

# SOLDIER

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November 1949

ARMY MAGAZINE  
Price 6d  
(MELF P13)



## PIKEMEN AND MUSKETEERS

The uniform was left to personal taste...

(See Page 46)



IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD . . .

get a hat!

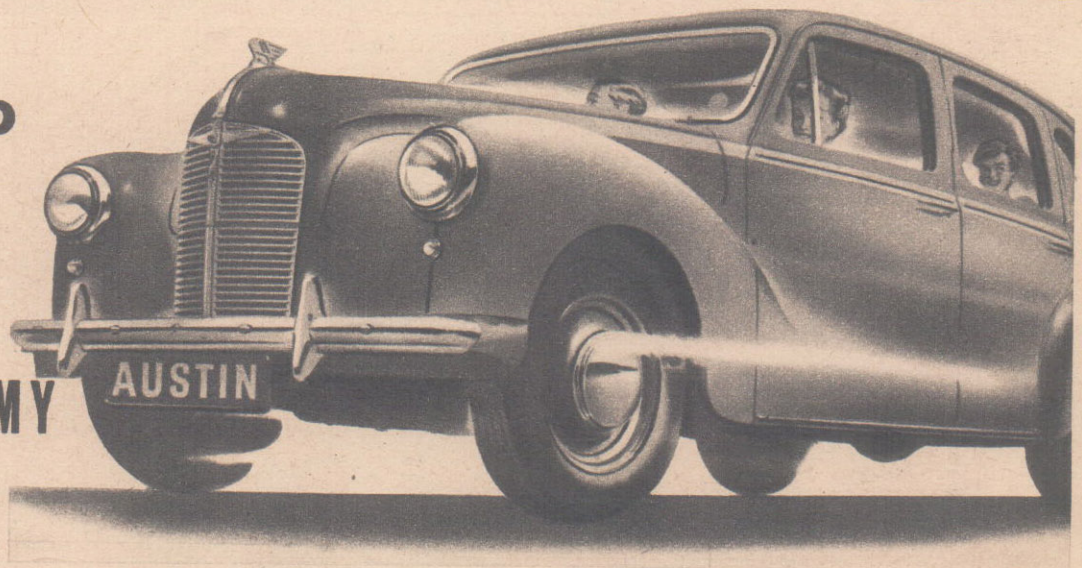
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# 1815

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

Drummer,  
Gordon Highlanders, 1815



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

*your*

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"No! The point is

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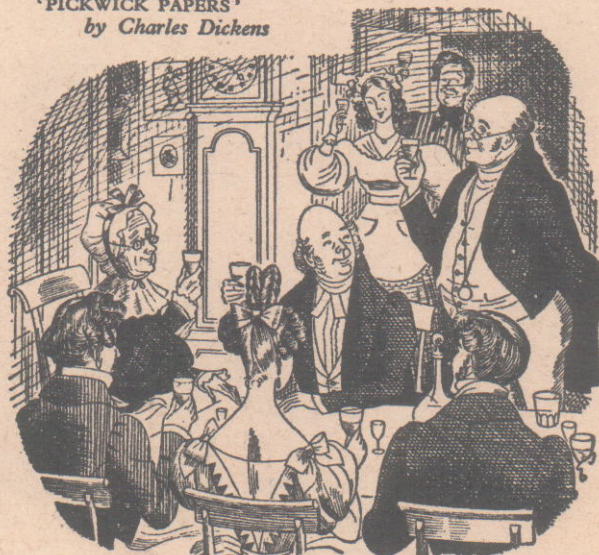
Old soldiers can take a tip from younger ones these days—when it comes to smoother, keener and quicker shaving! Even though you think you're getting good shaves, you'll find that Coro-shave, based on modern shaving research, will shave you one better. It gives you after-shave care too! Just rub in flecks of Coro-shave left by your razor, and its special ingredients will help your face feel smoother, look cleaner, stay fresher.

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"My dear friends", resumed Mr. Pickwick, "I am going to propose the health of the bride and bridegroom—God bless 'em".

'PICKWICK PAPERS'  
by Charles Dickens



### Mr. Pickwick proposes a toast

A wedding is always an occasion for celebration, whether in the pages of "Pickwick Papers" or in the press of current affairs. But it is also a time for serious thought about wills, marriage settlements and other important, if unromantic matters. On such occasions the services of the Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Company are particularly helpful. The Company's experience and continuity, with the friendly, confidential advice of its officers can be of great assistance in years ahead.

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From slings and slides the learner-parachutist graduates to towers and balloons, and from balloons to aircraft. There is more to learn than you might think before —

## GOING FOR THE HIGH JUMP

**"N**OW I want you all to watch this," said the instructor. "This is how a parachute jump should be done. These people are experts; you can't do better than to copy them."

A hundred and fifty husky young Territorials strained their eyes upwards at the silvery outline of the balloon, looming and fading in the thinning mist. Then one, two, three, four in quick succession, making perfect exits, controlling their downward flight with expert hands on the shroud lines, rolling on the ground to absorb the shock of their fall, came four — women. They were members of RAF airborne medical teams doing refresher courses.

It just happened that the women were due for a refresher jump that day. The whole thing was not, as some might suspect, a cunning plot to shame any male who might be feeling that perhaps, after all, Saturday was not his lucky day.

Balloon jumping has its own peculiar thrill. The first Servicemen to experience it (along with a good many more thrills) were the military observers who went up in the baskets of captive balloons over no-man's-land in World War One. When the Richthofen Circus zoomed down out of the sun the observers peeled overboard with commendable neatness and dispatch. Their parachutes were primitive by modern standards, but a broken limb was far better than being roasted alive as the gasbag, riddled by incendiary bullets, collapsed in a mass of flame.

Today balloon jumping is only one part of a parachutist's training. SOLDIER went along to No. 1 Parachute and Glider Training School near Bicester, Oxfordshire to watch the full programme of instruction. In a fortnight's course the men of the Territorial Army's 16th Airborne Division — recruited from all classes, in all parts of the country — were taking a condensed course in parachute jumping.

"Knowledge Disperses Fear" is the motto of the Training School. It is against man's every instinct to step

OVER



England's green and pleasant land never looked so green and pleasant as at this moment. In a split second the static line will whip off the parachute cover. Below: "Not bad, Nobby, but keep your feet together. And don't dawdle in the air — we're waiting."

(Pictures by SOLDIER cameraman L. Lee.)





## GOING FOR THE HIGH JUMP (Continued)

out into space hundreds of feet above the swaying earth, but gradually increasing familiarity with the idea overcomes this instinctive fear and breeds, if not contempt, at least a durable confidence.

The shock of landing is reckoned to be similar to that of jumping from a nine-foot wall in the dark. But it is not a straight drop; there is both vertical and horizontal speed, so the first thing to learn is how to fall properly, taking the shock on feet, legs, hips and shoulders, in that order. Another basic drill is parachute flight control, learning how to prevent the parachute swinging and to counteract drift. Thirdly, the novice must learn aircraft drill, with special emphasis on the "exit," the crucial moment when he leaps into space.

The first few days of the course are spent on these basic drills, with ramps, slides and swings for improving fall technique, more swings for flight control and dummy fuselages for aircraft drill. Towards the end of the first week the trainees go out to the tower, a 75-foot erection of girders, with two arms at the top, from the ends of which parachute harnesses dangle on cables. The novice buckles himself into a harness and is swung out. A brake on the cable drum allows the speed of his fall to be controlled so that he hits the ground at roughly parachuting speed. (In New York's Coney Island playground people pay good money for a thrill like this).

So far, so good; the learner has

been led gently from height to height. Now comes the big step when he makes his first real parachute descent from a captive balloon. The worst period is waiting for the balloon to go up. Visibility must be good and the wind not more than 15 mph. Two or three false alarms may precede the real thing; keyed up to the highest pitch, he may have to hang about for hours waiting for better weather conditions and then be turned away.

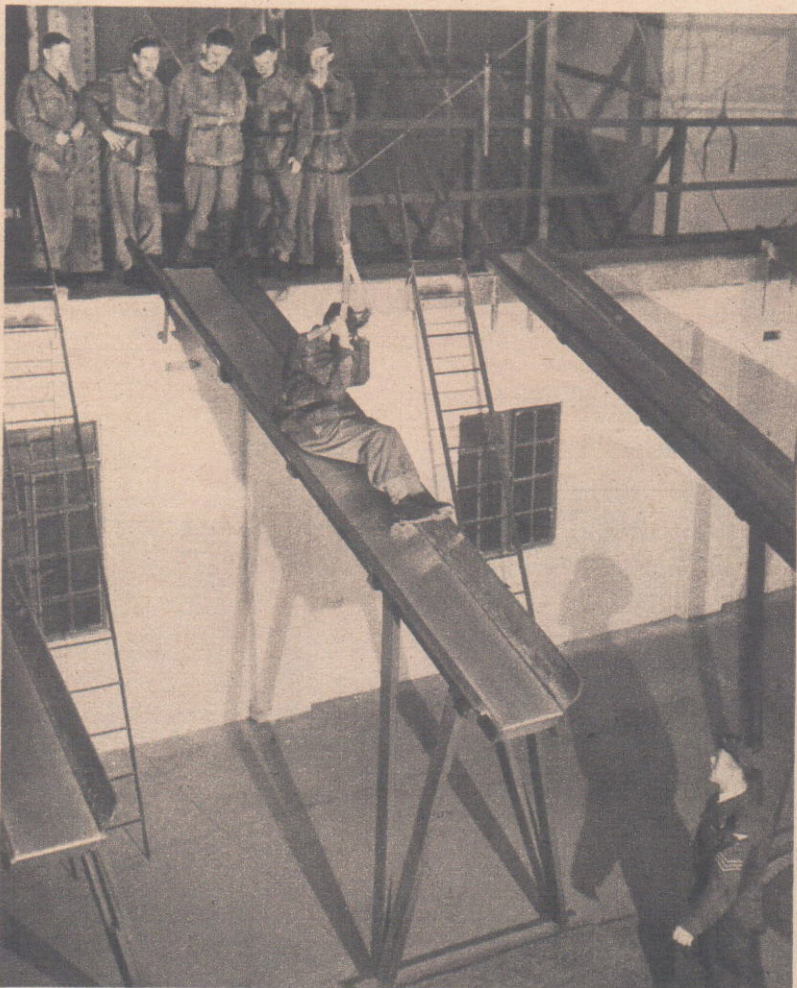
Finally the weather report is favourable. The men parade for a final checking of equipment and parties of five file into the wood and canvas "cage" that sways and bumps uneasily below the bulging silver belly of the balloon. The winding apparatus on the control truck whines and the balloon rapidly gains height. Men from all parts of Britain sing their favourite songs. "I belong tae Glasgae..." bellow the Scots. "On Ilkley Moor baht 'at" reply the Yorkshiremen, and "The Rising of the Lark" from a chorus of Welshmen fades away into the blue.

At 700 feet the balloon is stopped. Only the sigh of the wind breaks the silence as the men look down at the swaying airfield below, with its fantastic scroll pattern of wheel tracks.

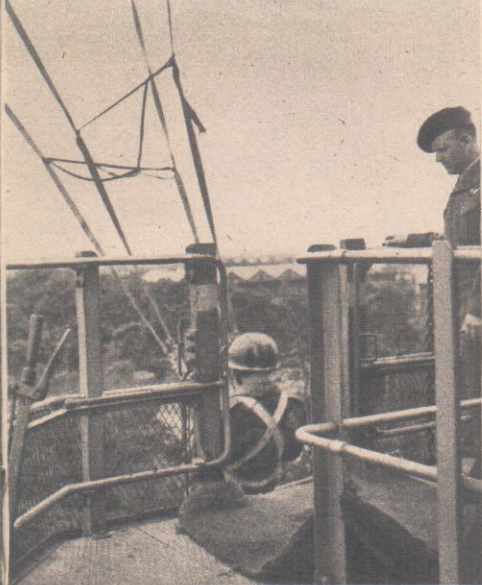
"Right! Number one!" says the despatcher, and the first man steps tight-lipped to the door, which is built to resemble that of the Dakota aircraft they will use later. "Go!" shouts the despatcher and the man jumps, feet together, arms at his sides, into



It looks like a drama school lesson on how to express anguish, but the RAF corporal is, in fact, demonstrating a landing position. Below: All the fun of the fairground.







Take-off from the tower. The speed of the man's descent can be regulated by a brake on the cable drum.

space. His static line, hooked to a stanchion in the cage, pays out for the first few feet before it jerks tight and tugs off his parachute cover. He has fallen like a plummet for a hundred feet ("hanging about waiting for opening time," as the cartoonist put it); then with a swoosh and a crack, the silk umbrella unfolds. A moment of wild oscillation and he is floating down through the free air, his parachute gently "breathing" like a swimming jelly fish.

Through a loud hailer pointing skywards an RAF officer coaches him groundwards.

"Good exit, Number one. Now watch the ground and try to assess your drift. You are drifting forwards, pull down on your back lift webs." This lowers the back edge of the 'chute and spills the air out forwards, checking the drift.

"Keep your feet more under you, knees slightly bent. Watch the ground all the time. You are drifting sideways, let your right lift web rise gently."

About 75 feet from the ground comes the order: "Pull down strongly on both lift webs." Then, just before touching down, "Raise both arms slowly." This allows the 'chute to lift, putting a last-moment check on the speed of fall.

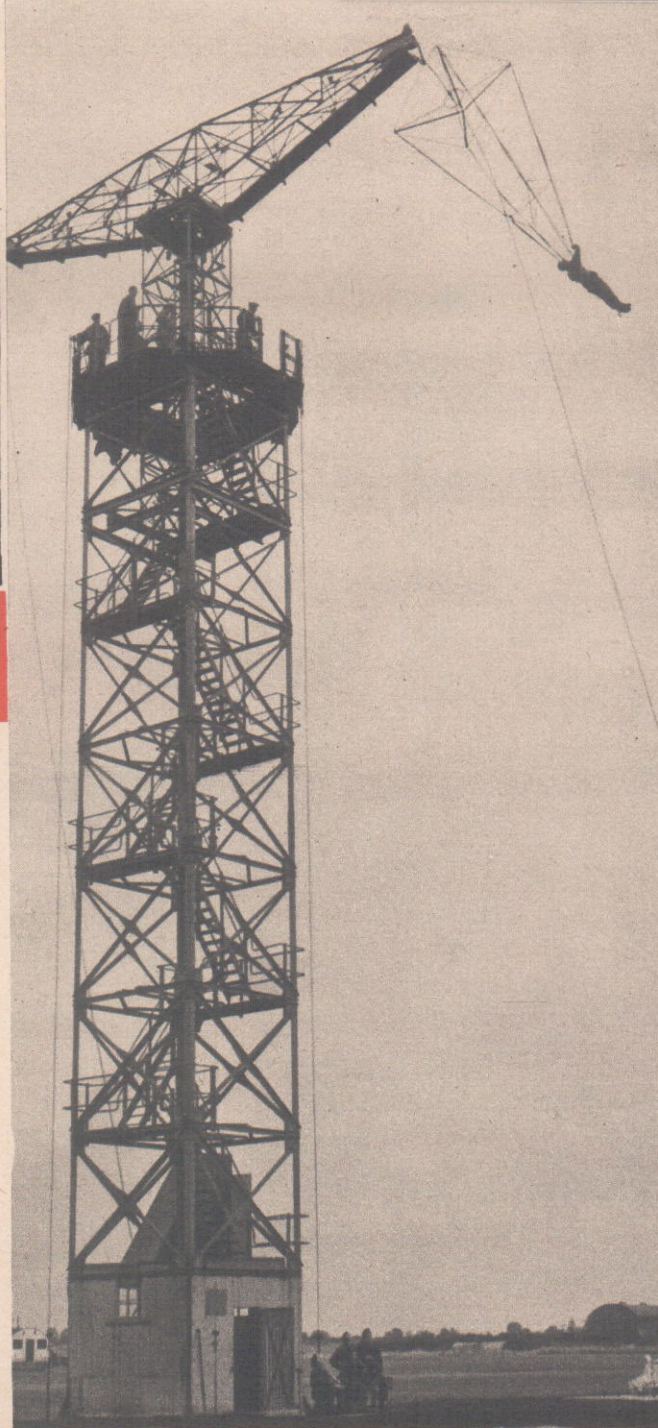
As soon as they have landed the men double to the control van, exultant, eager to swap impressions.

"That first 100 feet put the wind up me."

"I didn't have time to think about it. It was the moment before I jumped that had me scared." But they all agree on some things. Floating down through the air is a glorious sensation, the feeling of self-confidence afterwards is tremendous. "Knowledge Dispels Fear" and how right they are. There are seven more jumps to do, one from a balloon and six from aircraft; then they are entitled to wear their wings.

Accidents do happen, of course. The odd man knocks himself out as he hits the ground, strains a muscle or twists a joint, but parachuting is safer than, say, ski-

OVER



The tower drop in three stages: the lateral cable threaded through the suspending framework is to give sideways drift. The force of impact is regulated from the top of the tower.

## ONLY TEN YEARS AGO . . .

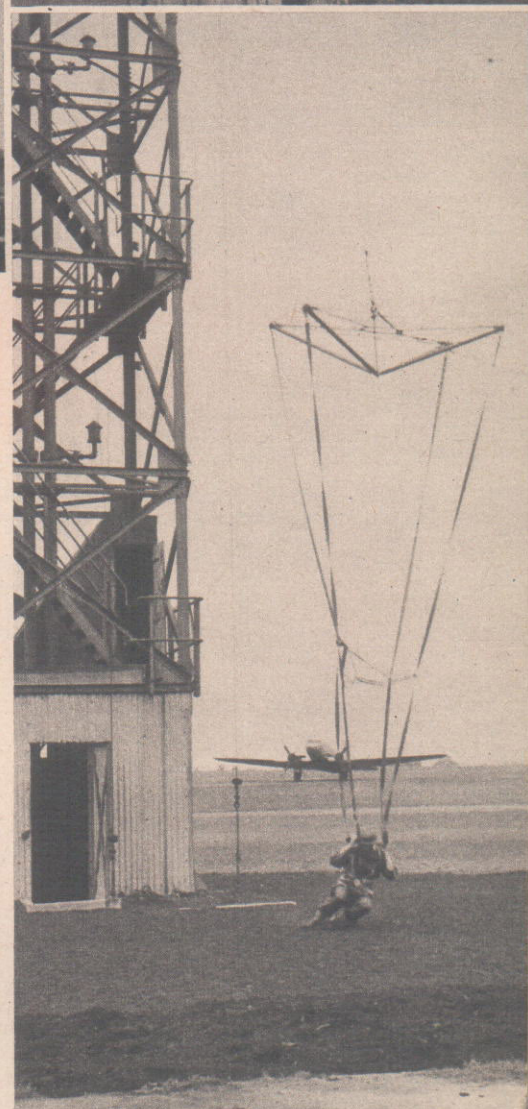
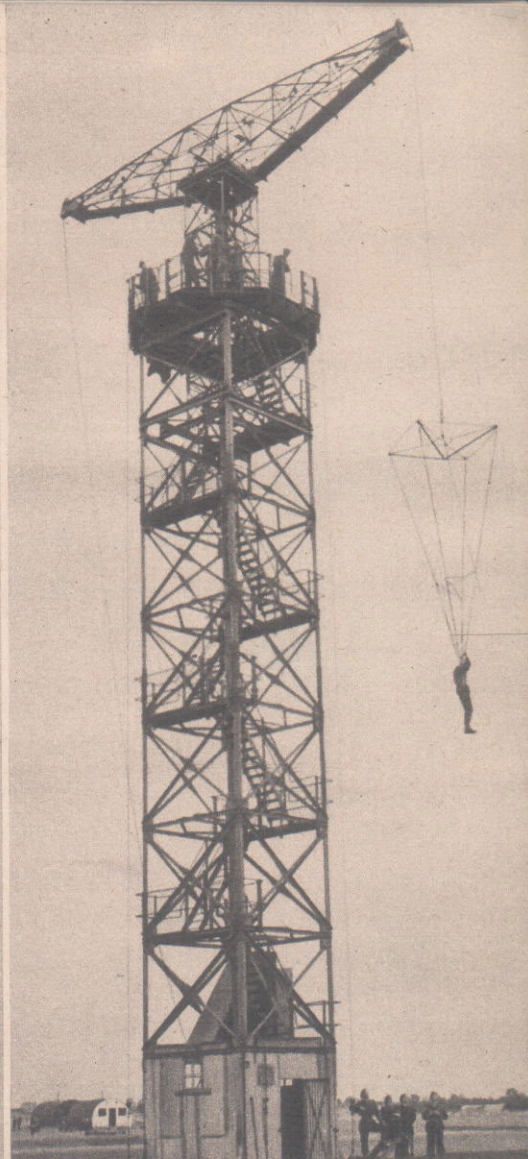
ONE method of instructing parachutists which was in favour when Britain first began to train her airborne army was the "pull off" method.

The learner went up in a biplane, and at the appropriate moment climbed out of the cockpit on to the lower wing, clinging to convenient struts. On a sign from the pilot he released his parachute, which then billowed out and plucked him from the wing.

The only good thing about this method was that the man could be sure he would not fall with an unopened 'chute; but the 'chute was always liable to get entangled with the rear of the aircraft.

Learners disliked the "pull-off" method intensely, but for a long time the authorities considered it was a "gentle method" of initiation. One man clung on after his 'chute opened and was pulled off strut and all.

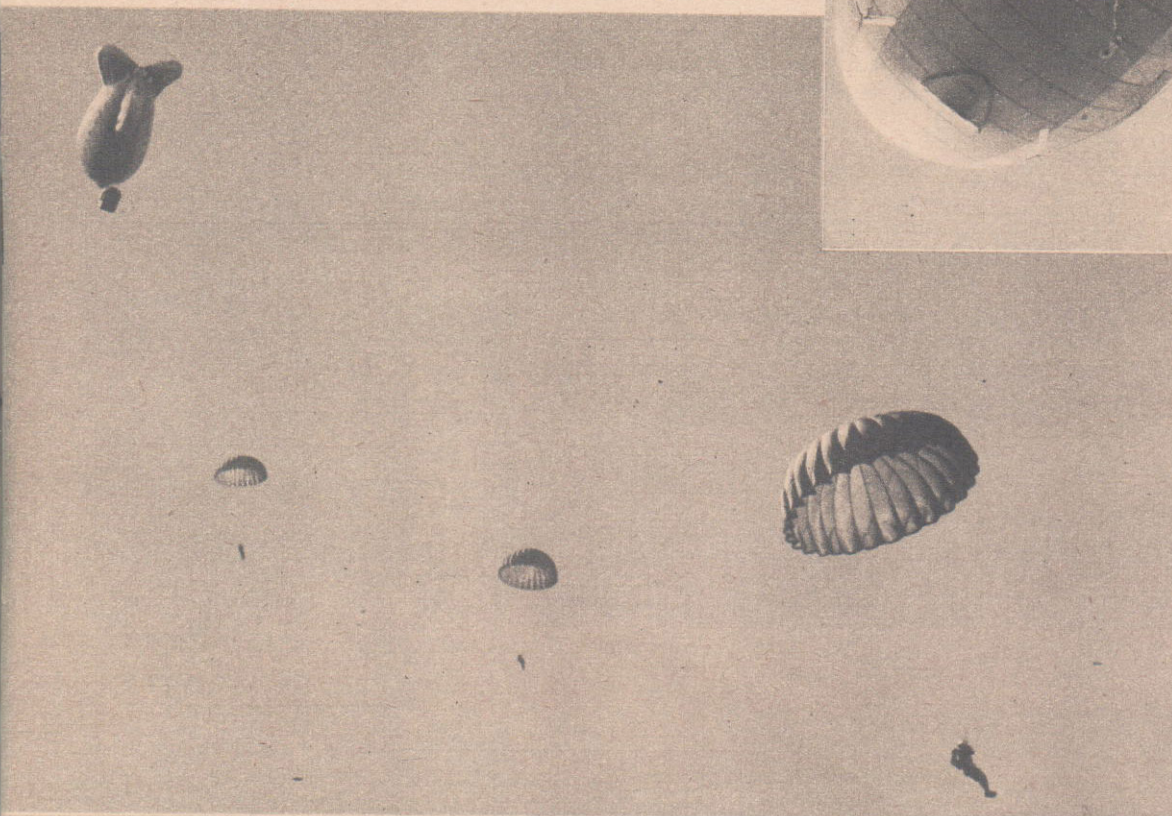
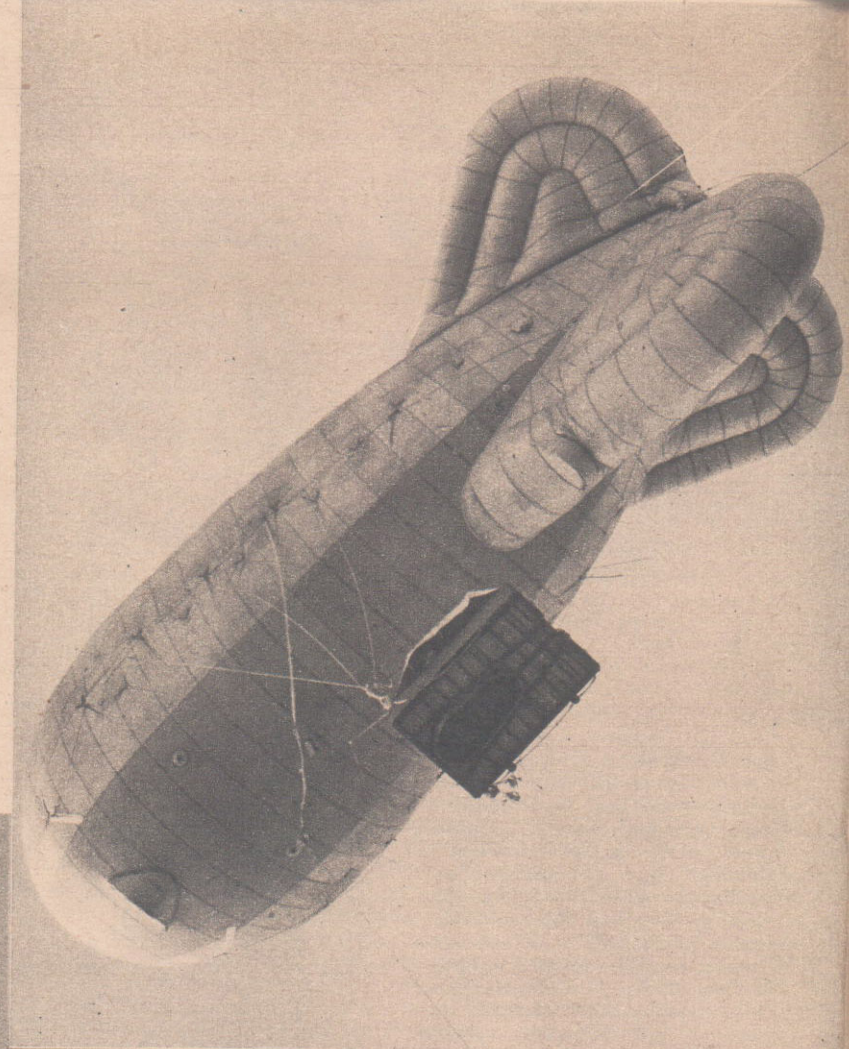
When the parachute school at Ringway opened, the jumping-through-a-hole system was developed. In the early days this, too, was an unattractive method of departure; the hole was a "funnel" three feet deep, and a man who did not hold himself rigid was liable to scrape his face on the side of the hole.







