

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH



ARMY MAGAZINE

October

1947

Sixpence

Vol. 3 - No 8



The Fight For The Colours  
(See Page 22)



CAN YOU DESIGN?

£200 IN PRIZES for a new NAAFI badge



## EXCLUSIVE TO THE SERVICES

### RULES

1. The design must be capable of reproduction on paper, in wood or metal, or as a stencil.
2. Each entrant may submit up to three designs.
3. Competitors may prepare designs in pencil, crayon, ink or paint.
4. Entries will be judged on the following qualities —
  - (a) Shape; (b) Colour; (c) the incorporation of the letters NAAFI; (d) motif.
 As a guide, the shape should be bold, recognisable at some distance, and likely to be easily remembered.
5. Colour; there is no restriction in the use of colours but entrants will no doubt bear in mind the Navy blue, Army scarlet and Royal Air Force blue as suggesting a suitable colour basis.
6. NAAFI; the letters NAAFI (without full points) should be incorporated into the design and be immediately readable.
7. Motif; this should symbolise the NAAFI's service to the Royal Navy, Army and the Royal Air Force.
8. Designs may be of any size, although 12 ins. by 12 ins. is suggested as convenient limit.
9. The Number, Rank, Name and permanent address of the competitor must be written on the back of each entry submitted.
10. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence in connection with the competition will be entertained.
11. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.
12. NAAFI does not guarantee to adopt as its official badge the winning design, or any design, submitted in this competition.

13. NAAFI reserves the right to reproduce the designs of all prize winners.
14. Unsuccessful designs will be returned to the entrants.
15. The result of the competition will be announced in this Journal as soon as possible after the closing date.

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EXCUSE ME...  
**Inner  
Cleanliness**  
comes first



**ANDREWS**  
LIVER SALT

(93-5)

**"BRYLCREEM**  
By Jove!..some  
chaps are lucky!"

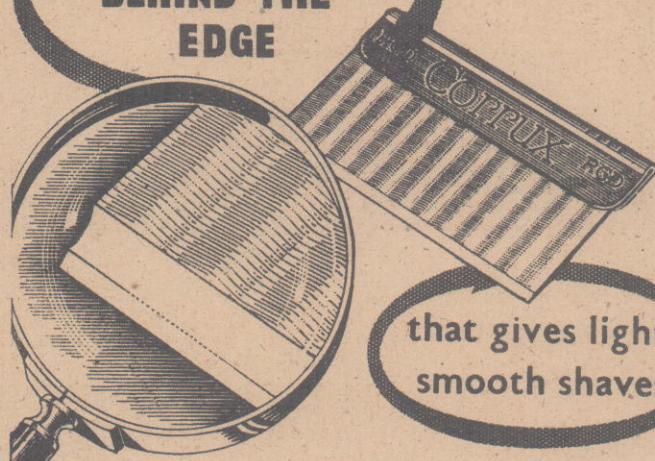
And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly



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THEY'RE HOLLOW GROUND— THEY LAST LONGER!

PAGE



## Too numerous to mention...

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BRUSHLESS SHAVES AND  
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QUICKER, DOESN'T CLOG  
THE RAZOR.



## *Esquire* BRUSHLESS SHAVE 1/9

*A Product of the J. B. Williams Co.*



THERE ARE SIX

## FOUR SQUARE

TOBACCO

-EACH A BALANCED BLEND  
OF VINTAGE LEAF



The tobacco illustrated is Four Square 'Red', called by connoisseurs the finest virginia in the world. It is a medium strength broken flake, very cool, and burns very slowly both in and out of doors. Ask for 'Four Square Red'.





# THE ARMY'S BOOT TRACK

**I**T is an Infantryman's nightmare. Only a third of a mile long, it is a route march to end all route marches. It starts in a quiet Kentish field and never leaves the same quiet Kentish field. It just goes round and around.

It is the Army's Boot Track. Imagine a circular track, something like a running track, going round a field. Imagine marching around this track for eight weeks, starting with three miles a day and then working up to 15 or 20 miles a day, so that at the end of eight weeks you are walking round and round the same track for six or seven hours a day.

Now imagine this track being divided up into 20 different surface sections. In the first section imagine large, cumbersome boulders, in the next sharp crushed stones, in the next wooden logs, and then chipped granite, thick mud, water, cinders, sand, rough concrete, smooth concrete, slag and so on.

Then try to picture yourself

walking around this track with new boots — experimental boots, boots that have never been used before. Now add the thought of going around and around in the heat of summer, the bleakness of winter. Giddy? Then sit down and rest your feet and think of L/Cpl. Herbert Tanner who has been clambering over these boulders, dragging his feet through mud, sliding down cinder slopes, climbing over log piles and kicking up the sand of this track, off and on for the last two years.

L/Cpl. Tanner is not an Infantryman; he is in the RAOC. With

**The Army's longest route march is not marched by Infantrymen but by men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who tramp anything up to 500 miles round a track one-third of a mile long, to try out new boots over every kind of marching surface**

a dozen others he works on the Boot Track for a small unit called the Field Test Centre, RAOC. Although you don't know it, he is a good friend to you, for his job is to test out your boots and his feet take the pains. In one way he could be called the Army's guinea-pig.

