the soldier's welfare. How different to-day when the soldier has his own catering organisation, run by the Services for the sole benefit of the Services. NAAFI has no shareholders. Nobody makes profits out of the soldiers' needs. All NAAFI revenue, after expenses, goes to provide Unit funds, Clubs, Sports, Entertainment and many other amenities.

Drummer,
Gordon Highlanders, 1815



A corner of the residents' lounge in the NAAFI Club for O.R.'s at Chatham.

your

NAAFI

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

Their Cork-Tips make smoking

-Cleaner!



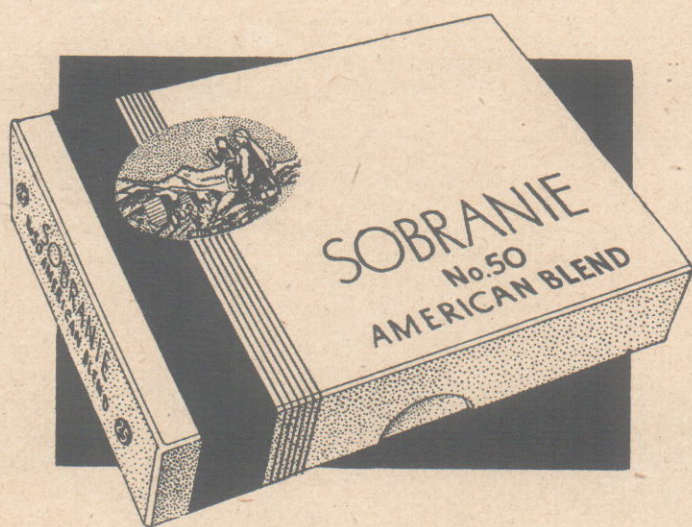
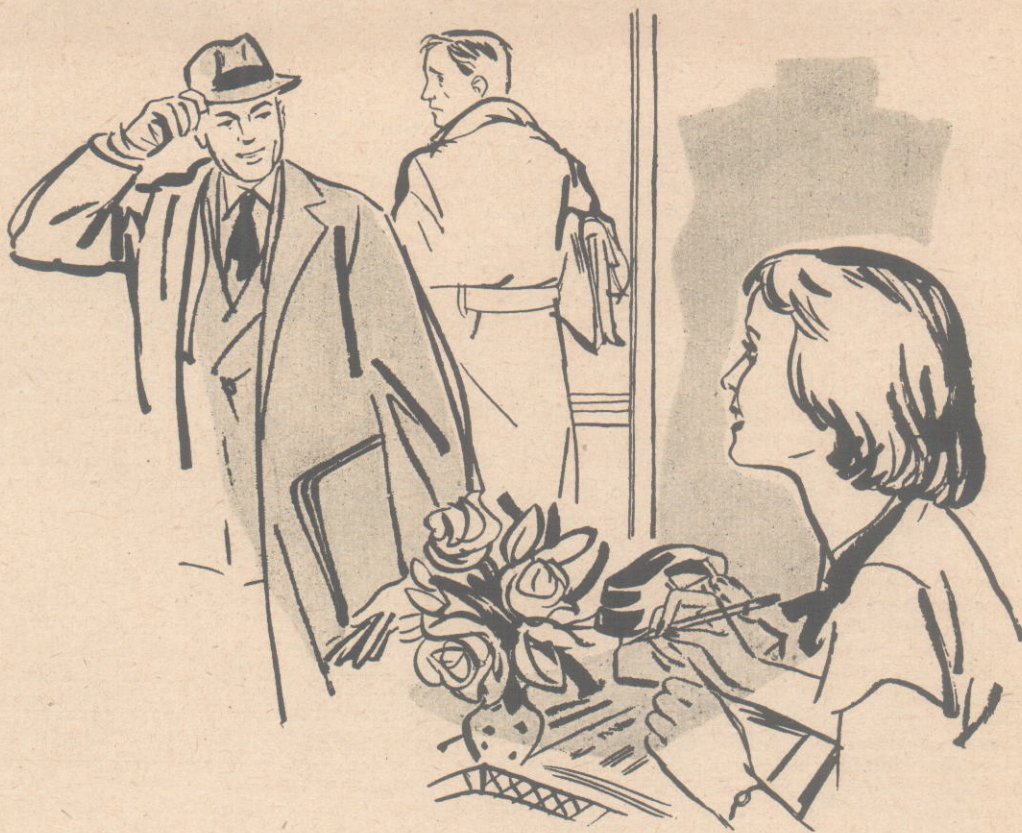
Craven 'A'

made with
rich, fine
tobacco

ON SALE IN NAAFI CANTEENS AT HOME AND ABROAD

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GET A
HAT!



CHANGING TASTES are a challenge to any manufacturer whose reputation depends on unchanging standards. Sobranie Americans are new, but into their blending and making goes the hereditary skill of three generations. The choice of leaf, the care of cut, the touch of this and the flavour of that—this is no new experience for Sobranie craftsmen; they merely adjust standards which have never failed to stand, to the satisfaction of a new taste that has come to stay. The result, as you would expect from the name, is yet another success in providing the best in all reasonable smoking worlds...

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WHEN work, play, or lying in the sun has given you a truly tropical thirst, don't waste it; here's how to make the most of it.

Take a long glass, ice, soda or water and of course Rose's Lime Juice; pure juice of Nature's most thirst-quenching fruit, with pure cane sugar combined to a keen, refreshing tang. Take another glass, and as your scorched tissues cool and revive, let your mind turn to the finest of short drinks — Gin and Rose's.



ROSE'S
Lime juice

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



"JOIN the Army — and Go Where White Men Have Never Trodden Before."

How's that for a recruiting slogan?

There's something about that hackneyed phrase "where white men have never trodden before" which lifts it out of the cliché class. It ought to stir even the most constipated imagination.

Which soldiers have been exploring virgin territory? The answer is: some of the patrols in Malaya. In their pursuit of bandits they have been penetrating jungle fastnesses frequented only by the rarer aborigines.

Many people think that the whole world has been trodden by white men. They are wrong. The snag is that the untrodden places are for the most part extraordinarily unattractive, and that is why they are untrodden.

Still, it's something to boast about on one's return home. "As a matter of fact, we were the first white men there" is going to be a powerful retort to "When I was in Sidi Barrani —"

* * *

ON Page 12 is the story of how the Army lost £8,000,000.

It is not the prettiest of stories, even when all excuses have been made. In an auditor's listing of this kind only the major mistakes and misdemeanours can be chronicled. It is not hard to imagine some of the incidents which are concealed under such entries as "Losses not exceeding £100 written off by authority of General Commanding... £139,939."

What proportion of these losses can be ascribed to the spirit of

SOLDIER to Soldier

"I couldn't care less" as so often voiced by the release-happy? Many a man grows less and less conscientious as his release nears, and all too often the results of his carelessness are visited upon his mates — and in the long run on the taxpayer. The retort of "That's what taxpayers are there for" is more idiotic than ever in these days when so many soldiers pay income tax.

In the current NAAFI News is a suggestion that as a variation on the theme of "swear boxes" units might install boxes in which anyone who says "I couldn't care less" should be compelled to place a stipulated sum. Not at all a bad idea; but the problem is not only to stop people saying it, but to stop them *thinking* it.

"A vulgar representation of the British Army" was one of the milder epithets cast at the farce "Maiden's Prayer," recently produced on the London stage. Rarely has a play received such a trouncing from critics; rarely has a play run for as long as three weeks after such a trouncing.

The scene of this farce was a German castle newly taken over by the HQ of a British division (Time: The Present). Characters included a fire-eating general, a drivelling ADC, a batman of 30 years service who "managed" the general, a pretty girl driver who was the object not only of the general's attentions but of the ADC's, and two German prisoners who (rather sensibly) were trying to blow the place up. The play was, in fact, the traditional bedroom farce, dressed up in khaki. Ladies surprised in undress included the pretty driver and a burly Deputy Director ATS (needless to say, only the latter wore Army issue).

Now SOLDIER does not contend that it is unfair to stage a farce about the Army (the Ian Hay-Stephen King-Hall farces did no harm to the Navy). The Army must expect to have fun poked at it. But this portrayal of a profligate general wearing British battle-dress and ribbons, and also — by a piece of extraordinarily bad taste — the flashes of the Desert Rats struck SOLDIER as altogether too much. (Two critics, both former soldiers, did in fact protest about the wearing of these flashes). The most

embarrassing moment was when, after a couple of acts of philanthropy, the general, addressing one of the Germans, declared that he — the general — was not the sort of man to disgrace his British uniform.

It was a pity about "Maiden's Prayer." "Worm's Eye View" (in its fourth year) shows that a Service comedy can be uproarious without being a total travesty.

SOLDIER's advice to the sponsors of "Maiden's Prayer": Don't produce it within 100 miles of Celle, Germany.

* * *

AS SOLDIER goes to press a controversy is breaking out about a new war book which is being attacked as obscene. The author says that all he has tried to do is to make soldiers speak the way they do in real life.

Now why for the sake of "frankness" must soldiers always be portrayed as foul-mouthed, when books about the shipyards and the mines are able to dispense with four-letter words? Is it seriously contended that soldiers swear more than civilians? SOLDIER's experience is that the language of spectators at a Cup Final is a good deal more lurid than that of "squaddies" in a barrack-room, but nobody thinks of immortalising it in print.

* * *

IN 1937 — according to "The War In Malaya," the new book by Lieut-General A. E. Percival — a newspaper at Penang viewed with concern the proposal to fortify the island. It was argued that a military population near the town "would not be a pleasant experience, for, without meaning any offence, you know what soldiers are."



Thud of flying hooves and crunch of gun wheels in London's Regent's Park provided a free show for those who watched the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery rehearsing their musical drive for this month's Royal Tournament at Olympia.

UNDELIVERED FOR REASON STATED
RETURN TO SENDER

Don't blame the post corporal: it isn't his fault letters don't turn up. Perhaps they haven't even been written

"Address Insufficient"



IN a tiny room at the back of a dignified Belgravia mansion stands a letter-rack containing a few dozen envelopes and one or two parcels. Most of them have had part of the address scored out and have been marked "Not known at —" or "Try —".

They form the really hard core of the half-million or so items the Army Post Office handles for soldiers and airmen each week. They are the stock-in-trade of the Returned Letter Branch of the Army Post Office.

Some of them may wait in that little room for several days. They were addressed to soldiers serving in Malaya and reached units after the men to whom they were addressed had been reported killed or missing.

They have been twice rubber-stamped. One stamping directs that the letter be returned to the sender; the other explains why the letter could not be delivered. The letters are being held until the Army Post Office receives War Office confirmation that the men are killed or missing. Then, and not before, they will be returned to the senders.

But most of the letters which find their way to the Returned Letter Branch get there for less tragic reasons. Usually, the reason is that they were not properly addressed, or perhaps the sender has made a mistake, or the addressee has left the unit to which the letter was sent and the unit has no trace of his later address. In these cases, the Returned Letter Branch, which consists of two young soldiers, will find out from a records office where the man is, and the letter will be sent on.

When the proper address cannot be found — and some people do address letters simply to "Jack Jones, BAOR" — the letter is returned to the sender if there is an address on the back of the envelope or inside. If there is not even that to help the postmen, then nothing can be done.

If there is nothing of value in the undeliverable, unreturnable letter or packet, it is destroyed. If there is anything of value — and even a snap of Auntie Maud paddling at Bognor is considered to have value — it is passed on to the General Post Office, which holds it for six months and then sells it, if it is saleable. A permanent record of the item is made so that if the sender claims

"It's bad enough trying to read their writing. But when they put only half an address—"

compensation later, the claim can be checked.

Other articles of value which get treated in the same way are those which come adrift from their wrappings in the post. Most common among them are snapshots and keys; keys are often put into ordinary letter envelopes and are later found loose in the bottom of a post-bag. Even snapshots cut their way out of the envelope. Other articles come from badly-packed parcels.

SOLDIER had a look through a book recording some recent finds. They included scores of newspapers and books, socks, travel sickness pills, women's underwear, brooches, a naval pay-book, £1 and 10s notes and postal orders, regimental badges and badges of rank, stamps (many mothers send their sons stamps for return letters), a football medal, birth certificates, odd cigarettes which had been tucked into letters, a miniature radio-graphy card, the return half of a railway ticket, civilian ration books, candles, motor-car upper-cylinder lubricant tablets, chewing gum and sweets, cake, sports clothes and gear, wireless parts, savings bank withdrawal forms, a packet of needles, razor blades, a razor, toothpaste and shaving soap.

In some cases, like that of the naval pay-book, it would be fairly easy to trace the owner. In others, there would be no hope unless the sender claimed — and who would claim a packet of chewing gum? But even the most unlikely articles get the same treatment as valuables.

When parcels are found to be coming apart, they are mended and sent on. Sometimes the falling to pieces of a parcel reveals a guilty secret. SOLDIER saw one broken packet in which a Customs declaration label with the solitary mark "Worn Clothes" was apparently held to cover half a pound of tea, half a pound of butter and a roll of cotton wool.

It is none of the Army Post Office's business to draw the Customs' attention to the contents of parcels or letters. But the Customs have authority

to see what they like on their irregular, unannounced visits to the Army Post Office depot at Knightsbridge. Recently they collected three £5 notes which a bookmaker, apparently unaware of the currency regulations, was sending abroad to a soldier who had backed the winner of the Grand National. The soldier will get the money eventually — but in Britain.

By no means every insufficiently addressed letter gets to the Returned Letter Branch. The sorting office at Knightsbridge can complete nearly every address in

which a unit is given, from its card-index of locations. For example, if a letter is addressed to "Sapper Jones, 999 Field Company, RE," the card index will tell in a few seconds that 999 Field Company is in BAOR 8 or MELF 3, or British Forces in Greece.

The standard of addressing is a lot better now than it used to be. For one thing, soldiers' addresses are more permanent than they were during and just after the war; for another, quick and regular mails enable soldiers' correspondents to keep up with changes.

During the war, when troops changed units perhaps two or three times while a single letter was on its way (say, round the Cape to the Middle East) the APO had to keep a big staff to sort out the confusion of addresses. This was the kind of thing they had to handle:

Serjeant George Johnson,
1st Battalion, The Mudshire Regiment,
No. 222 DID,
No. 111 GT Company, RASC,
MEF.

What had happened, probably, was that Serjeant Johnson had enlisted in the Mudshires, had gone overseas with them and then been posted to RASC, first to the DID and then to the GT Company. His correspondent, a bit confused by the changes and wanting to be on the safe side, had put all the addresses down.

The Army Post Office in the Middle East would discover that all three units were in different parts of the Command. How to get the mail to the addressee as quickly as possible? Each case would be treated on its merits: in

this one, perhaps, the letter would be sent to the DID. If Serjeant Johnson was no longer there, the unit would probably have a record of his new address and be able to send the mail on.

This sort of thing caused delay in delivery of letters and delay meant complaints. Nowadays delay is generally due to a soldier being taken ill. He is often evacuated to a hospital, from the hospital to a convalescent camp, then to a reinforcement unit, and then to a new unit. His mail may follow him from one address to the next, but he may not stop long enough in any of them for it to catch up with him.

There may be a complaint of delay to the Army Post Office from the sender, and like all complaints, it will be thoroughly investigated by the General Correspondence Branch of the Army Post Office. The reply will probably say: "By the time you have received this, the soldier should have received the letters."

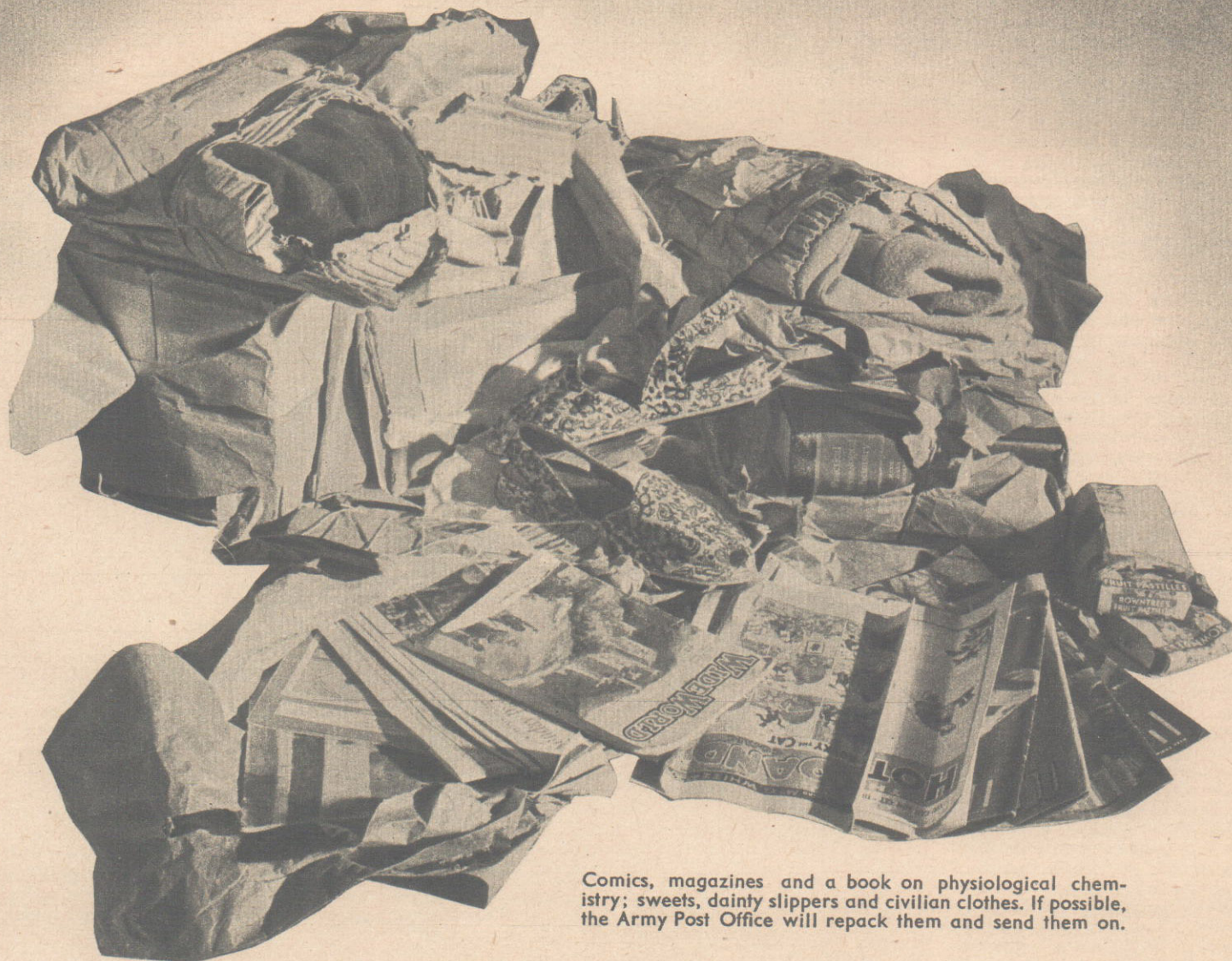
The General Correspondence Branch investigates about 100 complaints a week. They are not all about the 500,000 items the Army Post Office handles; soldiers' and airmen's mail in home and some of the overseas commands is handled by civilian postal services, but the Army Post Office deals with complaints about it.

The answer is not always easy. Soldiers, even the least tongue-tied, are often pen-tied. On an average the soldier receives three letters from his mother or his sweetheart for every one he writes her. Sometimes he forgets to write at all for a few weeks,

Four good reasons for delayed mail. But each address has the addressee's number and the letter will, in time, find the man.



A letter which will never be delivered. It will be returned to the sender only after the man's death has been confirmed and his relatives informed.



Comics, magazines and a book on physiological chemistry; sweets, dainty slippers and civilian clothes. If possible, the Army Post Office will repack them and send them on.

"Address Insufficient" (Continued)

and then he gets an attack of remorse. What can he do about it?

Perhaps he does nothing but just try to pick up his correspondence where it left off and excuse his negligence on a plea of overwork or a drought in the ink-bottle. If he is one of those people who number all their letters home, and he is unscrupulous, he skips two or three numbers when he marks the next one, so that his correspondent will decide the missing letters have been lost in the post. Or he may write three or four short letters, back-dating them at regular intervals, so that it will look as though they have been delayed in the post.

And the complaints begin to come in:

Dear Sir: My son writes to me regularly every week, but it is now five weeks since I received anything from him . . .

Dear Sir: My fiancé numbers all his letters home to me and I know from the numbers that three letters posted last month are missing. I think it is a disgrace . . .

Sir: The postal service from the Middle East is most inefficient. Last week I received four letters from my son, dated 28th April, 5th, 12th and 19th of May respectively. They all arrived by the same post. If this is the way the Army maintains the morale of the soldiers overseas . . .

The Army Post Office gets busy. It does not want to interfere in a soldier's private affairs. If he has

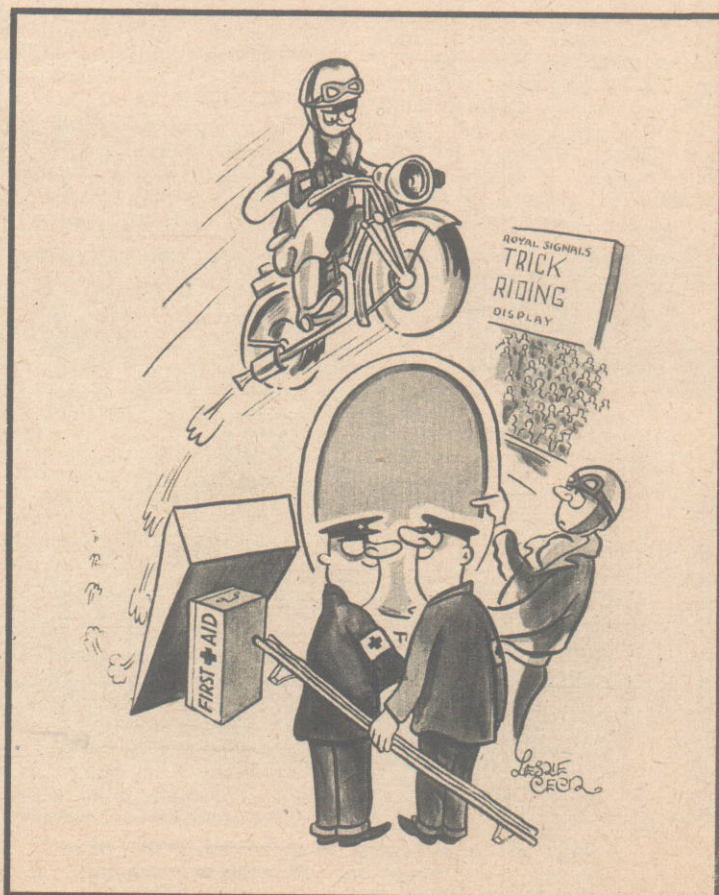
no wish to write, that is his business and his family's. But the Army Post Office must make sure that if a soldier is posting letters home, they are getting home.

So for a short while the Army Post Office in the area in which the man is stationed checks to see whether regular letters are being posted to the person who complained, and if they are it watches to see if they are going through the postal machinery as they should. But more often than not, the letters are not being posted.

Then the Army Post Office drops a quiet hint to the man's CO or his unit welfare officer, who has a chat with the soldier and suggests that perhaps he has not been writing as often as he has been expected to. Usually the soldier will admit it — "But please don't tell them at home."

The Army Post Office will not split. It is satisfied that it has found out its service is working properly. It sends a tactful note to the person who complained and, as far as possible, satisfies honour all round. And if the soldier persists in blaming the gap in his letters on the postal service, then being a whipping-boy must be considered part of the Army Post Office service.

RICHARD ELLEY



MALAYA REPORT

Infantry of the Line, Foot Guards, Gunners and Hussars — they are all fighting the same type of battle in Malaya. This report from the force of many tongues comes from observers of Army Public Relations

① "Put Me Down for the Next Patrol"

THE British Army force operating in Malaya is a force of many tongues. Its accents range from "braid Scots" to Gurkhali, from Irish brogue to Chinese, from the many dialects of Malaya (both civilised and aboriginal) to the tongue of the Dyaks from Sarawak. And, for good measure, in the Federation Police there are men from India and Pakistan.

The forces from Britain comprise the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Devonshire Regiment, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Seaforth Highlanders; the 2nd Guards Brigade, comprising the Grenadier, Coldstream and Scots Guards; the 4th Hussars; and the 26th Field Regiment Royal Artillery.

Perhaps the two regiments which warrant especial praise are the Gunners and the Hussars, who have taken to their Infantry roles like a duck to water.

Since the Emergency began in June, 1948, 26 Field Regiment have accounted (at the time of writing) for more than 80 bandits killed, against their own losses of one officer and five men. In December last year a troop of the 159th Battery — one of the three batteries in the Regiment — claimed nine of the 16 bandits killed by the Army in the State of Pahang.

One of the Regiment's most successful actions was at Sungei Takit in Selangor. All three batteries were engaged, but it was the 17th Battery that did the execution. In the action eight bandits were killed, for the loss of one Gunner.

The 4th Hussars, since their arrival in Malaya last October, have done splendid work, both as Infantrymen and on escort duty with their armoured cars. Round the clock these vehicles are on call, and are off the road only for maintenance. When not on escort duty, the men do long patrols deep into the jungle, constantly scouring for bandits.

