

SOLDIER

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X Another Secret of World War Two X



THE SEABORNE

SCALING LADDER

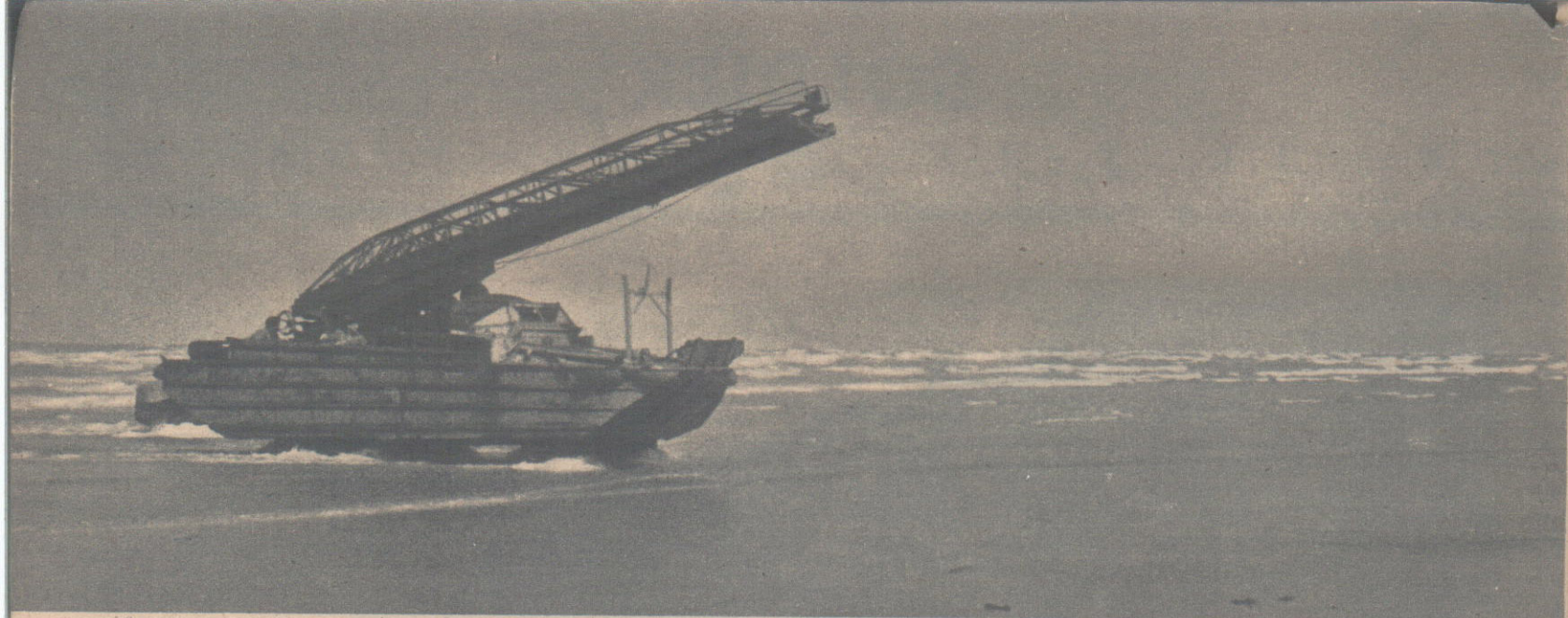
The "fire escape" which went to sea was known as Swan. It was developed late in the war: a three-dimensional weapon which startled the very few people who saw it used. — **SOLDIER** *Exclusive*

ANOTHER secret of World War Two is out: the seaborne scaling ladder.

The first public intimation of this invention was contained in an engineering firm's advertisement showing a fire escape ladder mounted on a DUKW, with twin machine guns fitted to the top of the ladder. "It was a wartime invention to enable troops to scale cliffs rapidly," said the text.

The Army knew the device by the code-name Swan. And, like the code-words for most of the ingenious devices prepared for the winning stages of World War Two, Swan had an origin somewhere

OVER



Continuing THE SEABORNE SCALING LADDER

The DUKW is now land-borne, and the giant ladder is already being power-raised for an assault on the cliffs.

in the invention itself.

The name Swan would not convey anything about the device to an outsider, otherwise it would have been useless as a code-word, but when you saw the thing, especially on the water, then you realised how it got its name.

At bottom it was just an ordinary DUKW, but it had a 100-foot mechanically-operated steel ladder mounted in it, which provided the swan-neck.

It was a late-comer. Somebody, whose name is lost to history, thought up the idea of an amphibious ladder, to help the Commandos scale cliffs on their raids.

Not until April 1944 did the Admiralty commission Messrs Merryweather and Sons, Ltd., fire engineers of Greenwich, to mount power-operated steel ladders, as used by the National Fire Service, on to DUKW's.

The DUKW's had to be modified and their winch-drives used to operate the ladders. Then the tops of the ladders had to be altered so that they could be shielded with armour-plate, to carry two machine-guns and ammunition drums. The ladders themselves were made of tubular steel by Messrs Accles and Pollock, of Birmingham.

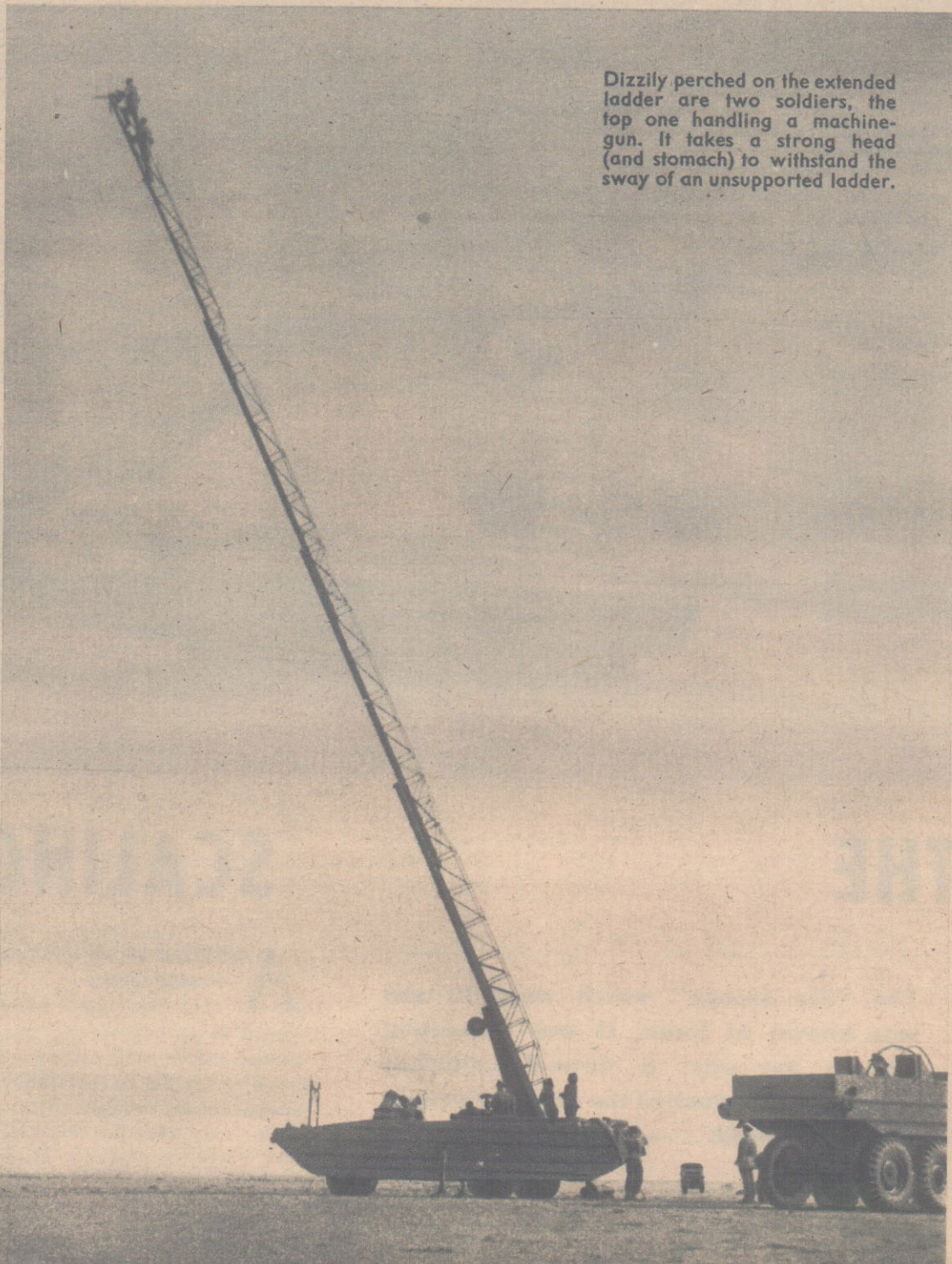
The firm of Merryweather had five weeks to do the job. The last Swan was delivered three days before the date set by the Admiralty and the Admiralty sent its thanks: —

"You were asked to complete the work by the 25th May, 1944, but although the modifications were complex and extensive, you succeeded in improving on this... This was a fine performance which has contributed very materially to the war effort...."

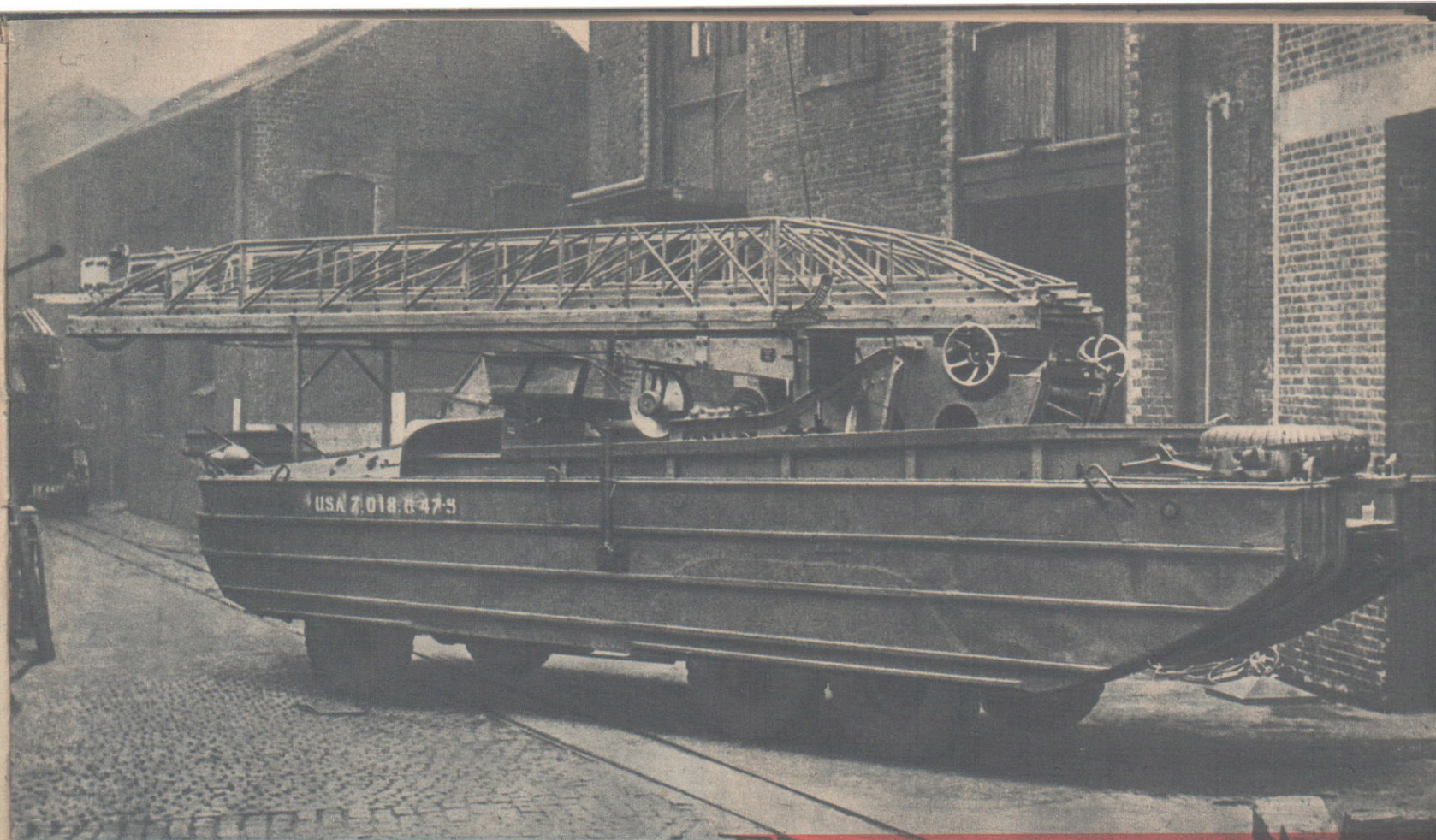
Before they left the factory, the vehicles were clothed in irregularly painted canvas jackets and covered with camouflage nets. Even a short distance away it was not possible to see what kind of equipment was mounted on them.

So late in the war, the Swan had not many opportunities of showing its worth. But on a Normandy cliff-top there was a

(Continued on Page 8)



Dizzily perched on the extended ladder are two soldiers, the top one handling a machine-gun. It takes a strong head (and stomach) to withstand the sway of an unsupported ladder.



Above: Fitting out DUKW's as cliff-assault craft was a rush job for a firm of fire engineers at Greenwich. The craft were well camouflaged before being moved.

Below: The same 100 ft ladder in its peace-time role, on a National Fire Service engine. Note that the ladder rotates on a turntable.



SEABORNE SCALING LADDER (Continued)

German coast battery which was giving the planners some headaches (In the Algiers landings a battery in a similar position had done a lot of damage). This one, on the Pointe du Hoc, commanded the Omaha and Utah beaches and was likely to do a great deal of damage to the Americans.

The job of silencing it fell to the 2nd Battalion of the United States Rangers (the American equivalent of the Commandos). The battery was well defended on the landward side — better, it turned out afterwards, than the Allied Intelligence knew — and the only way to attack it was from the front, straight up the cliff. There the Swan — so far as SOLDIER can discover — had its only battle experience.

The Swan was an excellent weapon for cliff scaling — provided the cliff was not too high. Its 100-foot ladder could cope with cliffs up to 80 feet.

Only the operator, down in the DUKW, needed special training in handling the ladder. It could be elevated and extended with men on the end, at the machine-guns, giving covering fire. It was quick — the ladder could be elevated while the vehicle was running across a beach — and fairly silent. It could carry a beach-to-cliff-top telephone with it. When it was in position, four men at a time could climb the ladder. Special jacks mounted at the sides of the DUKW made the Swan stable when the ladder was in use.

"Every Seven Gentlemen Will Make a Ladder"

WROTE the Earl of Shrewsbury in his Part I Orders during the siege of Harfleur in 1414:

"Every seven gentlemen or men-at-arms is to make a good and sufficient ladder, and a strong; of 15 rungs which is to be ready between this and the day of the assault, on pain of being chastised at my Lord's will."

Scaling ladders, supported by rams, catapults and siege engines were all the rage in medieval warfare.

As yet cannons — "filled with burning powder and hurling great round stones" were only just being introduced for blowing breaches in battlements. They soon outmoded other siege implements, but the humble ladder held its own for centuries.

In a sixteenth century military textbook the German Marchals illustrates a telescopic ladder which opens and closes on the principle of trellis-work. He also has a sectional ladder, the sections screwing into each other to the required length.

When engineers were organised as a separate body, scaling-ladders were part of their equipment. One of the last campaigns in which ladders were used by storming parties was the Crimean War. After a preliminary bombardment skirmishers would approach the enemy's walls followed by ladder-parties of Royal Engineers. At the last moment the Sappers would pass through the Infantry to place ladders against the walls.

The system does not seem to have worked very well. At the opening of the Siege of Sebastopol the whole assault had to be called off because of Russian artillery superiority. On 16 June 1855 a combined Anglo-French attack on the Redan also failed.

Ladder parties under a Lieut. Graham RE placed their ladders against the walls, but Russian grape-shot prevented the assault being pressed home. Another column succeeded in reaching the walls, only to find that the enemy fire had wiped out nearly all the ladder parties, and once again the attack had to be called off.

World War One offered little scope for the use of ladders. But World War Two, in spite of paratroops and improved aerial bombardment, showed that there was still scope for one of the oldest methods of assault.



Photographed at Buckingham Palace: Lance-Corporal Margaret Richards GM.

SOLDIER to Soldier

SINCE there is no more pleasant task than complimenting a young woman who combines good looks and high courage, SOLDIER hastens to congratulate Lance-Corporal Margaret Richards, ATS on winning the George Medal.

She is a gallant newcomer to the ranks of women medallists (of whom you may read more on page 30).

Lance-Corporal Richards was a medical orderly when anti-tank fuzes exploded in an ammunition hut at Saxelby, Leicestershire. She received her medal for outstanding gallantry and cheerfulness in helping survivors, in conditions of acute peril.

This is the first George Medal won by a member of the ATS, but by no means the first case of heroism in that service.

COLD courage in the face of sensitised explosive which may go up any second is a very special quality.

A vivid and gripping description of what it means to tackle a trick fuze of unknown type is contained in Nigel Balchin's brilliant book "The Small Back Room", a radio version of which was recently broadcast by the BBC. In this story a young Sapper captain begins to dismantle a new kind of booby trap which has been discovered intact on the seashore. As he makes tests to find whether the fuze is operated by presence of metal, by heat, or by shadows and so on he gives a detailed commentary over the telephone to shorthand writers sitting at a safe distance. The fuze turns out to be a trembler, which he neutralises; then suddenly the contraption blows up and kills him. Along comes the next man, reads the notes dictated by his predecessor, and carries on where the other left off, also describing in detail everything he sees and does. He finds that the booby trap contains a second trembler, and the riddle is solved.

Fiction? Yes, but based solidly on fact. The Sappers and scientists who picked the booby traps to pieces have never received their full measure of tribute. It is good to know that "The Small Back Room" is being filmed. SOLDIER's advice: if you can't get hold of the book, don't miss the film.

TALKING of films: in London now they are showing an American film called "Beyond Glory" which has a background of West Point, America's crack military academy. It is certainly not the first, and probably not the last film to play up the traditions of West Point.

Probably it never occurs to the average British filmgoer to wonder why nobody ever makes a film about Sandhurst. The subject seems to contain everything which ought to make a good film; and by a good film we don't mean one in which Lana Turner (much as we admire her) is cast as a seductive Camberley barmaid who breaks the hearts and careers of three generations of cadets.

IT is no secret that Sir James Grigg, who was War Minister during the latter part of the war, would not have topped the fighting man's list of popular war leaders. Many of the hard words said about him by men impatient for PYTHON were based on misconceptions.

At all events Sir James bears no grudge. In his autobiography (reviewed on page 33) he has this to say about the fighting man:

"I saw the British soldier in a great variety of surroundings, engaged in a great multiplicity of tasks. Wherever he was he was perfectly at home, whatever he was doing he was completely master of his job. Spare, sunburnt, responsible, dignified, confident he had the look of men of a race which had counted in the world for hundreds of years and which would count in the world, not only in the period of reconstruction immediately after this war, but for hundreds of years after that."

When he saw the triumphal march-past in Tripoli Sir James commented: "It is impossible not to be struck with men who all have the air of being seven feet high."

THE original Ferret Force in Malaya—a series of independent, jungle-wise units who carried their campaign deep into bandit country—has been disbanded as such, but their method of fighting will go on. The aim now is to bring every soldier in Malaya up to Ferret standard.

The recently-arrived Guards paraded in Singapore, to the approval of the populace. There is now strenuous rivalry between the newcomers and the old hands—as represented by the men of the KOYLI, Devons, Seaforths, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and 26th Field Regiment Royal Artillery.

In Parliament on 5 November Mr. Shinwell gave these casualty figures covering the last six months in Malaya, for British, Gurkha and Colonial troops: killed and died of wounds, 31 all ranks; wounded, 38 all ranks; missing, none.



Off duty: British soldiers in a leave centre on Penang.

You Might Have Been Doing This in MALAYA

If you had been a soldier in Malaya during the past few weeks you might have been doing any of these things:

You might have found yourself, in a burned-down bandit camp, chopping down trees as hard as you could so that the supply aircraft could see where to drop your rations;

You might have found yourself, again on a bandit hunt, rafting down the rapids of the Sungei Perak river, steered by a four-foot Sakai native — real *Boys Own Paper* stuff, if your imagination could rise above the leeches feasting on your feet;

You might have been sitting down to a jungle meal of wild pig (cooked with the aid of an oil drum, some bricks and a lot of mud)

and rounded off with rice, groundnuts, pineapple and cocoanut;

You might have been riding down a jungle highway guarding a haul of sullen thugs, newly winkled from the jungle or flushed from an abandoned tin mine — with the prospect of shooting your way out of an ambush any moment;

You might have been playing football by day against "Lenggong United" (like a platoon of the KOYLI) and then joining in a gruesomely successful night hunt for a Chinese killer;

You might have found yourself in barracks undergoing physical tests, TOET's and range-firing courses, just as if you had never left home;

You might have been training temperamental Malay policemen in the use of Sten and pistol;

You might have been teaching gunnery to the men of the first Gurkha regiment to become a Royal Artillery regiment;

You might have been an honoured guest at a Gurkha ceremony, watching young bullocks and goats being decapitated with kukris at a single stroke (when the horned heads drop smartly to the ground and rain also falls the omens are particularly good — and both requirements were recently fulfilled);

You might have found yourself (as a Seaforths' platoon did) on guard duty on a planter's luxury estate, sleeping when off duty in a feather bed, with plenty of tins of cigarettes and iced drinks, and the planter's wife asking: "Are you sure you are quite comfortable, lads?"

You might have found yourself, in the intervals of escort duty, taking a bath in a sulphur spring; or showing off in the "Wembley"-style pool at Glugor Barracks, Penang; or even volunteering (like Serjeant Tute of the KOYLI) to recover the bodies of murdered men from ten feet of water;

You might have had the job of requisitioning cameras from native Communist-scared photographers in order to help in the photographing — by force, if necessary — of four million natives;

You might have been golfing at the Army's "change of air" station in the Cameron Highlands, 5000 feet up in Malaya's central range — or riding, swimming, climbing, dancing or visiting somebody's tea plantation;

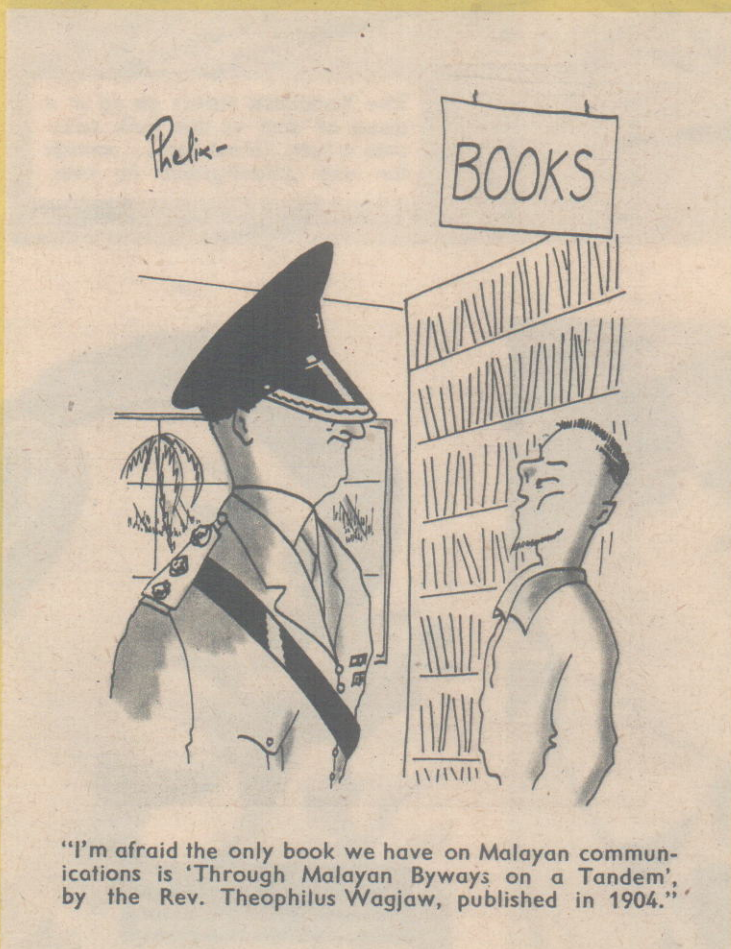
You might have found yourself spending two weeks' pay in a day at Ipoh, buying beers at 3s 6d and going to see a film of — why, "Tarzan" in the jungle, of course;

You might have found yourself, off duty again, walking down a street which became out of bounds only when you stopped walking;

You might have been operating a nice little scheme like that of the provost boys in Penang, who herded strayed animals into a corral in the camp and then charged owners grazing rights — for benefit of battalion funds;

You might even have found yourself sitting down in the education centre to learn the Malay language;

Finally, you might have been sitting down in your barrack-room to try to earn that twenty-dollar prize offered by *The Kris*, Malaya District's tri-lingual magazine, for "My Best Bandit Story."



