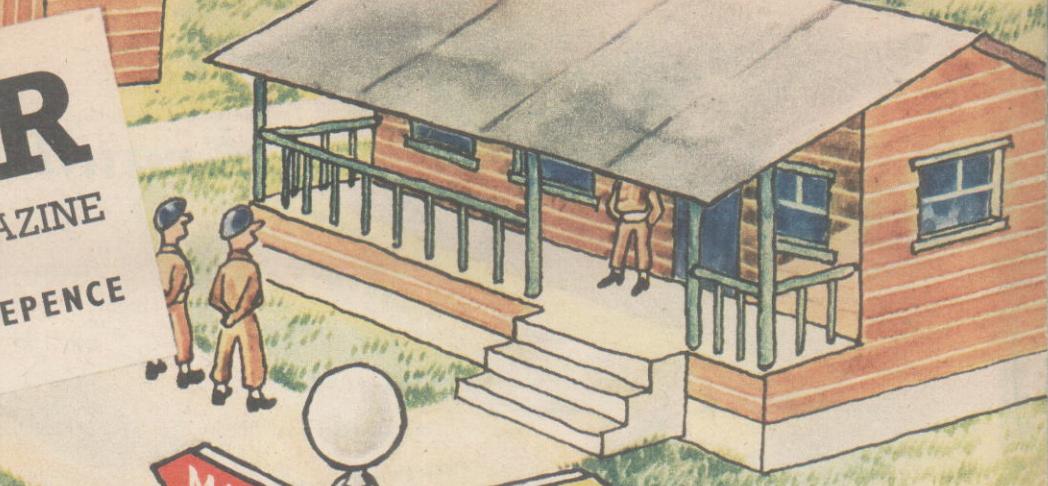


# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NINEPENCE

FEBRUARY 1954



TELEVISION IN THE ARMY

See Page 12

FRANK  
FINCH



NAAFI CLUBS AT

ALDERSHOT: Wellington Avenue, Aldershot.  
 BICESTER: No. 2 Camp, Arncott, Bicester, Oxon.  
 CATTERICK (Residential): Shute Road, Catterick Camp.  
 CHATHAM (Residential): Brompton Road, Chatham.  
 CHIPPENHAM: Wood Lane, Chippenham.  
 COLCHESTER: Flagstaff Road, Colchester.

GLASGOW: Buchanan Street, Glasgow.  
 KHARTOUM: Gordon Avenue, Khartoum.  
 LINCOLN: Park Street, Lincoln.  
 OSWESTRY: Middleton Road, Oswestry.  
 PLYMOUTH (Residential): Notte Street, Plymouth.  
 PORTSMOUTH: Cambridge Junction, Portsmouth.  
 SINGAPORE: Britannia Club, Beach Road, Singapore.

## naafi Grand Slam in Clubs!

THIRTEEN CLUBS—the kind of hand you dream of and never expect to pick up! But there's nothing visionary about the thirteen clubs which the Naafi has 'dealt' the troops—centres at which the serving man and woman may enjoy all the facilities of a first-class social club. Yet a meal costs little more than in any Naafi canteen. All other club amenities (apart from the barber service) are free. The entire cost of establishing the clubs is borne by Naafi.

# NAAFI

*The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces*

RUXLEY TOWERS · ESHER · SURREY



*George Mitchell* THE LEADER  
 OF BRITAIN'S MOST  
 POPULAR SINGING COMBINATION  
*says: I always rely on*  

# MEGGEZONES

to keep my throat and voice in good condition

Antiseptic and soothing, Meggezones not only bring quick relief, pleasantly and conveniently, from coughs, colds and catarrh, but also ensure throat comfort at all times. Always keep a tin in your kit.

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Whatever the pleasure  
Player's complete it

Player's  
Please



Everything goes with

**HP**

SAUCE



One of the boys of the new brigade!

Maybe he is lucky! Maybe he is doing the kind of job where he can use a set like this. But then, that's soldiering all over—it might be barracks, billets, huts or tents. But if you've got the chance to settle down for a bit, especially abroad, this fully tropicalised Ekco 5-valve Superhet is just the job. It's neat, handy, powerful—very reliable, very good quality!



*A treat in the  
Tropics!*

The Ekco A194 is of handy size (16 $\frac{1}{2}$ " long x 12" high x 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ " deep) but it gives superb performance on short, medium and long waves. Specially suitable for use in tropical climates, it has a large floodlit

tuning scale and 6" diameter moving coil speaker. Rubber-floated chassis mountings in addition to those on the capacitors ensure freedom from microphony on short waves. The handsomely styled plastic cabinet has frontal panels finished in walnut and an easily-cleaned plastic speaker fret.

Operates on A.C. mains of 100/135 volts or 200/250 volts, 40/100 c/s. Wave Ranges: 150/310 Kc/s (1000-2000 metres); 525-1600 Kc/s (190-570 metres); 5.7-19 Mc/s (16-52 metres).

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# MACLEAN-WHITE



TEETH ARE



## HEALTHY TEETH

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THESE lovely Maclean-white teeth? Nothing is more appealing than an attractive smile—and how important it is to have really white, Maclean-white teeth. Here you have the chairman of T.V.'s "Guess My Story" and a charming star of British films; they, like millions of their fans, use Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste regularly. They choose Macleans because it has a special ingredient that removes discoloration from teeth. Gently. Safely. Macleans quickly gives your teeth a new sparkle. Your mouth is healthy and wholesome, too. Peter West and Susan Shaw (above) have proved—and so can you—that Macleans Peroxide Tooth Paste makes teeth whiter.

### Did you MACLEAN your teeth today?

MACLEANS PEROXIDE TOOTH PASTE MAKES TEETH WHITER

Stanley Matthews, star of Blackpool's forward line, and holder of 38 full International Caps for England.



**Stan  
Matthews**  
says,  
Seize your chances

Judging by my mail 90% of the boys in Britain aim to make football their job in life! Well you know, that just won't work! But our country offers a wonderful choice to a boy or girl. Hundreds of different trades and thousands of different firms to work for. And once you've chosen your job just the same qualities that would make you a First Division footballer will get you high up in your job. Initiative, enterprise, using your napper. Seeing an opening and going for it. Taking a chance. Always, always working towards your goal. And of course not being afraid of a few hard knocks! Personal enterprise! That's what gets you to the top whether your job is in field, factory or office.

#### WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

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

***Free Enterprise gives everyone  
a chance and a choice***

The Free Enterprise Campaign, 51, Palace Street, Westminster, S.W.1  
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Canal Zone and Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 7 piastres; Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.



Part rifle, part machine-gun, part pistol: the L2 A1.

# THE GUN FOR TIGHT CORNERS

*The close-quarters weapon to replace the Sten has been under development for ten years. Now the decision has been taken to mass-produce it*



THE new sub-machine-gun which has been tried out in active service conditions in the Far East and in Kenya is to be issued throughout the British Army. It will replace the Sten machine carbine.

Early models of the weapon received some publicity as "the Patchett gun." Since its first appearance the gun has been developed and is now known officially as the L2 A1.

Behind this newcomer to the British Infantryman's armoury lie ten years of experimenting and testing. The Sten, though it filled a gap in Britain's defences at a critical time, has its admitted shortcomings, among them a tendency to go off when dropped. Its successor had to be reliable, robust and accurate.

It is claimed for this new close-quarters weapon that it is almost impossible to make it jam. Recently an expert at the Small Arms School, Hythe, fired 5000 rounds without a single stoppage. In Malaya the gun was buried in mud and allowed to collect dust in all its working parts. It fired first time after this treatment. Another was smothered in wet sand and failed to fire, but after a hurried swilling in water the gun fired immediately the trigger was pressed. A report sent back to the War Office from Malaya said: "Nothing seems to affect it. It is almost impossible

OVER

Left: Showing how the butt bends back and folds to lie under the body of the weapon (see below).

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.

## LATEST IN THE LINE

SUB-MACHINE-GUNS—of which the weapon described on this page is the newest—were introduced in warfare by the Germans in 1917 when they fitted detachable butts to their Luger and Mauser semi-automatic pistols.

Most other European countries, except Britain, experimented with the idea immediately after the war. In 1920 the United States produced the famous Thompson sub-machine-gun (the "Tommy gun"). Germany and Russia used sub-machine-guns in the Spanish Civil War.

In 1940 Britain had to buy large numbers of Thompson sub-machine-guns to help relieve the small-arms shortage after Dunkirk. The Thompson in turn gave way to the Sten which began to be issued in 1941.



# THE GUN FOR TIGHT CORNERS

continued



Ready for business—with the butt of the weapon held firmly against the hip.



In the rifle position: the new weapon has greater accuracy than the Sten. It is also handy to wield with a bayonet.

It doesn't shoot round corners, but its overall shortness makes it useful in confined spaces.

One advantage of folding up the butt is that the gun does not chafe the leg on the march.



to jam the gun, which seems to clean itself while firing."

The L2 A1 has been baked in an oven and frozen in a refrigerator to test its toughness and trustworthiness. Two thousand of the new guns were sent for soldiers to try out in Korea, Malaya and Kenya, and others to Germany, the Middle East and the Canadian Army in the Arctic. All the reports were enthusiastic.

The new gun has other advantages over the Sten. It weighs only six pounds (more than two pounds lighter than the Sten) and is two inches shorter, even when the folding butt is fully extended. With the butt folded the L2 A1 is only 18 inches long and can be used like a machine pistol in confined spaces like the corridor of a house or thick jungle. With the butt extended and bayonet fixed it can be used almost as effectively as the rifle for bayonet fighting.

Its accuracy, too, is greater than that of the Sten. At Hythe recently an expert shot a four-by-six inch group at 100 yards and a 12-by-eight inch group at 200 yards.

A squad of National Service soldiers nearly all obtained a 12-by-12 inch group at 100 yards. This is far better than the Sten could do except in the hands of experienced shots.

There are several reasons for this improved accuracy. The pistol grip is built well underneath the gun at about the point of balance so that there is no pull down from the nozzle as there was



In the thick bamboo forests of Kenya the new sub-machine-gun has already been in action against Mau Mau terrorists.

with the Sten. The bolt action, is smoother and there is no violent "chatter." In addition the L2 A1 is fitted with a curved magazine which incorporates roller bearings to ease the entry of each round into the breech. The magazine holds 34 rounds against the Sten's 28 but a Sten magazine can be used in an emergency.

The L2 A1, which like the Sten has a calibre of nine millimetres, can fire single shots or bursts. Bullets leave the gun at the rate of 540 per minute and the effective range is 200 yards. The Sten's change-lever stud has been replaced in the new gun by a safety catch which is pushed forward from safe to single rounds and forward again for automatic fire. Other innovations are a swivel aperture back-sight and a locking apparatus which holds the breech block in either the forward or rear positions so that it is always safe until the safety catch is pushed forward.

The new gun is more comfortable to carry, because the butt can be folded up on the march so that it does not press into the leg as the Sten did. In appearance it is a neat and workmanlike gun which should please the soldier. It has already received the approbation of the Prime Minister who was given a demonstration at his home.

Although few will be sorry to see the last of the Sten gun, it performed magnificent service during the war. It was born of

necessity in a hurry after Dunkirk. But just because it had to be produced in a hurry there was no time to introduce improvements. At the end of the war it was decided to replace the Sten and a few early-type L2 A1's were brought into use. After the war the Army's small arms experts continued their experiments but it was not until quite recently that they were completely satisfied with the new gun's performance. The L2 A1 will go into production shortly.

E. J. GROVE

THE NEXT ROUND: Page 14



# SOLDIER to Soldier

**H**OW innocent are you?

Not so innocent that you would fall for a three-card trickster on a railway train. But there are other ways of separating a soldier from his cash.

An enterprising character who had been making a living by welcoming National Servicemen to London was hauled before Clerkenwell Police Court recently. The report in the *Evening Standard* said that he haunted London rail terminals, where he singled out the most simple-looking and bewildered young soldier arriving for the first time in the big city. Assuring this lad that London was "no town to be alone in," he would offer to take him round and show him the sights—and the young soldier would accept the offer, gratefully.

However, the young soldier would have been better off alone in London than in the company of this self-appointed guide. For later in the day the affable fellow would apologetically ask for a loan of money on some pretext or other, and the soldier would feel that it was only right he should help a stranger who had been so friendly. The rest of the story will readily be guessed, but apparently the young soldiers did not guess it. Some soldiers parted with £1; others, incredibly, with £4, £7 and £14.

The magistrate, Mr. F. H. Powell, exclaimed: "You mean to say these young men just gave him the money?" In apparent extenuation a policeman replied: "They were mostly youths from the provinces." But that was too

much for the magistrate. "They're supposed to be hard-headed and business-like up there, aren't they?" he said.

Alas, it is the oldest resource of the confidence trickster to put his victims in some small debt to him. He knows that there are still decent people who would rather be rooked than be haunted by the suspicion that they have been ungenerous. The young National Servicemen need not feel too ashamed of themselves; but they will doubtless beware of guides for a long time to come—especially if they are posted to certain lands which need not be specified.

\*\*\*  
**T**HERE was another court case about the same time in which a soldier found himself in trouble for pulling the communication cord on a train.

He had fallen asleep and was carried past his destination. Rather than be "booked" for reporting back late to camp, he pulled the cord and stopped the train. The railway company did not think this was a reasonable emergency. After explanations and head-shakings the soldier was discharged.

It was not the first case of its kind, and is unlikely to be the last so long as the British soldier retains his uncanny (and often envied) faculty for falling asleep at a moment's notice on railway trains. It would be unwise to suppose that all who

OVER ➤

"...uncanny faculty for falling asleep on railway trains..."

continued

pull the communication cord escape financial penalty; though a conscientious soldier might consider it worth £5 to keep his (Army) record clean. However, pulling the cord can create a dangerous situation on the track. The answer is to develop the faculty of waking up at the right time; or even to put oneself to the hardship of staying awake.

\* \* \*

**S**INCE 1702 there have been Dukes of Marlborough. Since 1812 there have been Dukes of Wellington.

Even the least imaginative critic of the system of hereditary honours would feel something of a pang if these titles—awarded as they were for supreme services to the realm—were to die out. They are permanent reminders of heroic years in Britain's story.

In 1947 a great soldier of World War Two—Viscount Wavell of Cyrenaica—was honoured with the award of an earldom. His son became Viscount Keren (the Duke of Wellington's son is the Marquess Douro). Thus, it seemed, was the memory of two great campaigns preserved for later generations. But already the Wavell earldom is extinct, with the death on active service in Kenya of the second Earl.

No soldier's death is more sad than another's, but the wiping out of the Wavell title will, nevertheless, strike many as peculiarly tragic. Nowhere will it be more deplored than in the Black Watch, in which both earls served. Assuredly, the Wavell legend will live on for long years to come, even though there is no personification of it; and that legend will doubtless be substantially reinforced by the biography which the son was writing of the father.

\* \* \*

**N**OT so long ago the American news magazine *Time* had a four-page, colourful study of General Sir Gerald Templer. Now it has published a lively—and friendly—"profile" of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery. Not only is the Field-Marshal "SHAPE's blacksmith," says *Time*, "he is its schoolmaster, conscience, physical education instructor, its gadfly, and occasionally its terrible-tempered Mr. Bang."

Never at a loss for a simile, *Time* says that Field-Marshal Montgomery "still strides impatiently past small details, reaching like an imperious giraffe for the high, green stuff of strategy. ... At 66, Monty is still the terse, proud, positive figure—the intensely compacted hank of steel wire—of a decade back." There

# HOW FUNNY —AND HOW FUNNY OUGHT

**T**HE Army is as funny as it used to be, and probably a shade funnier, if one is to judge from the Army section of an exhibition of cartoons by British and American artists held recently in London.

Forty years ago an exhibition of cartoons about the Army would have shown sheepish-looking sentries saying "Advance and be reconciled," or "Advance and recognise yourself." There would have been drawings of soldiers being catapulted from horses. There would have been bellowing sergeants, littering the parade-ground with "h's." Some of the jokes would have had long explanations, finishing up "Collapse of elderly colonel, who did not know that swinging the lead was another name for dodging work."

A few of the drawings in this latest exhibition (which included two by SOLDIER's Frank Finch) would have been unintelligible to the soldier of fifty years ago. But not the one showing a sergeant returning to his quarters and saying to his wife: "Had a swell day. I was never nastier."

In the old days there was a joke about the man who habitually went about camp carrying a shovel, so that he would not be

picked on and dispatched to some disagreeable duty. The modern version of this joke (by an American artist) showed a soldier reclining under a tree with paper and pencil, addressing a toiling soldier thus: "Just pretend you're writing a novel about Army life. You'd be surprised how they leave you alone."

The Army joke has been streamlined with the years, like all other kinds of jokes. The caption has been reduced to one line, or none at all. In fact, economy in captions has become something of a fetish. After all, some of those two-line jokes were pretty good. Remember the one of the old lady talking to the Beefeater at the Tower of London?