An officer of the Regiment said: "When the men return from a long operation, one of the first things they do is to enter their names on the list of volunteers for the next patrol." That is the spirit of the Army in Malaya.

In Johore — at one time among the worst of the bandit-infested areas in Malaya — are the Seaforth Highlanders and the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. At the start of the Emergency an SOS was sent out by the Federation Government for more troops, and the British Government's answer was to despatch the Fusiliers from Hong Kong. Two days after their arrival in Singapore they crossed over to the mainland and started operational duty.

The Seaforth Highlanders have toured Malaya. In June last year they left their comfortable barracks on Singapore Island, and rolled across the causeway dividing Singapore Island from the Federation. They started a 400-mile drive up the peninsula, spending a few days here, an odd night there, clearing the area and then sweeping on northwards, until four months after leaving Singapore they arrived at a small town called Tapah in Perak, where they set up their most northerly headquarters. Their presence there greatly boosted morale.

Now they are back in Johore, constantly patrolling. With the

Inniskillings, they have accounted for an average of one bandit per day since the beginning of this year.

In the north of Malaya are the men from Yorkshire. This first battalion of the KOYLI has been in the Far East for 27 years. Incidentally, it was the first to see action against the terrorists before the actual Emergency began in June last year. That was in February 1948.

The Yorkshiremen, who have put up a magnificent performance, see very little of their fine barracks on the Island of Penang, off the north-west coast. They are justly proud of the fact that not one single weapon has been lost to the terrorists. On one occasion, when four men were killed, a soldier of "B" Company fought off a large party of terrorists single-handed for three-quarters of an hour until support arrived. That was the sole

occasion when the battalion suffered fatal casualties.

Devonshire can be proud of her Regiment, for they have now completed eight months continuous action, first in Johore and now in the fighting in Central Malaya — in Perak. While in Johore they accounted for more than half the 69 bandit camps destroyed in the state up to the end of last year. The men are so keen that it is sometimes difficult to fill the leave quota.

An officer of the Regiment told how at headquarters the phone is constantly ringing with messages telling of shots heard in one place, flames seen in another, bodies of men reported somewhere else. Each time a party of troops has to rush off to investigate, no matter what time of the day or night.

It was once said that men of small stature were able to live up to tropical conditions far more easily than tall men (obviously an allusion to Gurkhas and Indians.) But the successes of the 2nd Guards Brigade have disproved this statement. To date, the Brigade has accounted for 80 dead terrorists, and this is a good average considering they have been operational only since November last year.

In July the 3rd Grenadier Guards will return home, to be replaced by the 1st Battalion Suffolk Regiment. Many of the men may forget the names of the towns and villages in Malaya, but their experiences of the jungle will never die.

Little Johnnie Gurkha from Nepal is playing a big part in the fight. Since the Emergency began the Brigade of Gurkhas in Malaya have won four Military Medals, and have accounted for over 100 terrorists. Single-handed L/Cpl Kamber sing Rai of the 1/7th Gurkha Rifles took on 11 Communist cut-throats, killing one, wounding two and putting the remainder to flight. For that feat he won the Military Medal. Today this stocky Gurkha is an NCO at the Gurkha Boys' Training School in North Malaya.

The Gurkhas have stood by their motto — "It is better to die than to be a coward" — ever since the operations began, and over and over again have proved their worth in jungle fighting.

During a patrol earlier this year a party of the 1/6th Gurkha Rifles showed marvellous devotion to duty. Against tremendous odds, when they had lost their officer and second-in-command in the first few seconds of battle, they stood up to one of the best-armed bandit parties ever encountered by the security forces. In this action they lost 11 killed. Mostly new riflemen, they held their



IN Singapore the British Army has honoured a number of civilians who, at dire personal risk, aided British Servicemen during the Japanese occupation. (The ceremony was a postscript to the story—"The Army Pays a Debt of Honour"—told in SOLDIER, July 1946).

Presenting certificates, and in some cases money awards, the GOC Singapore District, Major-General D. Dunlop, expressed the gratitude of the three fighting services. The citations revealed stories of great loyalty and courage shown in the face of persecution and torture. In some cases the awards were posthumous, as the torments inflicted by the enemy had proved fatal.

Services rendered by these civilians included smuggling of escapers, supplying food and news to prisoners, keeping a watch on shipping, and allowing premises to be used for radio stations. Fifty-eight-year old Mr. H. A. Ferdinands (seen receiving his award, above) gave food and money to a party of British raiders who were being hunted by the Japanese, and despite torture refused to betray them.

MALAYA REPORT (Continued)

ground against everything the bandits could do. One Gurkha continued to fight the terrorists when his left elbow had been shot away.

Up to January of this year, there were only two Malay battalions fighting the terrorists, the third being still in training. They were deployed over large areas of northern and eastern Malaya, and even now have got more square miles to cover than any other regiment. They have won one Military Medal, and several other awards.

One of their more recent successes was scored in April when they accounted for eight bandits and captured six in one operation. This fell to the credit of the 1st Battalion of the Regiment, who

were congratulated by the General Officer Commanding Malaya.

The newly-formed 3rd Battalion has only recently taken up its action stations. But it has already made regimental history. To go to its operational area it was necessary to organise a combined operation. Some of the troops were moved by the RAF, others took the tortuous, nine-day road through bandit-infested country, and the Royal Navy moved the rest.

There are British officers and senior NCO's with the Regiment, and all are generous in their praise of the Malays. Plans are now being made for the expansion, still further, of the Malay Regiment. **E. A. EARNSHAW**

② "Start sun high, pass big tree..."

ONE of the virtues of the British soldier is that he can rub along with the men of any race—civilised or primitive.

In the Malayan jungle recently he has been chumming up with aborigines. These include the Negritos, the dwarf race which originally peopled the peninsula. They frequent the jungle's inner fastnesses, some of which—until the recent anti-bandit operations—had never before been trodden by white men.

The Negritos like the British soldiers. "I have seen these 'men of the trees' readily offer food from their meagre stocks to my men," a captain said.

The origin of these dwarfs is wrapt in the mystery of man's creation. There are unmistakable signs, however, that certain present-day natives in Central New Guinea, the Philippines and elsewhere are related to them.

Let 30-year-old Major Peter Williams-Hunt, of Maidenhead—authority on Malaya's aborigines—speak on the Negritos' background. He is now a civil liaison officer at Batu Gajah in Perak State.

"They are the smallest group numerically—and the least advanced. Little, tight-curly-headed men averaging four feet ten inches in height—their womenfolk even less—they are mostly wandering hunters who live on monkeys, cockroaches, snakes and birds; in fact, anything they can find. Once they were adept archers, but they took up the blowpipe not many years ago because they found it more satisfactory for hunting. The arrowtips are dipped in a poison prepared from the black sap of the ipoh tree. It can kill a human in half an hour." (All British troops are shown the ipoh tree—quite common in Malaya—at the Jungle Training School).

Major Williams-Hunt says that the Negritos are terrified of death, whether of a friend or a foe, and this means that our patrol leaders must exercise ingenuity when bandits are killed in their areas. When a Negrito dies his relatives immediately abandon their crude little homes and go off many miles and build another.

The Negritos, along with the Sakais (who are shifting agriculturists) and the Jakun, in South Malaya, have been used by the security forces as guides. The Negritos and Sakais in particular are the most timid of men, and everything we have won in the way of information has been gained by kindness alone. They were of great assistance to the British-sponsored Force 136 which operated in Malaya during the Japanese occupation. But their reports are not easy to follow. A major on the staff at Malaya District says that he cannot decide which is more difficult: to appreciate clearly the information supplied in good faith by the least developed of the aborigines or to sift the misinformation offered by intelligent enemies who try to mislead.

The aborigines cannot tell the points of the compass, they do not know how to count and they have no idea as to dates or times. When they say 100 bandits they might mean five, fifty, 100 or 500, but—it will mean some.

"Take small track uphill follow sun by trees snakes plenty bandits go that way late four hours towards river. Start-off sun high—stop walk sun gone." That is a typical translation our Intelligence Officers have to unravel.

A typical piece of Sakai information which Malaya District rated as being most important ran: "Pass big tree Chinese man live animal track right half day walk stream crocodiles cross stream three chains up walk another 10 minutes clearing bad men guns one woman plenty rice no go camp frightened kill."

It's not so easy being an Intelligence Officer in Malaya.

D. H. de T. READE

BATMEN

Is a batman really necessary?

The controversy breaks out from time to time in the popular newspapers. It also tends to crop up in the barrack-rooms of newly-joined soldiers.

Recently the debate came into the limelight again when Brigadier N. D. Wingrove, retired, wrote to the *Daily Telegraph*, contending that the new scale of batmen was unfair to young officers.

This stung a correspondent who signed himself "Ex-Commando CSM" to ask: "What possible reason is there for a junior officer needing a batman?... Surely they are quite capable of looking after their own welfare, preparing their own kit, cleaning their revolvers, blanco-ing their equipment and turning out on parade a credit to their unit and an example to their men." In his view, the only officer entitled to a servant should be the Commanding Officer.

The cudgels for the other side were taken up by D. H. Peggly, who said he had been both an officer and an officer's servant. "My officer was out of bed long before the men and was down in the cookhouse to ensure that the cooks were preparing a proper breakfast. At the end of the day, when NCO's and men—and warrant officers, too—went off for an evening's recreation, my officer would still be in the office attending to the paper work neglected during the day because he was out training."

"Ex-Junior Commander, ATS," backed up Mr. Peggly by pointing out that every officer did not have a batman (the scale starts at one to four junior officers, and only officers in quarters are to

have batmen). She said that many batmen are also drivers, that batmen have jobs to do in officers' messes, and that in action batmen are runners.

An ex-Gunner subaltern, Geoffrey Potter, weighed in with: "It was often the case during the war, in the middle of fire orders, for reconnaissance parties to be ordered forward. Does your correspondent suggest that the officers concerned should abandon the battle to pack their kit?" He added that in the Royal Artillery batmen were ammunition numbers.

In an earlier controversy over batmen—in *Picture Post* in 1941—a writer said:

"The officer... has more time than the director of an armaments factory. The officer cannot even go to war until the armaments director delivers the goods. Imagine what would happen if an armaments director applied on behalf of one of his employees for a deferment on the ground that the man was his personal valet!"

"... Civilians can do without servants. So can officers. Most of the officers got on well enough in civil life without them. But, if the officers must be treated differently from the rest of us, let them at any rate have for servants people who are no use as fighting men."

But eight weeks later *Picture Post* followed this up with an article by a writer who had visited the War Office to get the other side of the picture. He pointed out that officers did not

in the NEWS

Over the batman's head the arguments break out, but the batman goes on with his job. Nobody has written a book about a batman, but more than one batman has written a book about an officer

have time to do their own chores and indicated some of the other jobs a batman might have to do. He might be a batman-driver; he might fire a two-inch mortar or an anti-tank rifle; he might act as a runner, a job in which the lives of his comrades might depend on him; he might, in unfriendly territory, be called upon to serve as an officer's personal bodyguard.

For these reasons, the batman must be a fighting soldier. Where possible, the article added, officers shared batmen, but that was not always feasible in the field, where platoons might be a long way apart.

The crux of the matter, of course, lies in the fact that the officer, in peace or in the field, works longer hours than his men. He is expected to be with them nearly all the hours they are on parade. Outside those hours he must cope with administration and welfare matters, do his own training and study as an officer. If he has to clean his own boots and bedroom, he must either neglect his work or have less leisure than is good for him.

Some eyebrows may have been raised at the use of the phrase "officers' batmen" by the *Daily Telegraph's* correspondents. "Batmen," in the British Army, used to be soldiers who did the cleaning for warrant officers; those who did the same for officers were "officers' servants." But the latest Army Council Instruction on the subject calls officers' servants batmen.

Batmen have not always done the job they do now. Captain George Smith's *Universal Military Dictionary*, published in 1779, says: "BATMEN are servants hired in war time to take care of the horses belonging to the train of artillery, bakery, baggage, etc. They generally wear the King's livery during their service."

Batmen have not always had good reputations. In the anonymous "Advice to Officers of the British Army," published in 1782, there was a satirical chapter addressed to private soldiers. In this the writer assumed that all batmen wore their officer's clothes, invited company to his tent when he was out, ate his food and drank his liquor.

"If you are batman to an officer, your perquisites are certain. Sell half the forage to the sutlers who keep horses or asses; if they do not pay you in money they will in gin. As a Christian is more worthy than a beast, it is better your horses should want than you."

Many great soldiers have paid tribute to their batmen in

their memoirs. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson wrote of Rifleman Robinson, "my soldier-valet in the war," that "He rendered me much good service and besides seeing to my personal affairs when serving on the West Front, was very helpful in the frequent journeys I made between England and the Continent when CIGS."

General Eisenhower, in his "Crusade in Europe," recalls that when, because of bad flying conditions, he was going to fly without his orderly, Serjeant Michael McKeogh, the serjeant said: "Sir, my mother wrote me that my job in this war was to take care of you. And she said also, 'If General Eisenhower doesn't come back from this war, don't you dare to come back.'" The serjeant flew.

"Many months after the war was over," writes General Eisenhower, "I heard that a landlady

Case for the defence: in the *Daily Telegraph*.

denied Serjeant McKeogh and his family permission to stay temporarily in one of her apartments on the ground that 'After all, he was merely General Eisenhower's valet. I must maintain the proper social atmosphere in my properties.' I trust that the lady is not concerned over the relative standing of herself and Serjeant McKeogh in my affections, respect and admiration."

General Patton in his memoirs quoted the now-notorious remark of his Serjeant Meeks: "Fore

God, General, if General Montgomery [then at Caen] don't get a move on himself, those British soldiers are going to have grass and limpets growing on their left feet from standing in the water."

In return, batmen have written about the officers they served. Two of the thousands of books about Napoleon were by valets who attended him on St. Helena. And Earl Haig's batman, Serjeant T. Secrett, MM, wrote a book on his experiences with "Sir Douglas" (see below).

BATMEN IN ACTION
To the Editor of The Daily Telegraph
Sir—My experiences as a gunner subaltern have convinced me that batmen are essential to the smooth running of units. It was often the case during the war, in the middle of fire orders, for reconnaissance parties to be ordered forward. Does your correspondent suggest that the officers concerned should abandon the battle to pack their kit? Apart from their duties to their officers batmen have specific jobs to do. In the artillery they are ammunition numbers. In the infantry, I believe, they are the platoon runners. The junior officer is responsible



AT Field-Marshal Earl Haig's funeral, Serjeant T. Secrett, MM, his batman for 25 years, walked with the Field-Marshal's charger.

In "Twenty-Five Years With Earl Haig" Secrett wrote: "I have stood by the side of my late master when he was under the fire of Boer snipers in Africa; I have been with him as he rode through the Flanders mud with shells bursting around him. I have stood terrified outside his room door in a Flanders chateau when half the house had gone... terrified for him!"

"I have carried him in my arms down the stairs of a little Landrecies house during the terrible retreat days following Mons when the Germans literally were on our heels... I have waited at a crossroads, holding his horse when we awaited news of the fall of a vital spot in the line, news, happily, which never came, and I have marched with him in triumph through Paris, through London and Edinburgh—greatest joy of all to him.

"I was with him night and day for 25 years, with the single exception of a seven-days' holiday alone."

Another biographer of Haig records that on the Western Front Secrett would report to Haig's doctor if his master was late getting to bed, missed his exercises, if his rest was disturbed or if his appetite failed.

Secrett continued to serve Haig in civilian life. But as an unpaid serjeant he had a pension of only 19s 6d to add to Haig's £65 a year. Secrett wanted to marry. As things were, he must earn more money or break with his fiancée. He had an embarrassing interview with Haig: "I know he was on the point of offering me something that would make the break unnecessary, but he could not bring himself to do it. I, on my part, could not bring myself to beg or even suggest."

The association of 25 years ended. But when Haig visited London, Secrett still performed little services for him.

Depots which caught fire . . . pilfering of stores by natives . . . overissues to bigamous "wives" . . . all these contributed to the Army's financial losses in the year 1947—48

HOW WE LOST £8,000,000

IT was quite a story. "£8 Million Loss By Army," reported the *Daily Telegraph*. "Lorries Vanished Without Trace" cried the *News-Chronicle*. Other papers joined in the chorus.

This was hardly the best kind of publicity for the Army, perhaps. But the Press were not to blame. Any soldier who can laugh off the Auditor-General's report on the Army's losses for 1947-48, which was recently published, must have a hard skin and a hard conscience.

True, it is impossible to run a global institution like the British Army without incurring some heavy losses. This, for instance, is what the Auditor-General had to say about Palestine:

"Disposal of assets in Palestine was especially difficult. There were restrictions on sale of land; purchasers were deterred by the risk of looting or damage in military operations; and the Army had to conduct negotiations in the shadow of approaching evacuation . . . Some assets had to be abandoned on evacuation, others have been left in the care of local representatives."

Under the heading "Theft" the Auditor-General says:

"Of the stores losses noted in this account about £1,000,000 are attributed to theft. Much of this was the result of organised looting and pilfering by armed bands in Egypt and Malaya where existing stocks, already considerable in volume, were swollen by wholesale transfers from Palestine, India and Burma. Large quantities of goods had to be stored in the open desert or jungle clearings, where protection was difficult."

Many of the losses, then, were inevitable in view of the need to move stores to and from troubled territories where the standard of honesty was low. Also there is no doubt that the rapidity of the Army's run-down limited the numbers of men available for guards. But there were plenty of losses which were by no means inevitable. The Auditor-General has a sorry tale to tell of embezzled and misapplied funds, a tale punctuated by frequent references to imprisonment and suicide. There is a long list of overissues, too; among them instances where family allowances have been paid to wives of bigamous marriages. Only rarely is



"Some assets had to be abandoned on evacuation," writes the Auditor-General, dealing with Palestine. In normal conditions this worn-out armoured vehicle might have gone for salvage, but the Army in Palestine had other things to do. To prevent the vehicle falling into the hands of Jews or Arabs, it was rolled into a ravine with other worn-out vehicles, and fired.

it possible to recover appreciable sums in such cases. Here is another kind of loss:

"Overissue of family allowance in respect of a soldier who deserted while serving abroad but was erroneously reported as missing. His wife received the overissue in good faith and recovery was impracticable . . . £634."

One item of £883 represented a deficiency in the imprest account of a guerilla unit, due to the loss of acquittance rolls and other vouchers and to "the desertion to the enemy of a number of native sub-accountants, who were holding cash." In view of the difficult conditions obtaining at the time, no blame was attached to any of the officers concerned.

Another loss had to be written off because a contractor in the Middle East fled the country. In another instance there were two contractors bearing the same name and using the same bank, and a payment intended for one was wrongly cashed by the other. Once again "recovery of the payment was impracticable."

Conditions in India, says the Auditor-General, led to serious delays, extending in some cases to years, in the notification to home paymasters of amounts drawn by soldiers. "Very belated claims, totalling £41,843 against men who in the interim had become non-effective or who had been notified of, and agreed to the balance on their accounts, were not presented, but as an offset £32,078 representing cash issues recorded in soldier's pay books, for which no vouchers had been received, was recovered."

Here is one of the most expensive mistakes listed in the report:

"A consignment of coal purchased abroad was found on arrival at another station abroad to be unsuitable for the purpose for which it was intended. A loss of £64,945 resulted from the re-sale of the coal."

Another loss of £5835 is attributable, perhaps, to the Army being too obliging. At the end of the war in Burma certain churches were repaired by the Royal

Engineers so that troops and the public could worship. The churches were not in a position to pay, and the Government of Burma would not accept the charge.

Two of the most costly items in the report are listed under the heading "Losses due to Incidents of the Service." Two depot fires, the causes of which were unknown, accounted for a total of half a million pounds. Loss of petrol caused by sudden flooding of a depot in abnormal weather cost £82,749. Loss of petrol caused by natives pilfering from a pipeline, and also by leakage from deteriorated couplings, came to £9530.

Another incident concerned loss of vehicles by fire due to friction caused by a burst tyre. A responsible officer was ordered to pay £2 for failure to summon the fire brigade . . . £15,494.

In most entries, the amount recovered from soldiers judged to have been at fault is infinitesimal compared with the total losses. In a series of vehicle thefts, for example, the total loss was entered as £79,736, but the amount which could be recovered from responsible officers and other ranks, in sums ranging from £1 to £25, totalled only £267.

A single instance of frost damage to a tractor and snow plough, caused by failure to fill radiators with anti-freeze, cost £517; "an officer and an NCO were considered to have been negligent . . . but they had been released before the damage occurred."

For running a generator on an oil of lower viscosity than was required, a warrant officer was considered blameworthy, "but disciplinary action was not justified." The bill in this case came to £1020.

Happily the Auditor-General's report contains a few items on the credit side. One interesting appendix lists under "Gifts in kind" the receipt of "15 war dogs from various donors" — a noteworthy item because war dogs have done so much in many parts of the world to limit pilfering by natives from Army dumps. The value of these dogs is very much greater than their intrinsic value.

Also under "Gifts in kind" is the announcement — believe it or not — that "During the year certain pensioners were foregoing their pensions or lending, free of interest, the amounts due."

So the taxpayer reading this document need not despair entirely of human nature. (See *SOLDIER to Soldier*, Page 5)



Pick-a-back into the desert: reinforcements roll up at Akaba.

The Sand Begins to Sizzle

AKABA REPORT NO. 3

from Capt. T. A. D. Coomber,
Military Observer

NOTORIOUSLY, Akaba is one of the world's blister-spots. British troops who landed in this Transjordan port in January, to guard against possible incursion by Israeli forces, are beginning to discover what the Arabian sun can really do.

But the Army doesn't propose to wilt any more than it can help. It is bringing up refrigerators, so that food can be kept fresh and drinks cool. Every tent, which at the time of writing has one extra flap, to keep out the heat, is to have still another flap. Electric light is being laid to the tents, and that means that fans can also be fitted.

The Akaba force is now grown to a brigadier's command (under Brigadier S. A. Cooke, three times a Palestine soldier, himself a Royal Lincoln and ex-commander of the 1st Battalion). Forty-eight hours after Jewish forces occupied the narrow strip of Palestine which runs down to the Gulf of Akaba, the 1st Royal Lincolns

were reinforced. On the landing ship *Humfrey Gale* came tanks, tracked vehicles and loaded store lorries, which trundled noisily along the dusty port road to their unshaded positions in the desert. To the old sweats it was just like North Africa over again.

In the afternoon the new arrivals were busy digging in, telephone cables were being laid and tents were pitched — the younger soldiers carrying out their tasks like seasoned campaigners.

Later, in the forward positions, soldiers on duty could hear the Jewish soldiers singing "Auld Lang Syne." From the centre of the British camp came the strains of the Padre's service, with British voices lustily singing "Jerusalem."

What are the amenities at Akaba? The answer is: more than

you would expect. There is excellent bathing on the two-mile beach which, on non-working days, looks like Margate on a Bank Holiday, except for the total absence of women. Football, cricket and water polo are played whenever possible. Fishing is popular, for the clear blue gulf is one huge aquarium, full of brilliant fish sporting the colours of every known football team. (In fact, a book has just been published on the fish of the Gulf of Akaba).

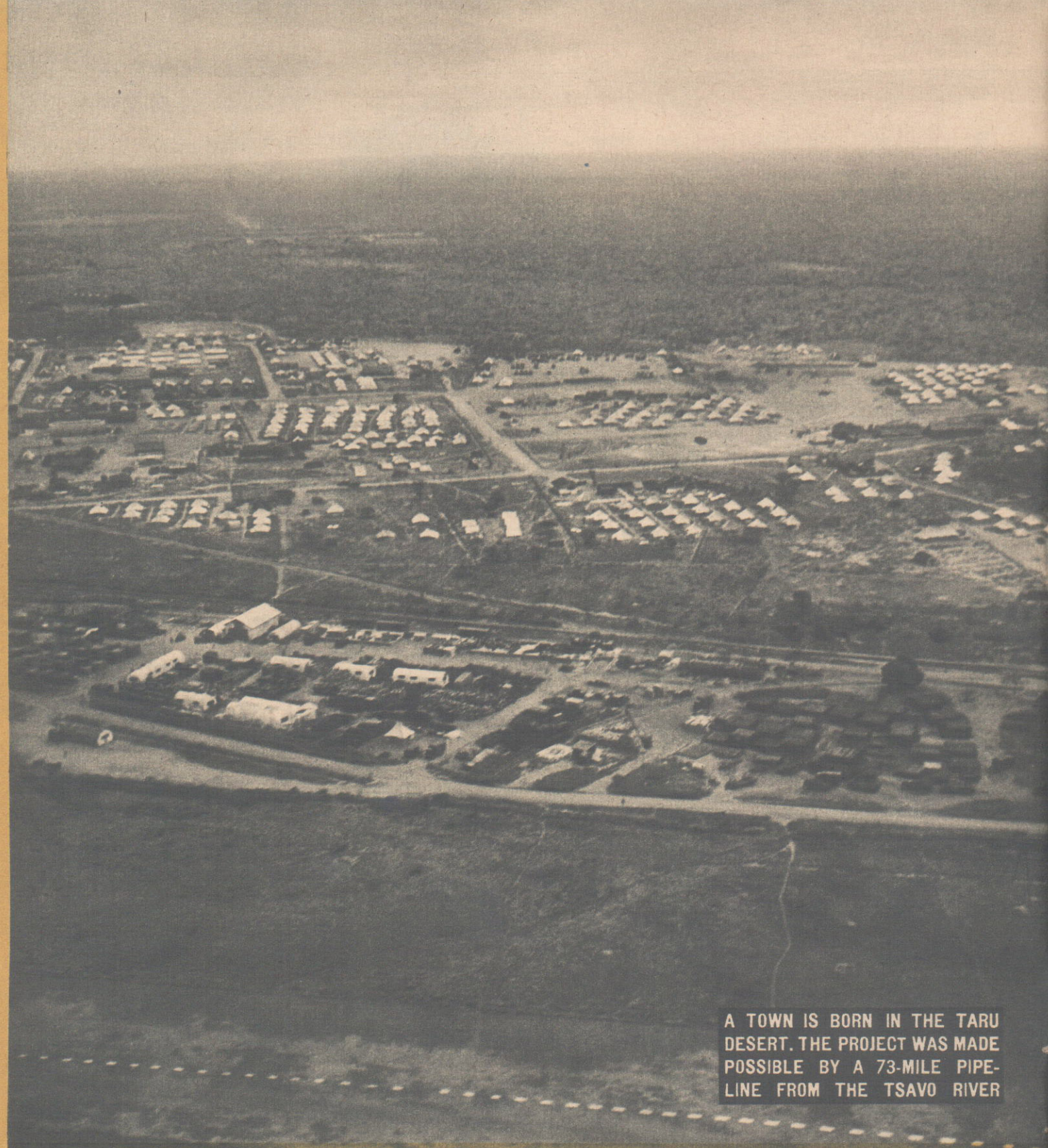
The band of the Royal Lincolns gives weekly concerts, as well as playing at the weekly church services. A male voice choir practises regularly. And there is a cinema with three programmes a week.