"I'm afraid the only book we have on Malayan communications is 'Through Malayan Byways on a Tandem', by the Rev. Theophilus Wagjaw, published in 1904."

THEY TAKE OUT TANKS ON

A unit which fought in the first great tank battle is now sharing its traditions and experience with the Army's newest tankmen

THREE grubby sheep grazed under three solitary trees. The grass they clipped was thin and the soil under it bumpy. It was a little island of green in a sea of grey, the grey of dry mud, churned up by tank-tracks.

Three Comets turned off the road a hundred yards away and skirted the green island. There was no reason why they should, but tank drivers going across country seem to have a way of following in each other's tracks, even if

there are no minefields for hundreds of miles. That was why grass still grew around the three trees.

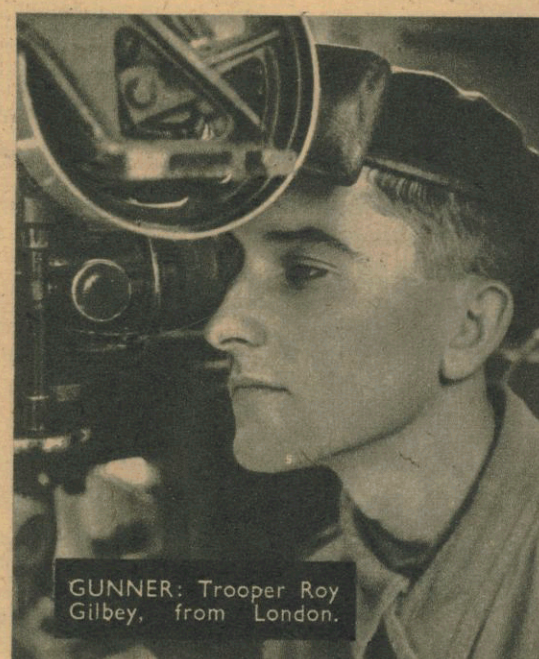
The sheep looked up at the tanks, then went on with their grazing. All summer tanks had been coming over that bit of the



The Yorkshire moors go up in a cloud of dust as this tank executes a turn. Great fun ... except for any Infantrymen in rear.



DRIVER: Trooper J. Rex, from Bristol.



GUNNER: Trooper Roy Gilbey, from London.



WIRELESS OPERATOR: Trooper Raymond Hodgson, from Barnsley.

"L" PLATES

Yorkshire moors, which was the training area of the 8th Royal Tank Regiment, and the sheep had grown used to them.

For their part, the men in the tanks were paying scant attention to the sheep. They were some of the 700 trainees who are always learning their first lessons as tank crews with the 8th Royal Tank Regiment, Waitwith Camp, Catterick.

The men could hardly have a better unit in which to learn the tank tradition. The regiment was originally formed in 1916 as "H" Battalion, Tank Corps, and it was in "Hilda," one of the battalion's tanks, that General Sir Hugh Elles led the first great tank battle at Cambrai in November 1917.

The battalion was reformed in 1938. It fought in the Western Desert and Italy, was one of the first units to enter Austria and then saw service in Trieste and Palestine and on the Suez Canal. It became a training unit last February.

The trainees stay 15 weeks with the unit. The first five they give to general military training; another week they do their share of the camp chores. That leaves nine weeks — not long in which to learn to be a tank driver, wireless operator or gunner, certainly not time enough to worry about sheep. The sheep try to make up for it by visiting the men in their camp, to the chagrin of those who have to keep the camp paths clean.

Many of the men who go to Waitwith to learn to drive a tank have never driven anything more complicated than a bicycle before. After some theory tuition, they are put to the wheel of a 15-cwt truck, which gives them the general idea of handling vehicle controls. Then they have two weeks of tank theory and finally three weeks of practical driving and maintenance.

Although generally a good car driver will make a good tank driver, there is a lot of difference between handling a family four-

OVER



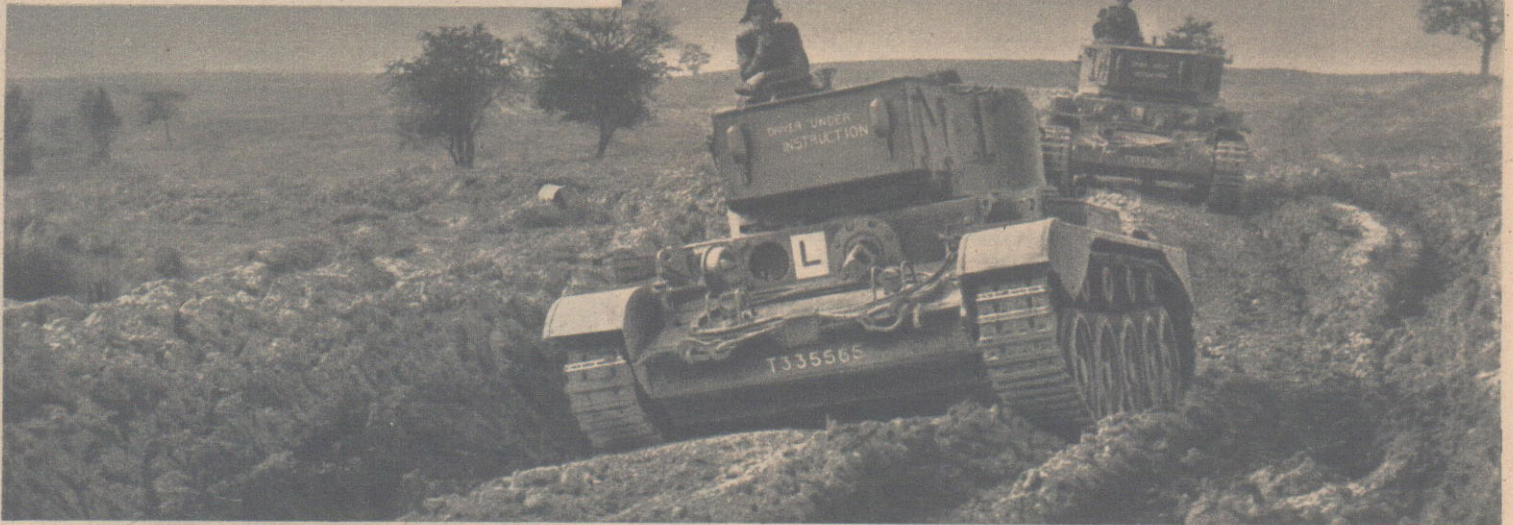
"Cheer up, chum, you'll soon get your licence now."



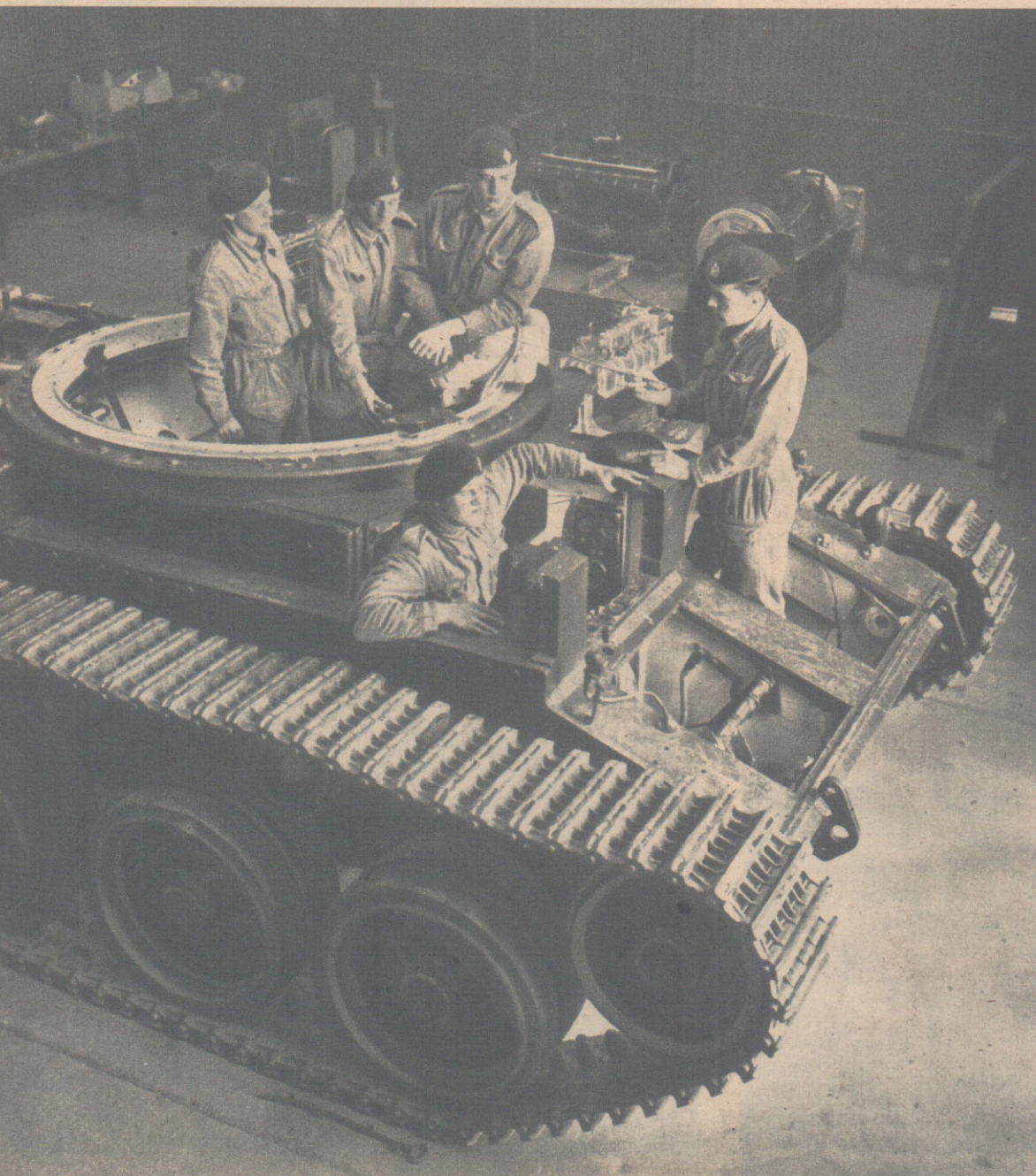
Left: It looks a nasty drop, but the crew are more worried about the mud they will collect at the bottom.

Mud? First they dig it off, then they use a pressure spray.

TANKS ON "L" PLATES (Continued)



This is where the mud came from ... the moors have not been churned so thoroughly since the days of prehistoric beasts.



Tank with the lid off. Normally there is little room inside for instruction.

seater and 35 tons of tank. Surprisingly enough, the tank's controls are lighter to operate, which is because they are mechanically assisted.

Probably the most confusing difference is in steering. Instead of a steering-wheel, a tank has two levers controlling the speeds of the tracks, which means that while a tank can turn round in its own length, its progress round a bend is a series of jerky skids which have to be carefully controlled.

The tank's gear-lever is between the driver's knees. It has five forward speeds and reverse; you normally start off in second and you get to top gear only on the very best going. Because a tank's engine is at the back and the tracks make such a noise, the driver cannot hear his engine and has to use his revolution-counter to decide when to change gear.

Where a rubber-tired lorry might be able to pick and bounce its way across small boulders, a tank driver may have to keep away, for fear of losing a track. But bumps of moderately soft earth, which would make a three-tonner bounce and tilt dangerously, if it could get through at all, will flatten out under a tank's weight and give it a smoother ride than a metalled road. Undulating ground is among the more unpleasant going for tanks; it can set them rocking from front to back, like a ship heading into a choppy sea.

Few things above ground will stop a tank. An average brick wall makes little impression on its progress; it could be devastating if it got out of control in traffic.

Like any other driver, a tank-man must look after his vehicle; he may have to feed it no fewer than five different kinds of oil and use two kinds of grease on more than 50 grease-points. Besides this, each track has 100 or more links which have to be



Their first turret: soon these wireless operators will be talking above the noises of engines and tracks.



Here's an instructor's mock-up of the driver's compartment in a tank. The real thing does not lend itself easily to demonstration.

examined regularly, and the tracks must be kept at the right tension. Modern tracks, to the drivers' relief, rarely break if they are looked after as they should be.

Keeping a tank clean is a job in proportion to the size of the vehicle. "Operational" cleaning can probably be done in three or four hours, but a crew might spend two days cleaning a tank for inspection and getting down to all the nooks and crannies.

Tanks collect mud like small boys, but to their own scale. After a training run, the mud probably has to be shovelled off before high-pressure hoses get to work. Going from the moors on to metalled roads, the tanks shake off some of their mud; the 8th Royal Tank Regiment has to keep a road-cleaning apparatus working full time in the camp and training area.

The trainee gunners have many interesting gadgets as instructional aids. After learning, on specially-mounted guns, how a gun works and how to carry out fire orders, they shoot first on a pellet range. Here a 75mm or a 77mm gun fires an airgun pellet and a Besa sprays ball-bearings (both by compressed air) at moving targets among miniature trees on a sand-table. The targets all look life-like through a telescope. Tiny puffs of sand thrown up by pellets show the gunner how near he is to the target.

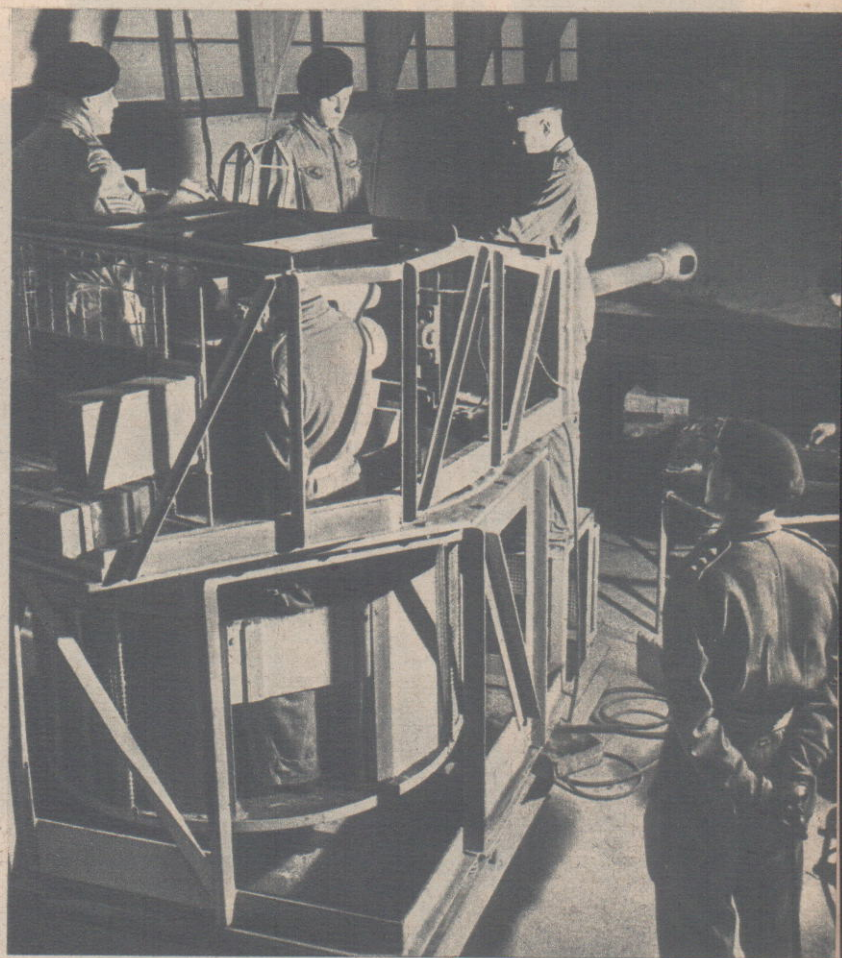
From the pellet-range the gunners graduate to a miniature field range where a Sten takes

the place of the air-gun, to a 30-yard range where they fire the Besa, and finally to the full-scale Royal Armoured Corps ranges at Warcop, 40 miles from Catterick, where they spend the eighth week of their gunnery training.

The wireless operators are taught to maintain and "net" a tank's two sets — one for speaking to the other three tanks of a troop and one for speaking to squadron, regiment or formation headquarters — and to look after the inter-communication set. After class-room tuition, they go on to training-turrets, mounted on brick-built cylinders, and do their first operating on the move in mock-up turrets mounted on 15cwts, before they operate in a tank. Since the wireless-operator in a tank is also the loader, they have to learn some gunnery into the bargain.

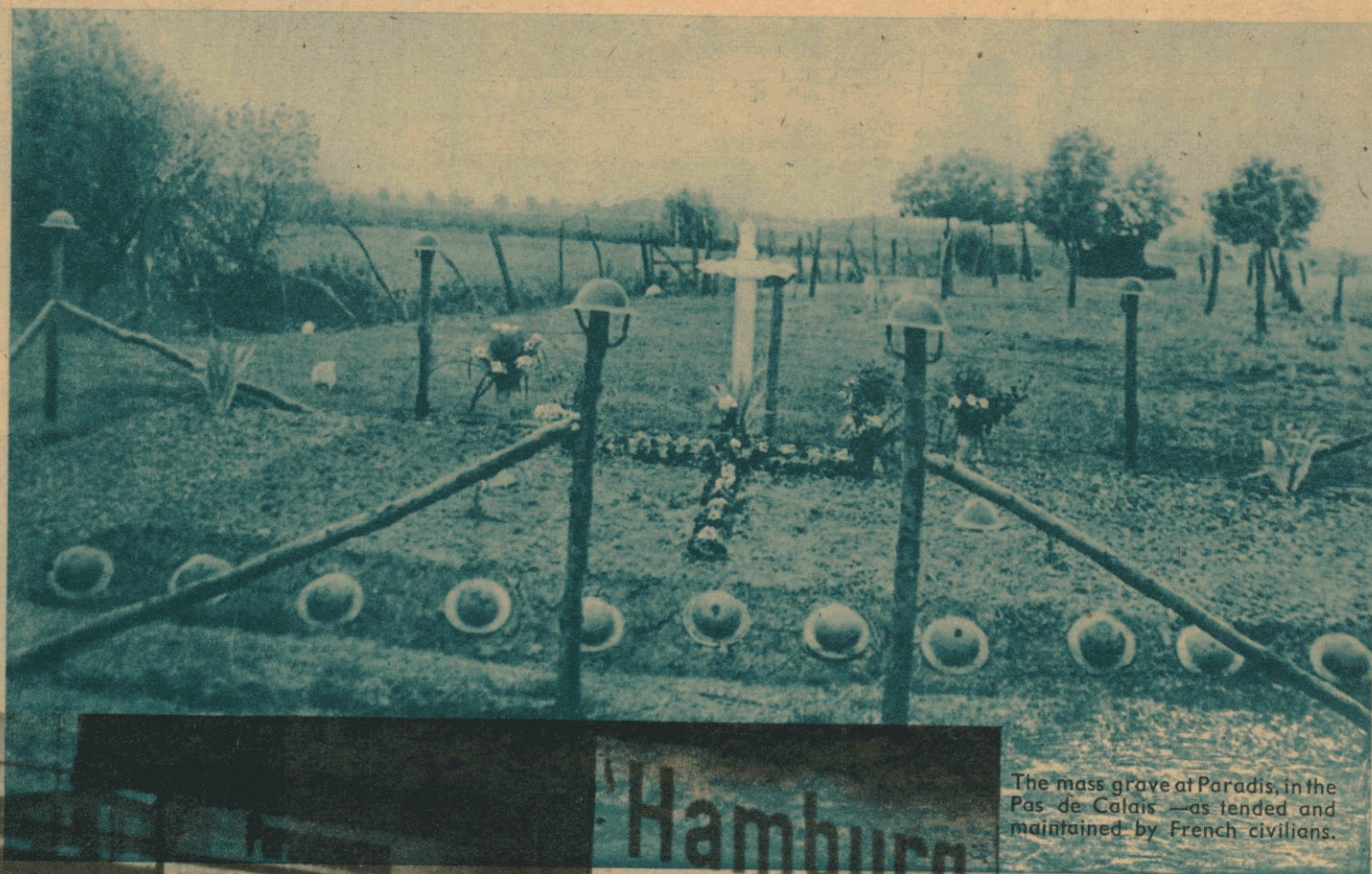
Primed with the elements of their trades, the drivers, operators and gunners go to continuation-training units in Germany. There they work up the trade they learned at Catterick and, in some cases, learn a secondary trade. Tankmen have to be versatile. A five-man tank, for instance, carries a gunner-driver who fires a Besa and is also a relief driver; operators usually have gunnery as a secondary trade. Ideally, every member of a tank crew can do everyone else's job, but National Service hardly gives time for everyone to achieve the ideal.