Smokey Joe's is a midnight restaurant, but Joe also serves "elevenses" to parachutists. The girls are members of RAF airborne medical teams.



Balloon jumping in progress: Note the officer with the loud-hailer at left of picture below. He calls instructions to parachutists in mid-air. A "stick" of men are seen entering the cage.



## GOING FOR THE HIGH JUMP (Continued)

ing or dirt-track riding. There is very little that can go wrong in balloon jumping, although one man recently managed to get his shroud lines wound round the cable. His 'chute could not open properly and he slid down the wire, landing on the control truck with a bang. He got away with a spell in hospital, earning £10 a week meanwhile under the special airborne insurance scheme.

There is always controversy about which is the bigger thrill, which produces the largest swarm of butterflies in the stomach, jumping from a balloon or an aeroplane. For the majority, their first jump is from a balloon, so naturally the sinking sensation is more acute, but there are some veterans, too, who never get used to balloon jumping. Writes Group-Captain Maurice Newnham in *Prelude to Glory*: "The rickety cage in which one crouched fearfully, clinging desperately to handles to avoid falling through the hole which took the place of most of the floor, the harsh monotonous grind of the winch and the awesome silence when the noise suddenly stopped, the feeling of instability when the huge ungainly airbag yawed clumsily and caused the car to assume a terrifying tilt, all combined to produce a feeling of acute apprehension."

Perhaps conditions have improved since this was written. It would be regarded as somewhat exaggerated by most airborne





Now, at last, the jump from the aircraft. Below a marker flare is the only clearly glimpsed object in the landscape... but somewhere down there is Mr. Shinwell. Pictures on right show (top) a last-minute check of parachute harness, and (below) a man dropping with his felt-wrapped Bren gun dangling below him. As it hits earth the man's fall receives a slight check.

(Photographs on this page by SOLDIER cameraman Desmond O'Neill.)

trainees today. The hole in the floor has been filled in and replaced by the Dakota-style door, the cage tilts only at the moment of leaving the ground, the occupants are safely penned behind rails and the low whine of the winch is lost after a hundred feet. As the instructors say: "It is all a question of instinctive fear, like going to the dentist. What really happens is not so very exciting, or painful, but each sensation is magnified by fear with the result that those who have never experienced it are regaled with lurid accounts of the fearful experiences that airborne troops go through even before they jump."

In plane jumping, an added complication is the slip-stream. If a man jumps through the door with a leg or an arm waving about the force of the slip-stream on it can spin him round. If he is still spinning when the shroud lines of his parachute are released they may become so twisted

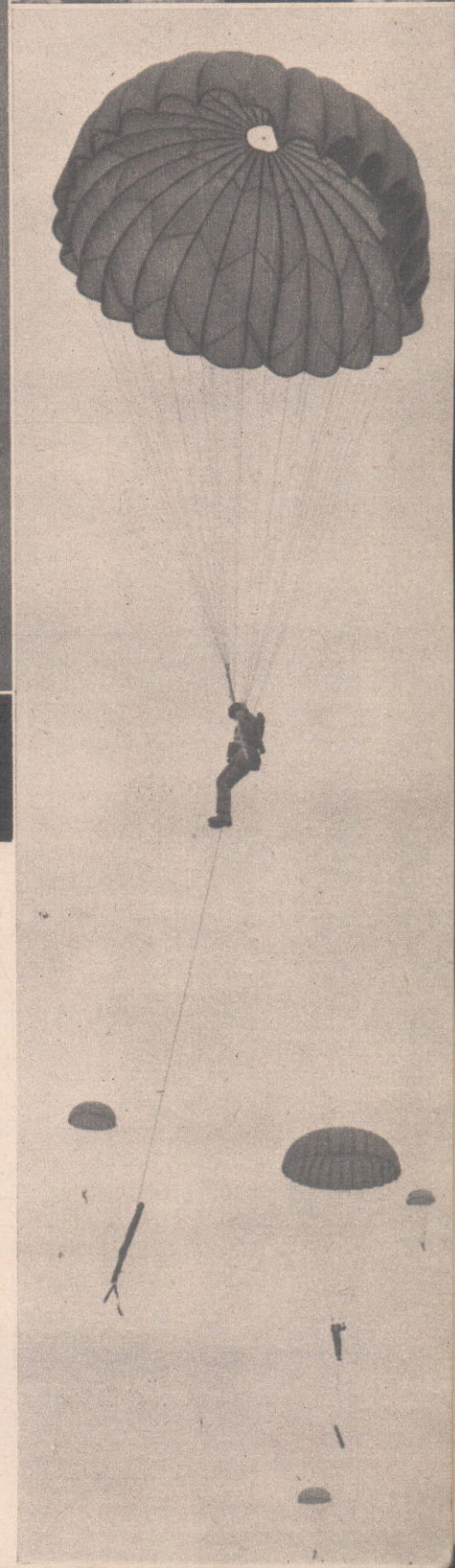
that the umbrella cannot open and he plummets into the earth. This is called a "Roman Candle." The chance of an accident such as this, however, is very small indeed. In the history of the Training School, out of some 150,000 jumps, there has been only one fatality.

One great tactical advantage of using airborne troops is the speed with which they can be switched from one objective to another. This was strikingly, though unintentionally, illustrated when swarms of paratroops from the 10th, 11th and 14th Battalions (TA) performed a demonstration drop on Netheravon airfield for the Secretary of State for War. It had been intended to lay on an exercise in which two parachute battalions dropped near each other and contended for possession of a single objective. Low clouds made this scheme impracticable and the plan was changed. No one who watched the successive waves of

paratroops descending, rallying to their company headquarters and taking up positions of all-round defence, could have guessed that in just ten minutes they had been switched from a different sort of drop 30 miles away.

The majority of those who took part were men who had first seen a parachute at No. 1 Training School. Now they are veterans, dropping in full equipment with a sixty-pound kitbag strapped to one leg or a felt-wrapped Bren gun in their arms. After the parachute opens the load is let down on a 20-ft rope tied to the harness. When the equipment hits the ground the release of the weight gives the parachute a last-second lift which counteracts the speed of fall. But no matter how many jumps they do or under what tricky conditions the men never forget the thrill of that first leap from the swaying plywood cage of a balloon.

TED JONES





The "ink drop" island at the base of India has had British garrisons for more than 150 years. Now the British soldier is there "by arrangement" with the new management

## Now We are 'Guests' in Ceylon

**T**ODAY British soldiers, who first went to Ceylon in force in 1795 to wrest the island from the Dutch, remain there only as "welcome guests."

Early last year, Ceylon achieved Dominion status. With her new freedom came an agreement with Britain that the two countries should give each other "such military assistance for the security of their territories, for defence against external aggression, and for the protection of essential communications as it may seem in their mutual interest to provide."

The Earl of Caithness has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Ceylon Army and military adviser to the Government of Ceylon. A Gordon Highlander, he commanded a brigade in the 51st (Highland) Division in 1944, won his DSO in the Normandy campaign, and later became military adviser to the Burma Government.

Ceylon was in the front line in World War Two. Japanese submarines attacked shipping heading to the island; Japanese planes flew over its cities. The naval base at Trincomalee replaced Singapore as the focus for the Fleet in the Far East; and the great port of Colombo was a staging post for troops going to the Far East and even the Middle East. Soldiers from all over the Empire swelled the island's garrison. And Ceylon, from its own war effort, found men to join the fighting services and women to join their own unit of the ATS. The numbers in the Ceylon armed forces grew from 3500 in September 1939 to 26,000 in May 1945.

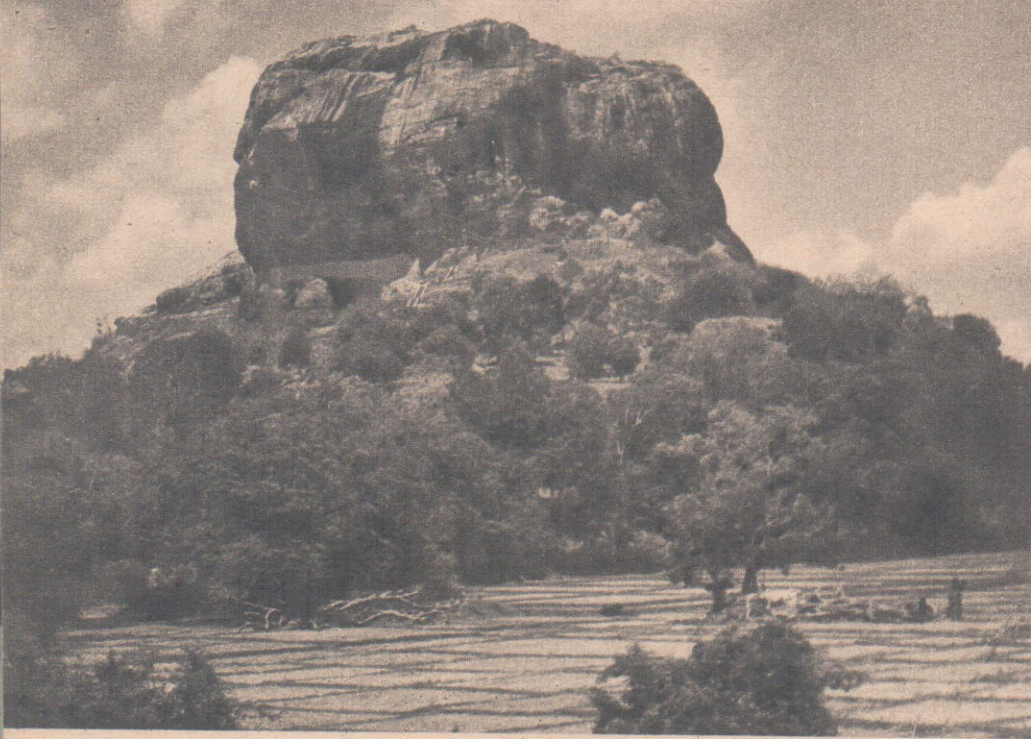
The invasion of Ceylon is believed to have been high on the list of operations projected by the Japanese. According to some authorities, the invasion fleet did, in fact, set sail, but was diverted at the last minute. Roy McKelvie, in his book, "The War In Burma," says that in 1942, after the loss of the *Prince of Wales* and the *Repulse*, and the fall of Singapore, Royal Air Force planes sighted a Japanese fleet 400 miles southeast of Ceylon. It included five battleships and several carriers. The object of this fleet, there is reason to suppose, was to "do a Pearl Harbour" on Colombo or Trincomalee, or both. Aircraft from the fleet raided Ceylon but were trounced by the RAF. The invasion fleet then sheered off, and contented itself with sinking 100,000 tons of shipping in the Indian Ocean, off Madras.

Had Ceylon fallen, at one of the most critical periods of the war, the Japanese would have been in a position to threaten Aden, the Arabian Sea and Madagascar, imperilling the Cape lifeline to the Middle East. It would have been an advance parallel with the thrust which the Japanese generals were hoping to make into India.

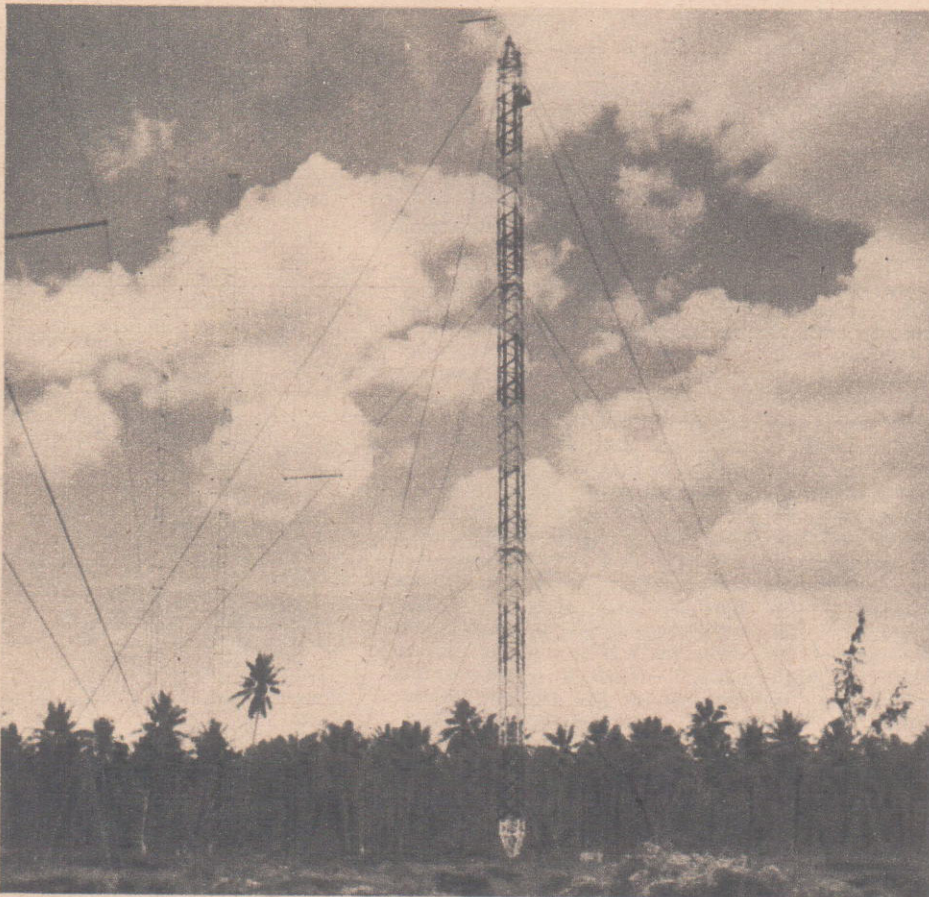
Kandy, in Ceylon, was for a while the headquarters of the Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia, Admiral Lord Mountbatten.

From Ceylon during the latter part of the war went out radio programmes to Allied forces in the Far East. Radio SEAC was the Army's most powerful transmitter; its six giant towers were shipped out from the Isle of Man. Today Radio SEAC has been handed to the Ceylon Government and a BBC unit uses it to send out programmes for English-speaking people (including Servicemen) in the Far East.

Now Ceylon hopes for a peaceful future. In far-off times she was invaded all too frequently from the southern part of India, and there were wars between the little states into which the island was split. Various rebellions were put down by the British Army in the early years of British rule. Now, another fledgling Dominion, she is feeling the strength of her own wings.



The ancient landmark which all Service visitors to Ceylon remember: Lion Rock. There are ancient frescoes in a cavern half way up. Below: a modern landmark—one of the 300-foot aerial towers of Radio SEAC.





# SOLDIER to Soldier

**I**T was almost inevitable that there would be a cry to revive the Aldershot Tattoo for the Festival of Britain in 1951.

It was almost inevitable, too, that the War Office would have to say "No," for the policy now, in view of the Army's stretched resources, is not to organise big-scale tattoos which cause dislocation to the training of many units. There is no ban on organising smaller ones.

Now there are some who say that a military tattoo is as obsolete as that other form of military tattoo — the bleeding heart on a man's chest. Certainly it is difficult not to sympathise with the commanding officer whose regiment comes home in the expectation of modernising its training and instead finds itself detailed to brush up its pike drill.

The argument that a tattoo provides good training in organisation — like unloading ships — is not the strongest one in its favour. A brilliant, big-scale tattoo is primarily worth-while for the lift it gives to the Army's prestige. A writer in *The Sphere*, referring to the Aldershot Tattoo, says:

"No one has forgotten the inspiration which for years that noble pageant radiated among all who saw it. It never glorified war. Always it left a note of sadness and the splendour of suffering; if it gloried, it gloried in courage and sacrifice."

Besides which, if a thousand men in a field can execute a variety of complicated and spectacular feats without a slip-up, the spectator is encouraged to believe that they can perform equally complicated feats on a modern battlefield without a slip-up.

In short, a big tattoo inspires the public with pride in the Army. And an army which feels that the public has no pride in it suffers an almost impossible handicap.

So the decision not to hold a big tattoo does not mean that the idea of the tattoo, as such, is discredited.

**R**ECENTLY the *Daily Express* invited its readers to send in postcards describing those little habits, acquired in the Services, which linger on in peace time.

The result was an entertaining picture of a world in which persons are always fighting down a temptation to pick up the knives and forks after a meal, to look in a shop window when an officer in uniform approaches, to jump to attention when the boss enters, to say "sir" to the man in the job above, and to protest to the doctor that they are really not malingering; a world in which men are constantly shuffling in an effort to keep step with their wives, in which holidays are still referred to as "leave," and so on.

Some of these tendencies are purely comical (though the impulse to show some formal respect to the boss is hardly one to be ashamed of). There is still less to be ashamed of in some of the other habits listed: the habit of "tidiness," for one... the habit of bracing up, when walking along a quiet road, setting back the shoulders, lifting the chin, and *marching*... the habit of making more friends.

Best of all, to SOLDIER's mind, is the confession of the man who says: "In all cases where a little organisation would help I want to take charge." So often, in civilian life, occurs some needless muddle which any self-

respecting NCO could sort out with half a dozen crisp words. This is not to deny that, occasionally, in the Army there is a muddle which a civilian could sort out in half the time.

**I**T is curious that no competitor listed as one of the habits which linger on "A tendency to try to get things done on the old boy network" (or "under the Old Pals' Act").

There is room for debate whether the "old boy network" is something which the Army borrowed from civilian life, or vice versa; certainly the Army here and there, has developed and sharpened the system into one of sometimes alarming efficiency.

One writer has described the colourful wartime career of Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean (whose book was reviewed in SOLDIER last month) as representing the most dazzling triumph of what can be done by recourse to the "old boy network". Undoubtedly it helped to have the wartime Prime Minister as one of the "old boys"; though Brigadier Maclean is the sort of man who would have gone a long way under his own steam.

While the "network" undeniably has its uses, it is liable to abuse. It should not become a device whereby a clique can use the Army for its own ends. It should not be so widely used as to make ordinary persons contemptuous of the "ordinary channels". For once the ordinary channels are by-passed, chaos takes over.

**M**ACKINNON Road, the Army's new base in the East African bush, has its own magazine, the editor of which recently wrote:

"I was told a short while ago that anyone who has never been to Mackinnon Road would get an over-rosy picture of life here when reading our magazine. Pictures of air rallies, mountaineering and flying club news, all kinds of sports, advertisements for cool ice cream parlours and holiday resorts all lead to the idea that we are serving in a kind of model military station which is, amongst other things, a health resort. Having allayed his fears, I could not but agree that the lighter side always finds its way into our columns, but then, why shouldn't it? It is a sign that in this difficult station we overcome our difficulties, forget our trials and tribulations,

"What's this I hear about a square peg in a round hole?"

and see only that which is worth seeing — the brighter side of life."

SOLDIER read that with particular interest. Several letters have recently arrived from Cyrenaica from readers who protested that SOLDIER published in the August issue an article which gave too flattering a picture of life and amenities in that desert strip. "Dart boards with only two darts. Billiards with only one cue. All canoes filled with holes," reported one reader. "This desolate, despicable country..." said another. "Your article made us sick," declared "Disgusted Sappers" (name and address not supplied).

**N**OW SOLDIER's aim is not to put a false glow on conditions. The British soldier is the least susceptible to propaganda of any in the world.

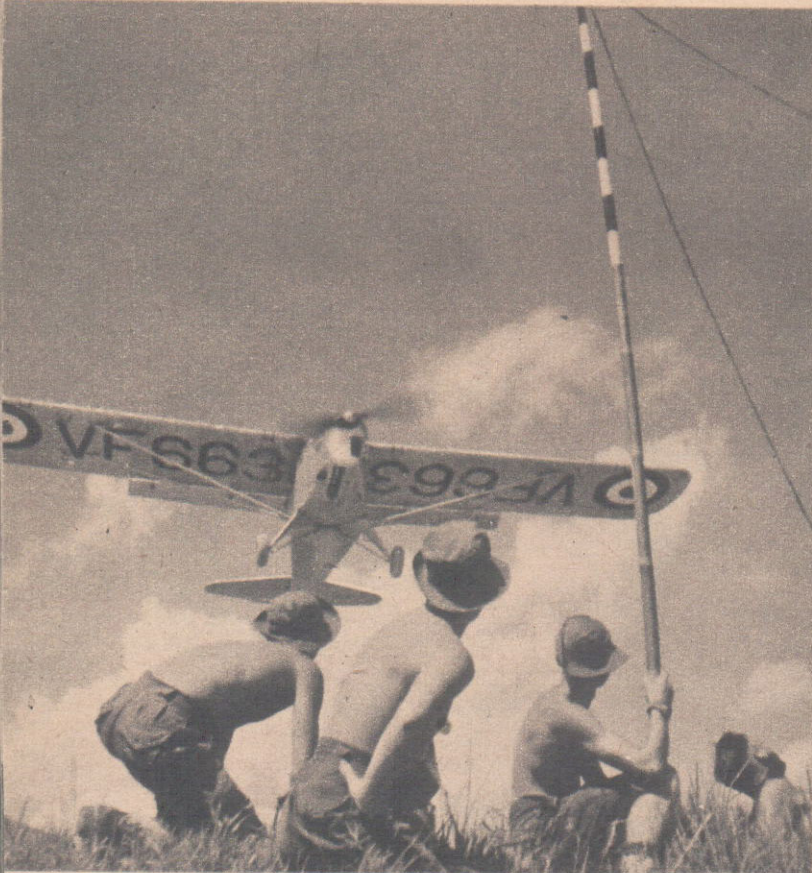
If the article referred to above erred in fact or emphasis, SOLDIER apologises. But, as they say in Mackinnon Road, it is hard to plead guilty to a charge of looking on the bright side. One reader says that we should print a balanced article; but somebody has to strike the balance, and in this instance it was struck by a writer who had been some time in Cyrenaica. Conditions which hold the elements of novelty and interest for one person are dull and boring to another. There are soldiers who yawn at the Pyramids, soldiers in whom the first glimpse of the shoreline of a new continent inspires no other emotion than "Roll on, demob!"

Our critics in Cyrenaica are not, presumably, in this category, otherwise they would hardly be readers of SOLDIER. They know it is not a magazine of criticism and disillusion; if it ever got that way, nobody would read it, not even the critical and the disillusioned.



"Confound it, Corporal, do you have to press the starter when I'm working near the fan?"





**I**T was a quick turn-round for the Leicesters. They were just home from Austria, settling down, as they thought, to a nice, long spell in Britain, when the call went out for reinforcements for Hong-Kong. And the 1st Battalion The Royal Leicestershire Regiment were among the first to go.

Their experiences, when they arrived, were typical of what the later reinforcements were to undergo. The men of the battalion's support company, for instance, found themselves living under field conditions from the start, camped near a village called Lo Wu in the New Territories, a few miles from the China frontier.

They were under canvas, their tents set up on the bare, damp earth. Every camp site ever used by the Army in the Colony's history is now occupied, and so are some more the Royal Engineers have laid out recently. To make room for the creation of a new division — Fortieth Division — officers and men of the original garrison have had to "double-up"; ancient barracks have been

pressed into use; flats earmarked for married quarters have been turned into offices; civilian buildings have been requisitioned, which caused a certain amount of civilian grumbling until the grumblers came to see that it was all for their own good.