It works like this. The Army decides it wants a new type of boot, say a boot with anklets attached or a special boot for the Tropics. The Ministry of Supply design the boot, the design is approved by the War Office and the prototype boot is made. The new boot looks good, but is it what the Army asked for? Is it comfortable? Will it last as long as existing boots? Will it crinkle? Will it make the feet

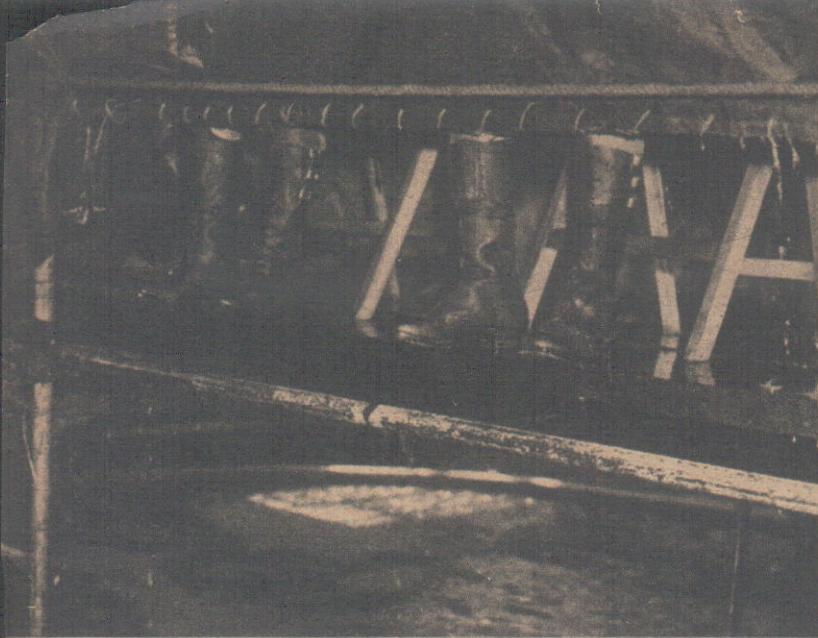
sore? Will it let water in? Are its straps strong enough? Where will it wear out quickest? These are questions that must be answered before large-scale manufacture is ordered; questions which must be answered rapidly and accurately. Down from War Office to the Field Test Centre at HM Gun Wharf, Chatham, goes the order: "Test these boots."

The technical officers of the Field Test Centre look at the boots, rapidly make out a plan of testing and in a few days L/Cpl. Tanner and his comrades are putting on the new boots ready for another slog around the Boot Track, a forced march which may take them 500 miles before it is finished but still leaves them at the same place. At the end of each day boots and feet are examined and notes recorded. In a few weeks the Test Centre experts have the required answers. The mud and water of the Boot Track have tried out waterproofing, the chipped granite and slag the cutting action on the

The boulders section of the boot track tests for bruising and flexing action. The feet inside the boots are examined at the end of the test, too.



**BOULDERS**  
(**BRUISING FLEXING**  
**ACTION**)



THE TRIAL...

Will despatch-riders' boots keep out driving rain? To find out, men of the Field Test Centre sit on chairs while "rain" is blown at them.

After trudging through water, the boot-testers tramp over a section of corduroy road.

At the Field Test Centre they reproduce the mud of Burma. Picture above was taken at Chatham; picture on right near Rangoon, in 1945.

...THE REALITY



## Continuing THE ARMY'S BOOT TRACK

leather, the log pile the strain on the shank, the boulders the bruising action and the flexibility of the boot. Back to War Office go the boots along with a report pointing out defects, suggesting improvements. Off on leave goes L/Cpl. Tanner for a well-needed rest. In a few months you may get the new boot. It may still look tough but not as tough as L/Cpl. Tanner found it.

Testing boots is just one of the jobs of the Field Test Centre. There they try out clothing and general stores from petrol lighters to bootlaces.

The Centre started in December 1944 after a visit by Major-General W. W. Richards CB, CBE, MC, to the US Army's Quartermaster Corps. Till then no unit was established for trying out clothing and general stores before manufacture and issue to troops. Laboratory tests and large-scale user trials were made but were unreliable, too costly, inadequate or too lengthy. To fill an obvious need Major-General Richards formed the Field Test Centre, a unit run by technical officers who



Can you climb trees in ammunition boots? Well, anyway, this finds out what happens when you clamber over logs in them.

The cinder test is also a test of balance — especially if you ship a cinder inside your boot.



could try out newly designed stores and improvisations and examine complaints about existing stores, in conditions like those encountered on operations.

By the end of 1944 the unit was ready to operate. The Boot Track was designed from an American pattern; a Combat Course for testing out wear of clothing and equipment was constructed; a wind and rain shed was made to produce the effect of 40-mile an hour gales and heavy rainfalls. Test rooms were built for small scale tests and hot and cold chambers installed to reproduce the heat of the desert, the drenching humidity of the jungle, the icy bleakness of Arctic conditions.

Using this equipment the Test Centre try out all types of clothing and stores, and to date they have worked on 160 projects.

They test nylon rope used for climbing to discover its breaking strain and resistance to the cutting action of sharp rocks, make leakage trials on canvas water bags, test out the shrinkage of overalls made from different

cloths. They see whether nylon boot laces last longer than leather laces, and find out if metal drums save more space and are easier to handle than wooden packing cases.

Watching this unit in action is a queer experience. Outside the sun may shine happily, but if you open the doors and step into the darkness of the wind and rain shed, you run slap into a high gale. Water pours down from the roof, is caught up by the wind machine and whirled violently around at 30 mph. Amid the noise and rain, men in waterproof clothing tramp up and down the shed. All they have to do is to walk and get wet.

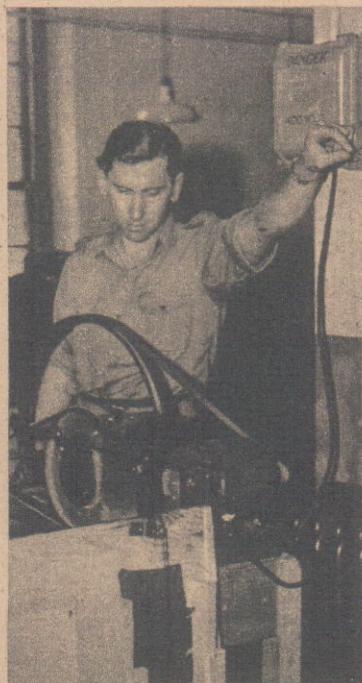
In another corner four despatch-rider-booted legs stare at you from underneath a canvas covering. The wind and rain howls around the boots. Behind the covering the owners of the legs sit philosophically waiting, thinking of the sun outside and of the chat at the NAAFI. They can't talk because of the noise, they can't read because of the dark, they can only sit and wait



You may not be able to stand up to an assault course, but your kit will by the time the RAOC has finished testing it.

