

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

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July 1951

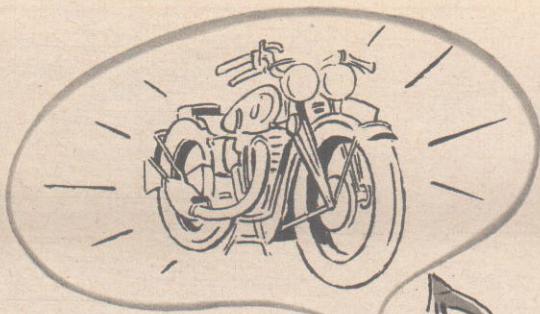
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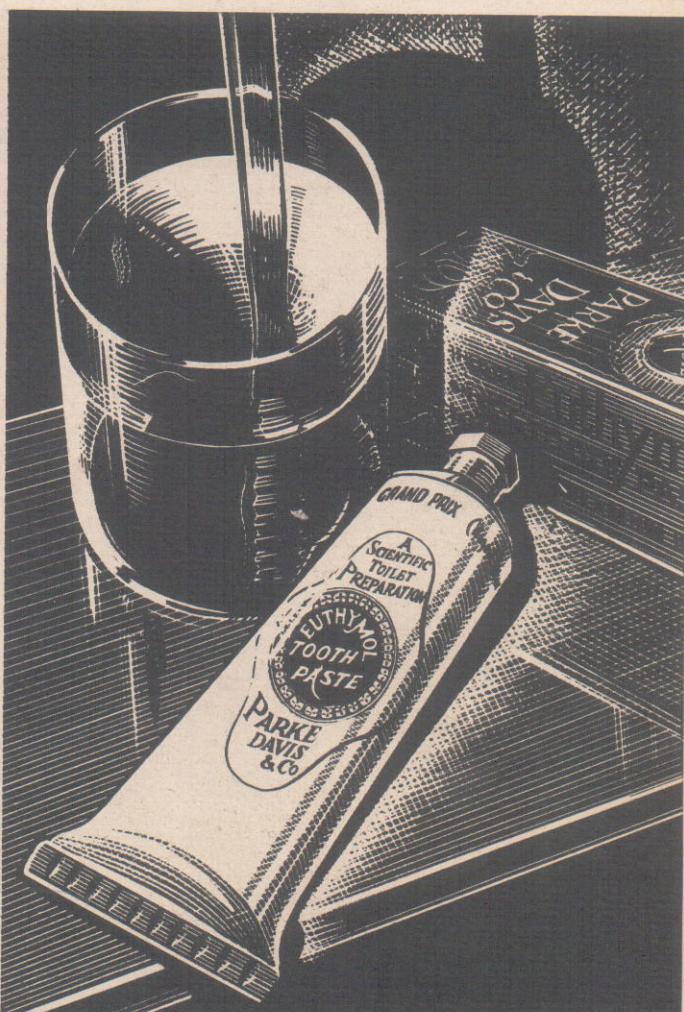
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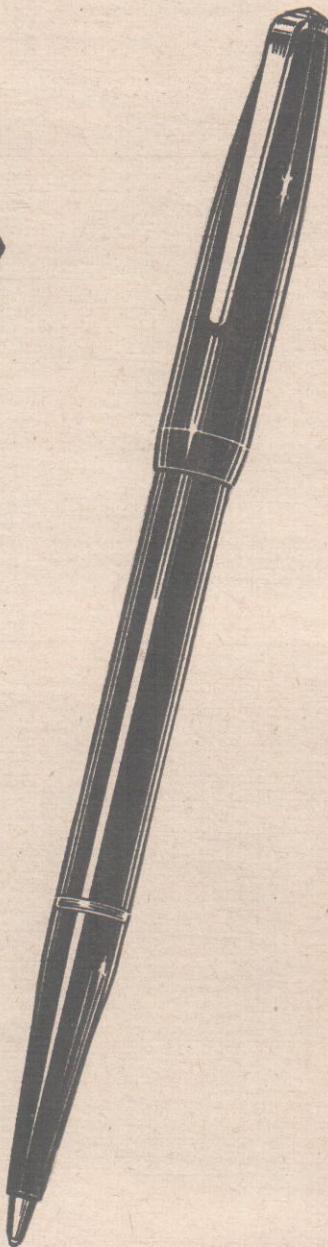
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J U L Y

SOLDIER

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T H E B R I T I S H

A R M Y M A G A Z I N E



KOREA:

"ONE GREAT SHELLACKING"

The big build-up of fire-power goes on. It is the answer to the "human sea" onslaught

THE first year's fighting in Korea is over. Already books about the campaign are in the printers' hands. Lessons, morals, deductions — these are ten a penny in the world's press; but not until the final outcome of the war is known will anyone be able to strike an accurate balance-sheet as at July 1951.

Possibly the most important lesson of the first year will prove to be: *Us'n can beat them.*

The events of this spring showed that the "human sea" onslaught, potent and perilous though it is against "roadbound" defenders, caught ill-prepared, breaks up sooner or later against resolute and concentrated fire-power on the scale now wielded, on the ground and in the air, by the United Nations. ("I aim to pack the territory we hold with artillery, wheel to wheel if need be," General Van Fleet has said.)

A horde can be a deadly menace; but if the horde cannot live off the land and is cut off from supplies, demoralisation is only a matter of time. Take a 100,000 football crowd from Hampden Park, turn it loose for a few days and nights on the wild hills of Argyllshire, with every man's hand against it, and how long will it survive?

OVER →



A dash for cover—by men of the United States Marines "somewhere on the Korean front."

IMPORTANT:

It is much regretted that rising costs of production make it necessary to increase the price of **SOLDIER** to **NINEPENCE**, starting with the August issue. Numerous other magazines have already been forced to raise their selling price. At ninepence **SOLDIER** still offers a high standard of production in full colour (see also Page 42).

KOREA (Continued)

Chinese armies can take more punishment than a football crowd; they have a genius for not dying, but merely fading away. It is clear, however, that in the United Nations advance of late May they suffered — in the words of an American commander — "one great shellacking." Hitherto they had been careful not to move openly by day; but under relentless pounding they flocked on the roads, making themselves an open target; they streamed over the hills, which crimsoned as the napalm bombs struck. Great numbers were surrendering; some of the starving — they had been eating grass — were given bread and told to go back to their comrades and spread the news that there was food for all. Rabies and smallpox helped still further to break the Chinese spirit.

All through the campaign the secret of the Chinese morale had baffled observers. "They seemed to be doped" was the verdict of observer after observer. One American machine-gunner, who kept on firing at waves of Chinese until his position was over-run, told how they kept walking past him on both sides, close to him, while his gun was still firing and the bodies were piling up in front of his gun. One even tripped over the machine-gun, and even then did nothing about it. Sometimes the fighting has suggested those schoolboy stories in which the earth is invaded by hordes of robots from another world, sub-men obeying blindly the orders of a remote master-mind.

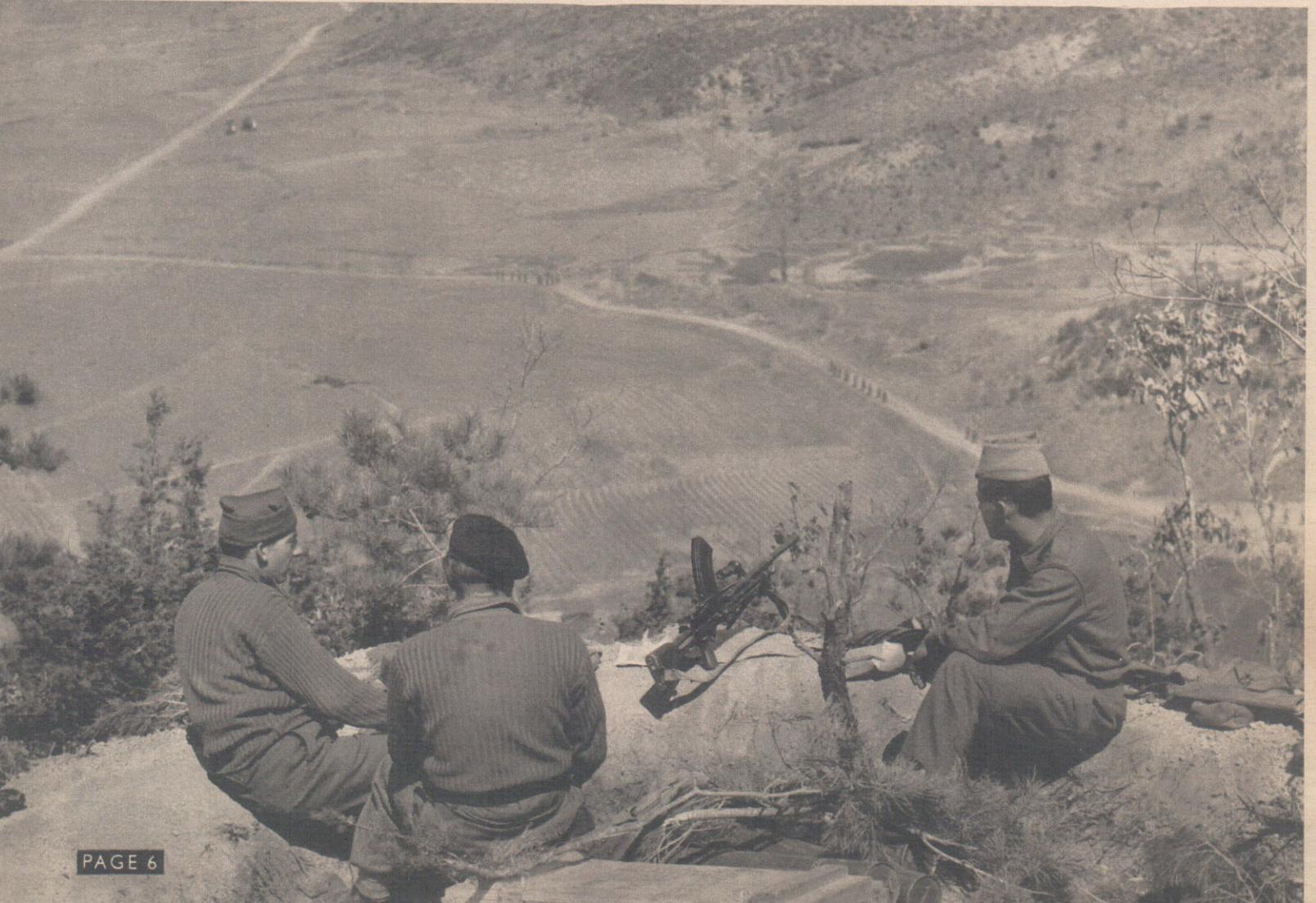


Can a Centurion swim? This one appears to be doing so. The passengers are men of the Royal Ulster Rifles.



Left: The man with snails' horns, and in each horn is an eye. This Gunner officer is observing across the Han.

Below: British troops in a hill post cover the movement of advancing patrols strung out on the road below.





The Chinese drive which foundered in the month of May reached far enough to test fixed defences of barbed wire, mine-fields, booby-traps and other "old-fashioned" devices for which hitherto there has been little use in this fluid war. Here and there, the enemy's reaction to a mine-field has been to drive a protective screen of refugees through it. It was reported that, seeing these ruthless tactics in operation, Allied soldiers had gone forward to guide the "guinea pigs" along safe paths.

A minefield of a sensational type has been the subject of experiment by American engineers; the mines are napalm bombs which erupt red ruin on the unwary. They have been compared to the flame defences which were installed on Britain's coasts when invasion was feared.

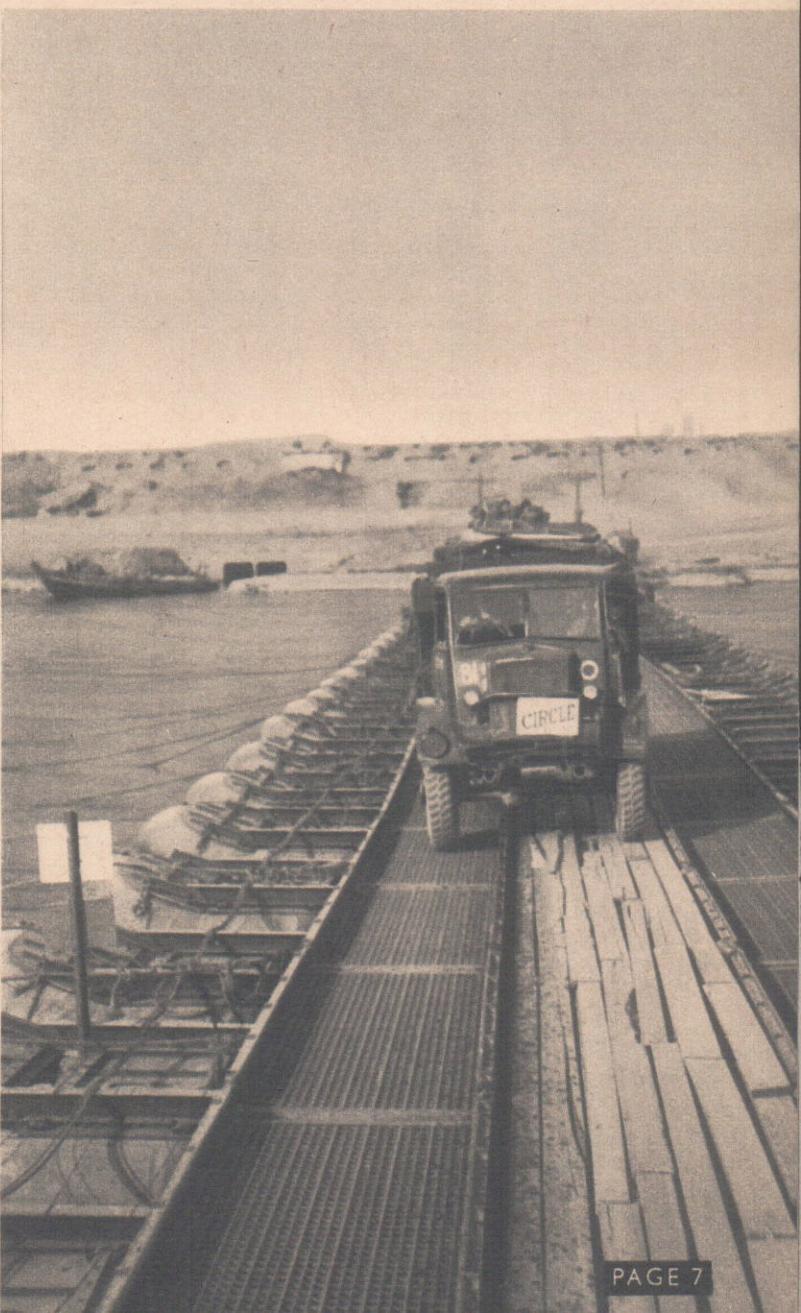
A new flame-thrower has also been in action — the Infantryman's version of the napalm bomb. One squirt at a group of ten Chinese in the Pukhan valley was followed by devastation and

flame over 100 square yards — and no sign of the ten Chinese.

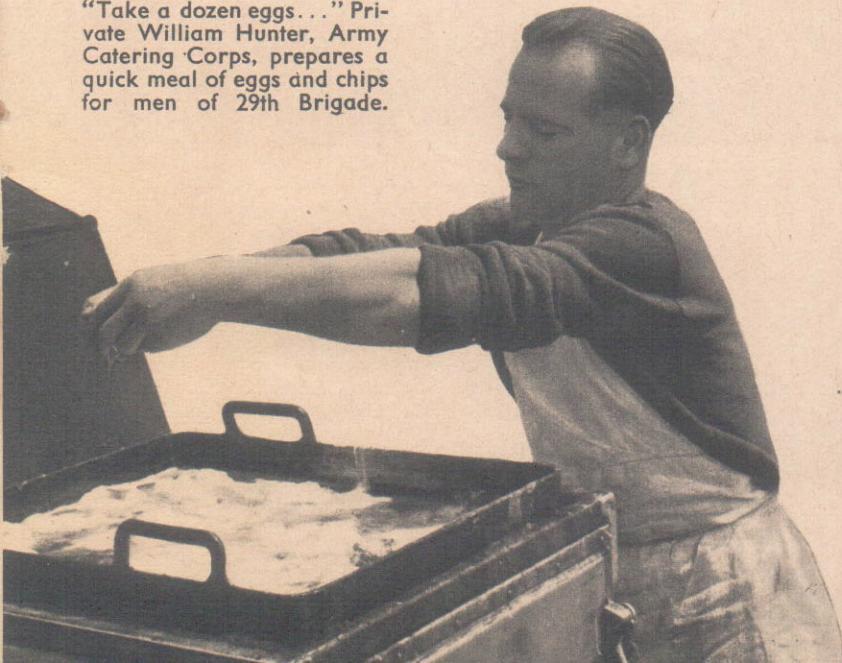
The Korean war has been likened to a war between the birds and the animals. Moving belly to the ground, camouflaging themselves as far as possible, go the Chinese; their adversaries range freely in the air, seeking, hovering and swooping. This comparison hardly does justice to the efforts of the United Nations' ground forces; but certainly the "birds" were able to claim some striking successes in the recent United Nations advance. Pilots flying on a close-support mission near the Hwachon reservoir directed the surrender of 300 Chinese. The aircraft had been continuing a barrage begun by ground artillery. Suddenly the enemy began to climb out of their dug-outs, showing white cloths or holding up their hands. On this, the aircraft ceased firing and circled while the Chinese surrendered to British troops operating near by.

Another pilot **OVER**
engineered the

Tough fighting has come the way of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. Here a file, heavily laden, moves up to new positions. Below: A welcome sight to forward troops is the truck bringing up the "Circle News," 29th Brigade's on-the-spot news-sheet.



"Take a dozen eggs..." Private William Hunter, Army Catering Corps, prepares a quick meal of eggs and chips for men of 29th Brigade.



KOREA (Continued)

rescue of a body of captured United States Marines. While seeking out enemy concentrations he saw a message spelled out in sheets of paper on the ground: POW's 19 Rescue. When he flew low the Marines ran out of a house waving a white flag of surrender. Soon afterwards tanks went in and rescued them.

A notable aerial feat was performed, too, when nine cargo aircraft dropped 35 tons of rations on to a 5000-foot mountain top, where dug-in troops were running short of food and ammunition. This was the highest airdrop of the campaign.

As SOLDIER went to press, there were no further details of the 1st (Commonwealth) Division. British, Australian and Canadian troops, "singing and swearing," were back on the familiar job of capturing hills. General Matthew B. Ridgway announced that British, Greek and Turkish troops had distinguished themselves in the forefront of battle. The Turks have fought tenaciously and brilliantly from the outset; their qualities as fighters, particularly as bayonet fighters, are well respected by British troops. The Greeks arrived later on the scene, but they have fought some spirited actions in a countryside not unlike the stark hills over which they campaigned against rebels in their own land.

It is a countryside which grows less and less attractive: ash-heap towns in which the only new things to be seen are the sign-boards of the military police; roads festooned everywhere by straggling wires; bridgeless rivers; geometrically cultivated fields criss-crossed by the crude geometry of war; the wretched refugees living in homes of tin, mud and old bags. Yet names and sights are becoming as fixed and familiar in soldiers' minds as those of that other "accordion" war in North Africa.

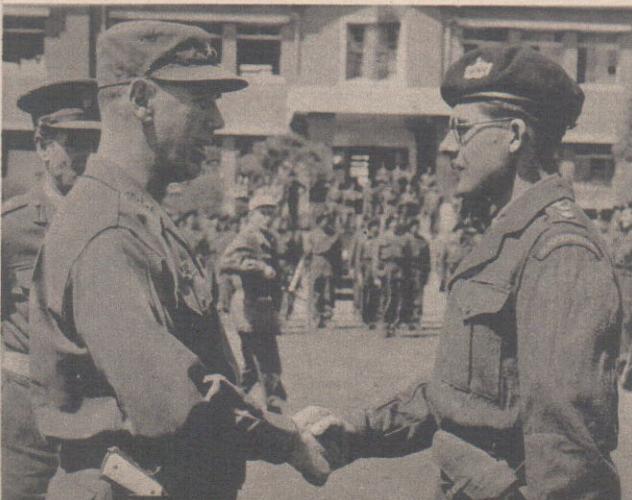
Of the scant amenities for the fighting man, one deserving mention is the "Circle News," published in the field for 29th Brigade by a unit of the Royal Army Educational Corps (a similar unit produces the "Korean Base Gazette"). News-sheets of this type were produced by the same corps in World War Two — though without one handicap which besets the units in Korea: sun spots. These play havoc with radio transmission and are the curse of the Korean theatre. The men of "Circle News" have to be very much on their toes; there are British, American and Australian broadcasts to be monitored at inconvenient times, and sometimes the unit has to move at a moment's notice in the midst of preparing the day's edition. The news-sheets carry as much home news as possible; it is valued perhaps more highly than world news. In addition, copies of a special services edition of the printed daily newspaper "Japan News" are flown to Korea from Tokyo. It is rarer now for British troops to complain of soldiering in a land where the only reward is a column of baseball scores.



Every day is moving day: a cheerful picture from the outskirts of Seoul.



Forming up for an historic service: the Gloucesters honour their gallant dead.



Left: General James Van Fleet, commanding the Eighth Army, congratulates Captain M. G. Harvey, of the Gloucesters, who led the break-out party.

Right: The schoolyard parade at which General Van Fleet presented the Presidential Unit Citation to the Gloucesters.

SHOULD the Army discourage soldiers from marrying foreign girls?

Some will say that it does so already — with red tape; others, that it is none of the Army's business whether a soldier marries a Hottentot. To which one good answer is that a soldier whose domestic life is complicated by worries arising from an uprooted, homesick wife is unlikely to be an efficient soldier.

It is worth examining what the magazine of the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association has just said about this problem.

"Some of these marriages are successful," it relates, "but many founder on the rocks of housing shortage and 'in-law' trouble. Differences of environment are often fundamental and living in, say, Huddersfield is very different from Kuala Lumpur or Trieste. The lot of the foreign wife whose marriage has broken up is bitter indeed. She is a stranger in a strange and sometimes hostile land, whose language she may not speak fluently and whose ways she does not understand. She cannot return as she has not got the fare and in many cases her return would be unwelcome to her parents.

"In less enlightened days the problem was seldom allowed to arise. The man was quickly posted and the marriage never took place. Now we are more sentimental, but perhaps less kind."

It is a point of view which is worth pondering. SSAFA ought to know what they are talking about — they have to tidy up the wreck of those marriages which are unsuccessful.

Everybody has read about "GI Brides" who had hardly set foot in America before they were clamouring to go home to mother, the luxury flat on Fifth Avenue, which they had pictured in their dreams, had turned out to be a shack in the Adirondacks. Unfortunately, some foreign-born wives of British soldiers have been as swiftly disillusioned on arriving at their new homes in Britain; not necessarily because the soldier had painted a too-rosy picture, but because he had not really tried to point out the

difference between an English tenement town in February and, say, a Mediterranean town in June. For the soldier, it is a difficult problem; nobody wants him to decry his native land, which seems to him the home of all the virtues, and suggest to his girl that life is going to be hard, drab, cold and friendless. But he must do his best to point out some of the more fundamental differences which a wife from a gay, sunlit city with a tradition of wine and music, must expect.

And that is why, at the recommendation of SSAFA, the Adjutant-General has suggested to commanders-in-chief overseas that foreign girls intending to marry British Servicemen might first be thoroughly briefed in the presence of the man about present living conditions in Britain.