The Leicesters' support company, which is commanded by Major H. M. de B. Romilly, who was on Lord Mountbatten's personal SEAC staff, quickly got down to serious training. Their camp was in a valley, which turned out to be a great place for mortar experiments in co-operation with an Air Observation Post. During the rainy season, the valley itself was not much use for training because farmers turned it into deep-flooded paddy-fields; in the dry season tank operations will be feasible, though restricted by the steepness of the hills.

The Chinese in the area, mostly paddy-field workers, have given the Leicesters little indication of what they feel about the presence of the rumbling Bren carriers and the noisy mortar-practice around them. Even when two of the Leicesters' serjeants dramatically rescued a Chinese woman and her child from drowning in the flood-waters, there was little response from the villagers who, the woman's husband among them, stood at the water's edge and watched. For a token of appreciation the two serjeants, Herbert Haley and Arthur Curwood had to look to the commendation sent by Major Romilly to Brigade. To the Chinese, life is cheap.

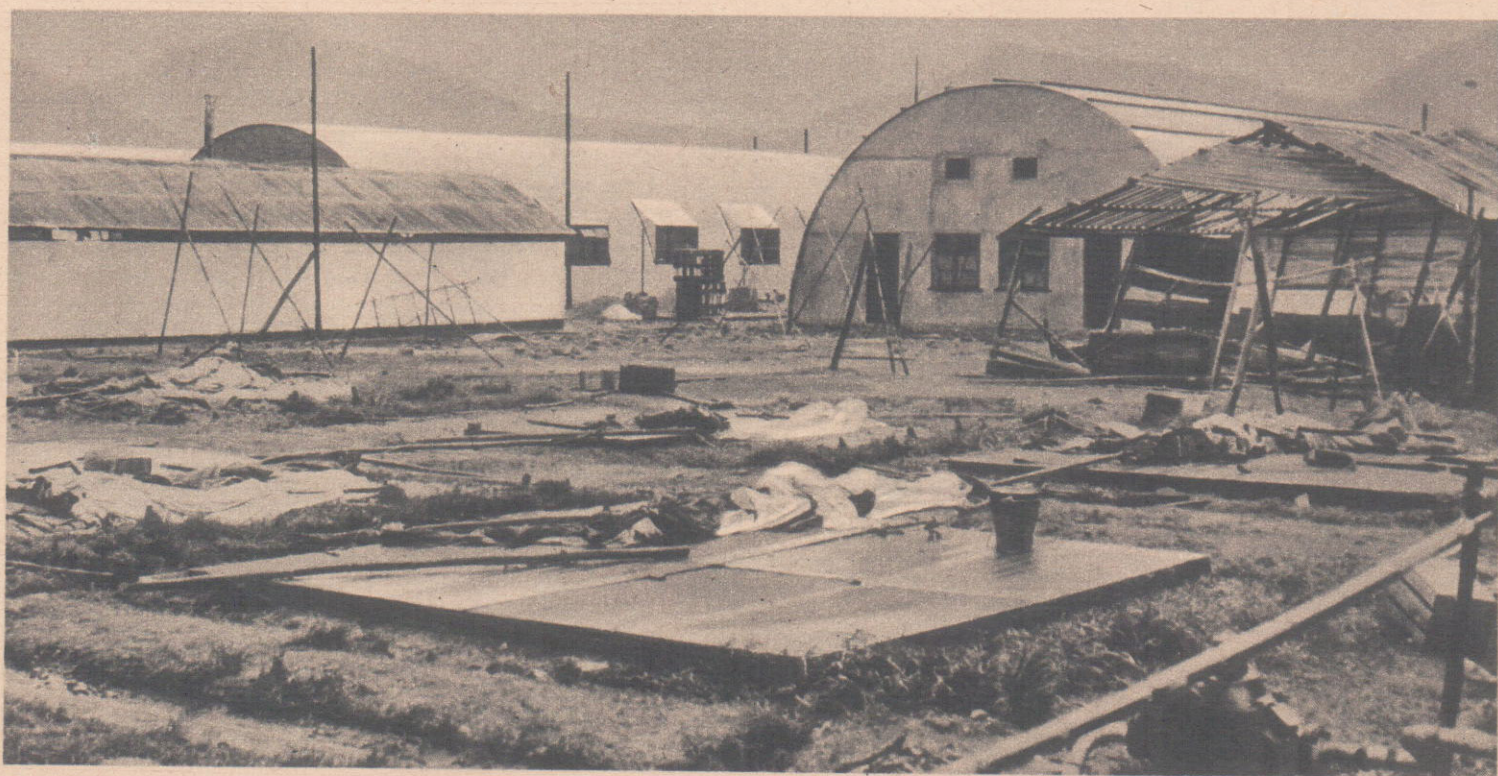
An Auster swoops to pick up instructions. Crouching by the poles from which the message is suspended are men of the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, on mortar exercises.

# SETTLING IN AT LO WU

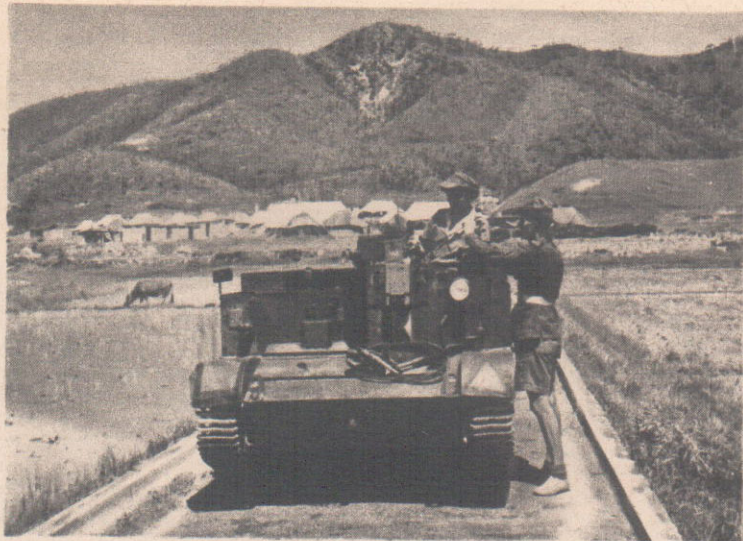
With their toes in Asia, and the rich colony of Hong-Kong behind them, the newly-arrived Leicesters train amid the paddy-fields

*From a report by Capt. Colin D. Edwards, Army Public Relations.*

Bogey of life in Hong-Kong: here are the ruins of part of Chatham Road Camp, Hong-Kong after a recent typhoon. Solid Nissens were unaffected.







A Bren carrier of the support company of the 1st Royal Leicesters halts on a narrow road between the paddy fields. The company's tented camp is in the background.

The children, though shy and possessed of the traditional Chinese suspicion of foreigners, have more time to get acquainted with the troops. But this kind of fraternisation has been spoiled by the parents who have taught the children to beg, not so much for chocolate as for money.

For their first two months, the Leicesters had hours of heavy rain every day. Tents were soaked and the ground around the camp was turned into mud. When weapon training was scheduled, it had to take place in living quarters, with a bed as a demonstration table.

Hong-Kong is on the fringes of the typhoon area, and nobody takes any chances. When one brews up in the typhoon "brewery" somewhere off Luzon, Hong-Kong's weathermen carefully watch its progress north.

The Leicesters, like all the other troops, make their own preparations for a visit by a typhoon. First step in the drill is "down tents" and the canvas is packed away with other stores in some

place where the weight-lifting winds are likely to do the least damage.

Then the men crowd into the few small brick buildings, like the radio storehouse, with 24 hours' rations. After that there is nothing to do but stay battened-down until it has all blown over — and then start to clear up the mess.

Lo Wu is quite near the frontier, and so quite a distance from Kowloon. Around the area there are only drab villages to see in off-duty hours; in camp there is an improvised swimming pool and the NAAFI, a marquee in which Chinese barmen uncork bottles of "San Miguel", the Hong-Kong-brewed beer. Empty beer bottles have gone into the inevitable replica of the regimental crest on a hillside overlooking the camp.

One week-end in three the troops get 48-hour leave. Then they may visit Kowloon where they can go into air-conditioned cinemas at reduced prices, get cheap meals, dance at cabarets and put up for the night at YMCA and NAAFI clubs. Outside the Colony, Macao, the historic Portuguese possession at the mouth of the Canton river, has become popular for week-end jaunts. The state of the Chinese civil war has put Canton out of fashion as a leave-resort.

For the officers, accommodation and food are exactly the same as for the NCO's and men. The only special attention they have had so far has been from a local bandit of the traditional type: he sneaked up to an officer's tent after dusk one night, pointed an automatic rifle inside and let off a burst over the occupant's head. Luckily the only damage he did was to a bush-jacket and the tent wall.



The practice target is out of sight beyond the hills, but the mortar crews receive directions from the Air Observation Post.



"Look girls, fashions!" A bevy of Hong-Kong WRAC's keep in touch with the things that matter.

## The WRAC in HONG-KONG

WITH the Occupation Forces which went into Hong-Kong after the Japanese surrender in August 1945 was a detachment of ATS girls, about 40 to 50 strong. The girls have remained as part of the permanent garrison, working at the modern white headquarters building on the slopes overlooking Victoria, Hong-Kong's main town.

It has been quite a surprise for the thousands of troops, who have arrived as reinforcements during the last few months, to find British girls shopping in Victoria and Kowloon and sunning themselves on the beaches and in the picturesque New Territories. Apart from nursing sisters at the hospitals, they are the only Service girls in the Colony.

By now a well-knit little group with strong *esprit-de-corps*, the WRAC in Hong-Kong are busy on administrative and signals duties. They undertake some of the most important clerical tasks; the rest of the clerks are largely locally employed Chinese civilians.

The Combined Services Exchange, nerve-centre of all military, naval and airforce telephone communications in Hong-Kong, Kowloon and the New Territories, is operated entirely by a staff of WRAC. With the recent rapid expansion of the Garrison, the traffic on their lines has become very heavy, necessitating day and night shifts.

Off duty, the WRAC find themselves in one of the really good shopping centres in the Eastern Hemisphere. There are American costumes, Chinese silks, "export only" British fabrics and nylons, "Lord Buddha" curios and 1s 3d-for-20 cigarettes. On week-ends they can go to long palm-lined, sandy beaches for swimming parties. Of an evening, a girl is unlikely to lack at least one invitation to dinner and dance.

Sixteen girls have signed on for four years with the WRAC. Others are on extended service engagements, many having already completed an initial two years. Eighteen months is the normal length of a tour overseas but it is quite usual for a girl to make her stay in Hong-Kong last a full two years. Sometimes, before taking their home leave, girls have volunteered to return for a further "hitch" out East.

Hong-Kong is popular with them and they are popular with Hong-Kong.



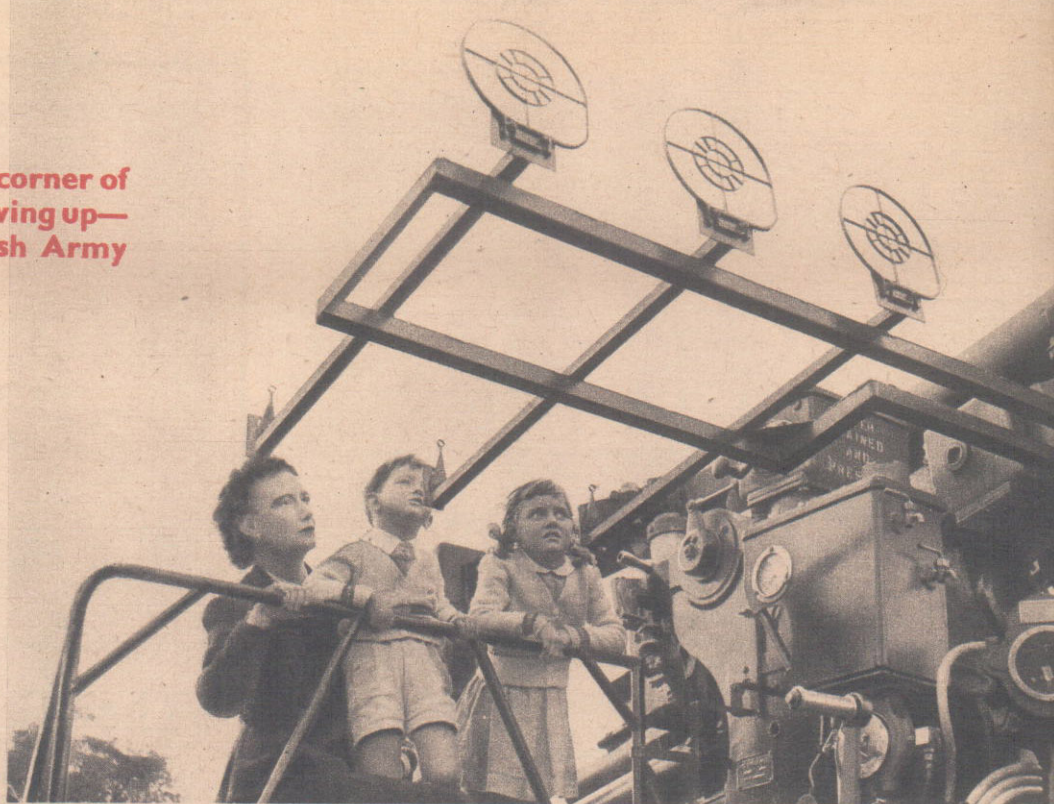
With her nickname "Dusty" on her cup: L/Cpl. M. Howard, of Southport, a headquarters clerk. Below: Pte. F. Preece, from Shropshire, at the switchboard.





The scientists at Malvern lifted a corner of the veil to show how radar is growing up—and what it means to the British Army

Right: This special array of sights was attached to an anti-aircraft gun so that visitors could watch how accurately a radar-directed gun follows its target. (Pictures by SOLDIER cameraman L. Lee)



## SOLDIER Goes to See THE MARVELS OF MALVERN

**Y**OU would not expect the housewives of Britain to go out of their way—all the way to Malvern, in fact—to see a radar exhibition. What does a pulse spectrometer mean to Mrs. Jones? Or a high-speed oscilloscope to Mrs. Brown? But there are housewives and housewives. And in the latter category are those young women who used to form a *corps d'élite* on the gunsites: the Operators, Fire Control, as they were called. In other words, the girls who operated the radar sets which directed the fire of the 3.7's; the girls who, peering intently at a cathode ray tube, followed an almost imperceptible "hostile" through the mush and enabled the gunners to blaze off at an enemy they could not see.

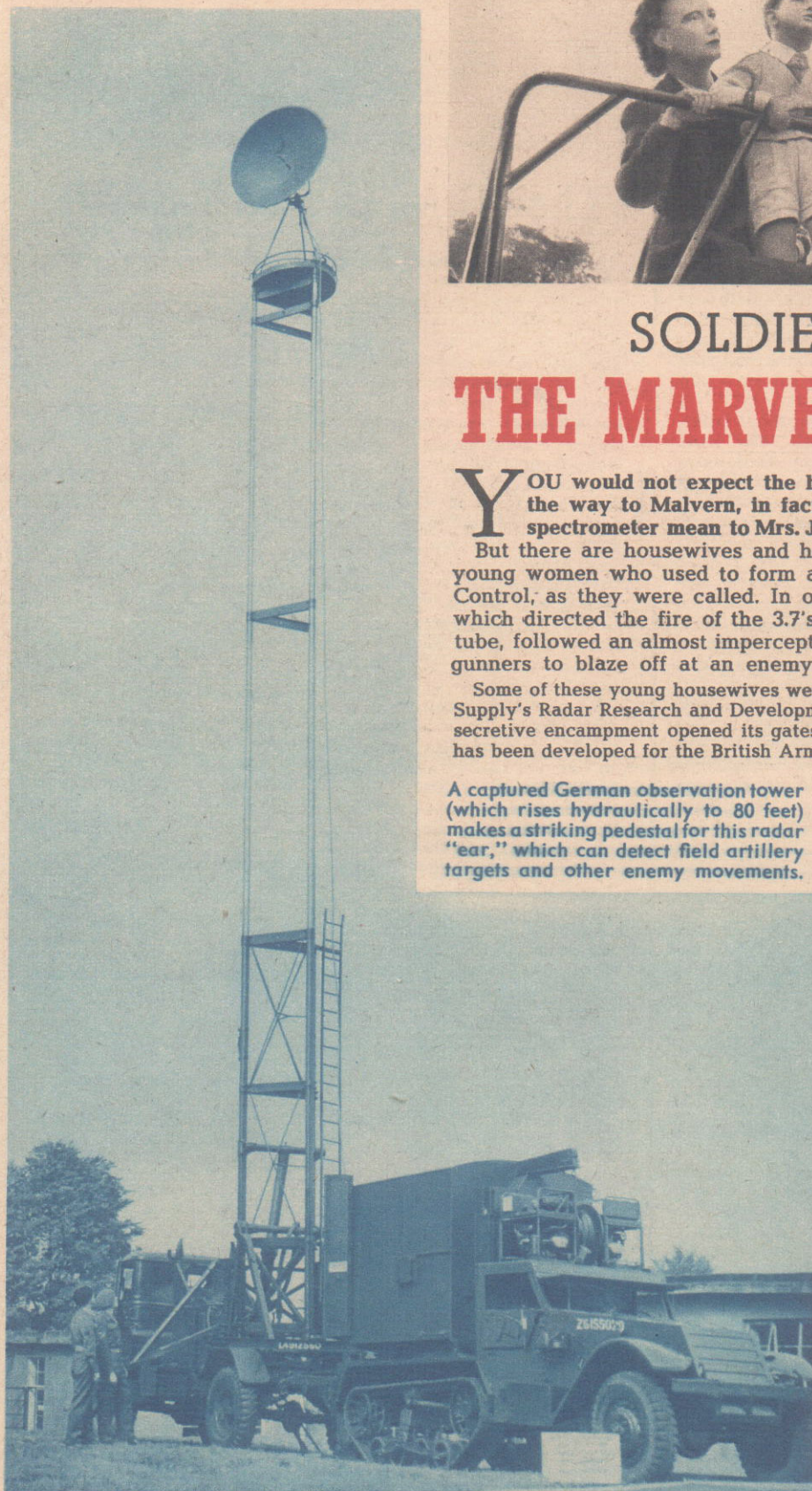
Some of these young housewives were to be found, programme in hand, at the Ministry of Supply's Radar Research and Development Establishment at Malvern, when that normally secretive encampment opened its gates to show the public some of the radar equipment which has been developed for the British Army. Their "professional" curiosity in radar was strong enough to justify leaving the children with the next-door neighbour for the day.

A captured German observation tower (which rises hydraulically to 80 feet) makes a striking pedestal for this radar "ear," which can detect field artillery targets and other enemy movements.

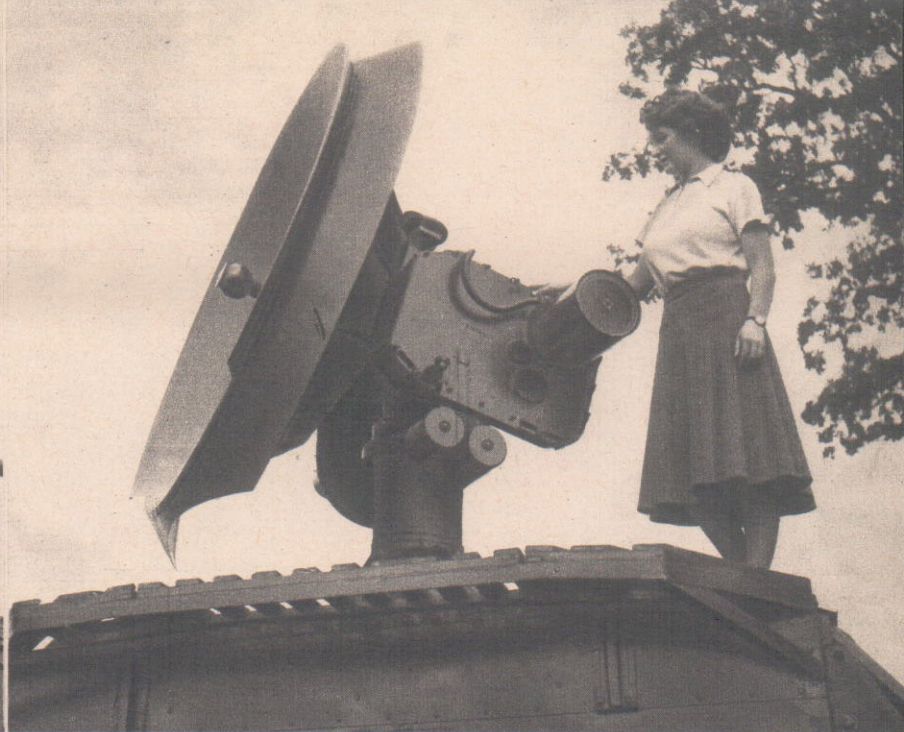
It was something of a shock to the demonstrators, who usually find that explaining the theory of radar to their womenfolk is like explaining cricket to an American, to be asked suddenly by a young woman: "What kind of condensers are you using nowadays?" or "Where do you keep the gun-cotton for blowing up the set in an emergency?"

The old radar sets, on which the wartime operators were brought up, were there—as museum pieces. The new radar set, now going out to gunsites, proved to be a compact, glistening affair, revolving in a self-satisfied way under a spotlight, rather like a mannequin executing a pirouette. It takes only two persons to operate and follows the fastest aircraft.

The men of Malvern had put on a very fine show. Certainly they had all the equipment the most ambitious conjurer could desire, including a magic wand which lit up when power was beamed on to it. The whole place seemed to be full of mechanical chickens being mesmerised and made to revolve in circles by master robots. One of the highlights was a pair of heavy anti-aircraft guns which were traversing and elevating apparently of their own accord to keep up with a fast aircraft circling the district. Visitors were invited to ride round on the guns and watch the aircraft through open sights, to judge for themselves how accurately radar could hold its target. (In an actual shoot, of course, the guns would not be laid on the aircraft itself, but on a predicted point in front of it, to allow for the time of flight of the projectile.)







On view was a new type of radar designed for tracing the flight of rockets over long distances to the point of impact, or to the point of self-destruction. There was a yellow model rocket which went whizzing very realistically along a taut cable to the top of a tower; as it did so, a transmitter sent impulses to it, and, by the invocation of "Doppler's Principle" — a principle enunciated by Christian Johann Doppler, a mathematician of Salzburg, one hundred years ago — the speed of the rocket was calculated. Near by was a full-size research rocket, capable of being tracked by radar and exploded at any given point merely by pressing a button in the control room.

The men of Malvern did not wish the visitor to accept any statement without being offered some sort of proof. For instance, a notice said: "Whenever a noisy object passes you at speed (or when you are passing a noisy object at speed) the sound seems to drop in pitch at the moment of passing."

For proof, visible and audible, the visitor was invited to press a button. This lit a panel on which a sound film of an express train came to life. As the engine thundered past, sure enough the note dropped.

The technically minded had enough here to give them mental congestion for a month: besides radar as applied to gun-laying, they could study searchlight control, beam-forming devices, electro-chemistry apparatus, research photography and optics. And there were some finely equipped laboratories and workshops.

For the less technically minded there was a demonstration shoot (a salvo of blanks) by Gunners of 213 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery. A veteran of the early blitz was particularly interested to note that the guns which once took eleven men to fire now took seven. Within the laboratories at Malvern, incidentally, the famous "proximity fuse" — which made all the difference to anti-aircraft shooting in the latter stages of the war — was developed.

This research centre, where they think nothing of bouncing a radar impulse off the moon, began as a searchlight experimental establishment in 1917, when anti-aircraft science was a well-nigh negligible quantity. It became the Radar Research and Development Establishment in 1944.