This curious-looking machine was designed to test buttons for "fabric abrasion".

If an army must take that "marching on its stomach" business literally sometimes, then, obviously its uniform has got to stand up to the same treatment.



and get their boots wet. The gale suddenly switches off, the men get up and their boots and feet are carefully examined.

Another test in the Wind and Rain Shed is the goggle test. A soldier puts on a pair of goggles and clamps his head into what looks like an old-fashioned pair of stocks. Up starts the wind machine and as it picks up speed dust is injected into the wind-stream. Are the goggles dust-proof? The goggle-wearer will soon let them know.

A favourite with the unit is "Old Joe". He takes a lot of knocks. An eleven-stone dummy, he is used for testing out crash helmets. Down the roads "Old Joe" will jolt, strung up from the side of a lorry, to take a fall at 40 mph. Joe can take it, but sometimes the helmet can't. On examination it may require stronger stitching or a better type of liner.

Laboratory trials are milder. Here you may find a button trial going on to test the new anodised aluminium surface. Buttons

will be exposed to sun, to industrial atmosphere, to sea air, to cold, to heat and to mothballs. They are even tested on a Heath Robinson machine made from a bicycle wheel, string and pulleys for "fabric abrasion".

In the hot and cold chambers next door, you open doors and change from temperatures ranging from minus ten degrees Fahrenheit to 120 degrees and from humidities of 20 to 90 per cent. Here you will find men boiling up water on new cooking stoves, testing their efficiency in Arctic conditions, or men exercising in tropical kit. How great is the sweat rate in the new clothing? Does webbing equipment prevent ventilation? Should the pockets with their double-thickness of fabric be in a different position?

These are practical questions and there is a lot of fun working in a unit which does practical things. What could be more delightful than making successive brews of cocoa, tea and coffee to see how they taste in different mugs?

WARREN SMITH.

For two months soldiers sought a lost cemetery near Siam's "Death Railway." They were within six feet of it, but six feet is as good as six miles

# They Searched For Jungle Crosses

PROBABLY the most taken-for-granted soldiers in the British Army are the men who search for the lonely, neglected graves of their comrades slain in battle.

In the Asian jungles these men — Infantrymen, Gunners, Sappers, Troopers, white, brown and black — have been carrying out one of the most gruelling tasks which lie in the wake of war.

Their work was done, not only in the wake of war, but in the midst of war. Take the case of a graves registration unit which

went to Burma in 1944 with the 11th East African Division. Sometimes the men, searching for rough crosses in the steaming,

trackless undergrowth, found themselves in positions recently vacated by our troops and had to decamp in the face of Japanese fire.

The unit moved on from teak forests to the near-desert, over the Irrawaddy and on to Meiktila. After the fall of Rangoon they began to work through their second monsoon. At Waw they had to wade neck-deep through one-and-a-half miles of water to

reach the graves of 29 men of the West Yorkshire Regiment killed in an attack on Letpanthonbin. The return journey through the water took four hours and was covered by a full fighting platoon. One grave was so inaccessible that it had to be reached in an amphibious tank after all other methods had failed. In the previous monsoon season they had used elephants to cross the flooded paddy, and mules in the hills.

In September 1945, came the grim task of recovering the remains of prisoners-of-war buried along the "Death Railway," the infamous line from Bangkok to Moulmein.

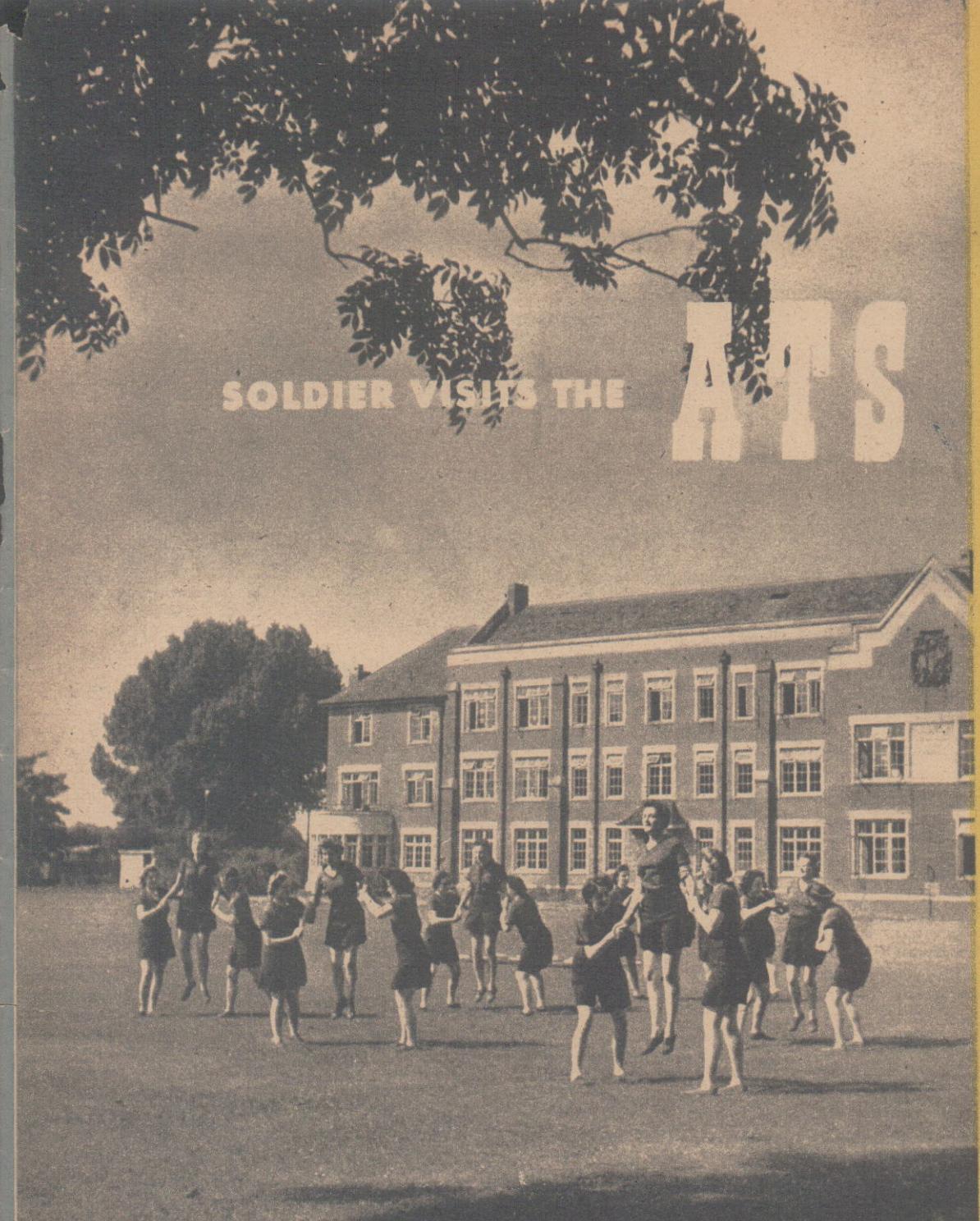
The officer in charge was given a distance of 130 miles from Thanbyuzayat to Nikki to cover, an area in which it was estimated were 4000 graves. A lieutenant who had himself worked on the line as a prisoner helped to locate the graves.