DURING World War Two there were times when the British soldier was called upon to tackle, not only the King's enemies, but the enemies of humanity at large. One of these was the locust.

Today the worst locust plague for 80 years is scourging many parts of the Middle East. War-time co-operation against this insect by the nations which have most to lose has deteriorated with the coming of peace. It is an old, sad story.

Before the war broke out, scientists had plans in hand for

an international anti-locust campaign; these had to be abandoned. Unchecked, the locusts began to breed and menace Palestine and Egypt, Central Arabia and Persia. Something had to be done to save the Middle East from famine — and it was done, vigorously.

The anti-locust campaign of 1943 and 1944, waged in the middle of a world war, was the greatest ever organised. British and Russian aircraft reconnoitred vast tracts to seek out breeding grounds (sometimes returning with their wind-screens spattered by swarms); on the ground, native scouts penetrated to the most inaccessible swamps of Abyssinia and the Sudan; motorised anti-locust units were set up on the Persian Gulf, on the Red Sea and in Central Arabia; and thousands of tons of American chemicals were sprayed in a poison dust by the Royal Air Force. Sometimes the aircraft were signalled to the swarms by field parties, wearing gas capes and respirators and waving yellow boards. It was just as if the Army was fighting gas — but the gas was an infinite cloud of insects.

Kenya had been threatened by the locusts too; it was saved largely by the efforts of the East African Auxiliary Pioneer Corps, drawn from scores of African tribes, belligerent and otherwise, and commanded by British officers and NCOs.

The campaign — of which the Army may well be proud — proved that locusts can be beaten if tackled on the appropriate scale. Given an impossibility, a guarantee of peace in the Middle East for two or three years, the fighting services in that area could turn their attentions to an immemorial plague and wipe it from the earth.

LAST year the photographer of an unrehearsed — and embarrassing — incident on Horse



Flashback to a war-time operation: a soldier crawling with locusts, in Central Arabia.

Guards Parade earned an award for the news picture of the year.

In 1951, SOLDIER suspects, the Picture of the Year will prove to be a recently published photograph of an airman on ceremonial parade in the act of slumping to the ground in a faint; much more sensational, obviously, than the more familiar picture of a soldier lying on his back.

There does seem to have been much fainting on ceremonial parades of late — or is it that photographers have been more alert? The general public argues cheerfully on how the problem should be tackled. A stick of barley sugar for all ranks beforehand, say some; 14 days CB for men who faint, say others. It ought to be a steady influence to know that, by fainting, one is liable to become the Picture of the Year ...



THE ARMY CALLS ON

MIDDLE EAST REPORT-1



Deep into the Fezzan, where the French flag flies over the Sahara, went a patrol of the British Army. And, in the old phrase, "a good time was had by all"

Report by CAPTAIN R. CAREY,
Military Observer, Tripolitania.



Above: A milestone at Sebha: it is 4500 kilometres to Paris.

Note the radio masts which tower above the French Foreign Legion's fort at Sebha. Near the fort is a landing strip.

A 3000-mile trek, reaching to the oases and "Beau Geste" forts of the French Sahara, was recently completed by three officers and 15 men of 1st Infantry Division, Tripoli.

Commanded by Captain Ralph Campbell, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, the party enjoyed the hospitality of the French Foreign Legion in the Fezzan, that part of Libya under French administration.

With three jeeps, a recovery vehicle and two three-ton lorries, the expedition headed due south from Tripoli. After two days they made first contact with the advance party of the Legion at El Gheriat, a typical Sahara fort in a countryside which might well have come out of the pages of P. C. Wren. Lining up on either side of the desert track, the Legionnaires, in neat khaki shirts and shorts, presented arms smartly. Soon a traditional desert "get-together" in an adjacent oasis was arranged.

"Arab mats were put on the ground and we all lay on our stomachs facing inwards in a circle," said Sergeant William Gott. "White wine and sweetmeats were passed round and we drank each other's health. Then our piper got up and played the

THE FOREIGN LEGION



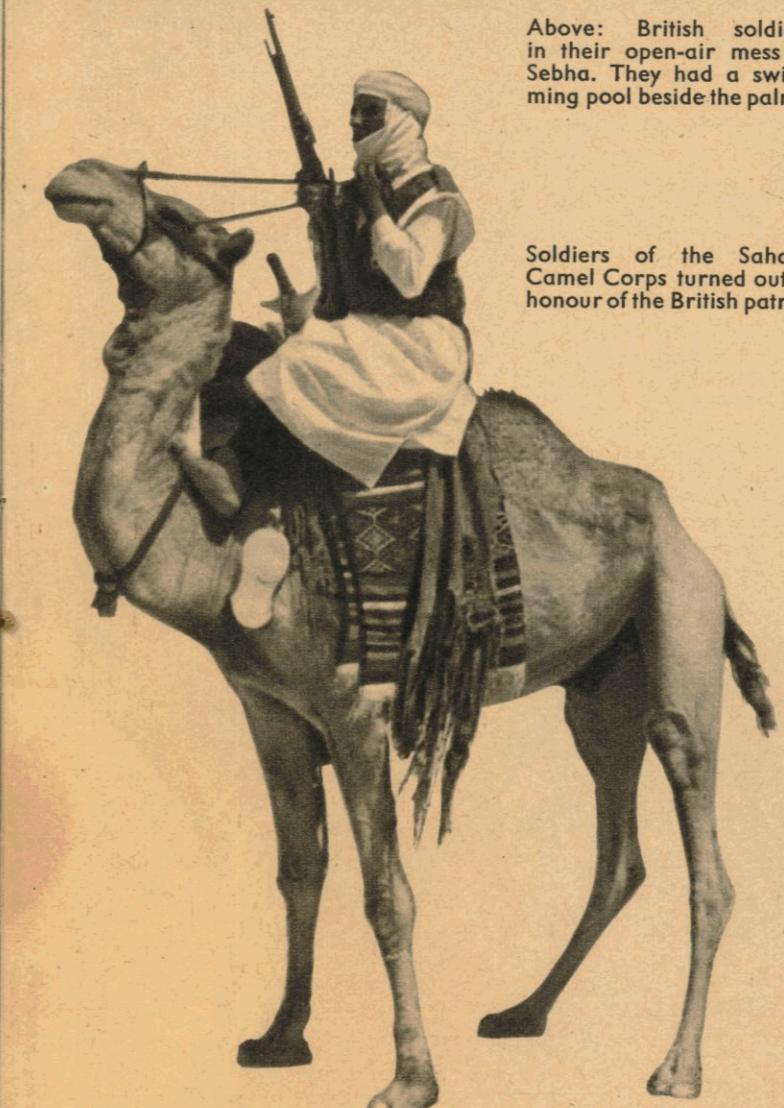
Above: British soldiers in their open-air mess at Sebha. They had a swimming pool beside the palms.

'March of the Cameron Men.' The Legion chaps thought it was great."

After the meeting the French mounted their "Beeps" (six-wheel American trucks) and the two parties moved off together towards Brak and Sebha, skirting the soft "sand seas" on the way. A few gazelle and one bustard were the only wild life they saw. Sleeping in the open air or in deserted forts, they reached their destination, Sebha, three days later. Here, at the headquarters of Colonel Sarazac, the French Administrator of the Fezzan, they were greeted by a guard of honour from the Mahrerites (Sahara Camel Corps).

On the final day of travel the British party had noticed that the

OVER

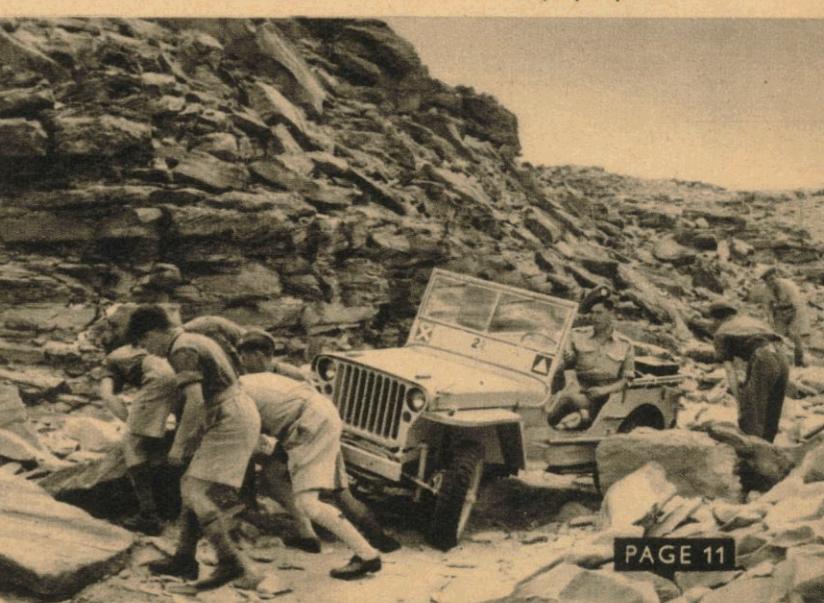


Soldiers of the Sahara Camel Corps turned out in honour of the British patrol.

Below: The going was not all sand. Sometimes slabs of rock had to be manhandled out of the jeeps' path.



Right: Ready to set out on patrol: Legionnaires mounted in their "Beeps."



Legionnaires seemed in a hurry to reach headquarters. It was not until their arrival that the reason became apparent: the fortnightly plane carrying mail and the latest films from Algiers was due to arrive. Even the tough Foreign Legion relishes its amenities!

At Sebha the British found tents pitched for them near a concrete swimming pool in the shade of palm trees, and for the duration of their stay there was much friendly co-operation and hospitality.

Besides French, there were Germans, Belgians, Poles and a mixture of Slavs among the men of the Foreign Legion. "But they seemed to have great *esprit-de-corp*," said Sergeant Gott, expressing the opinion of the entire British party. "They live a lot rougher than we do, but they live well," he added.

An outstanding moment of the visit came with the arrival from Cairo by air of Colonel P. A. Clayton, one of the leaders of the war-time Long Range Desert Group, who had commanded a daring raid on Murzuk, south of Sebha, in January 1941. Operating with him on that occasion had been members of the Free French from Lake Chad. It was the first time these forces had been in action and the news gave a fillip to the French Resistance everywhere.

During the attack the French Colonel d'Ornano and a New Zealand soldier, Sergeant Hewson, were killed, and it was to pay homage to these two soldiers that Colonel Clayton now made this pilgrimage. A guard of honour from the Legionnaires, Camel Corps and Cameron Highlanders greeted him at the air-strip at Sebha, then escorted him and Colonel Sarazac (who had also taken part in the operation) to Murzuk. Here the two colonels, British and French, laid wreaths on the twin graves while the Foreign Legion, the Camel Corps and the British contingent



THE ARMY CALLS ON THE FOREIGN LEGION (Continued)

The great tombs of Zuila, a city once occupied by the Romans.

alike paid homage to the two unforgettene soldiers.

From Sebha a small party under Captain Campbell made a further foray south to Zuila, ancient dynastic capital.

From Zuila they moved on to El Gutrun on the edge of the Murzuk "sand sea." In this remote village, where the influence of Central Africa was already noticeable, the inhabitants were in a state of alarm caused by the visit of a flute player from Nigeria who, if the occupants of the house he played for did not pay him sufficiently well, would place a curse on the family circle. The previous year the chief of the village had given him a camel to stay away!

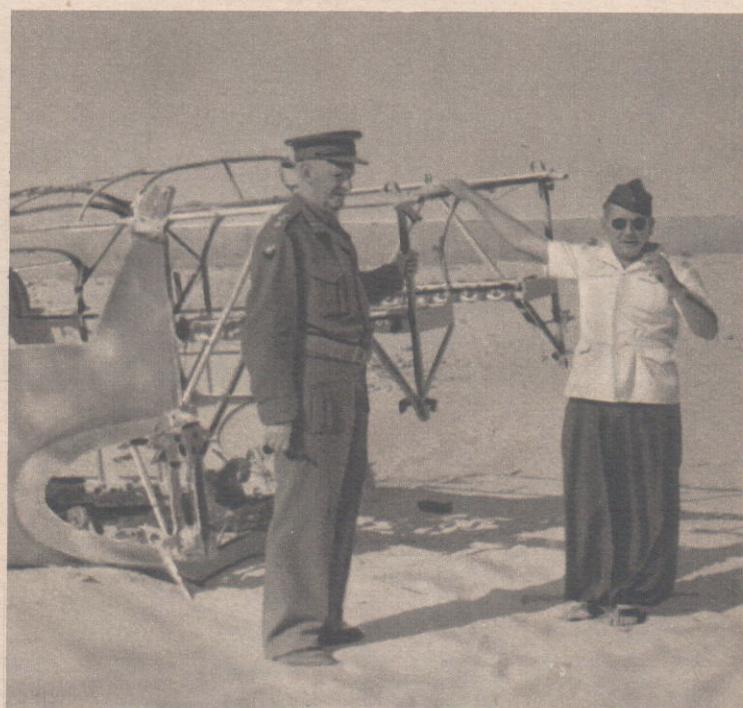
Travelling via Ubari to Ghat, on the fringe of the Touarag country some 200 miles to the west, the party were surprised to find a comparative haven of civilization. In pre-war days of Italian supremacy King Victor Emanuel III and his Queen had planned to visit this outpost of their Empire and mighty preparations had been made. The proposed trip, however, never came off and Ghat stands today an obsolete monument.

While this tour into the western regions of the Fezzan was in progress, Captain Brown, of the Royal Corps of Signals, set out from Sebha with a jeep on an experimental trip across the "sand sea" to Brak. The return journey of approximately 100 miles he found could be made easily within a day. Heavy vehicles, however, still have to make the long journey around the edge of the soft sand, which takes double the time.

The party returned, via Misurata, to Tripoli, weather-beaten and dusty, but with plenty to write home about. Those who made the trip included, besides eight Camerons, one officer and three men of the Royal Army Service Corps, a Royal Signals officer, a warrant officer of the Royal Army Educational Corps, a sergeant of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (who did a good job keeping the convoy mobile) and a medical orderly who did his best to cope with the effects of wind and sun.

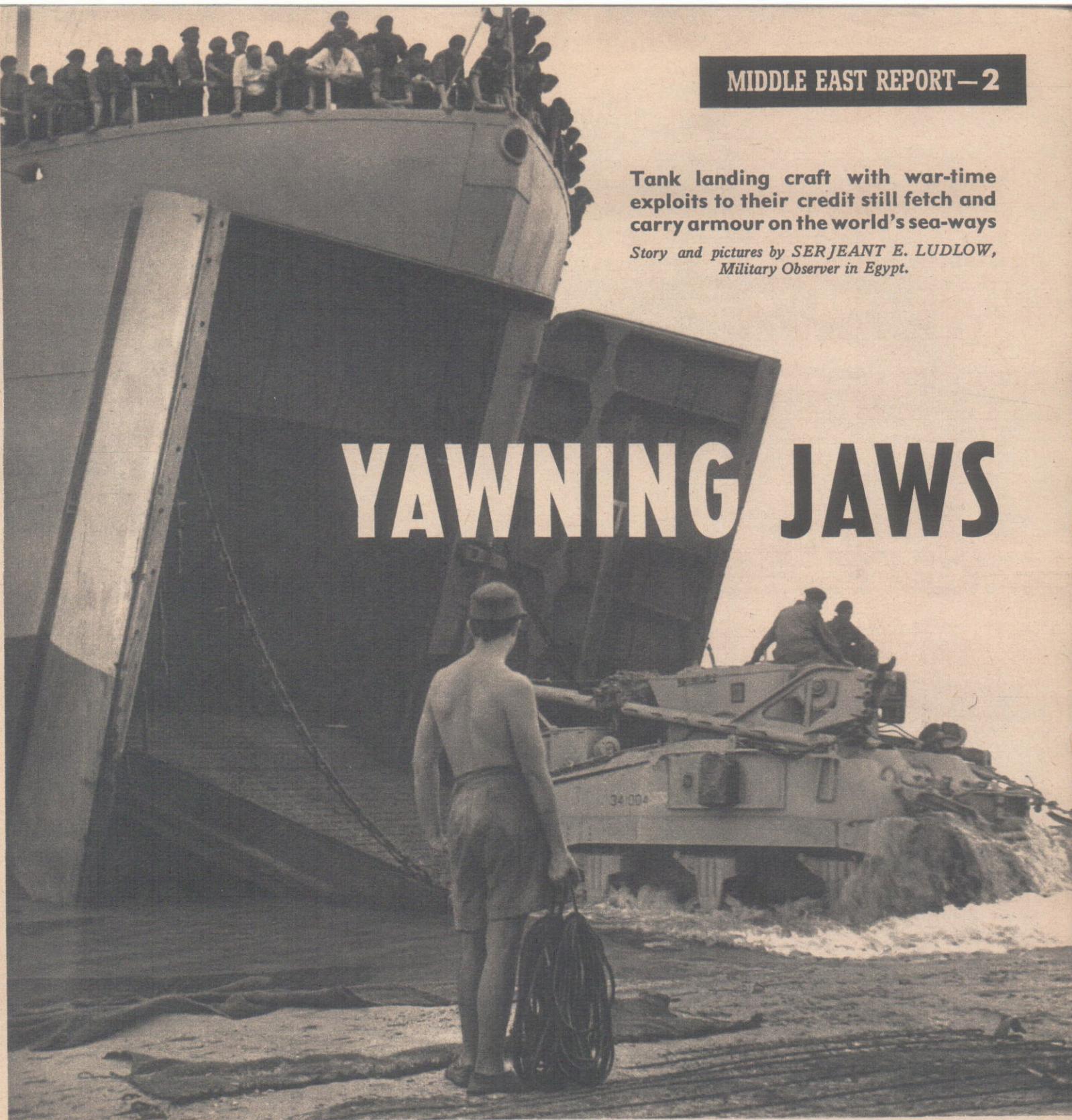


On the graves of a French colonel and a British sergeant Colonel P.A. Clayton lays wreaths. Below: the dark mask gives a sinister look to this Arab from the Fezzan.



Beside a relic of the war-time raid on Murzuk: Colonel Clayton, a founder of the Long Range Desert Group, and Colonel Sarazac, French Administrator of the Fezzan. Below: "Picnic" under the palms: in this oasis, British and French soldiers lay on rugs and ate sweetmeats, as to the desert born.





Tank landing craft with war-time exploits to their credit still fetch and carry armour on the world's sea-ways

Story and pictures by SERJEANT E. LUDLOW,
Military Observer in Egypt.

YAWNING JAWS

With a splash the first vehicle comes ashore for a desert exercise.

THE Army's big ships may not seem so very big by comparison with Atlantic liners, and their figures may be squat and ungraceful, but no other ships afloat have a prouder record.

They are the giantesses of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet, 5000-ton Landing Ships, Tank — better known as LST's. They were built at a cost of about £500,000 each, for the seaborne invasions of World War Two and their jaws gaped open on many shell-spattered beachheads.

Since then, they have been used all over the seven seas on the Army's business. Their logs show such tasks as carrying all the armour for a tank squadron from Britain to the Far East; evacuating men and stores from Palestine, India and Burma; and re-victualling a lonely outpost in the Indian Ocean.

Senior officers of the Royal Army Service Corps have provided some of the LST's with their names. Now stationed in the Middle East are the *Humfrey Gale*, named after Lieutenant-General Sir Humfrey Myddleton Gale, Colonel Commandant of the Corps, and the *Snowden Smith*, after Major-General R. T.

Snowden-Smith, a former Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office.

The crews who man these ships are usually fully-fledged Merchant Navy men (some with magnificent World War Two records).

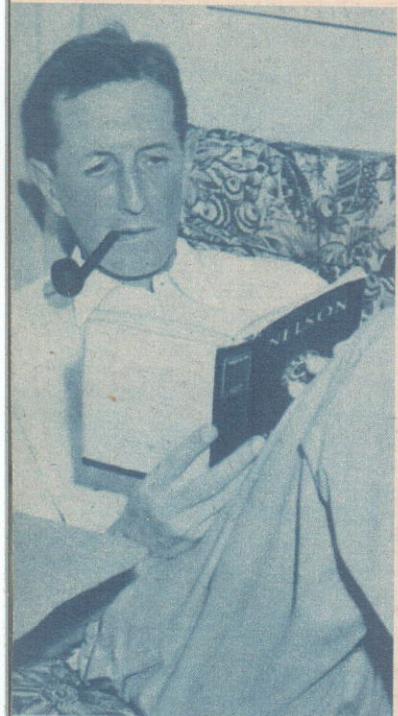
Recently, the writer travelled in the *Snowden Smith* when she voyaged down the Gulf of Suez for about 60 miles and across to a landing beach on the edge of the Sinai Desert. On the vessel's crew list were more than 60 names, starting with the 49-years-old Master, David Watts-Russell, ex-Lieutenant-Commander in the Royal Navy, and finishing with the youngest member of the crew, 16-years-old Peter

Love, from Cleethorpe, Lincolnshire. Between were Egyptians, Sudanese, Cypriots, Maltese, Arabs, Greeks, a Turk, a Yeminite, a Jugoslav, an Italian, and one man from British Somaliland.

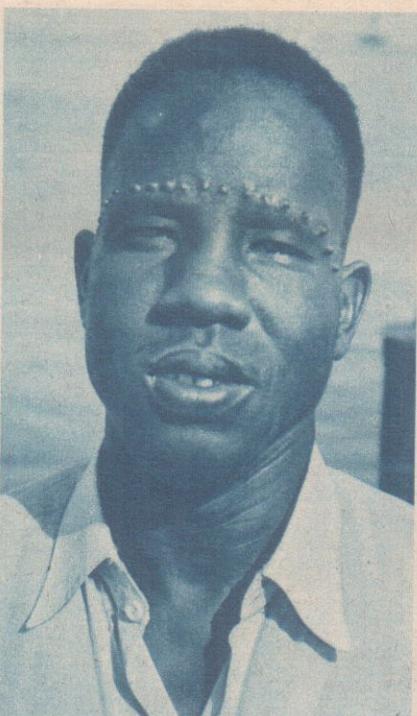
After leaving the Royal Navy, Lieut-Commander Watts-Russell became a naval consultant to the South American Republic of Colombia. He is married and when at home from the sea lives somewhere north of the Tweed.

Chief Officer A. N. Robson was a pilot in Malayan waters. He was once captured and tied to a post by man-eating cannibals but escaped to tell the tale.

OVER



Some of the crew of the *Snowden Smith*. The Master relaxes with a biography of Nelson.



One of the Sudanese members of the crew. Markings on the forehead are ordained by tribal custom.



"Trixie," the *Snowden Smith*'s Manchester terrier mascot, poses with a bearded sailor.



Boatswain P. G. Hyland, from Liverpool, is the ship's equivalent of a regimental serjeant-major.

YAWNING JAWS *(Continued)*



Their vehicles have been "maintained" to the last nipple, and soldier passengers relax in the sun.

Third Engineer A. Illin is the only Jugoslav on board. He is now settled in Egypt with his family.

Birmingham-born Boatswain P. G. Hyland has served at sea for more than a quarter of a century. He is to the *Snowden Smith* what any regimental serjeant-major is to a battalion or regiment.

The Chief Steward, Mr. S. Michallie was born in Malta. He is to the crew what a company quartermaster-serjeant is to soldiers.

The Third Mate is Robert Gower from Merricks, Sydney, New South Wales. He plans to stay at sea for one or two more years before returning to a Southampton nautical college for his second mate's certificate.