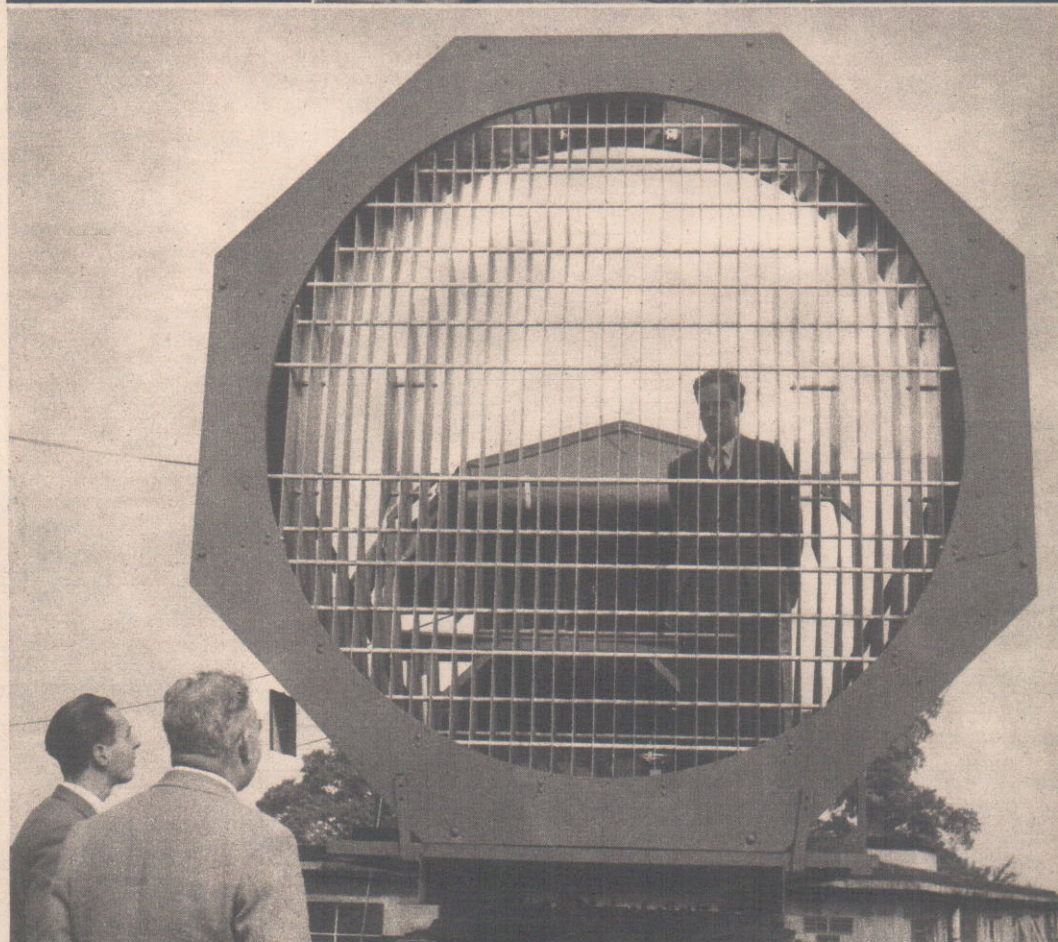
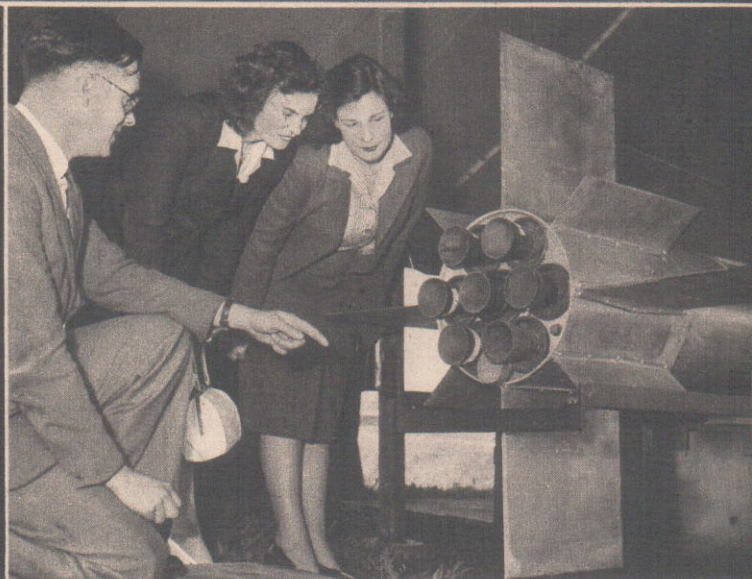
The workers in the Establishment may give the impression, common to all scientists, that they are interested in the problem for its own sake; but they can scarcely be unaware that it is in places like this that future wars are being won. When he opened the exhibition the Minister of Supply, Mr. Strauss, said: "I have reason to believe we are not behind any country in the world in this work, and we are determined to keep our lead."

(See also "Ack-Ack", a review of General Sir Frederick Pile's book, on pages 34-35.)

Above: Miss Jean Allen, one-time radio mechanic in the ATS, was there to renew acquaintance with the wartime radar receiver (left) and a more modern one (right).

Right: Mr. R. G. Davies, experimental officer and former staff-serjeant REME, discourses (not too technically) on the exhaust end of a supersonic research rocket.

Below: This lens aerial, made of metal plates, is used in directing radiated power into the required beam.







The big Autumn manoeuvres in the British Zone of Germany were held too late to be featured in this issue of **SOLDIER**. Here, however, is a curtain-raiser from the American Zone, in which GI's were pitted against an ingenious enemy: Aggressor



American Infantrymen land from their assault craft on the Danube (US Official Department of Defense photographs).

## AT GRIPS WITH 'AGGRESSOR'

**W**HEN the Americans open up a mock war, they do so with all the trimmings.

For "Exercise Harvest," their autumn manoeuvre, troops of the American First Division in Germany not only had an enemy with a distinctive uniform, but they had air forces on both sides and the United States Navy patrolling the Rhine as well.

The enemy was the American Army's own Aggressor force — provided, in this case, by troops of the United States Constabulary in Germany — in their forest-green uniforms, with their own badges of rank, details of which were issued to troops in charts like the wartime "know your enemy" charts.

Aggressor forces had fictitious commanders, one of whom was described as a composite of the personalities of the late General George Patton and the German General Erwin Rommel. He was quoted in the American Army newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*, as boasting: "We will soon make a Small Black Zero out of the Big



### 'Aggressor' Opens Attack

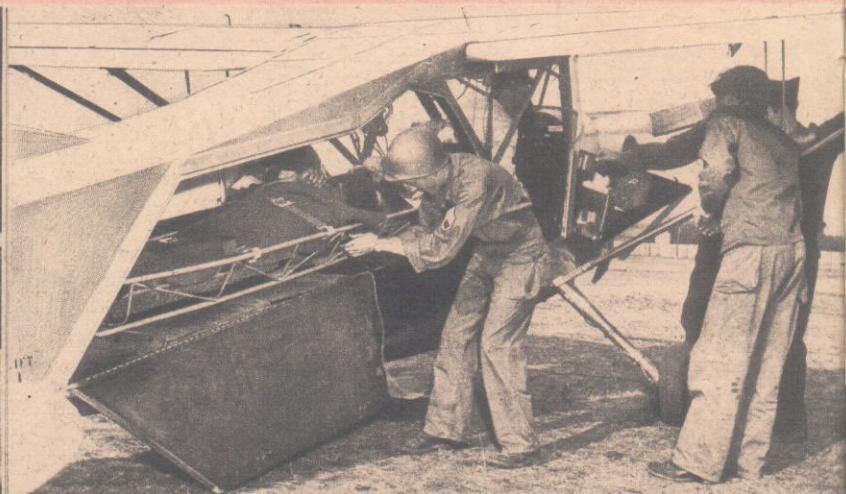
The newspaper *Stars and Stripes* printed many columns of news about the "Fall" exercises, interviewed Aggressor generals.

Seizes Bridge  
At Hanau, Hits  
4 Air Bases

By WIN FANNING



Commanding general of an Aggressor corps briefs his staff officers (this is, in fact, Major-Gen. J.D. White, Commanding General of the US Constabulary)



Private Eugene Gordova, a "cannoneer," spent his time undergoing simulated operations and receiving simulated transfusions. Here he sets off to an air evacuation holding hospital.



Red One" (Big Red One is what the American First Division calls itself). Another of the fictitious Aggressor commanders was reported to have had one of his favourite officers shot for not pushing home an attack.

The Aggressors began a push towards Munich and one of the highlights was a feint river-crossing over the Danube with the aid of a lot of smoke and loud-speakers, while a real crossing was going on elsewhere.

In the field, every phase of army activity was tried out. Civil affairs teams assumed control over local government; military police experimented with aerial control of highway traffic; there were mobile bookshops, snack-bars and PX's (American equivalents of NAAFI).

The psychological warfare people were busy on both sides dropping propaganda leaflets from aeroplanes and running radio propaganda. One leaflet said:

"Tired, soldier? Enjoy the paws that refresh you. [The "paws" were represented by a girl holding out her hands in a welcoming gesture]. If you're lucky enough to get captured by friendly (US) forces you'll get a week's pass to a recreation center (in return for the Labor Day holiday you missed). Forget maneuver griefs." And below was a slogan: "Remember! Nobody can court-martial you for getting captured."

The psychological warfare people were pleased with the result: each side was able to lure deserters.

Most of the exercise troops had three hot meals a day, though some in forward areas had ready-packed rations. Mobile coffee-roasting machines were in the field, roasting fresh coffee every day. There was a mobile refrigerator, mounted on a quarter-ton trailer, and designed for use by companies (it could be used as a portable electric light plant, too). There was a two-unit grill capable of frying 100 eggs at a time. There was a company cook-house truck, with an ice-box, a folding-service table on the side of the truck and a grip-bar above the stove to stop the cook falling into the cooking when traversing rough ground. Also being demonstrated was a portable mess-hall with electric lights and folding tables.

Arrow points to Lieut-Col. Duncan MacBryde, dropping propaganda pamphlets on Aggressor forces beyond the Danube.

What was it all like for the 110,000 men taking part?

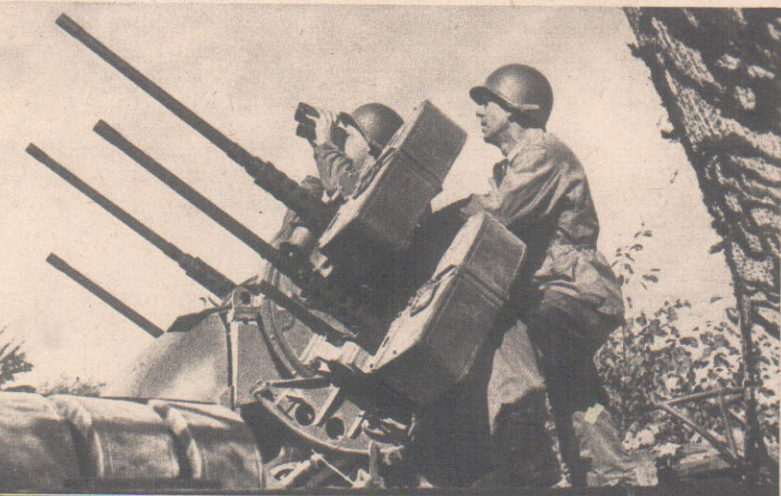
Wrote a *Stars and Stripes* correspondent: "Whatever 'Exercise Harvest' may lack in the realism of sight and sound is more than made up for by the universal waiting, which is an exact duplication of combat conditions." He found men in the "front" area with two and three-day beards. He also found "prisoners" still armed with carbines and .45 pistols running beer from a German cafe to their "captors."

There were exciting moments: eight Aggressor fighter-planes ran out of fuel, came down on American landing-fields and were captured. A transport plane attempted to rescue four of the pilots by landing on the field but was prevented from taking off by having a truck driven in front of it.

There is, it seems, a spirit of competition between the First Division and the United States Constabulary — "as real as, say, between Harvard and Yale football teams."



Supper out of the can in "Exercise Harvest": Sergeant Ray Holland (left) of Atlanta, Georgia and Sergeant Clifford Watts of Johnson City, Tennessee.



Pining for a target: This weapon is described as a "50 calibre" anti-aircraft gun.



The padres took part, too. Here Father Meade, of Nurnberg Military Post, conducts a jeep-head service.



## SOMETHING TO ARGUE ABOUT



The Reichstag, Berlin, 1945.

## IF THIS IS WRONG -

It's an old Army custom — sometimes criticised — to cut giant regimental crests on hillsides. On the left is the case against the practice; on the right the case for it

**I**F it is wrong (as it undoubtedly is) for a private soldier to carve his name on an ancient monument, it is surely wrong for a regiment to carve its crest, as is the Army's fashion, on somebody else's hillside.

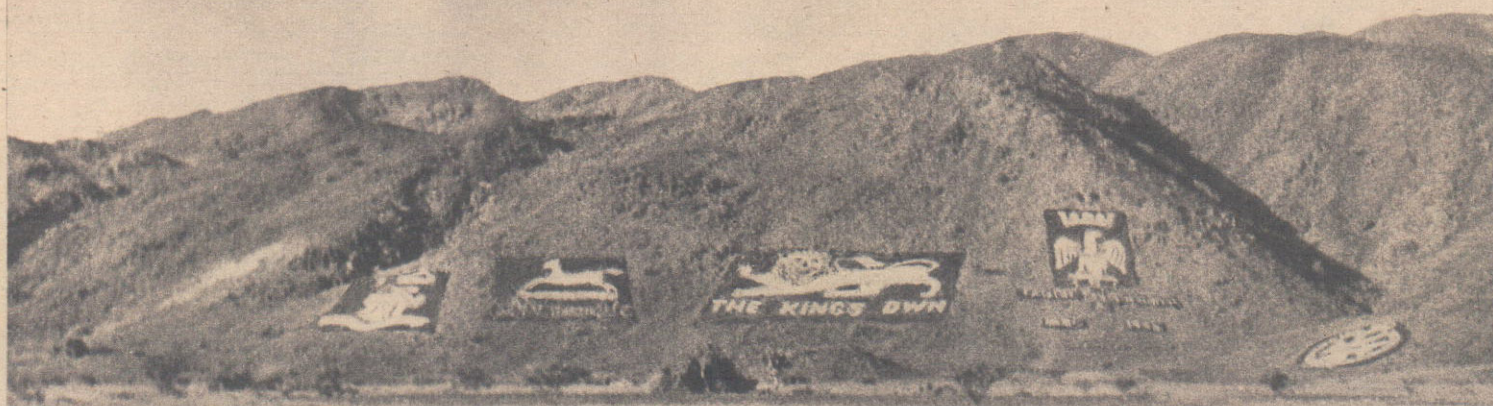
Regimental pride is a fine thing, but not when it comes to disfiguring natural amenities, especially in a foreign land. If all the Allied troops based on Britain during the war had copied our habit of cutting their crests on our cliffs and downlands (always supposing considerations of security would have allowed them) there would have been a public outcry. When someone suggested, after the war, a gigantic statue of Mr. Churchill on the Dover cliffs, with an illuminated cigar as a guide to mariners, there were howls of laughter; but is it not in equally bad taste to go round the world carving enormous lions, lambs and eagles on vacant mountain-sides? We ought to show more concern for the feelings of foreigners — from Pathans to Sudanese, from Chinese to Africans — whose landscapes we mutilate. Our aim should be to make ourselves respected by our bearing and behaviour, not by a legacy of gigantic eyesores. At present regiments follow each other sheep-like in the construction of these monstrosities, fearing lest they should be accused of lack of pride. Which regiment will be courageous enough to call a halt? From a purely practical viewpoint, the badges waste time which could be better spent, and require maintenance if they are not to become even more unsightly. And in modern war they have to be hurriedly covered over, to avoid giving free guidance to enemy aircraft.

**W**HO says these regimental crests are eyesores? If they are, then the famous White Horses and the Long Man of Wilmington cut on England's chalk cliffs are eyesores too. But when these ancient relics are in danger of being overgrown, there are always indignant protests.

It's largely a question of the passage of time; the great Kiwi cut on Salisbury Plain in World War One is now an accepted institution; though it probably had its critics at the time. A hundred years hence it may be a historical monument guarded by the Office of Works. Even overseas the British Army's crests will be jealously preserved after we are gone, if only for their tourist attraction. To a future traveller in the Khyber Pass, the carved crests of British regiments will be as much a reminder of Britain's greatness as the carvings in the Egyptian Desert are a reminder of the Pharaohs' glories. Meanwhile it is no bad thing for a tangible record of the British Army to be left in the world's trouble-spots. There is no doubt that soldiers enjoy making these crests, and that regimental pride and rivalry are thereby fostered. So long as crests are not carved in recognised beauty spots or on agricultural ground there can be no objection; mostly, of course, they are cut in barren hillsides, in desolate parts of the world where anything at all — even an eyesore — is a welcome diversion. Natives in these parts are quite happy about the blend of Art with Nature; in fact, they would be thrilled to death if

the badges were outlined in crimson neon. And after all, the crests have more pretensions to art than a name carelessly carved on a wall.

## - IS THIS?



Hills in the Sudan, 1949.



The Army has a huge and never-satisfied hunger: it buys its groceries by hundreds of tons. SOLDIER went to Norton Fitzwarren, in Somerset, to explore one of the big reserve depots where the rations are sorted and despatched

# VITAMIN VILLAGE

**W**HETHER the British Army has too long a tail and too few teeth is a perennial problem for the Army Council. One thing is certain: the Army has a fixed, unshrinking and enormous stomach. It is a boa constrictor which can devour a depot in a day.

It follows that the Army's grocery and provision business must be designed on an impressive scale; this business is, in fact, one of the biggest in that line in the world. And the Army supplies not only the Army but the Royal Air Force.

All the Army's supplies of groceries and provisions (in the trade, groceries are dry goods like tea and tinned stuff; provisions are perishables like butter and bacon) are controlled from London. For convenience, the same organisation handles chemicals and disinfectants, cigarettes (in peace-time only for detainees, who get two a day), alcoholic drinks for hospitals and issue rum.

Every three months the Chief Provision Officer is told what the Army and RAF will need all over the world and he orders it from industry — rationed food through the Ministry of Food, unrationed food by private tender through the Director of Army Contracts; chemicals through the Ministry of Supply.

Army rum, supplied by the Navy. And Mr. R. McPhail who looks after it at Norton Fitzwarren learned about rum in the Navy, too: he had 29 years service.



Contracts stipulate that the goods will be delivered to one of the Supply Reserve Depots run by the Royal Army Service Corps — No. 28 at Hawkhead, Glasgow; No. 2 at Barry Dock, Glamorgan; and No. 3 at Norton Fitzwarren, near Taunton in Somerset.

These Supply Reserve Depots are the wholesale distributors for the Army. Each one supplies its own area of Britain and overseas commands. In big overseas commands the goods may go to other Supply Reserve Depots, to Base Depots or even, in small garrisons like Bermuda, straight to a Detailed Issue Depot — the over-the-counter retail shops of the organisation.

No. 3 Supply Reserve Depot, at Norton Fitzwarren, which SOLDIER visited, could qualify as one of the Army's show-places. It was built around the time World War Two broke out and is thoroughly up-to-date. From 1942 it was occupied by the American Army, then in 1944 No. 19 Supply Reserve Depot, which had been

operating at Osterley, Middlesex, began to move in. The take-over from the Americans was gradual and lasted two years, but by 1946 No. 19 (now No. 3) had settled in and was taking in and sending out about 50,000 tons of goods a year.

To handle this traffic, the Depot has more than 700,000 square feet of warehouse space, capable of holding more than 43,000 tons; some of the warehouses are 460 feet long and 180 feet wide and will hold 5000 tons.

Most of the goods arrive and depart at the Depot's railway siding which can handle 144 wagons at once — about 1000 a day in an emergency. Two Army-owned diesel locomotives shunt the wagons and marshal them into trains for British Railways locomotives to deal with on the main lines.

Between siding and warehouse, anything up to half a mile, the goods are moved by



The fork-lift (a great manpower-saver) thrusts its prongs into wooden pallets underneath the crates and stacks the load quickly and neatly.

mechanical horses, each towing six trailers. Each trailer can carry a ton load. These road-trains follow carefully-planned routes round the depot to avoid traffic jams.

The load on each trailer is carried on a palette, a flat, hollow raft of metal or wood open at the ends. When the load is to be moved, a fork-lift puts its prongs into the hollow space, hoists up the palette and runs it to wherever the goods are wanted. Most goods stay on the palettes the whole time they are in the Depot; they are stacked up with the palettes sandwiched between loads. This cuts out handling and saves much man-power.

Not all the material that arrives at the Supply Reserve Depot is straight from the manufacturers. A good deal of it is returned from units, some overseas, whose stocks have been declared redundant.

Sometimes these returned stores are surprise packets. From Burma came hundreds of drums said to hold ground-nut oil. They were covered with mud and looked as though they had been stored at the bottom of a river. When they were cleaned and opened they were found to hold not only

ground-nut oil but other edible oils and motor-oil of several kinds. From the Middle East came a less pleasant surprise: cigarettes infested with tobacco-beetle.

Returned stores can provide ideas, too. Once the Depot received some Canadian cigarettes which had the ordinary cartons of 20 in a new kind of three-layer pack the Depot had not seen before. The pack was tested.

"It seemed to be water-proof, heat-proof, gas-proof and very nearly fool-proof," said one of the Depot officers. "So we sent it to the War Office with a suggestion that it might be useful for packing rations. Now the same covering material is used in the 24-hour ration pack."

When new goods arrive at the Depot, an analyst examines them to see the Army gets what it has ordered; he also looks over returned goods to see what they are fit for.

At No. 3 Depot SOLDIER found Mr. J. Ruzick temporarily in charge of the laboratory. Mr. Ruzick spent a year in Haifa, at the time of the Palestine evacuation, testing food which was being sent home.

He makes chemical and microscopic ex-

OVER



## VITAMIN VILLAGE (Continued)

aminations of food samples. Sometimes he finds too much acidity, which attacks the containers and causes the food to decompose. Sometimes there may be too much baking-powder; it will "work" and strain the seams of the tin. Labels can cause trouble, too, for the paste which sticks them to the tin can attack the tin-plate.

Tins may be incubated for 14 days at 98 degrees Fahrenheit, to see how they will stand up to hot weather. Some, intended for the Far East, are kept at 55 degrees Centigrade (131° F). If they stand up to that treatment, they are jungle-worthy.

In a laboratory cupboard stood some tins of baby-food, relics of a rush-order the Depot handled at the time of the Bengal famine. Food tins of all kinds stood on the benches, some open.

Any consignment of food that is not good and cannot be returned to the manufacturer — returned stores from abroad, for instance — is given back to the Ministry of Food for salvage. (Condemned food may make cattle-food, fertiliser or even plastics.)

The storage-life of canned food guaranteed by the manufacturers is always much shorter than the actual storage-life; in World War Two troops were eating food that was perfectly good a year after the guarantee had run out. So three months before the guarantee on any food in the Depot is due to expire, the analyst examines it and says when it should be sent out. But in peace-time most food is issued before the guarantee expires.

Looking after the Depot's stocks of Army rum (supplied by the Royal Navy) is an expert on the subject: Mr. R. McPhail, an ex-Naval Petty Officer with 29 years service, who is on the staff of the bonded stores. He knows all the pilferers' tricks: sometimes rum-jars returned from units contain dirty water and worse. Mr. McPhail's job is to find the jars of

good rum, put the "SRD" seal on them (it stands for Supply Reserve Depot and not, as legend has it, for Soldiers' Rum, Diluted) and get them ready to send out.

In the bonded stores they know, too, all the pilferers' tricks with cigarettes, like the ways of making a case seem full of tins when there are several missing. Consignments of returned cigarettes are checked for this sort of thing; missing smokes are written off; bad ones, if possible, are sold for salvage.

Besides rum and cigarettes, the bonded stores include brandy, whisky, wines, stout and beers for hospitals. SOLDIER saw one solitary case of champagne there, too; it would soon have company, said the staff, there was more on order. Before each case leaves the Depot, a code description of the contents is painted on the side and that code is the only means of telling what is inside, short of breaking open the box. The idea is to confuse would-be pilferers, so that they will not know if a box contains bully beef or brandy, cigarettes or dry biscuits. The system is not perfect, but the codes are changed from time to time and at least they reduce temptation. Jam has its own coding system; each kind is described on the outside of the case by a number, the meaning of which is known only to the initiated. The purpose of this is to prevent the more pushful, or least scrupulous, from getting all the popular strawberry and leaving all the less popular plum.

Besides straightforward packing and re-packing, the Depot puts together special ration packs for the Army. There are not so many kinds now as there were in war (see opposite page) but the Depot has to keep up with the times. It also cans the "sundries" like mepacrine, salt and matches, and lacquers all the tins against rust.

Nearly £4,000,000 worth of food goes into this Depot each year.



Usually the conveyors are used for packing compo rations. But these boxes of the 1947-type compo are being unpacked: most of the contents will go to making up the 1949-type — without biscuits.

It is only part of the Army's annual food bill and trivial to what the Army can cope with when it has to. At the peak period of World War Two £55,000,000 worth of stores was held in the Army's eight Supply Reserve Depots, 12 Main Supply Depots and 400 Buffer Depots, set up to hold stores which the Supply Reserve Depots could not accommodate. The Depots supplied 550,000 tons for the North African campaign and 1,038,000 tons for the North-West Europe campaign; they sent up to 35,000 tons a month to troops at home and up to 72,000 tons a month overseas.

Not all the Army's food passes through the Supply Reserve Depots. Some goes straight to overseas commands from the

country of origin. In Australia there are two RASC officers whose job is to send supplies to troops in the Far East.

Fresh meat, vegetables and fish are supplied by NAAFI at home and by the RASC overseas. Sometimes they are bought locally, but here and there the needs of the local population or currency difficulties prevent local purchase. Then the food is shipped from home — it does not go through a Supply Reserve Depot — and troops in a place like Trieste may see a market full of fresh, flapping fish, just out of the sea, and yet go back to a meal of quick-frozen cod, herring, plaice, sole or even kippers all the way from England. It's just one of those things.

Not a microscope but a gadget for telling the analyst the proportion of soluble solids in the food. Below: This demonstration ten-man compo ration is the latest. It contains all-purpose soap, water-sterilising outfit, latrine-paper, no biscuits, no cigarettes.





# AND HERE'S TOMORROW'S BREAD & CHEESE (MAYBE)

ONLY two special ration packs are issued to the Army today: most of the special wartime issues, like the jungle, mountain and armoured fighting vehicle packs, are temporarily out of use.

Today's packs are the ten-man compo and the 24-hour pack. The ten-man compo (ten men for one day, five men for two days or three men for three days) is a compromise between the six-man compo pack used in the Pacific in World War Two, and the general service 14-man compo, used in Western Europe.

Its latest version contains no biscuits — these would be issued separately, but the Army's policy is to try to issue bread instead as soon as possible after troops get to a new area.