With a labour force of 350 Japanese a cemetery was laid at Thanbyuzayat. After months of hard work clearing the jungle which had grown over the graves and which on one occasion prevented the searchers from finding a cemetery for two months though they had been within six feet of it, nearly 4000 graves were moved to Thanbyuzayat and of all the dead fewer than 200 remained unknown. Records and memorials were constructed, roads were strengthened and shrubs brought in, until the cemetery began to look like the plans that had been made more than six months before.

With work on the "Death Railway" completed this officer was ordered to Singapore in June 1946. Here he was met with a very different problem. Instead of the series of cemeteries of the "Death Railway" there were but two or three large cemeteries and hundreds of isolated and illcharted graves. Most of the plans made by those who had conducted the burials in the tragic days of 1942 had been drawn under the stress of battle or from faulty memory.

To find the isolated graves, hundreds of villagers were questioned. Many times the curiosity of a person seeing the unit at work led to the location of other graves of which there was no previous record. But for the splendid assistance of the Chinese and Malays who buried many of those who died in the last few days in February 1942 many of them would have remained just missing, whereas now they have been buried at Kranji. This cemetery holds the remains of those who died from the northern border of Johore State to the islands of the Riouw Archipelago as far south as Chebia in the Seven Islands group.





SOLDIER VISITS THE

ATS

Until 1942 this greensward was reserved for strictly masculine sports. The school is a Kipling Memorial. Below: a War Office lecturer (Lieut-Col. G. T. Salusbury) talks to future ATS officers. Subject? The Art of Reading.



Girl cadets at Windsor may have to conduct an "orderly-room," read the lesson in church, blow the organ bellows or give an impromptu two-minute talk on anything from Love to Kippers

OCTU

A few minutes' walk from the ancient streets encircling Windsor Castle stands a long, red-brick building which started out in life as a boys' school.

From it stretches a sports field where, on the freshly-mown grass, the new boys in their trim white collars collected to gaze at the embossed plaque of the elephant crashing through the jungle. An elephant in a jungle meant Kipling and Kipling meant "If" and a lot of other noble words to inspire the youth of the Empire. For this was Kipling's school, and these lads were the descendants of Stalky and Co., only in the intervening years the school had moved from Westward Ho!

Today, when the sun is just right, the elephant in the plaque has a rather startled look in his eye. Gone are the lads with the carefree ways and in their place are girls with white bands round their khaki hats and an air of responsibility. Worse still, they show little interest in him or his master. Kipling had reckoned without the emancipation of women. He wrote no inspiring verse about ladies to the front saluting. And so the elephant shrinks back into his plaque feeling that, like Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella, he has had his moment.

It was early in the war that the boys of the Imperial Service College (known in its Devon days as the United Service College) departed to merge with Haileybury, and in 1942 that the ATS Officer Cadet Training Unit took over. The girls arrived, and have been arriving ever since, with a feeling that the path which leads to the King's Commission is not an easy one.

True, it is free of many of the pitfalls of the male soldier's OCTU. There are no night compass marches nor battles over Grid North. The parade ground has never resounded to the noise of pick and shovel drill. They know they are watched and that a high standard is demanded but they are neither "chivvied" nor chastised. It is up to them to

OVER

# Continuing A T S OCTU

learn and to give their best.

The introduction of War Office Selection Boards and the pre-OCTU training scheme ensures that candidates for commissions are of the right fibre by the time they enter the gates in Windsor's Alma Road. A girl may have volunteered for a course or have been earmarked by her training unit; either way the procedure is the same. After a regimental board she goes to the WOSB where she spends a couple of days undergoing physical tests and searching examinations.

If she is approved she goes to a pre-OCTU course at Guildford for either ten or three weeks training, according to her experience. Here the RSM, and the raw young private rub shoulders on common ground.

Those ten weeks are not easy. The candidate loses her NCO rank and has not even the prestige of cadet status. She scrubs floors, perspires in the cookhouse, does plenty of drill and is generally at beck and call. The idea is that she shall experience all the jobs that are undertaken by girls who will one day be under her command, and shall learn how by careful arranging of duties fatigue can be reduced.