One man is aboard because he

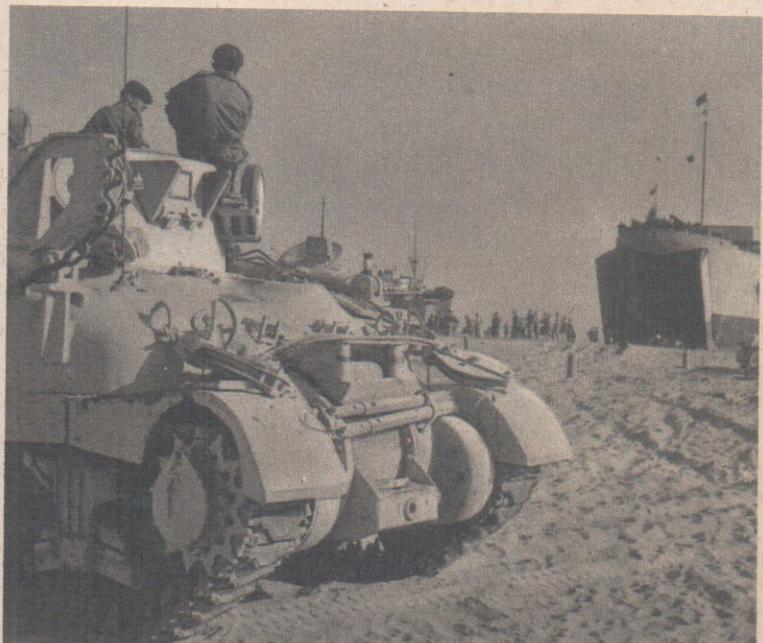
prefers "to wear out, rather than rust away." He is 56-years-old Chief Engineer Willie Comstock MBE who has been in the Royal and Merchant Navies over 40 years.

Not shown on any ship's document are "Trixie" and "Killer," the mascots. "Trixie," a Manchester terrier, dislikes shore life. On the other hand "Killer," a mongrel, is always first ashore anywhere the *Snowden Smith* visits.

The *Snowden Smith*'s recent voyage to the Sinai coast was undertaken in support of a Canal Zone exercise. Her cargo formed part of a squadron of tanks belonging to the 4th Royal Tank Regiment, with crews and supporting vehicles.

Loading the tanks — many of

Even the best of tanks may falter as it comes ashore, so a tank recovery vehicle stands by during the landing.





Wire mesh stops heavy vehicles from sinking into the sandy beach — but it is hard on bare feet.



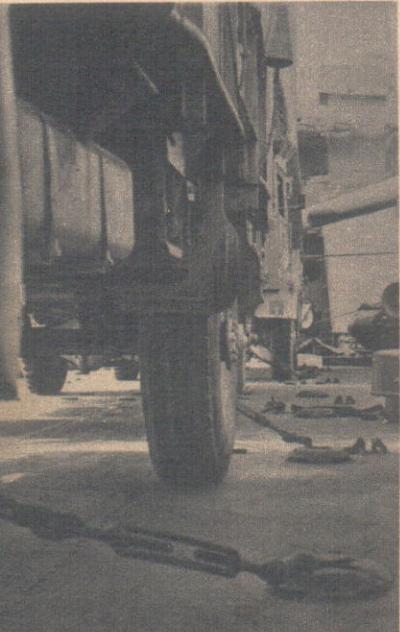
At sea, as in the desert, a lorry's tail-board makes a good wash-table.

them Centurions and Cromwells — the scout cars and other vehicles was carried out with clockwork efficiency under the direction of the Army's man-on-the-spot, Major J. Savage, Royal Engineers, who in the words of the *Snowden Smith's* Chief Officer, "knows just how to get things done the right way."

As dust-covered Army tank transporters drove up to the quayside they were quickly unloaded by the crews and driven aboard.

Many of the tankmen and their supporting troops were National Servicemen making their first trip on such a vessel as the *Snowden Smith*. Nineteen-years-old Signaller Brian Bishop, from Crayford, Kent had been in Egypt for less than a week — and it was his first time abroad.

No vehicle ever breaks loose on the *Snowden Smith*. These cables are the reason.



The Padre (the Rev. S. T. Lambert) from the 4th Royal Tank Regiment came along to wish his men "good luck."

The tank squadron's five officers, all Regular Army men, made themselves comfortable on deck. One, 2nd Lieutenant John Withers said: "The chaps are getting a real kick out of this exercise. They certainly prefer it to camp life."

By dusk, the big, low-lying Centurions, the perky-looking scout cars, the gawky three-tonners were all safely stored on the ship — and lashed down.

Accommodation for the men on board an LST is as comfortable as on the big troopers. There are cabins with sleeping space for about 12 to 20 men; but many of the troops slept in their vehicles.

The Army moved on board with its own rations for the short trip, and the food was prepared in the ship's galleys by Army cooks.

On the *Snowden Smith* life is similar to that on any other ship. Watches are kept, and the hundred and one other normal duties are carried out.

Close co-operation always exists between the crew and the military. On every trip there is at least one Army officer from the Movements Control Staff, Royal Engineers. Technically, members of the crew cannot give an order to a serving soldier: an officer acts as "go-between." In any case sound common-sense usually prevails.

Running maintenance is carried out on the tanks while they are at sea. And just before the LST's jaws yawn open to disgorge her cargo the engines of the vehicles are tested to make sure they will run off under their own power.

From the bows of the ship as she reaches the landing beach the scene looks remarkably like

a colony of ants. Shirt-sleeved military policemen, who have already sign-posted the off-loading points and runways, guide the streaming traffic to rendezvous areas. Gangs of Sappers and Pioneers stand by to lay wire mesh and matting as vehicle after vehicle churns the few yards between ship and shore into a quagmire. Groups of Mauritian troops are there too — ready to lend a helping hand.

Rows of three-tonners are neatly drawn up at the beach-head waiting to rush supplies from the vessel to front-line exercise troops.

A few days before the *Snowden Smith* arrived, native fishermen in home-made craft had this stretch of beach to themselves. The arrival of the LST had trans-

formed the beachhead into a miniature boom town.

The unloading of the Centurions and other vehicles went on for about a couple of hours. There were no hitches.

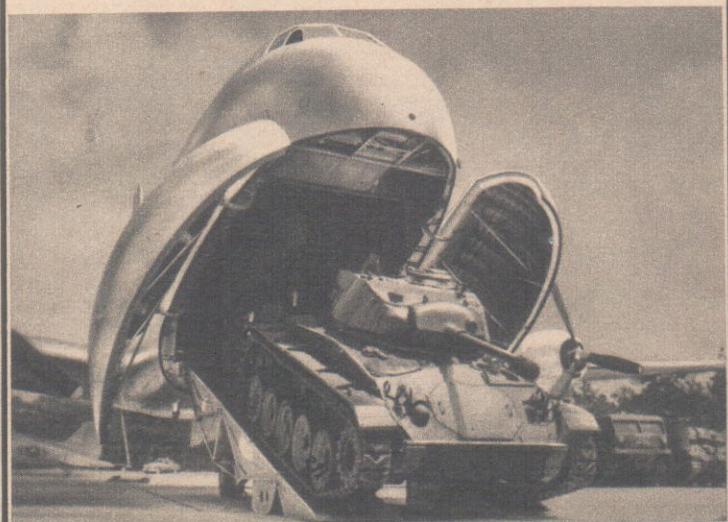
The yawning giant closed her jaws in the early hours of the morning, and sailed again for Suez before first light.

The exercise over, the fishermen were left in peace once more. They would miss the *Snowden Smith*, for from her they had collected many useful bits and pieces, chiefly discarded wood and cardboard boxes.

As the ship drew in at Suez again the crew saw more Army transporters, more tanks, more soldiers waiting. And there was Major Savage with another sheaf of sailing orders in his hand.

YAWNING JAWS AGAIN

But these disgorge air-freight — anything up to 50,000 lbs of it. They belong to the Globemaster II, America's latest long-range heavy cargo plane.



A MAN CALLED COX HAD AN IDEA...

... and it grew into a famous business. The firm of army agents he founded handles the pay of field-marshals—and even of private soldiers

DEAR Sir: Would you kindly arrange for me to be supplied with three hunting knives, suitable for skinning an animal or for killing a man."

A request on these lines would embarrass the average bank manager, but at Cox's and King's they take such communications in their stride. After nearly 200 years as agents and bankers to the Army, they are prepared for almost any surprise that a serving officer can spring on them.

In the files is a recent "cheque" written out on a towel from a hotel bar. Not long ago an empty champagne bottle arrived with the amount and signature on the label. Provided there is a two-penny stamp and the article is endorsed, such methods of payment may be legal (as Sir Alan Herbert established by writing a cheque on an egg); but, for obvious reasons, they are discouraged.

Cox's 1000-strong staff handles the business of officers in nine corps and 81 Cavalry and Infantry regiments of the Army (the only other Army agents, Holt's branch of Glyn Mills and Company, administer 11 corps and nine regiments).

There are many military families whose accounts have been on the books since the first Cox, whose name was Richard, became an agent in 1758. He was

secretary to Lord Ligonier, Colonel of the First Foot Guards (the Grenadier Guards) and Commander-in-Chief and later Master-General of the Ordnance. After the restoration of the monarchy, the New Army had what were known as colonels' clerks or agents. These were civilians attached to each regiment who received the annual payments voted by Parliament, and after setting aside money for troops' clothing, food and compulsory subscriptions to Chelsea Hospital (all this was known as "off-reckonings") were responsible for distributing the rest as pay to officers and men.

Each clerk was allowed two-pence commission in every pound. Lord Ligonier appointed Cox his regiment's agent, the scene being commemorated in a painting which hangs in the manager's room in Waterloo Place, London.

"Sign, please." Richard Cox (with the quill pen) draws up his agreement with Lord Ligonier, Colonel of the First Foot Guards (The Grenadier Guards). Cox later took many other regiments under his wing.



knock up Cox's resident cashier, who would come down in his dressing-gown and cash a cheque.

"Uncle Cox" was a familiar nickname during that first war and "The young man with the Cox's cheque" became a music-hall skit.

The name "King" in the firm's title has no military connections. It was included in 1923 when Lloyds Bank took over Cox's and the private bank of Henry S. King and Company in Pall Mall. It was just before amalgamation that Cox's built their present Waterloo Place office, and that is why the name over the door remains "Cox and Co."

The manager of Cox's pay department, Mr. Frank Codrington, joined the firm in 1914 and left to become a Gunner Officer in World War One. He drew his own pay through the department which he now manages.

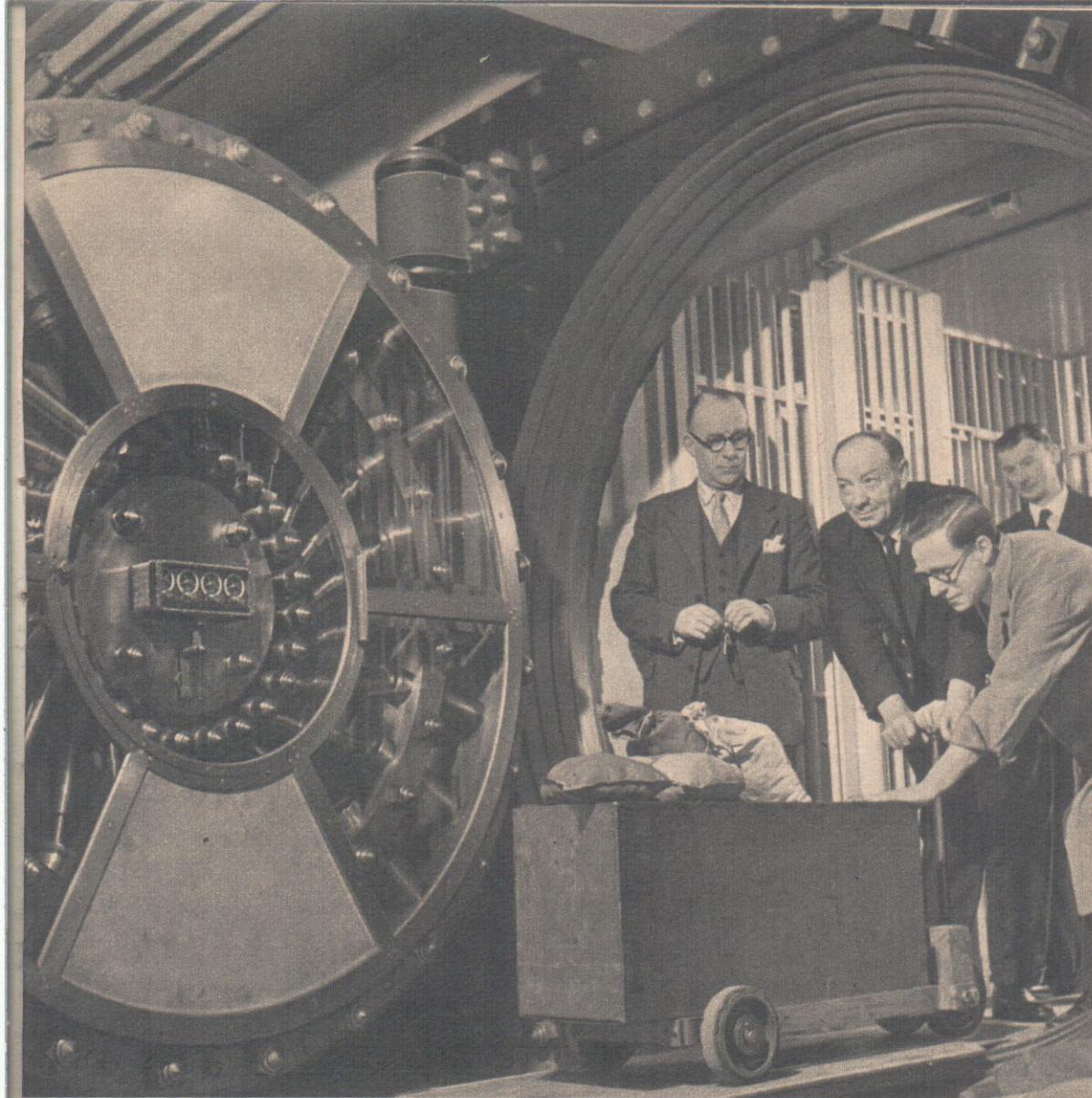
Explaining how the agency works, he said: "When an officer is commissioned he can draw his pay through the agents or from the Army Pay Office, Manchester. If he chooses an agent, and most officers do, then he receives his money through us or Holt's, according to his regiment or corps. We are notified directly he is commissioned, work out his pay, add his allowances and deduct his income tax."

Until 60 years ago agents received a commission of one-and-a-half per cent on money distributed. Since then they have done the work for nothing. This free service to the Army has saved the taxpayer a great deal of money; just how much has never been worked out, but after World War One it was announced in Parliament that Cox's and Holt's had spent £1,114,000 and employed 900 clerks in distributing pay during the war years. It was left to the House to calculate the cost if the War Department had undertaken this work.

Officers who use Cox's agency without employing the banking side are, strictly speaking, a loss to the bank, but Cox's look on the work of their agency as part of their service to the Army. And it all goes to build up goodwill, one of the most precious things a firm can possess.

The fourth floor of Cox's houses a mass of machinery, believed to be one of the largest machine installations in any banking house. But mechanisation pays: today one tray can house hundreds of accounts which in the days of handwritten ledgers filled whole shelves. In the basement are more machines, for Cox's have a printing department for producing all their internal stationery. There are also engines for generating electric power and pumping water from Cox's private 600-foot well.

In his large office with its Adam fireplaces, the manager, Mr. F. W. Yelf, sometimes receives field-marshals and generals who started their accounts as newly commissioned second-lieutenants. Here are cabinets containing heavily-bound volumes of Army Lists going back almost 200 years. Here, too, is a photograph of the World War Two Army Council in session, with the signature of each member underneath, present-



A tricky lock to pick: the entrance to the strong-room of Cox's and King's.

ed to Cox's as a token of the Council's appreciation of their work during the war.

Among the firm's possessions are location lists of regiments made out by its clerks a century and more ago. Entries in faded handwriting record that the 28th Foot embarked for New South Wales in 1834, the 52nd Foot for Gibraltar in 1836, the 32nd for Quebec in 1830. Said Mr. Yelf, who was in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry in World War One: "I doubt if even the War Office has such a complete list of old-time locations as we have."

One departmental chief whose family connections go back well over a century is Mr. George Woollacott of New Malden, head of the safe custody department. His great grandfather joined in 1838, his grandfather in 1854, his father in 1890 and he himself in 1912. A notable name in the firm is that of Gow — a family of three brothers and two sisters work there.

Mr. Eric Maxey, joint manager of the Guards and Cavalry section, followed his father into Cox's 29 years ago. Together with his fellow manager, Mr. H. L. Hodnett, he carries on the old Cox's tradition of organising regimental dinners for customers. He said: "For years we have undertaken the secretarial work, sent out invitations and tickets for these functions. No one knows

when or how it started, but it has long been part of Cox's service to the Army."

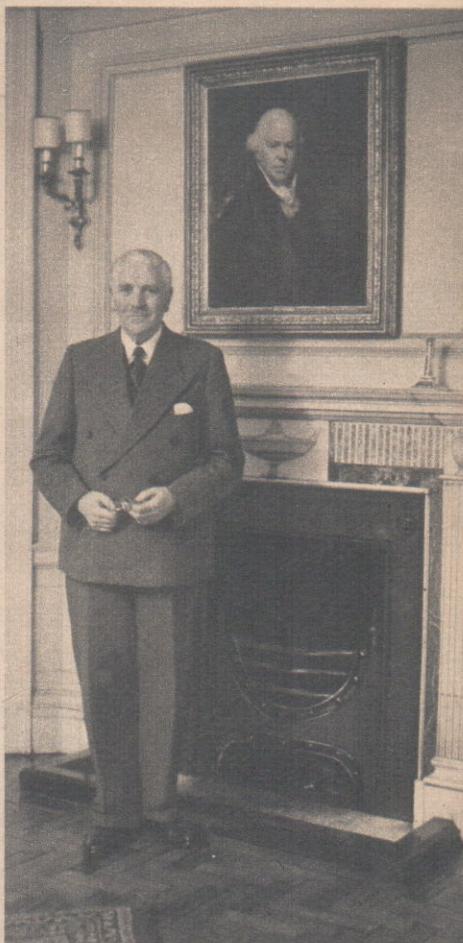
Cox's have a messenger staff of 50, many of them old soldiers who belong to the branch of the British Legion which the staff run. Said its chairman, Mr. Arthur Howell, of the RAF section: "We have 330 members, including a number of women."

Cox's say that they write 6300 letters a day to their customers, as well as sending on hundreds of letters to officers who use the bank as a forwarding address while overseas. They also handle the money of many soldiers below commissioned rank.

The bank which handled the affairs of Wellington's officers has seen one big change in Army pay methods. Until World War Two officers were paid in advance. Now they receive their money monthly in arrears.

Throughout the centuries Cox's have never lost personal touch with their soldier customers. In the manager's room is framed a signed cheque dedicated to the "immortal memory" of Cox and Company who "fed me and clothed me over a space of a quarter of a century and whose cheques I cashed in three continents." Say Cox's: "It was sent to us by a customer who thought he would like to show his appreciation in a novel way."

PETER LAWRENCE



Before a portrait of Richard Cox, the founder: Mr. F. W. Yelf, manager of Cox's and King's.



Guards and Cavalry officers have their own waiting room, complete with regimental prints. Here a client is greeted by Mr. H. L. Hodnett.



Is This Unfair to Sentries?

IT has happened at last. Someone has protested at the way in which the Great British Public (bless its heart) gapes and gawps at the sentries outside Buckingham Palace.

The protest, by a (non-military) member of the Carlton Club, took the form of a letter to the Editor of *The Times*. It is reproduced on this page.

Alas, there was no chorus of supporting letters. Almost the only repercussion was an item in the London *Evening Standard*, which thought it detected a whiff of "blimpery" in the letter, and said in effect, "Let the taxpayers have their money's worth."

The sentries — the men most intimately concerned — are not ordinarily readers of *The Times*. They may not yet have heard about the champion who sought to ease their lot. It has to be recorded that not one of them has had a nervous breakdown under the strain of the Palace guard.

To these men in bearskins and scarlet who stand with their backs to the King's residence and with their gaze fixed on the Wedding Cake (as Queen Victoria's monument is called), prying eyes and clicking cameras are part of the routine. Periodically, on a summer's day, the smell of the traffic and the hot pavements is relieved by whiffs of scent as the girl friends close in on either side, with giggles and coy looks while their pictures are taken. Children with sticky hands, and old ladies with lorgnettes cluster round and ask foolish questions — few of which the sentries are allowed to answer. For sentries must not converse with strangers (except to refer them to the police); not even when, as sometimes happens, a knowledgeable character will point to a Coldstreamer and describe him to all and sundry as a Grenadier, or maybe a Welsh Guardsman. If he is ogled, criticised, asked to hold a baby, offered an autograph book or told that he ought to be doing a real day's work, the sentry must remain mute and inscrutable. (But sentries have been known — like the Windsor sentry in the film

"The Mudlark" — to say "'op it!' to a too-inquisitive urchin).

The sentry has his reward (of sorts) when he finds his picture in a glossy magazine as foil to some bewitching model, or as an inducement to Come to Britain. He may find a newspaper picture of himself being saluted by a small boy; or (as recently happened) having his bootlace tied by a Boy Scout; or (as happened still more recently) having the point of his bayonet felt by an Oriental dancer in harem trousers and bare midriff. But 99.9 per cent of the photographs in which he appears he will never see.

There is only one way for a sentry to elude too-close attention. If he is the right-hand man (the oldest soldier is always the senior of a pair on a Palace entrance, and goes on the right of the gate) he can give one sharp tap with his rifle butt on the pavement. This is the signal for a patrol. The two sentries spring to attention, take a pace forward, slope arms, turn outwards and march out and back along their beat. This is guaranteed to scatter female admirers, and even the less persistent small boys.

Sentries halt their patrol on a hand signal from the right-hand man, who extends his index

finger as they march towards one another. A two-finger signal means a butt salute and three a present.

The code between a pair of sentries is the secret of their team work: one butt tap for a patrol, two for a butt salute, and three for the "present." Sentries present arms only to the King, members of British and foreign royal families,

Sometimes the public embarrasses the men on the "Buck" and "Jimmy" guards . . . but they can take it

lies, heads of foreign states, the Life Guard, the King's Guard and armed corps. (Once upon a time, the story goes, there was a Very Young Princess who amused herself in the Palace grounds by walking to and fro in front of a sentry, making him present arms until he was exhausted. But that is not likely to happen any more . . .)

Despite the protest of *The Times* correspondent, policemen do keep an alert eye for people who pester sentries. If a Royal wedding or some other big event brings a large and restive crowd, sentries and their boxes are moved inside the Palace forecourt (They patrolled inside the gate during the war.)

Sentries are on duty for 24 or 48 hours according to the number of battalions in London, with two hours on guard and four off. An officer or an NCO leads a special patrol round the posts at the intervening hour to ask a sentry if he wants a few minutes relief. If he does, a member of the patrol is mounted in his place. Sentries have been known to faint. They cannot be carried away until a fresh man has been mounted.