RICHARD ELLEY

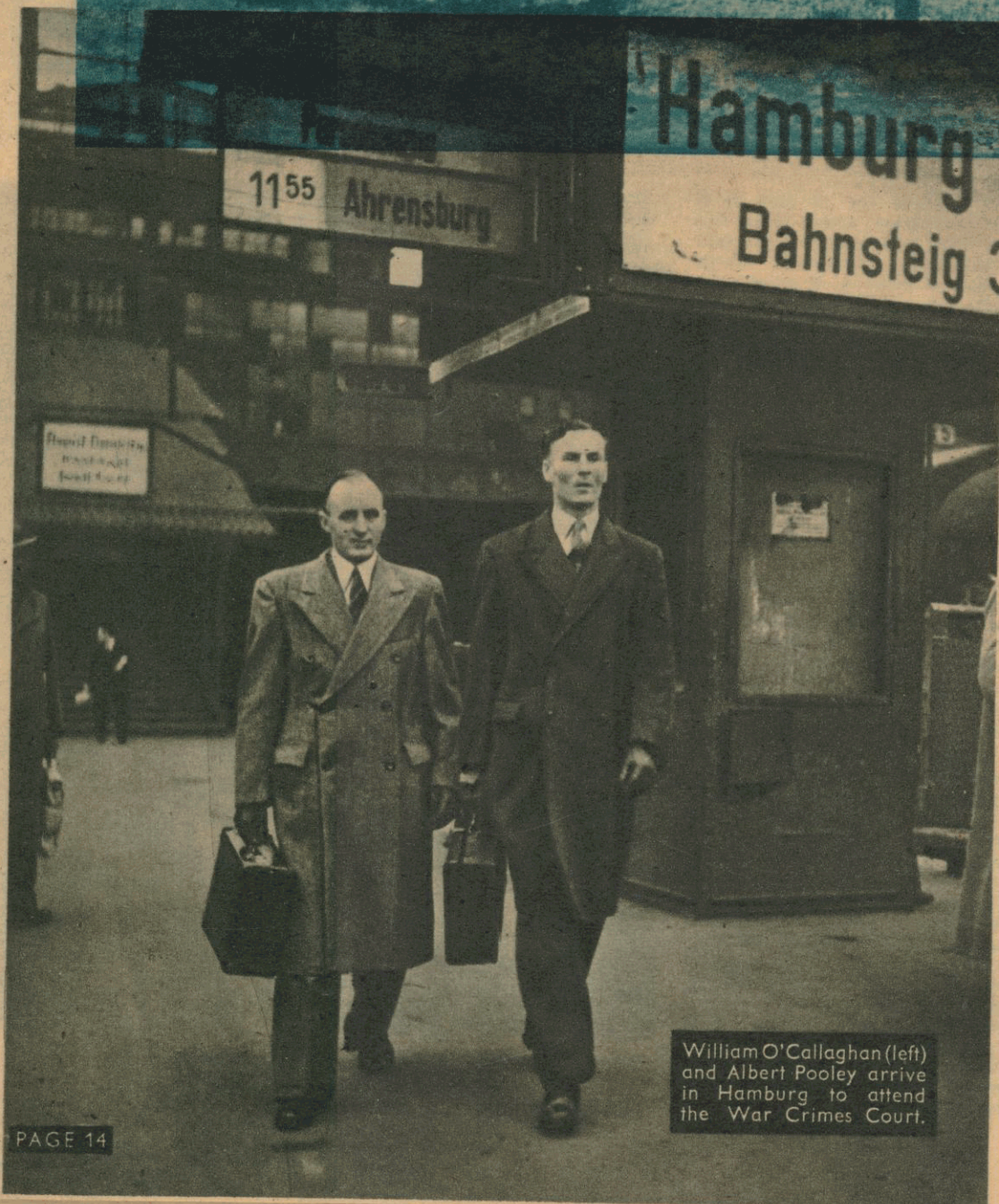


Through the sides of this skeleton turret the instructor can watch recruits firing on the pellet range. The gun looks business-like but is little more than a pea-shooter.

Shot down by the SS in a mass grave when the Germans were advancing on Dunkirk, two soldiers of the Norfolk Regiment miraculously escaped alive. Eight years later, as civilians, they arrived in Hamburg to give evidence against the SS commander who ordered the massacre of their comrades



The mass grave at Paradis, in the Pas-de-Calais — as tended and maintained by French civilians.



William O'Callaghan (left) and Albert Pooley arrive in Hamburg to attend the War Crimes Court.

TWO MEN

THE two young men in civilian suits who stepped off the military train at Hamburg's main station had been to Germany once before.

That was nearly eight years ago. Then they had travelled by cattle-truck, seventy to a wagon under armed guard from France to the Reich. This time they rode in a soft-cushioned first-class carriage from the Hook of Holland, with German attendants to wait on them. Their fares and meals were paid for by the War Office.

The first time they were private soldiers who had been captured in the German break-through to Dunkirk and left for dead in a mass grave where more than 90 of their comrades had been massacred.

Now they were civilians who had come back from the grave to accuse the SS company commander who had ordered the slaughter of unarmed British prisoners.

Albert Leonard Pooley, now a Post Office worker at Hayes, who lives in Cherry Avenue, Southall, and his friend William O'Callaghan, an electro-plater from London Road, Dereham, Norfolk, were signallers



ONE MAN'S WAR ALBUM

The wedding photograph (left) of Albert Pooley was in his pocket when he was shot down in the mass grave. For 18 months his wife refused to draw a widow's pension. The day after she finally went to collect it a letter from her captive husband reached her. Right: Pooley (bottom row, right) with his mates in the BEF.



In this building Pooley and O'Callaghan sheltered three days, befriended by the Frenchwoman, seated at right.



Opening the mass grave to remove the bodies of the massacred soldiers to the local cemetery: 1943.



OF THE NORFOLKS CAME BACK

with the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment when that unit fought in France in 1940. They were among the handful of ragged survivors surrounded at a little French village called (ironically enough) Paradis in the Pas de Calais. An SS company, led by Fritz Knoechlein, shot three British soldiers as they went forward with white flags to surrender. Another 12 were killed before the firing ceased.

With 97 of their comrades Pooley and O'Callaghan were lined up on a roadway, spat upon, kicked and beaten with rifle butts before they were marched off to a nearby field where a hole in the ground had been roughly dug out and deepened. As the unarmed, defenceless prisoners marched alongside, German machine-guns opened up and mowed them down. Pooley, who had already been wounded before capture, fell into the pit with several bullets in his left leg. Others, dead and dying, fell on top of him. After a while the firing stopped and some of the SS men came up to the pit, fixing their bayonets. Those who moved or made a sound were either shot or bayoneted. One man near Pooley groaned and shots were fired into the mass of men. Twice more Pooley was hit in the same leg.

O'Callaghan was luckier. He

fell on the edge of the pit with a bullet in his arm and his face in a bed of thistles. But he dared not move nor make a sound.

A little later the SS men went away and Pooley lost consciousness, while O'Callaghan, who had had only short snatches of sleep in 17 days, fell asleep. Five or six hours later O'Callaghan was awakened by someone pulling at his leg and whispering, "Are you alive?" It was Pooley.

Together they made their way across the field, O'Callaghan dragging Pooley, whose leg was useless, to a barn. O'Callaghan silently opened the barn doors and inside saw some SS men eating and drinking in celebration of their victory. It was no time for British prisoners to be around so the two wounded men made their painful way across another field to a farmhouse.

O'Callaghan found a pig-sty, chased out two pigs and several chickens, cleaned the place up as best he could and laid Pooley on a bed of straw from one of the outhouses. For three days and nights they lived in the sty, feeding on raw potatoes which O'Callaghan scrounged from the fields at night, and drinking water from puddles.

On the fourth day a Frenchwoman found Pooley asleep in the sty. On being assured by O'Callaghan that they were

British soldiers she brought them their first real food for days — eggs, milk, bread and butter — and dressed Pooley's wounds. Although the Germans had imposed the death penalty on French civilians helping or harbouring British soldiers the Frenchwoman looked after them for several days until the Germans discovered their hiding-place and had them removed to hospital.

O'Callaghan soon recovered and was sent first to a PoW camp in Poland. He was later moved to Bavaria where he was set free by the Americans.

Pooley spent the rest of his stay in Germany, until 1943, in hospital beds. Then in October of that year he was sent home to England with the first batch of repatriated prisoners.

While he was in German hands Pooley did not dare mention the massacre at Paradis even to his closest friends for fear that he would be "liquidated." And when he did get back to England and told his story to the military authorities they refused to believe it, the more so as he steadfastly refused to give the name of O'Callaghan as a corroborative witness in case word got back to Germany and O'Callaghan was put out of the way.

"When my own countrymen wouldn't believe me it began to



William O'Callaghan
Below: Albert Pooley



OVER

TWO MEN CAME BACK (Continued)

get on my nerves," Pooley told SOLDIER. "I couldn't eat or sleep and was in a perpetual state of nervous tension. In the end I began to think I might be suffering from delusions. I didn't even tell my own family the whole truth in case they didn't believe me. Then came the end of the war and I decided to go back to France to prove to myself that it really did happen."

"In September 1946 I set out for Paradis again, paying my own fare and expenses, and re-visited the farmhouse. The mass grave had been cleared and the bodies buried in the local cemetery. I saw the bullet-scarred farmhouse and barns and met the Frenchwoman who looked after us and others who knew what had happened. All the facts were reported to the French authorities."

Those details were forwarded to the War Office and O'Callaghan went to London to tell all he knew. Later, in a PoW Camp O'Callaghan and Pooley identified the German major who had been in charge of the SS troops.

Now, more than eight years after, the two soldiers who had escaped, literally, from the grave were back to give evidence against the man responsible for the murder of their comrades.

On their arrival in Hamburg they were sent to the Reichshof, one of the city's leading hotels.

At the door they were saluted smartly by a German commissionaire who took their bags and waited while the German girl at the reception desk allotted them their rooms.

This time instead of a pig-sty or the bare boards of a prison camp they were ushered through thickly-carpeted corridors to pleasant rooms with feather beds, hot and cold water and a fine old walnut wardrobe to hang their clothes in. Each morning a German waiter brought them a cup of tea and handed them their shoes which had been cleaned overnight. And after breakfast a

car called to take them to the War Crimes Courts.

The last time O'Callaghan was a guest of the Germans he had a slice of black bread and a bowl of soup at a 6am breakfast and then went out all day with a working party building roads, felling trees or digging trenches.

At the War Crimes Court they were met by Captain A. M. Bowman, M.C., and RSM. J. Wilson who explained court procedure and showed them round the court-rooms. After the prosecutor had unfolded his grim story Pooley and O'Callaghan went into the witness-box. They answered without equivocation all the questions flung at them by defence counsel and then stood down to await the result of the trial. That meant that for nearly a fortnight they had to stay in the court waiting-room in case they were recalled. It was boring, but not half so frustrating as waiting for years in captivity and remembering the horror of Paradis.

But in their "off-duty" hours they made the most of their opportunities to get around Hamburg and make new friends. They were allowed to change only £5 sterling into BAFV's, but it was enough to see them through. Food and accommodation were paid for by the military authorities and when they returned to England their wages would be made up and a subsistence allowance of five shillings a day paid by the War Office.

They would like to have met some of the 1st Battalion of their old regiment, but the Norfolks were in Berlin and the only way in was by supply plane.

Fifteen days after the trial began the Court found the former SS major guilty and sentenced him to death. A chapter in the lives of ex-Private Pooley and ex-Private O'Callaghan — a chapter they would like to forget but fear they never will — was closed.

E. J. GROVE

Rhine Army soldiers who tried the art of tight-rope walking (on a rope one metre high) found there was more to it than met the eye. The pictures below and opposite were taken for SOLDIER by Harald von Pawlikowski-Cholewa, who clung dizzily to a pylon and "felt quite ill!"



There's nothing in this, really, except that Marianne Barein is standing on her head on a bicycle from which hangs a bar supporting a ladder—with two men balancing on the ladder.



Outside Hamburg's War Crimes Court RSM. J. Wilson greets the two witnesses who came to tell the story of one of the earliest atrocities of World War Two.

CAN YOU WALK A TIGHT-ROPE?

THE most exciting spectacle Rhine Army soldiers have seen in Germany for a long time is the high-wire act of the famous Camilla Mayer Troupe.

Thousands have craned in breathless suspense as these acrobats have performed impossibilities on spidery-looking threads 160 feet above the ground.

In Hamburg recently the troupe—most of them still in their 'teens—showed their paces to packed crowds in Planten un Blomen Park.

Some people find it impossible to ride a bicycle on an empty main road. These young aerial specialists showed just how "easy" it is to ride three machines mounting seven people across a steel-wire only three-quarters of an inch thick. An 18-years-old girl walked 200 yards on a thin wire to the top of the tallest pylon, another "did the splits" with nothing to support her but a gently swaying steel rope, a 40-lb balancing pole and quite a lot of courage.

But the high lights were when one young man rode a motorcycle from the ground to the top of a 160-ft pole with a girl doing gymnastics on a bar underneath; and the sudden terrifying swoop from the 160-ft pylon to the ground of three performers supported only by the strong teeth of the man at the top of the pyramid.

At one of the shows a group of soldiers were so impressed that they persuaded the troupe to give a few lessons on the one-metre wire for training apprentices. Most of them fell off after a few feet, some didn't even start; but as Karlheinz Jode, one of the stars told SOLDIER: "It takes a long time to become perfect."

If you think these daring youngsters are highly-paid, you are wrong. The daily rate of pay of the chief star, Hans Kaliebe, is only 24 marks (£1-16s) and the lesser lights get perhaps 10 marks.

Dvr. Jimmy Ritchie, RASC who had a lesson on the one-metre wire, thinks they deserve all they get and perhaps a bit more.

"What, for ten marks a day?"



Marianne Barein shows Private J. Green how to do the splits on a tight-rope; or (if you prefer) Private J. Green shows Marianne Barein how not to do the splits. Below: Marianne demonstrates again—on the high wire.



Below: 15-year-old Karlheinz Meinert began balancing in the back garden three years ago. He's gone quite a way since then. His girl-friend is resting while he shows off.



"Look, no hands!" Hans Kaliebe, 21, is the show's leading trick cyclist. Below: another soldier, Driver James Ritchie, gingerly takes his first lesson.



A PAGE FROM THE PAST

HIS EXCELLENCY TAKES OVER

THIRTY years ago this month, Britain's first Military Governor of Occupied German Territory arrived to take up his job.

It was a modest arrival. There was little of conqueror's pomp, nor was there the grim background of ruin that characterised the arrival of the second military government a generation later.

The Military Governor was Lieut-Gen. Sir Charles Fergusson (father of "Chindit" Bernard Fergusson) who had been a distinguished commander in the field during World War One. In the big German offensive of 1918, the 17th Corps he commanded had halted the enemy in front of Arras when the whole line to the south was bent back.

In August 1918 his Corps began to advance, back across the old battlefields of 1916. At that time General Fergusson was the only Corps Commander to have his name in the papers — a big distinction in those days.

On 10 November he stopped his advance on the Franco-Belgian frontier and a day or two later moved back into the house at Bavai where he had his headquarters as a divisional commander in the battle of Mons in 1914. He found there that the same old lady was still in occupation.

Corps headquarters was moved back to Amiens, an anti-climax

after its triumphant advance towards Germany, but a few days later came General Fergusson's appointment as Military Governor.

"His staff was very pleased," writes Major Bleek. "We considered this honour a mark of recognition of the distinguished record of the past few months and the culminating point of a long life of service going back to the '80's."

"Sir Charles looked young for his years: a slim figure of medium height with a fresh complexion and snow-white hair and moustache. He looked what he was: a very distinguished gentleman and the right type to impress the Germans, as he did."

General Fergusson chose a small staff of officers who had served with him during the fighting. Moving them was not easy; most Army vehicles were powered by horses and only two cars were available. In these General Fergusson and the senior mem-

bers of his staff drove off on the first stage to Spa.

The transport officer took the horses, officers' chargers, a General Service wagon and a limber for forage and kit and went by road all the way from Amiens to Cologne. It took him a fortnight. The Intelligence officer went on a 2½ hp Douglas motor-cycle.

Major Bleek, as Camp Commandant, travelled with a charabanc full of clerks and orderlies and two lorries for office equipment (a typewriter, duplicator and forms) and private kit. The convoy soon broke up. The charabanc stopped with a boiling radiator on the first hill; one lorry broke down completely and had to be replaced by a borrowed one; the second lorry went off for a bit of independent sight-seeing. But they all got to Spa in about two days.

At Spa, when they had got over the shock of seeing German officers walking about in uniform (they had been left to organise the German withdrawal from the British bridgehead across the Rhine at Cologne) the party stayed while advance preparations were being made in Cologne. A hotel was chosen as headquarters and a steel magnate's home, near the site of the Patton Bridge to-day, as the Governor's house.

"When His Excellency saw the pretentious profiteer's residence, he did not quite approve," writes Major Bleek. "He would have been happier in the caravan (horse-drawn type) where he had lived and worked since August. However, he recognised the necessity of occupying a residence appropriate to his official position, but moved into the governor's room, where the simple furniture was in accordance with his soldier's taste. The luxurious rooms he left to his staff. Some pictures of female nudes were removed from the walls."

A special train was laid on by the Germans for the move and when Major Bleek went to inspect it at Spa he found an unimpressive engine and tender, a big brake van suitable for the piles of luggage the Germans thought the staff would bring, a big first-class coach, a big first-and-second class coach, a dining-car and another brake-van. There were five officers and a few orderlies to travel in this train.

The whole thing was filthy, but a fatigue-party put that right. The train started, then the engine broke down; it was replaced by commandeering the engine and tender of a goods train going in the opposite direction.

The little party lunched in state

Thirty years ago this month the new Military Governor in Germany began his job — in the rain, and in a mood of anti-climax. The story has been told to **SOLDIER** by Major J. Bleek, then Camp Commandant, now a member of the Control Commission



General Sir Charles Fergusson. The governess moved out; the Governor moved in.

He Fought a Sword Duel

ANOTHER link with World War One is the retirement of Major H. ("Inky") Ingoldby, Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, one of the last men to fight a sword duel in battle.

When he led a charge across a turnip field during the first battle of Ypres he engaged a German officer and fought him into subjection. The same weapon got him his first war injury. "I broke my wrist pulling my sword out of a German," he says.

Major Ingoldby, who lives at Church Precincts, Louth, joined a militia battalion of the Lincolnshires in 1913, was commissioned in 1914 and fought with the 1st Battalion of his regiment. He was twice wounded and twice mentioned in despatches.

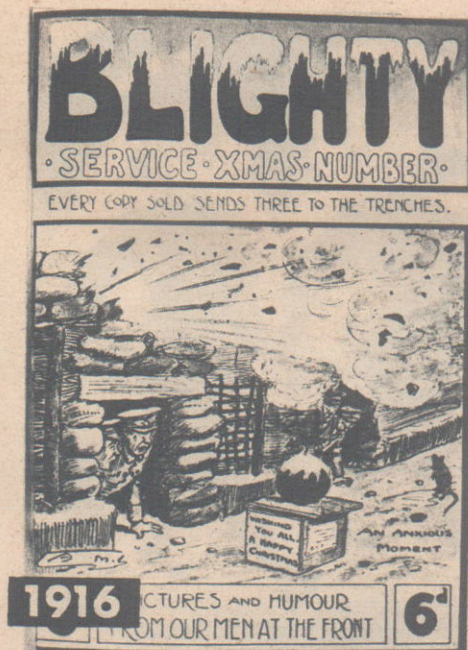
In 1923 he left the Army and became a solicitor at Louth, but in 1940 he was running a training school behind the BEF's lines. Then the Germans broke through and he turned his training school into a fighting regiment. For three days they took part in the defence of Rouen, then fought a withdrawal action all the way to Cherbourg. He got the MBE for that.

He was back in France on D-plus-2, this time as a member of a Graves Registration unit.

Now, 35 years after first joining up, he is going back to his solicitor's desk.



Major H. Ingoldby



"Blighty" DROPS THE SERJEANT-MAJOR

A friend to Servicemen overseas in two World Wars, *Blighty*, the humorous weekly magazine which was distributed free to the Forces, has gone into civilian dress and taken its place on Britain's bookstalls.

The new *Blighty* still carries plenty of glamour, but the ladies in the sketches have gone out of uniform. Contributions from Servicemen have been replaced by a woman's page and a gardening page. There are no more stories about gormless recruits and irascible serjeant-majors.

Now *Blighty* calls itself "The Up-To-Date Humorous Weekly" and carries on in the tradition of popular British humorous periodicals, its pages filled with pretty girls and handsome young men in embarrassing circumstances, with hen-pecked husbands, plumbers and mothers-in-law.

Blighty was started in 1916 by a Scottish journalist called Don-

ald MacKenzie, who was working in London and was reminded by letters from his sons in the Services that war-time paper shortages had cut off the "returns" which publishers had been sending to the Forces overseas.

MacKenzie gathered together a group of Fleet Street men and got permission from British and American papers to publish sketches and stories from their pages, on condition that his new composite paper should not be sold in Britain. Advertisers gave financial support, the Service Ministries undertook distribution and *Blighty* became a free issue to Servicemen overseas.

The first issue carried an editorial the main parts of which were to be repeated word for word in the editorial in another first issue in 1939, and laid down the paper's policy:

The paper is not going to instruct

It's a Family Paper Now

you or reform your morals or do anything but just try to amuse you. Nothing in it is to be taken seriously, except the advertisements. They are true, we hope.

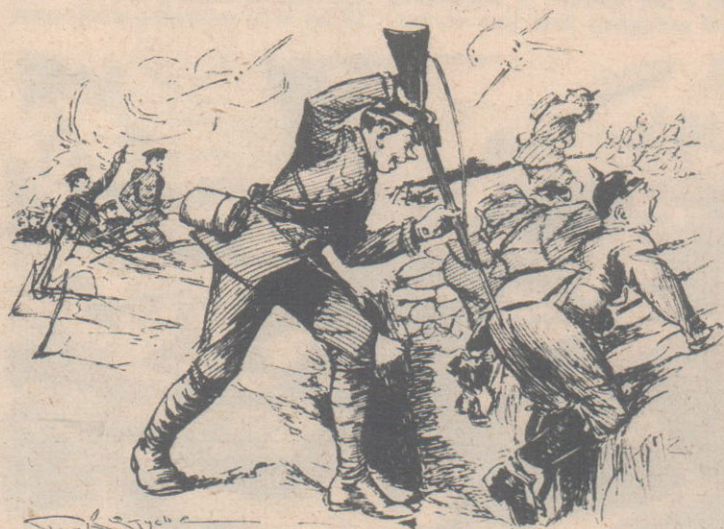
The first *Blighty* carried regular sports and entertainment features, as well as jokes, illustrated and otherwise. Short jokes were published under such topical headings as "Shrapnel," "Barbed Wire," "Nelson's Column," "Blightlets" and "Blighty Bits."

Soon the paper began a series of original competitions, with cigarettes as prizes. The first asked readers to explain "Why I did not win the Victoria Cross this

OVER



Occasionally *Blighty* was serious. This was an artist's tribute to Kitchener, when the news was announced that he had been drowned.



Vintage *Blighty*: Private Timkins (late of the Red Lion): "Time, gents!"

"Blighty"

(Continued)

week." Another time there was a picture of a little girl and readers were asked for a description of her grown-up. But competition ideas evidently ran out and later on there was a puzzle corner and a standing competition for the best two prose or verse entries and the best two sketches. The standing competition proved to be one of the high-lights of *Blighty* not only in World War One but in World War Two as well.

The jokes were full of young subalterns, pretty nurses, fire-eating NCO's, WAAC's (New Colonel of our Amazon Corps: "Oh, Colonel Blank, how lucky meeting you! I wonder if you could spare a moment to tell me the duties of a Colonel" and "Have you got a Serjeant-Major? — Yes, the cat.") Many of them, slightly refurbished, could (and sometimes did, in other papers than *Blighty*) do service in World War Two.

There were also a good many jokes about shell-holes and mud which were peculiar to trench-warfare, as were the hosts of jokes about lice ("Whoppers: I found one trying on my great-coat.")

Vermin found their way into the advertisers' copy, too. Somebody's Kill-Lice Belts (1s 6d each; 3 belts for 4s) were described as "The One Remedy for these Awful Horrors." Somebody else's Anti-Vermin Paste (9d per tin), it was claimed, "ABSOLUTELY EXTERMINATES BODY VERMIN." Readers were urged to "Armour-plate your Wrist Watch" with the Army Wrist Watch Protector which cost anything from 1s 6d with nickel or khaki finish to £3 3s upwards, solid gold. They were also exhorted: "If you hope to hear the voices of your loved ones again guard yourself against GUNFIRE DEAFNESS" by making plasticine ear-plugs (10d bought enough to make a dozen pairs).

World War One *Blighty* carried a fair amount of advertising and published long lists of don-



"Who shall I say called?"

Inevitably Military Policemen and ATS figured in the jokes of World War Two *Blighty*.

ations, but in 1917 it was publicising a "Blighty Benefit Concert" which was to be held at the Palladium in aid of its publication fund.

In 1919 *Blighty* ceased publication, but in 1939 there were once again fighting men overseas with little to read. The same Donald MacKenzie re-started it on the same basis and Lord Nuffield guaranteed the first issue. The third number contained a copy of a Buckingham Palace letter saying "The King is glad to hear that *Blighty* has been revived." Big advertisers sponsored other early issues until the paper had a steady income; later special numbers, as at Christmas and when the European victory was being celebrated, were still sponsored by individual firms and sometimes NAAFI.

Once again *Blighty* started off as a "cull" from other publications, but soon it was buying original material until the whole paper was filled with it. "Stars" among humorous artists and writers filled its pages.