Soldiers who remember the 14-man compo's ready-mixed tea-milk-sugar powder, which made an indifferent cup of tea, will be glad to hear that it is out-of-date; nowadays the compo ration and 24-hour ration have ordinary tea, milk and sugar.

Rich cake, mepacrine (anti-malaria) tablets and paper bags with wire fasteners (to carry some of the "unexpired portion") are other new features. There is a leaflet suggesting how the ration can be used and telling how to cook the porridge and the mashed potato powder. But the peace-time version of the compo pack has no cigarettes. They can always be issued separately if they are authorised. There are three types of compo ration, which differ in their meat dishes, so that troops who have to live on compo rations for some time will get variety.

The latest 24-hour ration is designed for maximum food value combined with lightness. The contents weigh 2 lbs 7 oz; and the containers bring the weight up to only 3 lbs 3 oz. There are six tins (with a strong miniature tin-opener to deal with them); everything else is in laminated envelopes, which can be hermetically sealed, or cartons, and the whole thing is packed in a handy carton. Besides the items you would expect, the 24-hour pack contains vegetable salad in mayonnaise, ham galantine and sweet biscuits.

If the need arose, the other special ration packs would come back with improvements and new ration packs would appear to meet new requirements. Work on them is going on continuously.

When the Army wants a new pack or an improvement to an old one a War Office ration packs committee on which the other Services and the Ministry of Food have representatives works out a "requirement." The Chief Provision Office then gets samples from food and container manufacturers, tests them, in co-operation with the War Department analyst, and produces a prototype of the new project.

When the committee has approved the prototype, orders are given for some of the packs to be manufactured and they are sent abroad for troop trials. The users answer a questionnaire and from the results final modification can be made before the pack goes into bulk production.

The Chief Provision Officer's organisation keeps up with developments in the food industry, examining new ideas to see how they can be used by the Army, and initiating projects and experiments. Just now there is a world shortage of pepper, so they have tried out a substitute for pepper just in case the Army should need it. (The substitute was satisfactory.) There are soldiers in the Far East who fancy corn flakes for breakfast, but corn flakes do not keep well in humid climates. So experiments have been made with a special outer case so they can be served as crisp and fresh in Hong-Kong as at home.

SOLDIER was given a glimpse of a possible snack for a soldier of the future in the field: cheese out of tubes like those which hold tooth-paste, eaten with bread baked and canned more than a year previously at No. 2 Supply Reserve Depot at Barry. The cheese was excellent; so, apart from a little dryness, was the canned bread.

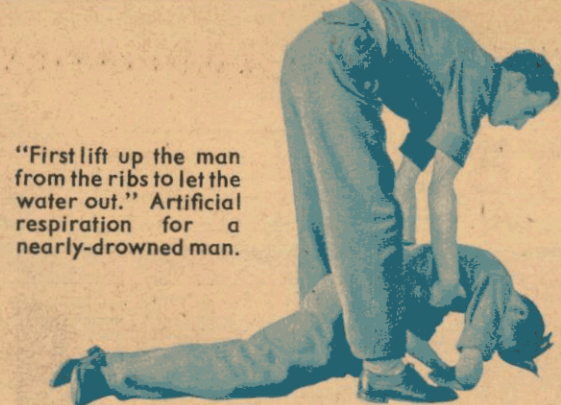
RICHARD ELLEY



Bread from a tin and cheese from a tube... It tastes all right once you convince yourself the cheese is not shaving cream. Below, left: the self-heating tin of soup, still a novelty to many, is not in use in peace-time. Below, right: The latest food-packing is in three layers, reading from outside to inside, kraft (good brown) paper, metal foil and pliofilm.







# LEARNING FROM

Being a nursing orderly in the Royal Army Medical Corps involves more than dishing out pills and cups of tea. Here is a training close-up from Rhine Army

THE door opened and the soldiers filed out, some of them looking a little pale and feeling in strong need of a refreshing cup of tea.

They had just had a new experience: they had attended their first post-mortem examination. For some of them, it was the first time they had seen a corpse. They were impressed, and they felt a little queasy in the stomach: one or two of them admitted it cheerfully.

It was an experience none of them would have missed. In half an hour, they said, they had learned more than they could in several hours' reading. And they were used to reading about the human body, for they were students on the nursing orderlies' course at the British Military Hospital, Hamburg.

The post-mortem examination was a highlight in a course which not only would affect their Army careers but, in some cases, would give them new prospects in civilian life. Among the latter were Privates William MacQueen and Stanley Turner.

At the end of their course, which lasts nine weeks, Private MacQueen will go back to the military hospital at Iserlohn and settle down to study for the next step which will bring him nearer his goal—to become a male nurse in a London hospital when he leaves the Army in 1951. Private Turner will be sent on a six-months course to study radiography at Queen Alexandra's Military Hospital in London. When he leaves the Army in 1952 he hopes to be a qualified radiographer and emigrate to Canada where there is a great demand for men in that profession.

They both joined the Army in 1946 — MacQueen in the Royal Scots Fusiliers and Turner in the



"This is how your inside looks." Subaltern M. Warrillow introduces Little Joe.

Making the bed with the patient in it: Staff-Sergeant H. Davidson gives a tip or two to Private MacQueen (right) and Private Turner.



Student turns lecturer. Private Stanley Turner, studying to be a radiographer, explains an X-ray photo of a broken bone.



# 'OLD JOE'

(and 'Little Joe')

2nd Battalion, The King's Regiment. They both worked as medical orderlies, became keen on their jobs and transferred to the Royal Army Medical Corps. In civilian life they had jobs with little or no future in them: MacQueen used to work on paddle-boats on Loch Lomond and Turner in a bonded warehouse at Liverpool.

Their chance to make a new career for themselves came when Rhine Army started intensive courses for both Regular and National Service nursing orderlies who could not get adequate instruction with their units. Here, for nothing, was training and experience which would cost much time and money in civilian life.

About 50 nursing orderlies from the six military hospitals and the medical reception stations throughout Rhine Army go to Hamburg for the courses every nine weeks or so. National Servicemen and short-service men who have recently transferred to the Royal Army Medical Corps take one course. Regulars who have reached a higher standard take another; and orderlies on the staff of the Hamburg hospital do their own part-time studying.

As soon as they arrive, students come under the supervision of Junior-Commander V. N. Innes OBE, of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps and her team of instructors, Subaltern M. E. Warrillow, Staff-serjeant H. C. Davidson and Serjeant K. J. Gow.

First of all the National Serviceman learns how the human body is made up, and gets to know the names of all the bones with the aid of a skeleton affectionately called "Old Joe," since a skeleton without a nickname in any medical institution is unthinkable. He then hears how the muscular system works, the secrets of the heart, respiration and the other functions of the body. For these lessons Junior-Commander Innes and her assistants use "Little Joe," — a scale model of a human being's "insides," which can be taken apart and put together again in half a minute. From there the students progress to food and its functions, diets, teeth, eyes, ears and nose, digestion and so to the nervous system, glands and the use of antiseptics. It is then but a short step to the treatment of wounds, bandaging, fractures, dislocations, sprains, burns and shock, fits, drowning and poisoning.

While he is absorbing this knowledge the student is also taught ward management and medical and surgical nursing as well as hygiene. He learns how to make a bed for a badly injured man who cannot move, how to lift a patient, to administer medicines and drugs and to apply lotions and poultices.

Many periods are devoted to practical demonstrations and teams of two or three students hold tests among themselves. Each week Junior-Commander Innes holds a "Twenty Questions" quiz and whenever possible groups of students go into the hospital wards and help with ward duties.

Examinations are held three or four times a week, to help the tutors keep a check on individual progress; where necessary personal instruction is given. Many students voluntarily spend their evenings studying charts and models and practising the subjects they have read up in theory.

For some of the Regulars, the course is a refresher after duties in higher ranks away from the wards. For others it is a step to even more responsible jobs. Several intend to take the State Registered Nurse examination in the Army so that they can become male nurses in civilian life. It is the ambition of Corporal M. R. Patterson from 23 Para Field Ambulance to be a nurse on a passenger liner.

Some of them will take a lot



Old Joe dangles quietly from his gallows as Junior-Commander V. Innes explains how his joints work.

of experience into civilian life to back up their qualifications. There is, for instance, Corporal Harry Saye, from Chelmsford, who is stationed at Wuppertal and wants to take his State Registered Nurse examination before he leaves the Army in 1952. He joined the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1931 for three years, rejoined in 1939, escaped from Dunkirk but was captured in Singapore. He spent three years behind barbed

wire in Korea as a medical orderly without medicines or equipment: "Not even aspirin for a head-ache," he says. "If you caught malaria you just had to get over it without any help at all. There was no quinine and the Jap doctors were useless."

Since then he has seen service in the Army's up-to-date hospitals and should be ready for any situation he may have to face in civilian nursing. E. J. GROVE



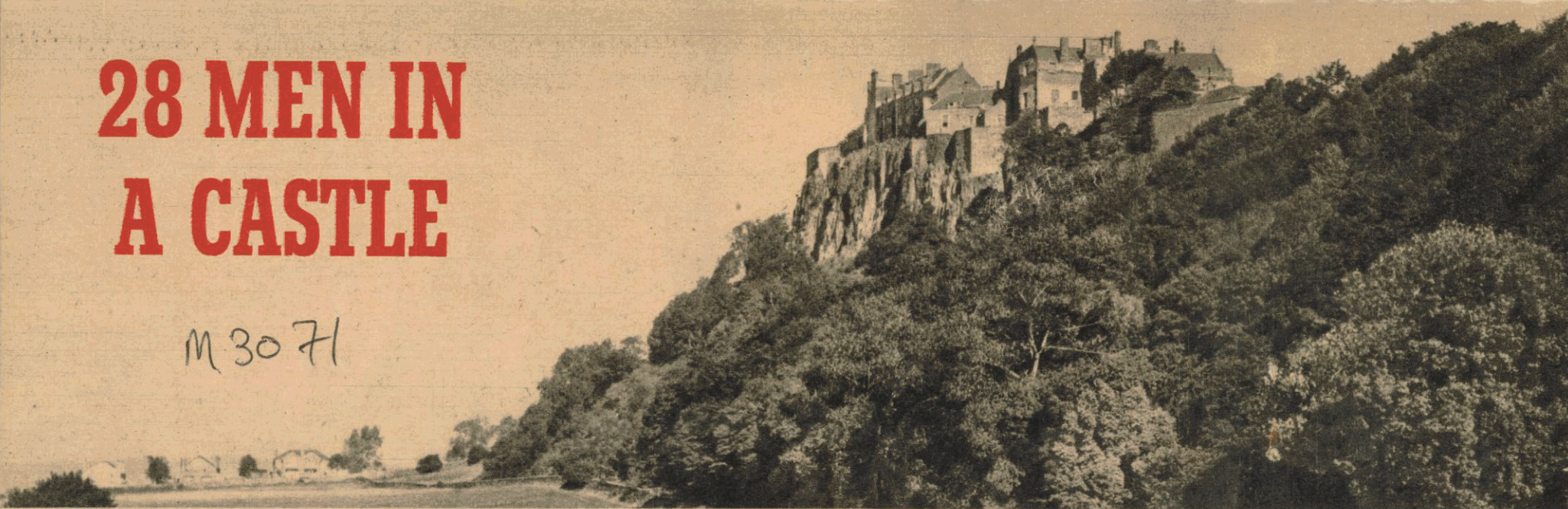
Left: A demonstration section from 23 Para Field Ambulance show National Servicemen how to deal with bad head and leg fractures. Below: Class looks on while a student ties a bandage for a shoulder wound.





# 28 MEN IN A CASTLE

M 30 71



Where once a garrison of several hundred men held the key to the Forth crossing, a depot party of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders keeps the old stones warm

Right: Once statesmen mounted these steps to draw up Scotland's laws. Now soldiers sleep there.

Below, right: Pistols on the walls and cannons on the table. The men's recreation room.

**H**IGH up in Stirling Castle, historic gateway to the Scottish Highlands, a handful of men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders sleep in the old parliamentary building erected by James III of Scotland over 400 years ago.

For their meals they enter the Palace built in 1525 by James V, whose grandson became James I of England. The officers, after dinner, retire to an ante-room which was once the boudoir of Mary Queen of Scots. The regimental police occupy a "new" guardroom — built in 1708.

In fact, when they are home the men of the Argylls cannot escape history. It pervades every nook of the castle. Today, however, only a small percentage of the regiment live there. Gone are the days when recruits marched in across the drawbridge with a sideways glance at the statue of Robert Bruce who stares across the countryside to Bannockburn. "Intakes" now go to the Highland Brigade Training Centre at Fort George and afterwards to one of the

regiments in the Brigade. Those posted to the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders have to journey to Hong-Kong.

Only five officers and 23 men now "hold" Stirling Castle, surely one of the most impressive regimental depots in Britain. Their job is to keep the flag flying, to attend to the regiment's interests and deal with the men who are attached while awaiting posting or who are sent to the depot for release.

No longer does an armed, kilted sentry with immaculate white spats and diced hose march and counter-march across the drawbridge. Instead there is a regimental policeman on duty.

Since 1794 there have been Argylls in Stirling Castle. They were then called the 91st. Argyllshire Highlanders and were joined in 1881 by the Sutherland Highlanders from Inverness, under the Cardwell system. They celebrate three events each year. One is the annual garden party given by the regimental depot on the Friday before 12 August, which is attended by the Earl of Mar and Kellie, hereditary Keeper of the Castle, and 300 officers and local

dignitaries. On 25 October they celebrate Balaclava Day, in memory of the occasion in 1854 when the 93rd. Sutherland Highlanders formed the thin red line. It has been said that this is commemorated in the red and white dicing of the Glengarry which, when held at an angle, shows up as a thin red line. Third day of celebration is 10 February, anniversary of the raising of the 91st. Argyllshire Highlanders.

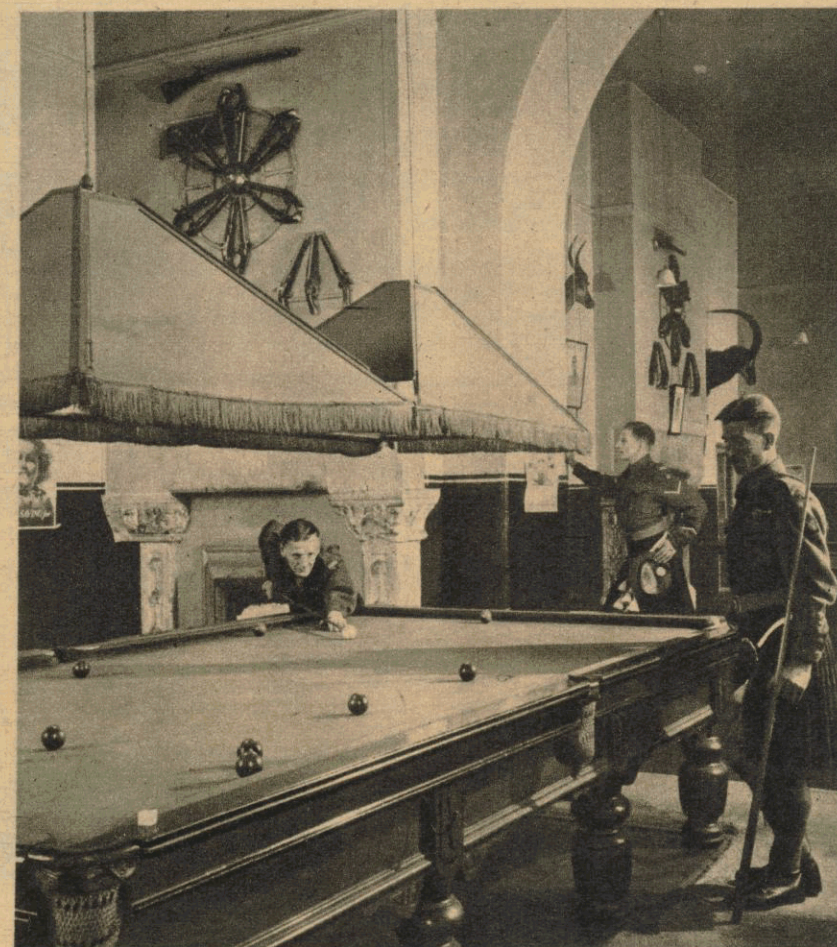
Regimental treasures are kept in the museum in the upper storey of James V's Palace. In this area is the officers' mess. Below, flanking the Lions' Den, is a large room marked on the old plans as the Queen's Garde Hall. Today it is the men's dining hall. In charge of it is Private William Skilling who has served for over 16 years with the Argylls. He escaped from Singapore the day it fell, and later was wounded in France. Until two years ago Stirling had a pipe-major and five pipers.

The old King's Garde Hall is now a canteen. And under the old parliamentary building where kings of Scotland once passed their laws is the NAAFI shop.

OVER



Above: Home in an ancient monument. CQMS M. Purves, MM, leaves his married quarters, the walls of which look good for a few centuries yet. Right: The cannon which command the bridge over the River Forth are silent now. But a drum sounds on the rampart. (Posed by Private George Menelaws for SOLDIER photographer Desmond O'Neill.)





## STIRLING CASTLE (Continued)

At weekends some 90 Territorials, whose headquarters are in the castle, climb up the hill to do their training. They are followed by about 50 cadets who come from Stirling to drill, and who sleep in the parliamentary building.

On weekdays visitors file into the castle to be shown round by the official guides and to gaze down at the River Forth.

The first person most visitors meet is Serjeant T. Richmond, ex-St. Valery prisoner, who is in charge of the police. He is probably the most photographed man in the castle. Some of the visitors take his name and promise to send him copies. Recently he received a couple of snaps from Finland.

In the lower square facing the old well which once supplied the castle (375 feet above sea level), stand the depot offices. In the store works a soldier with 24 years service — Private George Menelaws, one of five brothers who have served in Scottish regiments. Since he was a recruit in 1925 he has had tours in Egypt and Palestine and was taken prisoner in Crete. Today he lives in the married quarters outside the castle with his family of four daughters and one son.

While the single men live in the parliamentary building and most of the married men in the quarters outside, there are two who have houses in the lower square. RSM C. Maxwell, who won his MM as a lance-corporal on the North-West Frontier in 1937, has a house near the old portcullis entrance, and CQMS M. Purves, who was awarded his MM in Normandy, lives in a house next to the old Scottish mint. Outside his window is a row of ancient cannon. Over the guns can be seen the town far below, and, not far from the Castle walls, the beheading stone where in 1452 the Duke of Albany, his two sons and his father-in-law lost their heads.

When Private Menelaws was a recruit he met Private Harry Grey who had joined the year before, in 1924. Private Grey is there today but his service has not been continuous; he went on the Reserve before the war to become a barman. Then he came back in 1939 and went to France with the 7th Battalion. Later he was sent to the Western Desert with the Cameronians, was wounded and returned home to instruct recruits. Next year he will walk over the drawbridge for the last time. He plans to go to Australia.

Lance-Corporal William Linton, another member of the permanent staff, was captured at Singapore and put to work on the "death railway" in Burma. After he got home he left the Army but was soon back again. Last year a party of Australians visited the Castle and welcomed him like a long-lost brother. They had been fellow-prisoners on the railway. *Footnote:* During World War Two the castle held an ATS unit. History was made when an ATS officer fired a salute of guns.



Toy-like cannon of Stirling Castle's Grand Battery still keep watch over Stirling town.



Above, left: The castle has many windy eyries giving a far view over the plain. Right: One of the places Cromwell's General Monk knocked about a bit: 300-year old cannon-ball scars on Portcullis House.





Above: War on the roof of the world: Greek Infantrymen, having thrown the invading Italians out of their own country, pursue the enemy through the savage hills of Albania.

## SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Below: War under the crust of the world: somewhere near (or somewhere under) Bardia, North Africa, Australian cooks get the mess ship-shape. The only modern convenience is the roof.





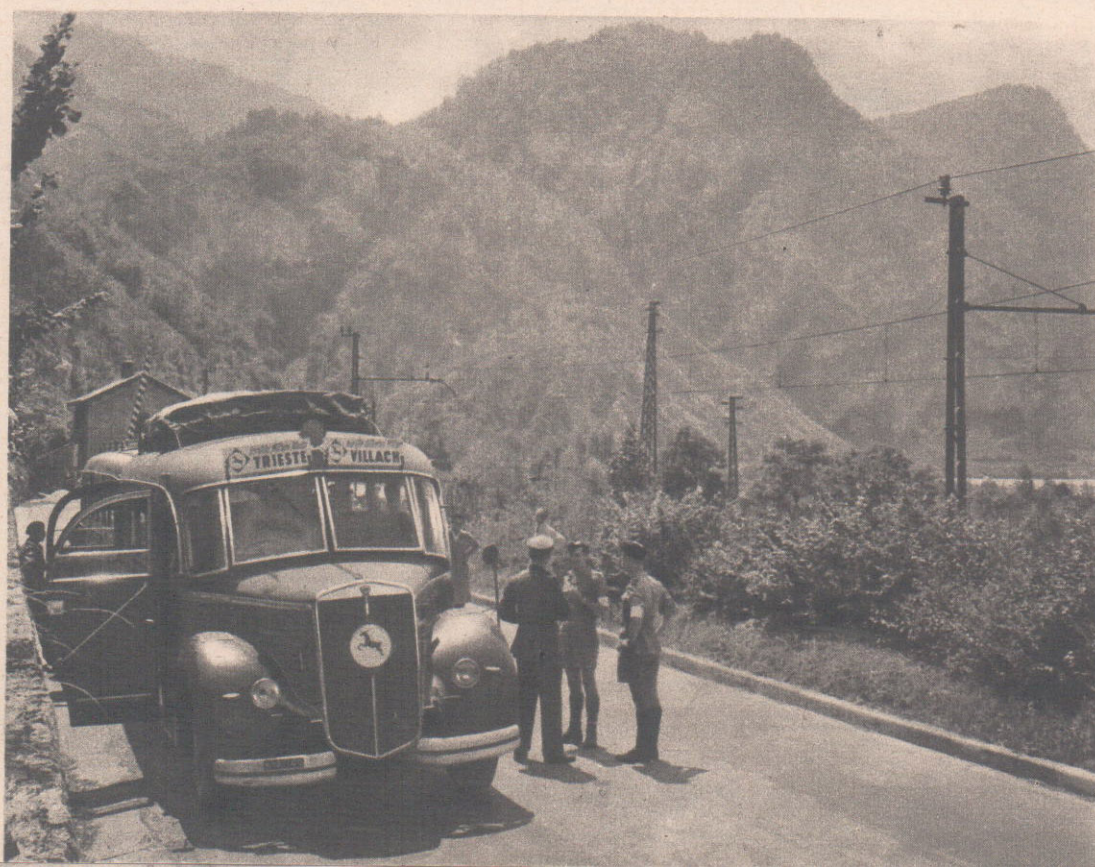


If it's a soldier's first visit to Europe, the scenery on the Trieste-Villach bus route will bring him to—if not out of—the window.

## IT'S BETTER BY BUS



Top picture shows the bus on the picturesque coast road above the Adriatic. Centre: The road winds beside a stony river bed into the towering Dolomites. Below: When the two buses cross, drivers compare weather notes. Note the Trieste gazelle.



**B**ETWEEN Trieste and Austria lies some of the finest scenery in Europe.

The coast road from the Adriatic, clinging to the cliffs high above the sea, leads into the flat, well-cultivated north-east corner of the Lombardy Plain. Through the ancient (and badly bombed) town of Udine the road drives straight towards the purple rock barriers of the Italian Dolomites.

At the last moment the barrier divides, allowing a torrent of green-blue snow water to spill out into the plain and giving the road a chance to writhe its way into the heart of the mountains.

Winter and summer, an Italian luxury coach — often with trailer — plies between Trieste and Villach, carrying troops of Britain's Trieste garrison and their families. Formerly this trip was made by train, in a coach linked to a trans-European "express" which suffered inordinate delays at the various frontiers. Now the journey is both swift and pleasant.

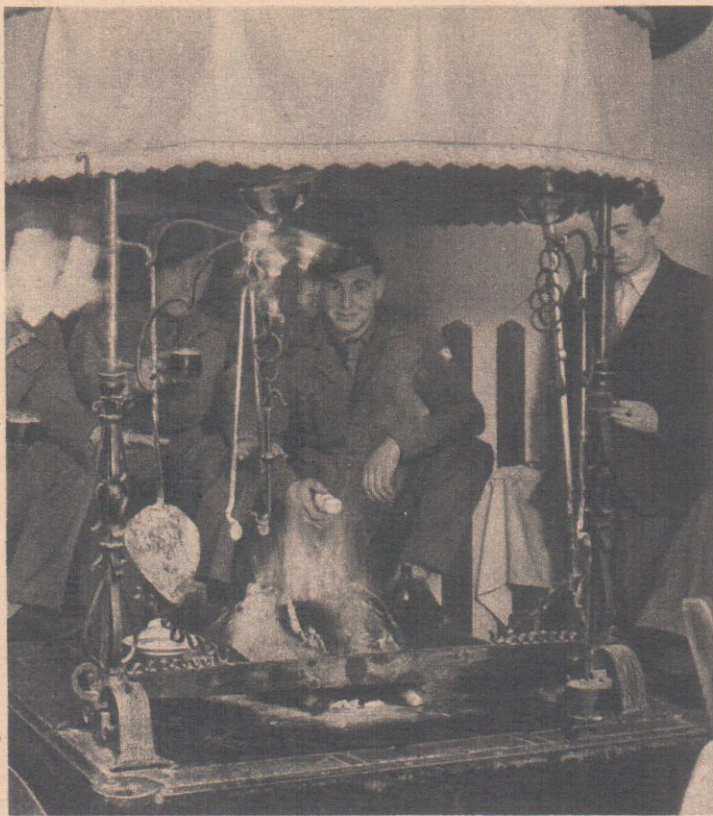
First stop, as the bus heads north, is at the Italo-Trieste border, where blue-uniformed Trieste police and Italian carabinieri check documents and sometimes search luggage. Next comes the mid-morning halt at an Italian roadside restaurant, where passengers drink wine, beer or coffee, munch fresh ham rolls and — in cold weather — cluster round an open log fire blazing on a huge metal block, with wrought iron fittings and a chimney like a bed-canopy.