*Old Lady: Tell me, which is the Bloody Tower?*  
*Beefeater: All of it, mum, all of it.*

On to SOLDIER's desk spills an unending stream of jokes about the Army: good drawings with weak ideas, weak drawings with



This cartoon from the recent exhibition in aid of SSAFA is reproduced by permission of the proprietors of *Punch*.

# IS THE ARMY? ONE TO BE ABOUT IT?

good ideas, and quite often, good drawings with good ideas. Since SOLDIER began to reach a wider public, more and more artists have been sending in Army jokes. It is clear that many humorous artists tend to think along the same lines, especially those whose memories of the Army (if they have any) are dimming. Their thought process goes like this: "The Army. Guards. Bearskins. Grub. Tea. Officers. Must be something funny there. What about Bearskins? Bearskins bare skins. Now, there's an idea! Let's draw a squad of men parading in bare skins. Pretty funny, eh?" And so it was, the first time. Every kind of bearskin joke must have been perpetrated by now—startled Guardsmen with the fur of their bearskins standing on end, bearskins containing radio sets, teapots and other comforts, bearskins with peep holes in the side, bearskins with bird's nests in them; shampooed bearskins which won't set, absent-minded barbers running clippers over bearskins, bearskins as shopping bags ... Then there are the other old faiths which come round: the camp with the warning sign "Beware of the bull," and the phenomenally untidy office captioned "The orderly room."

But what many of the artists forget is that the Army has changed quite a bit. They think of all the jokes of the war before last. This happens to be an Army with dozens of new situations, all of which have comic possibilities: regimental "at homes" attended by parents, air trooping, skiing clubs, helicopters, forces broadcasting, television rooms. Which does not mean that there is no room for new jokes about such things as haircuts and inoculations.

The Army is very willing to laugh at itself; any organisation which cannot enjoy a joke at its own expense is in an unhealthy state. Nor is it necessary to shield any one branch of the Army from witticism. (SOLDIER has published jokes about the Army Council before now.) If it were a crime to make jokes about officers, SOLDIER would have been strangled in infancy. But anti-officer jokes are another matter; a deliberate course of anti-officer jokes, or anti-sergeant jokes or anti-private jokes would be the strongest grounds for complaint.

When World War Two ended, and every unit worth its salt began to publish its own magazine on requisitioned presses, there were unit editors whose idea of a permissible joke was rather more liberal than that of the higher command, and if SOLDIER remembers rightly, a directive was issued about humour, which made the rather necessary point (among others) that it was really not essen-

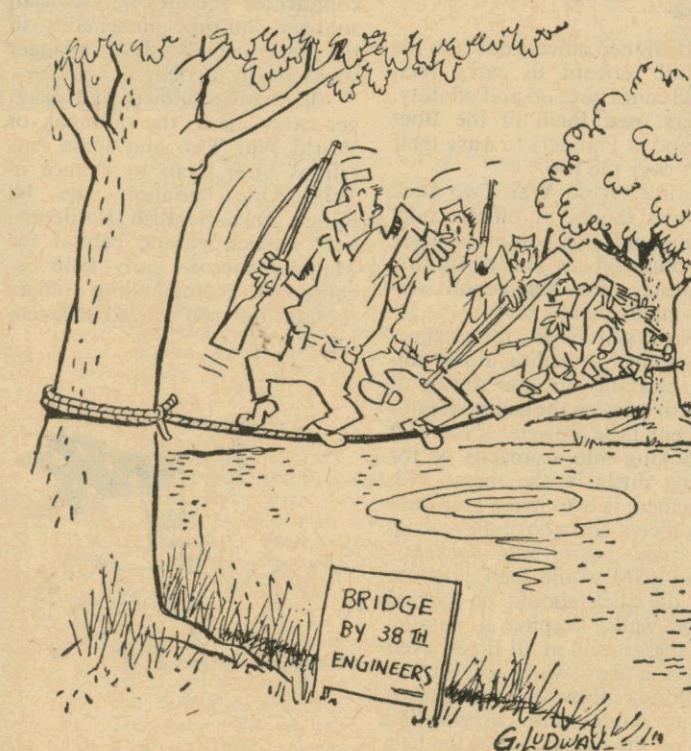
tial for artists always to draw unnaturally scruffy soldiers.

In the very early days of SOLDIER, a committee representing Welfare, Education and Chaplains used to review each issue of the magazine after publication. Among other things they considered whether the jokes were (a) funny, (b) in good taste. It is agreeable (if perhaps a little smug) to be able to report that, on the whole, they were satisfied under both headings. (Perhaps it was just as well Intelligence was not represented on the Committee, otherwise a protest might have been lodged at a drawing of a soldier with an "Intelligence Corps" flash trying to pull open a door marked "Push".)

It may be that SOLDIER's humorous artists have trodden on people's corns from time to time, but no outraged protests have been received at this office—yet.

Not long ago there was a well-publicised rumpus over a joke, or jokes, about the Army in a show broadcast by the BBC from London. The breach has been amicably healed and this is no time to reopen it; for that matter, SOLDIER does not pretend to know the rights and wrongs of the case. But for some while before the row, it seemed to SOLDIER, there had been a tendency to run to death certain types of jokes in broadcast shows: notably jokes about "creeping" by NCOs, about silly young officers, and of course, Army food.

Some of those jokes about Army food, which comedians always regard as an easy laugh, ought to be dropped too, if only in fairness to Army cooks. After all the really abominable food nowadays (and the abominable tea) is served in civilian cafés and snack bars. This is not to say that we must never



How funny is the American Army? Very funny, too, to judge from the sprightly cartoons in *Army Times*, from which this is taken.

Cartoonists and comedians tend to make jokes about the Army of yesterday. Some of their ideas ought to be pensioned or buried



"Dear Bert," he says, "how's things in Korea? We are feeling rather lost this evening—the television's broken down." FRANK FINCH

have a joke about Army cooks.

Much of the trouble is that the hard-working people who have the job of thinking up Army jokes do not always know the Army. In the old days it did not matter so much, because one good joke would last a comedian for months, or even for life. Thanks to the radio, the life of a joke is over as soon as it is uttered, and new ones must be hatched against time. In 1943 the BBC acquired from the widow of a comedian a library of 20,000 gags, of which the biggest section, significantly enough, was that devoted to the Army—272 in all, as compared with 123 about the Navy and 32 about the Royal Air Force. Even if all those 272 gags had been good ones, they would not have lasted more than two or three months. In the circumstances, the surprising thing is that the BBC script-writers do succeed in cracking as many good jokes as they do.

But, just like the humorous artists, comedians and script-writers tend to think of the Army in terms of the last war but one—they still make jokes about simpering subalterns and haw-haw officers. (The worst of the ENSA shows, during the late war, were those in which the comedians tried all the time to score off the officers; and it was not only the officers who felt uncomfortable.)

On December 16, in the Jack Buchanan show broadcast to the Forces, one character called another an idiot. The maligned one bridled and said: "I would have you know that when I was in the Army they gave me a commission." The retort to this was: "Thank you for proving my point."

Does anybody really think this sort of thing funny?

Does anybody know any new Army jokes?

# A Touch of Swagger

THE swagger stick, without which no pre-war officer felt properly dressed, is coming into fashion again.

A Piccadilly firm which has been making military canes for 200 years tells *SOLDIER* that officers are buying not only the normal 18-inch malacca or leather-bound canes, but more and more are ordering the 24-inch ornamental stick with nickel ferrule and regimental crest embossed on top.

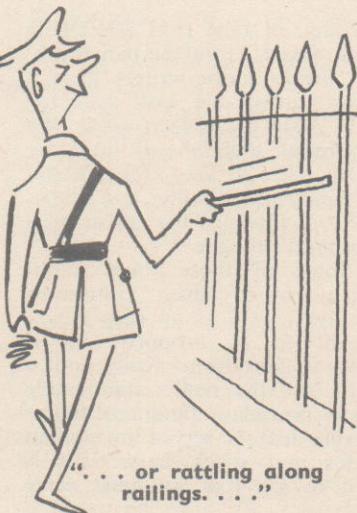
And the reason for this increased popularity? No one seems to know.

In several regiments stick drill has been reintroduced for young subalterns. Recently, too, the officer-cadet training units at Eaton Hall and Aldershot decided to make it a regular parade. But at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, stick drill is not practised, although cadets are encouraged to carry their sticks with them off parade. Only the senior cadets carry them on parade, as a mark of their seniority.

Swagger canes have never been listed as part of an officer's clothing or equipment and there is no order which says he must carry one. The latest Army Council Instruction on the subject says only that "canes may be carried by officers and warrant-officers class one on appropriate occasions." But for many years newly-commissioned officers have been advised to buy a cane along with the rest of their uniform.

Sticks seem to have originated in the days when all officers were mounted and carried whips or batons to use not only on their horses but as a sign of authority. Old prints of officers and non-commissioned officers as far back as 1790 show them holding sticks. The regimental serjeant-major's stick probably had its origin in the days when, with the aid of his own pike, the senior serjeant used to dress his men "by line of pike." Today he uses either his pace stick which can be folded up into a cane, or a swagger stick bearing the regimental crest.

For many years before World War One it was the practice in all regiments for officers and non-



commissioned officers down to the rank of serjeant to carry regimental canes both on and off duty. Officers used them in the Boer War and in Flanders to wave their men "over the top."

During World War Two stick drill was taught at officer cadet training units and continued when the young officer joined his first battalion. The regimental serjeant-major would say:

"Now, gentlemen, the swagger stick is not for rattling along railings, cleaning out the drains at home or swiping the heads off poor innocent little flowers. Nor is it for poking into stomachs or for fencing duels in the mess. No, gentlemen, it is to make you walk like officers and above all *to keep your hands out of your pockets.*"

The RSM would then illustrate how the stick should be carried at the walk, keeping it parallel with the ground at all times, even while the arm swung to and fro. The young officer was then shown how to salute while carrying the stick on the march and at the halt and how to stand to attention with it tucked closely against his

They say that swagger canes were devised to keep soldiers' hands out of their pockets. Today soldiers do not carry canes—but officers do! Stick drill is coming back, too.



right side, grasped with three fingers.

When the serjeant-major suggested that the cane was invented to keep hands out of pockets, he may have been nearer the truth than he realised, for that appears to have been one of the reasons why soldiers were allowed to walk out carrying swagger sticks in the early 1800's. At the same time, pockets were removed from trousers in some regiments, but were soon restored. At first the men objected to buying sticks out of their pay but the fashion caught on rapidly and soon no self-respecting soldier was ever seen out in his scarlet tunic without his stick. It was good for his self-confidence. Pictures of Victorian soldiers squiring nursemaids in the park usually show swagger sticks being carried.

All Regular soldiers had swagger canes up to the outbreak of World War Two and some battalions took them to France in 1939. One battalion, the 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, held a stick parade behind the Maginot Line in early 1940 because the commanding officer thought his men needed smartening up.



... keeping it parallel with the ground at all times. . . .

After Dunkirk, the swagger stick for soldiers went the way of all other dress accessories, and they have not been carried since, in spite of many pleas by older soldiers for their re-introduction. Some months ago the War Office looked into the matter but decided against them, mainly because swagger sticks do not go well with battle-dress. Even when all Regular soldiers are issued with their No. 1 Dress in the near future swagger canes will not be allowed.

Although at the end of the war many officers ceased carrying sticks and stick drill was no longer taught to officer cadets, many senior and Regular officers re-

A heavily-knobby swagger stick: it is carried by Major-General Sir Julian Gascoigne.



tained theirs. Shortly after the war a committee of colonels of the Light Infantry regiments decided to allow their officers to purchase regimental swagger canes; other regiments have followed suit. Some officers in Scottish regiments carry large cromachs (relics of far-off days in the mountains). In other regiments, walking-sticks are favoured, even on parade. Occasionally, generals have gone in for really big sticks: in wartime Burma, Major-General (now Lt-General Sir Francis) Festing, and in Korea, Major-General M. M. A. R. West.

Women officers do not carry swagger sticks, although there is no rule saying they should not.

Incidentally, the swagger stick was recently made obligatory for all United States Marine Corps officers. A feature in an illustrated magazine showed Marine officers twiddling their new canes in a variety of ways, none of which would have been approved by a British regimental serjeant-major.

E. J. GROVE



Soldiers of this period, from serjeant-major to private, carried canes—as part of the uniform.

Over the road with a thousand bends between Kuala Lumpur and Bentong run the Army's twice-weekly food convoys. Armoured scout cars, in the role of naval destroyers, are ready to attack or defend; and on the cabs of several of the 50-odd vehicles ride armed troopers (see photograph on right). Escort vehicles are in radio touch with each other. It makes an adventurous assignment for the men of the 11th Hussars and 12th Royal Lancers. Before the Army took over this "milk run" many murders were committed and vehicles burned on the notorious jungle-lined Bentong road.



## MALAYA Round-up

Left: Tri-cars are all the fashion in Malaya. Here is a smart NAAFI wagon which brings "char and wads" to troops who lack access to a canteen.

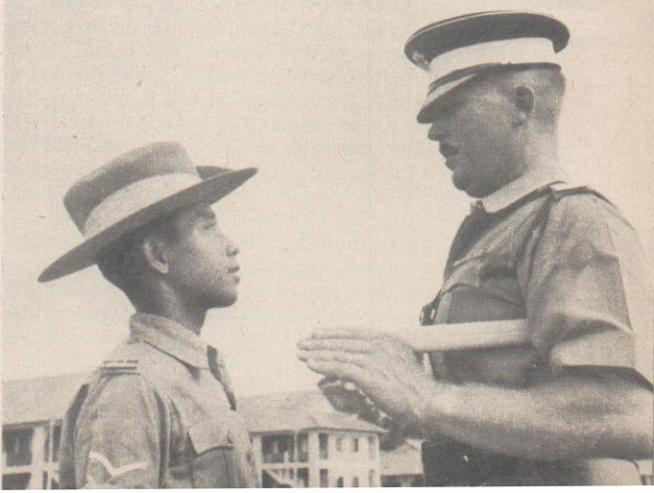


The Composite Platoon of 27 Company, Royal Army Service Corps is the only one of its kind in the Far East. It is designed to feed and service a highly mobile independent brigade group—and for that reason it must be highly mobile itself. It numbers butchers, storekeepers, clerks, ammunition handlers, petrol-issuers and drivers. Keeping food fresh is a big problem; luckily the Gurkhas take their meat on the hoof. Picture above, right shows a consignment of goats being weighed.

Left: Malayan schools are training cadets again, helped by instructors from British regiments. Here a boy from St. Michael's, Ipoh, learns how to throw a grenade.



Right: The Coldstream touch. RSM G. Franks trains future leaders at Malaya's Military College, opened last summer. Former Sandhurst instructors are on the staff. The College will produce not only officers but men for responsible civil posts. Students include Malays, Chinese, Indians and Eurasians.





Photograph: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

At the Nuffield Centre, London, television on a big screen is now one of the major attractions.

# TELEVISION BOOMS IN THE ARMY

*The Coronation started the demand—and the Army Council took action*

TELEVISION is fast becoming a standard amenity for troops stationed in Britain.

As long ago as October 1947 SOLDIER had a photograph showing troopers of the Household Cavalry looking in at television after coming off duty on Horse Guards Parade.

Now the boom is on. It was the Coronation which stimulated the demand for unit television.

Already the Army Kinema Corporation has bought £30,000 worth of sets and spare parts and issued more than 200 sets to units scattered all over the country.

There is television at the Guards Training Depot at Pirbright, the School of Artillery at Larkhill, Shorncliffe Garrison, the Depot of the Black Watch at Perth and the Regimental Pay Office at Piddlehinton. Royal Sussex corporals have their television at Tidworth, the garrison serjeants have it at Tidworth—and so on.

Shortly before the Coronation many units began to make inquiries about hiring sets. The Army Council recognised that this demand was likely to be permanent, and assigned the task of meeting it to the Army Kinema Corporation. The Corporation acquired a

number of sets and hired them to units on a first-come, first-served basis. At short notice they sent many of their own technicians on courses at civilian factories and by Coronation Day they had several teams trained to instal and service sets. After the Coronation the demand increased and the Corporation bought more sets with adequate stocks of spare parts.

Units can hire three types of apparatus. Two of these, which are intended for large units and give good viewing for audiences of between 50 and 100, are projector sets; in one, a picture is thrown on to a screen four feet long and three feet deep, and in the other a rear-projected image appears on a large translucent screen. The monthly hire charge for the first is £6 a month and for the larger set £7 7s.

The third set is the 17-inch screen domestic set which is popular with small units and with officers' and serjeants' messes.