Many of the advertisers boasted that they had bought space in the original *Blighty* and one went so far as to produce a whole-page

1916 advertisement about a good-time girl who.

Bade good-bye to 'gadding,'
Pinched and scraped with joy,
Just to send Abdullahs
To her absent 'Boy'.

Like that of many more pre-tentious publications, *Blighty's* humour, early in World War Two, bore the unmistakable stamp of World War One. For instance there was the very young officer who asked a very old soldier what he was doing and was satisfied with the answer "Swinging the lead, Sir." Shells could be seen parting the hair of front-line soldiers; patients made the age-old noises at the sight of comely nurses and dentists' assistants. There were khaki variations of the "late at the office" joke; Servicemen returned from far-flung battle-fronts with all sorts of exotic habits and souvenirs.

Blighty could be topical, too. No magazine was more assiduous in giving the Nazi high-ups, the American invaders of Britain and later the V2 their fair share of space. And there were always leggy blondes.

Nearly every other soldier, sailor



"I've got a new boy friend, and imagine — he's an Englishman!"

and airman during the war passed away idle moments writing verse, and *Blighty's* post-bag, like those of other Services publications, was full of it. Subjects ranged from RTO's to serjeant-majors, parodies of Kipling's "If," and memories of home.

With VJ day, *Blighty's* role was nearly over, though it carried on catering for men awaiting repatriation. Donald MacKenzie died and Reeves Shaw, who had had years of experience editing light-hearted magazines like the old *Humorist*, *Happy Mag* and others took his place.

Blighty became a commercial concern. Gradually it appeared on the bookstalls. It became a subsidiary company of the *News of the World*. Today it is entirely civilianised and boasts to potential advertisers a circulation of more than 100,000. Though free distribution to troops abroad has ceased, *Blighty* has not entirely dropped its Services connections: military hospitals still get a free issue.



"Does it hurt much, chum?" — "Only when I laugh."



Left: Guess the date of this joke... 1915? Wrong. It's 1945. Right: the civilianised *Blighty* now publishes civilianised jokes. The ladies are out of uniform.

"All the lifeguards are volunteers, sir, and the competition's terrific."



THE SHARPSHOOTERS OF ST. DUNSTAN'S

THE crack of a .22 rifle is about the last noise you expect to hear at a training college for blind men, but it may well be one of the first to greet you at St. Dunstan's Training Centre for war-blinded, which dominates the downs at Ovingdean, near Brighton.

Conceived by Air Commodore G. B. Dacre and developed in St. Dunstan's Research Department under Mr. P. B. Nye, Chief Research Engineer, the electronic rifle which is "sighted" by sound is thought to be the only one of its kind in the world.

It is a very simple-looking gadget. The rifle is fixed to a stand with a ball-and-socket joint so that it can be pointed in any direction. The muzzle protrudes through a large metal ring which is wired to an electric battery.

Wearing headphones, the firer tries to align the rifle through the centre of the ring. If the muzzle wavers towards the sides he gets a buzzing sound in his earphones which rises to a squeal as the rifle gets more and more out of line.

In the exact centre of the ring is, or should be, a quiet spot, where no noise at all comes through the earphones. If the firer can find, and hold, this spot as he pulls the trigger, he should register a bull on the target.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But just try it. Have you ever tried looking at a distant object, closing your eyes and walking to-

wards it? After a few yards your sense of direction fails. Now imagine yourself in total darkness, making a hairsbreadth adjustment by the sole guidance of a variably pitched buzz, plus a spot of static from a nearby power station.

No, it's not so easy. Yet the blind men's delicate sense of hearing and touch, and their enthusiasm for this new sport which has been opened to them, enable the best shots to register bulls

and inners with astonishing regularity.

Crack marksman is WO "Dickie" Richardson of the RAF. Totally blind, with only his left hand, and that badly smashed, he has several times made "possibles" and is captain of St. Dunstan's team — a team which shoots against the best clubs of the district and has lost only two matches out of seven.

When the plane in which he was wireless operator and air-

gunner was shot down in flames over France, Richardson was the only member of the crew to stumble from the wreckage. Blind, with most of his face burned away and with both hands smashed, he wandered helplessly about the countryside until picked up by a French farmer.

"Dickie" is the live-wire of the Training Centre. He is a shining example of how a man with enough pluck, patience and determination can rebuild his life.

Running him close in marksmanship, are George Emerson, who was also with the RAF and Ernest Crook of the Royal Corps of Signals.

Crook is a newcomer. A turner and fitter by trade, he was serving in Palestine when a sniper's bullet tore into his right eye, destroying the optic nerve in both eyes. His life and career seemingly shattered at the age of 20, he was sent to Britain in April this year for hospital treatment, then to St. Dunstan's Training Centre in September.

Here a new life is opening up for him. He has already learned his way about the building and can shave, polish his shoes and do all those little chores of daily life which the sighted do without thinking but which have to be re-learned from scratch by the blind.

Soon he may be joining the squad in the machine shop, where the men are taught to handle powerful and complicated industrial machinery and to assemble engine parts by touch alone. Then will come the day when he will leave St. Dunstan's, a qualified tradesman, to take his place in industry on full equality with his sighted fellow workers.



They feel where the bullets went. Left to right: Ernest Crook, George Emerson and "Dickie" Richardson.



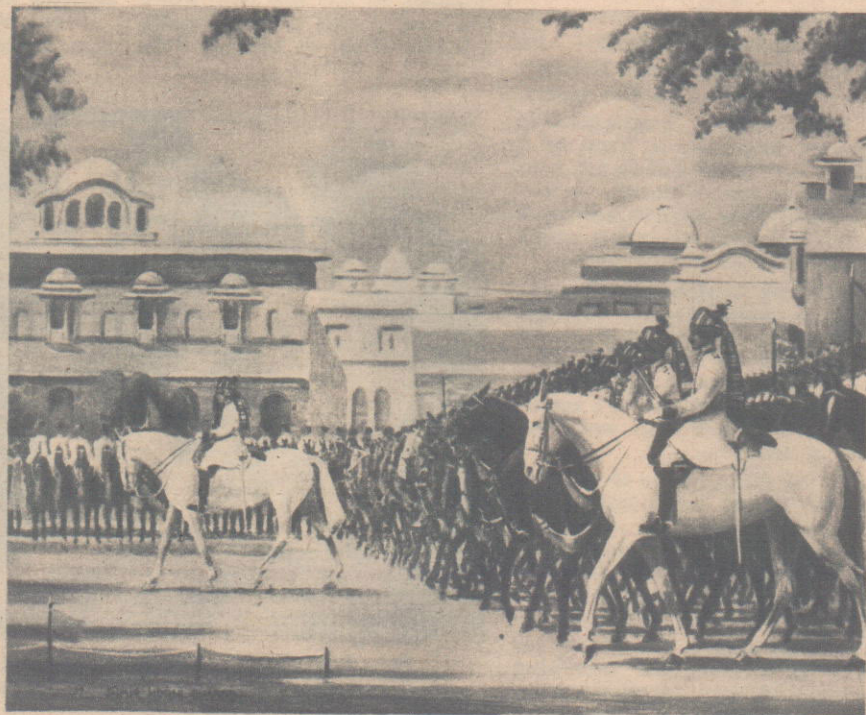
"Writing Home, Fayid, Egypt": by Sjt K. I. Mackenzie.

GLOBAL ARTISTS



"The Corporal": by Sjt H. Segal (who worked on an Army magazine in Nairobi).

"Jaipur Horse Guards": by Captain Richard Dupont.



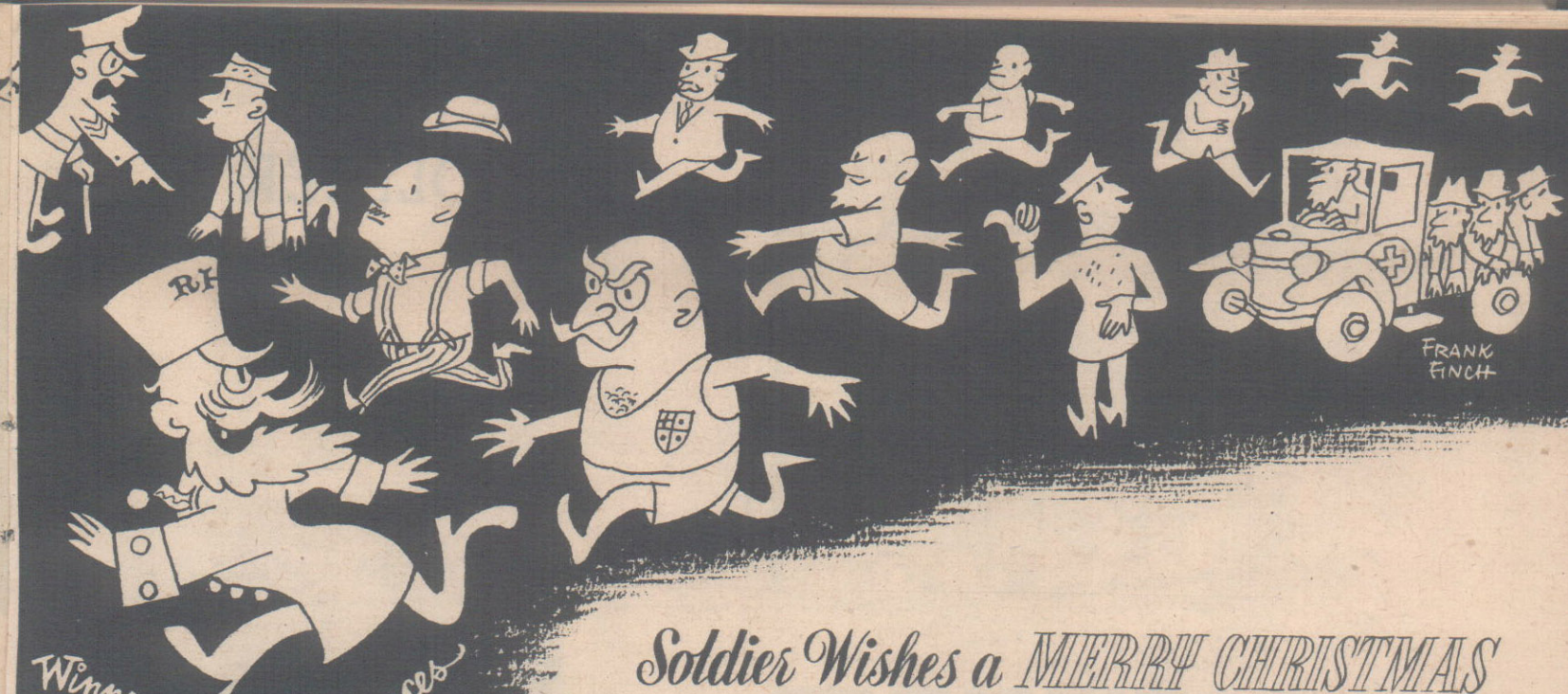
WHEREVER British fighting men go, some of them produce paper and pencil or paints to record what they have seen. One result was that the Army Art Society's 17th exhibition in London was well-nigh global in scope.

Lieutenant-general and private, admiral and AC2 pictured everything from Brixham Harbour to traffic control in Aleppo, evening mist in Hong-Kong, early snow in Graz, the beach at Penang and reflections in the Seychelles.

For those mourning the end of the Raj, there were nostalgic pictures of Kashmir, of the Sadar Bazaar at Chaubattia, of scenes in the Punjab and portraits of Indian fighting men.

The quality of the exhibits? SOLDIER had an expert's word for it that some of the paintings would have raised the standard of the Royal Academy. The prices? From one guinea for a major-general's unframed print to £200 for a captain's portrait of a fighter pilot.

PS: Nudes? Yes, two or three. And quite "well observed," as the art critics say.



Winners of old soldiers' races

Soldier Wishes a *MERRY CHRISTMAS*

— to all who still believe that there is a King's Corporal, that NAAFI will pay them a personal rebate some day and that the Army "puts something in the tea";

— to the Death or Glory Boys and the messing by-products inspectorate;

— to all men in ablution halts, convalescent horse depots, dilution parties, ski schools, locust control pools, resuscitation centres, camel transport trains, refrigeration units, pest destruction advisory units, frontier check points and mixed reception stations;

— to all winners of old soldiers' races;

— to all suffering from deadlock, wedlock and Medloc;

— to all Review of Sentences boards;

— to General Eisenhower's chauffeur, who has written her war book; to General Eisenhower's dog, who has not written his war book;

— to the author of the ACI entitled "Bathing Slips For Enlisted Boys";

— to the designer of the new WRAC uniform (and what's delaying it now?);

— to Marshal of the RAF Lord Tedder, who was once an Infantryman;

— to Colonel G. E. C. Wigg, the only Member of Parliament with a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal;

— to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, which has fathered two Chiefs of the Imperial General Staff in succession;

— to the Black Watch, which has maintained calm in the face of Cecil B. de Mille's film "Unconquered";

— to the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, which has danced a 32-some reel;

— to all wives who let their husbands join the Territorials;

— to all husbands who let their wives join the Territorials;

— to the Dyak trackers of Malaya, who do not need to get them bleeding 'airs cut';

— to regiments which drink toasts standing, regiments which drink toasts sitting, regiments which drink toasts with one foot on the table and regiments which do not drink toasts at all;

— to drivers of ration waggons and passion waggons;

— to clock winders, meter readers, designers of lubrication diagrams and compilers of returns of stragglers;

— to soldiers in air observation posts and in diving chambers;

— to those men in Groups 76, 77, 78 and 79 who thought they would be spending this Christmas at home;

— to the first man who, having bought himself out, signs on again and gets his money back (ACI 768/1948 refers);

— to all readers of SOLDIER (especially those who buy their own copies).

ski schools

Eisenhower's chauffeur

convalescent horse depots

BAR

dilution parties

resuscitation centres

WAKE UP
WAKE UP
WAKE UP

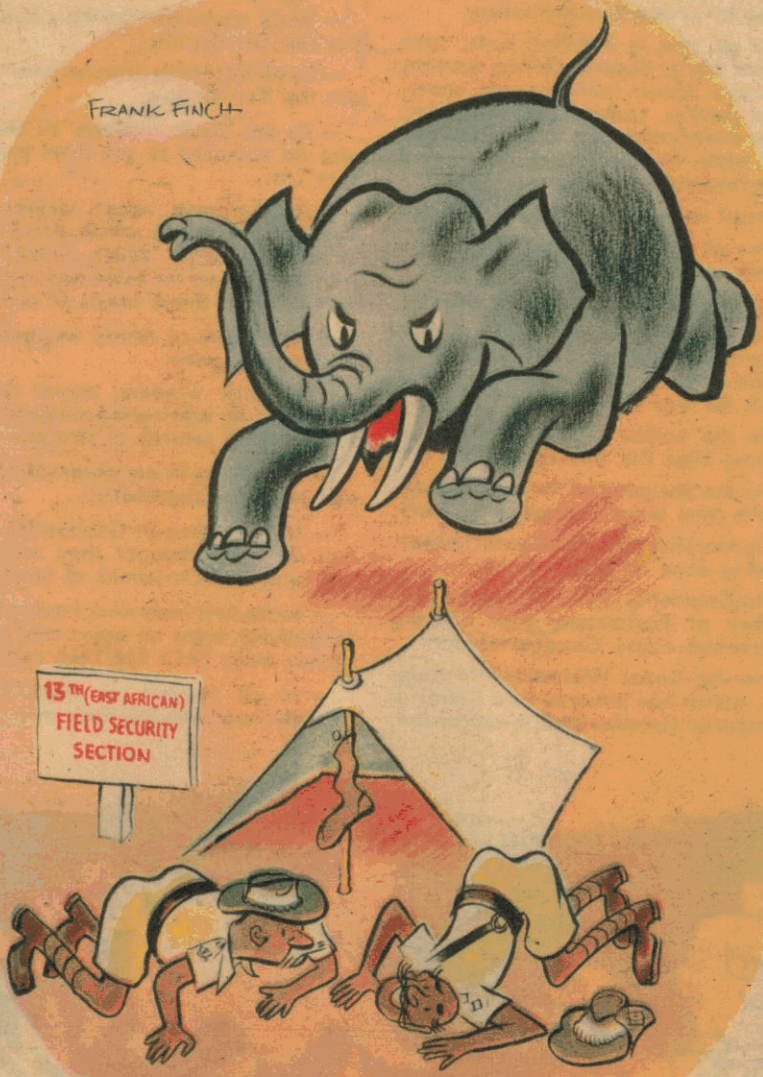


"And when you come to 'God rest ye merry, gentlemen' for goodness sake try to sing as though you mean it."

SOLDIER Humour



"Now once again, for the benefit of No 4 Gun."



"Here comes your Christmas pudding. I can hear the mail train."



"You want to watch yourself in there. He said, 'Greetings and congratulations! You're the four millionth customer to pass under our portal.'"

Keep this till

CHRISTMAS DAY

ACROSS

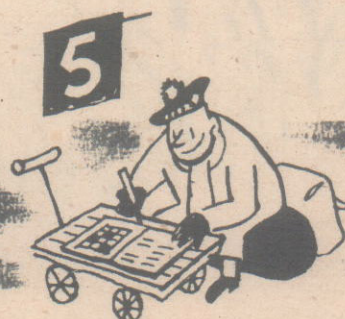
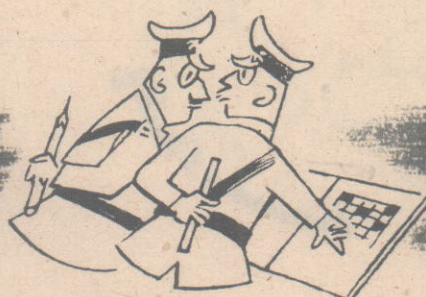
1. The female side. (7)
15. The place to look in from. (7)
17. Conspiratorial, like the allotment holder's plants? (2, 3, 4)
18. When a woman driver is most dangerous? (9)
19. A red one is a butterfly. (7)
20. Instrument in hobo entertainment. (4)
21. Knaves or small boys. (7)
22. Usually paired with heelings. (7)
24. "Diner for last tube" (anag.). The Cockney finds the Missus is the answer: (7, 3, 6)
31. Queen of the beasts? (3-4)
33. Declares. (7)
36. "Quail in a fistic do." (anag.). (16)
37. Swankily. (2, 5)
40. Arthurian headquarters. (7)
41. Game for Private Snooks? (7)
42. Useful when the fuse blows. (3, 4)
43. Makers of man, they say. (7)
44. People who fly thus are bad tempered. (3, 3, 6)
46. No drink for the teetotaler. (6)
49. Two elements of a good party. (4, 3, 5)
52. Raiders—and gliders. (7, 3, 5)
58. Captain Kidd, or a small boy in a bath tub. (6, 2, 3, 4)
64. The other chap in a battle. (5)
67. An Irish Rifle regiment (abb.). (3)
68. The man to help with football pools. (4)
69. The primrose one has a sticky end. (4)
71. It is, says the poet. (3)
72. Fishy offspring. (5)
74. The directors don't sound entertained. (5)
76. Skaters' element. (3)
77. Part of a tool that has a strong taste. (4)
79. Time with an aural organ at the end. (4)
81. Free pub on the lake isle. (3)
82. Only the small fish can escape from this. (5)
85. Wednesday's rivals. (9, 6)
88. A nationalised network. (7, 8)
90. Partly describes Wenceslas' snow. (5, 3, 4)
96. Spin with a rodent inside. (6)
98. "Candle fat did" (anag.). Feline spiv? (3, 3, 6)
103. Heads! (7)
104. He makes roe and cart. (7)
105. Becomes manifest. (7)
106. Roguish signalling. (7)
107. Wasp, nettle or profiteer. (7)
109. The gamble in marriage. (3, 6, 2, 5)

140. Avoidance. (7)
143. Striped female. (7)
146. "So stole nine bears" (anag.). And gave this excuse. (10, 6)
124. The kind of noise to bar the exit. (7)
126. Bad for the reputation. (7)
127. This and for all is final. (4)
128. Mean but not miserly. (7)
129. I produce learning with one ducat. (9)
130. In the Atlantic on ten tedious trips. (9)
131. "Ely died" (anag.). (7)
132. Beg—for the last part? (7)

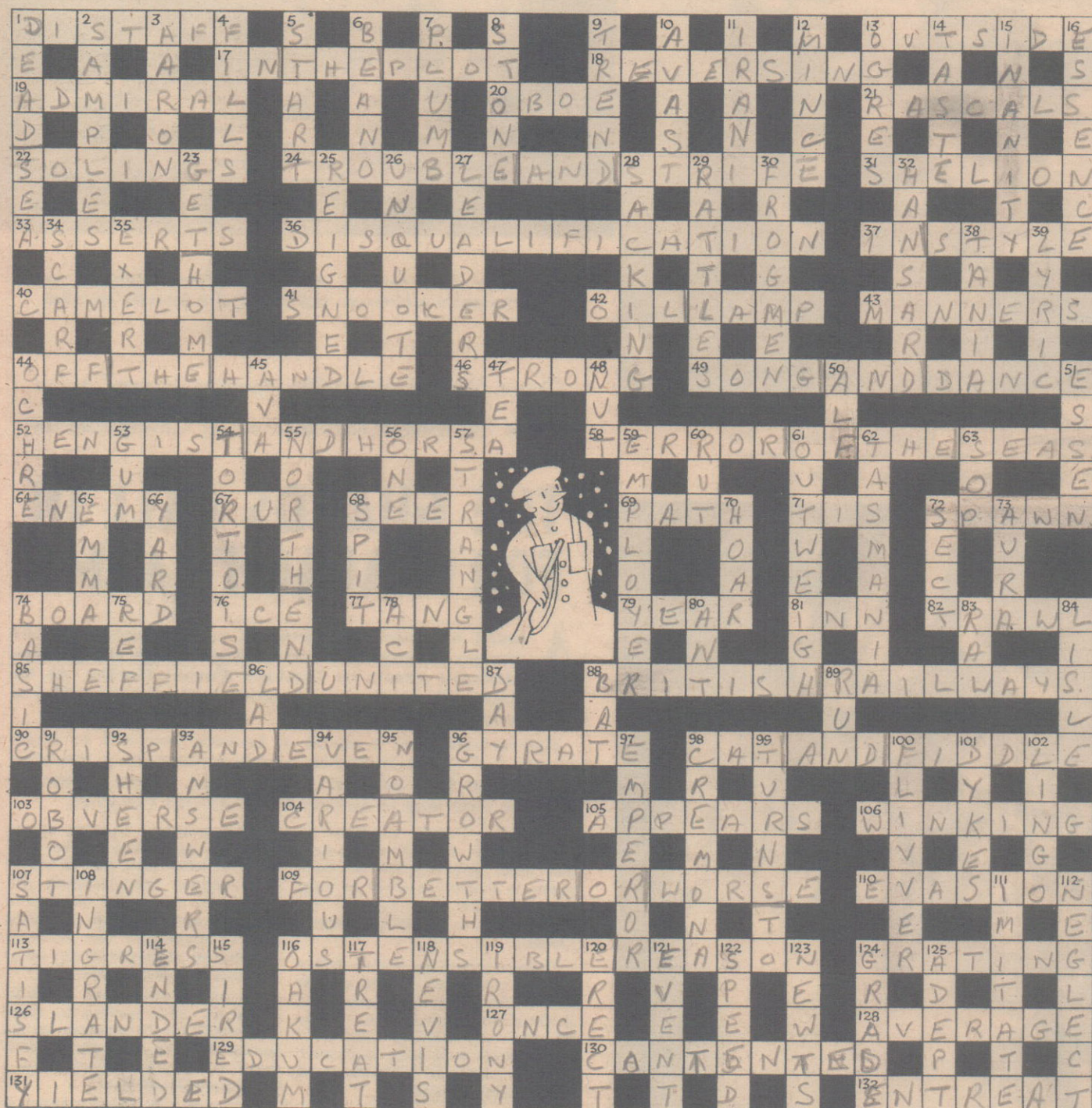
DOWN

1. Very low water. (4, 3)
2. Subjects for travellers' tales? (7)
3. Old Testament character. (5)
4. Occupies the vacancy. (5)
5. Mariners dislike timbers to begin thus. (5)
6. A vegetable and nothing else for a good time. (5)
7. Fathom fathomer. (5)
8. Well cast if it kills two birds. (5)
9. The way things go. (5)
10. It sounds a big word from a sailor. (5)
11. Mesopotamian. (5)
12. Christmas meat. (5)
13. Prey for fairy-story heroes. (5)
14. Savour. (5)
15. Silliness. (7)
16. All that makes a thing what it is. (7)
23. To this you may use a train, bus or estate agent. (3, 4)
25. Mixed gin in a water-plant. (7)
26. End the spoken word. (7)
27. The chaps up front. (7)
28. This material ends employment. (7)
29. Noises for tots to play with. (7)
30. Do these amphibious fighters get orders croaked at them? (7)
32. MP's in print. (7)
34. This garment could be used to 57 down. (5)
35. Ten in a backward tree to exercise. (5)
38. The Queen of the Fairies loses "It". (5)
39. Meant to be sung. (5)
44. Earth used as pigment. (5)
45. This girl can be read either way. (3)
47. Well, it certainly doesn't inebriate. (3)
48. Associated with squirrels or a bolt. (3)
50. The little king who burned the cakes. (3)
51. Edible German city. (5)
53. It's sticky, chum. (3)
54. No speedy creature. (8)