The OCTU course is longer than the pre-OCTU by one week. From the moment a girl sets eyes on the Kipling Memorial Building she feels the changed atmosphere. She can now attend lectures without having to "fall in." When one instruction period is over she has 15 minutes in which to make her own way to



Commandant's inspection: Chief Commander Lady Bowyer-Smith keeps a keen watch on turn-out. White bands must be spotless; stocking seams vertical.

the next. Take away the uniform with its smart white hat band and substitute the cap and gown, and there you have the true atmosphere except when there is a drill period in progress. Then the crazy paving "square" by the main hall resounds to marching feet.

There are, of course, inspections by the Commandant, when buttons and general turnout are checked, and there are PT periods when the candidates are put through their paces in no half-hearted manner. And at all times there are watching eyes to see that a girl carries herself as an officer.

The cadets spend 28 periods on Records, and 35 on pay and accounts. They have ten periods

on messing. They digest the Manual of Military Law and conduct trial orderly rooms. They overcome the problems of quartering and memorise dozens of Army forms. They are taken to Winchester to visit the Records Office. They visit Sandhurst to see their male counterparts at work. They go to the Trooping of the Colour and other ceremonies, and they even visit the WRNS at the Royal Naval College.

Each morning in the chapel where the sons of Stalby and Co. carved their names deep into the pews there is a voluntary service. The cadets take it in turns to ring the bell and work the bellows. On Mondays the Chaplain's assistant takes the service; on Tuesdays the Com-



The cadet taking this "orderly-room" will presumably point out to the "prisoner" that there is nothing to laugh about.

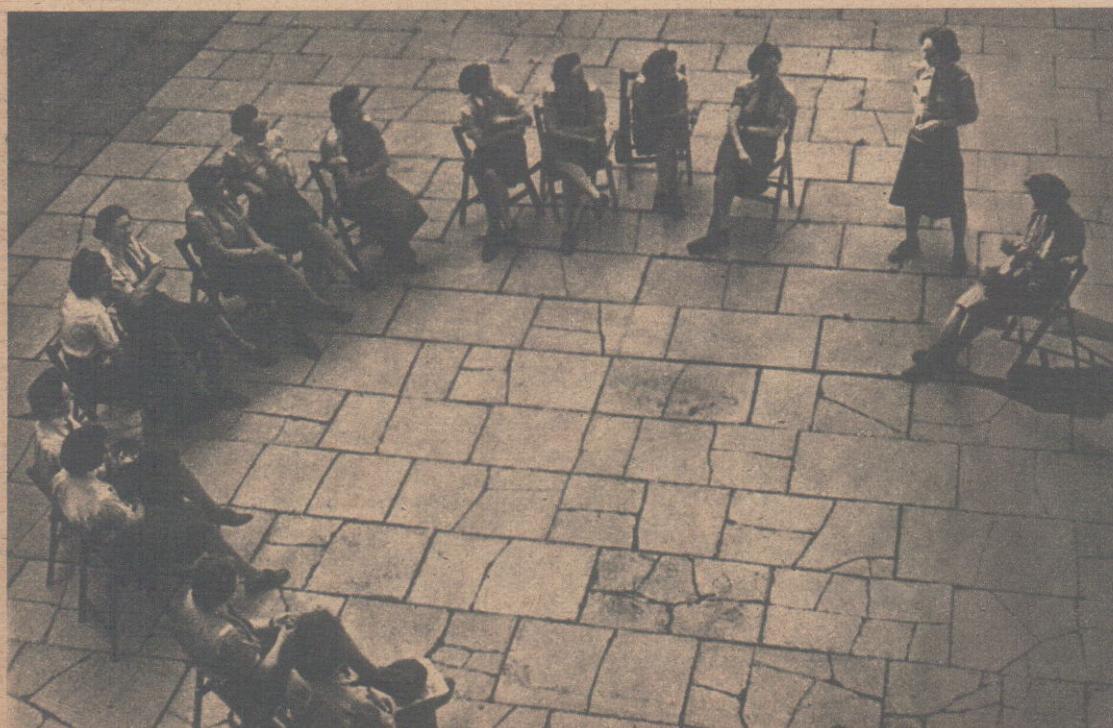
mandant. The rest of the week the cadets share this task. In the evenings they hold committee meetings to discuss messing, sport, entertainment, club house, library and other matters. Other OCTU's are always sending dance invitations and these have to be accepted and answered. At each meeting an officer is present, watching but saying little.

After the first five weeks each instructor makes out a progress report and the company commander interviews every cadet. Those who need to change their ways are told what is expected of them. They have time to improve before the Commandant's conference when the staff, as well as representatives from the pre-OCTU and the War Office, discuss each cadet. A form containing a cadet's history and photograph is produced with the reports and if there is any doubt about her the student is either recommended for return to unit, which is rare, or for further unit training. If this happens the cadet does not return after the mid-course long weekend. If she survives the weekend her chances of passing out an officer are good.

Instruction is far from dull. For instance, each girl must give a lecture on any subject lasting ten minutes. The subjects vary from hobbies to child psychology. In addition cadets must do a two-minutes talk on any subject without warning. The girls choose the subjects, which are then picked from a hat. They must give intelligent talks for the full two minutes whether the subject is semi-technical like bee-keeping or general like "My earliest memory" or "Love". At least once during the course each cadet is invited to the officers' mess to dine — and chat informally — with the Commandant and instructors.

In the last few weeks the girls themselves choose their chief cadet. They also elect a cadet adjutant and platoon com-

Two-minute teasers: Clock in hand, Junior Commander N. J. Thomson (right) times a cadet giving an unrehearsed talk on a subject taken from the hat. The girls contribute the subjects. It pays not to think up too sticky a topic — you may get it yourself.