Half-an-hour later the bus is engulfed by towering mountains. Soon it meets its opposite number coming from Villach to Trieste, whereupon the drivers and conducting officers compare news of the road surfaces and weather conditions, and troops scan the other vehicle for familiar faces.

This exchange of news is not just a pleasantry, because in winter it is possible to leave Trieste basking in the sun and run into a blizzard on the other side of the mountains. The buses have to carry a supply of shovels in case they need to be dug out and a bale of blankets in case it can't be done.

Documents are again carefully checked and luggage searched at the Italian customs house, but at the Austrian one no time is lost before the striped barrier is raised and the wheels turn on their last lap, to Alamein Camp.

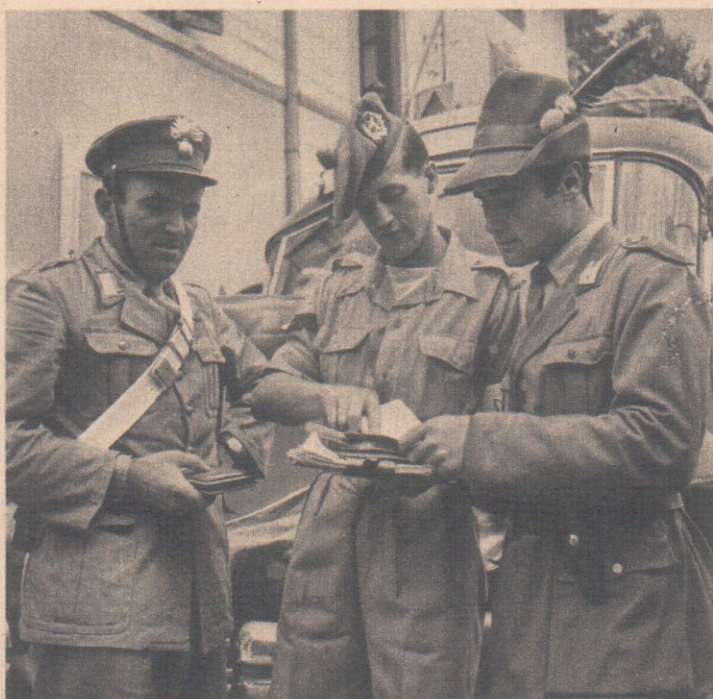




Something unusual in fire-places—at an Italian meal halt. The base is an iron block.



This heraldic horror (featuring an Austrian eagle which has sprouted hammer and sickle) is seen on the Austro-Italian border. Below: At the Italian border papers are checked by members of the Bersaglieri (with feather) and Carabinieri. The former are Alpine troops, the latter policemen.



## One Day The Editor Is British - THE NEXT, HE'S AMERICAN

ONE of the words most often used by the Occupation Forces in Trieste is "Integration."

Nowhere are British and American military government activities so closely interwoven. They say that a GI proposed to his girl friend: "Aw c'mon honey, let's you and me get integrated."

So, when the British authorities decided that their troops should have a daily news bulletin, it had to be an integrated Anglo-American effort.

Since then a British corporal, driver and private and an American corporal have been working together to produce what is probably a unique Anglo-American publication. Its 1500 circulation is split evenly between British and American troops and every effort is made to interest both. The editorship is divided too. On three days a week Corporal R. G. Whittaker, RASC goes in to bat for Britain and on the other three Corporal E. W. Dewan of HQ TRUST, (Trieste United States Troops) hits home runs for America.

A combined operation of this sort is not without snags. One day the bulletin will talk about Mr. Attlee's Labour Programme while next day it will have become his Labor Program. "High-ranking officers" may similarly be rendered as "top brass." Frequent editorial conferences are held to iron out these difficulties. It is all rather puzzling for the civilian typists, one Hungarian, one Swiss and one Italian, who have been known to spell words the American way for British issues and vice versa.

Preparation of the bulletin begins at about nine-thirty the previous evening. Reuter stories are received by Hellschreiber, a machine which receives a radio-transmitted code and translates it into words on a roll of tape. The United Press news service is sent from an agency office nearby. The United States Information Service files provide material of purely American interest and the London Press Service files do the same for British interest. A copy of the BBC news broadcast is sent in by the Trieste Allied Information Services.

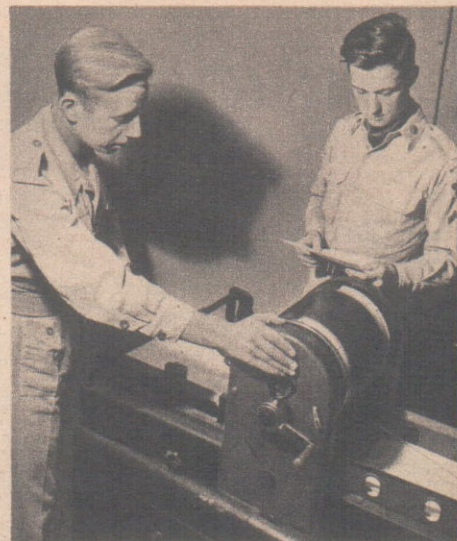
When the stories have been selected and edited (some drastic cutting is necessary), a stencil is made from the typed pages, and two electric duplicators run off the issue at 5000 pages an hour. Here Driver M. F. Mulcahy, RASC is in charge (he helps editorially too). On British nights the bulletin contains nine pages, with two extra sports pages on Monday, and on American nights it is limited to seven. When all the pages are duplicated they must be sorted and each copy of the bulletin stapled by hand. This is the province of Private A. Riley of the King's Own Regiment. By six a.m. the bulletin is ready for distribution.

The technical side has its troubles. Semicircled by hills, Trieste is one of the worst places in Europe for radio reception, and sometimes bad conditions put the hell into Hellschreiber. Occasional power cuts mean that the staff have to resort to hand duplicators.

In a place where daily newspapers from Britain are never less than two days old, the small well-integrated staff of the bulletin provide a valued amenity for the troops of Trieste.



It's an American night, but Corporal Whittaker has dropped in to give Corporal Dewan a hand. Below: Corporal Dewan checks the first run.





# SOLDIER Visits THE THIRD GENERATION OF CADETS



Fourteen-year-old recruit John Walker (white shirt) performs his first drill, under two brothers: CSM John Hyams (18) and Alan Hyams (15). Below: A father shows how: CSM Frederick Dimsdale, and his sons Frederick (18) and Robert (17).



**I**NTO a four-storey building in Union Street, Southwark, just off Borough High Street, marches John Walker. He is 14 years old, one of 12 brothers and sisters living in Southwark Bridge Road. Upstairs he pays half-a-crown and signs his name in a heavy leather-bound book.

He walks down the stairs, is given a rifle and is soon marching up and down the drill room, keeping time to the fife and drum band lustily practising in the cellar below.

John Walker is keeping up an old tradition in this part of south-east London. For 60 years the boys in the area have been joining the 1st Cadet Battalion of the Queen's Royal Regiment. As the newest recruit John's number is 5596.

The first boy to join this oldest of all cadet units in London was named Beile. He could not sign his "signature or mark" on the day recruiting started — 30 May 1889 — and apparently he did not come again because across the page is written in red ink: "Warning letter sent. No reply. Struck out 6 January 1890."

The Southwark Battalion, as it is usually called, can afford to forget Beile because, together with various sub-units, it has produced thousands of first-class cadets. Today, as a result of a re-arrangement of units it is a much smaller battalion than it was (once there were ten companies from Hackney to Paddington).

But the Queen's is still a power in the land, due mainly to the efforts of an early company commander and later commanding officer, who only two years ago ended his term of 58 years, and who is now president, in his eighties. But the influence of Colonel Lancelot Bennett, CBE, is still felt in the unit.

The battalion started as a club

in two rooms over a blacksmith's forge in 1885 and Colonel Bennett was one of its early helpers. The boys, who paid a penny a week, were not exactly angels, so the War Office were approached for permission to make the club a corps in May 1889. Military discipline, it was felt, would help. The club was still retained, and in 1921 was taken over by Colonel Bennett's old school, Sherborne. The money which the pupils and old boys provided not only kept Sherborne House going but undoubtedly saved the battalion in the days when the Government withdrew financial aid.

Many Sherborne ex-pupils also became cadet officers — including John Hollington Grayburn who won a posthumous VC at Arnhem and Captain John Streeter, present commander of "G" Company, who lost both his legs in Normandy.

Fathers, sons and grandsons have followed one another into the unit, and the old members still pop in now and again. Thus 77-year-old Mr. Ernest Brattle, who lives in Hearn's Buildings off the Old Kent Road, comes to see his grandson, 16-year-old Gordon Brown at work.

Mr. Brattle joined in 1889 (he was Cadet 96). He feels that his generation looked smarter because they wore red tunics, white belt, blue trousers (complete with red line) and a glengarry. He left in

Left: Pay parade, but it's the lads who are paying. Club subscription is half-a-crown. Below: Off duty in the billiards room.





1891 to serve with the 4th. Dragoon Guards in India and 7th. Dragoon Guards in the Boer War.

A father who comes to watch his son box is Mr. Alfred Salter, of Blackfriars Road, who joined in 1908. The following year he went off to join the Royal Scots Fusiliers with whom he served throughout World War One. In World War Two he was with the Royal Fusiliers guarding the London docks. The cadet corps with its attached club taught him much back in 1908 — particularly in the world of sport. Today his son, Kenneth, who is 16, is a finalist in the London Federation of Boys Clubs' boxing and has fought at the Royal Albert Hall.

Two other boys also get visits from their father but he is more than an onlooker. He is one of the battalion's staff sergeant-majors. Mr. Frederick Dimsdale, of Shand Street, Bermondsey, has had 21 years with the Territorial Army in peace and war (he was first with the Essex and later with the Queen's) and now has returned to the Cadet unit he joined in 1924.

When he returns home from his work as a painter for the Ministry of Works (he helps to decorate the Royal residences in London) his cadet sons, Fred and Robert, watch him drill 11-year-old Thomas who is waiting to become a cadet and who, says his father, can knock spots off his elder brothers when it comes to arms drill.

Bandmaster Hubert North at 70 can look back on 52 years close connection with the Queen's

OVER



Above: Fife lesson in the basement, under Bandmaster Hubert North. Right: Lieut. George Ains coaches Cadets Peter Salvage and William Rockett on the miniature range.



## "I PROMISE.... ON MY HONOUR...."

"I, John Smith, hereby solemnly promise on my honour to serve this unit loyally and to be faithful to my obligations as a member of the Army Cadet Force. I further promise that I will use every endeavour to become a good citizen, honouring my King, my Country and its Flag."

That is the undertaking given by a boy who enters the Army Cadet Force. He joins under a "gentleman's agreement" — and it is never too young to be a gentleman.

A cadet is NOT a member of the Armed Forces of the Crown, nor is he enlisted under the Army Act. He has no operational or service liability.

He is an unpaid volunteer, and he may join when he likes and leave when he likes.

The main aim of the Army Cadet Force is to give mental, moral and physical training to boys; to give them self-confidence, self-control and a sense of responsibility; to turn them into good citizens.

While primarily a youth organisation, it gives pre-service training specifically for the Army, as do the Sea Cadet Corps and the Air Training Corps for the sister Services. For this purpose, the Force is organised on a county basis, the units in each county being formed into battalions, companies or platoons (or regiments, batteries and troops).

The War Office provides uniforms, training, equipment and camps, and pays "bonuses" to proficient units. Financial help also comes from the Ministry of Education.

The social, sports and welfare sides are watched over by the Army Cadet Force Association, which receives a small Government grant. The president is Field-Marshal Lord Wilson.

A boy may serve in the Army Cadet Force from his fourteenth to his eighteenth birthday, or until called up for National Service. He may earn two Certificates: one is Certificate "A", in two parts, the other Certificate "T", a technical test. When called up to

National Service he produces his certificate to the Military Interviewing Officer and is entitled to these privileges:

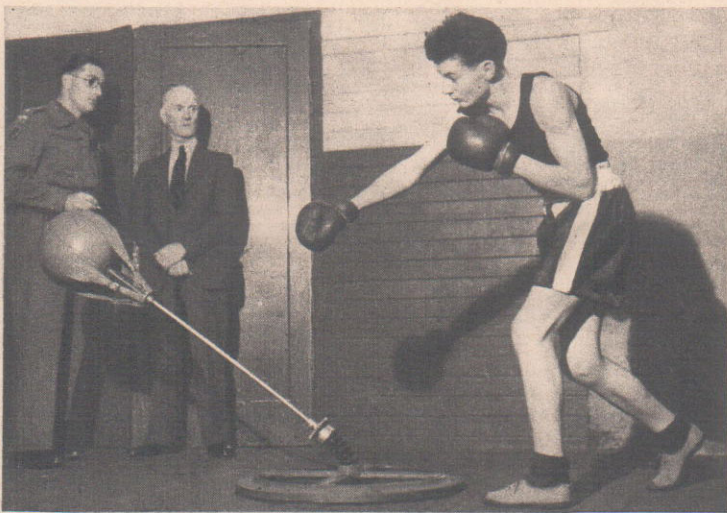
1. Right to do National Service in the Army;
  2. Choice of arm, and in Royal Armoured Corps and Infantry choice of regiment (if up to medical standard);
  3. Entry to a special advanced squad at the basic training unit.
- The value of this pre-service training was made clear by Mr. A. V. Alexander, Minister of Defence, who told headmasters in 1947 that former cadets obtained commissions in a proportion of ten cadets to each ordinary recruit. A slightly higher proportion received promotion as NCO.

An ex-cadet who has entered the Army with Certificate "A" Part 2 has a good chance of becoming a National Service officer. On reverting to the Territorial Army for his part-time obligatory service, still as an officer, he may choose to be seconded for service with the Cadet Force. The ex-cadet who, as a National Serviceman, has become an NCO may possibly get a commission on the Territorial Special List for service with the Cadet Force.

This is one important field in which volunteers will be sought. It may be that candidates without cadet training will be accepted for seconding to the Cadet Force, if they are considered suitable. Besides military training there is work to be done coaching boys in sport.

Cadet units are linked with the Territorial Army. Ideally (though this is not always possible) a boy should join a cadet unit which enables him to wear the same regimental badge as the local Territorial unit (with the letters ACF below), then serve as a National Serviceman in the same arm or regiment, and return as an officer or NCO either to the Territorial unit or the Cadet Force unit.





Sixteen-year-old Kenneth Salter is the club's keenest boxer. He has fought in the Albert Hall. His father, a 1908 cadet, looks on with Captain John Streeter.

## THIRD GENERATION OF CADETS (Continued)

cadet battalion. He was a cadet himself in 1897, joining the now defunct Westminster Company in Buckingham Palace Road. He joined the Royal Fusiliers in 1914 and was transferred to the Sharpshooters' mounted band. After the war he played the oboe in the orchestra of Leslie Henson's concert party at Lille, helping to cheer troops awaiting release.

Today he trains bands in many of the London cadet units and in the last two years has seen the Queen's cadet band perform at Olympia's Royal Tournament.

The boys learn gymnastics, shooting, boxing and fencing. They also go for weekend camps (mainly to Bisley), an annual camp and for hitch-hikes. Sometimes they go off on "Phantom" trips — "into the blue". And periodically lads are guests of Sherborne School.

They get all this for a few pence a week (once they have paid their half-crown joining fee to Sherborne House Club). Even the weekend camps are free (rations are provided) and their annual weekly camp costs them only 12s 6d. They have, too, their own monthly magazine, the *Southwark Cadet*, printed by one of the company commanders, Captain W. F. A. Airs, who owns a printing business. His brother, Lieut. George Airs, is quartermaster and lives in a flat over the headquarters.

The boys say they join because it gives them plenty to do in a part of London where the streets and bombed areas provide the only playground.

Once a recruit, asked what was his favourite sport, answered rather grimly, "Breaking windows."

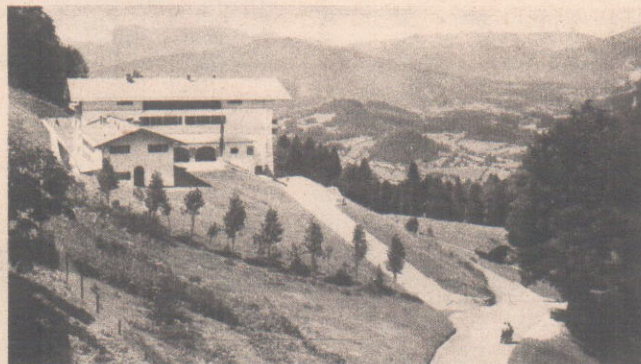
PETER LAWRENCE

The Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. F. S. Deacon, who has been connected with the cadet movement for 20 years, talks to an old Queen's cadet, Mr. Ernest Brattle, aged 77. Mr. Brattle holds the book which contains the particulars of his joining in 1889. He fought in the South-African War.



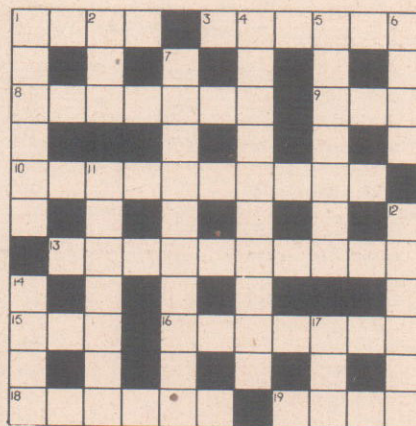
## How Much Do You Know?

1. If somebody told you the tea looked potable, you would — (a) pour it down the drain; (b) drink it forthwith; (c) et it cool; (d) put more sugar in it. Which?
2. Boys who join the Band of Hope pledge themselves — (a) Not to gamble; (b) Not to smoke; (c) Not to touch strong drink; (d) Not to desecrate the Sabbath. Which?
3. Are there universities in these towns: Reading, Bristol, Sheffield, Leeds, St. Andrews?
4. Who lives at Lambeth Palace?
5. Are these the correct equivalent ranks: (a) Air commodore/brigadier; (b) Second lieutenant/pilot officer; (c) Rear-admiral/major-general; (d) Field-marshal/air chief marshal?
6. Of whom are these the Christian names: (a) Albert Frederick Arthur George; (b) Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David?
7. Can you select from these the Seven Mortal Sins: Pride, Wrath, Envy, Lust, Gluttony, Avarice, Sloth, Stupidity and Ignorance?
8. Which is the higher: the Great Pyramid of Cheops, or St. Paul's Cathedral?
9. The initials IRO are commonly used to denote: — (a) Irish Republican Organisation; (b) International Refugee Organisation; (c) Italian Reparations Office; (d) International Rotarian Officer. Which?
10. Can a man whose eyes are five feet from the ground level see a huge hole in the ground four miles away (assuming he is looking across an unbroken plain)?
11. The man who bans objectionable plays is (a) The Lord Chamberlain; (b) The Lord Privy Seal; (c) Gold Stick in Waiting; (d) The Home Secretary; (e) The Commissioner of New Scotland Yard. Which?
12. Where could you go in a bathyscaphe?
13. Donald Finlay is Britain's fastest hurdler, airman, motorcyclist, walker, miler—which?
14. Ten years ago the place in the picture below was constantly in the news. What and where is it?



(Answers on Page 45)

## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 1. What the poet does when his work is mixed? 3. In short supply. 8. Let's eat an American town. 9. Compete. 10. "I die of fact" (anagram). 13. Take off his head! 15. The piper's pig-thief son.

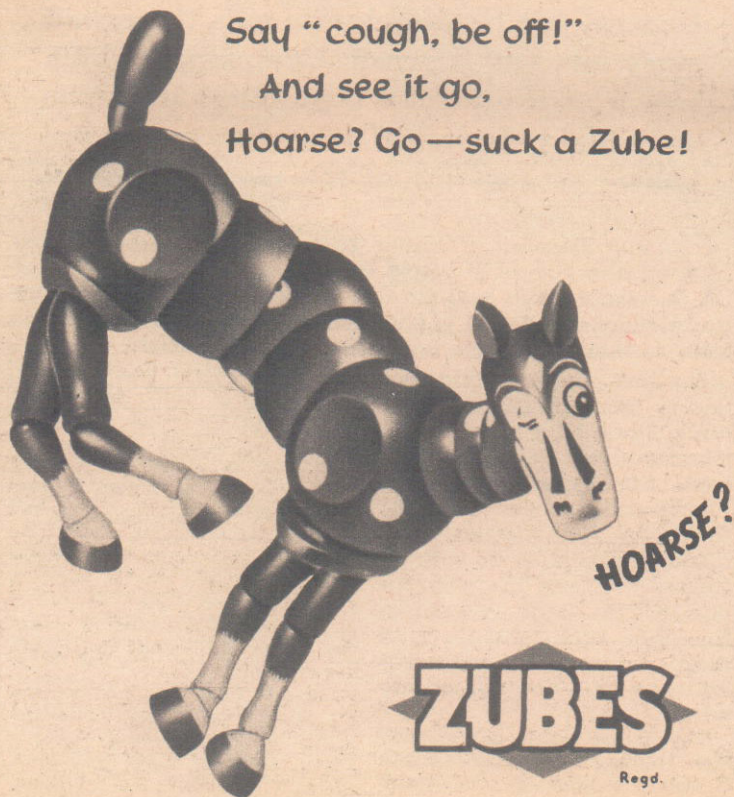
16. Insignia for drinking? (two words). 18. A man and an era contrive. 19. Tyre-slip.

**DOWN:** 1. Mother's bed as a talisman? 2. Ammunition for school-boy shooter. 4. "Nicer atoms" (anagram). 5. Holiday coast with 9 across in the middle. 6. Looked at. 7. Defence work sounds like help for the farm animals. 11. No slave. 12. Written or confined. 14. Main part of a plant. 17. Kind.

(Answers on Page 45)



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



The Cough Lozenges in the Handy  
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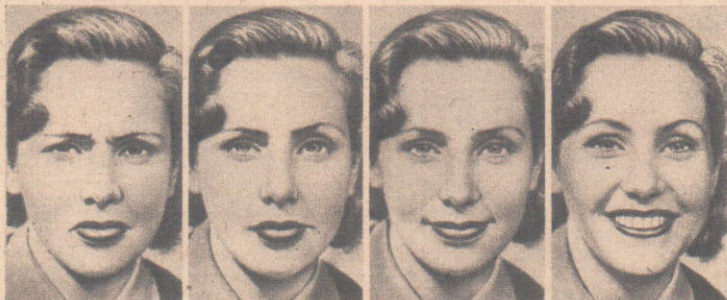
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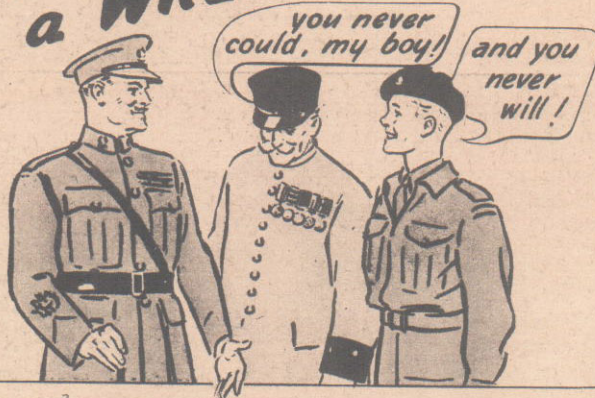
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General Sir Frederick Pile tells the proud story of Anti-Aircraft Command, which rose from ramshackle beginnings to be "the most highly technical army that ever wore khaki" — and one of the most successful

**R**ADIO listeners in Britain recently heard a play called *Celestial Fire* in which the villain of the piece was an unscrupulous anti-aircraft brigadier who tried to bribe his intelligence officers to put in false evidence of flying bomb kills, so that his brigade might head the score-board.

No such rascally brigadier figures in General Sir Frederick Pile's book "Ack Ack" (Harrap 18s). But the plain facts of the flying bomb battle, the most successful battle fought by Anti-Aircraft Command, are exciting enough by themselves; and the percentage of kills to be entered in the "Bird Book" was so high that it would have been worth no one's while to cook up any extras.

The flying bomb battle, with the tremendous redeployments of men, women and machines which it involved, is the climax to which General Pile's book builds up. Afterwards, it is true, there were hurried preparations to cope with V2, but the guns were not allowed to fire. And

after V2 there was another, lesser, flap of which few people have heard: Operation Deathride. A "strong school of thought" held that as a last gesture the *Luftwaffe* would stage a succession of suicide crashes on the heart of London. So at the end of March 1945, when most people thought the war was as good as over, there was a big reshuffle of light anti-aircraft guns to guard the centre of London. The attack never came.