55. Preston's answer to 85 across. (5, 3)
56. Seven sevenths. (3)
57. Throttle, but not on a motor-car. (8)
59. He pays the wages. (8)
60. Groove to keep one's life out of. (3)
61. Tilt the balance. (8)
62. This island is mostly madness. (8)
63. Damp pacification. (3)
65. Nelson's girl-friend. (5)
66. Spar of definite length? (4)
68. How deep is my spade blade? (4)
70. Grey. (4)
72. Religious group (4)
73. Emanation. (4)
74. Ration for pleasure motoring at home. (5)
75. Little arbiter in a game. (3)
78. The Army's abbreviated instructions. (3)
80. Insect that makes depend a noun. (3)
83. The beef for a black eye. (3)
84. Not the material for leg-glamour. (5)
86. The Shropshire one was a pessimist. (3)
87. We had an extra one this year. (3)
88. Blind sporting implement? (3)
89. Use 88 down to make this. (3)
91. Frankenstein's creature. (5)
92. Produce of elbow-grease, perhaps. (5)
93. If you knew these, you wouldn't need clues. (7)
94. Avaricious loses 78 down. (7)
95. Describes a hurried walk. (2, 5)
96. Morbid formations, doctors would say. (7)
97. Purple this is akin to red 19 across. (7)
98. On cream in Italy. (7)
99. Gets cracking. (5, 2)
100. This king was Henry Ford. (7)
101. Protectors of Holland and the Fens. (5)
102. Slang language. (5)
107. "Say fist" (anag.). (7)
108. No, he is not imprisoned by 124 across, but he doesn't seem thankful. (7)
111. To this is to flatter, they say. (7)
112. Slight, but it could be serious. (7)
114. Brought to a close. (5)
115. Fathered. (5)
116. They used to pick this in prisons and workhouses. (5)
117. Doctors don't pay when they do this. (5)
118. Scottish Ben. (5)
119. Metallic figure of speech? (5)
120. A man may be this, yet not upright in his conduct. (5)
121. This occurrence is mainly smooth. (5)
122. It doesn't please the RAF unless it's supersonic, these days. (5)
123. Amphibians with a fresh start. (5)
124. Rank in the growing RA defences. (5)
125. Fit for proficiency pay. (5)

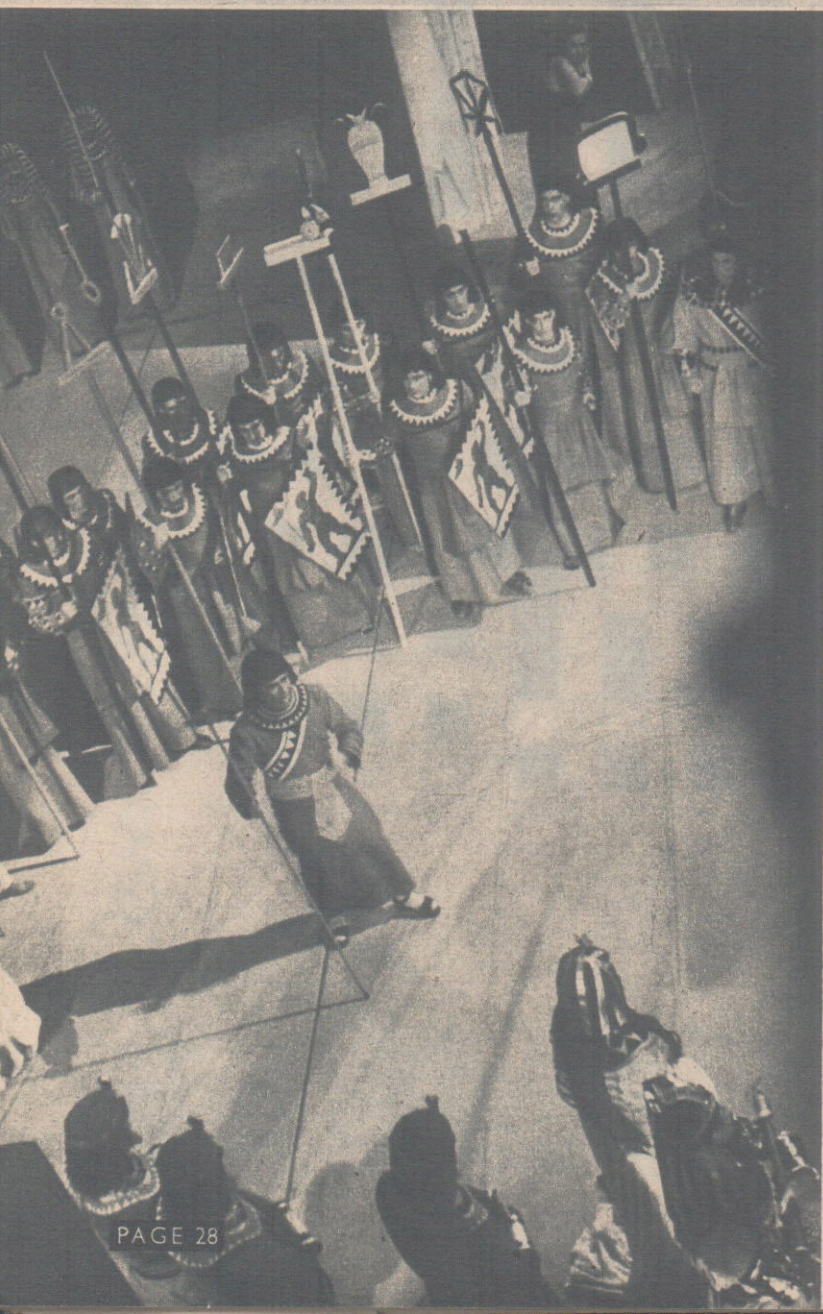


SOLDIER'S Two-Hour Crossword





Corporal Tom Bishop, Grenadier Guards, puts the finishing touches to his Egyptian uniform. No buttons to clean here. Below: "Aida" in progress. The Guards (in the background, top left) do not sing.



They don't have a NAAFI at Covent Garden, so Pharaoh's guardsmen just sit and chat between parades.

Queen Victoria didn't like slovenly "supers" in her opera. So today Guardsmen act at Covent Garden

THE GUARDS FALL IN FOR PHARAOH'S ARMY

A squad of Guardsmen, trousers creased and boots and brasses shining, marched briskly through the garbage-cluttered streets of London's Covent Garden. At the Royal Opera House they did a smart right wheel and filed in through the stage door.

Half-an-hour later a squad of barbaric warriors in gaudy gowns and garish headgear, arrow quivers slung bandolier fashion and long bows at the high port, strode across the stage on their way to another North African campaign.

From the Guards stationed in London some 40 NCO's and men had been attached for all purposes to Pharaoh's army to help him win his war against the Ethiopians in Verdi's opera "Aida".

They say that the British Army can do nearly all things to you but in this Pharaoh's army the hapless Guardsmen were crammed into red flannel "nighties," smeared all over with blacklead, painted green, or half-suffocated inside hideous masks.

Yet in spite of the way they are pushed around, or perhaps because of it, the Guardsmen volunteer time after time for the squad of extras (or "supers" as they are called in opera) regularly called for by the Covent Garden Company.

The idea of recruiting supers from the Guards was reputedly started by Queen Victoria. Objecting to the slovenliness of some opera soldiers she exclaimed, "Let my Guards serve culture, as well as their Queen!"

Stage work doesn't get the Guardsmen off any parades or duties, but they do get 8s 6d a

night and earn it. In some operas they are on in one or two consecutive acts only, but in others they appear right through and may have up to four changes of costume and make-up. Sweating and struggling in the confused back-stage atmosphere can be as wearing as a battle course.

As one of them said, when he came off after having to stand stone-still for 17 minutes as the statue of a god, in a great goat's-head mask: "I'd rather have a CO's parade any day!"

For some of them "Aida" is not the first desert campaign. Sjt. A. Watson MM, of the Scots Guards, for instance, who has been a regular performer at Covent Garden for the last three years, did not win his medal behind the footlights. He won it at Tobruk in the desperate days when its garrison was overwhelmed by Rommel.

Guardsmen have the knack of accepting any situation and getting on with it. If they make mistakes at rehearsals RQMS. R. Watts, "supermaster," only need bellow "Stand still . . . you!" and everyone automatically freezes.

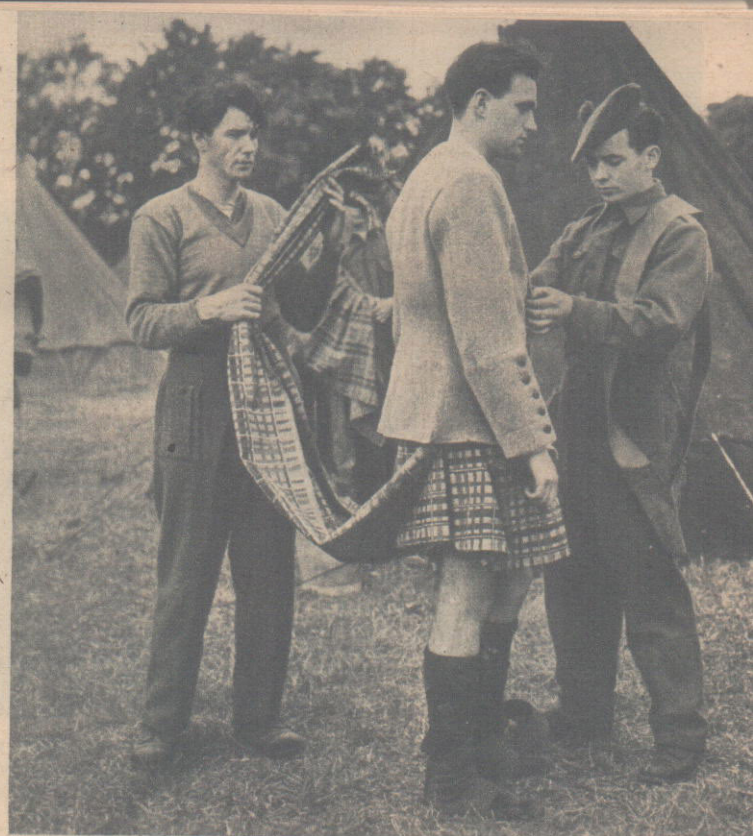
TED JONES



Above: Make-up for Serjeant A. Watson, MM, Scots Guards. An ex-Scots Guardsman, Mr. S. Boa, who plays a green-painted god, looks on. Below: The finished product. One of these Nubians is Sjt. Watson; the other Guardsman W. Whitmore, Grenadier Guards. Even their RSM's wouldn't know which is which.



They've taken off one uniform and had a shower. Now they're going to put on battle-dress again. They will go back to barracks 8s 6d richer than they came.



This soldier from a camp near Fort William was one of hundreds who became 18th century clansmen for the film of "Bonnie Prince Charlie".

- and the Highlanders rally to Prince Charlie

WHAT are your knees like? Can you wear a kilt and get away with it? Many "supers" who sought employment as clansmen in Sir Alexander Korda's "Bonnie Prince Charlie" were rejected when they removed their trousers.

The Army (as usual) came to the rescue. Soldiers from holding regiments in Scotland were recruited for the gathering of the clans. Some were even allowed to grow beards...

The MacDonalds on their way to the gathering at Glenfinnan. Under those whiskers lurks the National Serviceman.





Ex-Chindit RQMS. S. Robson (now in the Army Catering Corps at Aldershot) chats to a fellow-wearer of the Military Medal ribbon — Mr. Charles Moser, chairman of the Military Medallists League.

Did you know that women have been awarded the Military Medal? Six of them belong to the Military Medallists League, whose members meet once a month in London

EVERY month the members of one of London's most exclusive clubs take out their medals and go to Hand Court, Holborn. For at Hand Court is the old Victory Club, where the last Saturday in every month is Military Medallists League night.

To belong to the Military Medallists you must have a decoration for gallantry, earned either as a Serviceman or a civilian. And to join in their social evening you must be a member, or a member's wife, son or daughter or girl friend.

That is why you find men decorated for bravery in the blitz mixing with holders of the VC; MM's from the Battle of the Marne with DFC's from the Battle of Britain; women with decorations and women with engagement rings. The League is very much a family affair.

Their numbers include five Victoria Cross winners, one woman holder of the George Cross and six women with the Military Medal. A husband and wife and a mother and son — all decorated — are members. One man has three DSO's.

It all started in 1934 when a police officer with the MM and 16 other holders of this decoration got together and formed the League. Today the founder, chairman and general mainspring of the organisation, Mr. C. Moser, MM, who had 12 years in the RA and 27 with the police (he ended

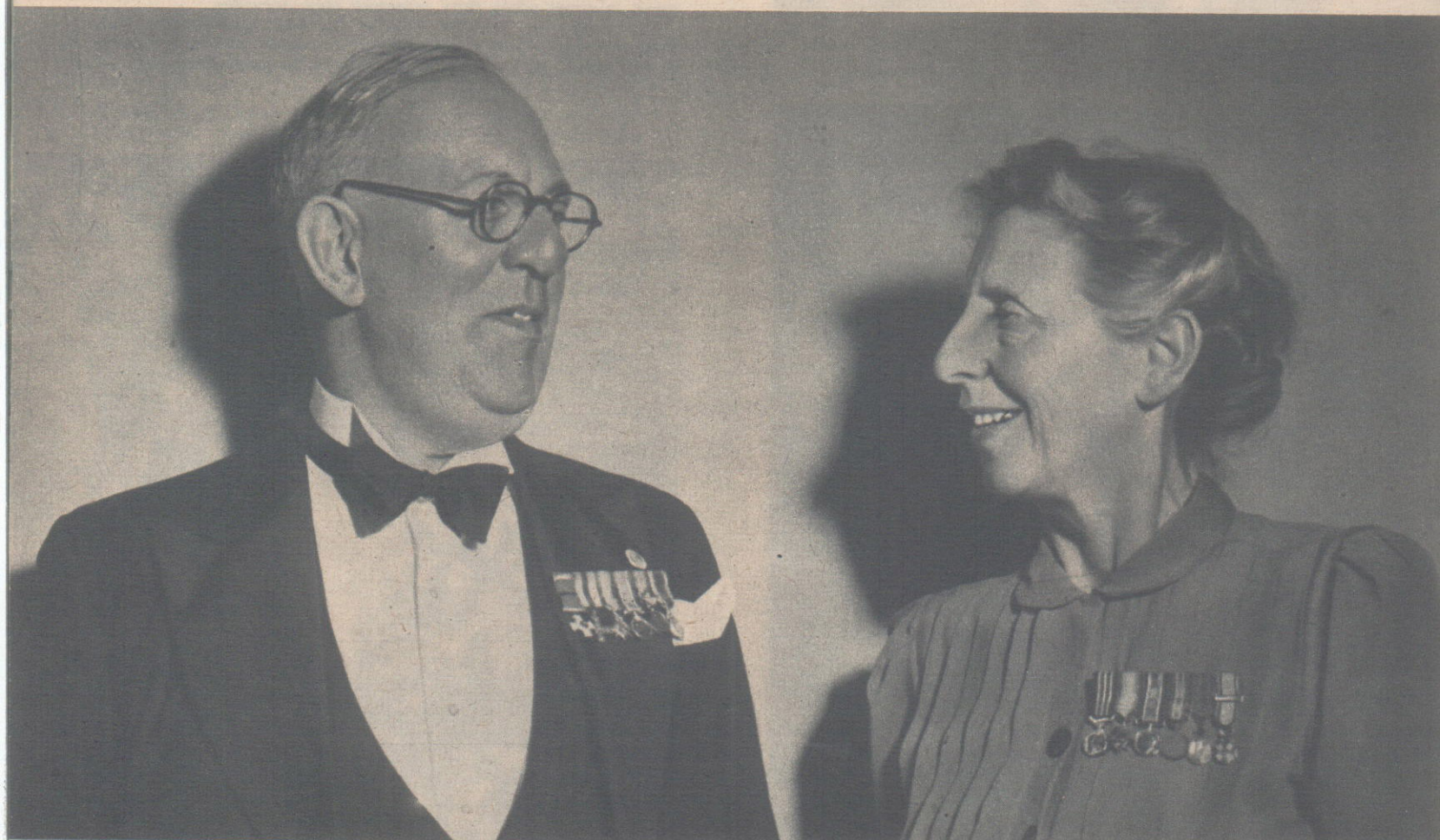
up as inspector) can claim 350 members; and new recruits are coming in all the time. The latest is an air marshal.

The president is General Sir Miles Dempsey and the vice-presidents are Captain Paul Bennett, VC, MC (Magistrate at Marlborough Street); Group Captain L. Cheshire, VC, three DSO's and DFC; the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, CBE; Mrs. Odette Churchill, GC, MBE; and Sqn-Ldr. J. H. Huxley, DFC (Mayor of Kensington). Each member pays 5s a year, half of which goes to the Victory Club, of which he becomes an associate member.

The League's objects are brotherhood and benevolence: to provide a meeting-place for members and their families, and to assist any member in financial difficulties through sickness or unemployment. Says Mr. Moser: "We never beg for funds and every penny comes from members' subscriptions and from social functions. We do not pay any League official."

Once a year there is a dinner to which come a few selected "outsiders" as guests of honour. This year it was held at the new Victory Club in Seymour Street and the principal guest was a World War Two war correspondent, Mr. Eric Baume. Mr. Baume does not hold any official decorations but he admitted that he once received an unofficial one in the

MEDALS WILL BE WORN



A family affair: Captain W. Wilkinson has the CBE, DSO and MC; his wife (who drove an ambulance under fire) has the MM.

Mrs. Peter Churchill, first woman to win the George Cross, chats with Mr. Victor Silberstin, who holds the Russian Cross of St George and Croix de Guerre.



Two VC's: Colonel R. F. Hayward, who served with the Wiltshires in World War One, and Sjt. G. H. Eardley, who fought with the KSLI in World War Two.



BSM. S. Ashmore has the unusual distinction of wearing a Military Cross, won in Burma. He brought his wife to the League's annual dinner.



shape of a bloody nose from a Second Army military policeman.

Of the five VC's, two were won in World War Two. One was that of Group-Captain Cheshire, the other that of Sjt. George Eardley, KSLI, who with grenades and Sten attacked single-handed three German machine-gun posts which had held up a platoon attack in an orchard near Overloon.

The other VC's — of World War One — are Captain Paul Bennett of the Worcester Regiment (whose story was told in SOLDIER for January 1948); Colonel R. F. J. Hayward, Wiltshires, who as a company commander at Messines refused to leave his position although he had been buried, wounded in the head, rendered deaf, had an arm shattered and later was hit again in the head; and Driver Frederick Luke, RHA, one of three men who rescued two guns at Le Cateau in 1914 when the rest of the battery had been killed and the other guns were knocked out. All three gunners (one was an officer) received the VC.

The League is proud of its women members, for few awards come the way of women. Mrs. Churchill, whose husband, Col-

onel Peter Churchill, DSO, is also a member, won the George Cross when she was Mrs. Odette Sansom, and was tortured by the Gestapo in an attempt to extract from her the whereabouts of a wireless operator and another British officer in Occupied France. She did not give away the information.

Of the 12 women members, six hold the MM. Three of them, Miss S. P. Dickson, VAD, Mrs. M. D. Wilkinson and Miss E. M. Cridlan (FANY), received the award for driving ambulances while under fire in 1918. A World War Two MM, Miss Marjory Youle, WAAF, was a wireless operator who continued to send out messages from a raided airfield until the building collapsed in flames round her.

There are some men with unusual decorations: for example Mr. Victor Silberstin who was awarded the Cross of St. George (First Class) when serving in the Imperial Russian Army. After the Revolution he went to France where he served as a captain and won the Croix de Guerre. In the last war he worked as a "back room" engineer in Britain. He gave his services, and many use-

ful inventions, free to the country which had adopted him.

A battery serjeant-major has the MC pinned to his tunic — a rare distinction. He is BSM. S. Ashmore, who won the award when jungle fighting in Burma. Today he serves as a Regular instructor to a Territorial unit in Wimbledon.

Besides the Churchills, Medallists who are married include Captain William Wilkinson, CBE, DSO, MC and his wife who is one of the six women MM holders. A mother and son are the Marchioness of Cholmondeley and the Earl of Rocksavage, MC. Until he was killed in World War Two Mr. Raymond Lewry, MM, was a member with his MM father, Mr. Wilfred Lewry.

The League has a branch at Aldershot where nearly half the members are still serving. One of its founder members is Captain E. Keeling, MC, who served in both the South African War and World War One, and who is founder of the 280-strong Aldershot South African Veterans Association. The Secretary at Aldershot is RQMS. S. Robson, MM, a former Chindit now with the ACC Training Centre. Another

serving member is RSM. Patrick McGeever, of the Airborne Forces Depot, who won his MM with 6th Airborne Division in Normandy.

The League has not been without its romance. Sjt. Eric Baker met Miss Betty Cooley, the secretary's daughter at one of the social evenings; they have since been married. And Mr. R. T. Clark, MM, ex-Royal Marines Commando, has become engaged to Miss Margaret Moser, the chairman's daughter.

One of the League's busiest men, Secretary J. J. Cooley, who won his MM for tending the wounded under fire when he was with the RAMC in World War One, deals with many applications for membership which he receives in his North London home. When a new member is enrolled the silk standard — a present from two members — is raised and one of the vice-presidents calls out "Old Guard, attention." The older members come to attention and the recruit is received into the brotherhood of League membership. And "Brother" will be the way in which he is addressed from then on.

PETER LAWRENCE



Three MM's talk about old times: Mr. William Badrick (Royal Artillery), Mr. Frederick Smith (Scots Guards) and Mr. Thomas Waterhouse (RAMC).



Twelve-year-old Lily Wolff holds up the raffle ticket drawn by Miss E. M. Cridlan, MM. Behind the drum (with the appropriate design) is Mr. Paul Bennett VC, the Marlborough Street magistrate.

THE MINUTES OF MR. CHURCHILL

① THE SENDING END

ONE of the most fascinating features of "The Gathering Storm" (Cassell 25s) — the first volume of Mr. Winston Churchill's war history — is the collection of strong-minded (and sometimes strong-worded) minutes addressed by him to Service and Ministerial chiefs.

In the blaze of publicity which this brilliant book has received these Minutes have been rather overshadowed. SOLDIER therefore lists below some of these characteristic Churchill missives. They show, if nothing else, the extraordinarily wide range of matters in which Mr. Churchill took a personal interest.