When the Guard is mounting or dismounting it is addressed as

ORDEAL FOR SENTRIES

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES

Sir.—While it is natural that tourists and visitors to London should take an interest in the sentries at Buckingham Palace, it is surely unnecessary for them to gather in groups immediately in front of these boys to gape and stare at them, at the range of a few feet, as though they were wild animals. Not infrequently visitors come right up to a sentry and proceed to photograph him at point blank range, while sometimes, amidst much amusement, the girl friends of the visitors will station themselves at either side of the sentry to be photographed with him.

All of this must be extremely embarrassing and annoying to the sentries, though they bear the bad manners of the visitors with exemplary patience. I cannot help thinking that they are entitled to a little more consideration, and that the police should be instructed to move people on when their attentions are likely to prove an embarrassment to soldiers on duty.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY MAXWELL.

Carlton Club, 69, St. James's Street, S.W.1,
May 7.

the King's Guard, but once it is divided into the Buckingham Palace and St. James's Palace detachments, the latter only is referred to by that name. The reason is that traditionally St. James's is the King's residence, having been used as such long before Buckingham Palace started to fly the Royal Standard. St. James's Palace has the bigger of the two guards, for its sentries also guard Marlborough and Clarence Houses.

The "Buck" and "Jimmy" guards, as they are known to the men, are made up of 18 and 21 Guardsmen respectively when the King is in residence, and 15 and 18 when he is not. On Royal anniversaries the guard receive a gratuity of 7s 6d for sergeants, 4s 6d for corporals and 1s for sentries.

The sentry's task is to protect the King and his property. Order boards for each post vary slightly in content, but the general instruction is that the sentry is to report outbreaks of fire to the police, to help the police if called upon, to prevent beggars and disorderly persons from loitering near his post or from committing a nuisance, and to stop persons from climbing, or throwing objects over, the Palace walls.

Strictly, anything else that happens is none of the sentry's business, whether it be murder, burglary or an old man falling on a banana skin.

If a sentry is assaulted he hands over the offender to the police. Arrangements are then made for him to be relieved and to go with an NCO to the police station to sign the charge sheet. Fortunately this happens very rarely. The police normally handle all disturbances, and also enquiries from the public, most of which concern movements of the Royal Family.

TAILPIECE: A play now running in London — "Who Goes There?" — describes the dire embarrassments which befall a Guards sentry — and his officer — when a pretty girl faints on his "beat."

Neil

HIS PAGE

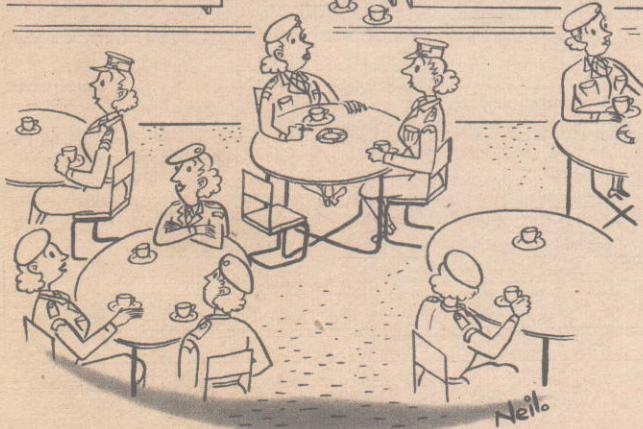
ARTISTS come and artists go . . . and sometimes they come back again. "Neil" is a case in point. A number of his drawings appeared in **SOLDIER** in its first year; then nothing more was heard from him until a few months ago, when he began to bombard his old target again.

"Neil" — otherwise Neil Hargreaves — is an ex-Guardsman. He joined the Coldstreamers in 1943, finished his Infantry training and went on to armour. He caught up with the Guards Armoured

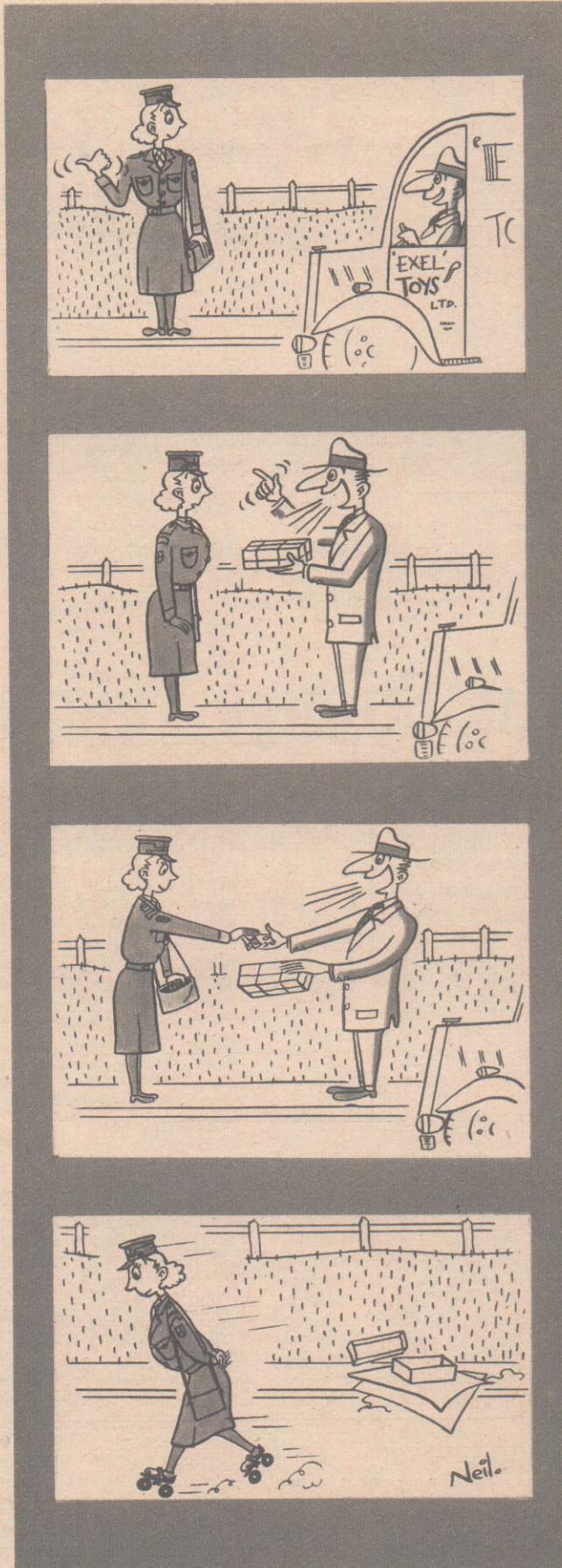
Division in Belgium and served with them until the war in Europe ended. Soon afterwards he was to be found on the staff of the "News Guardian," the excellent newspaper which the Guards Armoured Division published until its disbandment. He finished his army career in Second Echelon headquarters near Hamburg. Then in 1947, on his release, he went back to his pre-service job in the fruit trade. Today he is a buyer to a firm in the ships' stores trade — but he still delights in portraying types in uniform.



"It's amazing the way it manages to stay upright with such flimsy supports."



"Tea only, tea only — ever since this new slimming craze began."





In the old stronghold of Hansi, George Thomas directs a last stand against the French. — Illustrations by Desmond Milligan.

The Strange Tale of George The Conqueror

HERE is no more stirring story of adventure and romance in the history of India before the British conquest than that of George Thomas.

This fearless adventurer cut himself adrift from his native land, plunged into the then little-known India, and elevated himself from the position of a private in a native army to that of an independent prince.

His career was one long battle. He never rested on his arms but faced about from one victory or repulse to attack another foe. The title he earned for himself was "Jowruj Jung," or George the Conqueror.

He was born in Tipperary in 1756, went to sea when quite a boy and at the age of 25 landed in Madras. For five years he lived among the lawless hill tribes of southern India and afterwards enlisted as a private soldier in the Nizam's army at Hyderabad Deccan.

After a time he made his way to the Mogul capital of Delhi, a journey of over 1000 miles through jungle infested with wild beasts and bands of robbers. Only a man of iron nerve and constitution, with a powerful

A man from Tipperary hacked his way to fame and fortune in the lawless India of one hundred and fifty years ago

sword arm, could have survived such a journey.

His next adventure was in the service of the Begum Somru, who was known throughout Hindustan as the "Witch of Sardhana." She was intrigued by his appearance, for he stood over six feet in height, was handsome and well-proportioned, had a pleasing voice and a gentle manner and that dash which always attracts the opposite sex. The two were mutually attracted, but the Begum feared complications from which neither of them would have survived, so she married him to a beautiful slave girl whom she had adopted and promoted him to the command of a battalion in her army.

In 1789 the Begum, as feudal vassal to the Mogul Emperor of Delhi, was called upon to help his army, which had been seized with panic during a battle with a discontented noble named Najaf Khan. Thomas marched against Najaf Khan with 100 men and one six-pounder gun, attacked him at night and put his army to disorderly flight.

To show her pleasure the Begum elevated Thomas to the

position of military governor and civil administrator of her frontier district. Despite his inability to read or write he was able to double the revenue and establish the Begum's authority over the territory, which had previously acknowledged no other master but the sword. In intervals between collecting rents and administering justice he was frequently called away northwards to repel Sikh raiders.

There were other Europeans in the Begum's service, mostly Frenchmen, who were jealous of Thomas and anxious to eliminate him. By artful argument they convinced the Begum that Thomas was planning to make himself undisputed master of her possessions. The Begum became alarmed and marched against Thomas's headquarters, forcing him to surrender. Much to the disgust of her French officers the Begum spared his life and let him depart unmolested. This happened in 1792.

When Thomas left, his worldly possessions did not exceed fifty pounds. This capital he used to arm a desperate band of followers, with whom he stormed and plun-

dered every village of any consequence around Delhi, until he boasted a well-armed and well-mounted force of 250 well-disciplined fighting men, with a treasury big enough to maintain them in the field.

In 1793 Thomas offered his services to Appa Khandi Rao, a Mahratta chieftain who had played an important part in the conquest of Hindustan. Appa instructed Thomas to increase his force to 1000 Infantry, 1000 Cavalry and a battery of six-pounder guns, and to finance the scheme assigned him to tax and administer the district of Ferozepur with his headquarters at Tijara.

Thomas's route to Tijara lay through the Begum Somru's territory. It was an opportunity for revenge against the French officers; he could not resist it and marched through with fire and sword, plundering as he went.

Arriving at Tijara, he found the inhabitants all set to oppose him, so he stormed it with such vigour that the submission of the remaining towns soon followed. Later, under Appa Khandi Rao's orders, he invaded and subdued the territory of Kishnagar.

The extraordinary vigour and success of Thomas's short campaign began to arouse the apprehension of the Mahratta authorities at Delhi; they sent a combined force to watch

him and Thomas deemed it prudent to retire to his stronghold at Tijara.

Thomas quarrelled several times with Appa Khandi Rao, and after one very bitter dispute Appa employed a party of Ghussains to assassinate him. Thomas heard of the plot and attacked the Ghussains' camp on the night before he was due to meet his death. He slaughtered them all.

Appa Khandi Rao was pleased that the plot failed, for news arrived that the Sikhs had invaded the Doab district north of Delhi, exterminated the Mahratta frontier force and committed great depredations near Saharanpur. He ordered Thomas to march against them at once.

It was a job after his own heart, for Thomas had the Irishman's irresistible love of a fight. Crossing the Jumna a little north of Delhi, he advanced rapidly against the Sikhs and after four successive actions in each of which the Sikhs took a heavy beating, he forced them to evacuate the territory with a promise not to invade or raid again.

So pleased was Appa Khandi Rao that Thomas had atoned for the disgraceful defeat of the Mahratta troops that he rewarded him by adding three more districts to his sphere of administration, thus making him a paramount lord over a wide domain.

About this time Thomas received a pathetic appeal from his old mistress, the Begum Somru. Her secret marriage to a French officer called Le Vassoult had been discovered. Her army had mutinied, killed Le Vassoult, thrown her in prison and placed her step-son in power.

Thomas could not turn a deaf ear to a lovely woman in distress, so he marched at once to her rescue, put her mutinous army to flight and restored her to power. He remained long enough to reform her army and place the administration of her affairs in the hands of some hand-picked officials; then he bade her goodbye.

He had hardly completed this work of chivalry when he received news that his old master Appa Khandi Rao had committed suicide. This was a severe blow. Appa was succeeded by Vaman Rao, his nephew, who was prepared to confirm Thomas in his possessions on payment of a considerable sum of money.

Vaman Rao was an inexperienced youth entirely in the hands of intriguing Brahmins. They advised Vaman Rao to attack Thomas without warning and expel him. Recovering, the Irishman decided to settle this question once and for all. He counter-attacked Vaman Rao, slaughtered most of his rabble and drove the survivors into the fort of Kosli. There he besieged them, erected batteries, bombarded the fort with red-hot shot and set it on fire. Only a handful survived to squeal for mercy.

Thomas now decided to go into business on his own account, and conceived the idea of conquering an independent

"One Irish Sword - and where is it Today?"

territory over which he could rule as sovereign power. To the north-west was a territory known as Haryana or Greenland. It reminded Thomas of his own Green Isle far away. Haryana at that time was a no-man's land, acknowledging no master and tempting none. It was a territory of about 3000 square miles. Thomas waited for the rainy season and then marched in, battering his way to victory. When he completed the conquest of Haryana he proclaimed his rule over a thousand forts, towns and villages from which he derived a revenue of 1,430,000 rupees. He made his headquarters at Hansi.

Thomas maintained a large army from his subjects. They were a brave people, expert in the use of lance, sabre and matchlock. He established his own mint, coined his own rupees, strengthened Hansi by building a fort of considerable dimensions, levied from each family one

Delhi. He was not blind to the dangers and difficulties of such a campaign; but he had not earned the name of George the Conqueror for nothing. He made his proposal to the British Government and asked them to maintain the neutrality of those in his rear while he conquered the Punjab. The British Government, however, could not entertain his proposal and so Thomas's ambition was never fulfilled. A quarter of a century later it took the British three wars to annex the same territory.

A restless urge was forever spurring Thomas to new activities. Some unforgivable conduct on the part of the Rajah of Patiala afforded him the excuse for declaring war on the Sikhs. The campaign lasted seven months and left him almost dictator of all Sikh country south of the Sutlej.

The last chapter of this story was written by General Perron, a Frenchman who had started in

India in much the same manner as Thomas. His ambition was to establish a French Dominion in Hindustan, and he had at his command the whole of the Mahratta nation. To Thomas, who stood in his way, he made a very tempting offer to serve with the Mahrattas. Thomas replied that he would not take sides with a Frenchman and in no circumstances would he serve under one. That was sufficient to cause Perron to put the whole of the Mahratta army in the field against Thomas.

They met and gave battle at Georgetgarh, where Thomas gave Perron's army a sound hammering and put it to flight. At the moment of victory, Thomas had the chance of becoming master of

Delhi and the Mogul

king, when word was brought to him that one of his English officers, Captain Hopkins, had been killed. Thomas was overcome with grief, for he had looked upon Hopkins as a son. He took a few drinks of native liquor to drown his sorrow; unfortunately it was arrack, which keeps a man drunk and incapable for days. During this prolonged "binge" his soldiers thought he was dead, or dying from wounds or plague. They were attacked again by Perron. Recovering, Thomas found he had only 300 faithful followers left. They were surrounded and his officers said there was nothing left but to surrender unconditionally. At

nine o'clock on the night of 10 November 1801, Thomas led his faithful 300 in a daring charge and cut his way out to his old stronghold at Hansi, where he prepared for a siege. He had now 1200 men and two pieces of artillery. With these he defied the whole of Perron's force until the latter sent a delegation under flag of truce asking him to end the con-

flict by departing to British India with all his belongings and a promise never to return. Thomas accepted the terms after stipulating a safe departure for his followers and all their private arms and property.

After the capitulation Thomas was invited to dine with the chivalrous officers of Perron's army, and at seven o'clock on the evening appointed he rode into their camp escorted by 50 of his own cavalry. His bearing was now changed. He showed signs of deep dejection and the French officers did everything to cheer him up. All went well until one of them raised his glass and called loudly — "Let's drink to the success of Perron's arms!" In a moment the place was hushed into silence. Thomas burst into tears. Recovering quickly he sprang to his feet and drawing his sword became once more Jowruj Jung. "One Irish sword is still sufficient for a hundred — Frenchmen," he shouted. His escort, hearing their master's voice raised, entered the tent and things looked ugly until the French officers pacified Thomas. Special warning was sent to all guards and sentries not to challenge him on his way out. One unfortunate sentry, however, received warning too late. He tried to restrain Thomas's horse by grasping the bridle near the bit. Thomas drew his sabre and severed the hand at the wrist. Without further hindrance he rode on unchallenged.

Thomas took his wife and children into retirement. He also took about 100,000 rupees, the wreck of his great fortune, together with jewellery and other property. His wish now was to return to Ireland. He was on his way by river to Calcutta in his house-boat when Lord Wellesley called on him. Thomas was able to give a great deal of valuable information about the country beyond Delhi and the strength of the armies of the native princes in western India — information which proved vital in the British conquest of India.

Thomas did not reach his native land. He died aboard his house-boat on 22 August 1802 at the age of 46 and his remains were buried in the military cemetery of Bahranpur.

"One Irish Sword!" Where is it today? Lying, possibly, in some bazaar junk shop, or adorning the walls of some sahib's bungalow. But what a sword it was! Sikh and Rohilla, Rajput and Pathan, all had fled before it. It had shielded the provinces of Saharanpur from invasion. It had reinstated the beautiful Begum Somru on her throne. It had scourged the lawless Mewati districts into submission and established a ruler in rebellious Rewari. Jaiput and Bikaner had paid it tribute, Batinda had bought its clemency. It had conquered Haryana, Udaipur had felt its reach. It had carried conquest to the banks of the gleaming Sutlej. For generations afterwards the whisper of the name Jowruj Jung had power to hush children into silence.

LEO A. MILLIGAN



Human kaleidoscope: Kneller Hall's 250-strong band for the Royal Tournament of 1951 was drawn from 75 regimental and staff bands of the British Army—hence its richly variegated appearance. Regimental bandsmen wore their traditional full dress; student bandmasters wore Number One Dress. This photograph was taken in the grounds of Kneller Hall, Twickenham by SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL, who also took the colour photograph on the cover of this issue.

THE BIGGEST BAND

KNELLER Hall, home of Army music for nearly 100 years, has risen handsomely to the occasion this Festival of Britain year.

The band which it put into the arena for the Royal Tournament at Earl's Court has been widely acclaimed as one of the best and most spectacular in the Army's history.

There is little doubt that the Army School of Music "fielded" the largest military band in the world. It contained men from some 75 bands of the Regular Army, and representatives from Canada, Australia, and West and East Africa.

As a body of these dimensions is rather unwieldy for marching and counter-marching, the men from Kneller Hall split themselves into three sub-bands, all under the baton of one conductor, Major Meredith Roberts, the School's Director of Music.

Between them, in the grand finale, they performed a feat which would make many drill sergeants pause and think. Two of the bands marched the length of the arena in quick time while the third marched the opposite way in slow time — all to the same marching tune.

Except for the student band-masters, who wore Number One Dress, the pupils all wore their pre-war regimental full dress, which in most cases was scarlet. Under the powerful lights of Earl's Court they made a brilliant array.

But the Kneller Hall band was only part of the musical picture at this year's Royal Tournament. In all, there were 600 instrumentalists performing. Some 21 cadet bands worked on a roster to play the audiences to their seats, and there were also the bands of the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines, Foot Guards and a hundred pipers an' a'.

Those two popular music-plus-action events — the musical drive by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and the musical ride by the Household Cavalry — were on the programme again. To British audiences they were well-known, but they were a novelty and a delight to foreign visitors of Festival year.

Another familiar display was that of the Royal Signals motorcycle team, uncannily precise as ever.

Less familiar — to those below the Scottish Border — was the display by the boy dancers from the Queen Victoria School at Dunblane (most of them are orphans, or boys whose fathers have been killed in action or have died on service).

These lads performed sword dances, Highland flings and reels to the accompaniment of massed pipers provided by the Scots Guards, Royal Scots, Royal Scots Fusiliers and Highland Light Infantry. The dance "routines" go

back to the reigns of Malcolm, Donald and Duncan.

Queen Victoria School was founded as a national memorial to the Queen herself and to Scotsmen who lost their lives in the Boer War. It provides free education to 250 sons of Scottish Servicemen, and every boy joins one of the school's three bands. Whether a piper, bugler or musician, he finds himself, by the age of 13, spending most summer week-ends performing at Highland gatherings, shows and games all over central Scotland.

In addition to the Household Cavalry and Royal Horse Artillery, the Royal Army Service Corps appeared on horseback.

The Animal Transport Company from Aldershot, a direct descendant of the Royal Waggoners of 1794, gave striking demonstrations of vaulting, jumping and trick riding.

The first woman to ride in the Royal Tournament took the arena this year: she was a 28-year-old serjeant of the Women's Royal Air Force, who has been riding since she was seven, and who — incidentally — obtained some useful practice on German military horses after the war at Buckeburg. She took part in the Inter-Services Jumping Competition.

From the Royal Air Force came a striking display of maze-march-

ing, supported by the Royal Air Force Central Band, and a show by the Provost Branch's Alsatian dogs. The blood brothers of these dogs are tracking bandits in Malaya.

The Royal Navy and Royal Marines staged a spectacular climbing act, with the aid of ropes and window grids. One big thrill was the "Swallow Dive," in which the crews lay back and descended the ropes with only their feet touching. The Navy claims that this form of exercise, which accustoms men to work at heights, fits a man for any circus.

From the Royal Marines, also, came one of those displays of precision drill — by recruits of 18 — for which the corps is famous.

What will they think of next? One of the spectacular Tournament acts staged by the Animal Transport Company of the Royal Army Service Corps.





A KOREA POSTSCRIPT THE SPIRIT OF THE GLOUCESTERS

THESE are the Gloucesters — the Twenty-Eighth Regiment of Foot. Their name is a byword for bravery.

When a tyrant out of Corsica darkened Europe with his eagles, a century and a half ago, the Twenty-Eighth stood in his path. Locked in a tight square at Quatre Bras, before the Field of Waterloo, they withstood the endless charges of the enemy lancers, no less fearlessly than they had fought, back to back, at Alexandria.

On a cluster of hills above the Imjin River, in Korea, the Gloucesters fought and died in the spirit of Quatre Bras and Alexandria. Once again they were a rock in the sea of history.

Look at the faces of the men in the drawing: they are the faces of the timeless Infantryman, the dogged, the unflamboyant footslogger, the soldier of the Line. A poet has written of "the hour when death is like a light and blood is like a rose." Survivors of a desperate stand will deny that they felt any such mood

of exaltation. They will say, simply, that they stood because it was expected of them; it was their duty, not to be braver than the enemy but just braver for a little longer.

The Gloucesters are cut to pieces, the Gloucesters are reborn; and —

*...there's no more to the story
Save the power and the glory
For ever and ever. Amen."*

This powerful battle-piece is from the original painting by Lady Butler. It is an impression of the 28th Regiment's square at Quatre Bras on the afternoon of 16 June, 1815.

George Hooper's "Waterloo Campaign" says: "Had Ney and Kellermann succeeded in overthrowing the sturdy English soldiers who had taken up a position at Quatre Bras, the great Battle of Waterloo, whereon the Duke rested his hopes, could never have been fought. Had the squares been part of the solid earth they could not have proved more immovable."