General Pile, the only general to retain the same command right through the war, tells a lively, vigorous story, well spiced with anecdote. An Irishman, he began his Army career as a Field Gunner, became brevet lieutenant-colonel in World War One, commanded a tank battalion between the wars, and then was appointed an infantry brigadier in Egypt. In this capacity he had the distinction of "tearing a strip" off Colonel Bernard L. Montgomery, then commanding the Warwickshires. It seems that Colonel Montgomery and Colonel Harold Franklyn, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, had got their troops thoroughly entangled on manoeuvres and had decided to call a truce pending instructions. "I felt then, and I still feel now," says General Pile, "that this was a try-on." He had the two colonels parading at his tent next day, and forgetting the words of wisdom he had intended to administer, "set about and abused them like pickpockets." Both colonels "took their dressing-down like the great soldiers they are."

General Pile took over Anti-Aircraft Command in mid-summer of 1939, having previously commanded 1st Anti-Aircraft Division. The standard of organisation at headquarters in the earliest days may be judged from the story of the occasion when a long, important document was dictated and the notes destroyed before the civilian shorthand typist discovered that she was unable to read it back. "When a gentle reproof was administered to her she drove away in her own car — a Bentley — and was no more seen."

A man without the physical and mental toughness of General Pile would have gone out with a breakdown after a few months. Not only was he charged with building up the anti-aircraft defences from negligible and

Rockets from a "Z" Battery produced an impressive — and lethal — area of flak; they were fired from 64 projectors at a time. But predicted fire was a more potent weapon. Below: first victory salvo of World War Two to be fired in the field was by 3.7's of 60th City of London HAA Regiment, at Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's headquarters.



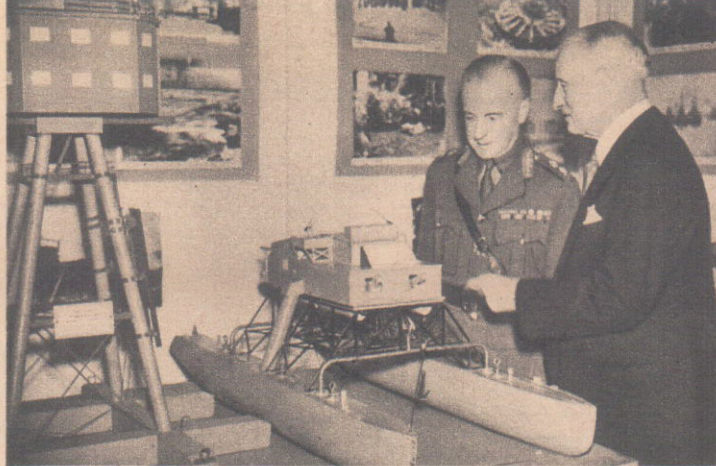


despised beginnings, he was called on frequently by Mr. Churchill to debate high war policy, and to argue with scientists, fellow generals, admirals and air marshals. The Premier's policy was to get all the heads of Services together and set them at each other. Often a certain amount of heat was generated, but at least Mr. Churchill heard both sides of the story. The book contains several piquant stories of these clashes.

General Pile's misfortune was that he was fighting his war on home ground. Although he lost few troops as a result of enemy action, he was continually losing enormous numbers of trained men to other arms and armies. Also he had more than 40,000,000 critics on his doorstep. Whereas the man-in-the-pub had only rudimentary ideas on how to hurl Rommel out of Africa, he had very fixed ideas on how enemy aircraft should be brought down.

Senseless and uninformed criticism from people in both low and high places was the cross the ack-ack Gunner had to bear, right through the war. He was upbraided for not shooting at aircraft which were friendly, and accused of funk when he had strictest orders not to shoot, for tactical reasons. He was taunted because his rounds were nowhere near the aircraft, when in fact he was aiming at some other aircraft. He was even cold-shouldered, in certain areas, for shooting down flying bombs, instead of letting them pass overhead and fall (as they would have done) on areas of much denser population. Incredible as it must seem, Gunners were snubbed and refused cigarettes in the shops for no other reason than that they had been firing at enemy targets. General Pile was assailed more than any of his Gunners, often at Parliamentary level, but he knew how to hit back. "I really think that quite 30 per cent of my time was taken up with placating democracy," he says. And that included placating councils which complained that gun blast was breaking lavatory pans.

To an ack-ack Gunner the story of the slow, painful build-up of Anti-Aircraft Command into a brilliantly efficient technical force — "the most highly technical army that ever wore khaki," says General Pile — is an engrossing one. When the war started the old 3-in gun was still being used with a 1918 predictor. From then on new equipment was constantly being devised, modified, improved and



General Sir Frederick Pile inspects a model of a floating gunnery tower, one of many ideas for mounting guns off Britain's coasts.

then scrapped in favour of something better. The first trials with radar were heartbreaking. But the radar set which was finally used in combating the flying bomb represented the nearest approach yet to a robot defence against a robot attack. Long before this set came along, however, radar operators had been deprived of their extra pay, because the financial authorities had decided that anyone could "twiddle a few knobs." The General is caustic about this decision.

Anti-Aircraft Command was popularly supposed to be a static command, but movements of defences were going on incessantly. When the "Baedeker" raids began, guns had to be rushed to cities which seemed likely targets. When the Royal Air Force bombed the Ruhr dams, retaliatory raids on our reservoirs were expected, and defences had to be laid on in lonely valleys at a moment's notice. A system of chain defences was decided upon; that is, metal chains were to be suspended from high pylons across likely avenues of approach. As it turned out, this project was lost somewhere down the priority list.

A good deal of misinformation was current during the war about the efficacy of anti-aircraft barrages. General Pile says that they had in some cases a deterrent effect, but he quotes one of his scientists, Professor A. V. Hill as follows:

One cubic mile of space contains 5,500,000,000 cubic yards. The lethal zone of a 3.7 shell is only a few thousand cubic yards and exists for only about 1/50th of a second. The idea of a "barrage" of anti-aircraft shells is nonsense. The word ought to be dropped: it gives a false impression, and is based on sloppy thinking and bad arithmetic. Nothing but aimed fire is any use. In order to give a one-fiftieth chance of bringing down an enemy moving at 250 miles an hour and crossing a vertical rectangle ten miles wide and four miles high (from the barrage balloons to 25,000 feet) about 3000 3.7-in shells would be required a second.

And that was to give only a one-fiftieth chance of success!

Among ingenious suggestions sent in by the public — but not followed up — was one for exploding a phosphorescent material in front of an aircraft so that it would be rendered visible to night fighters. It did not seem to occur to the originator of this brainwave that if a projectile could be burst close enough to an aircraft to smother it with phosphorescence, it would be far

better to fill the projectile with high explosive.

General Pile pays many gallant compliments to the ATS who served so successfully in Anti-Aircraft Command. VIP's always took a close interest in this experiment, and General Pile notes that on one site the girls became a little blasé, "and thought nothing of asking Prime Ministers if they would mind moving, as their heads were blocking the view from the telescopes." It was a pity that the supply of ATS volunteers dried up as early as it did.

The failure to grant the 1939-45 Star to anti-aircraft Gunners — a similar reward was denied them after World War One — comes in for a good deal of criticism by General Pile. Even though men in the Command earned the

MC, the DCM and MM it was ruled that Anti-Aircraft Command was not an operational command in a theatre of war. Throughout the war no member of the Command was Mentioned in Despatches, except General Pile himself — and that by courtesy of the Air Ministry.

During the Nuremberg trials General Pile tried to pump Goering and Speer about German technical progress in the anti-aircraft field. Goering gave nothing away, but he was flattering enough to say that he had flown over London in both world wars, and that his trip on the second occasion was "a very unpleasant journey," thanks to anti-aircraft fire.

What of the future?

Whereas it is fashionable in some quarters to say that Britain is such a small island that a handful of atom bombs would knock it out, General Pile sees in our compactness one virtue. "We are a very small target, and therefore it is easier for us to find sufficient troops to cover all angles at which a rocket bomber should reach this country."

His personal view is that the future in anti-aircraft lies with the controlled projectile, that is, a projectile continually regulated in its flight so that it eventually collides with, or blows up near, its target. He makes a cryptic mention of preliminary work carried out by Anti-Aircraft Command scientists in this field during the war.



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The flash of Anti-Aircraft Command was adapted from a device on the exterior wall of Gen. Pile's HQ at Stanmore, Middlesex.



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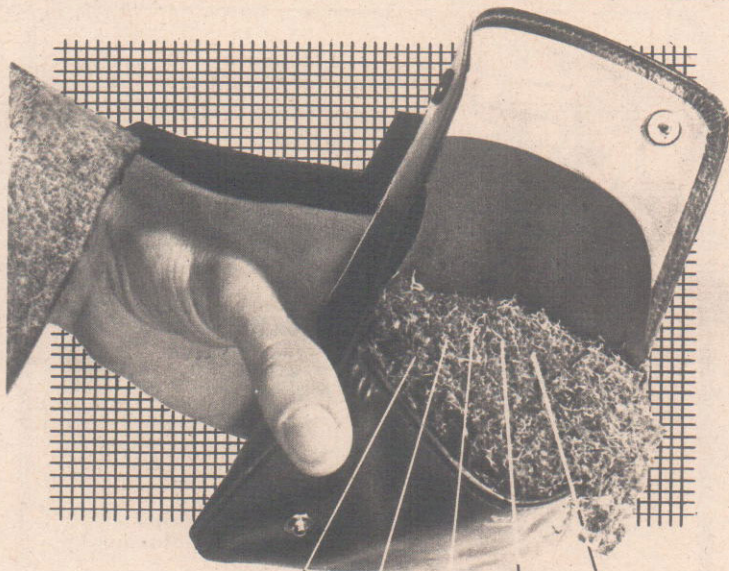


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## SPORT



A record entry of all-round athletes from the three fighting Services this year showed growing enthusiasm for a five-in-one contest, the British —

# PENTATHLON

**T**HE Customs men at Harwich took a close look at the big silver cup which a party of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards were bringing into Britain from Germany. They demanded, and got, a detailed explanation of its origin and destination.

A few weeks later they saw the cup again — going back to Germany, in the same custody.

This time the explanation was simple: the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards had won the modern pentathlon team championship of Great Britain for the third year running. And the cup was on its way back from Aldershot to Paderborn to take its place among the regimental silver for another year.

The reason why a smaller cup for the individual championship, which had also gone to the 5th Dragoon Guards in the past two years, did not go back to Germany was not because the regiment had relinquished it, but because Captain P. A. Duckworth, this year's winner, had been posted to an instructor's job in Britain.

The 5th Dragoon Guards had won the cup in a year of record entries: there were 71 individuals, including 20 teams, from the Army, the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Marines — and there was one Territorial: Lieutenant I. O. Travers-Smith of the Queen's Westminsters (who was fourth in the riding event and ninth in the final placing).

The 5th Dragoon Guards' entry included, besides Captain Duck-

worth, Major C. H. Blacker (who rode in this year's Grand National and was sixth in the pentathlon two years ago), and two youngsters, Lieutenant A. P. Millen and Corporal R. Bright. By the rules of the competition, the team consisted of three members (Corporal Bright was the reserve) and two of them were scoring members, nominated at the end of the competition. In

this case they were Major Blacker and Captain Duckworth and the aggregate of their placings in the five events was 149.

Up to the last moment, the 5th Dragoon Guards were challenged by the 1st Parachute Battalion from Brunswick. The parachutists were fourth after the first event — riding — then took the lead after the fencing and kept it after the shooting and swimming. But



Grey horse and dark sky combined for a striking picture when Officer-Cadet P. Maxwell, from Sandhurst, went over the jumps.

Not an aquatic version of the Swan Lake ballet but a turn by Lance-Corporal Thomas Ward of 1st Parachute Battalion in the swimming event. He was sixth in swimming.

in running their places were not so good and the cup, which had looked as though it might go back to Germany in their custody, eluded them.

Major W. P. Ferrier, who led the parachutists, first entered the pentathlon championship when he was a cadet at Sandhurst in 1936 and finished sixth. This year he was 25th and his team-mates, Lance-Corporals M. Howard and T. Ward, both National Servicemen entering for the first time and due out of the Army in a couple of months, were fourth and seventh respectively.

Third place went to the Royal Marines, fourth was the first team to be entered in the Pentathlon by the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy was fifth.

There were a number of National Servicemen in the event this year — perhaps they were encouraged by the performance of Lance-Corporal Andrew Martin of the 5th Dragoon Guards who won the championship in 1947 and 1948 and represented Britain in last year's Olympic Games.

There were also quite a number of teams from Germany besides the 5th Dragoon Guards and 1st Parachute Battalion. The 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards came in ninth. Another Rhine Army entry was that of the 1st Battalion, Durham Light Infantry from Dortmund. It consisted of three second-lieutenants, only one of whom, Second-Lieutenant J. H. Jacob, had entered the event before, when, as a Sandhurst cadet in 1947, he finished seventh. The team was placed sixth.

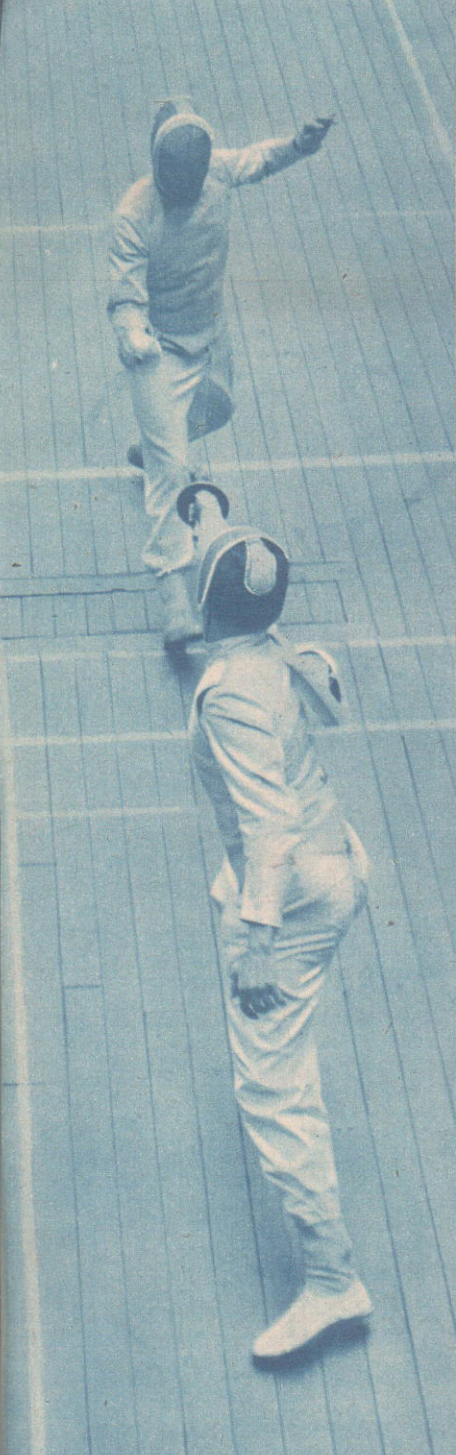
From Krefeld came the team of the 1st Battalion, Wiltshire Regiment — or most of it. Its leader, Captain D. S. B. Skene, is a physical training staff officer at Hanover, 150 miles away, so the team had some difficulty in training together. They were 13th.

For the first time, the Royal Military Police entered teams — two of them. Perhaps the appointment as Provost-Marshal of Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler, former Inspector of Physical Training and vice-president of the international pentathlon organisation, had something to do with their entry. The team members all came from the depot at Woking, except Corporal P. Hutson, who arrived from Trieste, where he had done well in a horse-jumping contest. The military police came 11th and 20th.

There were two Royal Signals teams, both from Catterick, which finished 10th and 8th; a Royal Army Service Corps team, from the Headquarters of the RASC Training Centre at Aldershot, which finished 17th. There were five teams from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and Captain B. L. L. Tayleur, who instructs in pentathlon events at Sandhurst, competed with his own regimental team, the 14/20 King's Hussars.

OVER





Spectator's view of a fencing bout. Winner of the fencing, Lieutenant G. A. G. Brooke, Royal Navy, had 13 wins.

## FIVE-IN-ONE

**T**HE ancient Greeks first thought of the pentathlon: in their games the champion was the man who came out best in running, leaping, throwing the discus, throwing the javelin and wrestling.

Appropriately, the pentathlon was revived in Athens, in 1906. This time the five events were weight-lifting, wrestling, a 1500-metres walk, rope climbing and tug-of-war.

The military pentathlon was based on the idea of a soldier-courier who, by skill and endurance, survives multiple hazards to deliver his message. His horse falls under him; he defends himself from enemies with sword and pistol; he swims a river; finally, he runs the last stretch. Hence the modern pentathlon consists of riding, fencing, shooting, swimming and running.

The Modern Pentathlon Association sends British representatives to Olympic Games. The best place Britain has had in an Olympic pentathlon was seventh (RSM. Vokins, 10th Royal Hussars, in Paris in 1924).

# PENTATHLON

(Continued)

Among the individual entrants without team attachments was Lieutenant-Colonel P. de C. Jones, of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry who has been entering the pentathlon since 1933 and has been second twice: he was seventh in the Olympic trials last year and was manager-reserve to the British Olympic team.

This year he is an instructor at the Staff College and not able to take the pentathlon as seriously as in other years (in spite of which he won the shooting, was sixth in riding and finally placed 22nd). His regiment is in Hong-Kong and so was not able to enter a team, but Lieutenant-Colonel Jones hopes to be able to raise a team in the future with the help of Second-Lieutenant A. Borwick, who has just joined the regiment from Sandhurst and was third, as a cadet, in 1947.

For the individual championship, Captain Duckworth's closest rival was Lieutenant G. A. G. Brooke, Royal Navy. Lieutenant Brooke, a survivor of the *Prince of Wales*, was the only member of last year's Olympic team to take part in this year's championship. He totalled 69 points — 29 more than Captain Duckworth.

Third, to give all three Services representation in the first three, was Flight-Lieutenant L. S. Lumsdaine, with 98 points. Flight-Lieutenant Lumsdaine had won the RAF pentathlon (actually a tetrathlon this year, since there were no horses available for a riding event). He also won an international military air pentathlon in France this year: this involved flying, aerial photography, pistol shooting, foils, diving for plates and swimming under water, a basket-ball test, running over obstacles, an evasion test which included an assault course, carrying one's partner 100 metres, swimming rivers past sentries armed with camera-guns and evading arrest without using violence. His team-mate for this gruelling event was Squadron-Leader G. A. Podevin, who was also competing in the British championship, in which he came 37th; together they won the team award in France.

Captain Duckworth won the riding event, with Captain Taylor second and Lieutenant P. H. Wood, a lone entrant from the 11th Hussars, third. In this event 20 entrants, on unfamiliar horses, cleared the obstacles without fault and style decided the result.

Lieutenant Brooke won the fencing with 13 victories out of 17 contests. Captain E. J. Bæle and Lieutenant R. A. A. King, Royal Signals, tied for second place. Captain Duckworth tied fourth with Major Ferrier and Lieutenant D. M. Aspinall, Royal Signals.

In the pistol shooting at Bisley — 20 shots, fired in four series of five at 20 yards — 17 entrants scored a possible 20 hits. Lieutenant-Colonel Jones's winning score was 188 and he was followed by Colour-Serjeant B. S. Allen,



Above: "Any revolver or pistol (automatic or single shot) with open sights will be allowed." Cpl. R. Bright, 5th Dragoon Guards, and his choice at Bisley. Below: The runners-up: the 1st Parachute Bttn. team. Left to right: L/Cpl. T. Ward (seventh), Maj. W. P. Ferrier (25th), L/Cpl. G. Ratcliffe (reserve. 51st) and L/Cpl. M. Howard (fourth).



Royal Marines, with 186, Captain E. de B. Marsh, Royal Artillery, with 185, and Lieutenant Brooke was fourth with 182.

Lieutenant Brooke was equal-first with Captain Duckworth at this stage, but after the swimming in which he was 49th he dropped to fourth place while Captain Duckworth retained the lead. The event was won by Flight-Lieutenant Lumsdaine, who swam the 300 metres in four minutes 39.4 seconds. Second was Captain J. W. Spicer, a solitary Royal Fusiliers entrant, in four minutes 49.9 seconds; and third Captain A. Hollifield, Royal Signals, in five minutes, three seconds.

Between Captain Duckworth and Lieutenant Brooke, when the running began in the last day, were Lance-Corporal T. Ward and Serjeant C. Deakin, Royal Marines. Flight-Lieutenant Lumsdaine was

eighth. The competitors had two and a half miles to run across country; they started (at minute intervals) and finished at the officers' club, Aldershot.

The best running time was put up by Second-Lieutenant J. J. Percy of the Durham Light Infantry team — 13 minutes, 43.9 seconds. Second was the 5th Dragoon Guards' Corporal Bright, five seconds longer, and third the winner's team-mate, Second-Lieutenant J. H. Jacob. Lieutenant Brooke was fifth, which was not good enough to undo the damage of his swimming figure; Captain Duckworth was eighth and Flight-Lieutenant Lumsdaine 25th.

Officer-Cadet M. J. Boxhall, who represented his school, Harrow, on the running track, was 27th in the running and in the final placings. This won him the cup for the Services Colleges champion.

BOB O'BRIEN





This was one time Second-Lieutenant J. H. Jacob, 1st Battalion, Durham Light Infantry (who came third in the running) did not receive an "eyes left."

He's a lot of breath to get back after running two and a half miles. That's Captain Duckworth. He looks like getting the championship —



Got it! His breath and the championship. The big cup is the team award, the smaller one the individual cup.



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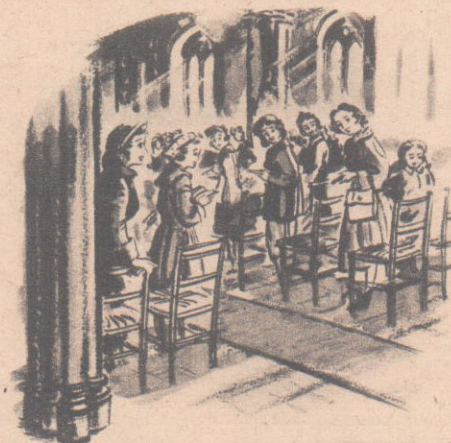
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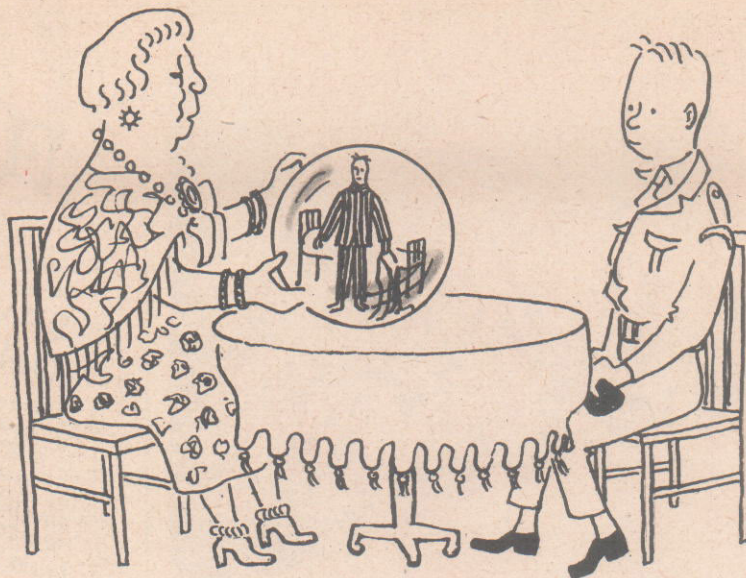
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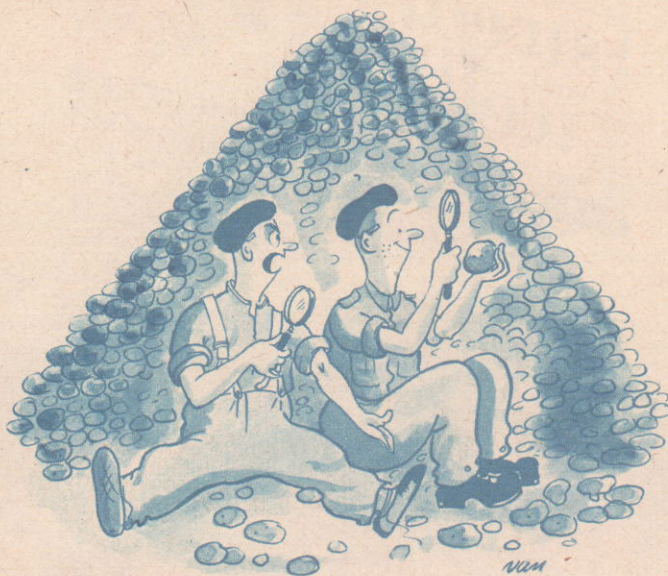
# SOLDIER HUMOUR



"In applying for leave, Private Perkins, you do not say at the end of your letter 'Hoping this finds you as it leaves me at present'."



"And it won't be long now before you get your — er, stripes."



"So you just had to tell the CO you'd seen a Colorado beetle!"



"No thanks, we've got one."