Here is one addressed to the Director of Scientific Research:

First Lord to Director of Scientific Research:

The Services should always be encouraged to explain what it is that hurts or hinders them in any

particular branch of their work.

For instance, a soldier advancing across no-man's-land is hit by a bullet which prevents his locomotion functioning further. It is no use telling him or his successor to be brave, because that condition has already been satisfied. It is clear, however, that if a steel plate or other obstacle had stood between the bullet and the soldier, the latter's powers of locomotion would not have been deranged. The problem, therefore, becomes how to place a shield in front of the soldier. It then emerges that the shield is

The man with the ideas ... Mr. Churchill, on a "chair, folding, flat" watches 3.7 ack-ack guns in action. He got his brainwaves on the spot.



too heavy for him to carry, thus locomotion is imparted to the shield; and how? Hence the tank.

First Lord to Deputy Chief of Naval Staff (9 November 1939):

It appears to me that St. Helena and Ascension must be made effectively secure against seizure by landing parties from, say, a *Deutschland*. We should look very foolish if we found them in possession of the two 6-inch guns with a supply ship in the harbour. I don't feel the garrisons there are strong enough.

First Lord to Secretary (27 November 1939):

I notice that in the Air Ministry every room is provided with candles and matches for use in emergency. Pray take steps immediately to make similar provision in the Admiralty.

First Lord to Director of Naval Intelligence (6 September 1939):

What is the position on the West Coast of Ireland? Are there any signs of succouring U-boats in Irish creeks or inlets? It would seem that money should be spent to secure a trustworthy body of Irish agents to keep most vigilant watch. Has this been done? Please report.

First Lord to DCNS, DNI (31 January 1940):

Thirty years ago I was shown Foreign Office confidential books printed on paper so inflammable that they could be almost immediately destroyed. Since then, all this business has advanced. It would be possible to print books on cellulose nitrate, which would almost explode on being lighted. Existing books can be photographed on to this with great facility. Alternately, or conjointly, these books could be reduced to tiny proportions and read by a small projecting

apparatus. Let a small committee be formed on this question.

First Lord to Parliamentary Secretary (11 March 1940):

I am very glad you have had a considerable measure of success in your parleys with the Trades Unions. Be careful about the Ministry of Labour Training Centres. As hitherto organised these have been nothing but quasi-philanthropic institutions to tone up the unfortunate people in the derelict areas. They have never been organised to make skilled tradesmen out of semi-skilled. In their present condition they are a snare so far as we are concerned. The Minister of Labour has always said that his training centres cannot touch any but the unemployed, meaning thereby the peace-time unemployed. What we have to cater for is a far livelier class who are changing their occupations in consequence of the war.

First Lord to DCNS, DNI (to initiate action) (22 March 1940):

Mr. Shinwell declares that in Vigo there are still a number of German merchant ships, many of whose crews are non-German, and among the Germans many non-Nazis. He suggests that with a little money and some organisation it would be possible to get these crews to take the ships to sea, when they could be picked up by our ships, and those who had brought them out suitably rewarded. Is there anything in this?

First Lord to Second Sea Lord, Parliamentary Secretary and Secretary (7 October 1939):

Will you kindly explain to me the reasons which debar individuals in certain branches from rising by merit to commissioned rank? If a cook may rise, or a steward, why not an electrical artificer or an ordnance rating or a shipwright? If a telegraphist may rise, why not a painter? Apparently there is no difficulty about painters rising in Germany!

The Story of The White Rabbit

IN his book "The Gathering Storm" Mr. Churchill incorporates details of some of his personal brainwaves designed to startle the enemy (often they startled his own staffs). One of these was "White Rabbit No. 6," later called "Cultivator No. 6."

This was conceived in the early months of the war when Mr. Churchill was concerned about possible heavy loss of life in assaulting the Siegfried Line.

The White Rabbit was a machine planned to cut a groove in the ground sufficiently deep and broad to allow Infantry and possibly tanks to advance safely across No-Man's Land. He hoped that it would reach three or four mph but was prepared to accept half a mile an hour.

Mr. Churchill pictured two or three hundred such machines operating at night on a 25-mile front. By dawn determined Infantry would be established in the enemy trenches, with communication trenches stretching behind them.

"When I had had the first tank made 25 years before," writes Mr. Churchill, "I turned to Tennyson d'Eyncourt, Director of Naval Construction, to solve the problem. Accordingly I broached the subject in November (1939) to Sir Stanley Goodall, who now held this most important office, and one of his able assistants, Mr. Hopkins, was put in charge with a grant of £100,000 for experiments. The design and manufacture of a working model was completed in six weeks ... (it) performed excellently in the Admiralty basement on a floor of sand." Later Mr. Churchill took it to France to demonstrate to Generals Gamelin and Georges. It was estimated that 200 of these machines could be produced by March 1941.

In February 1940 approval was given for 200 narrow "infantry" and 40 wide "officer" machines (for tanks). The design was so novel, says Mr. Churchill, that trial units of the main components had first to be built. In April a hitch occurred. The designers had

relied on a type of Merlin-Marine engine but it was found that the Air Ministry had priority and another heavier engine had to be accepted. The final machine weighed over 100 tons, was 77 feet long and eight feet high. It could cut in loam a trench five feet deep and seven-and-a-half feet wide at half-a-mile an hour, involving the movement of 8000 tons of soil.

But all the labour led to nothing. "A very different form of warfare was soon to descend upon us like an avalanche, sweeping all before it." Only a few specimens of the machine were finished and these were stored. After the Siegfried Line had been pierced by other methods, all except one were dismantled.

Another of Mr. Churchill's brainwaves was Plan Catherine, a scheme to isolate the Scandinavian States (and their rich iron ore) from Germany by hoisting a heavy fleet into the Baltic.

The route chosen was through a channel too shallow for a heavy battleship. As the States on either side were neutral, he decided that the main battleship could safely be "hoisted" out of the water by fixing caissons (bulges) in two layers on either side. By filling or emptying these, the ship's draught could be altered, and once past the difficult spot, she could be lowered so as to bring the armour-belt below water-line again.

Special mine-bumpers were to be built. These were small craft with a heavy fore-end to take the shock of explosions. To carry enough oil for three months, Mr. Churchill proposed turtle-back blistered tanks with a speed of 12 knots.

It was thought that, faced with two large ships, plus cruisers and destroyers, the German Fleet would not appear, and "our arrival would determine the action of the Scandinavian States. They could be brought in on our side ... If the worst came to the worst it is not seen why the Fleet should not return as it came."

It was the realisation of the enemy's bombing power which caused this plan to be abandoned.

BOOK WHICH WAS BANNED

A book which was forbidden publication in the early days of World War Two has now been printed.

Entitled "Ours Not To Reason Why" (Muller 7s 6d), it consists of a collection of essays written by officer cadets at Aldershot on the theme of "What I am fighting for". The publishers ask: "Was the ban justified?"

Now the present reviewer also had a war book banned by the military authorities, so he cannot be accused of lack of sympathy. At the same time he thinks a case can be made out for not allowing Mr. David Mainprice, in the days after Dunkirk, to say that the Army is an organisation in which young men are "imposed upon by incompetents, charlatans and fools", and that "to make a military career bearable you need private means, and to make it successful you need boudoir manners and bucket-shop morals".

Bear in mind that this statement would have been published at a time when the country was fighting for survival, when careless talk and "spreading alarm and despondency" were prison offences.

To be fair, it must be made clear that the other contributors by no means wrote in this cynical fashion. Most of them expressed impatience with "negative" war aims; they wanted something more positive to fight for. Few of the more articulate in the early nineteen-forties were able to see the war as a simple conflict between St. George and the Dragon. But was it in essence so very different? Did St. George consider that killing the dragon was a negative war aim? What was so "negative" about seeking to defeat a nation which was exterminating unwanted populations by the million?

Alan Moray Williams, who edits this volume, admits that Nazi cruelty had to be stopped at the cost of any sacrifice, yet he too complains that "destroying Hitlerism" was a purely negative aim.

One point which seems not to have dawned on the contributors to this book is that you can band a nation together to fight for survival, but that you cannot necessarily band it together to fight for a "better world" because all have different ideas about what that better world should be like.

HQ LANDED WITH A THUD

THE Airborne books are still coming out. In recent months SOLDIER has reviewed "Prelude to Glory," by Group-Captain Maurice Newnham (telling the story of parachute training) and "First Airborne," by Michael Packe. Now comes "With Sixth Airborne Division in Normandy" (Sampson, Low, Marsion 10s 6d) by the Division's Commander, Lieut-Gen. R. N. Gale (now GOC Egypt).

Of the many hundreds of glider-borne troops who set off to make that historic D-Day drop in Normandy, how many took a nap on the way across? Precious few, one would guess. But one who did was the author of this book — General Gale.

There was, of course, every reason why he should snatch a sleep. The plans were made, the troops were committed. There would be little rest once they landed. So the General did the sensible thing... and yet how many commanders in his position, about to establish headquarters with a thud on enemy-held soil, could have done likewise?

General Gale tells the story straightforwardly, from the planner's viewpoint. He had one bad shock as D-Day neared. That was when he learned that the division would be split, one force going in by air, the rest under command of a seaborne division — a plan happily cancelled when more aircraft were found to be available. Comments General Gale (who of course accepted the first ruling without argument):

Quite apart from the fact that I feared so small a force would be inadequate for the task, not of seizing, but of holding the bridgehead, it is a terrible thing for a commander to feel that his formation is being committed piecemeal to battle and even then not under his command.

There was another shock when air photographs showed that the Germans were mining the land areas and planting them with heavy stakes linked with wire. The only consolation was that these obstacles were being sown all along the coastal areas, not just where the landings were planned; there had been no leakage. The Division got down to work out a plan to counter the stakes: Sappers would land with the first wave of parachutists, their job to fell the stakes with explosives. Infantry trained in the carrying of these heavy obstructions would then lug them off the fields. And that is what happened — though obviously not all the stakes could be removed.

General Gale's glider landed on extremely rough stubble.

Over the field we sped and then with a bang we hit a low embankment. The forward undercarriage wheel stove up through the floor, the glider spun round on its nose and, as one wing hit one of those infernal stakes, we drew up to a standstill.

Headquarters had landed.

How many gliders reached their target? Here is General Gale's answer:

Of the six gliders detailed for the coup de main assault on the bridges four were dead on. Of the 85 others that



Lieut-Gen. R. N. Gale. He took a nap on D-Day.

set out that night 58 were either dead on their appointed landing-places or within 3000 yards of them, ten were landed over two miles away and 17 were missing, three of which had forced landings in the United Kingdom. Of the 145 gliders landed on the evening of D-Day all landed safely on the correct landing-zones. Counting anything over two miles away or missing as being a failure, approximately 88 per cent of the total glider landings were successful.

The landing was only the beginning: the bridgehead had to be consolidated and held. General Gale tells of the bitter fighting, and the many acts of heroism, in such places as Breville, and finally of the advance to the Seine. The first full-scale operation by a British airborne division had succeeded. General Gale tells the story with pride.

In a lush Normandy field glider troops unload their jeep and equipment — a D-Day picture.



Mountbatten asked — “WHO’LL TAKE A SWIPE?”



SEAC's flash, designed by Mountbatten. His first design (a sword stuck in the Rising Sun) was scrapped; the Japs might have tortured the wearers.

days at “Combined Ops” were a continual tussle because of hostility in all three Services towards the idea of a “private army” in which one man was to control, and take the credit for, exploits carried out by the cream of the fighting arms. To overcome these objections, says the author, Mountbatten “had two barrels to his gun. The first was loaded with charm, persuasion and salesmanship; the second with ruthlessness.”

THE work of this peculiar Mr. Mountbatten has interested me very much. Practically such a man, if he were caught, should be called to final account for treason. However, the Battenbergs have always been somewhat peculiar.”

This was Himmler's summing up of Earl Mountbatten, in the Gestapo files. Comment by Mountbatten (as recorded in “Last Viceroy” — Jarrolds 21s): “Himmler doesn't seem to be quite sure whether I should be hanged, because of my predominantly German descent, or confined to a lunatic asylum because sometimes my ancestors married their cousins.”

Ray Murphy, the American author of this biography, sets out to find why Mountbatten became one of the war's most successful leaders. He asks:

“How is it that London can utilise for the public welfare the advantages of birth, wealth and education which American sprawling democracy distrusts and discards? What are we losing when they condemn the corresponding social group of potential American Mountbattens to Wall Street, night clubs and divorce courts?”

Even if the author does not produce a very satisfactory answer, he turns in a good, magazine-style story of the man who started the war as a destroyer flotilla commander, ended it as Supreme Allied Commander, South-East Asia — then went on to become Viceroy of India.

Inevitably, the author dwells on the period of Mountbatten's “gilded youth” — the period when, as a junior lieutenant in the Navy, he drove about in a Hispano-Suiza with the registration letters “LM.”

Of more interest to SOLDIER readers are the chapters describing Lord Louis's activities at Combined Operations and in South-East Asia. Those early

The salesmanship was amusingly demonstrated at Quebec when Mountbatten was trying to sell the idea of floating airfields made of ice reinforced with sawdust. When the subject came up on the agenda a truck was wheeled in bearing a block of ordinary ice and a block of reinforced ice. The Service chiefs were invited to take a swipe at both blocks with a hatchet. General H. H. Arnold, voted the strong man of the party, obliged, splitting the block of natural ice in two at the first blow. When he took a heavy swing at the reinforced block he let go the axe with a howl of pain. He might as well have struck solid rock. When the laughter had subsided, Mountbatten fired his Service revolver at the two blocks. The bullet which struck the reinforced block ricocheted and nearly struck an air marshal.

Then came the day when the American press told how “Mountbatten, one time polo-playing friend of the Prince of Wales, hero of the Kelly, the Commandos and a million cocktail parties, becomes Supreme Allied Commander.”

Ray Murphy tells a very understanding story of Mountbatten's

OF all the Army's services, the most difficult to trace through history are supply and transport. For the two services were for long separate; the transport side existed only in fits and starts and the Commissariat, which looked after supplies, was civilian.

Into their complicated, and ill-documented story Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Massé, MC, has dived on behalf of the Royal Army Service Corps, to which he belongs, and has produced “The Predecessors of the Royal Army Service Corps” (Gale and Polden, 15s). Mr. C. C. P. Lawson has illustrated the book with sketches of uniforms of the Predecessors.

Rations were first introduced in Queen Elizabeth's time, because

soldiers who had to keep themselves on their pay often had no food when they were spent out, and thus no stomach for a fight. Yet when the standing army was created in 1645, there was only one Commissary of Victuals who bought bread and cheese by contract; sutlers provided meat at their own prices. The Commissariat grew; it was not always honest — many a soldier went hungry to line a greedy purse.

On the transport side, the first uniformed corps came in 1794, the Royal Waggoners; it lasted only a few months. In 1799 it was succeeded by the Royal Waggon Train (known also as the Royal Waggon Corps, Corps of Waggoners, and Corps of Royal Waggoners) and this unit did so well in Wellington's campaigns that he pleaded that it might become permanent. He was unlucky: it was disbanded in 1833.

In 1855 came the Land Transport Corps, formed to operate in the Crimea. Its battalions boasted horses, ponies, mules, camels, bullocks and buffaloes as transport animals.

Next year the Land Transport Corps became the Military Train — first peacetime transport unit — and in 1858 there came a Commissariat Staff Corps to join it, with soldiers up to the rank of serjeant-major.

In the Indian Mutiny, a battalion of the Military Train was used as cavalry, and was awarded two VC's. This unsettled the Train as a whole; its members, with visions of glory, swaggered like dragoons and looked down on the Commissariat whose non-combatant job included ordering soldiers to carry the supplies. But the Train did its own job well in the march to Magdala, in Abyssinia, under Napier in 1868.

In 1869 came the first Army Service Corps, which was the first effort to combine the supply and transport organisations. The officers did not hold Army commissions, but one of them, Acting Assistant Commissary James Langley Dalton, won a VC at Rorke's Drift (fighting against the Zulus) in 1879.

In 1880 came a Commissariat and Transport Staff, with Army officers, and the following year the Army Service Corps was divided into the Commissariat and Transport Corps and the Ordnance Store Corps. The Commissariat and Transport Corps worked hard in the Egypt and Sudan campaigns, operating on the Nile with boats and across the desert with horses and camels.

Finally, in 1888 when Sir Redvers Buller was Quartermaster-General, the Commissariat and Transport Staff and the Commissariat and Transport Corps were united into the Army Service Corps which is the RASC today.



En route to give one of his “pep talks”: The “Supremo” at the wheel of a jeep.

struggle to maintain morale and the offensive spirit in his theatre when continually his resources were being drawn off to priority commands. Finally “Operation Zipper,” the final sledge-hammer blow against the Japanese, was ready to be mounted. But at Potsdam Mr. Churchill called Mountbatten into a private room, and said to him: “You are going to have to revise your plans.” This was Mountbatten's first news of the atom bomb.

“For Mountbatten,” says the author, “war in South-East Asia had been one long anti-climax, ending in the greatest anti-climax of all — capitulation before victory.”

PRISON DREAMER

LESLIE Greener was a Regular officer in the Indian Army, a tramp in New Zealand, a painter in Paris, an archaeologist in Egypt, a settler in Australia, an Intelligence officer in the AIF at Singapore and then a prisoner of the Japanese.

As a prisoner he started to write his autobiography, but his second self took command. “For hours on end,” he says, “I was taken clear out of that dreary prison by the diverting yarns my second self told me about myself.”

The result is “He Lived In My Shoes” (Harrap, 10s 6d), an account of childhood and adolescence as, in one's wickedest moments, one would have liked to have lived them, without repressions or scruples.

Among other endearing feats, Alter substitutes sherbert for salt at an important dinner; breaks up a musicale by appearing in fancy dress, accompanied by a drunken girl-child and bearing a loaded shot-gun; blackmails his governess and gets rid of her when he finds a pair of trousers under her mattress.

His school days are delightful. He is expelled from his prep-school after being found in bed (in all innocence) with the head-

master's daughter, enjoys considerable immunity at his public school by making good use of opportunities for blackmail and various other subterfuges. And when school gets too hot, he runs away and takes what looks like being a cushy job in World War One by buying a second-lieutenant's uniform and taking a friend's identity.

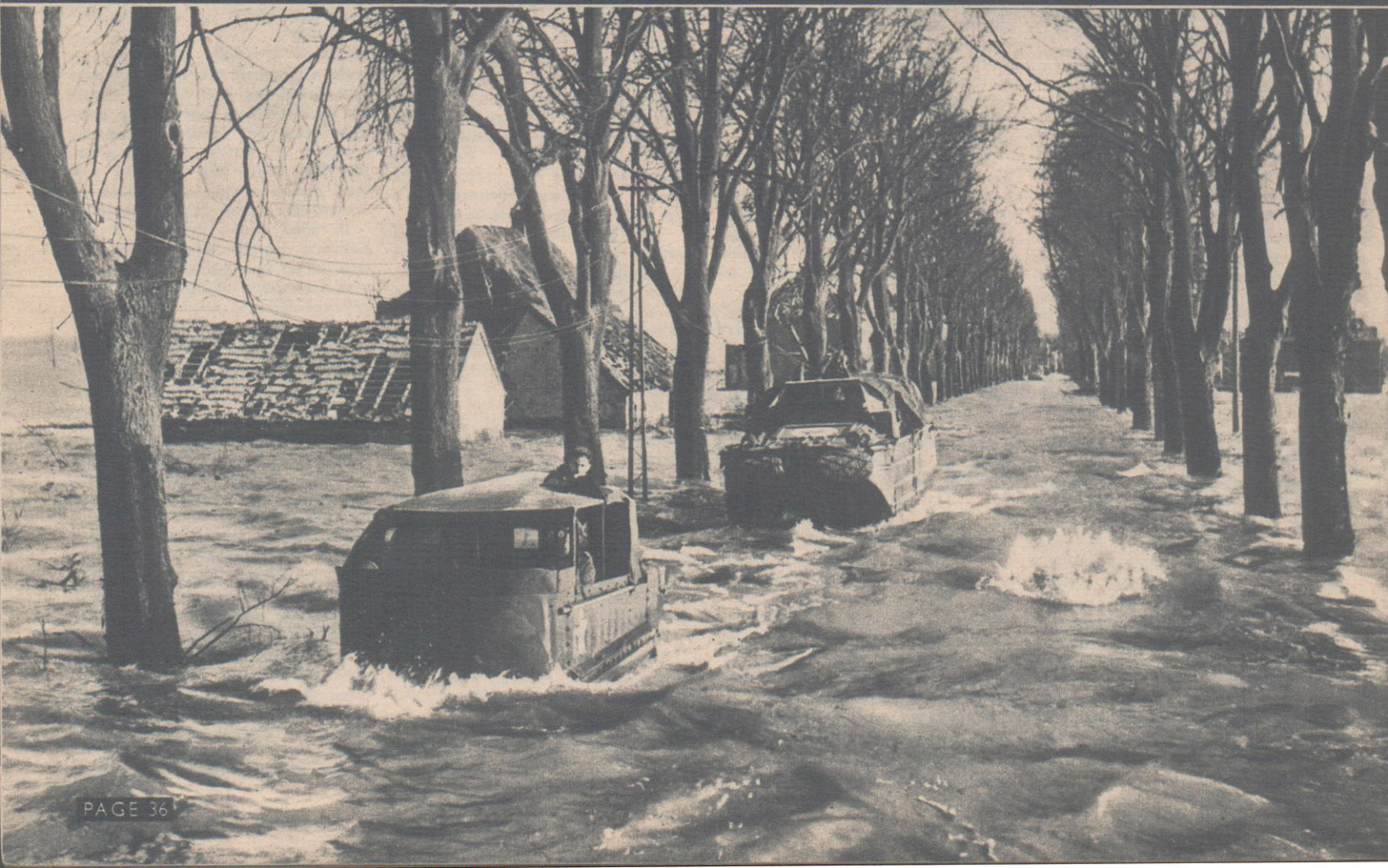
Alter's adventures between the wars and in World War Two should make good reading if Mr. Greener can find some other atmosphere as conducive to humorous writing as that of a Jap prison camp.



SAND: Huddled in the lee of a tank, some of the 38,000 Italian prisoners captured by Wavell's men at Bardia take shelter against flying sand.

SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

WATER: A party sets out to repair telephone lines on the main road in Kranenburg, near Cleve in Germany in the floods released when the Germans blew the four-foot dykes.