The most important day is mail day. Letters arrive three days a week by plane from Egypt, and the average time from Britain is less than seven days. Are they downhearted in Akaba? Most of them say they prefer it to Egypt.



Even with boundary cairns, it is a puzzle to know where frontiers run at Akaba. Right: The Union Jack and the flag of the Arab Legion fly side by side.





A TOWN IS BORN IN THE TARU DESERT. THE PROJECT WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY A 73-MILE PIPELINE FROM THE TSAVO RIVER

THE BASE IN THE BUSH

THE progress report came from a corporal, not long home from there. "Mackinnon Road?" he said. "It's bloomin' amazing." About 18 months ago, the site on which the Army planned to build its biggest overseas stores depot was virgin, waterless bush. The railway ran by, and there was a halt at Mackinnon Road. But if you had been a passenger on the train, you would not have noticed it.

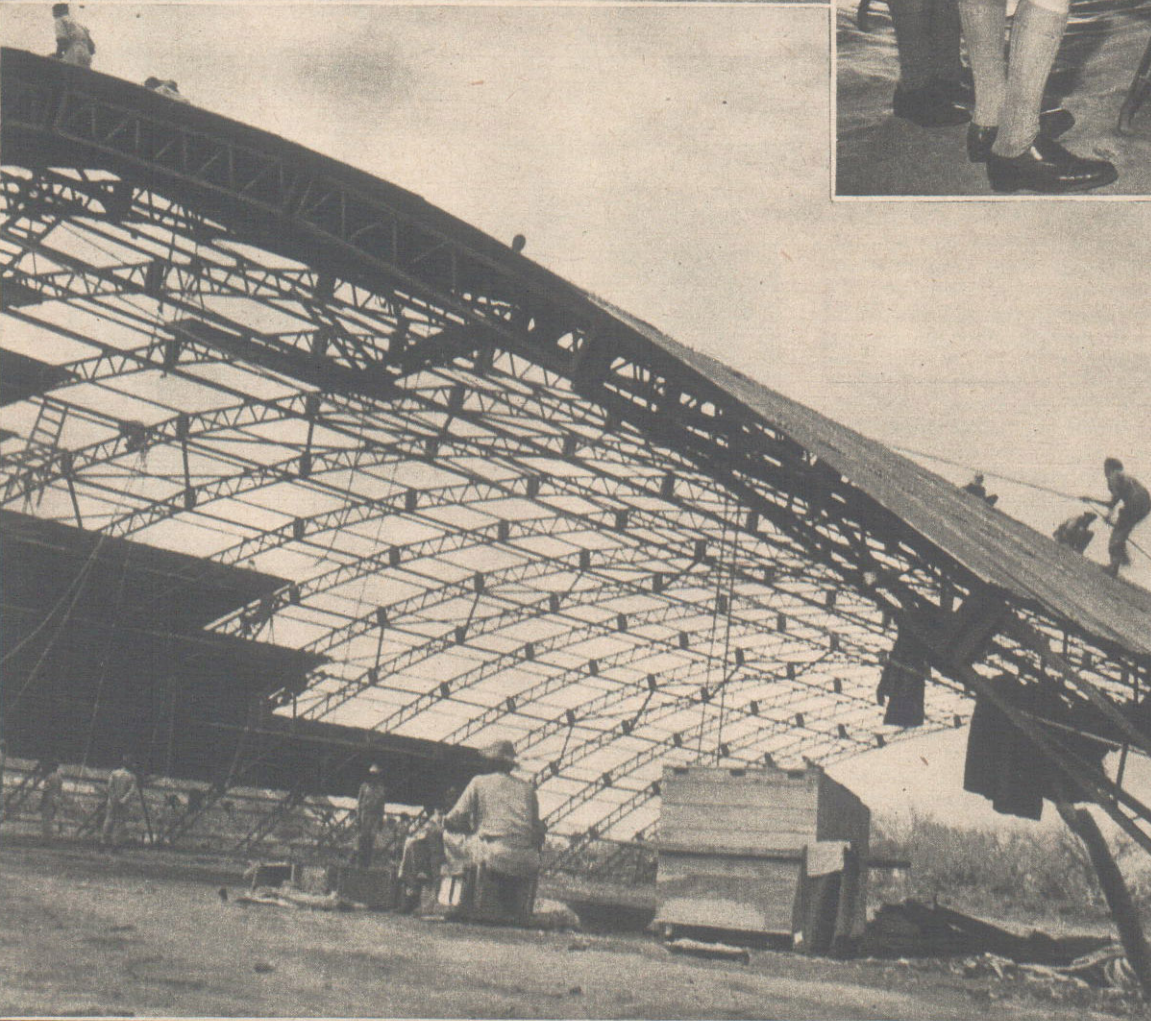
Today you could hardly miss it. Several square miles of desert are covered with busy tent-towns and growing communities of a

more permanent kind. Soldiers of every colour, from jet black through milk-coffee to pure white throng the area.

It is too early yet to see how the Army's town planning is shaping. But Mackinnon Road has already started naming thoroughfares after London streets. Whether that is a good thing or not, it at least provides controversy. There are those who say, for instance, that a piece of cleared bush would be more appropriately named "Place of the witch-doctor," in Swahili, than "Harley Street."

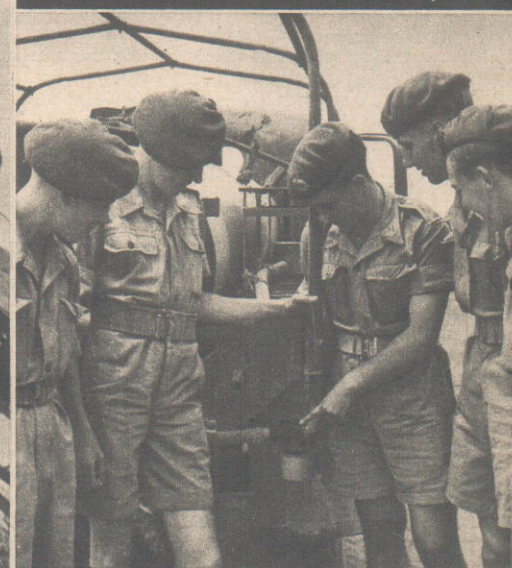


Top left: English cooks baked the bread. Mauritians Pioneers deliver it. African askaris will be among the consumers. Above: General Sir John Crocker visits Mackinnon Road. He spoke to patients in No. 53 British General Hospital.



Above: The stores sheds are built of steel, in single span, 150-foot arches. Troops call them "igloos".

Below: Bitumen is essential for building almost anything nowadays. Note for Sappers: The siding is called Longmoor.



Above: Water comes to men on the job in tankers. Below: The "Stop me and buy one" man has reached Mackinnon Road.



"POPO"

- from Zomba:

A Man With a Sense of Humour

THEY call him Popo in the military office in which he works. It is a friendly, respectful nickname, given him by colleagues two generations younger than he is.

His real name is Mpezeni Muzungu and he comes from Zomba, in Nyasaland. He was a serjeant in the 1st (Nyasaland) Battalion, The King's African Rifles, which he joined as a bugler in 1899 and with which he served for 19 years. A row of medal ribbons he wears on his faded but well-washed khaki suit recalls exploits which are now historic.

Life for Popo seems to be one huge joke. He laughs at his nickname. He laughs at everything. But his sense of humour takes a macabre turn when he laughs at his memories of the campaign against Sheikh Abdulla, the Mad Mullah, in British Somaliland in 1900.

"Do you know why they call us Nyasas *nyam-nyam* (cannibals)?" he asks. The Nyasas are not, of course, cannibals. But Popo will be delighted to tell you how they got that reputation.

Some of the Mad Mullah's fanatical Somalis had been killed in a skirmish. They were a fierce and ruthless enemy and the Nyasas wanted to impress on them that they were quite as fierce as their foes. Deliberately the Nyasas let the repulsed enemy watch them enjoy their evening meal; what the onlookers did not know was that in addition to the pots from which the Nyasas ate, others had been prepared in which the remains of some of the victims of the skirmish had been mixed with the more orthodox contents.

When the Nyasas moved on into the night, leaving behind their cooking-pots, the unsuspecting enemy closed in on the deserted camp site, to clean up what remained.

"They liked the rice we left for them," says Popo, "but they did

not like everything they found in those pots. After that they called us cannibals — and feared us accordingly."

Then, anxiously, he adds: "Of course, we were not really cannibals. It was just a trick."

The black-and-yellow ribbon of the Africa General Service medal which Popo collected for his services in Somaliland is balanced by another, dark blue with white edges and a scarlet stripe, which he received at the time of the Coronation of King Edward VII. His memories of his visit to Britain in 1902 are still vivid. He can still describe how he visited Edinburgh with his master, the Regimental Medical Officer (a Dr. George Douglas Gray), how he was lodged at No. 10 Hermitage Drive, Edinburgh, and how he visited Holyrood Palace.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, which he visited with another of his officers and where he went down a coal-mine is one more of his most vivid memories of England.

The high spot, of course, was the Coronation Parade itself. "We saw the famous Lord Kitchener," Sjt. Mpezeni said. "He was a very big man with a very large and fierce moustache. Everybody was very kind to us. I was fortunate. I knew a lot of English so I was able to act as an interpreter when the English people wished to speak with my comrades. The English people gave us sweets and cakes of a kind which I had never seen before. So I gave them some sugar cane of the kind which we like to eat. They marvelled because it was so hard and were astonished that we could eat it."

The unusual environment of the old-time music-hall or palace of varieties did not worry Popo, who again roared with laughter when describing a conjuring

entertainment which he and his comrades were taken to see. When the conjurer had done his time-honoured stuff 'Popo' decided to show him something new and to demonstrate that he, too, was a man of magic. He showed how to produce fire by twirling a hard stick in a hole drilled in a soft piece of wood. The conjurer, according to 'Popo', was suitably impressed.

He and his comrades were all ready for the Coronation Day parade when at very short notice they were disappointed. The King was suddenly stricken with appendicitis and the ceremonies had to be postponed. The delay had its compensations as it gave more opportunities for sight-seeing.

Tower Bridge with its moving bascules, "ponies as small as goats" and the gaily caparisoned Cavalry troopers are among the many pictures old Popo still recalls.

At last came the excitement of Coronation Day when the soldiers of Nyasaland marched proudly in their black uniforms through London streets in

the great procession. It was an unforgettable occasion and Popo's descriptions make the events of 50 years ago seem almost as recent as those of last week.

The contingent went back to Africa by way of Lisbon and Naples, with a glimpse at the ruins of Pompeii. Sjt. Mpezeni did not stay long in his native Zomba after he returned. Soon he was off again, posted to Zanzibar for a short spell in 1905 and thence to British East Africa (now Kenya). He has not been back to Nyasaland since.

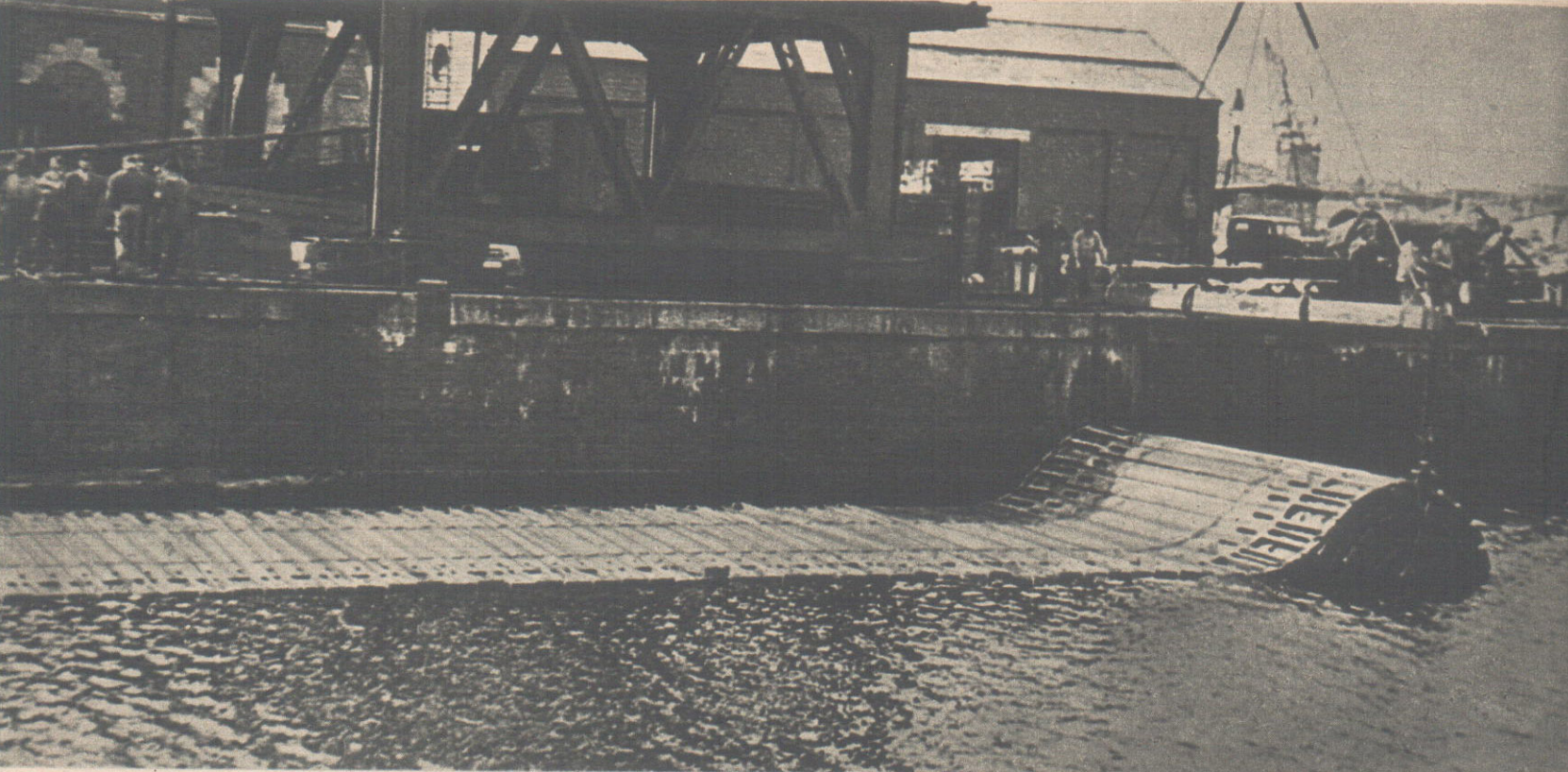
The 1914-18 war was the finale to his active military career; campaigning through the wilderness of Central Tanganyika in quest of the Kaiser's elusive columns. He left the Army in 1918 and settled in Nairobi where he now has a comfortable little cottage, "just like a European house," as he proudly claims. Too old for active soldiering in the last war, Popo with his considerable knowledge of native language and English, gave valuable service as a clerk-interpreter in the Censor's office. In November, 1945 with the need for censorship at an end, he was given a job in the East African Military Records Office where he is still serving with a laugh and his rich store of memories.

NORMAN FORSTER



Serjeant Mpezeni Muzungu, veteran of forgotten campaigns, still wears his old uniform at his job in an Army records office. His best story is about the cooking pots...





"Swiss Roll" is laid out on the water: one of the war's most ingenious devices for disembarking transport.

THEY LAID ROADS ON THE WATER

"Swiss Roll"—the floating roadway used in the Normandy landings—was produced by a 150-year-old firm of tent-makers in the Old Kent Road. And this was not the only strange contract the war brought . . .

Under test: a motor launch has just passed at speed, to make the water choppy. Note tendency of the track to rise at edges when the truck's weight depresses the centre strip.

FOR a century and a half the firm in the Old Kent Road had helped to put colour in the English scene: marquees for fête days, gay sun awnings for garden parties and flags and bunting to flutter at times of celebration.

Now in the autumn of 1939, the gathering storm had burst. And while patriots were waving the firm's flags, the firm itself received a large Government order to make shrouds for civilian dead.

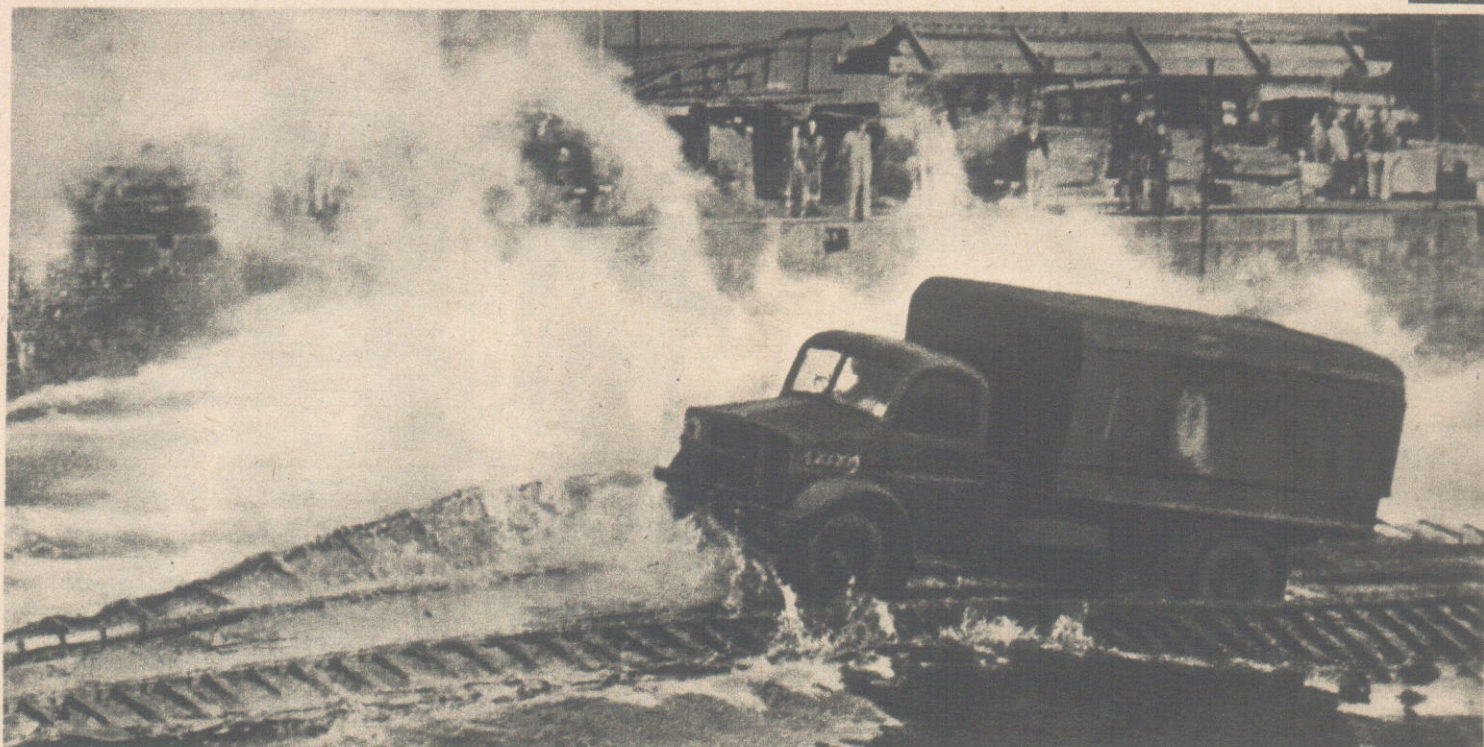
During the years 1939 to 1945 the firm's work increased with the mounting tempo of the war effort until, with victory secured, it received another grim order—hang-ropes to be flown to Germany for the necks of the war-makers.

To the firm of John Edgington & Co. Ltd., this was only one of many wars. Its records go back

to 1805, the year of Trafalgar, but there is good reason to believe that it had been established for a long time even then. When 20 incendiary bombs fell on the factory in December 1940, water used in quenching the flames made the parquet flooring swell and burst. Beneath the old front part of the building were found the remains of at least five layers of flooring, a new one having apparently been laid from time to time as the old one broke up or subsided.

Although wars have always meant a switch-over to production for the forces, the firm was not primarily established to serve

OVER



They Laid Roads on the Water (Continued)

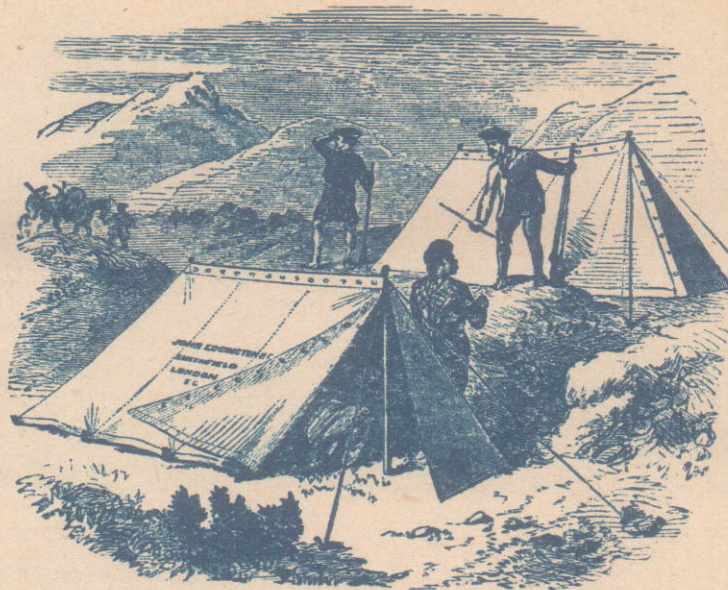
the military. Its tents, tarpaulins and flags have figured in many historic peacetime events — the Jubilee of King George V, the Coronation of King George VI, the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition. The firm of John Edgington also provided tents and other equipment for Captain Scott in his tragic dash for the South Pole. In the files is a letter from the explorer expressing satisfaction with the equipment.

During the recent war, orders poured in from the British, Canadian, American and Free Dutch Governments, many of them for secret equipment of startlingly new types. Often it was only possible for the firm to conduct initial experiments and make the patterns for mass-production elsewhere.

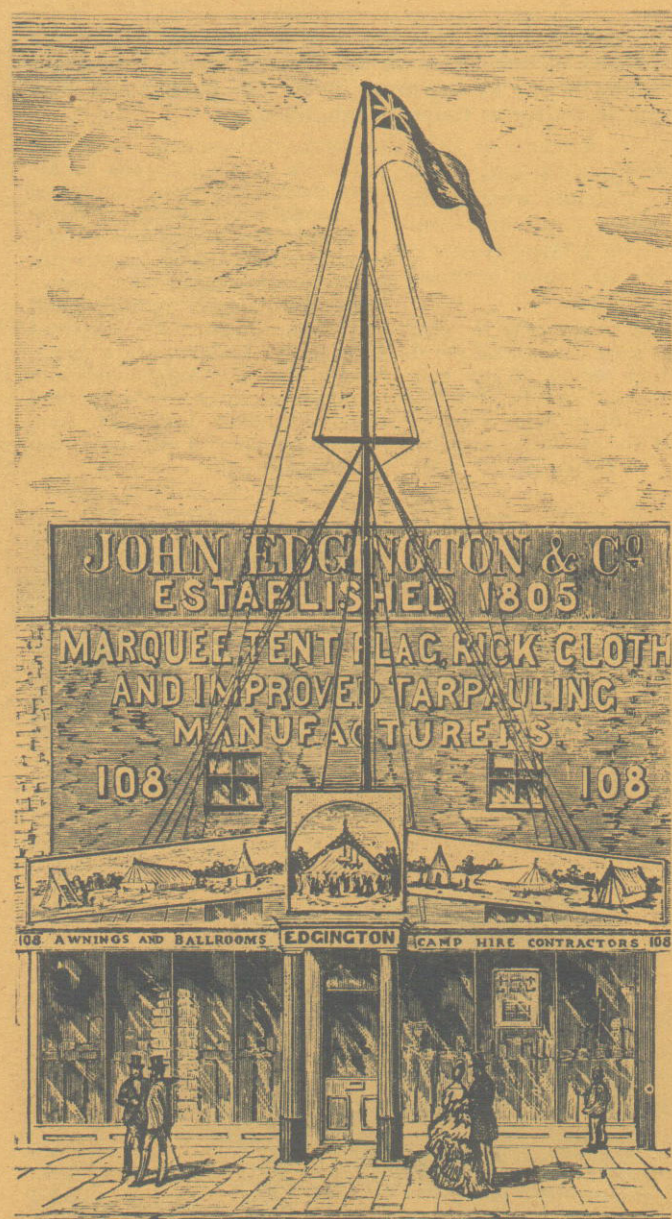
Much of the work was on

camouflage and decoy equipment. Most appropriately too, for it was this firm which made the first khaki webbing equipment during the Boer War — one of the earliest concessions to the need for personal camouflage for British troops.