At present only a small number of the 17-inch sets have been hired to messes but applications are increasing each month. The Corporation have been asked by more than 500 soldiers' families whether sets can be hired, but at present this is not possible. It would require a large additional staff to operate and there might be objections from the trade.

Nor are the Army Kinema Corporation able to provide television cinemas where programmes can be shown on a large screen. Such an installation, which requires 600 valves and a special and very expensive screen, would cost £10,000.

Because the Continental system is technically different from the British (it has 625 lines against the British 405) units in Rhine Army cannot be offered the Corporation's services, although some day it may be possible, if a satisfactory

relay service is laid on from England, for them to view British television. As it was, many troops on the Continent saw the Coronation procession relayed by German sets.

Most units hire sets from regimental funds, although at least one does so out of profits from its pig farm. In the hiring agreement the Army Kinema Corporation insist that their own technicians shall instal, service and repair the sets.

A few units have bought their own sets outright. The Corporation advise against this, pointing out that television is making such strides that sets rapidly become obsolete.

What programmes do soldiers best like to see? Mostly sport, it seems, and Sunday evening plays. Big fights will reduce cinema attendances on the night, but television in the Army has made little or no difference to cinema attendances over a period. In some cases audiences have increased in areas where units now have television.

# THE DANDY OF THE TENTH

*Hero of a new film is the famous dandy, Beau Brummell, once a dashing but not very conscientious officer in the 10th Hussars*

**S**O they are making a film about Beau Brummell.

He was a man with many odd claims to fame, the best of which is that he set a much-needed example of bodily cleanliness to the inhabitants of these islands.

No regimental officer took his duties more lightly than Ensign (later Captain) Brummell. As SOLDIER recalled in another connection recently, he was the man who resigned his commission because his regiment had been ordered from Brighton to—of all insalubrious places—Manchester.

Many stories about Beau Brummell's brief military career were told by his first biographer, a Captain Jesse, who wrote in 1844. It seems that Brummell, who was by no means of aristocratic origin, had some passing acquaintance with the Prince Regent (later King George IV) before being gazetted, at the age of 16, as a cornet in the 10th Royal Hussars. This richly caparisoned regiment was then commanded by the Prince Regent, and distributed its time between Brighton and London.

Young Brummell, being neither high-born nor wealthy, could easily have been snubbed and made miserable by the aristocrats who officered the 10th Hussars. It says much for his wit and charm of manner that he became one of the most popular young officers in the regiment. As he was usually in the company of the Prince Regent the troops saw him very seldom. Says Captain Jesse:

"When late for parade, which was very often, he would ride up to the commanding officer and disarm him with some queer apology, half impudence, half excuse, which was generally accepted, for he was popular and the colonel good-natured."

Brummell found his position on parade by galloping along the ranks until he saw a soldier with a large blue nose. There he would halt. The blue nose was his beacon, says Captain Jesse. One unlucky day, new recruits were drafted into the regiment, and Bluenose was moved to a different troop. Brummell galloped up and assumed his position in the usual way. "How now, Mr. Brummell," exclaimed the Colonel, "you are with the wrong troop!" To which Brummell replied: "No, no," and half-turning in his saddle he muttered, to the men behind him, "I know better than that. A pretty thing indeed if I did not know my own troop."

Brummell became a captain in two years' time. He was one of the *chevaliers d'honneur* who rode to Greenwich to meet the Prince Regent's bride, Princess Caroline of Brunswick, whom the Prince had undertaken to marry, sight unseen, in the hope that her

money would enable him to settle his debts. The story goes that when the Prince first saw the frowsty Caroline he turned pale and sent for a glass of brandy. But Brummell said that the royal pair at that time "seemed perfectly satisfied with each other."

After four or five years' ornamental soldiering Brummell began to look for an excuse to resign. For one thing, he was anxious to adopt the fashion of the younger aristocrats in wearing the hair unpowdered; the Army obstinately clung to its insanitary, traditional practice of flour-dusting. Captain Jesse says that, in a day when bread was short in Britain, the Army used 6,500 tons of flour annually for powdering hair—enough to feed 50,000 persons for a year.

Brummell finally found his excuse to leave when the gay regiment was posted to the North of England. "I really could not go," he expostulated to the Prince Regent, "think, your Royal Highness—Manchester! I have, therefore, with your Royal Highness's permission, determined to sell out." The amiable reply was: "Oh, by all means, Brummell, do as you please, do as you please."

The trooper with the teacup is one of 120 men of the Household Cavalry who rode from Knightsbridge in the early morning to Woolwich to take part in scenes for the film "Beau Brummell," starring Stewart Granger (as the Beau), Peter Ustinov and Elizabeth Taylor. The mobile NAAFI (below) will NOT figure in the film.



# NOW FOR THE NEXT ROUND

*The bullet familiar to millions of British soldiers, since 1887, will soon be on its way out. In comes the .300 round—rimless*

★ As SOLDIER went to press an official announcement was awaited on the new rifle which will shortly be issued to the British Army. It was known that this weapon would be semi-automatic, firing single shots or bursts, and that its ammunition would be of .300 calibre instead of .303. Meanwhile, details of this new round, which has been adopted by all North Atlantic Treaty countries, have been made known. In the British Army the .300 will be used not only in the new rifle but in the new or modified medium and light machine-guns.

The following article by MAJOR W. R. L. TURP, KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY, tells how the new round came to be introduced.

THE .303-inch round has had a long and honourable run. It made its appearance in the British Army in 1887, with the Lee-Mitford rifle.

Its origin can be traced to the very early days of firearms when all the components which are now presented to the firer as a single compact article were carried separately and loaded one by one into the weapon. The powder went into the barrel first, then the wadding and finally the ball. Priming powder had to be placed in the pan and the slow match, carried continually lighted, had to be fitted in at exactly the right length. No fewer than 32 motions had to be performed before the bullet was discharged, and as they all had to be carried out at very short range in face of the enemy the soldier had to be highly trained and disciplined.

The rate of fire of the early muskets was far below even that of the long-bow which could fire 12 shots a minute.

Muzzle-loading weapons brought about an improvement in rates of fire but it was not until the development of ammunition made the introduction of breech-loading possible that the rifle became really efficient.

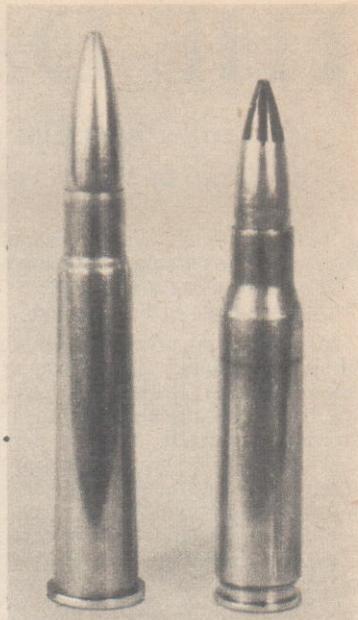
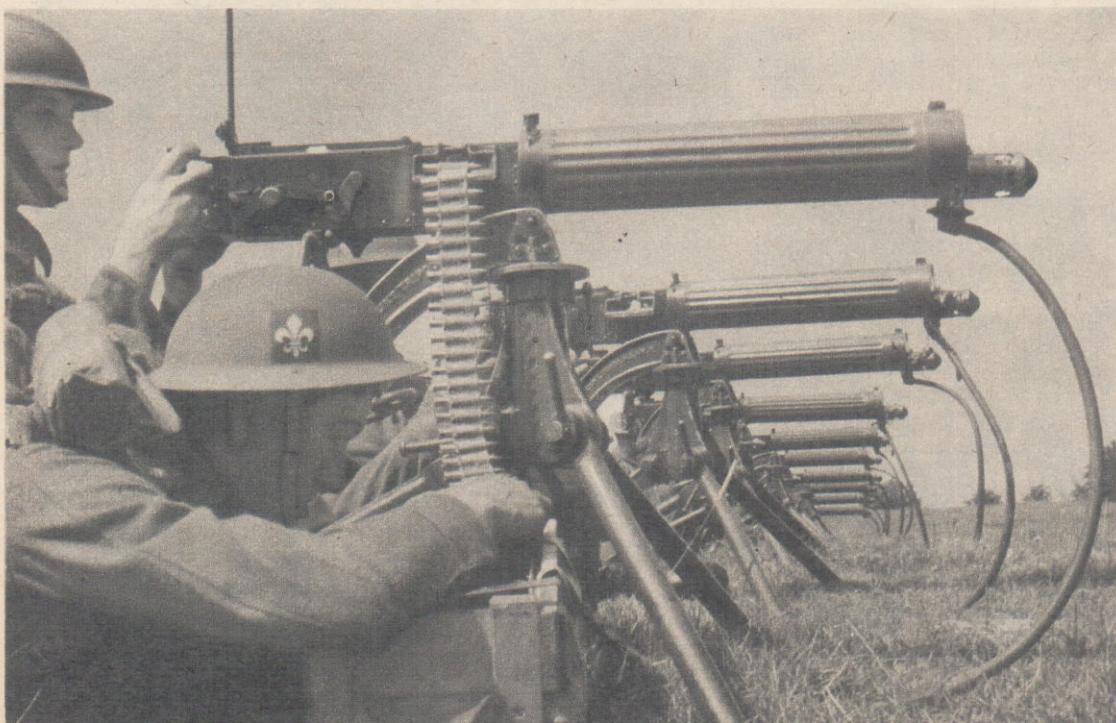
Nowadays all the loading operations are done in the factory before the ammunition reaches the soldier, and in an automatic weapon even the feeding of the round into the breech is done mechanically.

The latest types of .303-inch ammunition are still efficient in most circumstances but experience in World War Two indicated that they were on the way out. They were too heavy and bulky for full efficiency and suffered from

the considerable disadvantage of having a cartridge case with a protruding rim. When used with a hand-operated bolt-action rifle like the Lee-Enfield the rim certainly helped to hold the round into position in the chamber but in automatic weapons caused stoppages. Also, the need for the rim complicated the design. With belt-fed weapons like the Vickers medium machine-gun a rimmed round cannot be pushed straight through the belt into the breech (as a rimless round could). It has to be gripped, pulled backwards out of the belt, dropped down and then pushed forward into the breech.

As more and more automatic weapons were brought into use it was foreseen that a round with a rimless case, like the 7.92 mm BESA or the 9 mm Sten, would become essential. Towards the end of World War Two many countries began independently to produce a round that would be smaller and lighter than the current ammunition and suitable for use in all small-arms weapons. Britain and Belgium developed a light .280-inch (7 mm) calibre and other countries produced various similar rounds in .300-inch (7.62 mm), but later it became obvious that one standard round should be adopted by all Allied countries.

Machine-guns as well as rifles will fire the new .300 round. This will mean the modification of the Vickers and the Bren gun or their replacement by new weapons.



The .303 (left) and the new .300. Note that the new round has no protruding rim, but a groove.

In 1951 the countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation agreed on a set of military characteristics for the new round. This provided a yardstick against which the performance of all new ammunition could be measured. Recently trials were held in Britain, and in Arctic Canada, of .280 and .300 rounds produced in Britain, Canada, America, France and Belgium. Some rounds had lead, some hardened steel cores, some were flat-based and others stream-lined. It was discovered that the difference in calibres had small effect on performance. The best was a lead-cored, streamlined .300-inch round—but only by an insignificant margin.

Others matters such as the cost and simplicity of production had to be considered, too. Britain and Canada would have to retool their machinery for making the new rounds; the armies of the United States, France and Belgium already had .300 ammunition. Eventually, it was decided to adopt the .300 round.

Although of the same calibre as the current .300-inch United States rifle ammunition, the new round has a different bullet and case. One hundred rounds of the new ammunition weigh about half a pound less than the same number of the British .303.

The replacement of the .303-inch round in the British Army will not take place overnight. The new rifles and new or modified medium and light machine-guns will have to be issued first before the old .303 disappears for ever.

When the new round completely replaces the old one, it will mean that the British soldier in battle will be able to pick up, or be supplied with, ammunition made in any of the North Atlantic Treaty countries, and put it in his rifle or machine-gun knowing that it will fit and fire as well as his own. The supply problem will be greatly simplified.

# DO THESE GIVE YOU JITTERS—OR ANYTHING?

Trying to rattle the British soldier with the aid of pictures—gruesome or satirical—is a forlorn endeavour. Many cunning hands have "had a go"

ONE of the least rewarding jobs in this world must be thinking up snappy drawings calculated to undermine the morale of the British soldier.

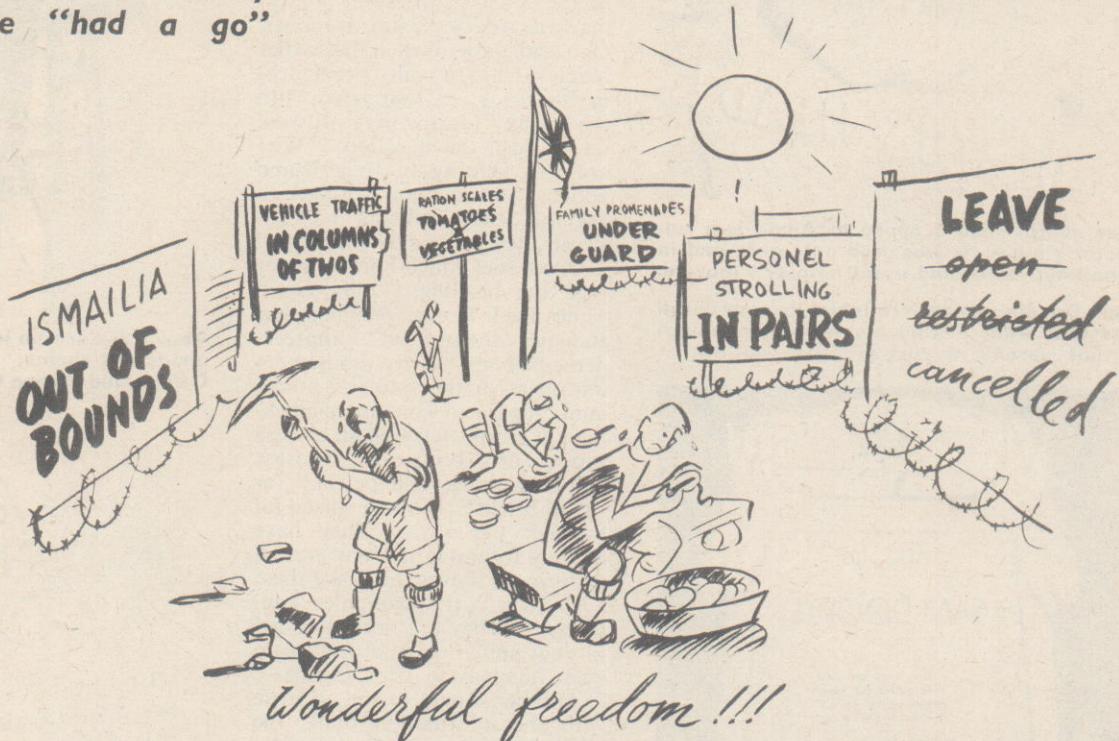
The threatening-picture leaflets recently circulated among British troops in the Canal Zone of Egypt probably caused more excitement in Fleet Street than at Fayid.

One of these pamphlets said: "We had hoped not to spoil your Christmas festivities by making trouble for you . . . For we know there's nothing personal, no disagreement between your men and ours . . . as we know that you've got to follow orders from above . . . and that you'd far rather be spending your Christmas at home . . . However, we shall be obliged to take you on, when the time comes . . . a time of our choosing . . . and win this last round of liberation."



Doom for a British sentry—and the cat's hair stands on end.

Below: The artist gibes at the British soldier ringed round with instructions. (How do you spell personnel?)

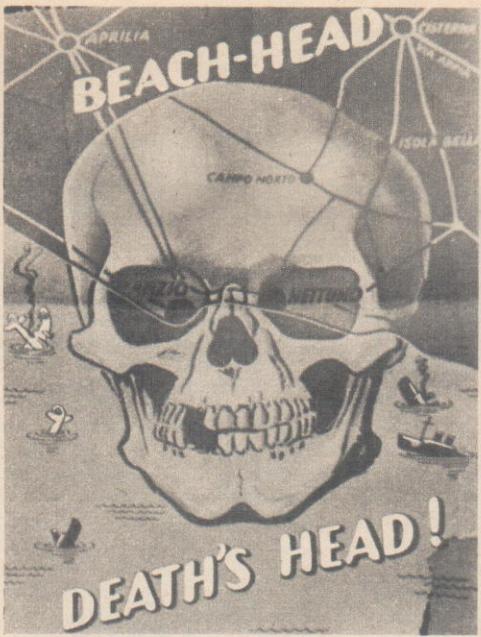


It is unusual for British soldiers to be subjected to a "nerve war" of this type in peace-time. In war-time a good deal of fun has been inspired by enemy propaganda leaflets. During World War Two the Germans bombarded British and American troops from the air and by ground artillery with millions of leaflets, sometimes comically mis-spelled. In their efforts to undermine morale they played on these themes: our Allies were untrustworthy; they and the slackers at home were debauching our women; Britain was being laid in ruins while the soldier was abroad fighting a hopeless cause; and the German soldier was invincible, anyway. Horror pictures and messages told of the coming catastrophe (these were liberally illustrated with deaths-heads).