Howzat? . . Cadet E. J. Thomas is clean-bowled to the apparent satisfaction of wicket-keeper Cadet M. D. Sutherland.



The sons of Stalky and Co. once gazed at this plaque. Now PT instructor Sjt. M. Bannerman talks to a cadet.



In a small room behind the chapel Cadet Pat Mannerling pumps the organ for morning service.

manders who are distinguished at the passing-out parade by coloured cap bands.

The old Imperial Service College is not entirely without its male staff. A corporal and five men from the Royal Pioneer Corps are attached for heavy duties like moving coal and rations. They are paid by the ATS, are issued with clothing by the unit's RQMS, and have their quarters inspected by the Commandant, who is their commanding officer. These men take a pride in their unit and on passing-out days the corporal stands beside the RQMS when she breaks the ATS flag.

In the dining hall the cadets may look at the rows of photographic groups round the walls. During the war there were as many as 400 girls on a course. Today there are often fewer than 30, but the standard demanded is still as high. The photographs show women of all ages from 18 to more than 40. Some came straight from school, and some from office; some were married and some were widows. The cadets have included also women from other countries. A French girl once won an "A" qualification, which is rare. Most cadets rate "B" or "C", meaning good-average, or average.

Before passing out each cadet signs her name on a large board below the number of her course. Today those boards reach all round the main hall.

On the final day comes the march past. Then to the tune of *Auld Lang Syne* the girls slow march into the main hall. The doors are closed, the relatives depart and only Dinah, the OCTU cat, is left to lick a long, sleek paw in the centre of the parade ground.

The cadets named the cat and then discovered it was a tomcat. Kipling's elephant smirked at this: Stalky and Co. would never have made such a silly mistake.

PETER LAWRENCE.

A Corporal and five men of the Royal Pioneer Corps are attached to the OCTU. Here they are being paid by the Adjutant, Junior Commander Elizabeth Elliott.



Boys of the Imperial Service College once trooped into meals here. Appetites of today's students are pretty good, too.



Rehearsal for passing-out parade. The course ends with a slow march to the music of *Auld Lang Syne*.



"Anti-pilferage devices"

**In the War Office are to be found —**

**THE**

**QUEEREST**

**JOBS**

**Weeding of Obsolete Files and Disposal of Military Trophies are among the less publicised activities of the War Office**

JUST as Civvy Street has a man who goes round smelling hams in a ham factory, and that other man (already immortalised in *SOLDIER*) who rubs moustaches off the poster-ladies on Underground stations, so the Army has its queer job specialists.

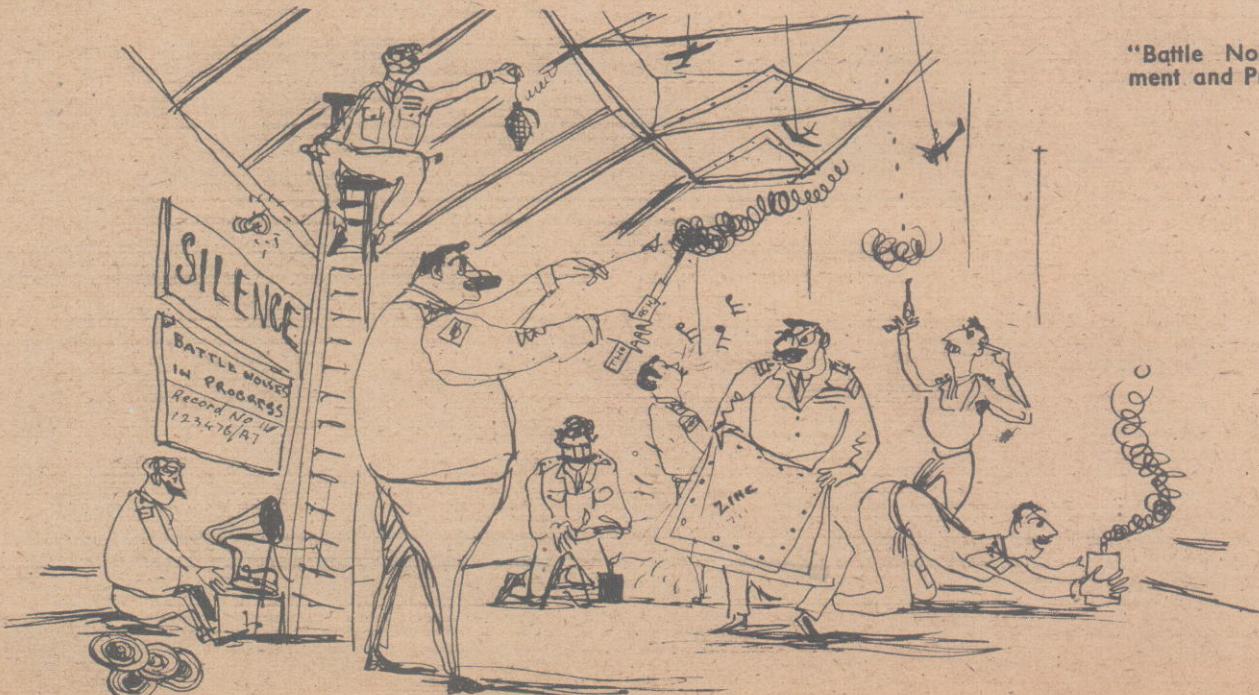
You find them all in the "Index to distribution of duties" in the War Office list. It is a fascinating index, one of those rare Army documents that you can read from beginning to end without yawning.