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Centurions In Action

- This Headline



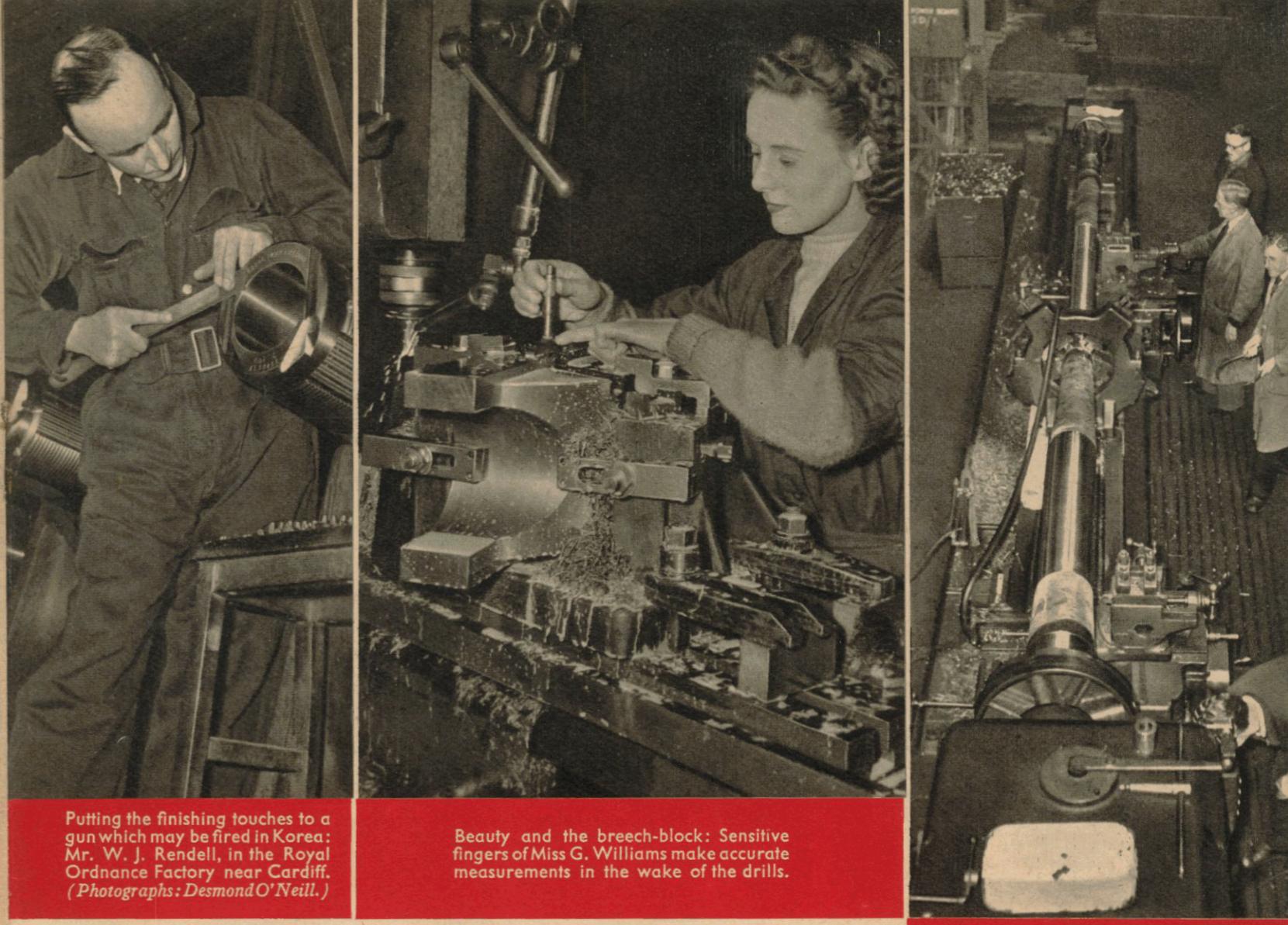
Men of the 8th Hussars
clean their 20-pounder after
a two-hour engagement.

WHEN the Centurion tank fired its first shot in anger in Korea, one of the places where reports of its performance were most eagerly awaited was Llanishen, a small community on the outskirts of Cardiff.

Llanishen knows by now that the bombardment across the Han River (when rounds aimed at a tunnel mouth went clean through the tunnel) was of startling accuracy.

The craftsmanship of the men of Llanishen had much to do with the effectiveness of the Centurion's long 20-pounder, for it is here that the guns which come straight from the foundry are prepared for mounting in the tanks.

SOLDIER recently watched these powerful guns in the making: an inspiring sight. When they arrive from the forgemaster the barrels are long shafts of steel, swollen at one end, with a small hole about three inches in diameter running through the centre. Their rough outer surface



Putting the finishing touches to a gun which may be fired in Korea: Mr. W. J. Rendell, in the Royal Ordnance Factory near Cardiff. (Photographs: Desmond O'Neill.)

Beauty and the breech-block: Sensitive fingers of Miss G. Williams make accurate measurements in the wake of the drills.

It won't be long now... The rough shaft of steel is being wrought into a lethal weapon of highest precision. Note man with callipers.

Thrilled Llanishen

The 20-pounders on Britain's Centurions are the pride of the Royal Ordnance Factory near Cardiff where gun-machining has been greatly speeded

is the reddish brown of oxidised iron. The separate breech rings are big cubes of steel with rough openings cut into them.

Before these main components can become one mechanism 56 separate operations must be performed on the barrel and 126 on the breech. It is the pride of Cardiff Royal Ordnance Factory that since the war, by evolving new techniques, they have halved the time taken to perform these operations without setting up any new plant. It still takes a gun six weeks to two months to go through the factory, but the shortening of each operation means that more guns can be dealt with at the same time.

From lathe to lathe the 25-hundredweight barrels are moved by travelling overhead cranes. The main task is the cutting out of the full-size bore and it is here that the great saving in time has been made. Formerly this was done with a fixed cutting head,

the lathe turning at about 25 revolutions a minute. The resultant bore was accurate to within six-or seven-thousandths of an inch. Now a "floating" cutting head of special steel is used and the lathe turns at 450 revolutions a minute. Stepping up the lathe-speed to 450 from a normal maximum of 80 was in itself no mean feat of mechanical engineering. The resultant bore is accurate to within one-thousandth of an inch along its entire length of 210 inches. No honing is needed; five minutes suffice to peel off any irregularities with a cutting tool which was developed in the Cardiff factory and has since been adopted by other armament factories. By these methods the whole operation of boring has been reduced from 13 hours to 45 minutes.

Various parings have to be made from the outside of the barrel. Each lathe does its special part of the job, peeling off shav-

ings of hardened steel as easily as if it were peeling potatoes. If the barrel bends, it is taken to a hydraulic press to be bent back again. The ends are supported and the press comes down on the middle — and a great steel gun barrel bends like a bow under the pressure, its ends cocked in the air and its middle nearly touching the work-table. Then the barrel is pressed down and released and pressed down again until the kink has been straightened out.

As each operation is completed tests are carried out to ensure that no mistakes have been made. It saves time, labour and material to correct any fault on the spot rather than wait for the final inspection and then perhaps have the whole gun rejected.

The main test comes when the barrel is subjected to 20 per cent more pressure than it will have to stand when a shell is fired through it. Besides detecting any flaws in the metal this process compresses it so much that the molecules are forced closer together, making the steel tougher and more elastic.

Meanwhile the breech ring is passed along another line of

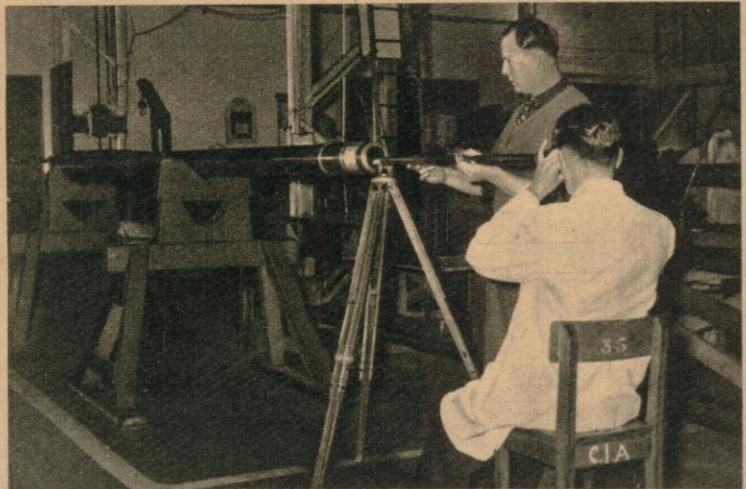
machines. The rough hole is cut out to an accuracy of less than a thousandth of an inch, the grooves which clamp it to the barrel are tooled and the whole ring is ground and polished. The breech block goes through a similar process. A profusion of nuts, bolts, screws and springs for the working parts — all known to the Army by their individual names — are manufactured and coated with corrosion-resisting metal.

Finally the gun is assembled and passed to the inspection shop. The chief inspecting officer owes his allegiance only to the Ministry of Supply and to the troops who will have to fire the gun. If there is the slightest irregularity it will go back for remachining. It may occasionally happen that the gun is rejected outright; yet even with inspection standards which are higher in Britain than in any other country, this rarely occurs.

With each weapon goes a history of all that has happened to it since it began as a mass of steel. This record accompanies it everywhere and entries are made of all its adventures. Thus, in a

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In the inspectorate the barrel is examined for flaws.

Llanishen (Continued)

hundred years time, when the men who made and fired it are forgotten, it will still be possible to trace the life story of any particular gun, its chemical compounds, where it was forged, where and by what method it was machined and what happened to it when it left the production line ready for fitting into Britain's latest tank.

The factory has a secondary activity: the reclamation of wrecked armoured cars and scout cars. "Wrecked" is too mild a word to describe most of the rusty derelicts which have been collected from battlefields all over the world. At first sight there does not appear to be a square foot of sound plating on them. Their engines are just a mess of rust and wreckage. After the dismantling team has been to work on them twisted and battered bits of rust-red metal litter the floor like bones in an elephants' graveyard. Yet a surprising number of parts can be salvaged, re-

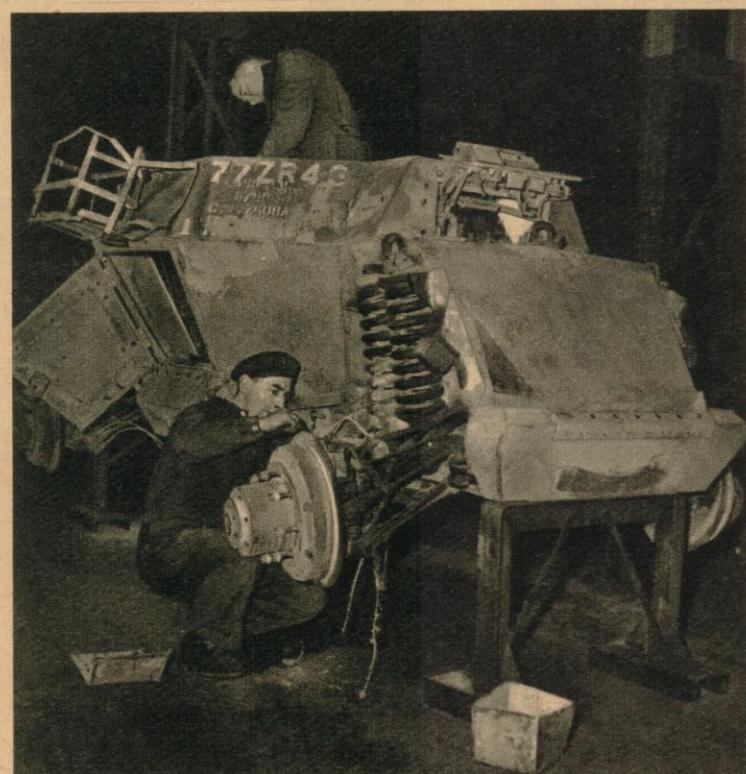
conditioned and used again. Sand-blasting strips away the rust and special processes deposit a new skin of metal over the parts, after which they are ground and polished.

The cars are completely rebuilt, starting from the chassis frame. Every part which can possibly be straightened out and re-conditioned is put back into service. The others are replaced. When the re-assembly is complete, a thick coat of paint is added and the cars leave the factory as good as new.

The cost of reclamation may have been as much as the cost of a new car, but the point is that it can be done in a factory which does not normally produce vehicles. This ensures a supply of armoured vehicles for the re-armament drive without disturbing the production programme of the car manufacturers, who can continue to concentrate on civilian vehicles for dollar-earning export.

TED JONES

The factory also strips derelict armoured cars from the world's battlefields — and turns them out again as good as new.



Mr. Jolliffe prepares to put the tape measure on some off-the-peg greatcoats.

"TAKE IT TO THE TAILOR"

The modern regimental tailor not only makes the uniform fit, he also sells electric irons with which to keep it pressed

Khaki at Colchester...

IN the tailor's shop at Meeanee Barracks, Colchester, a National Serviceman put a battledress on the counter.

"Can this be pressed for Saturday morning's parade, please?" he asked.

Behind him stood another National Serviceman with a suit for dry-cleaning. Coming in the door was a sergeant with a new blouse on which he wanted stripes, titles and medal-ribbons to be sewn. And outside, half a dozen recruits were bracing themselves for a fitting parade; there would be more than a hundred of them before the day was out.

Since then, the work of making uniforms fit has been given to civilian tailors on contract. Most of the men whose military jobs were abolished by this stroke, like Mr. Jolliffe, put on civilian suits and took the contracts.

The soldier has gained from the new system. Contracts last only a year, and there is keen competition for them — which

In 1923 the Army abolished soldier tailors, except for those in the Household Cavalry, Foot Guards and kilted regiments. Until then the trend had been to militarise services to troops. What influenced the decision was the abandonment of full dress.

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The soldier has gained from the new system. Contracts last only a year, and there is keen competition for them — which

keeps tailors on their toes. Tailors' shops, once dingy corners in quartermasters' stores, have blossomed out into modest but bright "gents' outfitters."

The modern soldier expects a good deal from his tailor, and Mr. Jolliffe has a staff of three men, five women and an apprentice to meet his demands. Besides fitting uniforms, mending them and sewing on accessories, they operate a steam-press or sell electric irons to soldiers (though a good many still sleep on their trousers). The tailor is also expected to supply civilian sports jackets and slacks, shoes, ties (regimental and otherwise), scarves (perhaps with regimental crests), silk handkerchiefs, dusters, brushes, mirrors, cap badges, regimental and formation flashes.

The regimental tailor, occupying War Department property at a low rent, can charge less than other tailors. He will, for instance, mount medals at sixpence each: elsewhere it may cost anything up to five times as much. His service is quick. The regimental tailor, with his years of experience, can also be trusted to put on stripes and flashes correctly.

"My generation is dying out," he says. "There are not many apprentices. And the Army may have to go back to soldier-tailors."



For David Mussett (right), 15-year-old apprentice, there is much information to be got from Mr. B. J. Starling MM (left), probably the only man to have been both master-cook and master-tailor in the Army.



Squadron-Quartermaster-Corporal W. J. Feeney adjusts the length of a Life Guard's cloak. Ends must be 11 inches from the ground.

...Scarlet at Windsor

TAILOR to some of the most photographed soldiers in the world — the Household Cavalrymen who mount full-dress guards in London — is Squadron-Quartermaster-Corporal Walter J. Feeney BEM, of the Life Guards, senior master-tailor of the British Army.

His shop at Combermere Barracks, Windsor, the home of the Life Guards, is one of the few in which soldiers are still trained to work in scarlet cloth and gold lace. It shares with the tailor's shop at Knightsbridge Barracks the task of keeping the Household Cavalry immaculate.

Squadron-Quartermaster-Corporal Feeney became a tailor's apprentice in the King's Liverpool Regiment in 1905.

"I thought it was a dull job at first," he says. "But in a few months I was enthusiastic. There is something about working in scarlet and gold that gets hold of you."

After two years he transferred to the Army Service Corps and became a master-tailor in 1915, transferring to the Life Guards in 1925.

The uniforms which leave his shop, new, repaired or altered, range from battledress to scarlet cloaks (which must hang just 11

inches from the ground), from heavily-braided cherry velvet State garments and white buckskin breeches worn by trumpeters and the mounted band, to the overalls — trousers which fit over Wellington boots and take the place of buckskins in dismounted review order. There are gold lace stripes to be fitted to caps — one for a musician, trumpeter or corporal, two for a corporal-of-horse, three for a squadron-quartermaster-corporal and four for a squadron-corporal-major.

Because of the high standard of work in the past

OVER



Trooper Daniel Redman, a National Serviceman, presses a pair of overalls — the trousers that fit over Wellington boots.

Scarlet at Windsor (Continued)

Household Cavalry, the Sovereign's Escort was able to return to its pre-war glory without any money being spent on new uniforms. Some of the men wear uniforms made as long as 20 years ago and reshaped to fit them.

In Squadron - Quartermaster-Corporal Feeney's shop six Life Guards (some of them National Servicemen) learn the intricacies of the trade. Says the master-tailor: "Anyone in the Royal Armoured Corps who has some knowledge of tailoring can apply to come into the shop. It helps them in civil life. In the Army, for instance, a man can learn to be a cutter for nothing; outside it would cost a lot of money. One National Serviceman who was in my shop is now head of the cutting room of a big firm."

The students learn geometry, anatomy and draftsmanship, including the table of aliquot parts ("parts contained by the whole an integral number of times," according to the dictionary). They practise drafting uniforms to scale and build up their own reference libraries in notebooks as they go. Then they move on to fitting and repairing full-sized garments.

Among the men in the Windsor shop are an ex-Merchant Navy officer and one who joined the Army to finish his training free when the tailoring firm to which he was apprenticed closed down.

Any soldier who aspires to become a master-tailor can apply to take a course with the Ministry

of Supply Garment Development Section at Woolwich. Courses here replace those which were held at the old Royal Army Clothing Factory at Pimlico, which was opened in 1862, when Queen's Regulations laid down that an Army tailor should be "of good character, sober, steady and industrious; a tailor by trade with indisposition to get into debt."

The factory, which closed in 1932, made frock-coats, jackets, tunics and pantaloons and brought the price of a tunic down from a guinea to 16s. 6d. There, tailors were taught to fit recruits loosely so that as they developed, they would be able to carry on their drills "without impeding the free use of their lungs and the action of their heart." The instructors at Pimlico included one who held the civilian post of Master Tailor of the British Army.

From Woolwich, students go for three months to a big tailoring factory where Mr. Jack Moffat, one of Britain's most skilled kilt-makers, teaches them his trade.

Those who succeed on the course go back to their unit tailor's shop, if one exists (men from any unit can apply for the course). Generally master-tailors who have been trained in Guards regiments are posted to Guards regiments and those trained in kilted regiments are posted to kilted regiments.

ERIC DUNSTER



Four gold lace bands on a Life Guard's hat indicate a corporal-major. Fitting them is Trooper Brian Warren.



The Life Guards' scarlet tunics were all made before World War Two. Carrying out adjustments is Trooper David Punshon. Below: The master-tailor gives a lecture.



"Are You the General Who Lost His Trousers?"

— asked
the King

THOUSANDS of British soldiers served under the lean, tall, hawk-nosed commander of the Fifth Army in Italy, United States General Mark Clark. His was "the first army in history to advance from the toe to the top of the Italian boot, taking Rome in its stride."

General Clark has told his personal story of World War Two in "Calculated Risk" (Harrap, 22s 6d), a lively and candid — and controversial — record, sprinkled with many diverting stories of the great and the not-so-great.

Much publicity has already been aroused by some of General Clark's contentions. One of these is that there was no need to bomb the Monte Cassino monastery; another is that it was "a high level blunder" not to invade the Balkan States from Italy when we had the opportunity. These debates will go on for a long time yet.

General Clark's career in World War Two was an oddly exciting one. It is well-known that he was the general who was put secretly ashore on the North African coast, from a British submarine and accompanied by British Commandos, to make contact with the French. During the beach operations the General lost his trousers, which were heavily weighted with gold. The story seems to have got around, for when he was presented to the King not

long after his return, His Majesty asked, "Didn't you, by the way, get stranded on the beach without your trousers?"

Before he left America to command an American corps in Britain, General Clark collected his staff officers by ringing them up and asking, "Do you want to go places and ring door bells?" He found himself installed in Longford Castle, in the Salisbury area, with a real Lord in residence, and anti-aircraft guns mounted on the ancient turrets.

Life at Longford was not lively enough. When General Eisenhower asked General Clark whether he would care to be Deputy Commander on "Torch" (invasion of North Africa) — "or do you want to stay at Longford Castle and sit on a dead fish?" — he had no doubt how to reply. The secret mission to North

Africa followed; then came those very difficult and much criticised negotiations with Admiral Darlan and General Giraud. General Clark was impatient to get down to some real soldiering. At this period he and General Eisenhower had a decidedly unconventional code which they used in their personal messages; for instance, YBSAS meant "yellow-bellied so-and-so."

That General Clark was not at a loss for a snappy answer is shown by his farewell remarks to an African Sultan with whom he had dined. The Sultan said that the occasion had been one of the happiest moments of his life; whereupon the General said to the interpreter: "Tell him that for a fellow who has a hundred and twenty wives that is saying something."

There is an entertaining glimpse of how the General kept his headquarters on the hop. At Oujda his cub aircraft would roar overhead and the General's voice would call, by loud-speaker, for a car to meet him at the airport. Since every staff officer thought he was being personally addressed, the car would be there on time.

His view of the British Eighth Army at this time was "a real fighting force. They showed a cocky confidence in their own abilities that was impressive, but I was surprised at their careless dress." He was also surprised at their disregard for camouflage.

General Clark's first battle command was Salerno, an operation which he calls a "near disaster." In his description of the battle occurs, several times, the name of General Matthew B. Ridgway now commanding another Eighth Army in Korea.

During the long drag up Italy, General Clark's army tried out some ideas of which little has been heard. One of these was the "battle sled," in which a number of Infantrymen, each lying in a long open container, were dragged in a double line behind a tank; the idea was that they would be invisible when crossing, say, a field of grass. They could at once jump out to seize any strong point which the tank had overrun.

The entry into Rome, where General Clark met his corps commanders on Capitol Hill, was the author's big moment. Shortly



Conqueror's hour: the crowds in Rome acclaim General Mark Clark, Fifth Army's commander (in foreground).

afterwards his aircraft flew into a balloon cable, which was nearly his last moment.

In the latter stages of the war in Italy, General Clark presented a guard of honour to General Marshall. It included Brazilians, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Indians, Newfoundlanders, Springboks, Welsh Guards, Canadian Inniskillings (who had had a load of shamrock flown from Ireland), Poles, Italians, American nurses, and ATS girls.