There was one series which suggested ways by which the soldier could fool his medical officer by feigning the symptoms of serious illness and thus escape fighting.

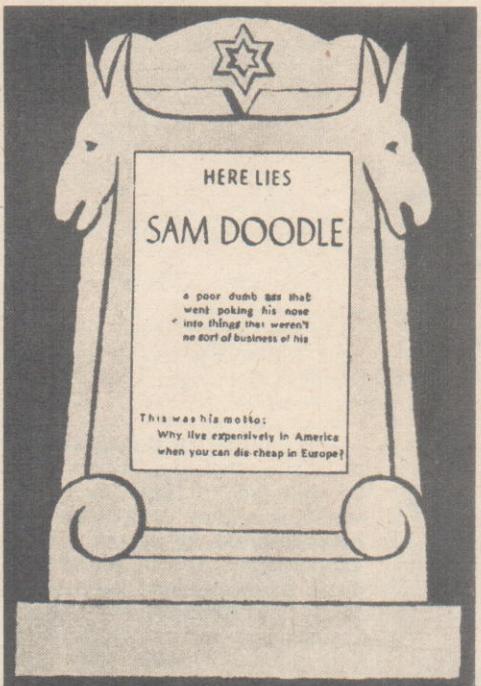
OVER

Japanese airmen dropped this crude leaflet on Pearl Harbour. The Japanese characters on left say: "Listen to the voice of Doom. Open your eyes, fools."



The deaths-head dropped at Anzio is a collector's piece. It was used only once and in small numbers—and upset nobody's morale.

Sam Doodle's epitaph calls him "a poor dumb ass that went poking his nose into things that weren't no sort of business of his."



## JITTERS (continued)

One such card, the smallest ever dropped by the Germans, told in gruesome detail how to assume the symptoms of amoebic dysentery.

In Italy the Germans developed the unfaithful-wife-or-girl-friend theme and showered the British and American armies with pin-up pictures known as the Georgia Series. On the reverse side of these pictures of voluptuous girls in various stages of undress appeared lewd poems suggesting the soldier was "missing a good time at home," and stories of black-marketeering by the stay-at-homes. One leaflet asked when the soldier had last held "a really sweet girl" in his arms—as compared with the "dirty" local variety. It went on to pose the question: "Why are you fighting in Italy?" and added, "But this you will have to ask the Jewish robbers in Wall-street, they can surely tell why!"

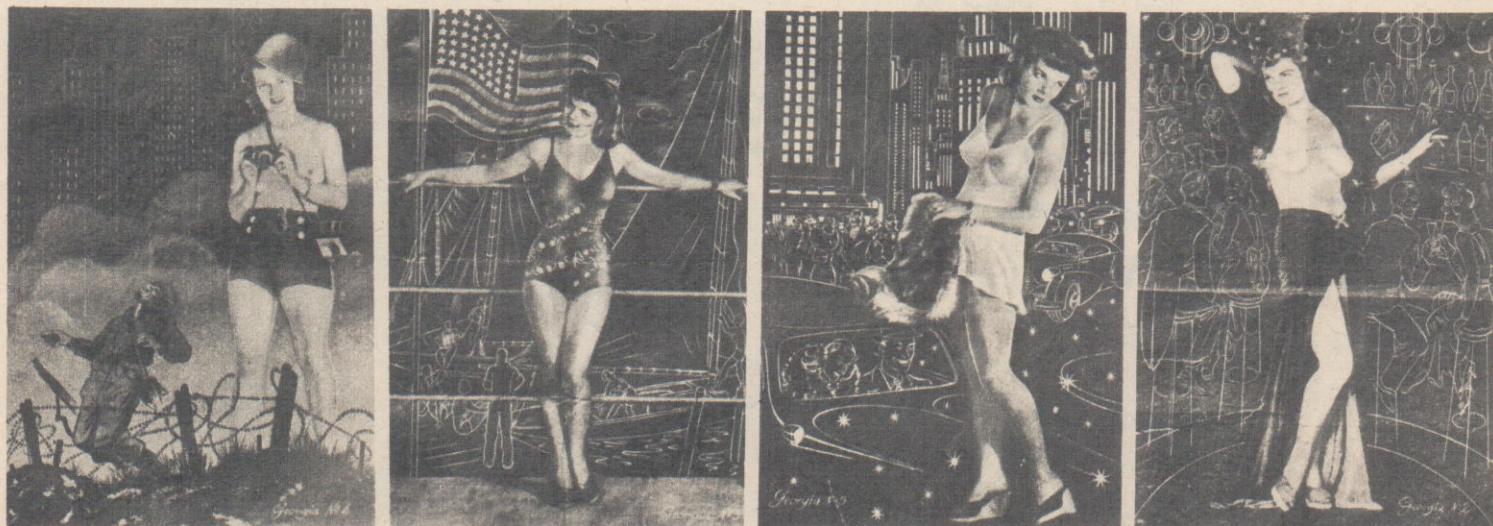
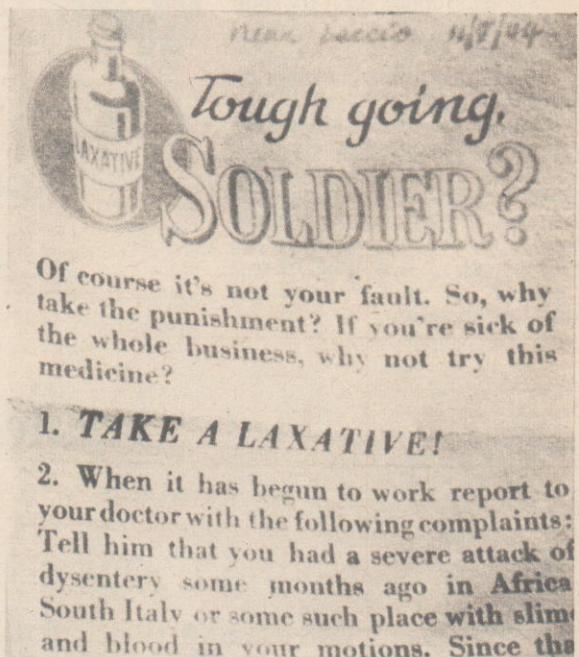
One leaflet which bore in heavy type the heading, "Jolly Good Times Back Home," claimed that statistics showed an "unprecedented boom" in the amusement industries in the soldier's homeland. It painted a picture of black-market crooks ferrying an endless supply of "beefsteaks, whisky, nylon stockings and petrol," for "gold-bricks" who had waxed fat through the war. "They have entirely forgotten the war and all its horrors, if ever they gave them a thought," the pamphlet continued. "They are not interested in your sufferings and don't care what happens to your families."

Another sought to stir up strife with the information that "the home-front warriors, especially the Hebrews, are rolling in cash and praying that this war will go on for ever. They are launching reconnaissance parties, too, but into the bedrooms of lonely women. Their ammunition is a fat roll of bills and their war cry is: MORE DOLLARS AND GIRLS. They get them."

Few soldiers lost any sleep through reading the printed messages, but they were avid collectors of the pin-up pictures.



Above: A German leaflet that played on the unfaithful girl-friend theme. Below: How to fool the Medical Officer and escape the fighting line—German version.



Four of the "Georgia" series which the Germans showered on Allied soldiers in Italy in 1944. On the reverse side were suggestive poems and exhortations to "pack it in." This is probably the first instance of pin-ups being provided by the enemy.

# A NEW LINE IN THE HILLS

WHEN the Armistice came in Korea, it meant for 1st Commonwealth Division, as for its allies, pulling back—two kilometres from the military demarcation line.

Now the pulling still goes on, as the troops settle into their new defence line. The country is as rough as any in Korea. This is ideal for building defensive positions, but it also means that weapons, ammunitions and stores must be hauled to positions beyond reach of vehicles, or where mechanical horsepower needs manpower to assist it—perhaps only to be pulled out again as better positions are conceived and constructed.

The new line, built with experience of Communist tactics to guide its planning, is as strong as military ingenuity and willing muscles can make it. The Division is not, however, dug-out-minded. From its strongholds, it sallies forth on offensive exercises, and these, in turn, mean more pulling out and putting back of guns and stores. Life is as busy as ever it was during the shooting war.

Out in front lie Little Gibraltar and The Hook—or the remains of them; mute reminders of heroic days. The new fortifications may never be put to the test—but the Commonwealth Division is determined not to be caught napping.



Up a snowy road go the 25-pounders of "Q" Battery, 20 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

On a slippery slope, manhandling is needed.

# HOME GUARD TRAIN IN



On look-out at Coalhouse: Corporal C. Fisher, late 7th Hussars.



A 1914-18 veteran, Corporal H. Bates, instructs in bayonet fighting.

**I**t was on the site of Tilbury Fort that one of the most rousing speeches in the history of Britain was delivered. Queen Elizabeth I, reviewing her troops who were standing by to repel the Armada, said:

*"I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman but I have the heart and stomach of a King, and a King of England, too, and I think foul scorn that Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm."*

Today there are troops at Tilbury Fort again: the men of "E" Company of the 3/19th Essex Home Guard Battalion. Like the mercenaries and bands of trained

professionals of long ago, their task in emergency is to keep watch and ward over the northern shores of the Thames Estuary and the bleak marshes of the Essex hinterland.

Many of them carried out the same job in World War Two and were among the first to re-enlist when the Home Guard was re-

Inside Tilbury Fort a section advances through smoke in a counter-attack on "enemy" parachutists.



formed in 1952. They form the hard core around which the new battalion has been built. Among them are labourers from London's docks, bus drivers and factory hands, furniture makers, a brewer's drayman, salesmen and a dustman. The officers include an

accountant, a farmer and a civil engineer. There are soldiers who first wore uniform 40 years or more ago, men who served throughout World War Two, young men who have just completed their National Service and others who have been turned down by the Army on medical grounds, or whose call-up has been deferred. They are a mixed collection but they have one thing in common—a desire to continue with their military training in case they are needed again.

Shortage of transport does not worry the Battalion. Those who have cars take their friends to and from parades but mostly the men use their own bicycles or motorcycles. They need put in only 15 hours training every three months, but many do twice that number.

The headquarters of "E" Company at Tilbury Fort are in a block built during the Napoleonic Wars. They were recently modernised and handed over to the Home Guard by the Ministry of Works which is maintaining the Fort as an ancient monument. The married quarters and barrack-rooms which were built during the Crimean War and damaged by bombs in the last war have been pulled down. Gun emplacements, first erected in 1671 when the

# FAMOUS FORTS



From Coalhouse Fort a Home Guard machine-gun crew "shoots up" an attempted beach landing on the Thames Estuary.



This Tilbury Fort magazine first housed ammunition nearly 300 years ago. It will be preserved as part of an ancient monument.

At the entrance to Tilbury Fort men of the Home Guard stand sentinel. Queen Elizabeth I made a famous speech at this spot.

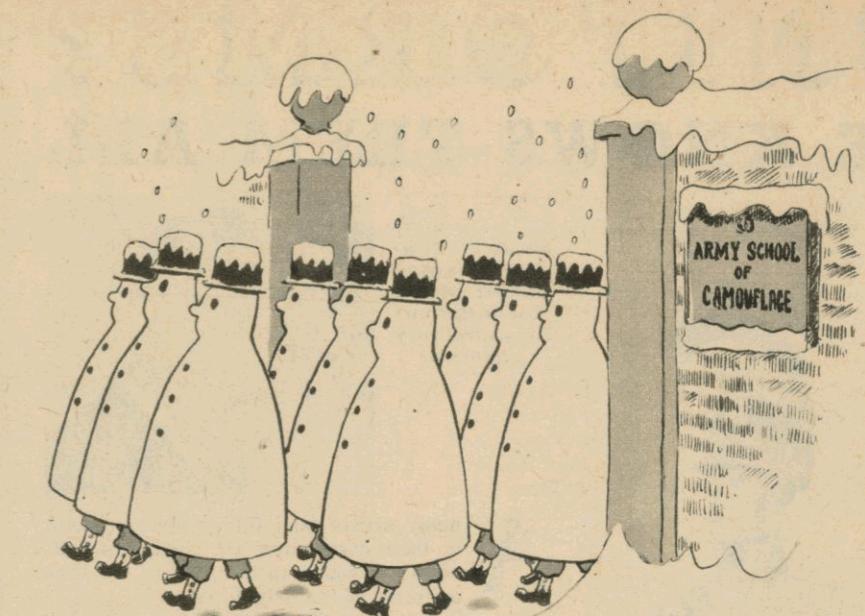


Bicycle patrol on the marshes calls for nimbleness at stiles.



Major C. E. Cornford, one of the company commanders, has an unusual military record. He went to France as a Gunner in the Royal Garrison Artillery in 1914. After the war he served in the Royal Navy as a torpedo operator on destroyers and battleships until 1933, when he joined the Air Ministry as an electrical equipment inspector. When his father and grandfather were alive they had a total of 90 years military service between the three of them.

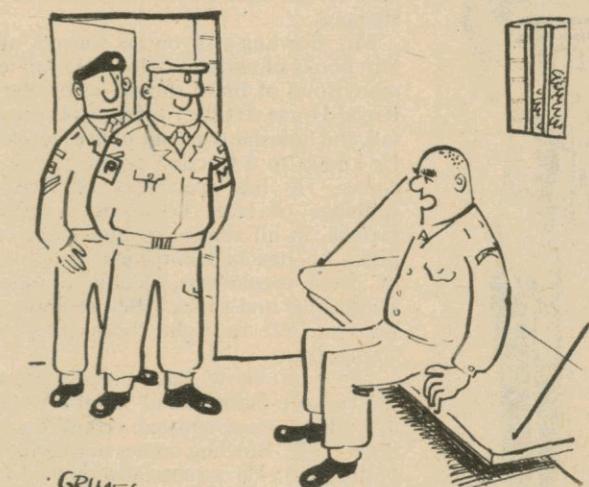
E. J. GROVE.



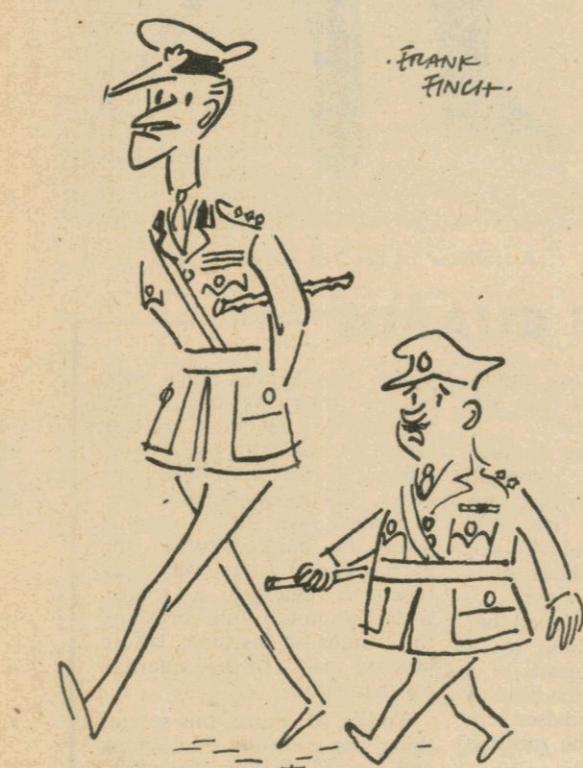
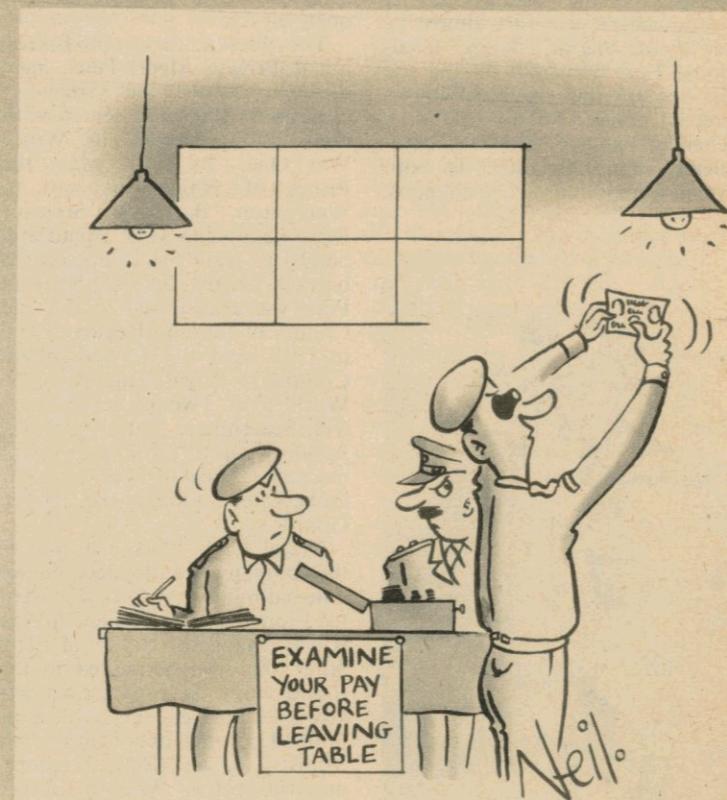
## SOLDIER THUMOUR



"Perhaps they'd look at it more often if we scattered a few comic strips through the next edition."