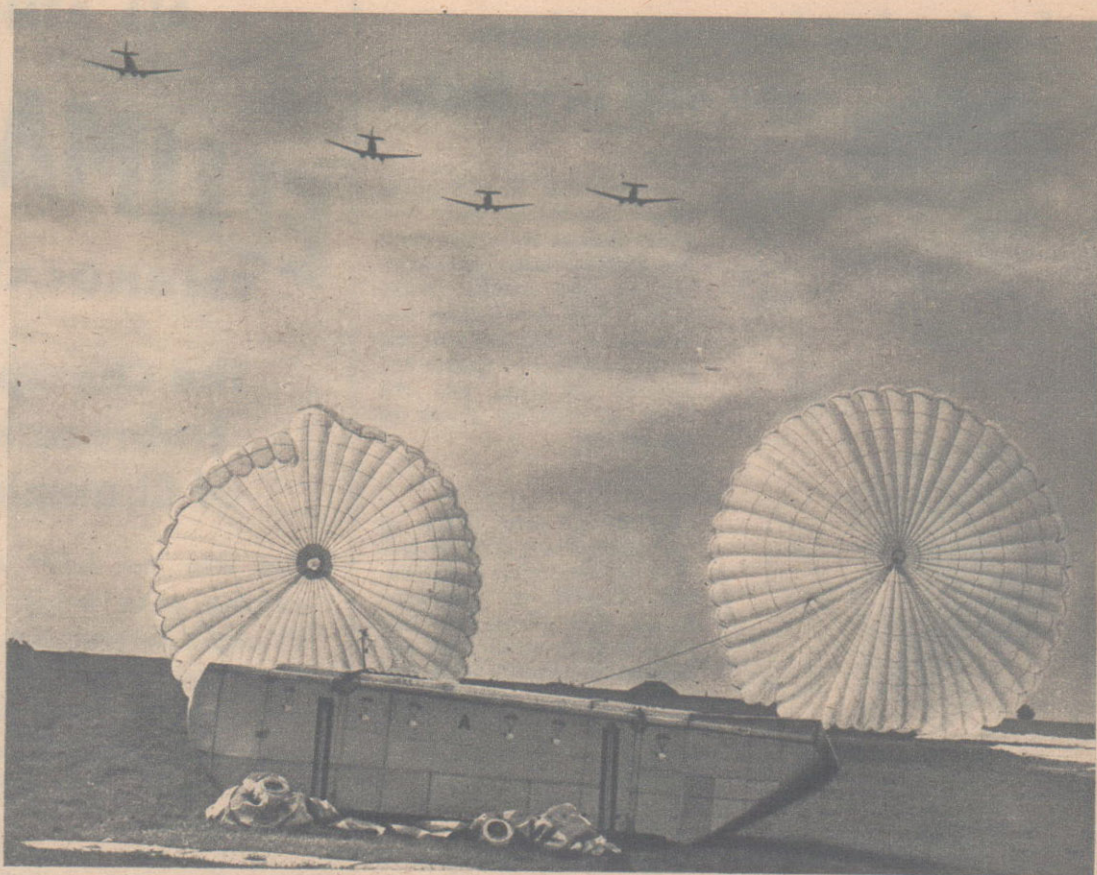
"Naked" jeep descends on four parachutes: from SOLDIER November 1947.

AND NOW-

SOLDIER's picture (November 1947) of a jeep floating down with four parachutes after being released from a Halifax created widespread interest.

Now the story has gone a stage further: the Land-Air Warfare School at Old Sarum has demonstrated that it can drop the jeep with a trailer attached.

The secret is a new universal container, which boxes the jeep and trailer securely. This container is also released from the bomb-bays of a Halifax. Five parachutes ease its drop and a collapsible air-cushion mattress "breaks" the ground impact.



The universal container lowered on five 'chutes, has just hit the ground. Note cushioning underneath. Dakotas are flying overhead, but this load was dropped from a Halifax.

THE PARACHUTE JEEP PLUS TRAILER

The container is opened, and out comes jeep with trailer attached. This demonstration was held at Netheravon, on Salisbury Plain.



Look what happens when you end Dry Scalp!



Two pictures of the same chap? Nonsense, she's not dumb enough to believe that! Just look at that Dry Scalp on the left! An untidy, lifeless head of hair, if ever there was one. There's dandruff showing at the parting, and quite a few bits on his tunic, too. His scalp is certainly short of natural oils.



Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day. He's finding it works wonders!

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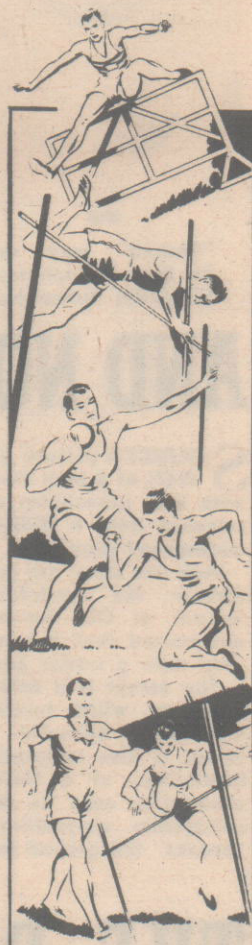
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No apparatus is required. The lessons can be carried out in the smallest space. The course lasts from 3 to 6 months, according to the increases desired. Time required — 15 to 25 minutes daily.

Pupil A. M.
45" Chest.
15" Biceps.



A Typical "Body-Bulk" Result

Name, Rfn. A. C., Skipton, Yorks.

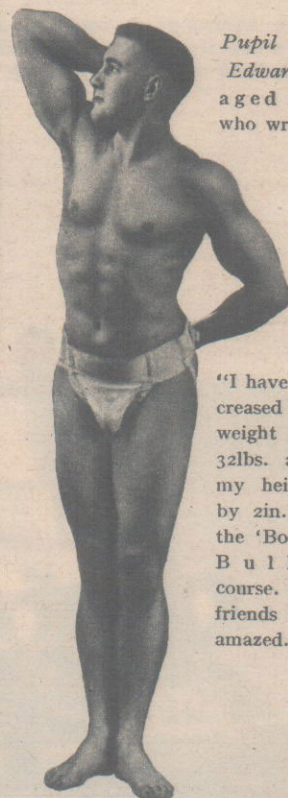
	At Commencement	End of 1st Lesson	End of 2nd Lesson	End of 3rd Lesson
Height...	5ft. 7 ¹ / ₄ in	5ft. 8 in.	5ft. 8 ³ / ₄ in	5ft. 8 ⁵ / ₈ in.
Weight ..	8-12	9-8	10-5	10-13
Chest (N.)	35 in.	37 in.	39 in.	40 ¹ / ₂ in.
Biceps ...	11 ¹ / ₂ in.	12 ³ / ₈ in.	13 ¹ / ₄ in.	13 ⁷ / ₈ in.
Neck	14 ³ / ₄ in.	15 ¹ / ₄ in.	15 ³ / ₄ in.	16 in.
Thighs ..	20 ¹ / ₂ in.	22 ¹ / ₂ in.	23 in.	24 in.
Calves ..	14 ³ / ₄ in.	15 in.	15 ¹ / ₈ in.	15 ¹ / ₄ in.

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Pupil D. Edwards,
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SPORT

RABBITS may come out of hats, but boxing teams cannot be raised just by sending off telegrams. Ask the Army Boxing Association!

By the end of October the team which represented the Army in the Olympic Games had dwindled away on release and it was an almost completely new one which opened the current boxing season against Wales. Indeed, it was made up of men who had been gathered together only a day or two before.

They paid the penalty with an 8-1 defeat.

Although they all keep fit with their units, the ideal would be centralised training under an experienced instructor. Their coach, CSM F. Verlander APTC, says he could put 40 per cent on their fighting efficiency if he had the team together for a fortnight.

This may go to explain the defeat of L/Bdr. H. Urch, lightweight from Newbridge, Glamorgan, who would have been boxing for Wales had he not been in the Army. Last year he represented Wales against Ireland, the Army, and the Midlands and London Counties, yet this year was beaten by his clubmate R. Cook.

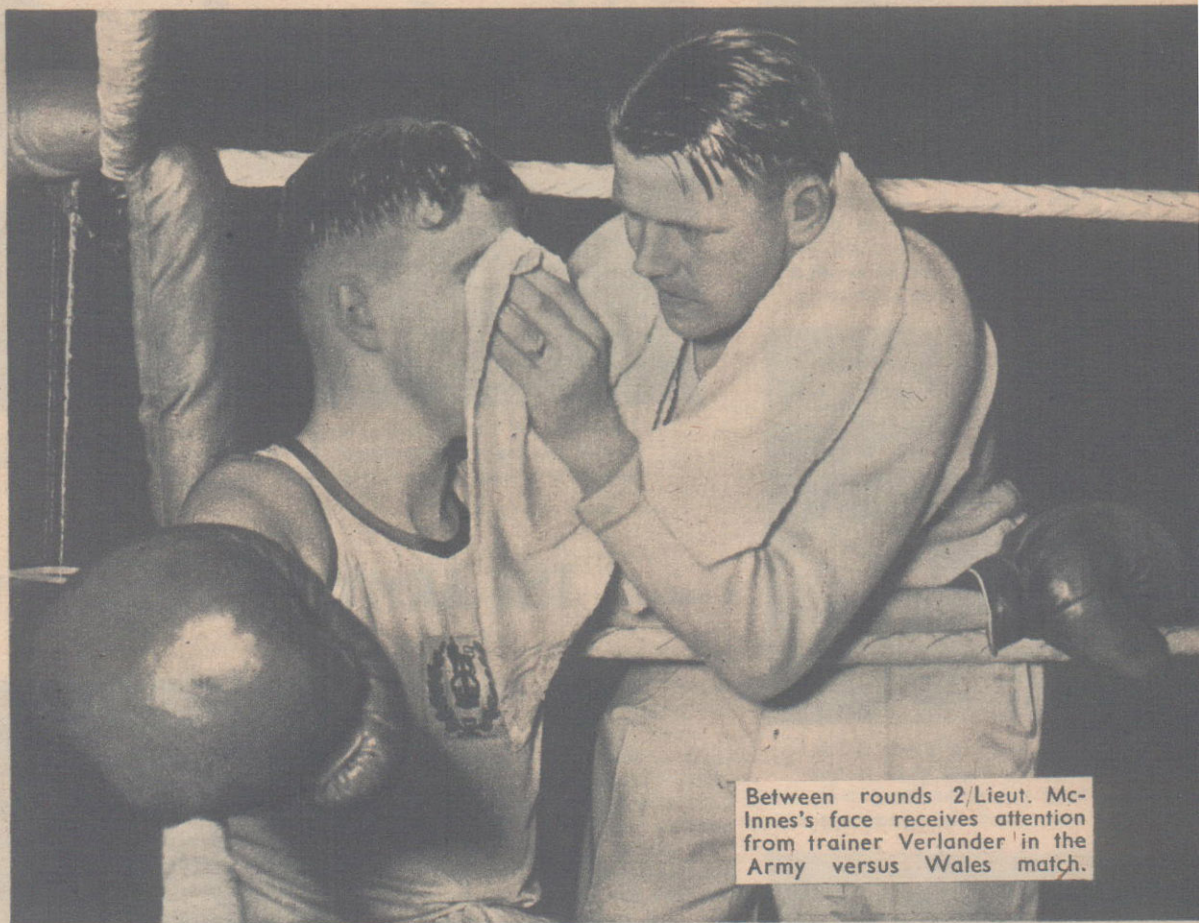
No one was particularly downhearted over the new Army team's first showing, however. It is bound to take longer to bring them up to scratch, scattered as they are in units all over the country, than if they were all members of one club. They may have to start the hard way at the beginning of the season, but if they have the right stuff in them they should become as good a team as their predecessors.

Some were already known before they joined the Army. Lightweight 2/Lt. P. McInnes, 4th. Training Bn. RAOC, has been boxing since he was nine. He has fought some 60 bouts, winning his blue for Cambridge and representing the British Universities against Scotland in 1946.

Featherweight Cpl. H. O'Sullivan, 1st. Training Regt, REME is one of a family of five boxing brothers, two professionals. Trained by his brothers, O'Sullivan had not really started on his career before coming into the Army. In his first Army representative fight he shaped well and should go much farther with more experience.

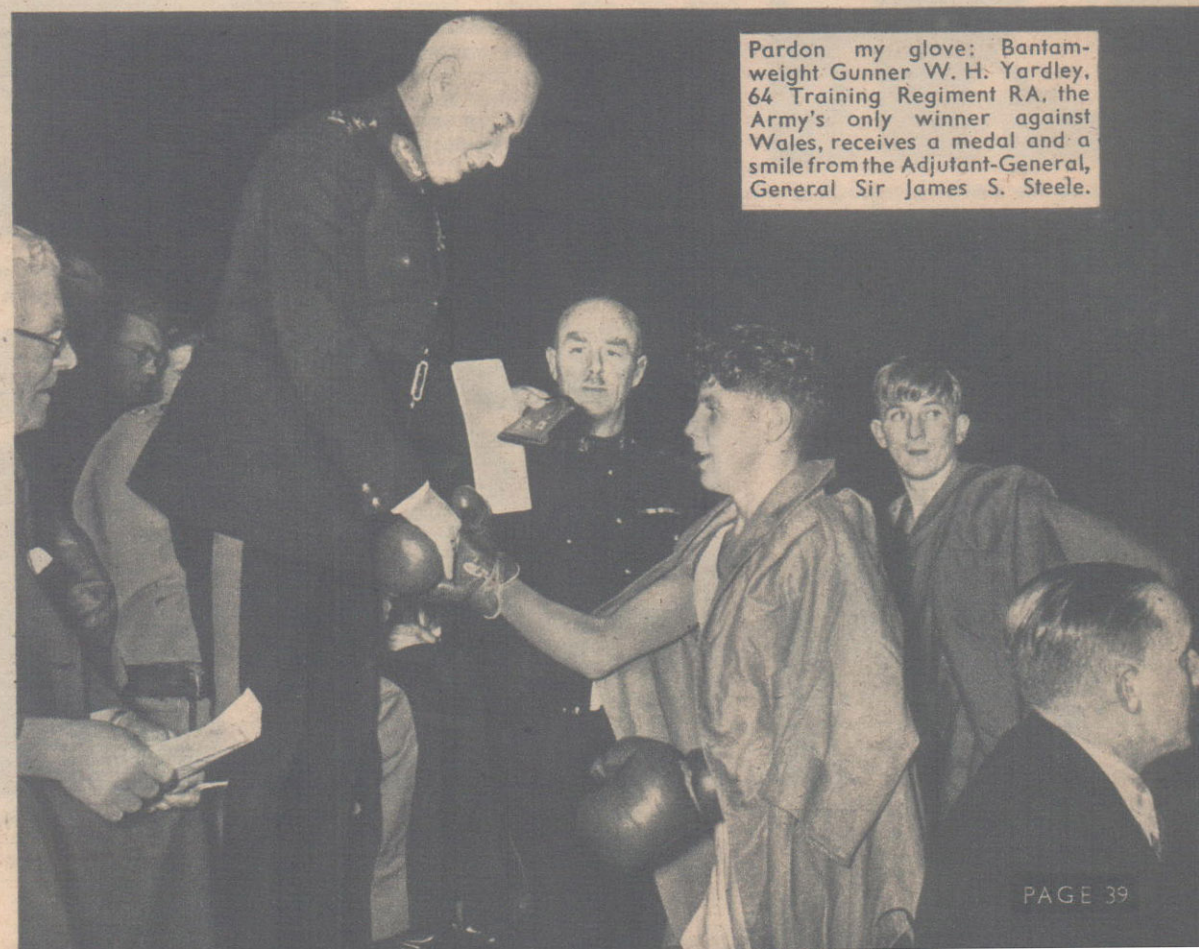
The other featherweight, SI. L. Traynor APTC, is an old hand. He has represented the Army for the last five years. In 1947 he became Army and Imperial Services featherweight champion, but eye injury forced him to

The boxing stars who fought for the Army at the Olympic Games have mostly been released. Now the Army has to raise a new team from scratch



Between rounds 2/Lieut. McInnes's face receives attention from trainer Verlander in the Army versus Wales match.

THE ARMY RAISES A NEW BOXING TEAM



Pardon my glove: Bantamweight Gunner W. H. Yardley, 64 Training Regiment RA, the Army's only winner against Wales, receives a medal and a smile from the Adjutant-General, General Sir James S. Steele.

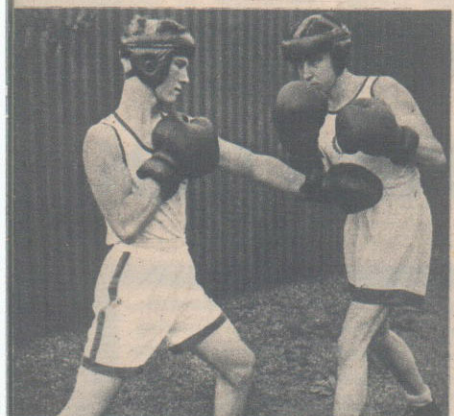
OVER



Boxing from scratch: to acquire the orthodox stance, stand at ease, pivot to the left from the hips, turn the left foot slightly inwards, bend the knees a little to allow for easy body movement.



2/Lieut. McInnes and L/Bdr. Urch demonstrate the right hook to the point. Head protectors and 16-oz gloves are used for sparring.



Left lead to the mark: bringing his right forearm across to deflect the blow, McInnes automatically lowers his left shoulder for the counter-punch — a straight left to Urch's chin.



Right uppercut to the point. The right hip is brought forward to put added weight behind the blow.



Road work for stamina and weight reducing. This quartet under CSMI Verlander comprises Cpl. J. Broadbent, 5 Training Regt Royal Signals; Lance-Corporal J. Lucy, Queen's Own; Lance-Corporal J. Hernon, 35 LAA Regt; and Rfn. C. Burn 1 KRRC.

Continuing THE ARMY RAISES A NEW BOXING TEAM

retire from the championship last year.

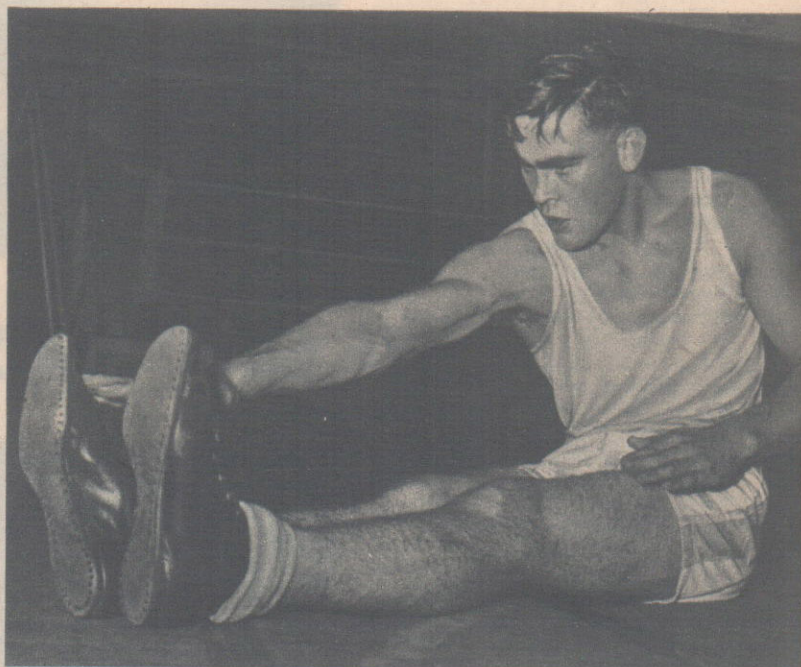
When SOLDIER visited the team at Aldershot the day before their Welsh match, they were hard at work putting the finishing touches to their fitness.

A normal gym session lasts an hour-and-a-half. The first 20 minutes are spent on exercises. The rest is broken up into four periods — shadow boxing, heavy bag work, light bag work and finishing off with a fast work-out with the medicine ball. Sparring is introduced only in later stages.

There are some useful boxers in the team, but there is always room for new talent. Heavy-weight Grenadier Guardsman B. Harding had done no boxing at all before entering the Forces. He took it up seriously only in 1946, in spite of a bad leg wound received in the fighting in Germany.

Anyone who has the physique and enthusiasm will not lack for instruction and support from the Army Boxing Association.

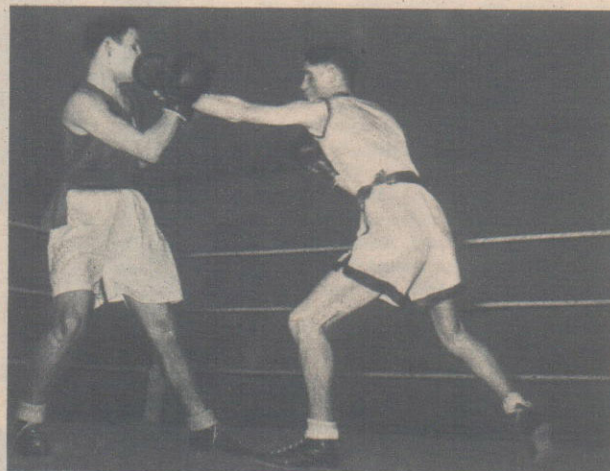
BOB O'BRIEN



A boxer needs lissomeness as well as strength. Cfn. A. McKay, REME loosens up in the gym.



Straight left to the point. Throws an opponent off his attack and makes him keep his distance.



And here's the straight left under "battle" conditions — with the Army handing it out.



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Have you personal courage?
Can you "create" will-power?
Are you a good mixer?
Can you think and talk "on your feet"?

DO YOU HAVE PERSONAL DEFECTS?

ARE YOU a "shut-in" personality?
Are you handicapped by marked shyness, inability to "mix"?
Are you a prey to fears, worry, weariness or depressions?
Do you suffer from inferiority complex?

3 IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS?

DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory?
Are you always "mentally alert"?
Can you plan and organise?
Can you write and talk convincingly?
Can you conduct interviews?

ARE THERE MENTAL WEAKNESSES?

DOES YOUR mind wander?
Do you lack mental energy?
Do you put off important decisions?
Are you overlooked in the race for promotion?
Do you day-dream?
Do you require a mental tonic?

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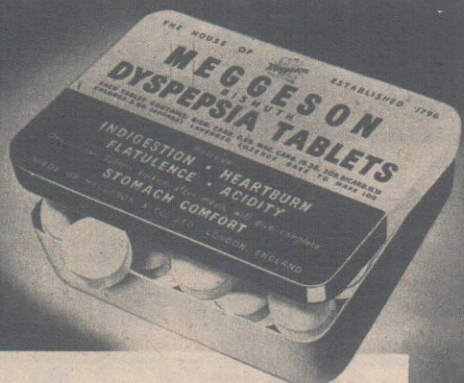
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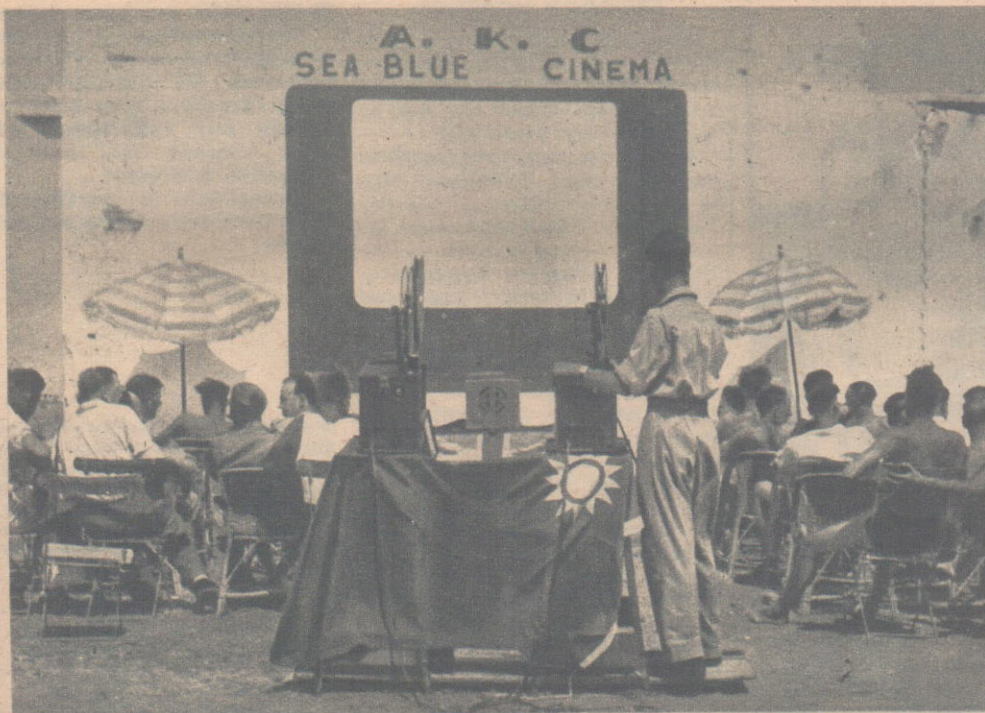
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EXECUTION WALL IS A "SCREEN"



LIFE goes on. Today, on a whitewashed wall which bears the scars of bullets, soldiers at the Sea Blue Rest Camp near Salonika watch films screened in the open air by the Army Kinema Corporation.