Take one little section: In the eight pages devoted to "C" you can find such variety as *Checkers training*; *Chinese Military Attaché, liaison with*; *Charcoal, supply of*; *Character, appeals as to assessment of*; *Chimney sweeping*; *Committees, Atomic energy*;

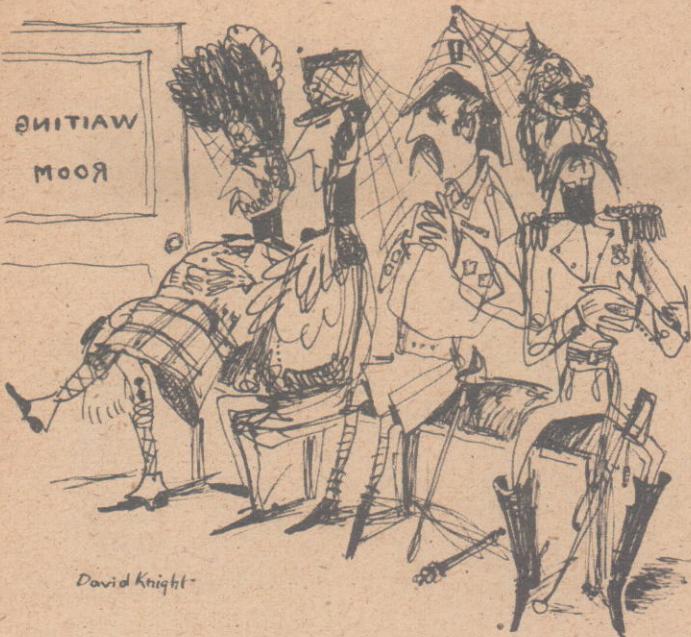
*Claims arising from compulsory taking of water*.

But picking through the list at random is more interesting. You pass over *Communion plate, supply of*; *Barrows and trucks, design, provision, progress and issue*; *Goggles, development, co-ordination and policy*; and *Epidemics in foreign armies*.

These, after all, are solemn and expected jobs. But there are others where imagination can run riot. There must be a lot of innocent fun, for instance, when a file on *Bath, Order of the*, inadvertently finds its way to the people who deal with *Bath equipment, mobile, repair of*. And it



"Battle Noises, Development and Procurement of"



...soldiers who became non-effective before 8. 8. 20."

must be delightful to pay a visit to the department concerned with *Battle Noises, development and procurement of*, where, doubtless, as you step on to a carpet there is the sound of a Tellermine exploding underneath you. Or to the chaps who give their time to *Anti-pilferage devices*, who probably proffer a cigarette-case which will clamp your fingers in a mouse-trap, as you try to take four-pennyworth instead of twopennyworth.

There must be romance in some of the jobs, too. What stories must be unfolded by the people who deal with *Enquiries regarding soldiers who became non-effective before 8. 8. 20!* Is there any relation between the section that copes with *Arcticization* and that which devotes itself to *Orientation*?

Then there are the "disposal

of" duties. You expect to find a department dealing with disposal of unexploded bombs in UK, but not *Trophies, military, disposal of* by local authorities; *Schemes for the disposal of refuse; Disposal of fixed assets; Insane soldiers, legal questions affecting disposal of*; and *Unsuitable WO's and NCO's, disposal of*. In contrast to this last one is the more hopeful department which deals with *Field Marshal, promotion to*. Life in the Army is an up and down affair.

At the end comes the Weeder, whose job is the *Weeding of obsolete files*. In the same department is *Decisions, important, index of, and Files, search for lost*. How long, one wonders, does it take a file to become a weed, and oughtn't there to be a department for *Weeded files, disposal of?*

JACK PARKER.

"Files, Search for Lost"



## SOLDIER to Soldier

WHEN Corporal T. R. Hughes, who served with 6 Airborne Division, was going for his release he called on the Editor of SOLDIER and hinted that he knew of a good story . . . something about a town in Hampshire where more than a hundred girls had married into the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

Corporal Hughes was invited to follow up this odd-sounding story.

The result (pages 20-21) is a feature which SOLDIER takes especial pleasure in printing: a tribute to a fine-disciplined battalion which, by its bearing and behaviour, promoted unusually cordial relations with the townsfolk among whom it was billeted; indeed, as the number of brides shows, the battalion inspired something much stronger than cordiality. Who said Northerners and Southerners always tread on each other's toes?

Not the least satisfactory aspect is that here was a bunch of British soldiers who were old-fashioned enough to want to marry British women.

WILL you be going along to your regimental reunion in 1974?

Plenty of your comrades will, if they are anything like the men of the 1/4th Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Recently, out of the men of the Battalion who fought in Palestine in World War One, no fewer than 270 travelled from all over Britain to Cornwall for half a day's renewal of comradeship — 29 years after the Battalion came back.

SOLDIER does not usually record regimental reunions, because there are so many. But SOLDIER is heartily in favour of them; and it is right that such outstanding cases of regimental loyalty should be mentioned in these dispatches.

A German who saw a recent copy of SOLDIER containing a photograph of Belsen just after it was liberated writes:

"I want to tell you quite frankly that I and my comrades — boys of my own age — were more than shocked when we saw that picture of the dead men. We realised and understood why you English hate us." But after reading "The Black Shrine of Adolf Hitler" (which told of Hitler-worship and the human stud farm at Vogelsang) he says: "My opinion is that the Nazis have done enough hideous things and that we do not need to invent any more."

Inventing stories of Nazi atrocities would indeed be a superfluous labour: the facts of Vogelsang are there in the records of British Intelligence. Reluctance to admit these things is understandable, and in some ways creditable; but it was the ostrich policy of too many Germans which encouraged Hitler to go ahead.

Postscript (and a pretty paralysing one, too): a speaker got up in the East-end of London the other day and said there were no corpses at Belsen; it was all propaganda carried out with the collusion of newspaper photographers.

WHAT a pity, said a writer the other day, to see the Punjab behaving as the "blimps and curry colonels" always said it would when the British left. "It is sometimes most depressing when the wrong people turn out to be right."

He was writing in a newspaper which said there would be no war in 1939; which perhaps was just an unfortunate lapse by the right people who turned out to be wrong.