"That's not the kind of MP I wanted to see."



"I sometimes feel I shall remain a half-colonel all my life."

# UNIFORMS? HE KNOWS THEM ALL



A Life Guards officer, 1815.

Mr. A. H. Bowling, former Gunner who is now an authority on military uniforms.



**A**S many artists (and film producers) know to their cost, there are copious pitfalls when it comes to re-creating old-time uniforms of the British Army.

But one man who will undertake to get the last button and strap-hole right is Mr. A. H. Bowling, who has made himself a full-time job executing water-colours of full-dress uniforms. If he cannot find the proper authority for a uniform he will not draw it; but after 24 years research he is not often stumped.

Mr. Bowling's favourite sources are the pattern books of military tailors. He can tell you how many rows of braid should be on the tunic of a Royal Horse Artillery officer five feet nine inches tall, and how many on one of five feet eleven inches. He knows to a fraction where the seams should come. He has specimens of lace, and even rubbings of lace; he keeps a special file of facings, in all shades of buff from off-white to pink; he has badge-makers' catalogues, copies of dress regulations, details of shako plates, sword hilts and shoes. (Before about 1730 there were no left or right shoes—they were interchangeable.)

Did you know that French officers in the 1850's wore duffle coats? That the 10th Hussars, in undress, once sported yellow boots with red heels? Mr. Bowling comes across many oddities of this kind. He is a specialist on the Indian Army, and at present is gathering information (not easy to come by) on Yeomanry regiments.

From New Bond Street Mr. Bowling's paintings go all over the world, for there is no more colourful decoration than a military fashion-plate. Recently he has held two exhibitions in London. General Sir Gerald Templer dropped in at one of them, and praised what he saw.

For six years Mr. Bowling was a Gunner (in battle-dress) but his favourite regiment is probably the 17th Lancers.



An officer of the 7th Hussars, 1808.

A. H. Bowling.

## LOVELY GRUB FOR THE LIFE GUARDS

JUST about one hundred years ago was published a book entitled "The Greatest Plague of Life, by One Who Has Been Almost Worried to Death." It purported to have been written by a newly married young lady, but was almost certainly concocted by the Brothers Mayhew who published it.

The greatest plague of life, it appeared, was that of "followers"—the hungry swains who made love to cooks and kitchen-maids in the houses of the well-to-do. And the most attentive and voracious of all "followers" were the Life Guards in the barracks in Albany Street, London.

These hulking giants, ferociously handsome and with intimidating moustaches, haunted the area steps of Albany Street. Their courting cry was "Any

affection or cold meat today, cook?" They seem to have obtained both, with little trouble.

The Guardsmen, says the lady who tells the story, patrolled Albany Street as conscientiously as if on duty outside a Royal palace, devastating female hearts in the basements. Nor did they shrink from the direct approach, if they could not attract the cook's attention. The mistress said that most of her time was spent answering single knocks

at the door, and telling importunate men in scarlet that Mr. Smith did not live there.

Once, standing at her window, she was mistaken for the maid by a Guardsman twirling his moustaches outside. He blew a kiss to her, then pointed down the area steps and made signs of cutting and eating a pie.

Another time she found her maid-servant signalling to a gallant admirer by means of a message chalked on the base of her best tea-tray. It advised him to call later when the mistress would be out.

The constancy of the soldiers was most commendable, the lady thought, just so long as the

larder was good. Some men out-ate their welcome. One trencherman devoured his way house by house up one side of Albany Street and down the other. The most grievous sight, it seemed, was in the evening when the bugle blew in the barracks, and from every area basement emerged a soldier with his mouth full, brushing the crumbs off his tunic, before heading back to his quarters for the night.

Today, of course, this sort of thing has gone for ever, along with the red tunic and the waxed moustaches. No soldier eats free pie within five miles of Albany Street—or does he?

# The VC: Postscript to an Auction

**N**OBODY—except the most avid type of collector—is very happy to see the Victoria Cross put up for auction. To many a soldier it seems wrong that dealers should be able to traffic in the highest award for bravery, putting a cash value on what can never be valued in cash.

The recent competition for the medal of Serjeant Harry Wood VC was more dignified than some, for the reason that praiseworthy loyalties were involved. The family of Serjeant Wood went to considerable financial sacrifice to bid for the medal; and the Scots Guards Association were prepared to pay £200 to secure it for the Regiment. As it turned out, the family—with outside assistance, including a grant from York Castle Museum—secured the VC and other medals for £240.

The first thing to be clear about is that the Victoria Cross is the absolute property of the individual to whom it is awarded. He may lose the pension which goes with the medal, if convicted of felony, but King George V directed that the holder of a VC, even if guilty of murder, could not be prevented from wearing it even on the scaffold. Equally, it is laid down that the holder is entitled, if not subject to military law, to dispose of the medal as he wishes, and the purchaser is not committing a crime by buying it.

When the soldier dies, the medal is the property of the man's family to dispose of as they think fit. Sometimes the recipient leaves instructions in his will as to the ownership of the award.

If the award is a posthumous one, the medal is presented to the man's next-of-kin. On this individual's death it is the property of the family.

Usually, Victoria Crosses find their way on to the market because the recipients, or their dependents, are "up against it." It is a sad thing that a man who has risked his life should be faced with the necessity of selling the medal he has earned; but it is not for the comfortably off to criticise him. A number of Victoria Cross winners are known to have sold their medals—for sums as small as £10—to start themselves in business. The impoverished widow of a VC, faced with bringing up a big family, may understandably be tempted by the knowledge that the little piece of metal (of which the intrinsic value was once reckoned at threepence) may be worth more like £100.

In justification for bidding for Serjeant Wood's medal, a spokesman of the Scots Guards Association made the point that the medal is an honour to the regiment as a whole as well as to the individual. This is a view that commands respect. Set in a place of honour in a regimental museum, the medal will inspire other soldiers. Lieutenant Colonel J. P. Carne, it will be remembered, was quick to say that his Korea VC must be regarded as a tribute to the Glosters and Gunners who fought under him.

Certain decorations conferred by the Queen are returnable on the death of the recipient. But the tradition is now firmly established that the Victoria Cross is a "family medal"—it is treasured by the family of the man who won it, and all too often it has to be presented to a member of the family, because the man who won it is dead.

Many Victoria Crosses must by now have been handed down to the third or fourth generation. How many are held by private collectors—collectors who may have obtained them by bidding against family and regiment—will never be known.

## MEDALS IN THE NEWS



**Brigadier D. A. Kendrew, CBE, DSO (three Bars).** Before leaving Korea he presented the silver statuette (below) to the Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.



The statuette shows a Korean farmer carrying a load on an "A" frame. Below: Lieut.-Colonel F. R. St. P. Bunbury DSO with the model.



# The DSO: Won Four Times —Sixteen Times

**I**N SOLDIER's correspondence columns of late there have been references to officers who won the Distinguished Service Order four times.

The recent award to Brigadier D. A. Kendrew of a third Bar to his DSO threw a sudden light on the small select company of men who have won this high honour four times. There was much hunting through War Office records and it turns out that no fewer than 16 officers have now earned this distinction: ten in the Army, four in the Royal Navy and two in the RAF.

For the record, here are the names of those who have rivalled Brigadier Kendrew's achievement:

Lieut-General Lord Freyberg VC; Brigadier-General E. A. Wood, King's Shropshire Light Infantry; Lieut-Colonel R. S. Knox, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers; Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. A. Dawson, Royal West Kent Regiment; Brigadier-General W. D. Croft, Scottish Rifles; Lieut-Colonel A. N. Strode-Jackson, King's Royal Rifle Corps; Brigadier-General F. W. Lumsden VC; Lieut-Colonel A. S. Pearson, Highland Light Infantry (Parachute Regiment); and Lieut-Colonel R. B. Mayne, Special Air Service, Royal Navy; Commander E. A. Gibbs; Captain F. J. Walker, Captain R. G. Onslow and Commander A. W. Buckle RNVR. Royal Air Force: Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry and Wing-Commander J. B. Tait.

Brigadier Kendrew, who was commissioned into the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, won his first three DSOs in eight months while commanding the 6th Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment in World War Two.

His FIRST was awarded after the battle at Sedjanane, North Africa, shortly after he had taken over command of the Battalion. He so roused the fighting spirit of officers and men, said the citation, that they became "irresistible." And he took part in one of the eight bayonet charges his men made.

His SECOND was won in the fighting before Salerno, when for two days he deprived the enemy of a vital road to give 46 Division much-needed time. He planned the action at La Molina Bridge so well that the bridge was saved and all the enemy in its vicinity were killed, captured or put to flight. In the early days of the Salerno landing he so inspired his troops "that they were prepared to follow him in any operation, however hazardous, with complete confidence."

His THIRD was in recognition of his skill and courage in bringing his Battalion through a fire-swept area on the River Peccia with the minimum of casualties. He crossed and recrossed the river four times, once carrying a wounded man.

His FOURTH was earned in the Battle of the Hook in Korea, when he commanded 29th Infantry Brigade. Despite saturation attacks, he "inspired his men to superhuman efforts . . . working day and night under constant shelling somehow they managed to rebuild the entire position until it became a veritable fortress against which the enemy was powerless." The Brigadier's "personal example was beyond praise and his imperturbability under fire had a lasting effect on his men."

Brigadier Kendrew was one of the best rugby forwards England ever had. He played against Scotland, Wales, Ireland and New Zealand and captained England in 1935.

# They Get Along Fine —

Campaigning or feasting, the Inniskillings and the spear-carrying warriors of Kenya talk each other's language



Skeletons at the feast were those of three cows, roasted for the Inniskillings. Below: The Irish return hospitality.



**T**HREE are only two peoples who can fight," someone was telling the Masai, "and they are the Irish and you people."

The Masai stood, looking polite and interested. They hadn't heard of anyone but themselves making this claim—but then, they hadn't heard of Ireland either.

One tall warrior leant on his spear for a moment and said, with more combined dignity and aplomb than you would believe possible in so few garments: "If that is the case, then let us hope we always meet in such peaceful circumstances."

Among the men of the two companies of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers who moved to the Masai district of Narok recently after pounding the Nairobi streets for the previous month, the point was duly appreciated.

Elsewhere in the delightful camp they had set up under the giant thorn trees cattle were being slaughtered and fires were lighting. For the Masai were giving a party.

More than a hundred Masai young warriors had been out for two days with the Irishmen, scouring the hills for a gang suspected of visiting the borderland in which the half-Kikuyu, half-Masai people dwell. Two or three small incidents had occurred in the district which seemed to indicate that Mau Mau terrorists were creeping in. So the Inniskillings arrived and the Masai went up into the hills with them, loping along quietly and purposefully.

Now they were back in Narok, anxious to entertain their visitors and make them feel at home. They had got to know one another in the hill forests, but they had not had much chance to study habits. So the Masai were looking the Irishmen over—their guns, tattooed forearms, rubber boots—and without knowing a word of one another's language, the two were getting on fine.

Francis Lemeki, 25-year-old Masai who learnt excellent English in the Laitokitok school of the tribe, was kept busy, explaining this, translating that. He is the Government-appointed supervisor of the Masai *moran*—the warriors who became men at the impressive Eunoto initiation ceremony earlier in the year.

"I've never met such friendly



Above: Francis Lemeki is the Government-appointed supervisor of the young Masai warriors. Right: The Inniskillings' camp, under the thorn-trees at Narok, the Masai "capital."



# The Irish and the Masai



A new weapon for the "Skins". Masai warriors show them how to use the throwing-spear. Below: Paddy visits grannie and the kids, too.



people," he said, eyes all alight, "and I feel as if I should follow them wherever they go." But the Inniskillings were at him again. One of them had a spear in his hand. "Here, Paddy, how do you people use this thing?" A quietly spoken word from Francis and a *moran* took the Fusilier by the arm and put him into position for throwing the spear. Others followed suit and in no time the air was blades.

"They settle down anywhere," said Major Peter Slane MC, who commanded the operation. "In Egypt, in Malaya, or in the Norfolk floods, you can't beat these Inniskillings." Quiet had come over the scene again as the Fusiliers fell into line for their daily mepacrime parade. The Masai watched, fascinated, as each man swallowed his tablet.

When it was over, the Masai began to dance, bouncing into the air like balls and grunting to the song of their dance-leader.

The Inniskillings have been invited to go back, for the Masai were impressed with the fact that, as soon as trouble loomed on their borders, the British soldiers were there, ready to help.

It did not matter that Masai place-names were slaughtered in the rich Irish brogues—that Orongitok village became "Hackenslak" and later "Ourang-outang" in the hands of one signaller; it did not matter that the Irish warriors ate pig-meat; the boys from the bogs were "in."

CHARLES HAYES.

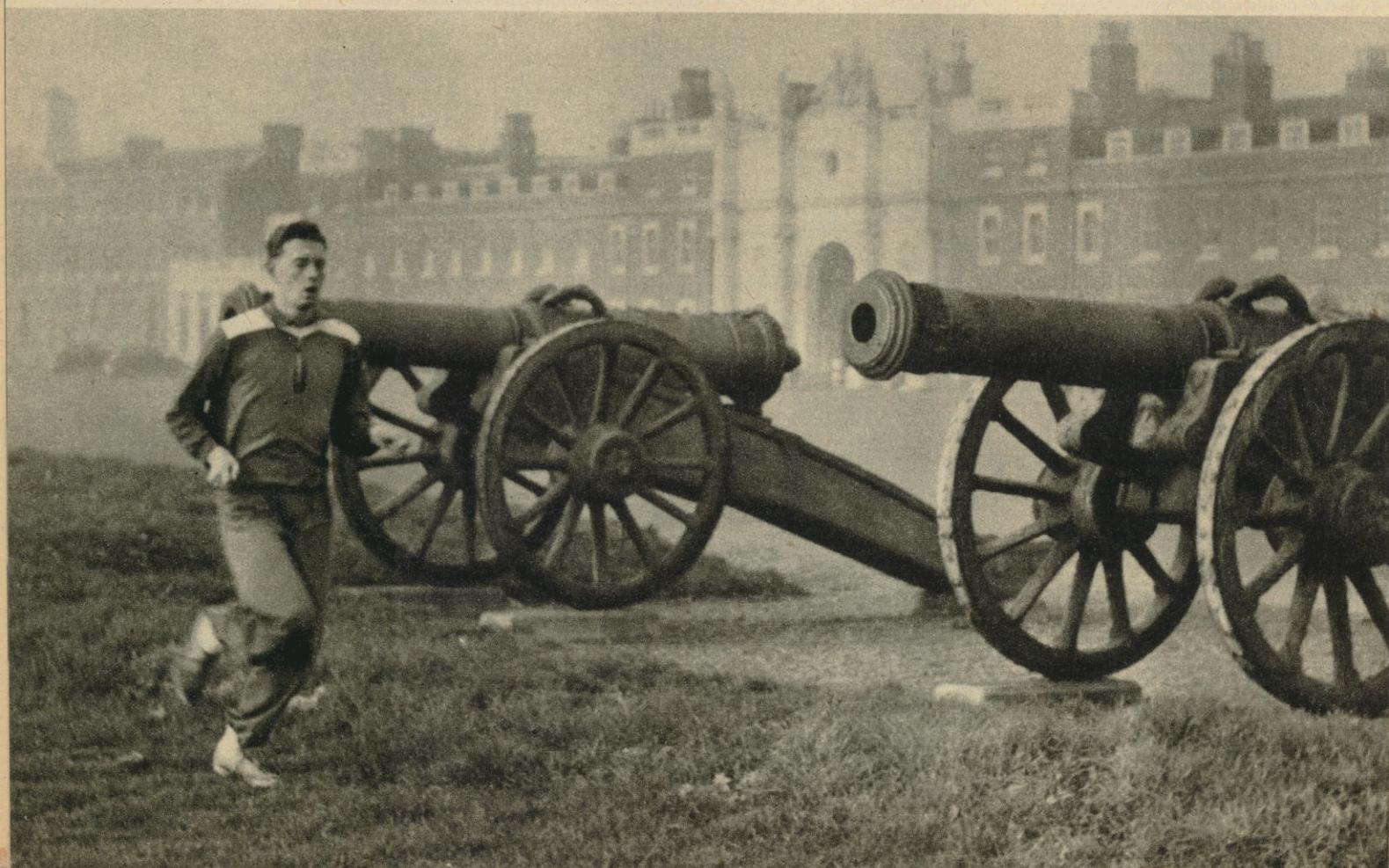
# A CHAMPION TRAINS AT

*Each evening a young soldier tidies his desk in the Royal Artillery Clerks' School and sets off to cut down his time for a half-mile run*



Lance-Bombardier Brian Hewson, holder of three major half-mile running championships.