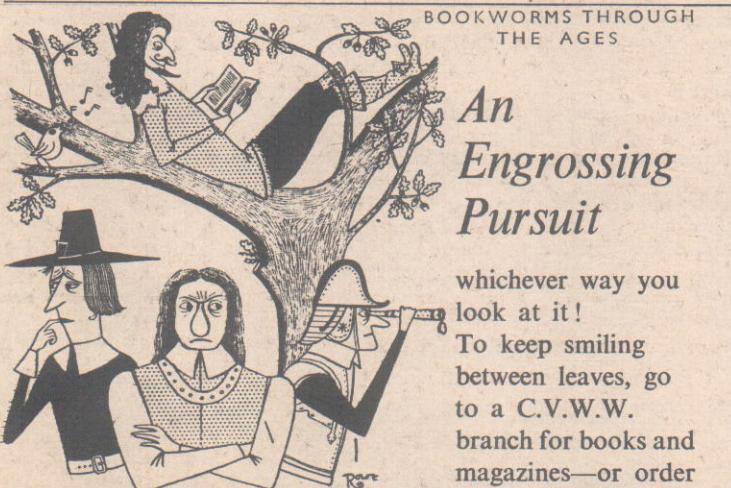
General Clark took the surrender of General von Senger und Etterlin, the panzer general, who spoke "Oxford-English" and had to be called back to remove his side arms. Soon afterwards "we began collecting a large assortment of German generals, whose stories we wanted to hear." They would not talk, so "finally we fixed up a special villa for them, a pleasant, comfortable place. By the time they had moved into it the house was wired for sound from top to bottom." Even so the generals did not seem in a mood to talk to each other; but General Clark sent up two cases of Scotch and soon "the shorthand writers were working their heads off."

Not so long afterwards it was General Clark who found himself in a room wired for sound — a hotel room in Moscow. "Sometimes we carried on long and ridiculous conversations purely for the benefit of the microphone listeners."

The General ended his service in Europe as American High Commissioner in Austria. Today he is Chief of US Army Field Forces.

His book is a thoroughly readable one, with many curious tit-bits of information. The critic who said that it was as much the chronicle of a "regular guy" as a regular soldier was about right.

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SERVICES CENTRAL BOOK DEPOT

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A Long Sigh for the Saddle

IS there still a role for Cavalry in the Army? Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable E. G. French, son of Field-Marshal the Earl of Ypres, one of the last great Cavalry leaders, thinks there is.

In his book, "Goodbye to Boot and Saddle" (Hutchinson, 21s) he suggests that many of the wide *dongas* of South Africa and the deep *nullahs* of India would stop modern tanks, and that tanks would have been swallowed in the famous ravine which brought down many — but not all — the charging British Cavalry when they came on it unexpectedly at Talavera.

In the South African War "tanks would have been utterly useless as a substitute for mounted troops in the advance on Barberton, when, in the course of an enterprising night march, the British Cavalry were obliged to move in single file along narrow mountain tracks so as to surprise the Boers."

And, when an attempt was made (in 1919) to assassinate the author's father, then Viceroy of Ireland, the Viceroy's escort was let down by a lorry which would not start and the would-be assassins escaped across fields where the outriders' motor-cycles could not catch them but where Cavalry could have rounded them up.

The author thinks there may have been situations even in the last war where a few squadrons of Cavalry might have influenced

the day. And if it should happen again, we would have neither horses nor horsemen trained for the job.

Lieut-Col. French subscribes to the dictum of a famous Cavalry leader of the 1880's, Sir Baker Russell, who said that the duty of a Cavalry soldier was "to look pretty in peace and get killed in time of war." He devotes many of his pages to showing how the Cavalry carried out both these jobs. There is much nostalgia in his description of a day in the life of the Cavalry at Aldershot when Queen Victoria went to Long Valley to review her troops. He deplores the soldier of today who never looks pretty, wearing "the most unsightly, shapeless costume — to call it uniform would be an abuse of the word — ever devised for use of the

British soldier," and declares that the old full-dress uniform helped recruiting and made for good spirit, good discipline and efficiency. Germany's defeat in World War Two, he adds, was "undoubtedly accelerated by lack of the old-time spirit of Potsdam, or 'spit and polish' as some prefer contemptuously to describe it."

How the Cavalryman carried out his duty of getting killed in time of war is described in a series of accounts of famous charges. But the author confesses that until the last quarter of the 19th century Cavalry training had not advanced "beyond drill and parade movements ... Hitherto, the action of Cavalry in war had been more noteworthy for dash and brilliancy than for movements based on carefully thought out, sound principles."

There is much other lively comment in this book. The author disliked the amalgamation of Cavalry units, each with its own dress, badges, traditions, customs, battle honours and individuality, when mechanisation made it necessary to cut down numbers. "Instead of four regiments being disbanded, eight were disorganised ... Presumably it never occurred to the authorities that the required economy could have been effected by reducing the strength of every Cavalry regiment."

He also considers that the rank of field-marshal today is "a distinction that, in common with the possession of medals, has declined in value owing to over-lavish distribution." (The author's father was one of the only two men to have achieved that rank after entering the profession of arms as midshipmen in the Royal Navy.)

The book goes into the *arme*



It was once said that the duty of the Cavalry was to look pretty in peace and be killed in war. This officer of the 7th Queen's Own Hussars, in 1843, was carrying out the first part of his duty.

blanche controversy which raged about the time of the Boer War. The *arme blanche* was the cavalry cold steel, the sword and the lance, which, some suggested, should be abandoned so that Cavalrymen could concentrate on their firearms. Others, with whom the author sides, believed this would turn the Cavalry into mere mounted Infantry, with all their disadvantages of being unable to fire accurately without dismounting. They thought the Cavalry should keep its *arme blanche* for the shock tactics of the charge, but carry firearms as well.

The book touches on Cavalry dress and equipment, regimental histories, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Yeomanry Cavalry, famous Cavalry leaders and equitation. Here is one of the author's tips on riding: for example, if a man slips off his horse while it is swimming, he should not grasp the bridle, for that would pull the horse's nose under water, but catch hold of the horse's tail. A swimming horse kicks outwards, and not backwards, with its rear legs, so the man on the tail will get a safe tow.

The Ninth Sighed — and then Got on with the Job

IF Cavalry regiments grieved at parting with their horses, they soon got down to their new weapons.

In an introduction to "The Ninth Queen's Own Royal Lancers, 1936—1945," edited by Joan Bright (Gale and Polden, £3 3s), Major-General C. W. Norman, who commanded the Regiment when it was mechanised in 1936, says of the departure of the horses: "It was a depressing business, but the new work left us little time for sentiment."

The 9th Lancers might well have been depressed again at their first contact with mechanisation. They were issued with worn-out carriers which were constantly breaking down and the motors of which had the habit of sending out jets of steam to scald the occupants.

General Norman pays a tribute to the officers and men who joined up expecting to spend their service with horses, but who buckled down to their new task

with enthusiasm. Some of the officers, he says, owned aeroplanes as well as horses and were interested in mechanical things. Among them were two brothers, G. E. and O. L. Prior-Palmer. They are now respectively Commander of the 6th Armoured Division and Member of Parliament for Worthing.

The carriers were succeeded by ancient light tanks which had

Continued on Page 34

The Night of 10 May 1857

STILL another Chindit appears in the role of author. This time it is John Masters, who commanded a brigade in Burma and was awarded the DSO. Before the war, serving in the Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles, he saw active service in Waziristan.

John Masters' book is about soldiering nearly 100 years ago, at the time of the Indian Mutiny. It is a novel — "Nightrunners of Bengal" (Michael Joseph, 12s 6d) — and it tells a rousing colourful story of one of the ugliest uprisings the British Army has ever been called upon to suppress. In this rebellion — thanks to its opening atrocities — the passions of both sides were roused to white heat.

Captain Rodney Savage is an officer of the Bengal Native Infantry. He sees the warning signs of unrest, but there is always unrest in India. His fellow officers are unalarmed — other regiments' sepoys may get out of hand, but never theirs. They carry on with the social and regimental round, worrying (if at all) about such matters as "which fund shall be used to pay for wood and oil used in burning the corpses of sepoys who die of disease contracted in military service, but not in the field."

Captain Savage has his personal problems. He does not love his cold, ambitious wife, and is tempt-



Brigadier into novelist: John Masters



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been returned from Egypt as unserviceable, but they had machine-guns and wireless sets and the regiment felt it was getting somewhere. In 1938, however, many of these were withdrawn and the 9th Lancers had to make do with trucks.

At that time a young German officer was attached to a neighbouring regiment on Salisbury Plain. He reported to Berlin: "Here in Tidworth there are few troops and still less modern material, and I am permitted to see such training as goes on during

the week. But on Friday afternoons all ranks disappear. Practically no one is left except myself and the orderly officer who looks after me. I can only conclude that there is some secret training area where they spend their week-ends doing up-to-date training with the latest equipment."

The state of the Regiment's equipment when they went to France in 1940 was exemplified by that of one squadron, which had only enough tanks to mount two of its four troops. One tank was a fine new A9 with a powerful 3.7 inch howitzer — but there was no ammunition for the howitzer.

Fun and Games With the Captive Generals

JUST before John F. Leeming became a prisoner-of-war he had the task of casting £250,000 in good hard cash into the sea.

The aircraft in which he was travelling was coming down on enemy territory — Sicily — and the money was better in the Mediterranean than in enemy hands.

Leeming was a staff officer accompanying Air Marshal Owen Tudor Boyd, who was on his way to take command of the Royal Air Force in the Middle East. Instead, crew and passengers went into captivity; and Air Marshal Boyd's command in Middle East was taken over by Air Marshal Tedder.

But imprisonment with the Italians had its lighter moments, and it is mainly on these that Leeming dwells in "Always Tomorrow" (Harrap, 12s 6d). Few prisoner-of-war books are gloomy, but this one is almost wholly gay.

The author was allowed to remain with the Air Marshal in captivity. Some months later they were joined by a party of generals including Lieutenant-General Philip Neame VC, Lieutenant-General Sir Richard O'Connor, Major-General Carton de Wiart VC, Major-General M. D. Gambier-Parry, a few brigadiers and a colonel.

Life among the prisoner-generals was informal, and General Carton de Wiart's impish sense of humour usually spoiled what little formality they did introduce. Thus, instead of taking his proper place in the order in which the party moved into dinner, he would hang back until the last and walk in aiming playful kicks at the officer in front of him.

The generals soon adopted Air Marshal Boyd's policy of causing as much trouble to the Italians as possible. The fun was probably at its most uproarious when the party was moved from Sulmona to the Castle at Vincigliata. The captives had accumulated large quantities of personal possessions and, by refusing to be parted from them, completely upset the Italian transport arrangements.

General Neame insisted on keeping with him an enormous trunk. When some Italians had finally manhandled it into a first-class railway compartment, the officer guarding the prisoners protested vigorously that the trunk hid the general.

The party's live-stock had to travel, too: Brigadier E. J. Todhunter's rabbits (which steadfastly refused to breed), and Brigadier

J. Combe's chickens. Their owner released the chickens on the platform for a little exercise, and the train was held up while they were caught. Finally, the engine-driver, in desperation, started the train, with one hen still at liberty. She was thrust through a window and placed on the luggage rack, from where she heaped the final insult on the officer arguing with General Neame.

Escape, of course, loomed large in the minds of the party. A castle like that of Vincigliata seemed likely to have secret passages and there was a break in a well wall to be investigated. At the same time an alcove in an underground passage was seen to have a new wall at the rear.

First Air Marshal Boyd, then General O'Connor, were secretly and perilously lowered down the well. It gave access to a tunnel which ran for 20 or 30 feet and was then blocked by a new brick wall.

Later, the author and two serjeants tackled the alcove — and broke into the tunnel which General O'Connor had explored.

General O'Connor made a daring escape over the castle wall. He was spotted by a sentry who pointed a loaded rifle at him, but was horrified when the General put his hands up. "No, no, my General!" he called. "Please, no! Just wait there while I call the guard." And because his howl for help was unheard, General O'Connor obligingly shouted too.

A Fascist captain put the sentry under arrest for not shooting, then an Italian general appeared on the scene, shook the sentry by the hand and gave him a hundred lire, saying "To have shot would have been murder."

Six of the party later escaped through a tunnel, but four of them, Generals O'Connor and Carton de Wiart, Air Marshal Boyd and Brigadier Combe, were arrested before they reached Switzerland.

The author got away by denying himself food and sleep and persuading the Italian authorities he was mad. On those grounds he was repatriated.

There was plenty of ammunition for the secondary armament, a Vickers machine-gun, but the gun lacked its essential telescopic sight and there was no hole in the front of the turret through which the sight could have been used. So the tank's only armament was a rifle. A light tank in the same squadron had a plywood turret and was armed only with an officer's revolver.

In spite of the shortcomings of their equipment, the 9th Lancers took their toll of Germans in France, but it must have been with mixed feelings that their men met a French Cavalry regiment which had knocked out several German tanks with horsedrawn anti-tank guns.

In 1941 the Regiment went to the Western Desert where they were equipped with cruisers, Crusaders and "Honeys" — no match, any of them, for the standard German Mark III tanks and easy prey for the German 88 millimetre gun.

With these, the Regiment fought several battles. Then they received a share of the new American General Grant tanks and went into battle in much better heart. In the encounter at Knightsbridge, the Grant-equipped squadron knocked out nearly 40 panzers.

Back at the Alamein line, the 9th Lancers, battered and short of tanks, took over all the available tanks left in Egypt. The Army

Commander had ordered, "Send your best team — suggest 9th Lancers," a message of which the Regiment felt justly proud.

With this collection of oddments, the 9th Lancers, strengthened by squadrons from other regiments, met and routed an attack by 30 German tanks on Ruweisat Ridge. The importance of that engagement was summed up by the brigade commander, now General Sir Richard McCreery, when he told the commanding officer, "You know, Ronald, you saved Egypt that evening."

There followed an exhausting period on the Ridge and the Regiment went back to refit, this time with the new Sherman tanks.

From then on the Regiment went from triumph to triumph, still with Eighth Army at first, then with First Army in Tunisia, and finally in Italy.

Just once did the 9th Lancers have to part from their beloved Shermans. In the first few days of 1945, they parked them neatly in the streets of an Italian town and, along with other Cavalry regiments, went into action as Infantry. For eight weeks the Regiment held nearly a mile of the snow-covered winter-line, patrolling and countering enemy patrols.

The 9th Lancers did not like it. But they showed that the mechanised Cavalrymen lacked none of the versatility of their predecessors.

How Much Do You Know?

1. He was a famous English criminal. As a blind, he arrested thieves and handed them over to justice. But he employed his own thieves, instructed them whom to rob, and sold back the loot to the owners. He was hanged at Tyburn. Who was he?
2. Can you think of two words, pronounced similarly, but spelled differently, one of which describes a Detachment and the other a Drink?
3. A veracious person is one who:
 - eats everything in sight;
 - tells the truth always;
 - likes admiring himself in the mirror;
 - criticises people behind their backs. Which?
4. One of Shakespeare's characters was a mis-shapen, brute-like savage, quick to assimilate evil, slow to assimilate good. What was his name? And in which play did he appear?
5. Who wrote:
Kind hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood.
6. Mr. Henry Luce is a wealthy and powerful American, because—
 - he controls 200 radio stations;
 - he is the Secretary for Defence;
 - he directs the magazines *Time* and *Life*;
 - he holds the patents of the zip-fastener. Which?

(Answers on Page 45)



SOLDIER HUMOUR

PHELVIN



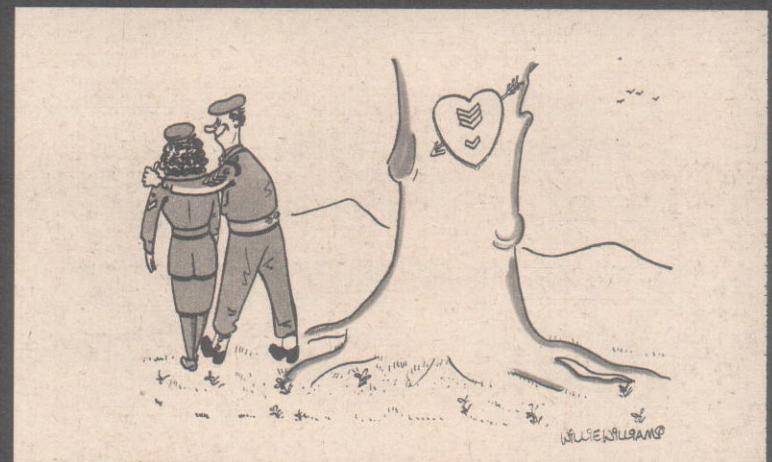
"All I know is that we're in bandit country and this might be some sort of a trap."



BOMB RANGES

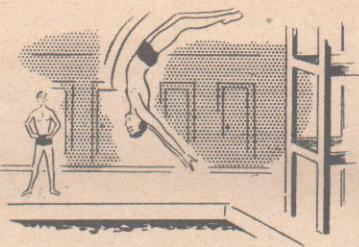
DON'T TOUCH
ANYTHING
IT MAY
EXPLODE

W.D.
KEEP
OUT



"Hurry up. There must be something in King's Regs about it."

One good turn
deserves another



"If there's one smoke I really enjoy," says the diving champion, "it's the one after a swim. And I always use RIZLA — the papers and the machine which go to make the hand-made cigarette that looks professional, the cigarette that's smoother, longer smoking and more satisfying."

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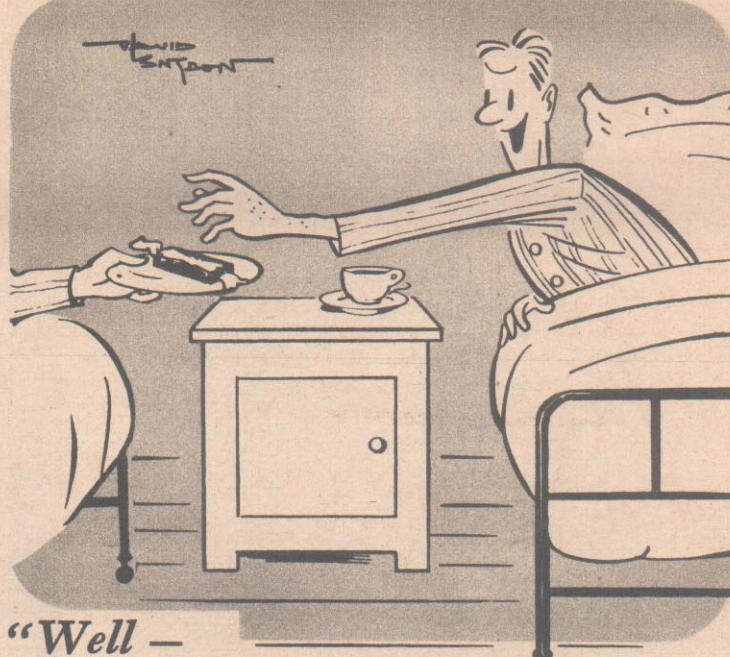


Do you want a high-gloss shine, a real parade ground shine? Then remember KIWI — the polish that *recolours* your boots, and gives them a really high shine that comes back with a couple of rubs. Kiwi keeps boots brilliantly black for a longer time because Kiwi use only the costliest Carnauba wax from Brazil, only the purest aniline dyes. Get a tin today and *prove*

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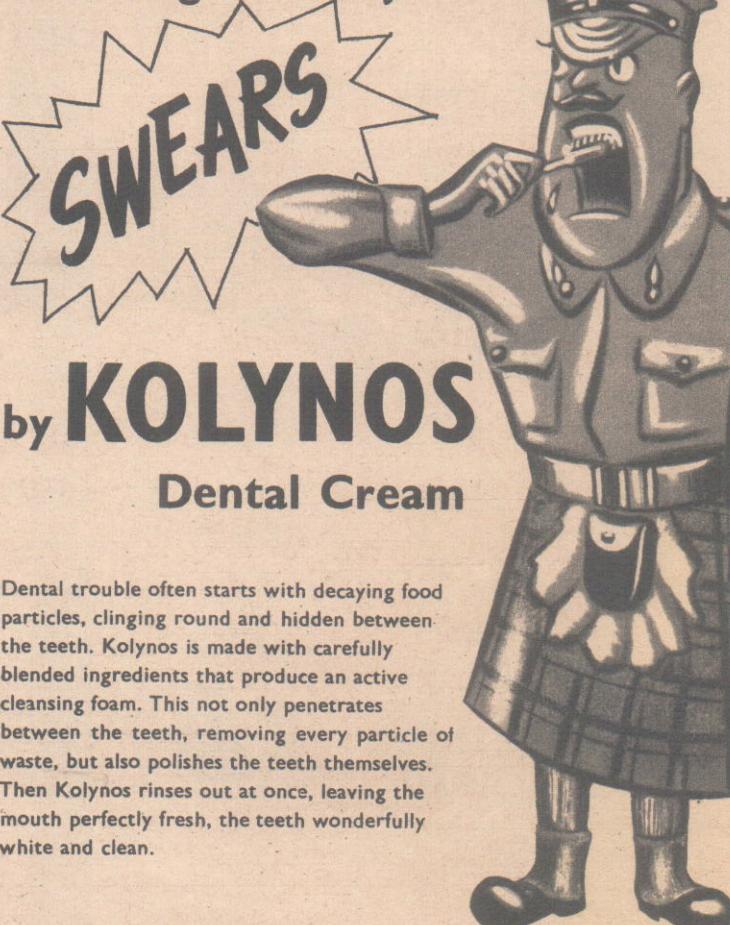
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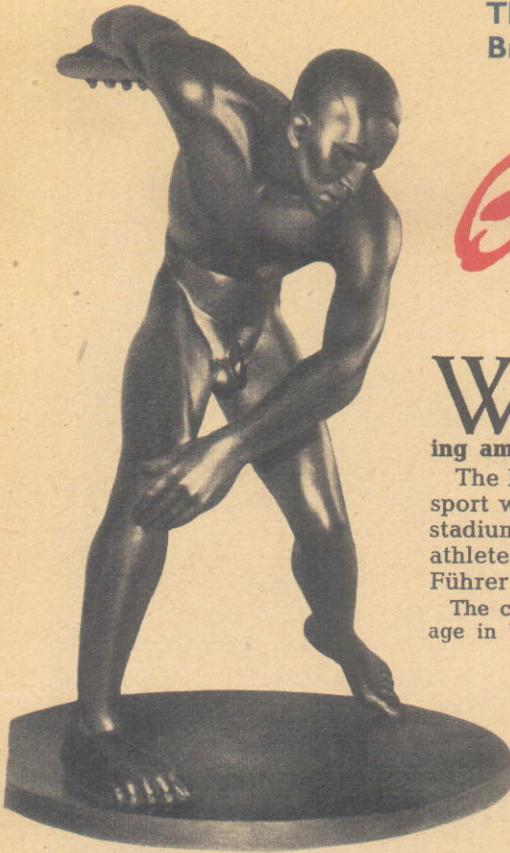
Dental trouble often starts with decaying food particles, clinging round and hidden between the teeth. Kolynos is made with carefully blended ingredients that produce an active cleansing foam. This not only penetrates between the teeth, removing every particle of waste, but also polishes the teeth themselves. Then Kolynos rinses out at once, leaving the mouth perfectly fresh, the teeth wonderfully white and clean.



SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

These barrels which are being trundled through the water contain — water. The Royal Navy shipped 33,000 of them, each containing 44 gallons of drinking water, from Alexandria to Sollum to slake the thirst of Eighth Army. This is the kind of supply problem which an army must be able to take in its stride.





The sports centre that Hitler built, on the grand scale, provides Britain's Berlin garrison with all the exercise any athlete could wish

Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski.

Berlin for SPORT!

WHEN the men who drew up the Potsdam Agreement allotted the Reichssportfeld to the British Sector of Berlin, they gave the garrison some of the finest sporting amenities of any Army overseas station.

The Reichssportfeld is the great centre from which German sport was organised before World War Two. It includes the stadium in which Hitler entertained the world's Olympic athletes in 1936; and it adjoins the vast Maifeld, where the Führer used to address gigantic party rallies.