One of the firm's most spectacular jobs, both in the making and in its performance, was the "Swiss Roll," a portable floating jetty designed to enable transport to land on beaches that were too flat to allow landing-craft to nose in to the water's edge. The Swiss Roll was a "roadway" of canvas, wood slats and steel ropes, 20 feet wide and constructed in 300-foot lengths which could easily be linked. The invention was top secret, of course, and none of the workers knew how the "wooden carpet" was to be used. The job proved to be too big for the



Tents for old, forgotten campaigns came from the firm in the Old Kent Road. So did the tents of the great world wars.



Even today, the front of the firm's factory closely resembles this sketch of it in Victorian times.

capacity of the factory and the work overflowed into the back streets of the Old Kent Road.

The result of these labours looked like a miracle to a group of Service watchers on the banks of a Scottish inlet one bleak winter day. Pitching and tossing on the frothing waves, a convoy of Army lorries sped to the shore, apparently driving straight over the heaving water. The Swiss Roll was completely invisible in the swells that washed over it. Drivers had no need to touch their steering wheels, as there were wooden kerbs to prevent the vehicles diving over the side and the steel cables underneath, at a tension of some 30 tons, gave the sea highway its load capacity.

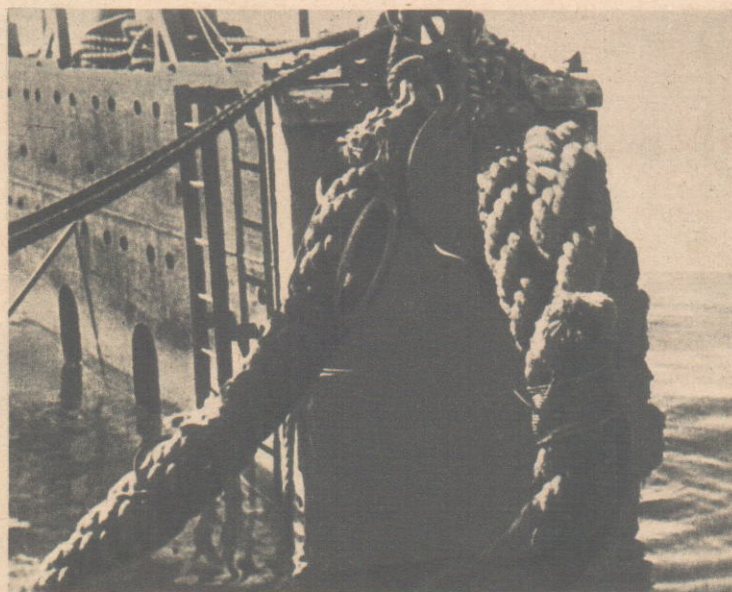
The principle involved is that when the weight of the vehicle depresses the centre of the track, the sides tilt up to form a kind of boat. When the truck moves on, this "boat" travels with it

while the rest of the track flattens out behind and any water collected simply pours off again. As the truck increases speed, it carries a wave with it like a speed-boat; the vehicle travels on the crest of its own wave.

Stormy seas are little worry to the Swiss Roll, providing they are not rough enough to pitch the vehicle bodily overboard. The jetty merely rises and falls with the waves. Even if the canvas is rent by shell damage, the Swiss Roll is still usable providing the vehicles go fast enough.

The great importance of the jetty, claims its inventor, Mr. R. M. Hamilton, of Victoria Street, London, was that it made possible a landing in force on almost any stretch of coastline. Many enemy divisions were employed in the defence of those flat beaches of Northern France.

In point of fact, only 2700 feet of Swiss Roll were used on the



These 20-inch ropes which tethered the Mulberry bombardons had to be bent round enormous "eyelets" — a tricky feat which fell to the firm of John Edgington.



Did someone say tents were out of date? Count them in this desert prisoner-of-war camp... Note the long queues at right of picture.

D-Day landings, after much of the Mulberry Harbour had been smashed by heavy seas. The jetty was rolled out on its floating spindle from ship to shore. One end was staked down firmly on the beach while two ships hung on to the seaward end, riding at anchor and winching in the steel cables to get the required tension. So successful did the device prove that it was kept in continual use until improvised harbours and jetties were no longer needed.

Other specialised jobs entrusted to the firm of John Edgington by the War Office included making photographic tents with mobile canvas darkrooms, waterproof packs for carrying radio sets ashore and dummy tanks—not forgetting carrier pigeon packs, fitted with special bellows, which

were operated automatically as the soldiers who carried them swung their arms, thus supplying fresh air to the birds. Canvas jackets of all shapes and sizes were made for the 'planes of the RAF, and canvas salvage floats and other novel equipment for the Admiralty.

The firm has produced a pictorial booklet about its war work called "Old Kent Road to Alamein." It will do its best to send a copy to any Serviceman who was in contact with the firm during this period and who writes to 108, Old Kent Road, London.

Right: one of the firm's minor manufactures — a "bag, waterproof, signal." It contained a radio set.



THE GOAT WENT BY AIR TOO



THE Berlin airlift was getting its best press ever. New records were being headlined daily. Then, to the organising staffs trimming seconds off their timetables, came the request: Can you fly the Norfolks out of Berlin, and the Welch Fusiliers in?

If the staffs thought this was the last straw, they did not say so. They just fitted the extra flights into their schedule — coal, food, Infantry, it was all the same to them. And the exchange of battalions went off without a hitch.

Another aerial switch was scheduled to follow: the relief of the Worcestershire Regiment in Berlin by the Gordon Highlanders.

The Royal Norfolks had been in Berlin for nearly 18 months and were due for a change. The Royal Welch Fusiliers, who had spent nearly two years in the Ruhr, were selected to replace

them. Fortunately the administrative and quartermastering difficulties were not so great as at first appeared, as the battalions exchanged all vehicles and stores.

The Fusiliers left their headquarters at Hubbelrath near Dusseldorf in parties of 80 or 90 and travelled by train to Lubeck. Within 15 minutes of arriving at the airfield they were sitting in Dakotas having their safety-belts tested. Five minutes later they were airborne, on their

way down the Berlin corridor. Every morning for eight days parties were flown into Berlin until the entire battalion, including a score of wives and nearly 30 children (some of them babies in arms), had been transported. Also by air went the officers' mess silver, regimental mementoes and pets.

Most of the men had never flown before. For some, like Fusilier Ronald Jenkin, of Stanleytown, in the Rhonda Valley, and Corporal Stanley Nye, of Bournemouth, it was a welcome change to climb aboard a plane again. Fusilier Jenkin served with 6th Airborne Division for two years during the war and landed in Normandy, and Corporal Nye was with 2nd Parachute Battalion in North Africa, Sicily and Palestine.

Another member of the battalion who had flown before and who seemed to enjoy travelling by air was "Billy the Goat." "Billy" was flown out to Germany at the end of the war to join the 6th Battalion, Royal Welch Fusiliers, but he disgraced himself on that occasion. He broke loose when the plane was over the North Sea and so badly savaged another goat that was to join the 7th Battalion, that it had to be destroyed. This time the Fusiliers were more careful. After showing "Billy" the plane and getting him used to the sound of the engines they put him in a strong wooden crate and flew him in with the Goat-major, Lance-Corporal Albert Doughty, to keep a watchful eye on him.

"Billy's" arrival in Berlin caused quite a stir among the German

Air trooping came back — temporarily. It was the only way of relieving units in Berlin



Left: Billy took some persuading to get into the plane, although he is an experienced flyer. Below: A big moment for little passengers. Carol and Rodger Lewis flew with their parents to Berlin. Right: Back from behind the curtain: a soldier of the Royal Norfolks.

population, hundreds of whom gave him a special cheer at Gatow.

"Billy," who was born in September 1943, was chosen from the Royal Herd at Windsor by the present Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, Lieut-Col. E. H. Cadogan, who was then with the 6th Battalion. Goat-major Doughty, who was selected from 12 volunteers for the post, says "Billy" is normally well-behaved (apart from that one lapse over the North Sea) and he and the goat get "along very well together." "Of course, he smells a bit sometimes," says Doughty, "but there are drawbacks to every job, aren't there? At least he's no trouble over food. He'll eat anything, but prefers straw and cabbages."

"Billy" is one of three regimental goats in the Army to-day. A second is with the Welch Regiment and a third with the 6th (TA) Battalion Royal Welch Fusiliers.

*** The first reference to a regimental goat in the Royal Welch Fusiliers is to 1775 when a goat went into action at the Battle of Bunker's Hill.

An extract from Major Donkin's *Military Recollections* written in 1777 says: —

"The Royal Regiment of Welch Fusiliers has a privileged honour of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers: and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward for Merit, yet the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom."

Nowadays "Billy" is taken into the officers' mess on St. David's Night and led round the table by the Goat-major, and at all ceremonial parades he leads the battalion.



"Good Pull-Up For Carmen"—on the long road through the Ruhr.

The Old Mill on the Autobahn

THE windmill ceased to grind corn when the autobahn crept across the countryside. The German Government bought it and let it to a man who turned it into a roadhouse for motorists, hungry, thirsty and bored with the dreary business of speeding along the world's most monotonous motor-roads.

In 1939 the motorists became almost exclusively young men in *Wehrmacht* field grey. In 1945 they became young men in khaki.

The man who took the roadhouse retired to the wooden house he had built behind the windmill, there to cater for the German truck-drivers. The YMCA took over the roadhouse itself and today the Windmill canteen, on the autobahn at Vellern, 25 kilometres from Hamm, is the only place where British soldiers can get a cup of tea on the run from Cologne to Hanover.

In charge of the mill is Miss N. K. Laird, who wears World War One ribbons (she was in the VAD). She is always proud to show her visitors' book to passers-by.

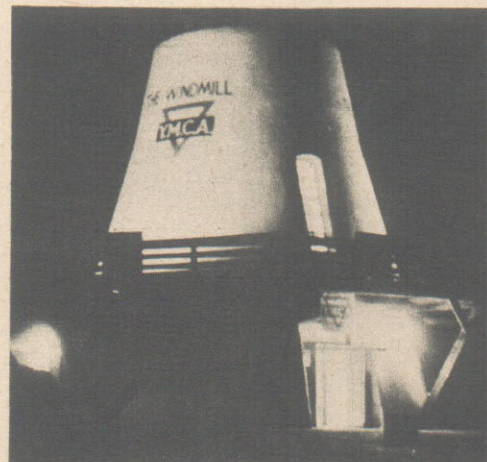
Its names include generals, a cardinal, Russians, Greeks, Poles, Indians, stage and film stars, British and foreign journalists and even a gaggle of British women journalists who made a tour of inspection of Rhine Army.

Regular customers at the Windmill are Driver John Greenwood and Craftsman H. R. Lownan, who are the autobahn breakdown team in that part of the Ruhr. They sleep in a shack next door to the mill, and cook their own food.

At night the Windmill, its white sides lit up, is as much a landmark as in the day. Inside it is cosy and picturesque. The village of Vellern was, according to local tradition, inhabited by foolish people and some of their reputed absurdities are painted on the conical wall. There is the cow, for instance, being hauled up to eat the grass on the top of a tower — by means of a noose round its neck. There is the sundial, which is said to have been built in the shade. But if you prefer it, after hours in the oily fumes of a lorry cab, there is a balcony where you can sit in the open air, watching other people speed along the wide, featureless road.



Above: In charge of the canteen is Miss N. K. Laird, who wears World War One ribbons. Below: At night the Windmill is a beacon to the tired traveller.



Soldiers on Sulkies

On Hamburg's trotting track the winning jockey often turns out to be a British soldier, disguised in racing colours. It's a good sport, calling for nerve and quick decisions



FOR the owners of the horses which flash around Hamburg's Farmsen race-track, trotting is big business. But for those British soldiers who sit the sulkies, it is just an afternoon's sport — on a strictly amateur basis.

Trotting is a sport which has caught the soldier's attention in Hamburg, as it has in Vienna and in Trieste. But in Hamburg it is not merely a spectator-sport; soldiers who join the Anglo-German Trotting Club can qualify to handle high-mettled German horses.

It is an exhilarating sport, calling for nerve and quick judgment — and the ability to talk to horses in their own language.

The story of trotting in Hamburg begins at the turn of the century when a frisky young stallion named Peter the Great, who had burned up most of the trotting tracks in America's Middle-West, was sold to a German racehorse owner for what was then considered to be a fantastic price, and shipped to Hamburg. Peter the Great quickly became a favourite at Hamburg's new racetrack. His racing days over, he retired to sire a breed of horses that became world-famous. Today his descendants are racing on the same track.

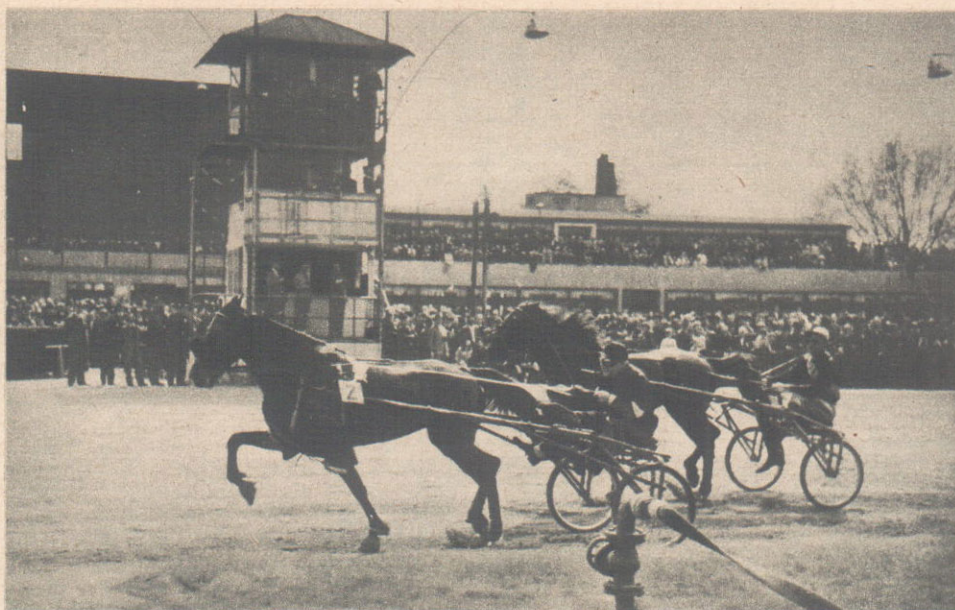
Some of the present-day horses have English names like Hurry, Export, Oliver, Merry and Game Chick, while others indicate their ancestry with such names as Peter Pluto and Peter Duffy.

British soldiers took up trotting in Hamburg very soon after the end of the war in 1945, when the London Welsh Regiment (HAA), Royal Artillery, staged several meetings.

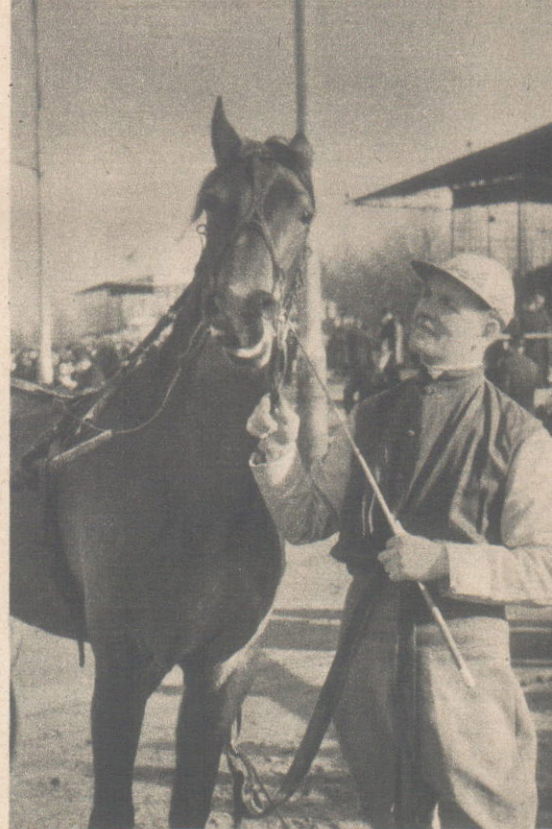
It all happened quite casually. Major L. Evelyn-Jones, now president of the Club and a keen competitor, was then adjutant of the regiment. Duty took him to the Farmsen track, then being used as a displaced persons camp. "It was in an appalling state of disrepair," he told SOLDIER, "but many of the horses were still there, eating out their hearts in the stables. One of the British sergeants on the camp staff asked if I would like 'a bash on the track' and having nothing else to do for an hour I had one of the horses out. Before I knew what had happened I was tearing round the track at what seemed a most startling speed. It was so exciting that I became an addict from that moment and organised a regimental meeting."

Later the German trotting element revived and joined forces with the British club, which was then known as the Hamburg Officers and Warrant Officers Trotting Club. The Anglo-German Club runs its own racing news-sheet and thousands of marks change hands at each meeting through the Tote.

Many of the British soldier-drivers have earned high reputations. **RQMS. John Rogers (in racing colours) points out features of the sulky to Serjeant A. G. Lennox.** Colour photograph by Sjt. F. Covey.



Beaten by a length is Major L. Evelyn-Jones, who gave the first impetus to trotting in Hamburg after the war. In the judges' box are representatives of the Army and Control Commission. Right: RQMS. Rogers with his favourite horse *Nachtjäger*.



ations with the crowd and are even known to their German supporters by nicknames like "Flash", "Speedy" and "Tear-away." High up in the popularity list comes RQMS. John Rogers, of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, who has been a successful competitor for nearly two years. Only twice in the last year has he been unplaced. RQMS. Rogers has had a lifetime of experience with horses. He was brought up on his father's farm in Northumberland and rode in local point-to-point races when a boy. In his 18 years in the Army he has somehow always managed to continue his contact with horses. In India between 1937-40 he rode a great deal for pleasure and played competitive polo.

Captain J. A. Rennie, RASC, is another who grew up with horses ("I was very nearly born in a stable," he says) and has ridden for the past 24 years. When he takes the track he is usually placed in the first four. Often placed, too, is Major George Sims, late of the RASC and now of the Financial Branch of Control Commission, who is one of the founder-members.

Ex-Serjeant Harry Barrett, formerly of the RAMC and now with NAAFI, has only recently taken up trotting but already he has had several winners and five seconds. He was a horse-dealer in Ipswich before the war and claims to be the last man in that town to drive a butcher's horse and cart in 1937.

Getting back to form again after a serious track accident in which he broke his back is Mr. Lawrence Murphy, son of the veterinary surgeon to a Newmarket trainer. Mr. Murphy, an RAF air-gunner throughout the war, was thrown when his horse mounted the side of the track, and spent four months in hospital. His favourite mount is Eva Challenger which he has had placed on seven of the nine occasions he has competed with her.

At Farmsen there are now over 400 horses owned by some 40 stables. The British competitors

normally race for one stable, but if the owner has no horse available they are allowed to enter for another owner. Before being accepted by the club as a competing member, each man has to prove his worth in four races. Often drivers are up at the crack of dawn, urging their horses round the track as the sun comes up or gently breaking in a young horse on the long and short reins.

First a driver must get accustomed to the two-wheeled, rubber-tyred gig—called a sulky or a long shaft (the latter is about a foot longer in the shaft). It is very light and at speed can be overturned quite easily if one of the wheels hits a bad bump or the edge of the track. Normally the sulky is made with hickory shafts and has a slightly sprung seat to reduce the shock of bumping. With his feet straddled on to the wide foot-rests a driver looks uncomfortable, but most of them will tell you that the position is easy and gives good control over the horse.

Whips are always carried but rarely used; most trotting horses are very highly-strung and if struck tend to break into a gallop which might disqualify them. RQMS. Rogers says that the very lightest of taps is quite enough to make a horse increase speed without breaking out of the trot.

The essence of good trotting

lies in the understanding between horse and man. Some competitors keep a pocket book listing horses' idiosyncrasies. One horse will like to hear an encouraging click of the tongue; another will pay no attention to anything but a loud shout. Some must be held back if they are to be kept trotting but others can be given their heads and relied upon not to break the trot. Young horses which tend to take fright are fitted with a French nose-band which keeps their gaze on the track.

For an owner a win in a big race is worth as much as £600 or £800, and a second place about £350. But for the soldier-driver it means only the thrill of the race and perhaps a small gift in the shape of a silver cup or a cigarette box from the owner. The club rules forbid acceptance of money.

The track, which is made of very fine sand kept damp to prevent flying dust, is about 2200 metres round with a 200 metres finishing straight. The starting procedure is that after a warning bell is rung the sulkies swing round on their handicap marks until the starting bell when they straighten up and flash away. A good driver with a good horse can gain yards by getting off the

mark smartly, but sometimes drivers suffer by being the wrong way round when the starting bell sounds.

The rules disqualify any horse which abandons its trotting step for a gallop or canter of more than 50 yards. In that space (and there is precious little time to recover) the driver must pull the horse back and begin trotting again. And in so doing his sulky must not pass another. Cutting in and deliberate bumping also bring about disqualification.

A good horse can lap the track at an average speed of 30 mph, with an all-out speed of 32-33 mph. This was tested in the early days by soldiers trailing behind a sulky in a jeep.

"It doesn't sound very fast," says RQMS. Rogers, "but I can assure you that it feels fast—very fast." The average speed of a Derby winner is only just over 37 mph.

Members of the British element of the club also help in the judging and act as stewards. Major R. Edwards of the Royal Army Dental Corps, Mr. A. E. Young, a civilian attached to the US Forces in Bremen, and QMS. S. Wilbey of the Royal Engineers, all enthusiastic non-driving members, are often to be found in the judges' box or at the starting line just to see fair play.

Liaison officer between the German and British members is Paul Schonrock, a world-famous competitor before World War One. He has ridden winners in America, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and England, and even at the age of 75 often goes for a spin just to keep his hand in.

Trotting meetings are held twice a week at Farmsen. It is an all-the-year-round sport, and plans are being made to put up flood-lamps so that the course can be used for night meetings.

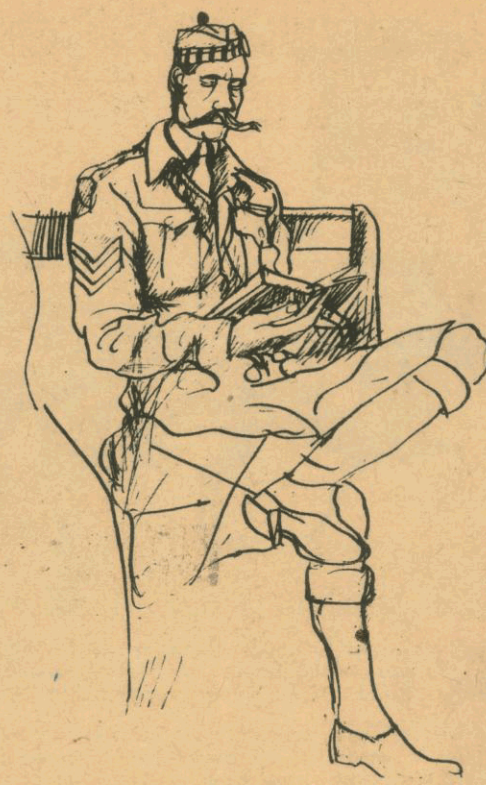
E. J. GROVE



Another close finish. Dictionary defines trotting as "proceeding at steady pace faster than walk, lifting each diagonal pair of legs alternately, with brief intervals during which body is unsupported."



Educational "types" at Welbeck Abbey gave Serjeant Gerald Lipman plenty of inspiration. Below: a page from the serjeant's portfolio on Southend, his home town.



"A serjeant in the Royal Scots, Retford Station."



Another character study from Welbeck Abbey.



The Serjeant Was Always Sketching

ON these pages SOLDIER introduces the work of Gerald Lipman, a 20-year-old serjeant in the 7th Queen's Own Hussars who is just finishing his National Service.

His drawings have a maturity rarely found in the work of a young artist; but Serjeant Lipman started young — he had a large water-colour accepted by the Royal Academy when he was only 16.

Son of a commercial artist, young Lipman showed the first signs of his heredity by scribbling in his school exercise books; he was soon designing posters for school entertainments. At 11 he won a poster contest organised by the National War Savings Committee.

At 14 Lipman left the Harrow School of Art and found a job in the art department of a London advertising agency. In his spare time he wandered round London sketching ruined churches and buildings; and twice a week he studied under Robert Guthrie.