*"It looks as though I have been running quite a time," said the subject of this picture, when he saw it. Place: Woolwich's Grand Parade.*



**I**N the early dark of a winter evening, a white figure clip-clops softly along the edge of the Grand Parade at Woolwich.

The ghost of some long-dead Gunner, for ever doubling belatedly to a parade? No. It is a very live Gunner, doing his daily training to keep his place among the champions of the running track.

He is Lance-Bombardier Brian Stamford Hewson, current holder of the Army, Amateur Athletic Association, and Inter-Services half-mile championships and, at 21, a young man with an eye on still more championships.

Lance-Bombardier Hewson, whose home is at Norbury, began running while he was a pupil at Mitcham Grammar School. His distance, in those days, was 440 yards and he won the Mitcham schools and Surrey schools events at those distances. As a result, he was awarded a kind of athletic "scholarship," one of three free memberships which Mitcham Athletic Club offers each year to promising schoolboys.

The club coach, Frank Drew, took him in hand (and is still his coach). At Mr. Drew's suggestion, Hewson changed his distance to 880 yards and, in 1949, when just 16, covered the distance in 1 minute 59.8 seconds, coming second in the Amateur Athletic Association junior championship. In the same year he set up a new record of 2 minutes 3 seconds for the Surrey Youth Clubs' event.

The next year, he brought his time down to 1 minute 58.4 seconds to beat Don Seaman by 8 yards in the British Games. Down came the time again in 1951. The 18-year-old won the Surrey junior championship in 1 minute 56.7 seconds and the Amateur Athletic Association Junior championship in 1 minute 55.3 seconds. In 1952, his last year as a junior, his best time was 1 minute 55.6 seconds, which brought him the Junior Amateur Athletic Association championship again. He also won his third victory in the Surrey junior championship, the British Games junior, the Southern junior and London Fire Brigade open junior half-miles and in the British Games came second to Arthur Wint in the 800 metres, clocking 1 minute 55.3 seconds.

Last year, his first in the senior class, Lance-Bombardier Hewson won both the Army and the Amateur Athletic Association championships in 1 minute 54.2

seconds, thrice lowered that time during a 10-day trip to Germany, Sweden and Norway, and set up a personal best time of 1 minute 51.9 seconds when he came second to Bannister in the England-France match.

When the time arrived for National Service, young Hewson applied to be posted to the Royal Artillery. The recruiting office demurred; this recruit was 5 feet 11 inches tall, by their measurements (in civilian life he had always made it 6 feet), and the Guards wanted him. The recruit, however, was determined. He had heard of a Gunner regiment with a good athletic team where he would be welcomed. Of course, said the recruiting office, if he signed on as a Regular . . .

"They more or less talked me into it," says Lance-Bombardier Hewson. "He signed for three years—and he is perfectly happy about it, the more so when he considers that Guards drill might not have benefited his runner's muscles.

Recruit Hewson was posted to Oswestry, and from there to the Royal Artillery Clerks' School at Woolwich. Though in civilian life he was apprenticed to a Savile Row tailor, he did so well on the clerks' course that he was posted to the School's office. One unpaid stripe followed, and when

## SPORT

# WOOLWICH



Proof that a sedentary occupation is no bar to athletic championships: Lance-Bombardier Hewson at his desk. Right: Lance-Bombardier Hewson winning the Amateur Athletic Association 880 yards.



*"Not a very good high kick," comments the kicker. "I'm told I should keep my legs straight. But the kick got there, anyway."*



SOLDIER visited him, he was awaiting news that it was to be a paid stripe. He looks after pay and documents, types and works a duplicator, and, apart from a three-week break just before Christmas, trains steadily for an hour or an hour and a half daily.

The place suits him perfectly. On Sundays he is at home on the Mitcham track, where, after a warm-up, he runs about eight fast and slow quarter-miles. On week-

wich to Norbury, but had planned to do so at Christmas if that rail strike had taken place. Lance-Bombardier Hewson does not smoke and drinks only at such events as Christmas parties. He goes to dances, however, thinks the exercise may be useful, though not the atmosphere, but goes simply because he likes dancing.

Before the 1953 season, Lance-Bombardier Hewson thought he would like to raise his distance to a mile, now very fashionable in running circles. The improvement in his times, however, encouraged him to persevere with the half-mile. "I think," he says, "I shall leave the mile until I am a bit older and stronger."

# Commandos Shot The Royal Deer!

TWO Norwegian Commandos were sent to Scotland in 1941 to train. They were to live in the wilds, by shooting and fishing.

Using their Commando technique, they broke into a shooting-box near Ballater, shot deer, hare and grouse and fished for salmon. Their training over, they left £1 in the shooting-box in payment. Later they discovered their unwitting landlord had been King George VI.

The two Norwegians went back to their own country as saboteurs. One died from a Gestapo pistol-bullet in an Oslo café. The other, Ensign Max Manus, MC and Norwegian War Cross, lives to tell the exciting story in "Underwater Saboteur" (Kimber 15s).

The author had adventured in South America before the war. He fought with the Finns against the Russians, and with the Norwegian Army against the Germans. He was an early member of the Norwegian Resistance. One day he returned to his flat with a rucksack filled with weapons and propaganda, to find six Gestapo men awaiting him. He jumped out of a first-floor window and was injured—but less seriously than the Germans were allowed to

think. Though guarded in hospital, he escaped, with help, from another first-floor window and journeyed through Sweden, Russia, Roumania, Turkey, Egypt, South Africa, America and Canada, to England, where he joined Captain Martin Linge's Norwegian Independent Company.

Sabotage of ships was the author's speciality, and his first trip back to Norway in British battle-dress had a satisfying climax when two ships fell victims to his limpet-mines.

The second return to Norway started unpropitiously when, because of a hitch in the parachute drop, the author and his comrade had to live on acid-drops for three days. Later, they spent another three days lying among rats and



Ensign Max Manus: his speciality was placing limpet mines on ships.

refuse under a wharf. They were out to attach limpets to a 26,000-ton vessel the Germans were using. Something went wrong with the limpets, however, and the ship was only damaged.

The highlight of Ensign Manus's career as a saboteur came when,

from a small rubber canoe, he and another saboteur stuck limpets on the 500-foot long hull of the German troopship *Donau*, which was carrying 1250 men for the Western Front, along with horses, vehicles and guns. One spare limpet they put on another German transport. A few hours later, the *Donau* was a wreck, with just her beached bows above water, and the other transport was sunk alongside a wharf.

The author and his friends experimented with home-made baby torpedoes, but never developed them to the point of success. They were launched by a swimmer or from a canoe. One, aimed at a German transport, blew up a shed used for unloading rubbish into barges, after which the author fled, naked, in a truck through Oslo. Another failed to sink a destroyer, but did her no good.

Between attacks on shipping, they also worked at propaganda, ran a "Gallup Poll" of the views of 200 selected people in Oslo, for the benefit of Intelligence in London; blew up an aircraft factory and card-indexes used for calling-up young Norwegians to forced labour; and fired a petrol-dump. For relaxation they slipped across the frontier into Sweden—there to plan more operations.

## A Name To Remember: ZIGZAOU



OF all the Infantry regiments, the Durham Light Infantry was the one most closely associated with Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery during the late war.

"It is a magnificent regiment, steady as a rock in battle and absolutely reliable on all occasions . . . they excel in the hard-fought battle and always 'stick it out to the end'." The Field-Marshal pays this tribute in a foreword to "The Durham Light Infantry at War," by Major David Rissik (published by the Durhams' Depot, Brancepeth Castle, Durham, 13s. 6d. post free).

Two battles are picked out for special mention by Field-Marshal Montgomery: the Mareth Line action and the attack on Primo-sole Bridge in Sicily. In each battle the same three battalions were engaged—the 6th, 8th and 9th.

In the Mareth Line, the battalions were ordered to take Wadi Zigzaou, a key strongpoint held by superior German and Italian forces who were protected by minefields, an anti-tank ditch and barbed wire. The Durhams ran into artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire on their way up to the Wadi and then were held up by a minefield. Behind them our own timed artillery barrage crept closer and closer. There was only one thing to do and the Durhams did it—they walked through the uncleared minefield.

In the Wadi itself they met a withering cross fire but forced their way to the far end, forming human ladders to clamber over the top. Under point-blank fire they cleared the enemy trenches and pillboxes and then sat back to wait for the counter-attack. When it came the Durhams fought fanatically until almost every round had been fired. But before they could be over-run came the order to withdraw and the Durhams turned about, fighting their way back to the Wadi with the bayonet.

Their losses were grievous. The three rifle companies of the 6th Battalion were reduced from 300 to 65 and the other two battalions were almost as badly hit. But the Durhams had done their job. They had drawn the German armour out of position and made it easier for the New Zealanders to break through on the flank.

Two "Faithful Durhams"—a nickname earned in the Caribbean in 1764—won the Victoria Cross in World War Two: Second-Lieutenant Richard Annand in France in 1940, and Private Adam Wakenshaw at Mersa Matruh in 1942.

Two new regimental histories are reviewed here. One is of the Durham Light Infantry (badge, left) and the other of the Queen's Royal Regiment.



## Gun Stopped 14 Tanks

AT the entrance to the depot of The Queen's Royal Regiment in Guildford a six-pounder anti-tank gun stands sentinel. Every day it is carefully cleaned and polished and at the first sign of wear the paint is renewed.

It is the gun which knocked out the largest number of German tanks in the North African campaign.

In the early morning of March 6, 1943, Rommel launched a desperate tank attack at Medenine in front of the Mareth Line. The weight of the attack fell mainly on the Queen's, whose position was guarded by the anti-tank platoon of the 1/7th Battalion. Sergeant Ivor Andrews, let the first four enemy tanks pass and destroyed the next two. He then successfully engaged the first four before turning his attention to the remaining dozen which had retreated.

As the position was under heavy fire Sergeant Andrews ordered his men under cover and continued firing the gun alone. When the action was broken off the gun had accounted for no fewer than 14 enemy tanks.

Sergeant Andrews was awarded the DCM for this feat.

The story of this memorable action is told in "The History of The Queen's Royal Regiment, 1924-48" (Gale and Polden, £2 2s), by Major R. C. G. Foster MC, a former adjutant of the 2nd Battalion.

The author says that the Queen's were the only regiment in the British Army to provide two regimental brigades during the war—the 131st with 7th Armoured Division and the 169th with 56th London Division. In the Italian campaign all six battalions fought side by side during the advance across the Naples Plain.

The Queen's always seemed to be up in front. They were in the van of Eighth Army's 2000-miles advance from Alamein to the Mareth Line and were the first Infantry to enter besieged Tobruk. The author claims that the regiment was also first into Benghazi and the first to reach Tripoli. They then led the drive through the mine-strewn scrub and desert to the Mareth Line where they helped to defeat Rommel's last counter-attack. They were the first Infantry, too, to enter Tunis.

Later, in Germany, with the 5th Royal Tank Regiment, they led the way into Hamburg and were in the first contingent to occupy the British Sector of Berlin.



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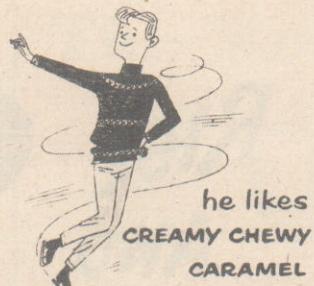
There's a booklet that you'll find most useful. "Banking for Beginners", it's called — sort of guide book to a cheque book. You'll find it also mentions the various other services which you can use once you're a customer of Lloyds Bank. They'll give you a copy at any branch.



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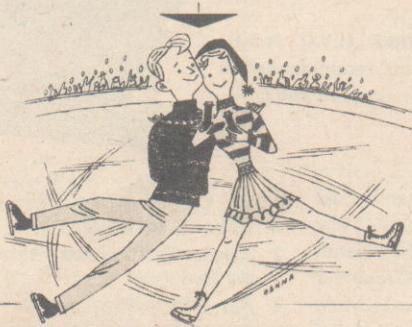
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## Story of 14 Days' Leave

HOW many National Service men in Malaya would care to spend 14 days' leave on a lone jungle-bashing expedition?

Tom Stacey, who was a 20-year-old National Service officer with the Scots Guards, did just this. He had not enough money, he said, to fly to Australia, or stay in an hotel in Penang or Singapore. So he dived into the jungle with pencil and notebooks, determined to study the all-but-extinct aboriginal Temiar. Also, he was fascinated by the mystery of a missing anthropologist, Pat Noone, who went into the jungle when the Japanese invaded, and whose death has never been proved.

The story of Tom Stacey's fortnight among lepers and leeches is told, vividly, in "The Hostile Sun" (Duckworth, 15s.). His visit to the Temiar encampments was a stirring and a sad experience; sad, because here was a colony of primitive people (using blow pipes and poisoned darts) threatened on the one side by terrorists and on the other by civilisation. Already they had contracted many of the white man's diseases. Even if the Temiar survive the terrorists, says the author, "men will come to build roads, dam rivers, fell trees, turn this meranti tree into twenty chests of drawers for someone in a town suburb"; and the Temiar will be sympathetically shepherded into a safe enclosure—where they will wither and die.

The high-light of the author's tour was when he was allowed to watch a three-night dancing rite for the exorcising of ghosts, till everyone's body was "purged of stress and the dark trees scoured of evil." As the bamboos beat, the Temiar danced themselves into frenzy and then trance. At one stage, they asked for, and were given, the author's TCP, with which they sprinkled themselves.

It was quite a change from a regimental guest night.

## Army Magic

THE scene was Sandhurst. A fussy under-officer inspecting officer-cadets saw a piece of white cotton on one man's uniform—and pounced on it. But when he pulled it, it grew longer and longer, and he had accumulated three yards before he realised that he was pulling on a hidden reel.

The offender (who earned two extra drills for his jest) was the future Major L. H. Branson, the soldier-conjuror who became honorary vice-president of the Inner Magic Circle and once, when on leave, appeared at a London theatre under an assumed name.

A magician in the Army is

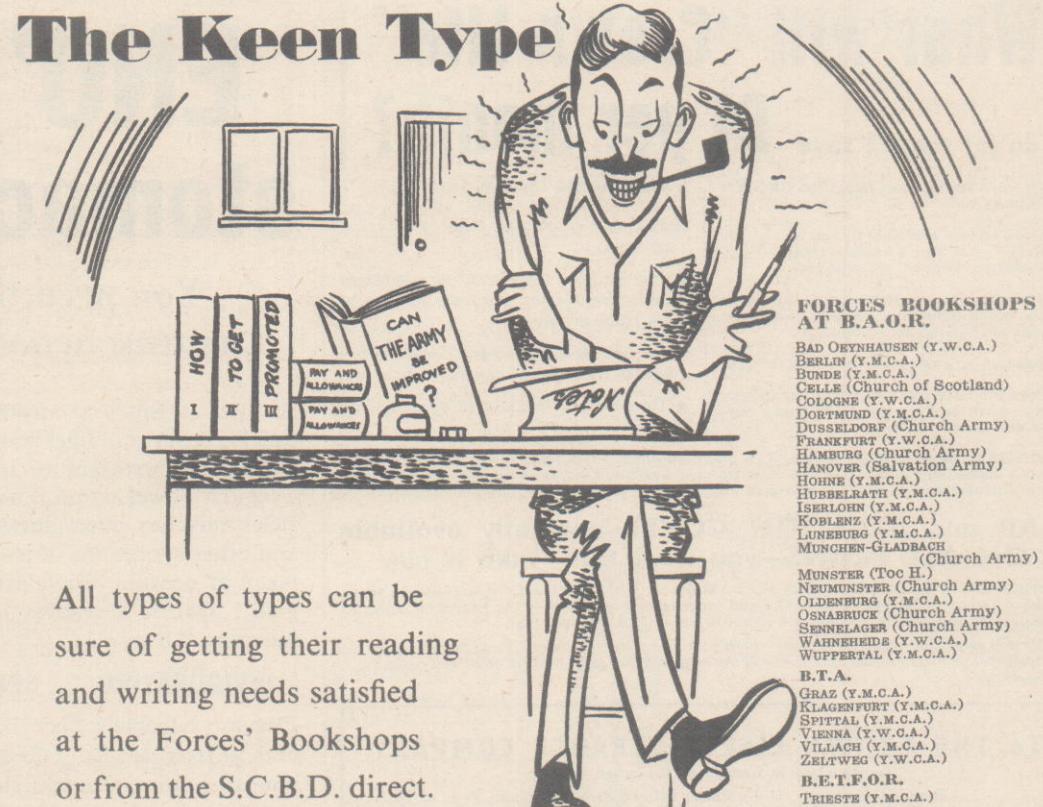
From "I've Heard The Revelly," by "Snaffles"

always in demand (in the late war there was a Royal Artillery officer who could extricate himself from a strait-jacket while hanging upside down from the ceiling). Major Branson confined himself to sleight of hand. For more than 50 years he has been the life and soul of mess parties, maharajahs' parties, children's parties, and even ENSA concerts.