The centre suffered some damage in World War Two, but except for a few buildings it is in working order again. Some of the amenities have been handed back to

the Germans. One is the Olympic Stadium, which accommodates 100,000 spectators and was built between 1934 and 1936 at a cost of 16 million marks. In the early days of the occupation, an Infantry battalion was billeted in

the stadium; today British soldiers may go sightseeing there if they pay 30 pfennigs — sixpence. Or they may join the crowds when an English football team goes there to play a German side.

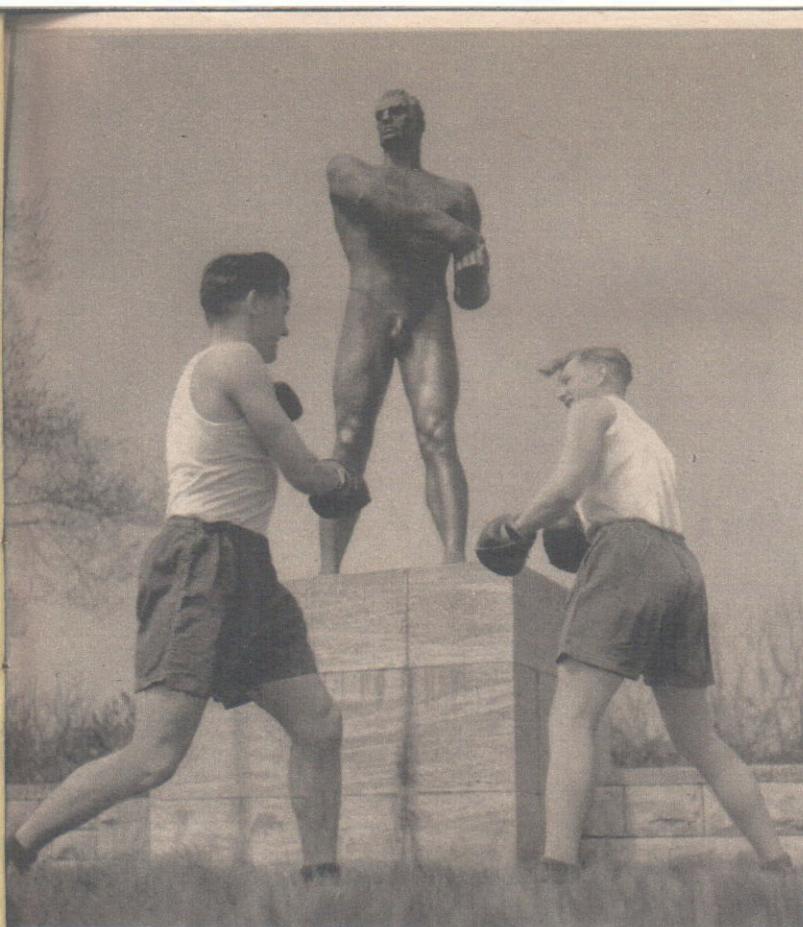
The Greek open-air theatre, with permanent seats for 20,000, has also been handed back to the Germans and is used to stage boxing, for which it will accommodate an extra 5000 spectators. And the Germans have the Olympic pool, which the Army borrows occasionally for competition swimming.

But this still leaves the Army's

One of the many nude giants who survived the fall of the Third Reich.

There's still room for 99,993 more spectators. Sometimes a British team plays a German team in the Olympic Stadium.





"You too can have a body like mine..." Two men of the Berlin garrison have a friendly bout in the open.

Berlin sports centre an impressive list of facilities. There are ten Association football pitches (three of them on the Maifeld); three Rugby football pitches (also on the Maifeld); four hockey pitches and one six-a-side hockey pitch; two running tracks; five cricket grounds; two rounders pitches (used by the WRAC and soldiers' families); three tennis courts (which are flooded in winter to make an ice-skating rink); a concert hall which is often used for boxing competitions, and at other times as a roller-skating rink; two squash courts and three badminton courts.

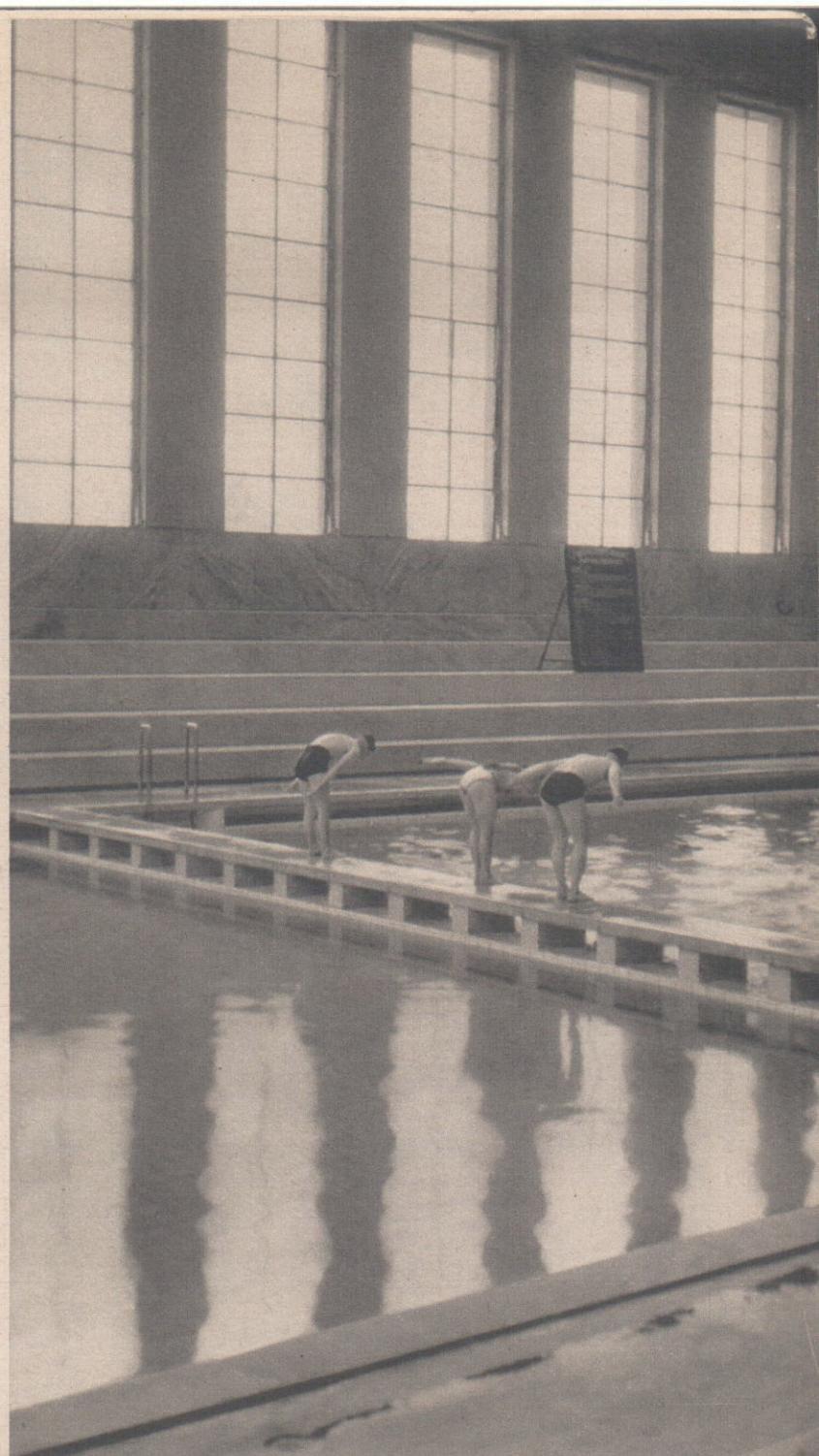
Besides these, there are a riding school and riding club, an indoor and an outdoor swimming

pool and a children's playing field.

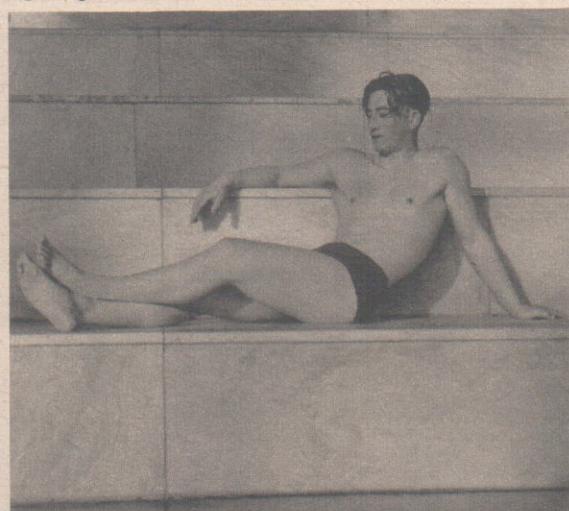
The buildings of the centre are modern, but mellowed. There are acres of woodland and grass (which is apt to wear away quickly), and scattered everywhere are the huge statues of naked male athletes, which seem inevitable on any major German sports ground. One bronze and naked female athlete gazes sternly out from between stone pillars, the sole representative of her sex. At one end of the open-air swimming pool a bronze cow wallows knee-deep.

Presiding over the sports centre and its staff of 150 Germans is Captain T. Carson of the Royal

OVER



For some soldiers in Berlin, a swim in these imposing baths starts the day's round. Underwater lighting can make the bath look like a pool of fire.



Don't waste your sympathy on this soldier, lying on a marble slab. The slab is steam-heated. Left: Against the background of the Olympic Stadium: a Services Rugby game in progress. A dozen games can be played simultaneously on the great Maifeld.

Berlin for Sport! (Cont'd)

Army Veterinary Corps, who first flew into Berlin during the blockade. He is most often to be found on horseback. There are 28 riding club horses, which can be hired by the hour at between 1s 6d (for men) and 2s 6d (for officers), the fee including instruction; without instruction the prices are a little higher. A German riding mistress teaches the soldiers' children.

One of the biggest attractions is the indoor swimming pool, which is heated and open all winter. It has a three-foot children's section at one end and is 15 feet deep at the diving end. The under-water lighting makes it look like a pool of fire when the overhead lights are turned out. There is a window in its side for taking underwater photographs of divers. All around the pool are tiers of marble for tired bathers to lie on; they are not as cold as they look — every slab is steam-heated. And for those who want them, there are masseurs and Turkish baths on the way back to the dressing-rooms, and a canteen to provide a cup of tea.

The sports centre is conveniently placed for most of the barracks, billets and married quarters in Berlin. For some soldiers early morning physical training consists mostly of a swim. More than half the Berlin Signals Squadron have gained swimming certificates since they have been in the city; many of them could not swim before they joined the unit.

Visiting teams from the British Zone of Germany can be put up at the centre in the rooms designed originally to accommodate visiting Olympic athletes. They can be fed in the former restaurant, where food comes from a modern kitchen capable of feeding 2000 people without being overstrained.

There is another sport open to soldiers in Berlin — the sport sometimes known as mucking about in small boats.



HOW'S YOUR AIM?

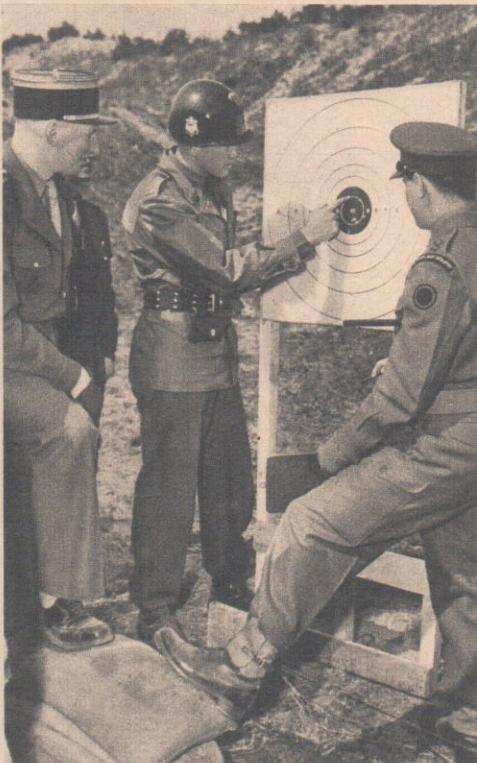
Do you fire a .22 rifle? If so, here is an opportunity for you.

The Forces' Day .22 Rifle Competition, which started on 1 April, is open until 31 March 1952, and British Servicemen and women all over the world may enter.

Competitors are divided into eight groups comprising the three Regular Services, their auxiliary Services, cadets and women's Services. There is a challenge cup for the best score and there are medals for the first three in each group.

The only entrance fee is the price of match cards at 1s 6d a set (competitors are limited to three sets each). Proceeds of the event go to the Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts' Workshops, organisers of the competition.

Details and match cards may be obtained from Major L. F. E. James MBE, 35, Thurloe Street, London SW 7.



Above: There's riding for soldiers — and their children are taught by a German riding mistress.

Left: Army marksmen in Berlin competed at the recent Tripartite Small Arms Match, with rifle, pistol, automatic rifle, sub-machine-gun. The Americans won; British and French tied second.

Below: The Berlin lakes offer spanking sport to Service yachtsmen. All three Western Powers have their clubs.





"Coach" and pair — a smart turn-out seen outside the Olympic Stadium. Capt. T. Carson, officer in charge of the sports centre, is the driver. Those masts were once hung with swastikas.

Since the Western Powers went into Berlin, yachting, motor-boating and rowing on the fine lakes on the city's outskirts have become international events.

British, French and Americans all have their own yachting clubs, which meet for regattas, sometimes with the Germans joining in. Most of the sport takes place on the Havel See, which links the three sectors and offers a good, wide sailing stretch eight or nine miles long.

There are two main British clubs. One is the United Services Yacht Club, which is confined to officers and has its headquarters at Pichelsdorf, on the Havel See; the other is the British Stössen See Yacht Club, which is open to all ranks and is also on the Havel See, at Gatow, and has a "branch" farther north at Spandau. The clubs are linked with other British clubs through the Berlin Sailing Association, which also links them with Berlin's American Yachting Association, the Club Nautique Français and the yachting clubs in the British Zone of Germany.

The British Stössen See Yacht Club took its name from a small

arm of the Havel See, where it was founded. But the club's Stössen See headquarters were handed back to a German club, and the British club moved south to Gatow, where it took over a luxury hotel which was once a favourite resort of the Diplomatic Corps in Berlin.

There it has terraced lawns overlooking the water, jetties, boat-houses, lounges, restaurant and bar, and living accommodation where visiting yachtsmen from the British Zone can be put up. Here, at least one pair of yachting enthusiasts have spent their honeymoon.

The club has 25 sailing boats, eight motor-boats and several rowing boats. When it joins in with the other clubs for races and regattas, the craft are pooled and the competitors draw lots for them. Every week in the season there is a competition, a picnic or water gala.

One of the big events of the year on the Havel See is the passage race, several laps round the lake (at about 25 miles to the lap, including tacking). Often it takes all night.

RICHARD ELLEY

Military families also enjoy to the full the sport of "mucking about in boats."



OLYMPISCHE SIEGER

SCHWIMMEN FRAUEN

100 m FREISTIL MASTENBROEK HOLLAND
100 m RÜCKENSTIL SENIFI MOLAND
200 m BRUSTSTIL MASHIMA JAPAN
400 m FREISTIL MASTENBROEK HOLLAND
KUNSTSPIRINGEN GESTRING U.S.A.
TURNSPIRINGEN POYTHON MIT. U.S.A.
4 x 100 m STAFFEL HOSLUND

TURNEN MÄNNER

ZWÖLKAMPF EINZEL SCHWARZMANN DEUTSCHLAND

ZWÖLKAMPF MANNSCHAFT DEUTSCHLAND

RECK SAARVILJA FINNLAND

BÄRKEN FREY DEUTSCHLAND

SEITENPFERD SCHWARZMANN DEUTSCHLAND

LANGPFERD SCHWARZMANN DEUTSCHLAND

RING: HUDEK TSCHECHESSOWAKI

FREIÜBUNGEN AMEZ SCHWEIZ

TURNEN FRAUEN

MANNSCHAFTSKAMPF DEUTSCHLAND

REITEN

GROSSE DRESSURPRÜFUNG EINZEL POLLAY DEUTSCHLAND

GROSSE DRESSURPRÜFUNG MANNSCHAFT DEUTSCHLAND

JAGDSPRINGEN

UM DEN PREIS DER NATIONEN EINZEL HASSE DEUTSCHLAND

JAGDSPRINGEN

UM DEN PREIS DER NATIONEN MANNSCHAFT DEUTSCHLAND

VIELSEITIGKEITSPRÜFUNG EINZEL STÜRBENDORF DEUTSCHLAND

VIELSEITIGKEITSPRÜFUNG MANNSCHAFT DEUTSCHLAND

FECHTEN MÄNNER

FLORETT EINZEL GÄUDINI ITALIEN

FLORETT MANNSCHAFT ITALIEN

DEGEN EINZEL RICARDO ITALIEN

DEGEN MANNSCHAFT ITALIEN

SÄBEL PRIZEL KABOS UNGARN

SÄBEL MANNSCHAFT UNGARN

FECHTEN FRAUEN

FLORETT EINZEL SCHÄCHERER ERIK UNGARN

RINGEN REISTIL

BANTAM EWEKT ZOMBORI UNGARN

FEDERGEWICHT PIRAJAMAKI FINNLAND

LEICHTGEWICHT KARPTI UNGARN



This giant "roll of honour" lists the winners of the 1936 Olympic Games. Below: Spotting the winner is a little easier with a telescope of these dimensions.



FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

THE LEMON DROP KID

Here are the names of a few of the characters in this extravaganza: Brainy Baxter, Straight Flush, Gloomy Willie, Sam the Surgeon, Singin' Solly, Bird Lady, Honest Harry, Super Swedish Charlie and No Thumbs Charlie. Damon Runyon must have written it, you say? He did, but what he wrote was "tailored" to fit Bob Hope, as the Lemon Drop Kid, who gives his celebrated display of non-heroics, well punctuated with wisecracks. This time he is a race-course tout faced with finding 10,000 dollars in 23 days to pay off a New York hoodlum. As the deadline nears, he finds it necessary to pretend, with the aid of sundry dubious characters, that he is establishing an old ladies' home. Blonde Marilyn Maxwell is teamed with Hope for the first time; most cinema-goers will know that any girl teamed with Hope is worth going to see.

THERE IS ANOTHER SUN

What sort of men are they who ride on the Wall of Death in travelling fairs? Or who box in show booths? Well, perhaps they're not all like the characters in this film, otherwise the police would be busier than they are. Plenty of action, jealousy, thrills — and all problems solved by a fatal accident on the speedway. Maxwell Reed, Susan Shaw and Laurence Harvey.

THREE GUYS NAMED MIKE

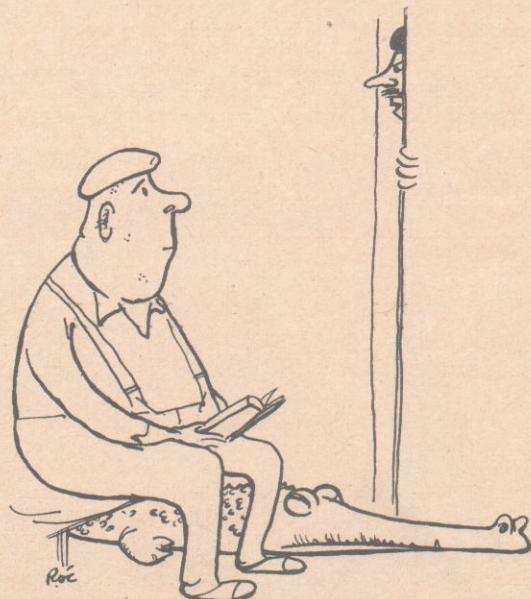
She's an angel in the sky . . . but, oh boy, when she gets down to earth!!!! As you might guess, this is about the life and trials of an air hostess. The idea was conceived, it seems, when Stewardess "Pug" Wells, of American Airlines, at a height of 25,000 feet, began chatting to a passenger, who turned out to be one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's directors. Jane Wyman plays the high-flier, and the three men in her life are Van Johnson, Howard Keel and Barry Sullivan. There is fun at the expense of the advertising business.

FINE AND DANDY

The GI who went absent without leave more times than anybody else in World War Two, now a civilian, is offered the job of producing the annual show at West Point, America's crack military academy. (What, no cadet talent at West Point?). Under pressure he takes it . . . but his past catches up with him, and (to cut it short) he enrolls at West Point as a "plebe," the lowest form of military life. West Point does not mind letting down its hair, apparently. James Cagney is the producer; the girls are Virginia Mayo and Doris Day.

PAGAN LOVE SONG

Don't get it wrong: Esther Williams wears a pareu, not a sarong in this South Seas romance. What's the difference? Go and see. The lady is mistaken by a plantation owner (Howard Keel) for a Tahitian, which gives plenty of scope for mis-understandings. Tuneful and colourful — and Miss Williams is one of the most beguiling mermaids we know.



"Read Standing Orders on the keeping of pets, Blenkinsop, and report to me in the morning."

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Miss
It!



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Existing postal subscriptions at the old rate of six shillings a year will be allowed to run their course. Individual twelve-months subscriptions will still be accepted at the six shillings rate if placed before 1 August, and provided postage of two shillings is paid.

SOLDIER greatly regrets the necessity for these increases which are inevitable if the rising costs of production are to be met.

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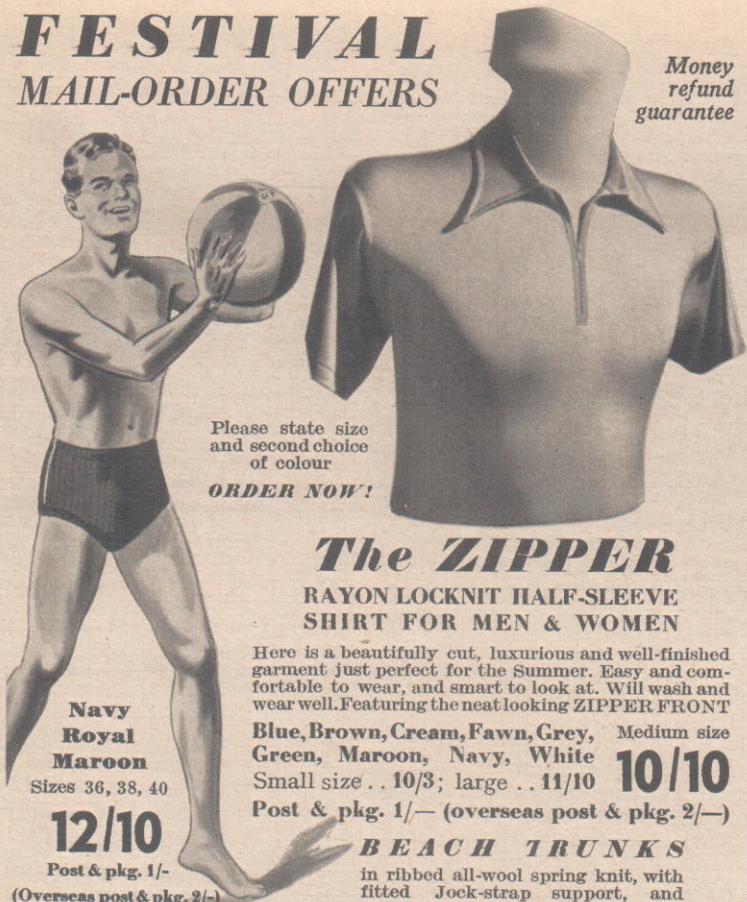
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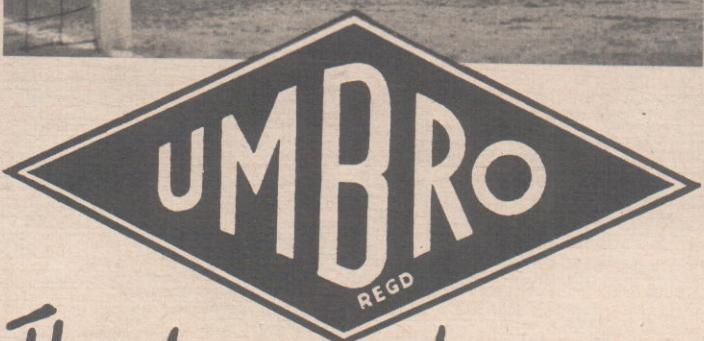
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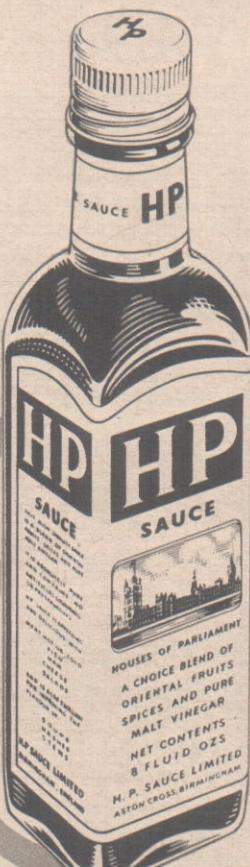
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LETTERS

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Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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



TEA IN THE TANK

Can **SOLDIER** answer this one: is it possible to brew a pot of tea inside a Centurion tank? — "Semper Fidelis" (name and address supplied).