One day an office colleague saw on Lipman's desk a large water colour of a bombed church, and said, "Why don't you try it on the Royal Academy?" The artist thought this a joke, but he sent the picture in. The Hanging Committee of the Academy, who do not know the artist's name, age or background, accepted the painting.

The Royal Academy School of Art offered a place to Lipman but he declined it, along with the offer of another valuable scholarship. "I turned them down because I was going in the Forces," he said. "I felt I should learn a lot by mixing with other people, travelling about and seeing new things to paint."

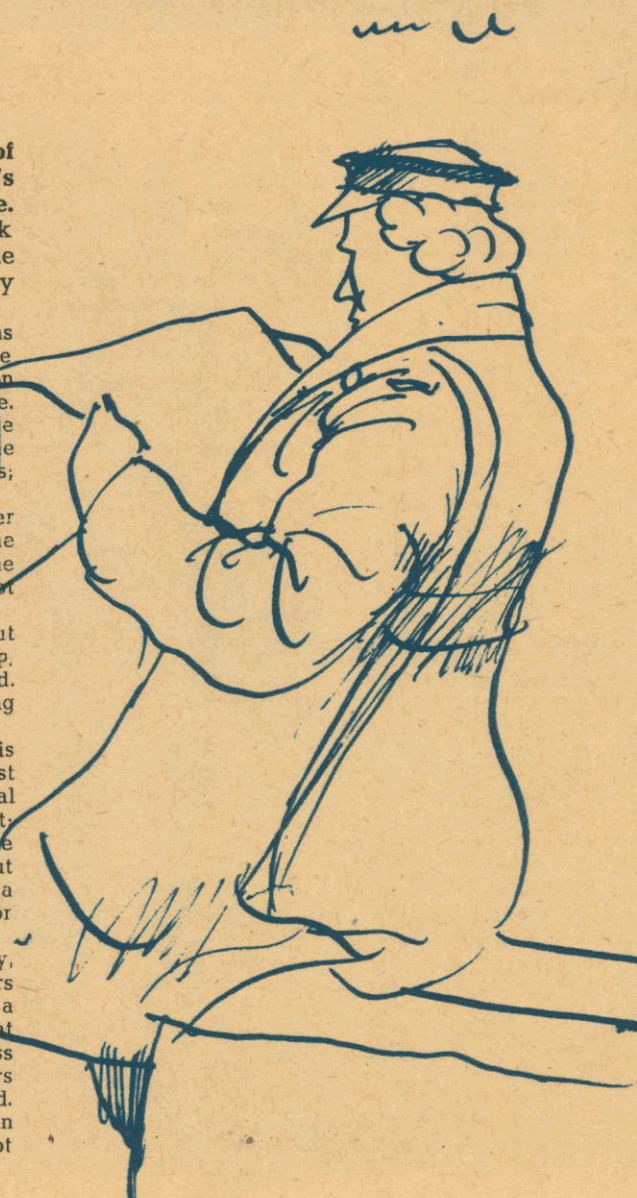
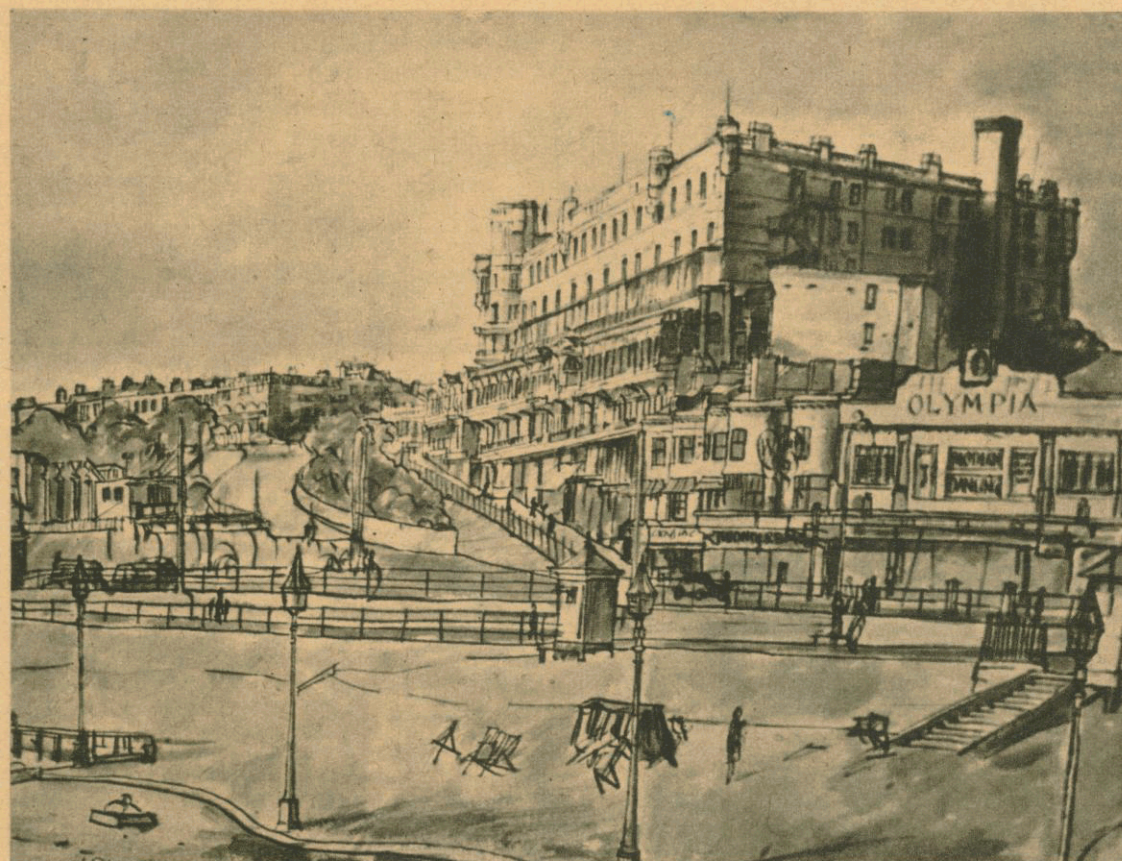
Lipman draws and paints in a variety of styles. Sometimes his work suggests Topolski, at other times the French caricaturist Daumier. He has an alert eye for those little quirks which reveal the character of the sitter. But not only is he skilled as a portraitist, he is an excellent interpreter of architecture, as for instance of the oddly variegated architecture of his native Southend-on-Sea. But his alert eye for whimsical detail would be valueless without a mastery of the technics of his craft — and that holds a moral for many would-be artists in the Forces.

Serjeant Lipman found his niche in the Army at Welbeck Abbey, Nottinghamshire (Army College North), teaching drawing to soldiers on their way out to Civvy Street. Historic Welbeck Abbey is a standing temptation to a man with a sketch book, and Serjeant Lipman took full advantage of his opportunities. Nor did he miss the opportunities afforded by the craggy Educational characters who nowadays haunt the ancestral home of the Dukes of Portland.

Serjeant Lipman hopes to hold an exhibition of water colours in the near future. SOLDIER wishes him every success and does not doubt that he will achieve it.



Architecture appeals as much to Serjeant Lipman as portraiture. The Army's Welbeck Abbey is a standing temptation to a man with a sketch book.

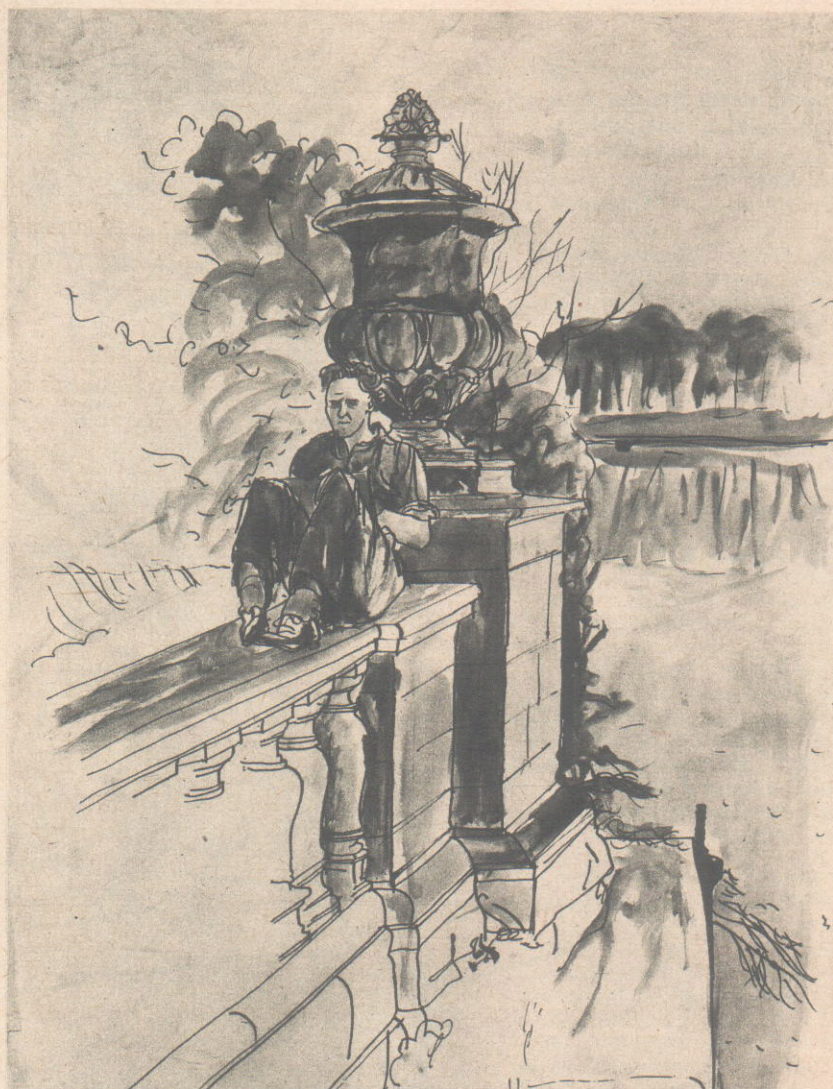


Left: character study from a NAAFI club in Lincoln. Above: "Man in a Train" — in the artist's Topolski mood.



"The Serjeant Was Always Sketching" (continued)

Here are four more studies from an Army college. Serjeant Lipman was a drawing instructor, and as such was in a position to sketch the sketchers. Picture at bottom, right shows the kind of informal study which goes on in the grounds of one of England's stateliest homes.





America's "Sandhurst" paraded troops and tanks in honour of Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Templer, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

WEST POINT FIRES 15 GUNS - FOR A BRITISH GENERAL

LIEUT-GENERAL Sir G. W. R. Templer (who was in the headlines a short while ago when he chased a burglar in London and floored him with a Rugby tackle) recently visited the famous American military academy at West Point.

He was appearing as a lecturer under the Kermit Roosevelt Scheme for exchange of military lecturers between America and Britain.

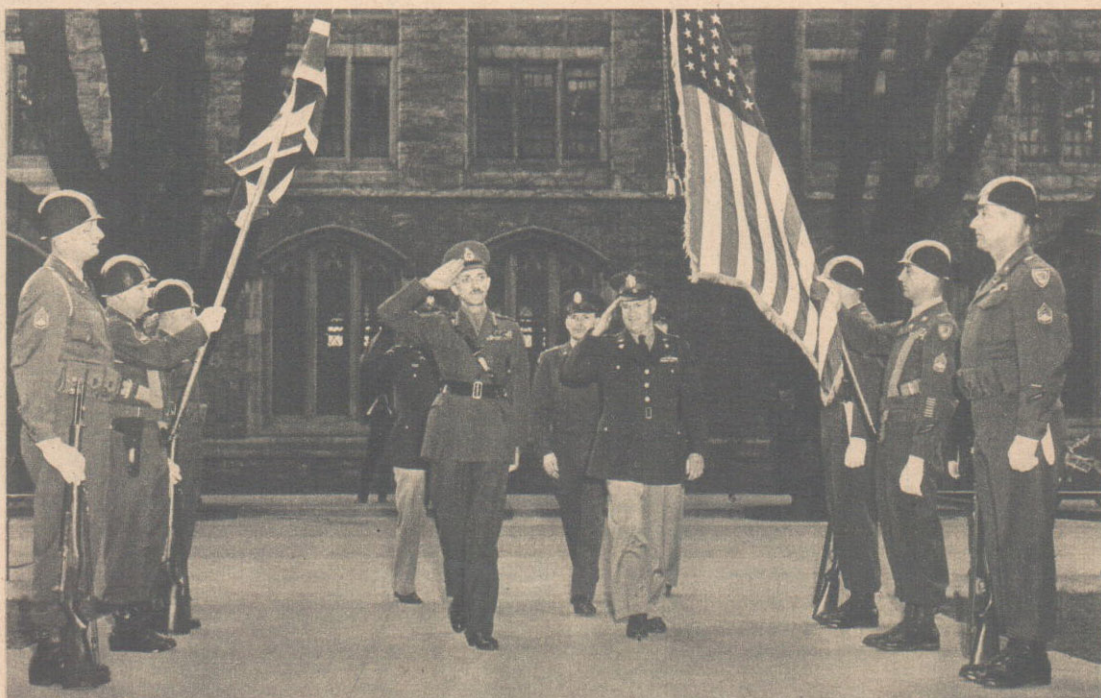
West Point received the Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff with full honours, which included an armoured escort by the 1802nd Special Regiment, a 15-gun salute, a guard of honour and a band which rendered "three ruffles and flourishes."

Besides lecturing to the Corps of Cadets, Lieut-General Templer saw all the activities of the Academy, lunched with the cadets and dined as the guest of the Superintendent, Major-General Bryant E. Moore, late Commanding General United States Troops, Trieste.

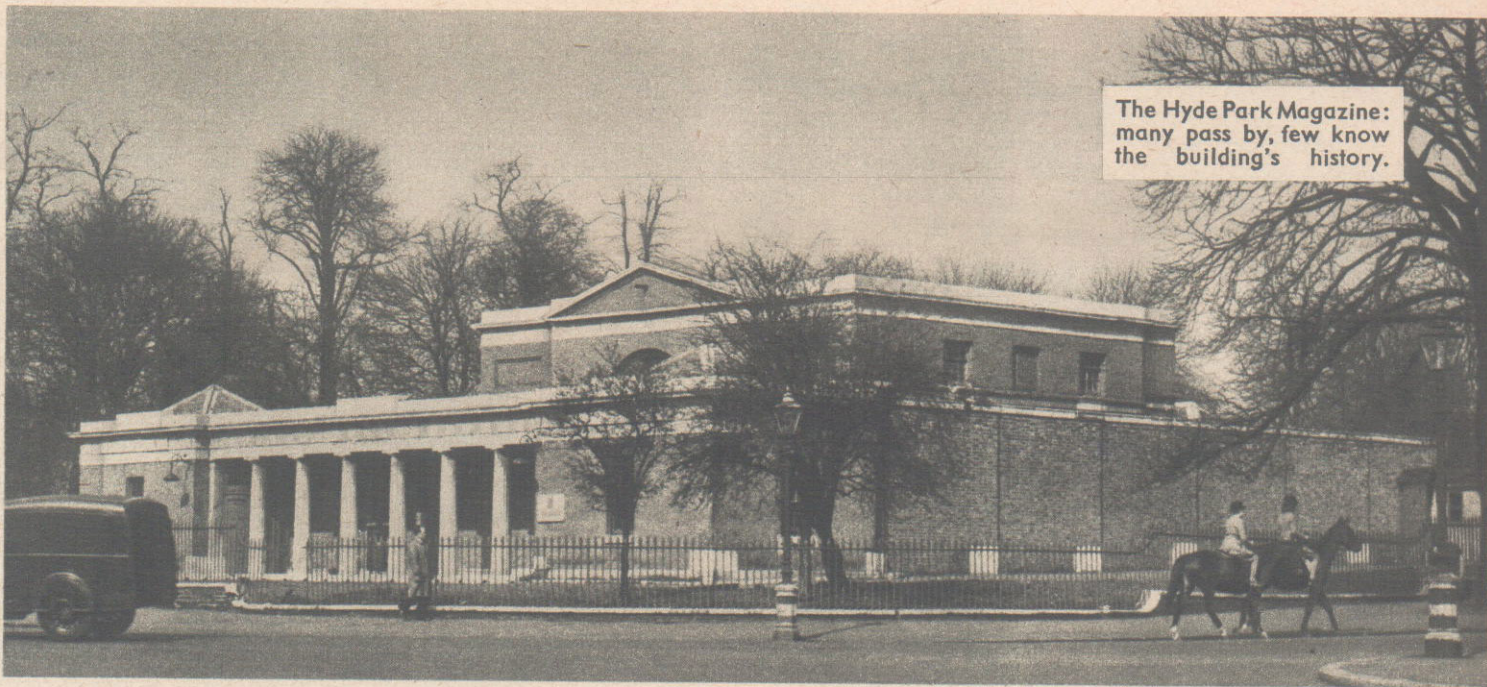
During World War Two General Templer served in Africa and Europe, being seriously injured while commanding Sixth Armoured Division. In 1945-46 he was Director of Military Government in 21 Army Group. In 1946 he became Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office. He is Colonel of the Royal Irish Fusiliers.



Above: Cadet/Capt. H. A. Griffith presents a silver plate to Lieut-Gen. Templer, while Maj-Gen. Moore, Superintendent of West Point, looks on. Right: saluting the colours (note different salutes) are Lieut-Gen. Templer and Gen. Harris Jones.



The Hyde Park Magazine:
many pass by, few know
the building's history.



NO PLACE FOR ATOM BOMBS

"Hullo, is that Hyde Park Powder Magazine?"
"Yes, who's speaking?"
"This is SOLDIER Magazine here."
"Who?"
"SOLDIER Magazine."
"Never heard of you. Do you carry dynamite?"
"Not if we can help it. We're SOLDIER. You know — periodical, monthly, soldiers for the reading of."
"Oh, I thought you said you were a magazine..."

THE famous old powder magazine in Hyde Park stands on the north bank of the Serpentine just at the end of the road bridge. Londoners know next-to-nothing about it. The courting

couples who dally below it in row-boats have other things on their mind. And the folk who purr past in high-powered cars do not suspect that behind the Graeco-Victorian columns of its ultra-respectable frontage lurk two sealed storage chambers which can hold at least 30 tons of high explosive, enough to bite quite a large chunk out of London's favourite park.

Tracing the building's origin proved a fascinating but exhausting occupation. A little copper plaque near a bit of guttering on the roof said "1805," but that might merely have referred to improvements. A map of Hyde Park dated 1819 includes a foot-path which, it says, leads to the

"new magazine," but a guide book says it was built "in the early days of Queen Victoria." Neither gives the exact date.

Although the outer part of the building may have been added during the reign of the Great White Queen, it is certain that the powder chambers were built to specifications which were in use at the time of Nelson. Inscriptions on the copper-lined doors, almost obliterated by successive coats of WD paint, announce: "This Magazine has capacity of 672 barrells." These were the old-fashioned gunpowder barrels, in 50 lb and 100 lb sizes, that were used to prime the guns in the days of muzzle loaders. They were probably more dangerous than the more powerful stuff we use nowadays, because gunpowder has a very low flash point and the slightest spark will set it off, whereas most of our modern explosives merely burn away if left in the open and produce their explosive effect only if detonated in a confined space.

The military authorities of that time were very conscious of the danger of explosion. Not a scrap of iron or steel was used in the magazine's construction. The oaken floor boards were pegged to the joists with wooden pegs, wooden gantries were erected to help in moving the barrels, the doors were lined with copper (you can't strike sparks from copper) and the locks were made of phosphor-bronze. Behind the storage chambers was a changing-room where the ammunition handlers took off their metal-buttoned uniforms and their iron-shod boots GS to put on special cloth slippers and "powder slops."

In a memo dated 1768 referring to a smaller magazine in Hyde Park, the then Secretary of State for War was much concerned that the magazine, the guardroom and the "necefsary" were all reached through the same door. He thought it highly possible that the guard,

going to the "necefsary" with a naked light, might blow up the whole place.

This danger was averted in the new magazine by building the guardroom 250 yards away. A detachment of Guards, in full-dress, provided the sentries on what must then have been one of the biggest powder stores in the country.

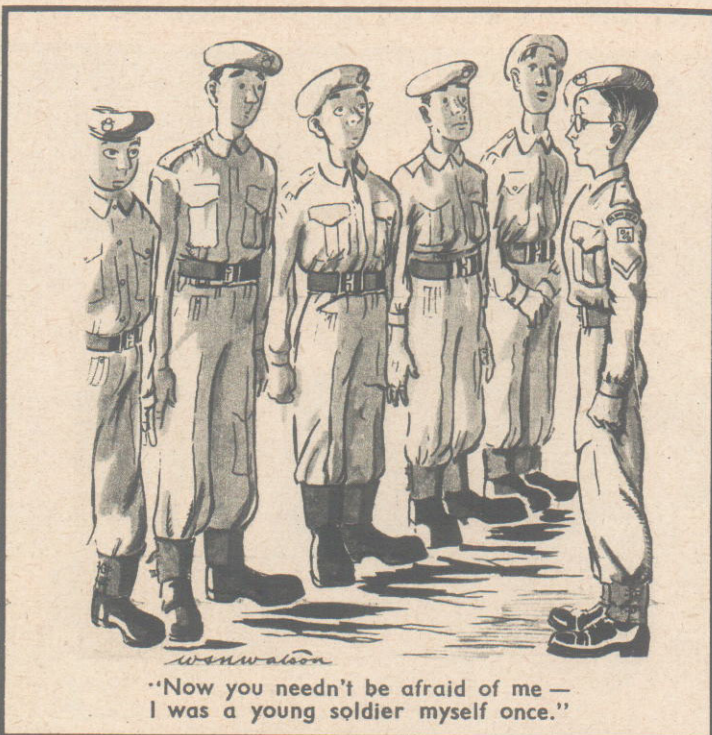
When breech-loaders and shell cartridges were invented, new storerooms were built round three sides of the central block and the colonnaded facade was added. In 1927 it occurred to someone that a lightning conductor might be a good idea, and that electric light would be useful in the changing room and offices, but the Government at that time was not interested in military installations and it took ten years to get these improvements made. The first switch was pulled in 1937.

At the outbreak of World War Two, Hyde Park Magazine housed some 30,000 25-pounder shells. It was then noticed that a saboteur could shoot right through the entrance from the other side of the Serpentine, through an open air-vent and into the central storehouse, so the last improvement, a little brick wall covering the air-vent, was added. During the war years almost every kind of ammunition, except that for coastal and ack-ack guns, was stored in the magazine and the dump overflowed into "elephant huts" all over the park.

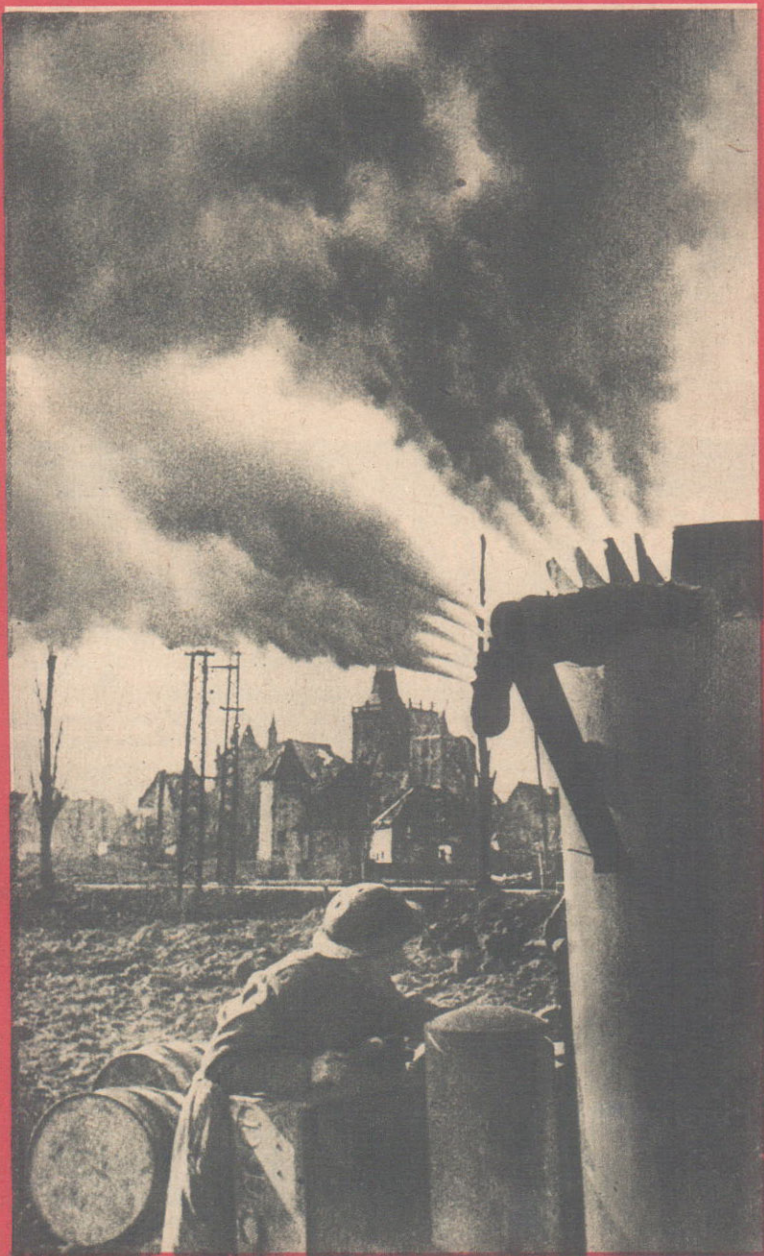
Now the debris of war has been cleared away, Hyde Park magazine stands almost empty and rather forlorn beside the boat-studded Serpentine. The picturesque Guards patrol no longer. Only a RAOC clerk is on night duty there and even he may soon hand over to a WD caretaker-policeman.