In "A Lifetime of Deception" (Robert Hale, 15s.) Major Branson tells a rambling, anecdotal story of his military career. He sees no reason to be modest about his conjuring skill. His book gives an interesting period picture of soldiering in Hong-Kong and India early this century, when life was care-free and leave was plentiful. He tells a curious story of an "amateur" espionage exploit he carried out in North China, from Wei-hai-Wei.

In World War One the author's conjuring displays to Arab sheiks yielded dividends to Intelligence. If an officer had so much magic at his command (the sheiks argued), what was the good of trying to hide things from him? So they told all—or some, anyway.

## The Keen Type



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## Waiting for the Balloon

IT was an unhappy anti-aircraft battery which manned its guns in France during the frustrating months before the Germans marched into the Netherlands.

The battery commander was a short-tempered old soldier with a liking for the bottle. The battery captain was an anxious Territorial. One subaltern was a discontented Regular, and another a war-time soldier whose "face did not fit." And somebody had stolen the men's pay.

In "The Balloon" (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) Henry Phelps Brown writes with authority of this fictitious unit. He served in the British Expeditionary Force himself, and later commanded a battery in North Africa. In civilian life, he is a noted economist.

The balloon of the title was, of course, the one which everybody expected to go up. When it did so, the battery, despite its troubles, was prepared. The commander died gallantly; the others behaved creditably—only the man who was accused of stealing the pay took to his heels.

Anti-aircraft Gunners will find the general atmosphere convincing—painfully so, in the episode where the major arrives unexpectedly on site and finds the Telescope, Identification, three degrees out of true.

### FORCES BOOKSHOPS AT B.A.O.R.

BAD OENHAUSEN (Y.W.C.A.)  
BERLIN (Y.M.C.A.)  
BUNDE (Y.M.C.A.)  
CELLE (Church of Scotland)  
COLOGNE (Y.W.C.A.)  
DARMSTADT (Y.M.C.A.)  
DUSSeldorf (Church Army)  
FRANKFURT (Y.W.C.A.)  
HAMBURG (Church Army)  
HANOVER (Salvation Army)  
HOHNE (Y.M.C.A.)  
HUBBELRATH (Y.M.C.A.)  
ISERLOHN (Y.M.C.A.)  
KOBLENZ (Y.M.C.A.)  
LUNEBURG (Y.M.C.A.)  
MUNCHEN-GLADBACH  
(Church Army)

MUNSTER (Toc H.)  
NEUMUNSTER (Church Army)  
OLDENBURG (Y.M.C.A.)  
OSNABRUCK (Church Army)  
SENNELAGER (Church Army)  
WAHNEHEIDE (Y.W.C.A.)  
WUPPERTAL (Y.M.C.A.)

B.T.A.  
GRAZ (Y.M.C.A.)  
KLAGENFURT (Y.M.C.A.)  
SPITTAU (Y.M.C.A.)  
VIENNA (Y.W.C.A.)  
VILLACH (Y.W.C.A.)  
ZEITWEG (Y.W.C.A.)

B.E.T.F.O.R.  
TRIESTE (Y.M.C.A.)  
NORTH AFRICA  
BENGHAZI (Army Education)  
TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)

CANAL ZONE  
FANARA (Y.M.C.A.)  
FAYID (C. of S.)  
FAYID (Y.M.C.A.)  
MOASCAR (Y.W.C.A.)  
SUEZ (C. of S.)  
TEL EL KEBIR (C. of S.)



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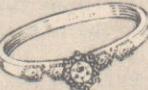
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Half-hoop of three Diamonds £17.17.0



Two Diamonds in crossover £10.10.0



Diamond single-stone £15.15.0



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# Imprisoned by Germans, Russians—and British!

*In the Northamptonshire Regiment is a company quartermaster-serjeant who fought in the Polish "underground"*

**I**T'S not every Infantry regiment which can produce a company quartermaster-serjeant speaking German, Polish, Russian, Czech, Bulgarian, Hungarian and Rumanian.

Yorkshire-born CQMS Albert Edward Hallett, of the 1st Battalion The Northamptonshire Regiment (now in Germany) has this distinction. "Once you know one of the last three," he says, "the other two of that group are easy."

CQMS Hallett's Army career has been an uncommonly eventful one. He joined the Army in 1938, as a Regular in the Northamptonshire Regiment, and went to France in 1940. In the fighting around Arras he was taken prisoner, and after a lengthy and uncomfortable series of journeys found himself in a prison camp in Poland. He escaped at the end of 1941 and made his way to the town of Biskupitz, where he took a chance and entered a house. There he was welcomed by the family, who fed him and gave him civilian clothes.

Then Polish underground officers visited the house, and after interrogation invited him to join them. He agreed at once, and in a few days, when the necessary documents, arms, and so on had been prepared, he moved out with them. For

before he found himself speaking Polish with considerable fluency. Now he turned his attention to Russian, which he picked up with an ease that surprised him.

After the rising in Warsaw, the partisans came out into the open and fought in properly organised military formations. In 1945 the Russians over-ran CQMS Hallett's area of operations, and he reported to the newly arrived Russian commissar. He was promptly put into jail and later removed to the notorious Auschwitz concentration camp, then under new "management." This was the most unsavoury place he had smelled to date so he decided to escape. Nine months later he was on his way again, and reached Berlin on foot.

Moving cautiously through the city, he eventually spotted a British military policeman and reported himself. The inevitable happened. The odd clothes and strange story were too much for the military policeman and for the third time CQMS Hallett found himself in the "cooler." Intelligence officers took over, but he could not convince them that he belonged to the Northamptonshires. He had no identity documents, but he could remember his Army number, and the wires hummed to War Office, the regimental depot, and back again. Two days later he was free.

A much-needed leave followed, at the end of which he was sent for by the Foreign Office. There he was told that there was urgent work for him in prisoner-of-war camps in North-West Europe: interrogation and segregation of prisoners and displaced persons, and political re-education. He found the work very interesting and was sorry when it stopped in 1949.

The next two years CQMS Hallett spent with the battalion in Trieste. He was now devoting all his spare time to the study of languages and added four more to his list. Soon he leaves the Army to take up inn-keeping—in Northampton.—Report by Captain T. A. E. Pollock, Military Observer in Germany.



CQMS A. E. Hallett

over three years he fought and worked with the partisans, ambushing enemy troops, sabotaging German communications and engaging in espionage and counter-espionage work. The area of operations was behind the German lines, and throughout this period the underground were in close touch with Russian intelligence agents.

It was at this time that CQMS Hallett discovered he had a flair for languages. He had arrived in Poland with a good working knowledge of German, picked up in his travels from camp to camp in Germany, and it was not long

# Have You Seen the Tie Yet?

**A**NY person seen loitering suspiciously outside the War Office, staring keenly at those who enter and leave, may not be a spy.

He may be only a tie spy, curious to see how many soldiers (and members of the Army Council) are wearing the new Army tie.

It is probably the least exclusive tie in the world, but a proud tie for all that. It is for wear by those who are serving, or have served, in the Regular Army. The Army Council have given the tie their blessing and an Army Council Instruction is to be issued about it. Meanwhile, haberdashers are already stocking it, and so is NAAFI.

The design of the tie is conservative, featuring small reproductions of the Army crest in gold on a maroon background. This crest (which every issue of SOLDIER has worn) has been in existence since 1938, when it was produced by simplifying another crest, designed three years earlier for a stained-glass window. Any wearer of the Army tie who feels he is likely to be questioned about the crest may care to memorise the following official description: *Two swords in saltire proper pom-mels and hilts or surmounted by the Royal Crest.*

The Army tie is intended to provide the Regular with a distinctive "badge" to wear with civilian clothes. It is hoped that the tie "may be something which the volunteer officer or soldier can wear with as much pride as any regimental or corps tie he shares with the National Serviceman."

The proposal to introduce an Army tie was criticised by those who thought it would encroach on the regimental and corps tie, but it is not intended to displace these. Some may welcome it for its sub-



dued tones, which contrast with the gaudy hues of certain regimental ties.

Many older soldiers may by now have a number of ties which they are entitled to wear. A man who first enlisted in an Infantry regiment served a tour with a Colonial regiment or the Airborne Forces, transferred to a corps, and during that time served with a couple of tie-producing formations (he might have qualified simultaneously for the Seventh Armoured Division and Eighth Army ties) could already have five proud military ties.

A tie is also to be produced for volunteers in the Territorial Army. The design is the same as that of the Army tie, but the crest will be in silver and the ground in green. Official instructions about the wearing of this tie have not yet been settled. Volunteer members of the Regular Army Reserve of Officers have been asking SOLDIER, "What about us?"

The Home Guard already has a tie of its own, designed during World War Two, and now appearing in increasing numbers.

*Tailpiece:* The new Army tie has inspired a leading article in *The Times* and a joke in *Punch* ("Cads who wear it without authority will get no more than they deserve when Military Police march them off for a haircut.")



You'd like a brighter tie? This has a red sword on a white background, with a blue border. But to wear this one you would have to join an American unit now serving in the Far East.

1



2



3



4



# BANG ON!

Over the New Mexico desert a four-engined target plane is shot down by a faster-than-sound guided missile, the American "Nike." In the first picture the missile is about to strike (the smoke on the aircraft wing was to guide photographers).

## MEMO FOR GILES

I enclose a cutting of a cartoon by Giles, showing troops on parade in the rain being addressed by an officer standing with other officers *under cover*.

Somebody ought to tell Giles that the Army doesn't hold parades this way. If the troops have to stand in the rain, so do the officers.—“Wet Review” (name and address supplied).

★ See “How Funny Is The Army?” (Pages 8-9).

## UBIQUE

I have the following Royal Artillery badges which do not bear the word “Ubique”: Canada, New Zealand, India, Hong-Kong, Malta, Territorial Royal Artillery, Volunteer Royal Artillery, Honourable Artillery Company, Royal Horse Artillery (cipher type), South Africa Heavy Artillery.—R. W. Sheffield, 9 Mount Felix, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

★ In Letters (November) another correspondent said the Canadian, New Zealand and Australian Royal Artillery regiments bore the “Ubique” motto and he had their badges to prove it.

## ALREADY LANDED

Has the British Broadcasting Corporation founded a fighting formation of its own? On a recent Family Favourites programme, the woman announcer referred several times to soldiers in the Middle East Landing Force.—“Sand-in-my-Hair,” Woking, Surrey (name and address supplied).

## CHEVRONS PUZZLE

Why is it that when wearing Blues, No. 1 Dress, full dress and shirt-sleeve order, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers wear the badge of rank on the right arm only, but on both arms for Service Dress and battle-dress?—RQMS J. Basey, HO, 7 Armoured Division, Germany.

★ No official reason seems to have been put on record. Dress authorities, however, suggest two reasons. One is that the embroidered badges worn on No. 1 Dress are very expensive. The other is

# LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

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

that embroidered badges (and white stripes on shirt-sleeves) are clearly visible, whereas worsted badges on battle-dress and Service Dress are not so easy to see. On operations it is essential for non-commissioned officers to be easily recognised.

## HIS STRIPES

When I appeared on parade in battle-dress for the first time in my unit, I was told to take down my Long Service and Good Conduct stripes. In my previous two units I had been allowed to wear them on battle-dress. What is the official ruling?—Fusilier, MELF 27 (name and address supplied).

★ Clothing Regulations 1953 say Good Conduct badges will be worn on battle-dress, but not on working clothes or greatcoats.

## ORDER OF RIBBONS

I served in Korea and then in Malaya. There I was told that my General Service Medal ribbon should be worn between the Korea Medal and the United Nations Medal ribbons. At home and in Rhine Army, however, I have been questioned about the correct-



ness of this order. Can you tell me the correct sequence?—Serjeant A. Amies, 2nd Battalion The Black Watch, BAOR 14.

★ War medals are worn in a sequence determined by the dates of the campaigns for which they are awarded. In this reader's case, therefore, it is correct to wear the General Service Medal after the Korea medals (if his service in Malaya had been earlier than his Korea service, it would have been the other way round). The United Nations Service Medal, with clasp “Korea,” should be worn immediately after the Korea Medal (British). When the Korea Medal has not been awarded, the United Nations Service Medal should be worn in order of date of campaign for which it has been awarded, and before any Long Service or Efficiency awards. The correct sequence for this reader is Korea Medal (British), United Nations Service Medal with clasp “Korea,” General Service Medal.

## TRUMPETERS

The last paragraph of your answer to the letter headed “No Trumpets” (**SOLDIER**, December) is not very complimentary to ex-trumpeters like

myself. I quote: “Boys who in the old days would have trained as trumpeters now spend their time becoming efficient soldiers and potential NCO's.”

The majority of Boys and Trumpeters in the old days were very efficient soldiers as well as trumpeters, with special qualifications in many cases, and the majority became NCO's at the early age of 18 years.—Major (QM) F. G. Spearing, Royal Artillery (retired), Glenholme, 149 London Road, Waterlooville, Hants.

★ Sorry. **SOLDIER** did not intend to be rude to the trumpeters of the old system, but merely to indicate that with the abolition of the trumpeter those Boys who would have become trumpeters could devote their whole time to other aspects of soldiering.

## BLACK BERET

You slipped up in a caption in the December **SOLDIER**. The Duke of Edinburgh is wearing the black beret of the Royal Tank Regiment, not of the Royal Armoured Corps. Our “donkey-walloping” colleagues of the Cavalry and Yeomanry now wear blue berets.—Trooper K. Wright, 4th Royal Tank Regiment, Mooltan Barracks, Tidworth.

## BIG STICK

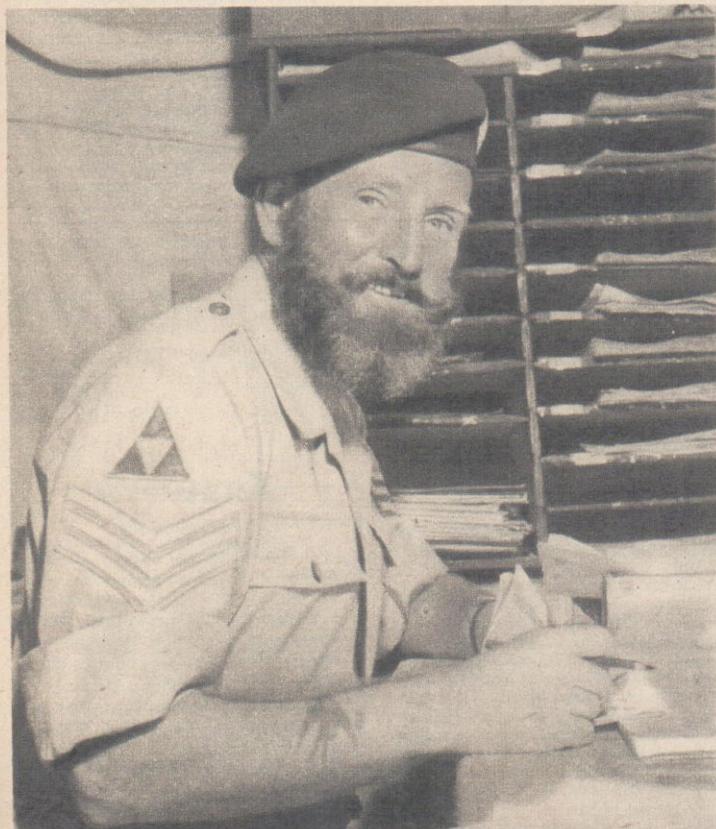
In the article on Major-General M. M. A. R. West (**SOLDIER**, October) there is an error. The stick you mention is a traditional Korean stick, and was presented to the General soon after his arrival by the Commanding Officer of 120 Korean Service Corps, which was supporting 1 Commonwealth Division on pioneer duties at the time. Since everywhere the General went his stick went with him, I feel it is important that you rightly describe its origin.—Captain L. R. Pittard (late Divisional Liaison Officer, 1 Commonwealth Division), Adjutant, 515 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, RA (TA), Douglas, Isle of Man.