★ Yes. Centurion crews can brew tea, without leaving the tank, in what quartermasters list as "vessels, boiling, three pints," a tankman's version of the electric kettle.

The idea was born in World War Two. In the Western Desert the custom was for crews to leave their tanks and make brew-up fires with the aid of petrol-soaked sand. The practice had its dangers; men were liable to be picked off by the enemy while tea-making. The alternative of making a petrol fire inside the tank was equally dangerous, and calculated to lead to a different kind of brew-up. A suggestion was made to Middle East Headquarters that hot food containers should be supplied to tank crews; but stowage was the difficulty.

the weight of a man climbing in or out, yet small and unspillable. The first tank to be issued with the "kettle" as a standard fitting is the Centurion; it is expected that, eventually, all tanks and armoured cars will be similarly equipped.

The present design is of heavily tinned iron to limit corrosion, and looks rather like a saucepan; the heater can be removed for cleaning. An improved design is on the way.

This tea-making device is not regarded purely as a luxury; hot sweet tea is a valuable restorative in cases of shock.

SMOKES FOR KOREA

I read the other day that a regiment in Austria sends £30 a month to NAAFI in order that cigarettes may be sent to a unit in Korea. Are any other regiments doing this? — George James, Upper Norwood.

★ Yes. Several regiments and units have been sending cigarettes to troops in Korea; so have members of the public and at least one trade union branch. To every contribution NAAFI adds ten per cent. Some regiments give £20 to £30 a month. Usually the donor names the recipient, e.g.: —

1st Bn London Irish Rifles and the London Irish Old Comrades send cigarettes to 1st



Then the War Office gave thought to the problem and eventually sent three specially made 500-watt immersion heaters to the Middle East. They were fitted into iron pots enclosed in felt lagging. One was tried out by an experimental establishment and the other two were given to tank units, to be tested in active service conditions. The units reported that boiling water was forthcoming in fewer than 15 minutes; one tank brought the water to the boil while bouncing across the desert. Little was spilt.

This suggested to the experts that, provided enough water could be stowed, tank crews could make tea, cook and shave without leaving their tanks for perhaps three days and nights.

Not until the war was ending was the right type of "kettle" evolved and then the number of tanks equipped with it was very small. The difficulty was to devise something strong enough to bear

Bn Royal Ulster Rifles; 1st Bn Parachute Regiment and 1st Bn Dorsetshire Regiment to 1st Bn Gloucestershire Regiment; 1st Bn West Yorkshire Regiment and the Lord Mayor of Newcastle's Fund to 1st Bn Royal Northumberland Fusiliers; Provost-Marshall's branch to Royal Military Police in Korea; NAAFI OA NCS/FFI to all NAAFI staff in Korea; 1st Bn Middlesex Regiment (now out of Korea) received gifts of cigarettes from 9th Bn Middlesex Regiment TA and the Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex Appeal Fund; 1st Bn Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (also out of Korea) from the Jamaica Scottish Society and the Scottish WVS.

CHANGING NAME

Is there an ACI which deals with the procedure to be followed by soldiers wishing to change their names? — Private W. B. James, RAMC, Shorncliffe.

★ The last ACI was 1128/46 as amended by 117/47, but this is soon to be replaced by a new one. Anyone contemplating a change of name is advised to await its publication before taking any action.



"little fuss-pot too....he'll use nothing but Cherry Blossom Boot Polish"

CB/X7/3

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YOUR OLD JOB

OR FORWARD TO
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PART-TIME INSTRUCTORS

I read with interest "Part-time Army Trains the Full-time Army" (SOLDIER, May), describing how two Territorials in one unit instruct Regulars. This is obviously a good thing and, if the scheme were more workable, would uncover vast untapped sources of wisdom.

Surely it would not be impossible to recruit ex-instructors and employ them in a civilian and static capacity in large permanent training camps, just as the civilians are used as cooks, waiters and drivers in certain circumstances.

This would offer many highly capable instructors suitable civilian employment, unhampered by guard duties, fatigues and the uncertainty of postings and transfers.

There would be many snags, but in a difficult situation caused by the shortage of good instructors, I feel certain something could be worked out. — A. Martin Thorogood (ex-Queen's Royal Regiment), 107 Burban Road West, Watford.

My window cleaner is a former Small Arms School Corps instructor, who left the Army because of the married quarters shortage. A few moments' conversation showed that without doubt his heart is in weapon training. A pity he cannot be used in a civilian capacity. — George Walsh, Essex.

REDCAPS

I fully agree with the reader who wrote (SOLDIER, June) that the Gurkha Military Police of No. 3 Base Provost Unit were a credit to the Corps in every way. SOLDIER and ex-Redcaps may also be interested in another little-known section of the war-time MP's, River Police Patrol of No. 3 Base Provost Company, PAIFORCE. They were formed in 1943 and maintained 24-hours patrols until 1945 on the Karun and Shatt-al-Arab rivers and in the vicinity of the oil refineries at Abadan and the Port Khoramshar, Iran. — D. G. Smith (ex-Lance-Corporal, No. 3 Base Provost Company), 5, Brook Cottages, Hamblehurst, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

GURKHAS—OR GOUMIERS?

The writer of the letter headed "Crash Landing" in the May SOLDIER told the old story of the Gurkha parachutists who were asked to jump at 2000 feet. They pleaded to be dropped, instead, at 600 feet, and when told that their parachutes would have a better chance of opening at the higher altitude, they said, "Oh, do we get parachutes?"

Your readers may be interested to know that when reviewing General Mark Clark's book "Calculated Risk" (see page 31) I found almost the same story attributed to the Goumiers, French African troops. General Clark wished to drop a handful of tough fighters to raid an ammunition depot near Salerno, and he asked Colonel A. L. Guillaume, now a general in command of French forces in Germany, if he could recommend a likely body of men. Colonel Guillaume at once suggested the Goumiers, who were "exceedingly clever at knife work." When volunteers were invited, the Colonel was asked whether

the aeroplanes could descend to 400 feet for the jump and also slow down at the critical moment. On hearing the explanation about the parachutes they exclaimed, "Praise Allah! Do we get parachutes also?"

Another point: your readers will recall the review of Sir Duff Cooper's "Operation Heartbreak" (a novel in which a dead officer, with bogus plans in his pocket, is deliberately floated ashore on a "neutral" coast). General Clark tells the story of an officer courier who was sent to the Governor-General of Gibraltar with Top Secret plans of the North African invasion. The documents were to have been carried in a container with a self-destroying bomb in case the aircraft should crash. In due course the plane was shot down off Spain, the officer's body was washed ashore and later was handed over by the Spanish to the authorities at Gibraltar. In the officer's pocket was the Top Secret letter, still sealed. This, says General Clark, caused a great "flap" in London. Had it, or had it not, been opened and resealed? However, he says, there was no leak through this unfortunate event.

Was this the incident which suggested the plot of "Operation Heartbreak?" — Your Reviewer.

INDIAN ARMY

Now that the old Indian Army has been divided between India and Pakistan, could you tell me if the Indian regiments still keep the titles and King's and Regimental Colours they used before our evacuation? I write as an ex-Indian Regular. — R. W. Jacob, 16 Otway Street, Gillingham.

★ The names of the regiments are unchanged. All King's Colours have been laid up at the Indian Defence Academy at Dehra Dun. Regimental Colours remain with the regiments.

FULL DRESS PLEA

The ceremony of the opening of the Festival of Britain by the King — a State occasion — has surely shown up the grave mistake in abolishing the traditional full dress for senior officers. The Admiralty, the War Office and Royal Air Force should think again. As regards the Royal Navy, the short double-breasted monkey jacket is unsuitable for wear with medals; only full dress, with cocked hat and epaulettes, lends the necessary prestige to the wearer.

General officers of the Army and, I note, field-marshals have to make do with the blue patrol jacket (also worn these days as mess dress) on which to array their orders, decorations, girdles and aiguillettes. If expense prevents the return of full dress they should have a special grant to enable them to wear a uniform which instils respect and pride in his Majesty's Service. — V. Russell, Gloucester Gate, London.

HOLY ORDERS

Can you settle an argument in our billet about Church of England clergymen. Are they paid by the State, and is it possible for ex-Regular soldiers to become ordained? — "Four Gunners" (names and addresses supplied).

★ Apart from Service and prison chaplains, and certain hospital chaplains, no clergy or bishops of the Church of England are paid out of public funds. Provided they measure up to the requirements, there is no reason why ex-Regulars should not become clergymen. A number of parish priests are ex-Regular officers. Their military training in leadership and experience in handling individual problems make them suitable for this work. The fact that they are in receipt of pensions enables them to take over poorly paid parishes without financial worry. Ex-Regular officers who take up Holy Orders are not liable for recall to the Service.

SHORT CUT?

The rules about transfer to REME of tradesmen in other arms under Phase Two of the REME re-organisation do not seem to be fair to those already in REME. If a soldier holds the rank of sergeant, is a Class One tradesman and has completed ten years service in his trade he is invited, on the recommendation of a board of officers, to transfer to REME in the armament artificer section of his trade without taking a course. On appointment he will be granted the rank of staff-sergeant, or if he holds a higher "shadow rank" he will be promoted to WO II and retain his "shadow rank."

If a soldier in REME holding similar qualifications wishes to become an armament artificer in his trade he must first pass a preliminary armament artificer's course, then go on an armament artificer's course for between 15 and 18 months, after which he is promoted to staff-sergeant.

It appears that men from outside REME can take a quick route to what is regarded as the most coveted trades position in the respective trades. The argument is that it would not be possible to bring all tradesmen home from overseas to undertake a course. Yet a REME man serving abroad must come back to Britain to take it. — "Armament Artificer" (name and address supplied).

★ With the introduction of Phase Two of REME, the way is opened for all men in certain trades to transfer to REME, and while there is no compulsion to transfer, the opportunities which existed in a soldier's former arm for a full career as a tradesman will, of necessity, largely be diminished. It is therefore essential that every man who decides to transfer to REME should receive fair treatment and that his career prospects in REME should be at least as good as in his former arm.

The limited number who are being offered direct transfer as armament artificers have had many years service and great experience performing duties akin to those carried out by REME armament artificers. It is therefore necessary to absorb them into REME in a comparable status and rank. In order to assess the merits of each man, an independent board was set up to recommend whether or not the prospective transferee was suitable on account of his age, service, and qualifications for direct transfer as an armament artificer.

It was realised that seniority difficulties might be created if these men were put on the same promotion roll as existing REME armament artificers, so it was decided that tradesmen from other arms should be promoted on a quite separate and independent roll. The existing roll is in no way affected and therefore the opportunities for REME tradesmen to become armament artificers are not affected.

This is a once-and-for-all arrangement which will not be repeated after initial transfer action has been completed. The normal procedure will then apply. It is considered that these rules are scrupulously fair to both sides.

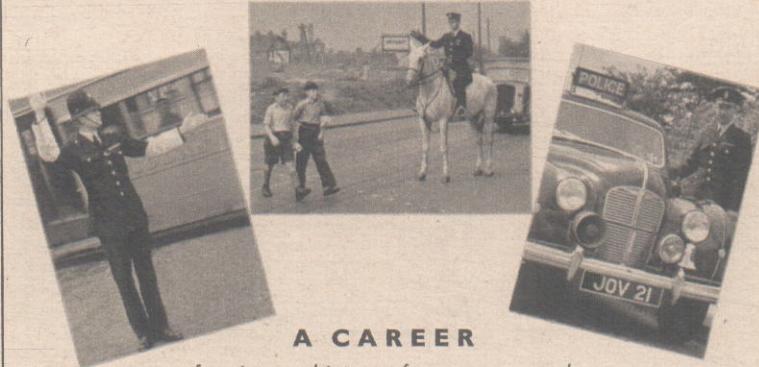
NO CHEVRONS

Please settle a bet. On completing 18 months National Service and one year with the Territorial Army or Supplementary Reserve, is a man entitled to a service chevron? — J. Lawler, Witton Green, Reedhorn, Norfolk.

★ The issue of these chevrons was stopped in 1947, although soldiers who had already earned them were allowed to keep them.

Letters Continued Overleaf

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MORE LETTERS

TOUCH TYPING

In the April SOLDIER you state that the Army has not time to teach soldier-clerks touch typing while they are attending Clerks' courses, and infer that all clerks in the Army are taught to type by the "hunt-and-peck" method.

I would like to point out that the RASC Clerks School in Egypt teach only touch typing. I attended an eight-weeks learner clerks' course at this school and passed out as a Class Two Clerk (GD) with a typing speed of 40 words a minute. We were given a total of two hours typing practice each day in conditions which were far from excellent (it was in the middle of summer and the typing room was in a Nissen hut which seemed to have a special attraction for the flies).

I think if touch typing can be taught at one clerks school there is surely no reason why it cannot be taught at all of them; unless it is because of the shortage of qualified instructors. Most soldier-clerks with the ability to touch-type are swiftly "collared" for employment in a staff job, thus allowing the schools no opportunity to obtain them as instructors to improve the efficiency of all Army clerks. — Bdr. R. S. Haywood, The War Office.

★ See also the letter from the Commandant of the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, in the June SOLDIER.

OLD SOLDIERS

Can you please tell me whether the Honourable Artillery Company is older than The Royal Scots? — F. J. W. Jones, Army Recruiting Office, Majestic Bldgs., Starchouse Sq., Preston.

★ Yes. The Honourable Artillery Company was formed in 1537. The Royal Scots were first embodied into a Regiment with royal sanction in 1633. During the Cromwellian civil war they went into exile with the Stuarts and were erased from the British Army list. When Charles II came to the throne of England they were immediately reinstated.

BLACK BUTTONS

To settle an argument — did these four Regular regiments wear black buttons before the war: King's Royal Rifle Corps, Royal Ulster Rifles, Rifle Brigade and Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)? — Sjt. T. Shears, Brookwood.

★ Yes.

UP THE ARMY!

I have always had a deep-rooted interest in the Army and in military affairs. It is a pity that the Army is considered the least important service in the defence of Britain. Judging from events in Korea, air and naval supremacy alone cannot stop an enemy; the brunt of the work must still be borne by the Army. The British soldier, given the equipment, is still the best in the world because only in the British Army is there the discipline and *esprit-de-corps* needed in a fighting body. — LAC Amery, Radio Servicing Flight, RAF, St. Eval, Nr. Wadebridge, Cornwall.

★ A welcome tribute — but since when has the Army been considered "the least important service in the defence of Britain?"

"K" FORCE

I entered the Army as a volunteer, to serve for 18 months in Korea. Shall I be retained under the release ban to serve another 12 to 18 months? — Cm. J. C. McBride, 10 Inf. Workshops, REME, c/o BAPO 3.

★ As Korea volunteers enlisted on a special engagement for 18 months in that country, under present planning it is not intended that they shall be held to serve beyond the period of their engagement unless they volunteer to do so.

HELD BACK

As a Z-Reservist I re-engaged in September 1947 on a short-service engagement for three years. I was about to be released when the present ban was imposed for Regulars. My attestation paper states that should my three years end while I am out of Britain, while a state of war exists or during a period when reservists are required by proclamation to continue, or re-enter upon, service with the Colours, I can be made to serve for a period not exceeding 12 months.

This ruling would appear to clash with the release ban announced in Parliament, under which I may have to serve an extra 18 months. When shall I be released? Shall I get pre-release leave? Will any extra gratuity be paid, and am I entitled to a release course? — Serjeant W. Murphy, Royal Artillery, Larkhill, Salisbury.

★ Paragraph 18 of the attestation paper is governed by Section 87 of the Army Act, which can impose 12 months extra service in the circum-

THE GLOUCESTERS

*If noble death be Virtue's loftiest aim,
Then that proud honour can we proudly claim,
We fought for Freedom. Now content we lie
In ageless fame.*

Simonides' epitaph on the Greeks who fell at Thermopylae is applicable to the Gloucesters who fell in Korea. This translation was sent to SOLDIER by Mrs. A. G. Carr-Gomm, of Keymer, Hassocks, Sussex.

stances mentioned. However, this Act is over-ruled by the Military and Air Forces (Prolongation of Service) Act 1939 under which a soldier can be retained indefinitely. As already announced in Parliament, men affected will be held for a period of between 12 and 18 months. They will get 28 days terminal leave. No proportional increase in bounty will be given but a man can apply for a pre-release course.

SALTY

Readers of SOLDIER who are always arguing about the best way to bring in recruits would be interested to see the enclosed cutting from an Australian newspaper, the *Sunday Telegraph*. It is in the saltiest traditions of Down Under. — J. Y. (name and address supplied).

★ Salty is probably as good a word as any. The cutting is an advertisement issued by the Commonwealth Director-General of Recruiting, and consists of a poem of 14 stanzas entitled "The Austra-laise." Its author, the late C. J. Dennis, is described as having been a great inspiration to the soldiers of World War One. The first two stanzas will give the general idea:

Fellers of Australian,
Blokes an' coves an' coots,
Shift yer . . . carcasses,
Move yer . . . boots.
Gird yer . . . loins up,
Get yer . . . gun,
Set the . . . enemy
An' watch the . . . run.
Get a . . . move on,
Have some . . . sense.
Learn the . . . art of
Self de . . . fence.

The poem, says the advertisement, is reproduced "in the belief that its stirring national appeal is as timely today, in 1951, as ever before."

HIS PETROL

I use my car to take me from my quarters to my unit each day, covering about 30 miles, for which I receive 1½d a mile allowance (as pre-war). Is there any wear-and-tear allowance I can claim, and what are the chances of the petrol rate being reviewed? — "Motorist" (name and address supplied).

★ There is no wear-and-tear allowance, and the 1½d a mile rate stands. If a car is used for convenience only, there is no case for an increased allowance.

CONDUCTORS, BUS

Seeing the letter about Royal Army Ordnance Corps conductors in last month's SOLDIER prompts me to ask about conductors, bus. When I leave the Army next year at the age of 45, what chance have I of a job as a conductor on one of London's buses? — "Good Conduct" (name and address supplied).

★ At present there are vacancies for both men and women conductors. The maximum age limit is 50. The commencing wage for an average 4½ hour week is £6 6s, with an average of 14s 9d a week additional payments, bringing it up to £7 0s 9d.

LONDON LEAVE

I am expecting my wife home from India shortly. Can you tell me where Service families can get accommodation at a reasonable price in London. — Pte. W. Bowie, Kirkcudbright.

★ The Union Jack Club, 91 Waterloo Road, London SE 1, has a families club in Exton Street. Charges are 5s 6d each adult for bed and breakfast (reduced rate for children) and other meals are obtainable at moderate prices. A family may not stay longer than 14 days. Owing to heavy demand, it is wise to book well ahead.

COMING AND GOING

I am off to Singapore. If my wife and child can follow how much luggage will they be allowed to take? — Bdr. R. E. Smith, Anglesey.

★ Your wife is allowed five hundred-weight, and your child one-and-a-half hundredweight.

I am shortly to be repatriated home from here. On reaching Britain do I go straight on leave from the boat, or must I first go to my depot? — Serjeant T. Gilmartin, 23 Field Regiment RA, Hong-Kong.

★ You go on leave from the port of arrival.

ROSE-RED CITY

I should be grateful if you would inform me who is the author of the famous line:

"A rose-red city, half as old as time."

I came across it in your issue of last December containing the article "They Camp By The Rose-Red City."

I consulted several books on Petra, but without any avail. — V. Budzinski, 5 Carmalt Gardens, London SW 15.

★ The line occurred in a Newdigate Prize Poem (1845) by Dean John William Burgon (1813-1888). Many poets are remembered by one poem; Burgon is remembered by one line.

DUNKIRK VETERAN

The Dunkirk Veterans' Association was formed at Margate last year during the reunion held to commemorate the tenth anniversary of the evacuation. Its aims are to promote and strengthen the comradeship of all officers and men who were evacuated from Dunkirk and its adjoining beaches, and those Service men or auxiliaries who assisted on the sea or in the air. It is intended that the Association shall eventually be able to help members or dependents in need.

It is hoped all ex-Dunkirk men who read this will write to the Association's Honorary Secretary, c/o Town Hall, Margate, Kent. — Captain G. Curtis, RASC, Aldershot.

Biro Pens Ltd have asked SOLDIER to point out that in the June issue the price of Biro Minors was given inclusive of purchase tax. This does not apply in Germany, where the prices are 13s 6d for a set of four, or 3s 4d each.

2 minute sermon

PEOPLE stop saying their prayers because they find it hard to believe that anyone is listening. It feels like saying, "Hallo, hallo" into the telephone when the line has gone dead. The human tendency is to shout louder and become angry or give it up with a gesture of despair.

Prayer is a delicate, personal relationship between man and God. Even human relationships are delicate and easily upset. A word out of place, sometimes no more than a tone of voice, can in a few seconds cause friends to hate the sight of each other. The only weapons that are effective are patience and humility and a quiet determination to put things right.

Prayer which has become dead can be revived again only by the use of those same weapons. Quietness is essential. But freedom from noise outside is no guarantee of freedom from strains and stresses in the mind and soul. Inner quietness needs practice. The clear advice of the Saints is to pray by the Book. That sounds pretty impersonal, but it is certainly practical and it calls into play those qualities of quiet determination, humility and patience which are necessary for building up any personal relationship.

We must not confuse spiritual relationship with emotional excitement. A regular three minutes determined quiet, with the mind and heart directed towards God, is worth more than many hours of wordy and emotional prayers.



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and does not harm the heart or stomach

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



VERA-ELLEN

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"If in doubt, paint it,"
Is a soldier's motto — ain't it?
And that goes for me,
Says Miss V-E.