Nor can the magazine dream of new glories in a bigger, better war. It's not quite suitable for storing atom bombs.

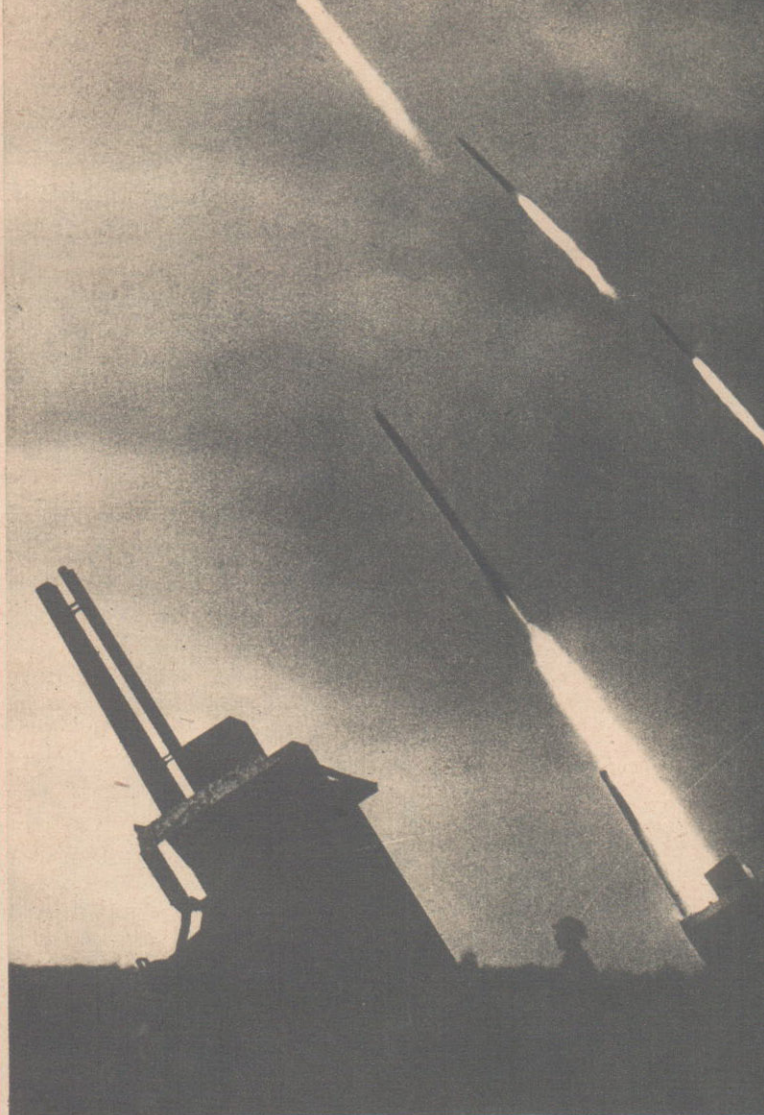
TED JONES



"Now you needn't be afraid of me — I was a young soldier myself once."



Up goes the smoke—to screen the Allies' preparations for the crossing of the Rhine.



Up go the rockets—one of the first pictures allowed to be taken of a "Z" ack-ack battery in action.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Up go the flames—from an Italian plane which has crashed in the Western Desert. Note prostrate Infantrymen in foreground.



1949



EIRE: Two Pages of History

LAST Easter Sunday armoured cars of the Eire Army rolled past the Post Office building in Dublin in a triumphal parade as Eire became a Republic.

On Easter Sunday, 1916, a rebellion, centred on that same Post Office, began in Dublin. It cost the British Army a week of street fighting, with 377 casualties of whom 106 were killed, to suppress.

In January 1919 began an "Anglo-Irish War" which bore a striking similarity to events in Palestine after World War Two. It started with attacks on isolated members of the Irish Constabulary, then on police barracks. To combat this threat, a force of 1500 Auxiliaries and another of 5800 "Black and Tans"—tough, ex-Servicemen volunteers—were drafted into Ireland alongside Regular troops.

The "Troubles" grew. The rebels ambushed the occupying forces and indulged in widespread terrorism. Roads and bridges were blown up, newspaper offices were burned down on the least provocation. The "Black and Tans" knew how to be tough too. Through it all the British soldier guarded, patrolled and raided.

At the end of 1921 an Anglo-Irish treaty was signed: 26 Irish counties were to have dominion status. In 1922 the British soldier left; and amid all the jubilation there were those who were sorry to see him go.

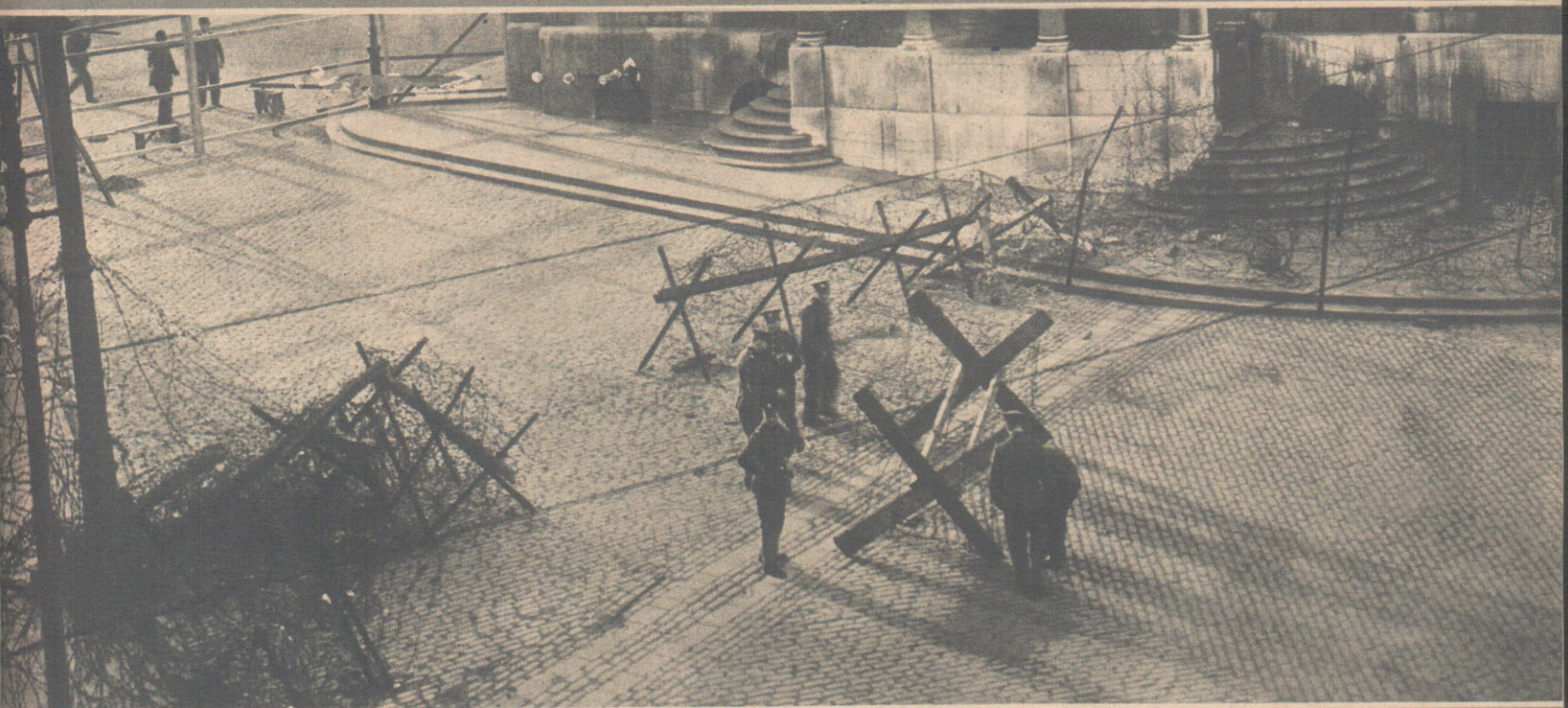
In the 'thirties the Irish Free State loosened still further her ties with England. But that did not prevent many thousands of Irishmen volunteering to fight for Britain in World War Two.

Above: Artillery units of the Eire Army (the guns are the familiar British 3.7's) roll through Dublin on the way to the saluting base. Top, right: President S. T. O'Kelly inspects a Guard of Honour. Below: a general view of the march-past at the Post Office (where the 1916 rebellion began).

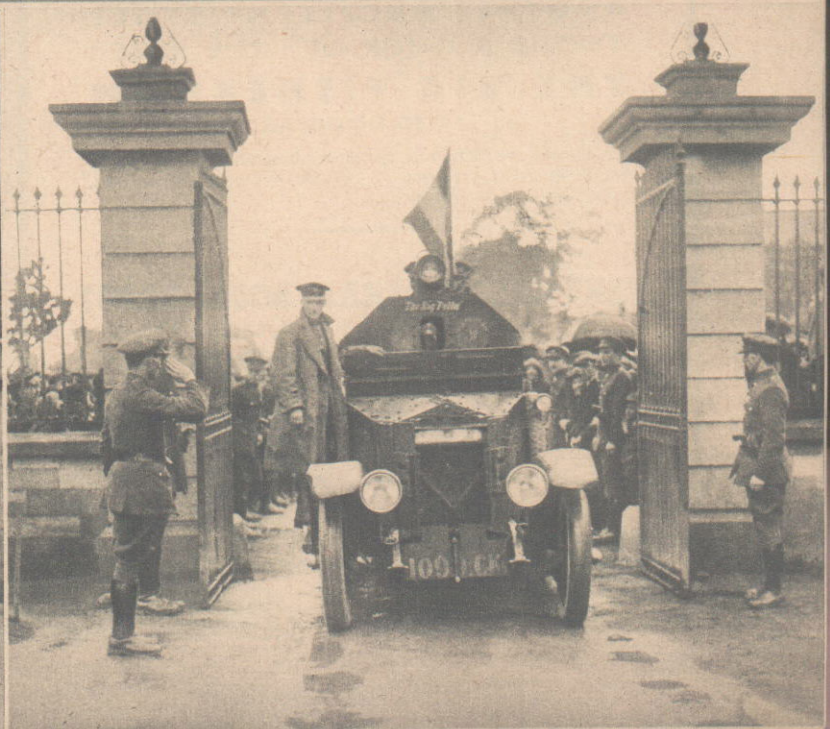




In armoured cars like these British soldiers carried out many raids in Dublin. The troops in these pictures were engaged in a round-up in Dublin Park.



Dublin Castle was the seat of British power. It was closely defended through the "Troubles" by barricades and barbed wire.
British soldiers guard the Hibernian Bank. The date: 1922.



When The Troops Blew Up Balloons

IT was in that early stage of the war when the people of Britain had no weapons — only a lot of brainwaves. The editor of one of the biggest Sunday newspapers was urging, "Set the German forests on fire!"

To many this seemed a good idea at the time. Not only would a really good forest fire explode hidden arsenals but it would cover Germany with a frightening pall of smoke.

Why wasn't it done? The answer is to be found in "Vision Ahead" (Werner Laurie 11s 6d) by Air Commodore P. Huskinson, the soldier-turned-airman who gave the RAF "bigger and better bombs," even after he himself was blinded by a German bomb.

On the subject of forest fires the author writes:

"I spent several weeks in a forest in Scotland, which came nearest to the forests in Germany in the nature and variety of its trees, trying to set fire to it with every weapon our experts could produce. Sometimes we dropped them, attached to parachutes, from low-flying aircraft, so that they caught in the tops of the trees and hung there. Sometimes we fixed them in position by hand, laboriously clambering up ladders or hauling ourselves from branch to branch, under a blazing August sun. We fired them electrically.

"We had no success whatever with any. We set fire, often enough, to a few

dry twigs on the tops of the trees and to the undergrowth and pine needles on the ground below, but these soon died down. At no time, either in this country or Germany, were we able to produce a genuine forest fire."

Another device for firing crops — a pellet of phosphorus in a cellulose "sandwich" — also proved "bleakly unsatisfactory."

Futile, too, was the idea of small bombs suspended from balloons, which were to drift across Germany, foul cables and do other damage. Hundreds of men were put on to this project; thousands of soldiers were busy along the coast blowing up and releasing the balloons. None of the experts had faith in the scheme. One day the wind changed and the balloons were blown back over our coasts. The Home Guard "potted" a few of them, but several people were injured. The idea was abandoned.

Air Commodore Huskinson was glad to rid himself of these and even wilder experiments, and to concentrate on bigger bombs — bombs for dams, bombs for submarines, bombs for cities... culminating in the ten-ton "Grand Slam." Not the least fascinating part of the book describes his battles with officialdom to get permission and money to carry out experiments. He has some hard words to say for the War Office, some kind words for the

Army at Shoeburyness, and scathing words for the Treasury.

The Air Commodore at one time wanted to build a special target at Braid Fell, in Scotland. Most of the opposition to projects of this kind was contained in a file which "bulged with the harvest of its years of wandering through every department I had ever heard of. There was enough discouragement in its dog-eared minutes to have stifled... the most passionate aspiration of the human heart."

The Air Commodore took this file to his unceremonious chief, Lord Beaverbrook. The "Beaver" flicked over a page or two, and said, "The man for this job is 'Troubles' Elliott. I'll get hold of him now." Elliott looked at the file, sighed and put it in the waste-paper basket. Permission to build the target was then obtained after a series of forceful, personal interviews.

The book sheds a truly fascinating light on what went on behind the scenes. It tells of the battles with bird protection societies and local squires for much-needed ranges. It describes the startling results of Lord Beaverbrook's appeal for motor vehicles, which resulted in the arrival of an old emblazoned Daimler with vertical steering column, complete with cockaded footman and chauffeur.

It reproduces some intriguing correspondence by the officials of the Ruhr Dam Administration, who tried to convince the German military that their dams were vulnerable to air attack. They might like to know that at the same time Mr. B. N. Wallis, of Vickers-Armstrong, advocate of the attack on the Ruhr dams, was being assured by "experts" in Britain that the dams could not be breached.

This is a splendid book, and the most splendid part of it — how the author triumphed over his blindness — is only lightly touched upon. When he returned, sightless, to his desk, he had an assistant to run over the outlines of blueprints with a pricked wheel, so that he could trace them with his fingers.

Air Commodore Huskinson was originally destined for the 60th Rifles. At Sandhurst he found that this regiment looked on flying as rather a vulgar activity, so he changed to the Sherwood Foresters, who were more broad-minded. Seconded to the Royal Flying Corps, he flew over the Western Front and scored a most creditable "bag" of enemy planes. He was also awarded the MC. His stories of those days alone — and of trying to find his way about England by swooping low over railway stations — are as good as any part of the book.

Men of Derby Led The Way

IT is noteworthy that at least on two occasions the Second Derbyshire Yeomanry occupied the position of spearhead of the Army which it was serving at the same moment that the First Regiment was leading its Army — once when the two Armies were respectively the spearheads of the thrusts from east to west in North Africa, and again during the European campaign, when the Second Regiment was leading the advance into Germany while the First was leading the northward advance through Italy."

So writes the Duke of Devonshire in his foreword to the war history of the Second Derbyshire Yeomanry, the regiment of which he is Colonel. The historian is Captain A. J. Jones, and the book is published by the White Swan Press, Hotwell Road, Bristol 8 (price 5s).

The Second Derbyshire Yeomanry saw service as an Armoured Car Regiment in the Western Desert, taking part in the Battle of El Alamein. Then came a static period when it became the nucleus of a hush-hush "combined ops" formation called, for security reasons, No. 37 Brick. After a variety of moves the regiment was called back to re-form as a divisional reconnaissance regiment for the invasion of North-West Europe. The division to which the men of Derby were assigned was the 51st (Highland) Division, and it turned out to be a very happy blend of Scot and Sassenach. To the Jocks the Yeomanry were known as "the mad recce."

Today the Derbyshire Yeomanry and the 51st Highland Division have both been reconstituted in the Territorial Army.

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ITALIAN Intelligence had reported that an Australian division had landed at Mombasa. Lieut-General Sir Alan Cunningham, who had a 350-mile gap in the scanty forces with which he was preparing to advance from Kenya into Italian East Africa, gladly accepted the Italian-created addition to his forces.

The story is told in Kenneth Gandar Dower's "Abyssinian Patchwork" (Frederick Muller, 18s), which is an anthology of stories of General Cunningham's campaign.

Tale of a Phantom Division

This one about the Phantom Fourth Australian Division was written by the Captain (Acting Major-General) who commanded it. His division consisted of three youthful captains (acting brigadiers), a number of wireless sets, a handful of British and African signalers, and 60 dummy light tanks made of canvas.

The commander of this tank "battalion" was a very gallant young captain in the 8th Hussars who was speechless with rage and shame at the degradation of his command.

The day after its formation, the division set off for the 350-mile gap and made contact with the scanty forces there. Platoon outposts were converted to brigade headquarters by the addition of one wireless set and dummy wireless traffic. The dummy tanks were pushed under the noses of the enemy.

Division soon settled down to normal routine and the Italians were offered messages by wireless to show that leave had been stopped, the supply of NAAFI stores was unsatisfactory as usual, Sergeant Hucklebury's wife had presented him, after an anxious few days, with a son and heir, and the GOC was furious at the loss of his bedding through the carelessness of his ADC.

Somali informers in Italian pay were given a discreet look at the tanks and the Italian air force duly discovered and reported them. Emboldened by success, the divisional patrols made contact with enemy outposts and the division began to advance. The Italian division opposite withdrew and the commander claimed a magnificent military feat in stemming the progress of the Australians.

The phantom division was maintained by propaganda and occasional indiscreet wireless messages and at the end of the campaign Italians were still enquiring about the Australians and New Zealanders who had been fighting against them.

The other stories in "Abyssinian Patchwork" are also written by the people concerned, some by the enemy. They shed light on the difficult and sometimes bloody campaign that ended Italy's East African adventure and on the men who fought it — the white men and the black from East, West and South Africa and the Abyssinian irregulars.

An East African writes: "And now all our faces turn bright whenever news comes from our behind in a paper called *Baraza* (Gazette)." A "personal boy" describes his journey over three countries to find his master. An officer of the King's African Rifles describes how a wounded African NCO he had brought to safety under fire offered him a five shilling note: "It's all I've got."

Before the war Kenneth Gandar Dower had been a squash racket champion, had photographed wild animals, captured and tamed cheetahs to race against greyhounds, spent a night naked in the jungle to test his courage and "give the wild beasts a chance" against the white man. In 1939 he abruptly stopped photographing monster gorillas in the Belgian Congo and later became a war correspondent. He died when a troopship taking him to the Far East was torpedoed in the Indian Ocean.

Early Curfew at Natzweiler

ONE summer evening in 1944 the prisoners in Natzweiler Concentration Camp, in Alsace, were ordered to their huts in daylight, and told to close all windows and put up black-out shutters.

That was the day on which four women had arrived in this camp for men.

During curfew a Belgian prisoner looked through a peephole in his shutter and saw the women being led, at fifteen-minute intervals, to the crematorium.

The trial by a British military court of ten Germans for their share in this infamous war crime was held at Wuppertal, in the British Zone of Germany, in May 1946. Five received prison sentences; one man — the camp doctor — was hanged.

The murdered women were Denise Borrell and Vera Leigh, both of FANY; Diana Rowden, a WAAF officer; and an unidentified woman. All belonged to that gallant band of women parachuted into occupied countries to act

as Resistance couriers. They received no form of trial, but were ordered to receive "special treatment." The camp staff decided to give them a "knock-out" injection and then to cremate them. But it is by no means certain that the women were unconscious when put into the crematorium.

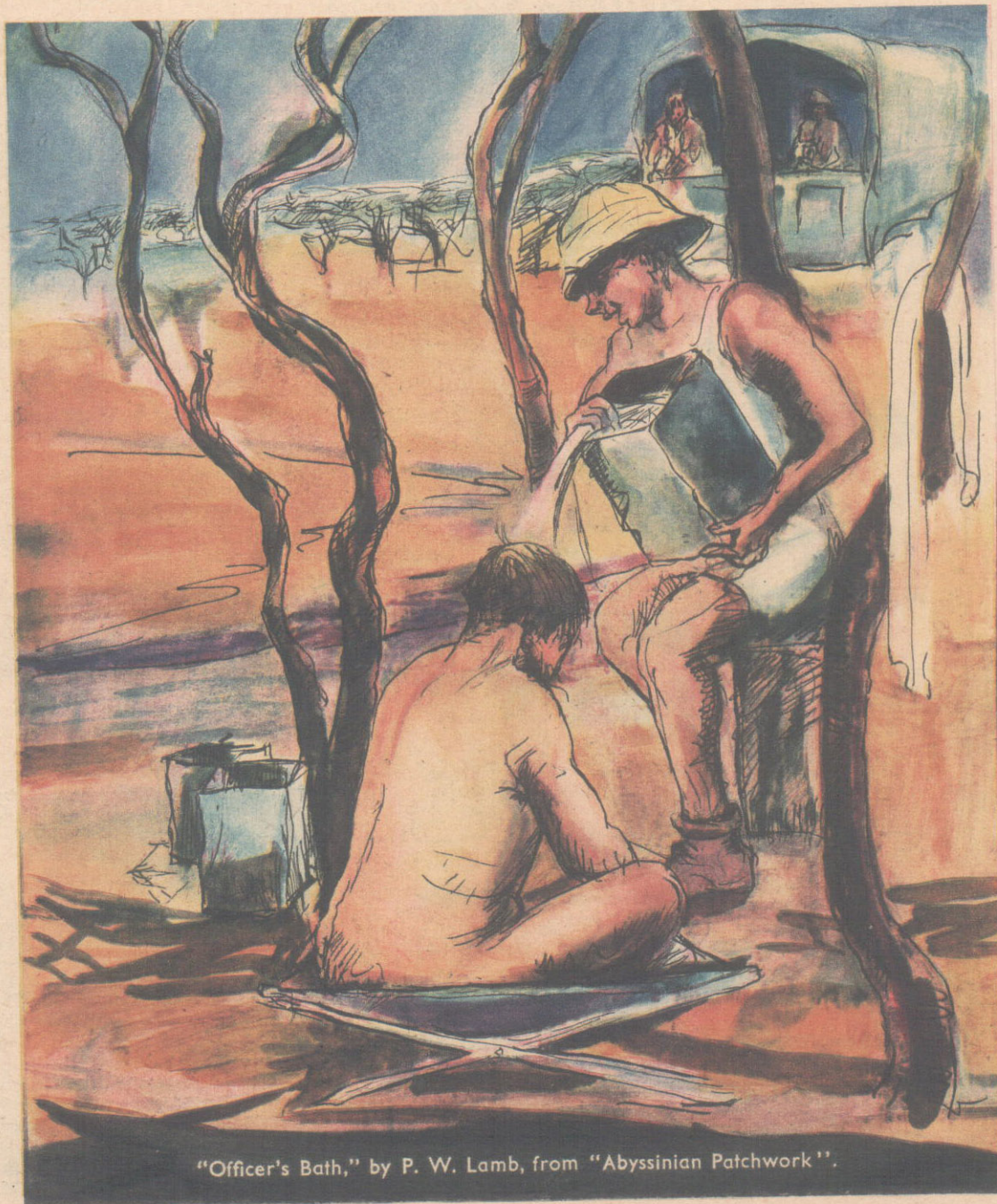
A full account of this trial is contained in "The Natzweiler Trial" (William Hodge and Co. 18s), edited by Anthony M. Webb and introduced by Sir Hartley Shawcross, the Attorney-General. This extract from the evidence of an accused crematorium clerk sums up the Nazi New Order:

When you were at Natzweiler, you used to drink a good deal of schnapps? — No, not such a lot.

You did, however, get an issue of one-tenth of a litre for every body burnt, did you not? — No.

What was the amount then? — For cremating each day I received only sausage, but nothing to drink.

So sometimes it was an alcoholic reward and sometimes it was in the shape of food, was it? — When cremating, we were never issued with alcohol. Alcohol was only issued after an execution had taken place.



"Officer's Bath," by P. W. Lamb, from "Abyssinian Patchwork".



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Above: It was at the reunion of the defenders of Ladysmith that Chelsea Pensioner F. W. Clark found someone younger than his old comrades to talk to. Below: Re-union, with wives, means shaking a hip. Victory Club has a big ballroom.



For twelve hours a day the cafeteria is open for meals and snacks. There is a bar in one corner.



A centre for reunions of ex-Servicemen and women is the new £2,500,000 home of the London

VICTORY CLUB

ONE advantage of Service life is that almost everywhere the Serviceman goes he can find food, rest and recreation in a club run by NAAFI, Welfare or one of the voluntary organisations.

Back in civilian clothes, he finds most of those clubs closed to him, and ordinary civilian clubs with the same amenities are expensive to join.