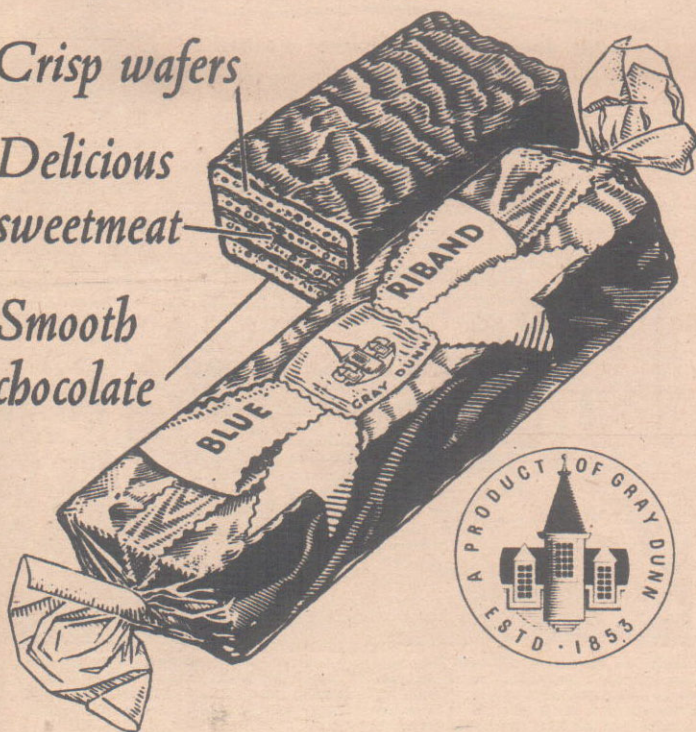


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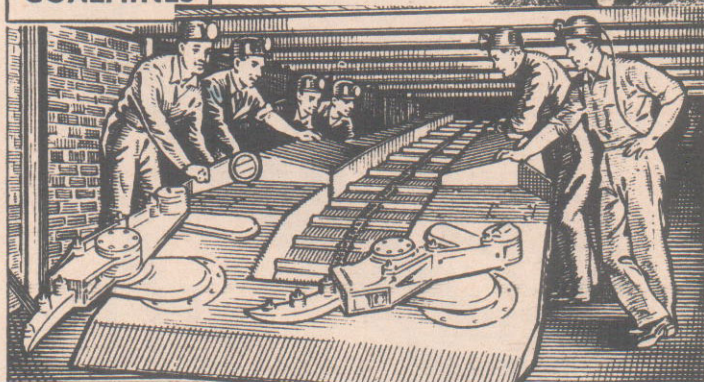
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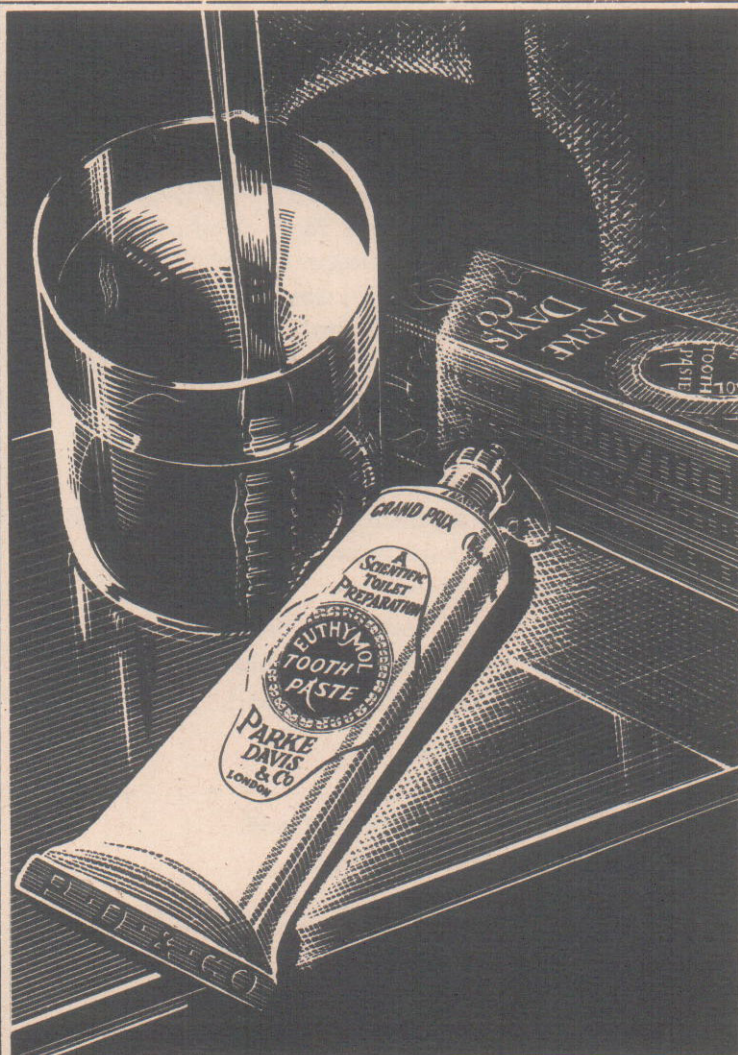
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## A.K.C. EXPLAIN...

# WHY YOU MUST PAY MORE TO SEE FILMS

BY this time most SOLDIER readers will know that seat prices in all cinemas of the Army Kinema Corporation at home and overseas have gone up. No one regrets the necessity for this step more than the AKC.

Rising costs all round have meant that without these price adjustments the entertainment film service would not pay for itself. For, since the Treasury ruling in 1946, entertainment film shows for the Army have had to pay their own way from box-office receipts.

The AKC policy is to provide the Army with the best films at cost price and no more. But on top of the general rise in all costs comes the fall in the value of the pound in relation to the dollar.

The AKC enjoys no subsidy, hidden or otherwise. Rent must be paid for all cinemas, including those owned and requisitioned by the War Office; and 16 mm mobiles are still run at a loss as part of a deliberate policy of giving the best possible service to small and isolated units.

The new prices, shown below, have been most carefully worked out to hurt the soldier's pocket as little as possible; and a few ninepenny seats have been retained. In the East, where distance puts up the distribution costs, most soldiers receive some form of overseas allowance; this accounts for the slightly increased charges in those areas.



Where the money goes: exhibition rights of films and cost of prints...

... distribution of prints, including air, sea and land freight charges, and all transport and administrative costs including the 16 mm mobile service.



... upkeep of cinemas, including rent, light, heat, cleaning, insurance and staff...

... maintenance and replacement of equipment, depreciation, improvement of amenities, conversion and rebuilding of cinemas



	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES
35mm and 16mm Static Cinemas .....	9d 1s 3d 1s 6d 2s	1s (a few at 9d in BAOR & UK) 1s 6d (in Far East 1s 9d) 2s 3d (in Far East 2s 6d)
16 mm Mobiles .....	9d	10d
16 mm Unit or WD owned .....	9d	10d

## Coming Your Way

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

### OBSESSION

You would have seen this earlier, but for the arrest and trial of John George Haigh. For Robert Newton plays the part of a man who plans a perfect murder and, by a coincidence, it has some features very similar to those of the Haigh case. For that reason the film was held up until the trial was over. With Newton are Sally Gray, Naunton Wayne and Phil Brown.

### TRAIN OF EVENTS

Four sets of people in four difficult situations, some serious, some not. For all of them their problems are solved by a railway crash. A bit drastic, perhaps. But it would take something drastic to get Valerie Hobson, Jack Warner, John Clements, Irina Baronova and Susan Shaw on one train.

### THE THREE MUSKETEERS

Rapiers, costumes, Richelieu, d'Arlagnan and American accents. With Lana Turner, Gene Kelly, June Allyson, Van Hellen and Angela Lansbury.

### HAZARD

A girl with gambling fever can get into a lot of trouble. In the case of Paulette Goddard, it's a man called Macdonald Carey.

### ROGUES' REGIMENT

This is complicated: An American Intelligence officer joins the French Foreign Legion in Indo-China to track down a German who is posing as a Dutchman. The story is based on the hunt for Martin Bormann and begins with the burning of Hitler's body in Berlin. Stars are Dick Powell (still not singing), Marta Toren and Vincent Price.

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# LETTERS

## ON THE TRAIN

Recently I patrolled the length of a British military train and was staggered to see what soldiers were reading. They were devouring schoolboy thrillers like the *Adventure* and the *Wizard*, school stories and even unashamed "comics."

Can anyone tell me whether my experience was unusual, or is this sort of thing the normal reading matter of the National Serviceman?

I am pleased to report that a great many soldiers were also reading **SOLDIER**. — "New Army" (name and address supplied).

## £ 25 FOR CHURCHILL

I was much interested in the September **SOLDIER** containing an article on the Boer War in which is reproduced a copy of my "proclamation" offering £25 for Winston Churchill, dead or alive.

Allow me to offer a few criticisms:  
1. In the English translation of the Dutch text occurs a mistake. Thereward is not offered "on behalf of the Special Constable," which is absolute nonsense, but "to any special constable" who brings in etc.

It is true that this faulty translation appears in Mr. Churchill's book "My Early Life" but when I had occasion to call at No. 10 Downing Street in 1943 or 1944 I wrote out an erratum which is supposed to be inserted in the volume if it should be reprinted.

2. President Kruger did not desert his countrymen—a gratuitous insult to the memory of an exceptionally fearless man and a staunch patriot—but left for Europe at the request of his government in order to solicit help for his country. He did not "flee", but was carried as a guest of honour in a cruiser (the *Gelderland* if memory serves me), put officially at his disposal by the Netherlands Government.

3. Over five photographs is the heading: "These are the men who made news fifty years ago." I dare say, as far as the first four are concerned. The fifth photo is that of a very fine Boer type but, contrarily to what the caption says, not of Louis Botha. Et voilà. — **Lod. D. de Haas, 119 Rue des Deux-Eglises, Brussels.**

★ The errors in (1) and (3) occurred in agency captions. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* speaks of Kruger "deserting his countrymen"; elsewhere it says he left "with the consent of his executive" and tried to gain support from European powers. **SOLDIER** is willing to believe that he acted from the best motives.

To the man who—in an unhappy day—sought Mr. Churchill "dead or alive" **SOLDIER** wishes as long a life as it wishes the man who eluded him.

## RED SHIELD

The article on the Boer War (September) reminded me that the Red Shield Services for the troops came into being during that War. A young South African lady named Murray, the daughter of a Colonel Murray, was given some tents and the job of organising welfare work with the troops. With the help of other young women she started the Red Shield Services, the first canteens, apart from those of the camp followers, ever opened for the benefit of the men. Now the Red Shield is a world-wide service given to troops of all nations everywhere. — **Major V. Groom, Red Shield Services, Hamburg, BAOR.**

## ● SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

## DOG AS SENTRY

The following account of a dog's action in war may interest those who read the article "Should Animals Be Given Medals?" (**SOLDIER**, October). It is from the *Memoirs of John Shipp*, a soldier who served in India in 1815:

In passing the sentinels I found it necessary to admonish one of them for not challenging in a louder voice. To my astonishment the excuse which this man made was that he was afraid of waking a faithful dog of his which was asleep under a bush nearby.

"What!" said I, "then I suppose you sometimes take nap-about with this faithful animal?"

"Why, yes", said the man innocently, "Sometimes, sir; and to say the truth I have but five minutes ago relieved him of his post."

"Very candid, truly", said I, "but



are you not aware, my good fellow, you could be shot for sleeping on your post?"

The sentinel admitted that he knew well the consequences to which he would be subjected by so doing; but notwithstanding this he asserted that he could thoroughly confide in his faithful companion, who, on the slightest noise, would jump upon him and awake him.

On further enquiry I learnt that this sagacious and faithful creature would regularly, when his master was on watch, stand his hour and walk his round; that on very dark nights he would even put his ear to the ground and listen; and that during the period assigned to him as his turn to watch he would never venture to lie down but would steadily and slowly walk his round which nothing would induce him to leave, such was his opinion of the nature and responsibility of the post. — **Arthur Watts, London Road, Shrewsbury.**

## COMBAT BOOT

The high leather boots shown with the new combat suit in your October issue look very like the battle-dress boots sold in officers' shops during the recent war. If they are there is one thing against them in action. If the tops are not tight fitting, (and who can make allowances for every size of leg?) stones and earth keep getting into them from the sides of the slit-trench and the boots have to be taken off and shaken out every 15 minutes or so.

Apart from the trouble involved, getting caught with one's bootsoff is as bad as getting caught with one's trousers down in the event of a "flap." Incidentally, if the tops are tight they may be uncomfortable for marching. — **Ex-Infanteer (name and address supplied).**



## CYRENAICA

In the August SOLDIER you had an article on Cyrenaica. That a writer should get away with so much bilge has not only enraged myself but a lot of my comrades here in Cyrenaica.

To quote: "And how is life for the British soldier in Cyrenaica?" What a silly thing to say! There is life—oh yes, and it's just about noticeable. Has the writer been here for any length of time? And to be one of the "heirs to Mussolini's prized holiday towns" is not in the least bit flattering.

It's such a nice place to spend a leave in, too—we cannot buy anything from locals in the way of sweets and peanuts because we are liable to a charge, plus a dose of "gippy tummy."

But, to alleviate this, all we need is £50 to fly home. Just a mere fifty quid. By the way, the last Red Cross raffle that I remember for a ticket on the Benina-London trip was won by a high-ranking officer.

Did the author think of the cost of living out here or was this a bit too much to expect? After all, he has spent a whole paragraph on a swimming pool; why didn't he quote the cost of goods?

Mr. Editor, I could go on for a long, long time about this article. All I ask, however, is that in the future articles should be presented in the correct perspective, and should not try to pull the wool over people's eyes. — "Serjeant" (name and address supplied).

★ Similar letters have been received from Cyrenaica. See SOLDIER to Soldier, Page 11.

## MIDDLE EAST SNOW

I was pleased to see the letter about the Army winter sports camp in Cyprus, for I spent the whole season in Troodos camp as ski-ing instructor. The camp is not on Mount Olympus as stated, but is about two miles away. I appreciate the enthusiasm of "Kudos for Troodos," but is he not rather too optimistic when writing about transfers to the "sunny Mediterranean?" Has he forgotten that last winter the camp was almost empty through the whole season? Could it be that the soldiers did not want to go on leave to the place known as the best in the Middle East? I doubt it. — "Snowman" (address supplied).

## BUTT, OF COURSE

Has SOLDIER's film critic been misinformed? In the article "What Did The Guards Do to Deserve This?" (SOLDIER, September) the postscript states that the sentry gave the major a butt salute instead of a present arms.

This is quite correct as in the Guards only lieutenant-colonels and above are entitled to a "present", with one exception. This exception is a major who is commanding a battalion of the Guards or a depot in the absence of the commanding officer or commandant. — Guardsman A. Paxton, 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, Malaya.

★ This is what comes of having: a Gunner as a film critic. King's Regulations also lay down that sentries of guards mounted over the Sovereign present arms only to members of the Royal Family and armed corps.

## UNDER THE KILT

Some while ago there was a correspondence in your columns about what, if anything, a good Scotsman wore under his kilt. If I remember rightly, your official answer was just a trifle evasive.

Those still interested in the subject should read ACI 759/49 entitled: "Issue of Ancillary Items Worn With The Kilt." It lists badge, purse; buttons, black; gaiters (Highland); garters (Highland); hosetops, coloured; purse and belt complete; shoes (Highland).

The list is notable, not because of what it lists, but because of what it does not list. — "Flery Cross" (name and address supplied).

## Answers

(From Page 32)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. (b). 2. (c). 3. All have universities. 4. Archbishop of Canterbury. 5. Equivalent rank of field-marshal is Marshal of the RAF; others are correct. 6. (a) King George VI; (b) Duke of Windsor. 7. Stupidity and ignorance are not mortal sins. 8. Pyramid of Cheops 450 feet; St Paul's 365 feet. 9. (b). 10. No; maximum vision is about three miles, on account of earth's curvature. 11. (a). 12. Deep into the ocean. 13. Fastest hurdler. 14. Hitler's chalet at Berchtesgaden, Bavaria.

### Crossword

Across: 1. Mope. 3. Scarce. 8. Seattle. 9. Vie. 10. Officiated. 13. Decapitate. 15. Tom. 16. Inn sign. 18. Manage. 19. Skid.

Down: 1. Mascot. 2. Pea. 4. Cremations. 5. Riviera. 6. Eyed. 7. Stockading. 11. Freeman. 12. Penned. 14. Stem. 17. Ilk.

## DRUMS OR GUNS?

Can you please tell me (a) the scale of equipment issued to bandmen; (b) the type of training they must undergo to become five-star privates; (c) whether they are combatant or non-combatant, and if the former whether they are soldiers first and musicians second or vice versa? — Bandsman (name and address supplied).

★ The equipment issued to bandmen for band parades is limited to a white buff belt (black for Rifle regiments) and slings for certain instruments. Their operational training is secondary to their musical training and their rates of pay are determined by their musical qualifications. Full conditions for the pay of bandmen can be found in Appendix 15 of the pamphlet on the "Six Star System" (War Office Code number 2250).

Since the war a regimental band has had an establishment of its own. This establishment does not include weapons; but bandmen are nevertheless combat soldiers in an emergency. In Palestine they performed camp protection duties and in Germany they undertake certain barrack guards and duties when their regiments are absent on training. Their prime obligation is to be good musicians but this does not relieve them of the necessity to be smart and well-disciplined soldiers, able to undertake guards or go into the firing line.

## COLOURED SERVICE

Army bands travel a great deal both at home and abroad. Why not issue them with full dress? It would cheer people up and our big parades in London would not be so incredibly dull and monotonous if there were a splash of colour here and there to lighten the drab khaki.

It was not the princely sum of two shillings a day which attracted recruits in pre-war days, it was the ceremonial kit.

Incidentally, the war finished about four years ago and I am still awaiting permission to have my greatcoat taken in at the waist, at my own expense. — Musician (name and address supplied).

## RAINCOATS FOR WRAC

Do the official objections, quoted by you in September, to issuing the Army with raincoats instead of groundsheet apply to the Women's Royal Army Corps? Personally, I do not think so. A raincoat would be much more serviceable for us, apart from the fact that it would be smarter and much more feminine. — Cpl. K. Burnham, "B" Coy., 12th. Bn. WRAC, London SW3.

(More Letters on Page 46)



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# MORE LETTERS

## "QUEEN'S SALUTE"

I suggest that your correspondent who asks if there is a drill ceremony called the "Queen's Salute" is thinking of the movement "Reverse Arms—Rest on your arms reversed." This was first performed at Marlborough's funeral in 1722 and has, I believe, been called "Queen Anne's Salute." — **Sgt. R. W. Lilley, 101 Coy. RASC (GT Special), MELF.**

There is, or was when I first enlisted, a movement purporting to be "Queen Victoria's Salute" which many old Regulars will know. It consists of the "Present Arms" after which the first finger of the right hand is inserted in the trigger guard and the rifle swung down and round, finishing up reversed, butt to the front, under the right arm. At the same time the soldier goes down on his right knee and very much resembles a gunner kneeling with the rammer under his arm. — **Gnr. L. Garnett MM, 159/26 Field Regt., RA, Malaya.**

★ **SOLDIER** is still unable to find any official authority for this movement.

## KHAKI TO BLUE

Is it possible for me to transfer from the Royal Artillery to the Royal Air Force Regiment? I am a Regular and have done two years with the Army. — **Gnr. Pennington, RA Ranges, BAOR 8.**

★ A Regular is not eligible for transfer to the Royal Air Force,

which controls the RAF Regiment (ACI 340/49, para 35). National Servicemen who wish to undertake a regular engagement in the RAF Regiment may apply to transfer to the RAF (ACI 340/49, para 36).

## CHANGING REGIMENT

I am a National Serviceman and would like to make the Army my career if I could transfer to the Royal Horse Guards or the Life Guards. Can you tell me how to go about it? — **Pte. E. Barnfather, "C" Coy., 1 Bn., The Dorset Regt., BTA.**

★ A soldier who wishes to undertake a Regular engagement in a Corps other than the one in which he is serving may apply through his Commanding Officer to enlist as a Regular in the Corps of his choice, without waiting to finish his term of National Service.

## NO BOAT FROM CHINA

Ever since I have been in the Army I have been trying to transfer to the Glider Pilot Regiment. First I was told that training had been stopped temporarily owing to lack of aircraft; now I have been posted to Hong-Kong. Can you tell me when glider pilot training will re-commence, whether I will be sent back from Hong-Kong to do it and what tests I shall have to pass? — **Pte. R. Wilson, "B" Coy., 1st Bn., Middlesex Regt.**

★ Glider pilot training was suspended for some months because of

the heavy calls on aircraft for the Berlin airlift. It will probably start again soon after the end of the airlift, but this is not official. Bringing back volunteers from theatres other than Germany, Austria and Trieste has been found uneconomical, particularly in view of the high number of failures, and has been stopped. Volunteers are now informed that their application has been accepted, but that they must wait until they arrive back in Britain before they can be interviewed. On returning they should immediately inform War Office AGI(B) and instructions about interviews will be sent to their unit. The tests are the same as those for RAF men who wish to become pilots. Physical fitness and mental aptitude are the main considerations.

## PAY INCREMENTS

In 1946 I was released from my "duration of emergency" engagement with the rank of corporal. A year later I re-enlisted on a short-service engagement, coming back in with my previous rank of corporal. Does the break in my service stop me from receiving the 356d increment for holding the rank for four years and when will I be due for the ten years service increment? — **Cpl. S. Hornus, HQ Sqn., Royal Scots Greys, BAOR 8.**

★ Service on the previous engagement counts in both cases. It was found that Corporal Hornus had already qualified for the four year rank increment and this has now been credited to him. As he had a total of six years and 50 days reckonable service under his original engagement he must serve three years 315 days of the present one before he is eligible for the ten years service increment.

## ILL-STARRED

I have just obtained a transfer from the Glider Pilot Regiment to the Royal Army Veterinary Corps. I am a five-star soldier and have been given six months to qualify for the same rate of pay in my new corps. If I fail to do so, my star-rating will be reduced, and my pay will be less than I was getting before the star system was introduced.

Surely it was not intended that anyone should lose pay by the introduction of the star system. — "Private" (address supplied).

★ What the regulation means is that no man who continues to do the same job in the same rank shall lose money because of the introduction of the star pay system. If a man transfers to a lower-paid job he receives the pay appropriate to that job, irrespective of what he was getting before the introduction of the star pay code.

## IT ALL COUNTS

In February 1948 I was promoted paid acting corporal, but later, when I reverted to home establishment, I had to relinquish this rank. Now that I have been promoted again, does my previous service in the rank count towards the granting of war substantiation? — **Cpl. J. Langham, "HQ" Coy, 1st Bn., Royal Fusiliers, BAOR 24.**

★ Under the War Promotion Code all approved periods of paid acting rank are reckonable towards the grant of war substantive rank but not any period after which the rank was relinquished for inefficiency or misconduct. In some units men hold paid local rank which does not count towards war substantiation.

## PIKE AND MUSKET

**SOLDIER's** cover photograph (by Staff cameraman Desmond O'Neill) shows a group of model soldiers from the extensive collection of Major H. E. D. Harris, of Southsea, Hampshire.

The pikemen and musketeers depicted are of the mid-seventeenth century, the type of men who fought in Cromwell's armies. At that period, before the introduction of the bayonet, Infantrymen were divided into pikemen and musketeers for mutual protection. The musket was a slow-firing, cumbersome weapon which had to be mounted on a stand. Uniforms were left largely to the taste of the individual soldier or commander, but the cuirass and certain weapons were standard.

Major Harris's collection consists of many hundreds of figures in the scale of 1 to 32, or two-and-a-quarter inches in height without headdress. Like most collectors he tries to acquire at least one known make of every soldier and then to develop special lines, which in his case are: British Army full dress 1900–1914; mounted Infantry officers; dismounted Cavalry officers; and the Irish Brigade in the service of France 1690–1793.

Collecting of model soldiers is a hobby which takes a powerful grip on its devotees, who soon find themselves additionally collecting old prints of uniforms, books on military history, postcards and photographs. In Major Harris's case the seed was sown when his father, who served in the 5th Dragoon Guards, developed for him as a small boy a model army of Cavalry, Infantry and Artillery.

Note: Model soldiers are not toy soldiers. The best examples are hand-painted and scrupulously correct in proportion and detail.

## SIGNING ON

NEW terms of service for Regulars have just been announced by the War Office; these are additional to terms of service now existing.

Regular volunteers will be able to sign on for seven years with the Colours and five on the reserve.

National Servicemen will be able to volunteer for three years with the Colours and nine on reserve, if (1) they have completed six months full-time service, or (2) if they enlist within six months of being discharged after completing full-time National Service.

Henceforth a man enlisted on any regular engagement may convert to another engagement with longer Colour service at any time after he has completed one year's service as a Regular.

The Army Council's aim in making these changes has been to widen the field of regular recruiting, also to enable the high-grade tradesman to complete his technical training and qualify for skilled status, thus improving his prospects while serving and of getting trade union recognition on leaving the Army.

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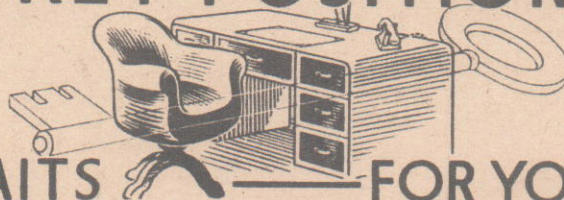
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