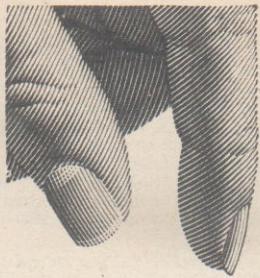
★ **SOLDIER**'s correspondent wrote of a shepherd's crook presented to General West by Canadians under his command. Possibly the General had two big sticks.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The Army forbids beards, but traditionally one man—the Pioneer Serjeant—has “permission to grow.” Here are two sturdy specimens: the one below adorns the face of Serjeant John Phipps, of the East Surrey Regiment, now garrisoning Tel-el-Kebir; the one on the right belongs to Serjeant Andrew Paterson, of the Royal Scots. Serjeant Paterson, who grew his beard in three months, met Petty Officer Mark Bowen, Royal Navy, who has a four-months beard, at Tokyo.





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## MORE LETTERS

### CARAVANER

When we got married, my wife and I decided to live in a caravan, rather than wait for married quarters. Now my unit is moving a considerable distance and we shall have to employ someone to move the caravan. Is there any allowance payable to cover the cost of the move?—Sjt. W. Jackson, LAD, REME, 70 HAA Regiment, Kempston, Beds.

★ A War Office letter issued last July and republished in Command Orders covers this point. Briefly, soldiers who live in caravans at their place of duty may be granted disturbance allowance and caravan towing charges for one or two caravans, provided that they are eligible for payment of disturbance allowance and refund of removal expenses under the current rules. The occupier who tows his own caravan may be granted a towing allowance of a penny a mile for each caravan, and the normal rate of motor mileage allowance and passenger allowance for one journey.

### TRADE COURSES

I applied to my Territorial unit for a course as an armoured fighting vehicle fitter in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, to enable me to keep my rank as a sergeant. I was told that there was only a ten weeks course. As a Territorial, I could not be away from business for so long.—Sergeant D. J. Caseley, 26 Anchonefields, Kidderminster.

★ The War Office appreciates that a Territorial cannot be away from work for longer than 15 days. The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers are unable to train or upgrade a tradesman in so short a time, and therefore there are no REME trade courses for Territorials.

Territorial Army trade tests have now been revised, and knowledge of specialised equipment of a solely Army nature is no longer required. A man who is up to the required standard in general trade knowledge should be able to pass the tests. Others who are in suitable employment can reach the standard by improving their civilian trade experience.

### AT MAFEKING

My father, who died on 28 November 1953, aged 90, was an old member of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. He took part in the relief of Mafeking during his service.

I wonder how many soldiers older than my father are still alive.—John Chappell (ex-Corporal, Royal Army Service Corps), 99 Cyprus Street, Bethnal Green, London E.2.

### COMMANDOS AT BONE

The letter "Film Boner" (SOLDIER, December) made one boner. The writer was quite right in saying that we of No. 6 Commando were in position around the airfields at Bone before the Red Berets arrived. We had American steel helmets and rifles, as he says, but we did not land displaying American colours. We landed with our own shoulder-flashes. It was thought we would not be welcomed on landing, but we were—with *Vive l'Angleterre!*—“Green Beret,” Elgin, Scotland. (name and address supplied).

### RAINCOATS AGAIN

Is there not a strong opinion among the lads that troops should be issued with raincoats? I am strongly in favour because, while greatcoats are good for cold nights and duty and so on, the only rainproof garment issued, apart from a tin-hat, is a cape, which we are not permitted to wear off-duty and out of barracks.

What inspires me to write is a recent occasion when I visited friends. I wore my greatcoat because it was raining, and the coat was like a sponge. For my return, I borrowed a utility-type raincoat, which I wore as far as I safely could without being checked by Military Policemen for being improperly dressed. In walking the rest of the way to camp, after leaving the bus, I carried the raincoat on my arm,

through the rain, much to the amusement of the civilian populace, and suffered some unnecessary ridicule.—“Dryfellow,” BAOR 2 (name and address supplied).

Economy is presumably the reason why soldiers are not issued with raincoats. Personally, I would rather the money spent on Number One Dress was spent on the more practical garment. Anyway, we shall need something better than a cape to preserve the Number One from the ravages of the storm.—“Taffy.” (name and address supplied).

### DECORATION

Is the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal a “decoration”? The Army Form B 2048, Confidential Report on Warrant Officers, has a heading, “Decorations” and I would say the Long Service and Good Conduct medal would be a valuable entry to make. Would the definition in the Army Act cover the point?—Regimental Sergeant-Major, Cardiff. (name and address supplied).

★ According to the Army Act, “The expression ‘decoration’ means any medal, clasp, good-conduct badge, or decoration,” a very wide definition, which conflicts with those used by the Honours, Awards and Medals branches of War Office. The sponsors of Army Form B 2048 used the word in a technical and more restricted sense, as referring to those personal awards which are invariably promulgated in the London Gazette and carry the right to the use of letters after the recipient's name (like MBE, MC, MM). Awards of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, the Meritorious Service Medal and efficiency awards are only published in Army Orders, and so are not intended to be entered in the “Decorations” space of the form.

### MONTY'S UMBRELLA

Please settle an argument. Did Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery carry an umbrella at any time in World War Two?—G.A.M.P. (name and address supplied).

★ In his book *Missing From the Record*, Colonel Dick Malone, a Canadian Public Relations Officer who served under Field Marshal Montgomery, said:

“Monty instructed me to buy him an umbrella when I was just leaving on a trip to Bari. . . . Seeing my surprise, Monty said, ‘Well, what is peculiar about that? Why shouldn't I carry an umbrella? I don't want to get wet. No reason why I shouldn't at all. Alexander the Great used to carry an umbrella into battle and I understand the Japanese soldiers carry umbrellas also. Away you go, don't look at me in that queer way. Get a good umbrella and mind you don't pay more than seven-and-six for it!’

“As Monty fully realised, the minute he appeared with his umbrella the word quickly spread around and in no time found its way into the press at home. The troops got a real kick out of this bit of whimsy . . .”

In the Peninsula War certain of the Duke of Wellington's Staff officers equipped themselves with umbrellas, but the Duke said some harsh words on the subject.

### Answers

(From page 38)

1. The Emperor Nero. 2. By being drowned at sea. 3. (a) 4. The lover of a married woman. 5. Fifteenth. 6. Marsupials. 7. A voracious person is greedy; a veracious one always speaks the truth. 8. Bulgaria. 9. Communicating information to a foreign power. 10. (a) 11. Mongooses. 12. Hernia (rupture). 13. Diphtheria. 14. (b). 15. Flying. 16. (d). 17. Sir Winston Churchill.

## GOING HOME

Units in the Middle East are interpreting Paragraph 9 of ACI 188 of 1953 as meaning that all unit commanders can defer a man's home posting for three months for any reason they think fit. I feel this paragraph is being misread. Surely it refers to men who have to wait for a ship, and means that if transport is available, men should go home on their due dates.—Staff Sergeant-Major, MELF (name and address supplied).

★ The paragraph says the actual date of return will depend upon the availability of movement facilities and is in all cases subject to the exigencies of the Service." War Office approval must be obtained if any man is likely to be held more than three months after the date he is due to leave. Overseas Commands can therefore hold up the return of men up to three months where "exigencies of the Service" demand. The Commander-in-Chief of each overseas Command decides the extent to which this power of retention is delegated.

## MASKS

It is hoped to revive the "Masks" Fencing Club, which went into suspended animation on the outbreak of war in 1939. It is planned to restart operations in the 1954-5 season.

The object of the Club is to encourage fencing in the Army, by arranging matches with the other armed Services and civilian clubs, and by promoting competitions for its members. Membership is open to all ranks of the Army, both serving and retired. Will old members and intending new members please communicate with me?—Major T. L. Fletcher, Hon. Secretary, Masks Fencing Club, Headquarters, Eastern Command, Hounslow, Middlesex.

## KENYA PICTURE

In "Bamboo Bamboozles" (SOL-DIER, November) you publish a picture with a caption saying the men in it belong to the 7th King's African Rifles.

I think you will find only three at the most represent that regiment and that the remainder of the askari belong to 156 (EA) Independent Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery, East African Artillery. There are quite a few familiar faces among them. The European among them is serving with the Independent Armoured Car Squadron.—Sjt. W. G. Candy, School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Manorbie.

★ The picture showed one European



You don't often see breastplates down Acton way, or armoured cars with pistol-packing commanders. But the Household Cavalry were holding a drive for recruits. In their "shop," among uniforms and saddlery, was one of the silver drums presented by William IV to the Life Guards and carried by Pompey the late drum-horse of the Blues. Note: the sign "Trunks lettered" belongs to the shop next door.

and a number of askari watching an African warrant officer tasting stew.

## PENSION POINT

In a pamphlet on the pay of the Regular Army, I note that a deduction is to be made from an Army pension when, at the age of 65, the recipient starts to draw retirement pension under the National Health scheme.

As the authorities are permitting older people to work until they are 70, to increase their old age pension, does this deduction, in fact, start when the man retires or at the age of 65?—R. Perkins, 29 Fleet Street, Torquay.

★ This point is not likely to arise for many years, because abatement of Service pension applies only to those entering the Armed Forces after 30 June 1949. The present intention is that abatement shall be made (at the rate of 4d a week for each year of reckonable service) at the age of 65, whether or not the pensioner then receives a retirement pension under the National Insurance Acts.

The provision for the Forces is similar to that which has already been decided for other Crown servants. The Forces, however, have received a concession in that the abatement is at a lower rate than for the other classes, such as Civil Servants.

Abatement will not be made when a pensioner lives permanently outside the United Kingdom, unless he receives a retirement pension under the National Insurance Acts or a corresponding award payable under reciprocal arrangements.

American dollar scrip (because it is also used by Canadian troops), Post Exchange cannot accept British Armed Forces Service vouchers. This restricts the use of Post Exchange by Commonwealth troops. NAAFI is anxious to be helpful to the Americans, who are of assistance to our forces in many ways, and Commonwealth troops benefit by rebates paid to them on American purchases. This would not, however, justify overcrowding or shortages in NAAFI establishments. This reader's complaint is being investigated.

## WHEN IS A DRIVER

I have been perturbed by the test for a driver-operator. One of the qualifications is that a soldier must have passed the trade test as a driver OR field engineer, class III (Royal Engineers only). Therefore a soldier in the Royal Engineers who has passed the trade test for field-engineer Class III can become a driver-operator and yet be unable to drive.—Sergeant R. Whittaker, 9 Independent AB Squadron, Royal Engineers, MELF.

★ This happened because there were not enough men of the standard required to be driver-operators available from the ranks of trained drivers. Unit commanders had to be given authority, if the necessity arose, to train field engineers as operators. The situation is easier now, and the War Office is considering removing this alternative qualification.

# FILMS

coming your way

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

**CONQUEST OF EVEREST:** Tom Stobart, free-lance film director and cameraman, was the son of a climber and explorer who took him on his first mountain-climb at the age of seven. Since then he has filmed other mountain expeditions and explorations in the Antarctic, Central Africa and Central Australia. On Brigadier Sir John Hunt's Everest expedition, he took special cameras and a load of Technicolor film. The result is a magnificent record of an exploit in which the Army can take especial pride.

**FROM HERE TO ETERNITY:** This film might have as sub-title: "How not to run an Army unit." A boxing bugler refuses to box for his company, so the company commander orders a sergeant to make the bugler's life as miserable as possible. The sergeant is having an affair with the officer's wife, and the bugler's friend is beaten to death in the glasshouse. There is a song called "Re-enlistment Blues"—and no wonder. Cast: Burt Lancaster, Montgomery Clift, Deborah Kerr, Frank Sinatra and Donna Reed.

**MOGAMBO:** Clark Gable goes on safari in East Africa, with Ava Gardner,

Grace Kelly and Donald Sinden. The women are more dangerous than the animals—even than the troop of man-sized gorillas who were rounded up for the filming. One of the girls even goes so far as to shoot Mr. Gable—not fatally, of course. Moral: don't take your girlfriends on safari. The animals look fine in Technicolor.

**THE SABRE AND THE ARROW:** Early settlers in the American West fight the desert and the Indians. This film has something new. Instead of projecting Indian arrows along invisible wires, the producers devised a rifle for firing them (it is worked by a compressed air tank). Now will someone invent a bow for firing bullets? Stars: Broderick Crawford and Lloyd Bridges. In colour.

**JULIUS CAESAR:** Every now and again a film-critic comes up with the discovery that Shakespeare was the finest film-writer of them all. "Julius Caesar" is a fine illustration of this point; it has everything a good film needs, without any additions from the Hollywood ideamen. Stars: Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, Louis Calhern, Edmund O'Brien, Greer Garson and Deborah Kerr. Highbrow? Well, the American paper Variety describes it as "A socko filmization."

## GIRLS' SCHOOL

My son will be joining the Duke of York's Royal Military School shortly. Is there a similar school for girls?—SOMS O. S. Hancock, BAOR 34.

★ The Royal Soldiers' Daughters' School, 65 Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, London, provides boarding school education for the daughters of serving soldiers below commissioned rank, priority being given to orphans. It is not supported by Army funds but by regimental grants.

## QUEUES IN PUSAN

For about one week of every month, when the American soldiers are paid, they come to our NAAFI here in Pusan and buy everything they can get. We have to stand in a queue for half an hour before we are served. We are wondering if it is our NAAFI or theirs. We cannot go to the Post Exchange and buy what we want as they have ration cards to get the stuff.—Driver, Royal Army Service Corps (name and address supplied).

★ NAAFI say Americans may use NAAFI canteens and gift shops in Korea and Commonwealth troops may use the Post Exchange. Both NAAFI and Post Exchange reserve items of which there are shortages for their own troops. Whereas, however, NAAFI may accept

## SOLDIER HAS A NEW ADDRESS

SOLDIER's editorial and circulation offices are no longer at 58 Eaton Square, London. The new address is: SOLDIER, rear of 437 Holloway Road, London N.7.

# HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. He tried to poison his mother, but failed. He tried to arrange for the heavy roof of her bed to crash on her, but the machinery jammed. He sent her to sea in a boat with a false bottom, but she swam ashore. Finally his hired assassins did kill her. He was a very famous man. Who was he?

2. How can a man find his way into Davy Jones's Locker?

3. Liquorice comes from (a) a root; (b) a bark; (c) malt liquor; (d) horses' hooves. Which?

4. What is a paramour?

5. In which century were the Wars of the Roses fought?

6. Kangaroos, wombats and wallabies carry their young in a pouch and are classed as — what?

7. What is the difference between a voracious person and a veracious person?

8. Which country has for its neighbours Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, Greece and Turkey?

9. Alfred Dreyfus was the central figure of a famous French scandal. He was wrongly convicted and sent to life imprisonment in Devil's Island on a charge of — what?

10. If Jones is a sapient sort of fellow, he is : (a) wise; (b) a woman-chaser; (c) insolent to his superiors; (d) addicted to speaking preciously. Which?

11. What is the plural of mongoose?

12. Which of these is not a plant: arbutus, begonia, fuchsia, hernia, zinnia, salvia?

13. Which of these spellings is correct — if any: diphteria; diphteria; diphtheria; dhiphtheria?

14. Sumptuary Laws are laws which are passed against (a) adultery; (b) over-eating; (c)

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over-dressing; (d) wife-beating; (e) stealing common land. Which?

15. Wright, Farman, Cody, Curtiss, Santos-Dumont—these are famous names in the history of — what?

16. Fort Belvedere, recently in the news, is famous as :

(a) the scene of a famous battle in the American War of Independence;

(b) a Government mansion visited by the Queen in Fiji;

(c) the wartime headquarters of NAAFI;

(d) the former home of the Duke of Windsor.

Which?

17. Who was the last winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature?

(Answers on page 36)



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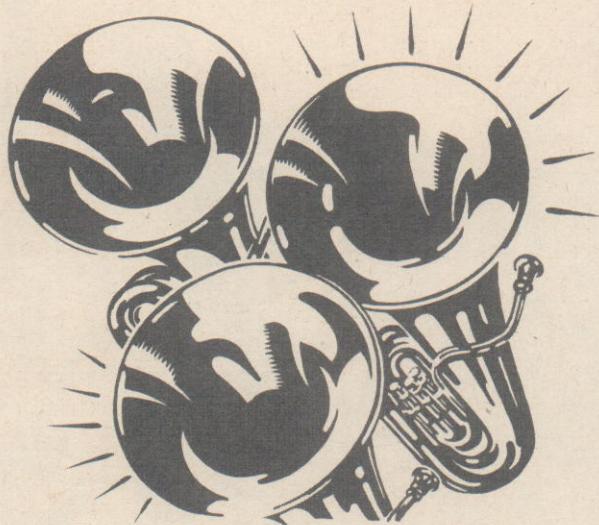


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