Filling the gap for ex-Servicemen and women of all ranks visiting or living in London is the Victory (Ex-Services) Club. It opened its doors at Hand Court, Holborn, in 1910 as the Veterans' Club, became the Allenby (Services) Club in 1936 and the Victory Club in 1944. Now it has opened new club buildings in Seymour Street, near Marble Arch.

Here, for ten shillings a year, is everything a club can be expected to provide: a restaurant, a tea-lounge with cafeteria meals from ten in the morning until ten at night; three bars; lounges; a ladies' drawing room; billiards; a ballroom; a room for regimental reunions; a welfare bureau, which will give advice on anything, including employment; and single beds, mostly one to a room, at 5s to 9s a night. The club has a blitzed site where it hopes to build a new wing with double rooms for married members.

To provide all this, £250,000 has been raised for the club since 1944. Units and formations of the Services were among the donors; Eighth Army, for instance, gave the ballroom and some bedrooms; the RAF Association gave the tea-lounge; 7th Armoured Division gave the smoke lounge; bedrooms were given by formations like British Troops, Austria; 4th Division; Guards Armoured Division; Aldershot District; Northern Command; and by the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers and other Corps.

The Victory Club has about 9000 members, many of whom live outside London and find it convenient for a cheap meal (lunch, 2s 3d), a quick snack, a rest or a few nights' lodging. Apart from the organised reunions, it is a good place for meeting old comrades, as an Admiral found when he was greeted by one of the staff with: "You were the first officer to give me CB when I joined the Navy."

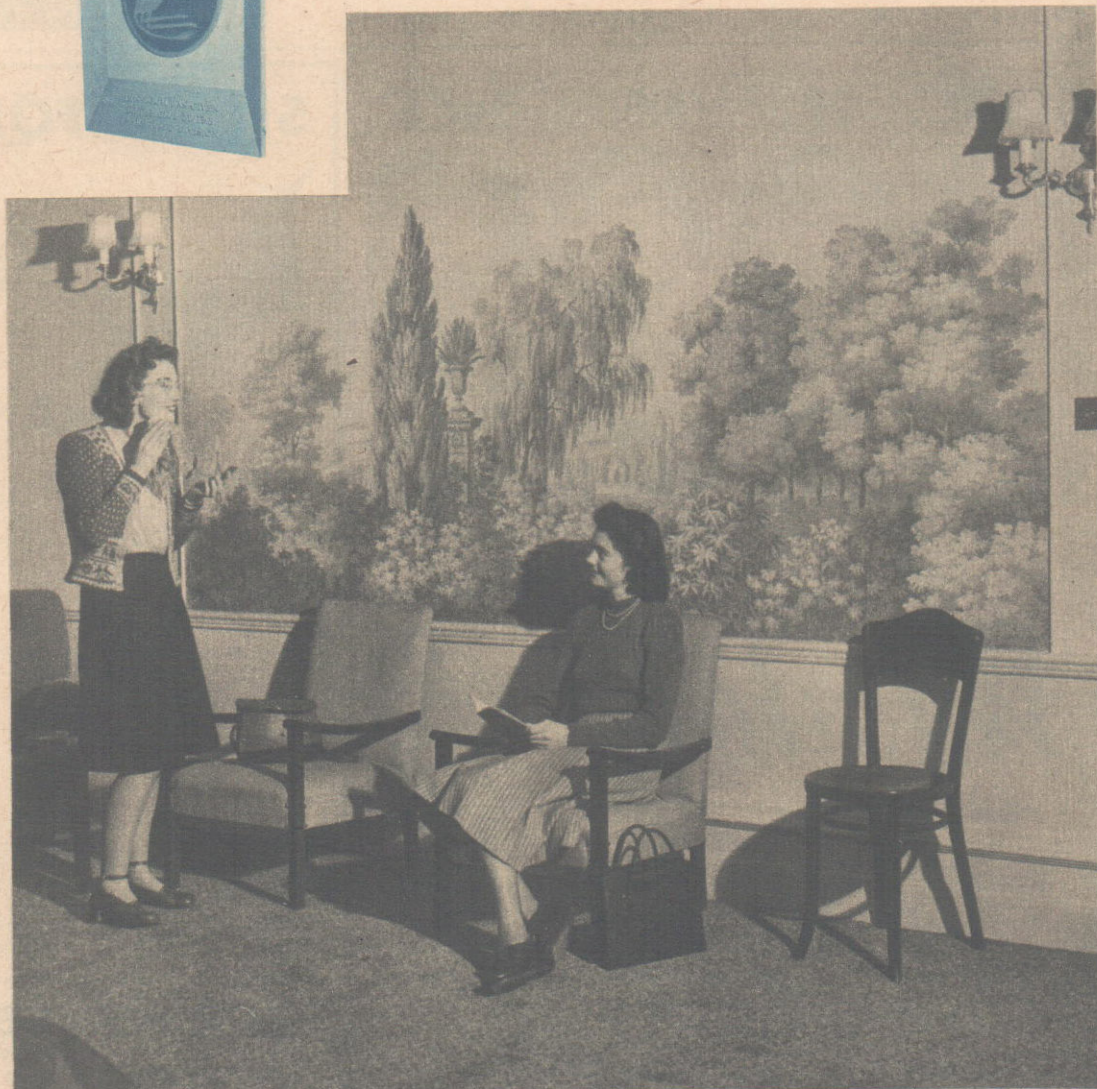


Eighth Army shield (above) and Jerboa of 7th Armoured Division (below) indicate the donors of the ballroom and the smoke lounge.



This gaudy American bar was so popular a feature of the old Victory Club (once an American hotel) that it was transferred to the new one.

Restful mural sets the tone for the ladies' lounge.—





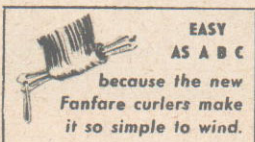
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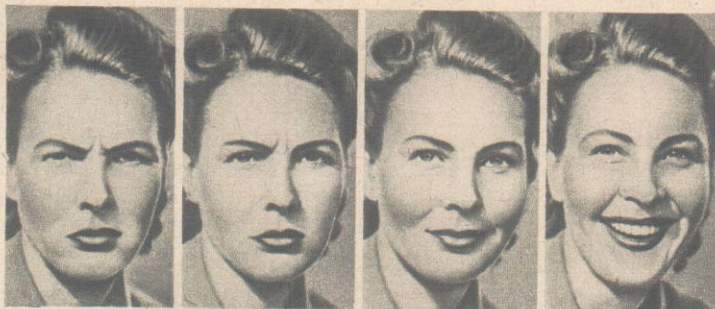
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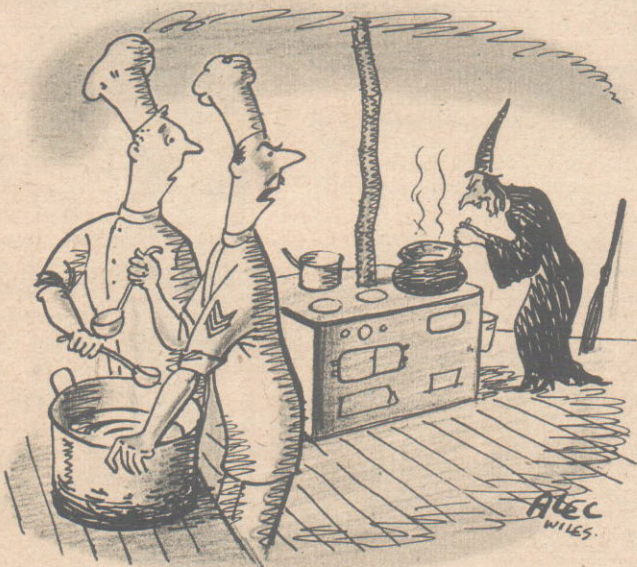
"You and your short cuts!"



"Psst! Give ya fifteen smackers for the horse, Tosh."

SOLDIER HUMOUR

SOLDIER invites original contributions to this page



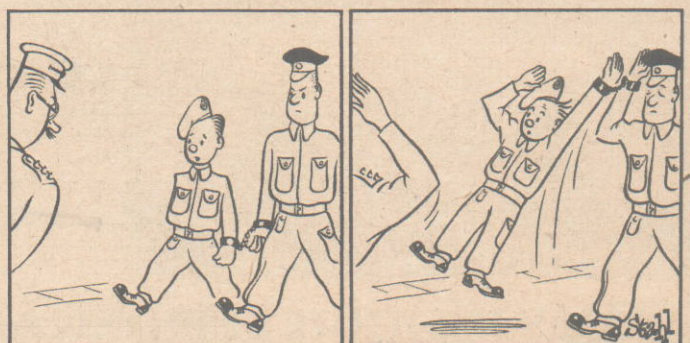
"Darned if I don't get an 'Out of Bounds' notice done tomorrow."



FRANK FINCH



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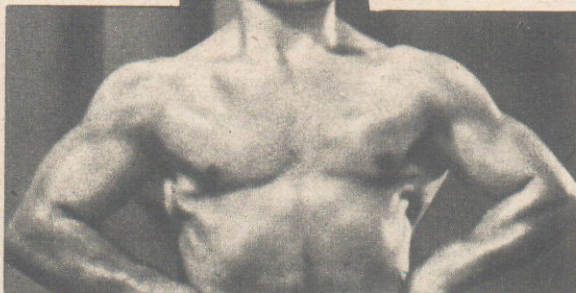
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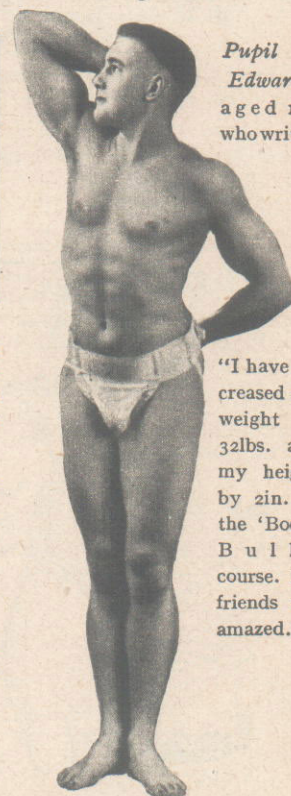
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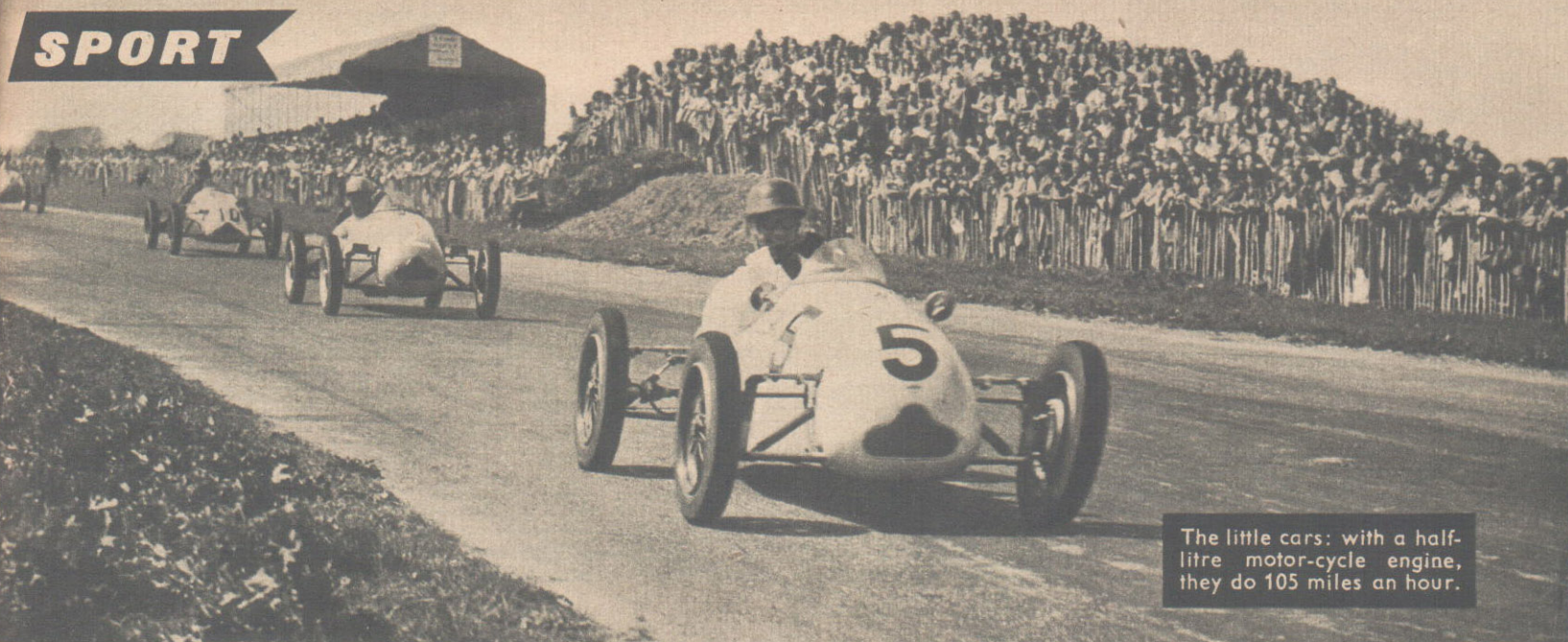
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	At Commencement	End of 1st Lesson	End of 2nd Lesson	End of 3rd Lesson
Height...	5ft. 7¼ in.	5ft. 8 in.	5ft. 8¼ in.	5ft. 8½ in.
Weight...	8-12	9-8	10-5	10-13
Chest (N.)	35 in.	37 in.	39 in.	40½ in.
Biceps...	11½ in.	12¾ in.	13¼ in.	13¾ in.
Neck...	14¾ in.	15¼ in.	15¾ in.	16 in.
Thighs...	20½ in.	22½ in.	23 in.	24 in.
Calves...	14¾ in.	15 in.	15½ in.	15¾ in.



Pupil D.
Edwards,
aged 18,
who writes:

"I have increased my weight by 32lbs. and my height by 2in. on the 'Body-Bulk' course. My friends are amazed."



The little cars: with a half-litre motor-cycle engine, they do 105 miles an hour.

FOR British motor-racing enthusiasts, the 1949 season opened with a series of pleasant surprises.

Things had not looked too good at the start. There was nothing in Britain's racing stables, it seemed, to touch the post-war Grand Prix cars built in Italy and France. True, there were still the ERA's, but they were 10 and 14 years old.

There was still no proper racing track; Brooklands was taken over by the Government in 1939 and was lost for good. In any case, speeds had grown too high for Brooklands.

But the fans cheered up when the result of the Italian Thousand Miles Race was announced — a Healey first in the touring car class, a Bristol third and a Healey fourth.

And they were delighted at the surprising news that F. R. Gerard had won the international round-the-houses road race in Jersey, driving a pre-war ERA, in competition with four new-type Maseratis and the 12-cylinder Ferrari, latest Italian racer. A Maserati was second and another ERA, driven by Raymond Mays, third.

These two events compensated the enthusiasts for the news that the BRM (which stands for British Racing Motors), was not likely to do more than a test run in 1949. The BRM, which is being developed by the British Motor Racing Research Trust, was said to be rather a complicated motor-car, and experience has shown that simple designs usually stand up better to the stresses and strains of motor-racing. But Raymond Mays had his experienced hand in the building of the car, and Mays enjoys the respect of the motor-racing world.

They were compensated, too, by the knowledge that Britain had fostered a new kind of "poor man's motor-racing," that of the 500cc cars, which was being copied in several parts of the world.

And finally, there was the happy news of the Goodwood Circuit, organised by the British Automobile Racing Club. It was a road circuit, without the high

banking that made Brooklands such a delight to spectators. But the road circuit could provide equally, if not more, exciting racing. And its sponsors proposed to hold popular bank-holiday meetings, to replace those held at Brooklands.

Forty thousand fans turned up at Goodwood on Easter Monday. They got, on the whole, good value for their money, though it was only the track's second meeting (its first experimental meeting was last September).

There were still some teething troubles. Approach to the circuit was difficult; getting out of the car-parks even more difficult. Some of the crowd who could not see very well broke through the

fences and got dangerously near the track, holding up the programme.

Earl Howe, in a big Lagonda saloon, and the Duke of Richmond and Gordon (who owns the circuit and the Goodwood horse-racing course nearby), put that right to everyone's satisfaction — with the aid of a truckload of red-faced, grinning policemen whose 10 horse-power lap was loudly cheered. The incident had this result: there will be no meeting on Whit-Monday; the organisers want to have everything running well next time.

That day, five of the seven races went to Italian cars. There were no Italian cars in the other two. Three of the five fell to Reg

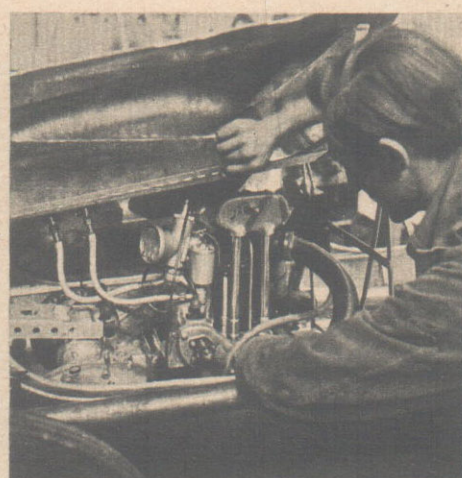
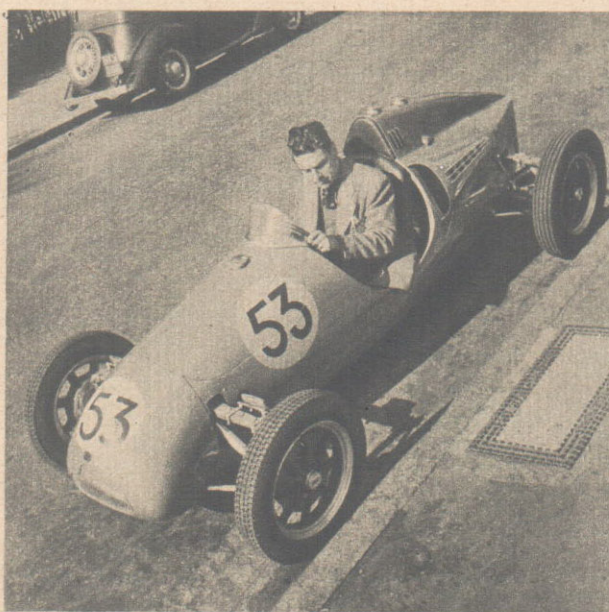
Parnell, driving a 1948 Maserati in which he lowered the lap record twice, the second time to one minute, 38.2 seconds for the 2.4 miles — 87.10 miles an hour.

It was obvious that there was nothing to compete with the Maserati. P. N. Whitehead, in a 13-year-old ERA, held a dashing lead in the ten-lap scratch race for a while, but Parnell had something in reserve and Whitehead had not.

It was to the little cars that one had to look for a patriotic thrill — and patriotism in motor-racing is more than sporting, because foreign motor trade follows the flag of racing success. In the 500cc class, S. A. Coldham, in a Cooper, lapped at 74.61 miles an

The Cooper is the Craze

While the motor-racing world still awaits Britain's post-war entry in the expensive Grand Prix class, a new "austerity" racing car has come to stay



Left: John Cooper, son of the designer, in the 1000 cc Cooper car he races. Above: The Cooper's motor-cycle engine is linked by chain drive to the gearbox and thence to the rear axle. There is no differential.

OVER →

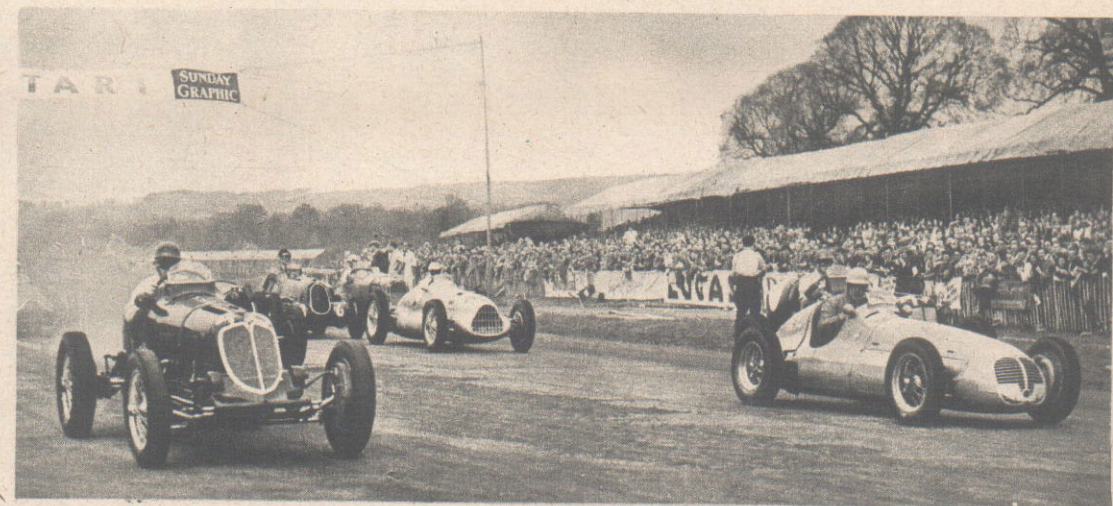
hour, and in one of the handicap races Stirling Moss lapped at 82.44 miles an hour in a 1000cc Cooper.

These Coopers, along with the Marwyns and Bonds and some "specials", form the post-war "austerity" racing class. The principle for all of them is the same — a motor-cycle engine and a minimum of anything else.

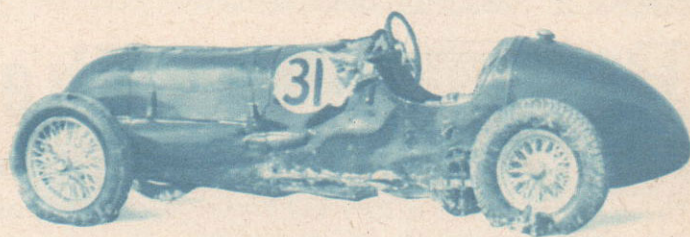
About two years ago the first three 500cc cars were built, one by Mr. Charles Newton Cooper, who was mechanic to Kaye Don and now has a garage at Surbiton. He built it for his son John to drive in competitions. John had the first Cooper-built car, a "special" made for him to drive around Brooklands when he was ten years of age, so he had pretty well grown up with his foot on an accelerator.

John's new Cooper car was such a success that enthusiasts who saw it in competitions began asking for similar models. So last year, when the garage trade was slack, the Cooper garage put the Cooper car into production.

There are now two models. One has the 500 cc, single-cylinder, engine; the other, with some modifications, has a 1000cc, twin-cylinder engine. They sell at £575 and £775 respectively (plus purchase tax, about £160 and £216, in Britain) and many orders have come in from abroad. But selling Coopers overseas is not all that easy: purchasers cannot always get import licences from their governments and in the United States the Cooper does not fit into any racing formula, as yet.



Above: Thunderous moment. Supercharged cars over 1450 cc wait for the starter's flag in a scratch race. Right: Butted amidships by an ERA as they were both travelling at more than 100 miles an hour, this Alfa-Romeo raced again at Goodwood an hour later.



The 500cc Cooper will do about 105 miles an hour on the straight (using about a gallon of "dope" at 7s 6d a gallon, every ten miles); the 1000cc model will do 130-plus — it has never been fully extended. Since they both have motor-cycle engines, upkeep costs very little more than that of a motor-cycle. Yet the performance is well up in the racing-car class; Stirling Moss, in a 1000cc model at Goodwood was less than five miles an hour

slower on the lap than Parnell in his Maserati, which would cost several thousand pounds to buy and be expensive to maintain. The 1000cc model is also a dual-purpose car: the engine can be quickly changed for one of 500cc, so that the same car can compete in two classes at the same meeting.