Against this wall the Nazis shot their political prisoners and hostages — even children — during the war.

Greece is a blood-soaked land, with copious reminders of ancient — and modern — cruelties. But the scars rapidly become part of the landscape, and under the fierce sunlight Life goes on.

Coming Your Way

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

THE WINSLOW BOY

In 1912 a young Naval cadet at Osborne was falsely charged with stealing a postal order and expelled. His father carried the case to the House of Commons and the Lord Chief Justice's Court and the boy was vindicated. Terence Rattigan made a successful play of the story; now Anthony Asquith has filmed the play, with Robert Donat, Cedric Hardwicke, Basil Radford, Kathleen Harrison, Francis L. Sullivan and Margaret Leighton. The critics were enraptured.

NOOSE

London's "wide" boys, and the ex-Commandos who clean them up, aided by a newspaper girl who takes nearly as many risks as the editor who prints her stuff. Thrills with a comedy streak; Carole Landis, Derek Farr and Joseph Callela (the "Soho snake").

A DOUBLE LIFE

Ronald Colman won an Oscar for his performance in this film as an actor who plays Othello in real life as well as on the stage. Supporting him is Signe Hasso, who also makes history by wearing a new kind of lipstick proof against the heaviest kissing.

HIGH WALL

Did he strangle his wife in an uncontrollable fury of jealousy or as a victim of amnesia did he only imagine that he had committed the crime? It might happen to anybody, but it happens here to Robert Taylor. With Audrey Totter and Herbert Marshall.

THE EXILE

Bits of history you never read in a history book. King Douglas Fairbanks Jr., known as Charles II, exiled in Holland gets involved with Countess Maria Montez de Corteuil, emissary of Louis XIV. He also fights a duel to the death and renounces the love of a Dutch girl.

2 minute sermon

The road that led to Bethlehem was a long road. It did not just wind among the hills from Nazareth to the City of David. Rather did it wander forward across the centuries, twisting bewilderingly amid the mazes of man's eternal quest for God and sometimes almost losing itself in a confusion of false hopes. It was white with the bones of the prophets and eerie with the sound of voices crying in the wilderness.

For Christ was not the result of blind chance. His coming was "in the fulness of time" and the Babe in the manger was the fulfilment of all that had gone before. In Christ the long road of men's hopes and ideals came out of the darkness into the light. The great crises of good or evil never happen suddenly. They are only the "breaking surface" of what lies beneath.

That is true to-day. The same forces are at work now. Underneath the greed and the evil, the war talk and the fear, men are thinking and teaching and believing. One day their labours, too, will be fulfilled and the road to Bethlehem will emerge, and will be there for all to see.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION

(From Page 27)

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Gen. Mech. Eng.—Maintenance
— Draughtsmanship — Heavy
Diesel—Die & Press Tool Work
— Welding—Production Eng.—
Jig & Tool Design—Sheet Metal
Work—Works Management—
Mining—Refrig'n—Metallurgy

AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERING
Gen. Automobile Eng.—Motor
Maintenance & Repairs—High
Speed Diesel—Garage Mngment.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING
Gen. Elec. Eng.—Elementary &
Advanced Elec. Technology —
Installations Draughtsmanship
— Supply — Maintenance —
Design — Electrical Traction —
Mining Electrical Eng.—Power
Station equipment, etc.

CIVIL ENGINEERING
Gen. Civil Eng.—Sanitary Eng.
— Structural Eng.—Road Eng.—
Reinforced Concrete—Geology.

RADIO ENGINEERING
Gen. Radio Eng.—Radio Servicing,
Maintenance & Repairs —
Sound Film Projection — Tele-
graphy — Telephony — Television
— C. & G. Telecommunications.

BUILDING
Gen. Building—Heating & Ventila-
tion—Architectural Draughts-
manship—Surveying—Clerk of
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HISTORY REPEATS

The article on the Royal Scots Greys in your October issue reminds me of an incident of the 1914-18 war which was told to me only a few weeks ago.

Mr. Parker, one of our members and a pre-1914 Territorial, was in the Cable Section of the 6th Signal Coy. RE in 1916, when his section occupied a barn in the Flanders village of Esquelbecq, which lies between Cassel and Bergues.

One day the walls of the barn were cleaned, revealing the names of several troopers of the Scots Greys and the regimental cap badge scratched on the soft stone, under the date of 1815.

Evidently the regiment was quartered in Esquelbecq during the Waterloo campaign. Perhaps some historian of the Royal Scots Greys can state whether this was before or after the battle of 18 June. — **Brigadier E. A. James, President, Birmingham Branch, Royal Signals Association.**

"BROWNE OFF"

In your October issue you quote Eric Partridge as stating that the expression "browne off" originated in 1931. In point of fact it was already well used as early as 1925.

A certain W.O. Caulfield, whose regimental number was 43, would reply to anyone who said he was "browne off" with "H'm, I thought only handsome men got sunburnt!"

There are numerous words which have

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disappeared from the Service vocabulary. One commonly used—"binder" (a bore)—had a song written round it to the tune of "Mr. Gallacher, Oh Mr. Sheen". I believe there is a recording of it far back in one of the dark recesses of the BBC.—**Sgt. W. Turner, RAF, Lubeck, BAFO, BAOR 22.**

ABOLISH 'PRIVATE'?

In a recent issue I was interested to read that a new word is being sought to supplant "Other Ranks"—a term generally disliked.

I think the word "soldier" should be the one used. Surely the objection that "officers and soldiers" implies that officers are not soldiers cannot be raised. What is wanted is a new interpretation of the two words. "Officers" should be the term describing all male and female holders of the King's Commission and "soldiers" the one for all enlisted men and women.

I would further suggest that "Sub-officer" replace "Non Commissioned Officer" and that something should also replace the worst word of all—"Pri-

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LETTERS

vate". Possibly the words "Infantryman", "Corpsman" and "Corpswoman" with their respective abbreviations of "Inf", "Cmn" and "Cwn" would fill the bill.

After all, why should the lowest ranks of The Rifle Brigade be called "Riflemen" any more than the lowest ranks of any other Infantry regiment? — **W.O.II E. Bristow RAMC, GHQ Medical Stores, MELF.**

BUYING MOTOR CYCLES

If troops in BAOR are now allowed to buy old Army motor-cycles in order to re-condition them for racing, a sport which is encouraged by the authorities in that Command, why can't the idea be extended to Home Commands? — **Cln. F. Kemp, No. 2 AAPC REME Workshops, Cleave, Camp Cornwall.**

★ Individual soldiers in BAOR are not allowed to buy old motor-cycles direct from the Army without permission of the Army Council, which would not be given for sporting purposes. However, some 200 surplus machines were recently purchased from Control Commission, Germany by Welfare BAOR and these are being used for organised racing.

Although troops in Britain cannot buy direct from the Army, the Ministry of Supply holds regular sales (advertised in the Press) of all sorts of surplus Army equipment. Soldiers can buy at these sales on the same terms as civilians; they have no special privileges.

The only way to start organised racing in Britain would be for a Commander to arrange for his Welfare staff to buy motor-cycles from the Ministry of Supply. Non-public funds would have to be used and in Home Commands these funds are usually regulated by a Trust Deed which lays down how the money will be spent. It is doubtful whether racing would be included. Any Command wishing to take up the sport would have to apply to the Central Council for permission to amend their Trust Deed.

STARTING AS NCO

I feel sure that the recruiting response would be better if there were opportunities for men to enlist in the three Services in a grade equal to the one they already hold in civilian life.

No one who has reached the status of say, foreman, chargehand, or senior clerk in civil employment is going to give this up to join the Army if he has to begin all over again as a private.

Why cannot such men be made direct NCO's as soon as they enlist, in an equivalent grade to that which they held in civil life, afterwards undergoing the basic training that will fit them for the purely military side of their new life? — **E. Budden (address supplied).**

★ There are many objections. For instance, even in civil life if a senior clerk transfers to another firm using a very different system of office work he is not normally taken on immediately as senior clerk. In many cases, too, the Army likes to train its own men from scratch.

SEPARATED

Answers to questions on pay in the Commons suggest that certain allowances may be reviewed. I wonder if the plight of the married soldier, separated from his wife by Service exigencies, will be appreciated.

Owing to the shortage of quarters such a man must pay a higher rent than he would for furnished married quarters. In addition he has the cost of rail fares to visit her (in my case the fare is 30s); and the wife has the extra difficulty of

managing on one ration book.

I suggest (a) that until more married quarters are provided the possibility of prefabrication is considered and that the Army be regarded as a local authority for the purposes of housing (at present the soldier is not entitled to accommodation from local authorities); (b) a separation allowance be considered to balance the discrepancy between rents for official married quarters and rents for furnished rooms, and (c) an increased number of free railway warrants be issued to soldiers separated from their wives. — **SQMS K. Holdsworth, RAOC, Southern Command.**

★ These suggestions were sent to the appropriate branches of War Office. Here are the replies:

(a) There are several types of prefabricated houses under construction; some are being adapted to Army requirements and built as married quarters. Prefabricated houses of the permanent two-storey type are being built wherever advantageous and economical. A total of 700 are either planned or under construction. The Army is not building bungalow-type pre-fabs such as many local authorities provide; these, after careful consideration, were judged unsuitable for Army purposes. Generally speaking Army housing is part of the national housing plan, and is controlled by the Ministry of Health.

(b) Soldiers separated from their families are already entitled to free accommodation for themselves, or an allowance in lieu based on the average cost of private accommodation.

(c) Soldiers serving in Britain are allowed three free warrants a year. For additional travel they are eligible for the concessional rate, i.e. a return ticket for single fare. The question of free leave travel was considered recently by a committee of Service and Treasury representatives. It was decided that the present allowance was a generous one, particularly in comparison with pre-war conditions and with civilian life. The call for national economy renders improbable any increase in free travel facilities.

MARRIED QUARTERS

As a Regular who wishes to volunteer for service overseas I would like to know if there are large waiting lists for married quarters in FARELF. How do families travel to Far East stations — troopship or civilian passage? — **SQMS G. Stoner, Signal Regt., Carter Barracks, Bulford.**

★ There is an acute shortage of married quarters in Far East stations and waiting lists have been instituted by commanders there. When a man's name reaches the top of the list it is sent to War Office and arrangements are made for his family to travel by the most convenient means.

Since the evacuation of our main forces, Japan is virtually a closed theatre for married families; accommodation is arranged for them only in special circumstances.

OVERSEAS AT HOME

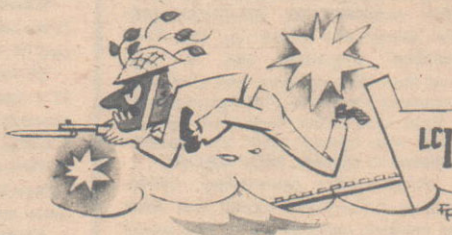
I am a Maltese, enlisted in Malta but serving on a normal engagement in the British Regular Army. Does my service in Britain count as overseas service? — **Gnr. J. Schiavone, Transit Camp L, Tripoli, MELF.**

★ If a Maltese, or any other Empire national is serving on a normal British Army engagement, his conditions of

service are exactly the same as though he were a British National. Service outside Britain counts as overseas service, even if he is stationed in his own country, and service in Britain counts as home service. This is the only rule administratively possible.

D-DAY DODGERS

Having read with interest the article on Lilli Marlene in your October issue I thought you might like to have a different version sung by the Infantrymen in Italy. It was written in a rather bitter mood, by men who had already taken part in four D-Days (N. Africa, Sicily, Salerno and Anzio) and had been



"We landed at Salerno—a holiday with pay."

scrapping steadily for two years. One verse ran:

We landed at Salerno—
A holiday with pay.
Jerry brought the band out
To play us on our way.
Showed us the sights
And gave us tea;
We all sang songs
The beer was free.
We were the D-Day Dodgers
Out here in Italy.

After several more verses in the same strain, some of which are not printable, the song ended:—

Lost among the mountains
In the mud and rain
Stand the scattered crosses
Some which bear no name.
Heartbreak and toil and suffering done
The men beneath them slumber on.
They were the D-Day Dodgers
Who'll stay in Italy.

—**Pte. V. Tryer, att. 15 Training Bn. RASC, Blandford.**

★ There were many cynical parodies of "Lilli Marlene" sung by different units in Italy.

MEDAL MUDDLE

A man in our unit wears two Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. Shouldn't he wear one with a clasp instead? And can you please tell me what is the King's Medal, what is its colour and why is it issued? Everyone seems to have a different idea. — **Gnr. R. Smith, Preston Hall EMS, Aylesford.**

★ It is possible for a soldier to wear two Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. One, styled "Army", was awarded before September 1930 and the other, called "Military", after that date. No clasp was awarded with the "Army" medal for a man who

did a second qualifying period of 18 years, so a man who finished 18 years with the Colours before 1930 and has completed another 18 since that date, may be awarded both medals.

There are three different "King's Medals". One is awarded annually to champion shots of the Forces. It has a centre of dark crimson with black, white and black stripes at each edge.

The second is the "King's Medal for Service in the Cause of Freedom" and is to recognise the services of foreign civilians who helped the British Commonwealth and Allied cause during 1939–45. It has a white background with a narrow red stripe at the centre and a narrow blue one on each side.

Lastly "The King's Medal for Courage in the Cause of Freedom" is intended for selected individuals who helped members of the British Forces in occupied territories, or performed similar acts. The ribbon has broad red stripes at each edge on a white background and two narrow blue stripes, divided by a narrow white one, at the centre.

WEARING RIBBONS

For four years during the late war I served in the Merchant Navy, thus becoming eligible for the award of campaign stars. Am I entitled to wear the ribbons of these stars on military uniform? — **Cpl. J. Fisher, RAMC Base Depot, MELF.**

★ Yes. The full list of ribbons which may be worn on uniform is given in ACI 984/47 (Special Supplement), which gives authority for a soldier to wear the ribbons of any medals, initiated by the King, which he has earned, irrespective of what his status was and in what Arm he was serving when he earned them.

SERVICE INCREMENT

From 1942 to 1944 I served in the Army on a Regular engagement and from 1944 to 1947 with the Palestine Police. I was then re-called to finish my Army engagement. My service in the Palestine Police counts towards my Regular engagement, therefore why am I not getting the 6d a day increase in pay awarded to soldiers after five years service? — **L/C. R. F. Ludlow, 1st Bn, Essex Regt., Colchester.**

★ Only paid service with the Colours is reckonable for increases in Army pay. A Palestine Policeman was not paid on Army rates and his service does not count towards pay increments. While serving with the Palestine Police, a soldier is on W(T) Reserve as far as the Army is concerned.

(More Letters on Page 46)

19,998 JOBS —

— were found in a period of six months this year for ex-soldiers by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen.

Of these ex-soldiers, 14,467 were non-Regulars and 5531 were Regulars.

Altogether, in this period, 27,197 former soldiers registered with the Association, so the proportion of placings is high.

To be eligible to register, a man must fulfil two qualifications. He must have:

1. A character on release which is not below "Good";
2. Two continuous years of mobilised service.

Registration may be made by completing the postcard or leaflet issued to all soldiers on release, or by visiting or writing to any of the Association's branches (addresses of which are often to be found on Post Office notice boards). Head office of the Association is 14, Howick Place, London SW 1.

MORE LETTERS

RANK ELEMENT

When reckoning the "rank element" towards a pension does the appointment of Drummer or Bandsman count as Corporal? I believe this was the case in pre-war days.—**WO II H. J. Sutton, Training Office, 50 RHU, BAOR 16.**

★ Article 1100 of the Royal Warrant 1940 says that after five years service in the band, or four years service with the Military Police or one year's service as saddle or saddle-tree maker in the Household Cavalry, a man will be classed as Corporal (Class IV) for pension purposes. This does NOT apply, however, under the New Pay Code.

MODIFIED PENSION

Is discharge with a modified pension a privilege or an entitlement? How, and on which Pay Code (Old or New) is it assessed? Under what authority is application made for discharge with modified pension?—**ASM S. L. Patmore, REME, HQ 16 Indep. Para. Bde. Gp., BAOR 5.**

Have you any idea what a modified pension amounts to in the case of a private soldier?—**Dvr. J. A. Handy, British Military Mission to the Soviet Zone, BAOR 2.**

★ Discharge to a modified pension has always been a privilege, as laid down in Art. III 7 Pay Warrant 1940. Under the New Pay Code there is no such thing as a modified pension, therefore only those Regulars are eligible for it who have a reserved right to be dealt with under the Old Code; that is, those who engaged before 19 December 1945 to complete 21 years. Even they cannot apply for "discharge to modified pension" but must apply for free discharge after having served 16 years of their engagement.

If this is granted, and they have 18 years or more Colour service to count towards pension they will be considered for an award of a modified pension. This is arrived at by calculating their entitlements at the Old Code rates on their Colour service and deducting ten percent, to the nearest halfpenny. After 18 years Colour service as a private, a man would receive 14s 2d a week modified pension.

LOST PENSION

In July 1925 I joined the Regular Army for seven years with the Colours and five on the Reserve. I was discharged on 30 June 1937 and next day joined the TA. I then served through the war until discharged in November '45.

On the strength of this I applied for a modified pension but was told that as my service in the TA was not followed by a period in the Regular Army I was not entitled to a pension.

Had the advantages of re-engaging been explained to me before I was demobbed I would have signed on to complete 21 years. Can I submit my case to the Army Council?—**G. Ferguson, 47 Westwood Crescent, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.**

★ Service performed on a non-Regular engagement is not reckonable for pension, except embodied or mobilized service with the TA which may count if it is followed, within five years, by service on a normal Regular engagement.

The Military Authorities are not responsible for ensuring that each individual knows this regulation, but in any case this reader could not have re-engaged to complete 21 years Colour

service because he was not on a Regular engagement when called-up at the outbreak of war. His service cannot, therefore, entitle him to any pension, and an appeal to the Army Council would—in SOLDIER'S view—be unlikely to succeed.

THAT LOCOMOTIVE

Brickbat for SOLDIER. In "The Railways Honour the Army" (SOLDIER, October) the name of the locomotive exhibited at Blackburn (my home town) was given as the East Yorkshire Regiment and it was stated that this regiment was given the Freedom of the town. The regiment was the East Lancashire Regiment and the engine was named after it.—**Lance-Corporal J. Crook, HQ, BAOR.**

★ SOLDIER's contributor, apologising to L/Corporal Crook and other alert readers, says he hopes this won't start another War of the Roses.

A BIT ADRIFT

In the article entitled "Oh, What a Wonderful Feeling!" in your October issue you state that Lieut. M. McGuire made the first post-war parachute descent in Germany.

You have forgotten the "drifter", the man who goes down first to test the drift and the position of the ground strips. I made the "drifter" descent on that day and was on the ground before any of the Army lads jumped.—**Sqn/Ldr. B. Stannard AFC, Royal Air Force, Schleswig-Land, BAFO, BAOR 13.**

OOMPAH-OOMPAH

I had the misfortune to read this month's SOLDIER (November); at least the misfortune came at page 31, where the mistake you made set my teeth on edge.

Sir, if that is your idea of a bassoon, then my idea of a flute must be your idea of a double B flat bass, or bombardon.—**Bandsman Andrews, Wiltshire Regt., Isolation Ward, 77 British Military Hospital.**

★ SOLDIER's apologies to Bandsman Andrews and other horror-stricken readers. The Commandant of the Royal Military School of Music writes: "The instrument in the picture is known as; BBb Bass."

AUSTRALIA CALLING

Your magazine SOLDIER has only recently come to the notice of the librarian of the Australian War Memorial, and it is considered one very well worthy of inclusion in the library.

As the representative of the Memorial in London, I was requested to arrange to obtain current issues and to inquire into the possibility of getting back numbers. All efforts to date have failed to locate the following:—Vol. 1—Nos. 1, 3, 17, 25. Vol. 2—Nos. 10, 16.

I feel sure that some of the copies required will be forthcoming from those of your many readers who appreciate how important it is that a complete set of any publication be held in a library. **J. McGrath, for Australian War Memorial, Australia House, Strand, London, W. C. 2.**

SLIP-UP

SOLDIER last month printed this query from a reader: "If I claim discharge do I forfeit all right to any pension I may be entitled to?" and gave the answer "Yes."

The answer should have been "No." If a soldier has completed sufficient service for pension, the fact that he buys himself out does not prejudice his right to it.

Let's Get This Straight

① Training for Civvy Street

BEFORE the war, vocational training for Regular soldiers consisted of a six months course, which was normally undertaken in Britain during the last six months of Colour service. During this time they learned a trade that would fit them to take their place in civilian life.

Often, unfortunately, the Regular was allowed to choose an overcrowded trade and he found himself in hopeless competition with a host of younger and more experienced men.

When war broke out this scheme lapsed and it has never been re-started. It was decided instead that Regulars should be eligible, on discharge, to take part in the Ministry of Labour vocational training scheme.

The courses offered under this scheme are geared to the needs of industry. If a trade becomes overcrowded, courses are stopped. Thus men passing through one of the Government Centres are almost certain of finding jobs waiting afterwards.

This means, of course, that the soldier has to spend an extra six months before he is ready to take his place in civilian life, but he is paid maintenance money during his training period.

Applications to join a Government Training Centre should go through the office of the Ministry of Labour nearest to the man's home. It is wise to put in the application and complete the preliminary arrangements before being discharged. In this way there is no likelihood of having to wait on the unemployed list before being accepted for a course.

Contrary to popular belief, the Government Training Centres are NOT closing down after General Demobilisation. The courses offered at present are listed in Re-settlement Bulletin No. 30. There are some 80 of them, from Forestry to Organ Building, covering all the main groups of industrial work. The unit Education Officer should have this pamphlet and he is the man to consult when choosing a civilian career.

Having selected his trade, the best thing a man can do is to apply through his CO to attend one of the 28-day courses offered at Army Colleges. These cover most of the subjects taught in the Government Training Centres. They are mainly intended to help the Serviceman who was already a tradesman before entering the Army to regain his proficiency, but they also provide valuable groundwork for the newcomer. By doing a 28-day course in his chosen subject a man will know whether the trade is suited to him, and he to it.

In their present form, these Army College courses will continue until next September, when they will be replaced by the scheme outlined in ACI 742/48.

This envisages three different stages of training, which will be spread over the whole of the Regular soldier's career.

The first stage will be done with the unit and is designed to teach the soldier the rudiments of a group of allied trades. After that he will study in local education authority institutions or Army Education Centres and will receive more advanced and technical instruction.

The last stage will be done in civilian or Army colleges. A man should then be fully equipped to take his place in civilian life and work.

Once again, the unit Education Officer knows all the details of the present 28-day courses. He is the man to consult.

② Ending Service in Britain

LINKED with the foregoing is the widespread belief that Regulars, serving overseas, are entitled to return to Britain for the last six months of their Colour service. This was the pre-war practice, and it gave Regulars a chance to look round for civilian employment and accommodation. It was introduced purely for the convenience of the soldier and the Army is under no obligation. There is no Army Order stating that Regulars can claim six months in Britain as a right.

Unfortunately, on account of the shortage of Regulars, particularly in certain arms, it has not yet been possible to start the scheme again, but from 1 Jan. 1949 it will come back into partial operation.

After that date, any Regular serving on a 21 or 22-years engagement may, if he wishes, be sent to Britain for at least the last six months of his Colour service.

This privilege may also be extended to those serving on engagements of 12 years with the Colours, but this will be subject to the requirements of the Service. It is for the command in which the man is serving to judge whether he can be allowed to go or not.

As there is now a large number of Regulars serving abroad who have about six months (or less) left to do, it is not possible to send them all home together. This would seriously deplete overseas commands and swell the Home establishment with many men who have little useful service left to do.

There is no special point in a man having exactly six months in Britain before leaving the Colours, so it has been laid down that those who can be spared may be home-posted at any time during their last year. This will enable overseas commands to arrange a programme of reversions to Home establishment so that the load can be spread and an even flow maintained.

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