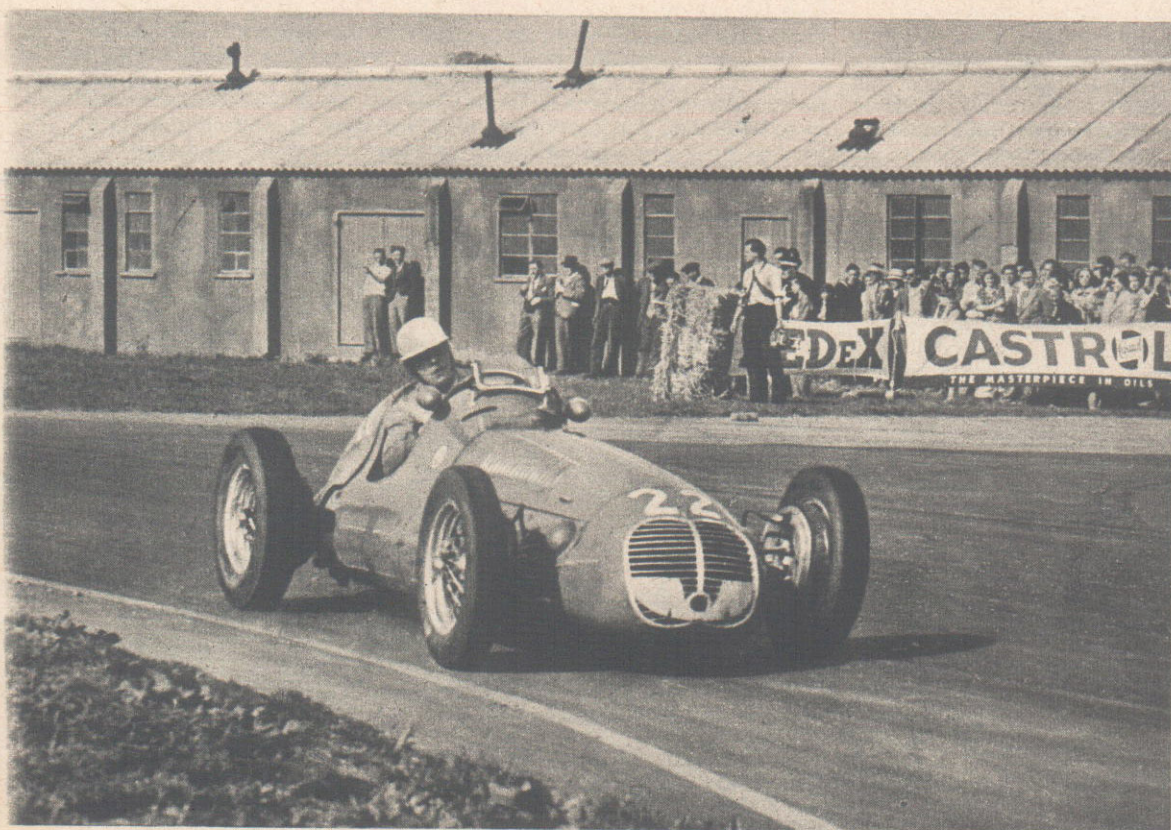
Owners of racing cars being the sort of enthusiasts who can never let well alone, modifications soon begin to appear on the production models once they are sold. And of course the Coopers, father and son, are continually experimenting. One of their developments last winter was the prototype of a Cooper two-seater road model with a normal 10 hp car engine. It was a success and the Coopers hope to get it into production next winter.

But while the Coopers and the Marwyns and the Bonds put new blood into the pits, there are plenty of old favourites still running. At Goodwood, besides the ERA's, there were a 1926 Alfa-Romeo, a 1926 Delage, a 1930 Bugatti and any number of cars of the mid-1930 vintages which gave the commentators material for reverent anecdote.

The commentators, by the way, are among the star attractions of a motor-race meeting. Besides telling you how the race is going, they retail the gossip of the pits and explain such technicalities as two-stage superchargers "for the benefit of the ladies." When a race gets exciting, the commentators function at high pressure, but so do the tongues of most of the spectators, so that most of the commentary is drowned. Now and again, in a lull, a few words come through, like this: "Rolt is two seconds in front of Parnell — and my God is he working!" One part of the crowd lost the commentary entirely at Goodwood when an Alfa-Romeo and an ERA tangled up at more than 100 miles an hour and slid off the course, demolishing a whole nest of loudspeakers.

BOB O'BRIEN

One of the most successful of post-war racing-cars, the four-cylinder, 1496 cc, super-charged Maserati, cornering at Goodwood. At the wheel, Reg Parnell.



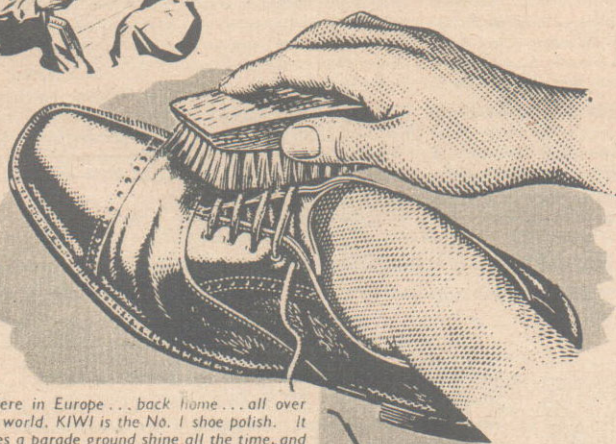


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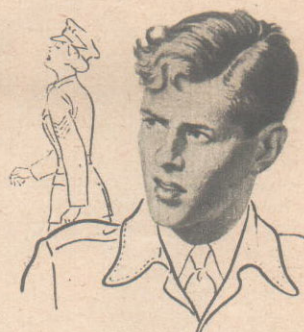
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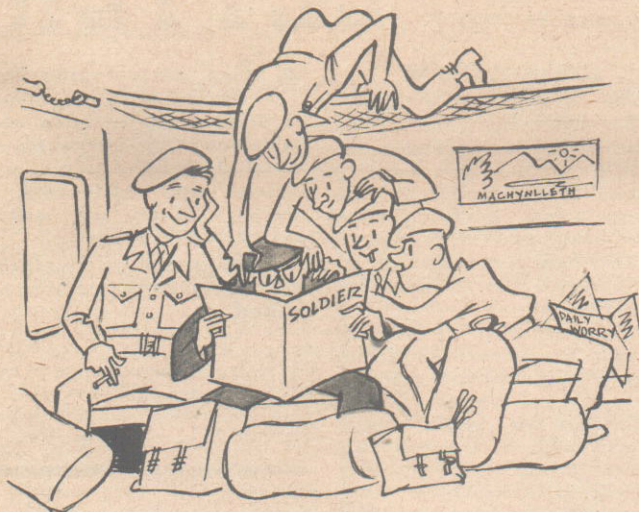
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FLAG OUT OF HIDING

IN Hamburg, a flag with a history awaits someone to fly it.

It is the flag of the Hamburg Branch of the British Legion. The branch was formed in 1934, mainly of employees of British and American shipping lines.

When World War Two broke out, the Gestapo raided the English Church in the Zeughausmarkt, looking for the flag. But they were unlucky. Mrs. Mabel Wulff, the Welsh-born verger of the church, had expected them.

She had opened up a wooden step at the bottom of the altar and pushed the flag, in its water-

proof casing, to the back of the recess. There it lay for six years during which the Gestapo swooped on the church several times. Although she was "grilled," Mrs. Wulff never admitted she knew where the flag was.

Recently Mrs. Wulff, who has been verger for 24 years, received the British Legion's thanks at first-hand from Major-General Sir Richard Howard-Vyse, the vice-chairman, who visited the British Zone to urge young men to join when they are released.

And the flag drapes the church altar, waiting until the Hamburg branch is formed again.

Coming Your Way

The following films will shortly be shown at AKC cinemas:

QUARTET

Four films in one, made from four stories by Somerset Maugham (with endings altered). Something for everyone — but most people like it all. Too many stars to mention here, mostly British.

THE BLUE LAGOON

This was the story Mother had to read when Grandmother wasn't looking. About a boy and a girl who are shipwrecked on an island and grow up together from childhood to maturity with no-one to tell them What Young People Should Know. Jean Simmons and Donald Houston are the stars.

THE PASSIONATE FRIENDS

Like all good novelists, H. G. Wells tried his hand at the eternal triangle. The novel was published in 1913; for the film the story has been modernised to accommodate Ann Todd, Trevor Howard and Claude Rains.

ONCE UPON A DREAM

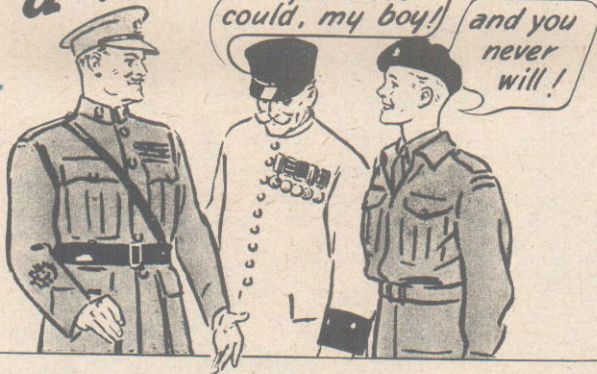
Googie Withers getting dreamland and reality, her husband and his batman, all tangled up with Griffith Jones and Guy Middleton.

GREEN GRASS OF WYOMING

Peggy Cummins, Charles Coburn and a lot of horses in technicolor.

● The Army Kinema Corporation has added a new service to its "News Parade". It is "The AKC Sports Special," which appears when there are outstanding Army sports events. Recent specials have covered the Army Rugby and Soccer finals and the Army Boxing championships.

AH! You can't beat a WREN shine!

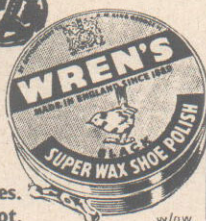


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LETTERS

"BOOK-WORMS"

In the April issue of **SOLDIER** the Services Central Book Depot published an advertisement under the title "Book-Worm Types In BAOR." In our canteen at Celle we have a small bookshop which was opened about six months ago. An analysis of sales over the period shows the following results:

Paper-cover books of from one shilling to two shillings: Wild West stories head the list with detective novels a good second (this is much what one would expect).

Bound books: To every 100 volumes of general fiction we sell:

- 20 detective novels;
- 8 Wild West;
- 50 biography, history, philosophy, travel and natural history;
- 40 poetry, drama, art and music;
- 29 text books;
- 12 dictionaries;
- 10 cookery books.

The bookshop is patronised by all ranks, all ages and both sexes. I think the above analysis gives a very fair idea of the literary tastes of the men and women serving in BAOR today. — E. Ogilvy-Wedderburn, Church of Scotland Canteen, c/o APO Celle, BAOR.

★ **SOLDIER** hopes to publish shortly a rather wider analysis of Servicemen's tastes in reading.

SHADOW FUTURE

I am a soldier with eight years Colour service. In September 1947 I enlisted on a regular engagement of 12 years, in my war-substantive rank of staff-serjeant. Although I have been an NCO all these eight years, and a senior NCO for the last four, I am not even shown on the list of shadow ranks for RASC personnel which has just been published. Does this mean that I shall eventually be reduced to the rank of private? If so, who does qualify for shadow rank? — S/Sgt. V. E. Hunter, Camp Commandant's Office, War Office.

★ Although this NCO has been in the Army for eight years, six of them were served on a non-regular engagement. Soldiers are considered for shadow rank in strict order of seniority and non-regular service does not count towards this.

No date has yet been fixed for the war-time promotion code to end and S/Sgt. Hunter will be considered for shadow rank as more vacancies occur; but, on present showing, he is due to revert to private under a peacetime code.

This may be a very unfortunate situation for men who have risen to

● SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

senior ranks during the years they have served with the Army and who have only recently undertaken a regular engagement, but the peacetime vacancies will be very much fewer than those occurring under emergency conditions and it would be impossible to grant anything like equivalent rank in the altered circumstances. The official view is that to assess shadow rank on the basis of service on a non-regular engagement would be unfair to those who made the Army their career by entering into regular engagements while others were still serving as "emergency" soldiers.

CRITIC'S CRITIC

I read the letter entitled "Shadow Critic" in your April issue, and I am disgusted by Sjt. Wilde's attitude to WO's and NCO's who, he says, are past their prime. Doesn't he realise that these were the men who built the Army that fought the last war and that most of them earned their ranks in action against the enemy? I am only a young NCO myself, but I would like to say "Thanks" to the "old sweats" who can probably still teach us a lot about battle conditions, and to assure them that all young NCO's don't think about them in the same way as Sjt. Wilde. — Sjt. R. L. Loader, Royal Warwickshire Regt., Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot, Hants.

SUPPORT SIGNALS

The article entitled "Soldiers With the RAF" in your April issue interested me very much as I have been considering writing to ask you to publish an article on another Signals "mob" that co-operates with the RAF—the Air Support Signals Unit. No. 2 ASSU, of which I was a member, has done a great deal of hard work in the Middle East during the last three years. In Palestine every camp had its ASSU detachment which worked long, weary hours to ensure that every convoy had air support. A feature about them in **SOLDIER** would provide me with something to show my children when the old question, "What did you do in the Army, Daddy?" comes up. — L/Cpl. J. D. Frazer, Royal Signals, Att. HQ Cyprus Dist., MELF 3.

May I suggest that **SOLDIER** pays its respects in these days of semi-peace to our old comrades-in-arms the Commonwealth soldiers, by devoting a couple of pages to the Anzac (Cobber), the Canadian and the Springbok.

Many of us know these men in the flesh, some of us sweated beside them in the line and some lucky ones like myself went back to their country with them and met these grand soldiers on their own ground. I am sure that our younger members would like a preview of their Commonwealth cousins, the

Answers

(from Page 46)

How Much Do You Know?

1. He told Jim and me to go and lie down. 2. Aldous Huxley. 3. Each group adds up to twice the total of the preceding one. 4. Marshall (of Marshall Plan). 5. Of Cambridge University. 6. (a). 7. (a) Scotland Yard; (b) the Prime Minister. 8. George Bernard Shaw. 9. Becher's Brook. 10. Gold. 11. Patricia Roc. 12. Paying workmen in goods instead of in money. 13. Overseas Food Corporation (a British Government body). 14. Vera Lynn.

men who will be fighting beside them in any future war. — S/Sjt. A. G. Banks RE, HQ 25 Engineer Group, Reed Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex.

★ Both these suggestions are being considered.

CLUB MEMBERS

In the article on "Soldiers with the RAF" in your April issue, you state that men of Air Formation Signals are the only soldiers allowed to use the RAF Malcolm Clubs.

May I point out that RA gunners serving under RAF command are also allowed to use the clubs. The Air Observation Post boys may, in fact, be closer to the RAF than are the Air Formation Signals, as an Air OP squadron is made up of 50 percent RA and 50 percent RAF, and the unit is under RAF discipline. Although small, the Air OP squadron is an essential part of close co-operation between ground and air. — Bdr. W. Fearn, HQ Flight, 652 AOP Sqn., RAF Luneburg, BAFO, BAOR.

SMOKERS FUME

We read with indignation the letter in your March issue advocating a different cigarette ration for National Servicemen and old soldiers. We think this is a typical example of the senior NCO's attitude towards National Servicemen.

The assumption that young men do not smoke so much as older ones is quite incorrect, as our daily average shows. We already have to supplement by using pipe tobacco or buying cigarettes from non-smoking friends. — **Five Slaves of the Weed** (names and addresses supplied).

★ **SOLDIER** has had many letters condemning the "Smoke Scheme" (some of them from senior NCO's) and none, so far, in favour of it. The scheme, therefore, can hardly be quoted as "a typical example of the senior NCO's attitude towards National Servicemen".

HARD TO GET

I was discharged in 1918 after 14 years service in the Regular Army. Between the wars I served five years with the Territorials. I re-enlisted in World War Two and served another four years four months. Thus I completed 18 years Colour service. I am told, however, that I am not eligible for the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal as my service during World War Two was not on a regular engagement. Neither am I eligible for the TA Efficiency Medal because my TA service was not "continuous". If there were less discrimination might there not be a greater inducement for re-enlistment both in the Regular Army and in the TA? — **Ex-serjeant, The Loyals** (name and address supplied).

★ The answer is the same as the one **SOLDIER** gave to a correspondent in April. Both these medals are very much prized by the men who earn them. To make it easier to qualify for them would be to lower the value of the medal.

APPLY NOW

I was recently issued with the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Am I entitled to the £5 gratuity now or must I wait until I am discharged? — **MSM**, Westgate, 313 BSE, CMLO, BAOR 13.

★ Anyone who receives the LS and GC medal and who is holding the rank of War-substantive WO I, may apply through his unit for immediate payment of

THAT NAAFI £1

WHERE did it start — that legend that NAAFI pays soldiers £1 for every year of service on discharge?

Inspector R. Simmer of the Eritrea Police Force contributes the following explanation to NAAFI News:

"The belief originated from true 'old soldier' yarns in India, where the regimental Institutes were in charge of a native contractor who was more or less one of the regiment or corps to which he was attached.

"When a soldier left the regiment for Britain the canteen contractor gave him and any others of his draft present a party and £1 for every year he had served with the regiment and, incidentally, with the contractor. I can vouch for this from experience, having received £5 (for five years' service with the Army in India) and a silver beer-jug from contractor Abdul Kadar who contracted for the Cheshire Regiment and other units in India."

the £5 gratuity. Others have to wait until they are discharged (or commissioned). Article 1224 of the Royal Pay Warrant 1940 applies.

SERVICE DRESS

Is it still permissible for a soldier to purchase and wear khaki "Service Dress" and stiff peaked cap for walking out? — **Sigmn. J. G. Morris**, No. 1 Wireless Regt., R. Signals, BAOR 3.

★ Battle dress is the only authorised walking-out uniform for almost all soldiers other than Boys, Bandsmen, Horsed Units, Corps of Royal Military Police and Foot Guards. No one is allowed to buy and wear an unauthorised uniform.

ARMY BOXING

I read with interest the article "Have You Been Through The Mill?" (**SOLDIER**, April). As far as the boxing "mill" is concerned, I don't think there is much to worry about if it is properly organised, that is if the men are volunteers, are weighed in and paired off correctly and don't box for more than one minute.

The advantages then outweigh the disadvantages, for it is at such times that the dark horse, who would probably not have been noticed otherwise, emerges. The amount of damage done to the novice is negligible — at the worst a nose bleeder.

In my opinion there is great room for improvement in Army boxing, and a few suggestions are:

1. The subject should be taught to all recruits in such a manner that even if a youngster does not want to take a practical part, he will be able to watch a boxing contest and have a good idea where the verdict will go

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<p>3 IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS?</p> <p>DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory? Are you always "mentally alert"? Can you plan and organise? Can you write and talk convincingly? Can you conduct interviews?</p>	<p>4 ARE THERE MENTAL WEAKNESSES?</p> <p>DOES YOUR mind wander? Do you lack mental energy? Do you put off important decisions? Are you overlooked in the race for promotion? Do you day-dream? Do you require a mental tonic?</p>

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MORE LETTERS

at the end. It is the introduction that makes all the difference, for the very sight of boxing gloves is enough to frighten a lot of recruits at first.

- The coach must have had plenty of experience of both boxing and handling men, for he must be mother, doctor and psychologist. Preferably, he should have finished his own boxing days, so that he can give all his time to his students and not to getting himself fit at their expense.
- The referee should be inside the ring, so that spectators can be natural and give vent to their feelings.
- Refereeing and judging need improving, and the rank element plays too big a part. Qualified Other Ranks are allowed to referee and judge most other sports. Until we can get referees and judges who reach a fairly high standard, I suggest we should make more use of amateur referees and judges.
- Army boxers should be allowed a good length of bandage. The padding which is put inside gloves to protect the knuckles soon gets pushed away from that part.

These suggestions are a result of my own practical experience. — **"Seconds Out"** (name and address supplied).

PYTHON COILS

I am expecting to be sent from Germany to Britain on Python in the near future. I am married to a German girl and am serving on a short-service engagement. As I have no home of my own, is there any scheme whereby I can obtain married quarters on my arrival in England? If not, can I leave my wife in Germany for the duration of my Python posting and then get a posting back to BAOR? — **House Happy** (name and address supplied).

★ Application can be made for accommodation in a Families' Camp in Britain—see Rhine Army GRO 4636/48 as amended by GRO 5193/48. If the wife is left in Germany there is little doubt that she would be allowed to go on drawing British rations as long as the cost could be charged

GREECE TOO

LAST month SOLDIER published a letter from Cyprus, adding the island's Mount Troodos to the list of places where soldiers enjoy winter sports.

This month comes news of another skiing club, formed by troops of the British Military Mission stationed in Athens.

The club started last winter, which was the worst the Eastern Mediterranean had had for years, and which gave six months' skiing, right up to Easter.

On Mount Parnes, about an hour and a half by truck from Athens (where snow is rare), the club found its slopes. There was a handy taverna to provide refreshments at the "roadhead," 800 feet below the 4240-foot summit.

The 50 members also had the use of a hut 500 feet below the summit, loaned by the Hellenic Alpine Club, where they could stay overnight.

to the soldier. In this case, as the soldier is on a short-service engagement, there should be no difficulty. There is no guarantee, however, that a man who has completed his Python home service period will be posted back to BAOR, even if he applies to go there, although his application will no doubt receive sympathetic treatment.

GLASS BOTTOMS

I have heard of glass-bottomed pewter beer mugs which used to be supplied in taverns so that if a recruiting sergeant surreptitiously dropped a "King's Shilling" into the wallop it could be seen, thus saving yokels from "voluntary enlistment." Can any readers



tell me if this is true and what were the regulations about taking the King's Shilling?

Does anyone know of any other tricks used by recruiting sergeants? My uncle-in-law was one and he talked me into joining the Guards. He also talked four of my cousins and even his own three sons into the Army. Could that man talk! — **A. W. Nugent, Red Houses, Neston, Cheshire.**

CAN'T GET OUT

I am a Regular on a 22 years engagement. Having completed 16 years service I want to claim a free discharge, but I must do this under ACI 768/48 which deals with discharge by purchase. This ACI contains a list of trades in which men are at present banned from buying their discharge. Does this ban also apply to men who have completed their 16 years to qualify for free discharge? — **Sgt. F. C. Godwin, 21 Quarterming Office RASC, BAOR 8.**

★ Yes. Even men who have completed 16 years are included in the ban if they belong to one of the trades listed in the ACI. This list, however, has recently been revised (see letter below) and the situation is constantly under review.

BUYING OUT

In February I applied to purchase my discharge but was told that my trade was one of those for which a ban is in operation. Can you confirm this please? I am a driver mechanic in the RE. — **B. O. Plenty** (name and address supplied).

★ At the time, the information you were given was correct, but since then there have been several alterations in the rules governing discharge by purchase as laid down in ACI 768/48. The following trades have been deleted from the list for which a ban is in operation: —

Driver mechanic, driver transportation plant and driver IC, Royal Engineers; driver mechanic, Foot Guards, Infantry and AAC; driver mechanic, driver IC and driver operator, RASC; driver mechanic

How Much Do You Know?

1. Which of these sentences is correct?:-

He told Jim and I to go and lie down;

He told Jim and me to go and lay down;

He told Jim and I to go and lay down;

He told Jim and me to go and lie down.

2. "Ape and Essence" is the title of a new novel by H. E. Bates, Gilbert Frankau, Aldous Huxley, Jean Sartre—which?

3. What common link is there to these groups of figures: 011; 121; 512; 178?

4. A man whose surname is known all the world over has for Christian names George Catlett. Who is he?

5. What does Cantab mean?

6. A plenipotentiary is:

(a) a man invested with full powers to act on behalf of a government or similar authority;

(b) a man who is always thinking he is ill, when he isn't;

(c) a dissolute courtier of the 18th century;

(d) a type of prison.

7. Whom would you expect to address if you rang (a) Whitehall 1212; (b) Whitehall 1234?

8. "I was a cannibal for 25 years." Who recently made this confession?

9. What is the name of the notorious water jump on the Grand National course at Aintree?

10. Kalgoorlie is a town noted for gold, mercury, uranium, wool, aniseed, prehistoric ruins—which?

11. Which British actress plays the part of a robot in a newly issued film?

12. What abuse was eliminated by the passing of the Truck Acts?

13. What is the name of the body which is responsible for the development of the groundnut scheme in East Africa?

14. If you cannot recognise this lady, perhaps you can unscramble her name: NYL RAVEN.



(Answers on Page 44)

REME, RAPC, RPC, APTC, CRMP, MPSC and SASC.

The following trades have been added to the banned list: —

Gun fitter, Household Cavalry; driver Class II and III, electrician (all types) engine fitter (IC and P) and Engine fitter (SR), heavy crane operator and pile driver operator RE; driver class II and glider pilot, Foot Guards, Infantry and AAC; clerks (shorthand typist) RAOC; driver Class II RAPC, RPC, APTC, CRMP, MPSC, and SASC.

All bandsmen are also now included in the ban. An amendment to ACI 768 is to be issued shortly.

EXTRA YEARS

After doing three years on a normal regular engagement I undertook to do three years supplementary service. My previous engagement was cancelled and a new one drawn up whereby I still had the same number of years to do as on my original engagement. This means that I have already done the three years supplementary service. Can I therefore claim the £75 bounty? — **Bdr. D. J. Oldham, 15 Location Bty., 52 Observation Regt., RA.**

★ It is a popular misconception among men who have undertaken to do three years supplementary service that this service begins on the date that they undertake to do it, or, as in this case, that the service they have already done counts as the supplementary service. The three years supplementary Service begins when the man has completed the period of his original normal engagement, even if that original engagement is scrapped and a new one made out. The only

bounty payable when the supplementary service is undertaken is the initial £25, plus a civilian suit or £8 in lieu. The remaining £75 is payable after the soldier has completed the whole of his new contract. If he then wishes to continue serving for a pension he can have these three years included in his pensionable service by foregoing the £75.

GOING FOR PENSION

I put in six years embodied TA service with the Regular Army, then went on release. Some months later I re-enlisted on a short-service engagement for three years. How do I stand with regard to signing on for a pension? — **Cfn. C. G. Fox, 1 Bn. York and Lancaster Regt. BAOR 3.**

★ These previous periods of service may be counted towards completing 22 years Colour service for a pension. You would first have to re-engage on a Regular Army engagement of 12 years with the Colours, but this would still leave some odd months to do in order to complete 22 years for pension. It would therefore be necessary to sign on again to complete a 22-year engagement, but this would not mean that you have to serve the whole 22 years of this engagement. Para 390 xxii of King's Regulations lays down the rules under which a man may apply for discharge without completing his current engagement, providing he already has 22 years pensionable service to his credit. This paragraph is at present in abeyance but is to be re-introduced with suitable amendments. You will therefore be able to take advantage of it by the time you have 22 years pensionable service to your credit.

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