No doubt this writer would agree that not all Indian Army officers were blimps; but all too often the word appears to be used automatically to describe any officer above field rank who has been rash enough to serve his country in a bad climate.

SOLDIER is not losing any sleep about this, but it is puzzling to receive five letters bearing the names of five different persons in five different units, all in the same handwriting.

Britain's most famous parade-ground is not so holy that you cannot park a car or land a helicopter on it

# HORSE GUARDS PARADE

THE old guard of the Household Cavalry disappeared through the archway from the courtyard to the Horse Guards Parade and the trumpeter of the new guard, having replied to his opposite number's farewell, brought his instrument to rest on his thigh.

A middle-aged American woman in the crowd stopped clicking her little box-camera and addressed the police constable who had obligingly moved one pace to the left so that she could get a clear view of the proceedings.

"I think they're swell," she said, "but why do they do it here? I mean, this is a cute little place all right, but it's not like Buckingham Palace or the Houses of Parliament. Now you'd think the Houses of Parliament ought to have a swell guard like this, with people like Winston Churchill and all those Lords there."

But to London and to the

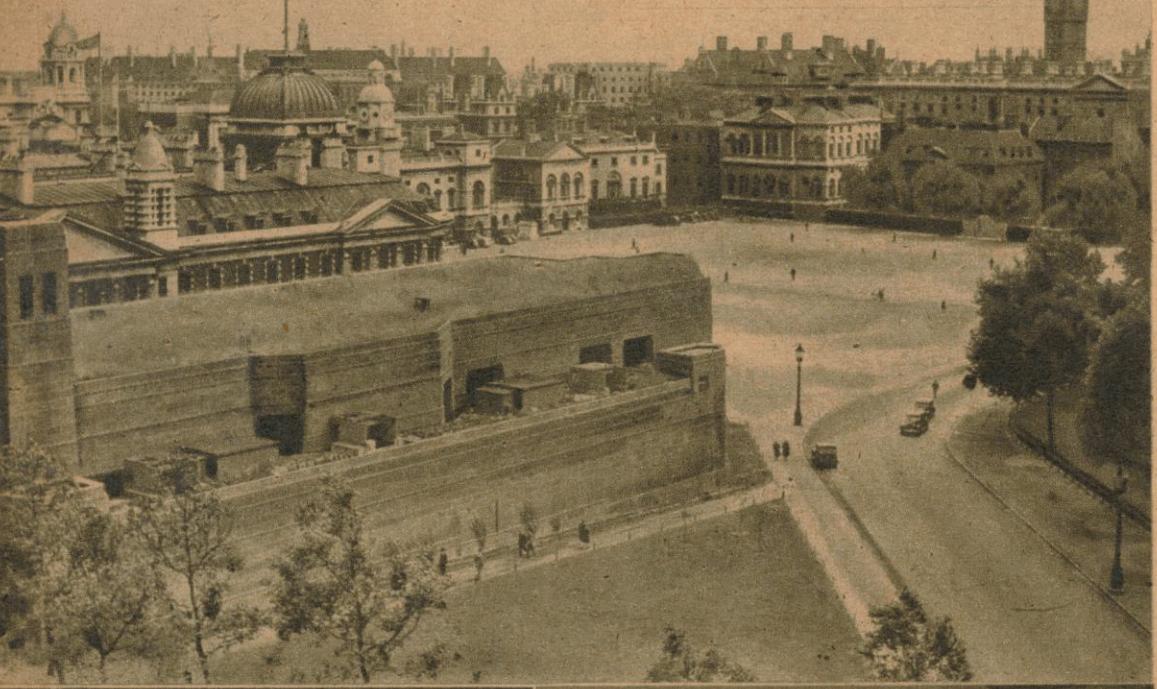
"Madam," said the policeman with dignity, "they always have done it here. That's why."

The policeman was more or less right. The Household Cavalry men on duty at the Horse Guards are part of a tradition. They don't guard very much — a building which is officially classified as an ancient monument and a few offices. A score of doors down Whitehall have a higher claim, in some ways, to an alert armed guard and a touch of ceremony — the War Office over the road, for instance, 10 and 11 Downing Street and the Treasury.

Right: the most stared-at man in London: the sentry of the Household Cavalry on duty at the Horse Guards, facing Whitehall. Below: Trooping the Colour in the gaudy days of 1933.



# HORSE GUARDS PARADE



In the foreground is the Citadel, an architectural anachronism put up by the Admiralty in World War Two. It was for a long time one of London's mystery buildings. There is much more of it below ground than above.

Service in a crack regiment has its privileges: Troopers of the Household Cavalry can tune in to television.

No, it isn't Monty arriving at the office: it's a newspaper-owned helicopter which miraculously obtained permission to land on Horse Guards Parade.



Army, the Horse Guards without the Blues or the Life Guards on duty is as unthinkable as Piccadilly Circus without Eros — a wartime necessity, perhaps, but not to be tolerated a minute longer than necessary.

Why the Horse Guards? The building, with its clock-tower and London-dirty grey walls, is not very impressive — not ugly, but rather lost beside the ponderous Edwardian and Victorian office-blocks that fill much of Whitehall. The story of the guard there is as old as the story of the present British Army.

When Henry VIII lived at Whitehall Palace, just across the road, he set up a tilting-ground on the land on part of which the Horse Guards now stands and there his noblemen fought across a tilt, a wooden barrier which made the jousting warriors keep their lances pointing upwards, thus reducing the number of serious casualties. On that ground Henry VIII saw a parade of 15,000 armed citizens prepared to defend Britain against a threatened invasion by Catholic potentates from across the Channel — perhaps the first citizen soldiers to parade there.

The tilt-yard was popular with Queen Elizabeth, too. She could watch the tilting from a window in Whitehall Palace and there she saw, bull and bear-baiting and firework displays. At one of the big displays, Elizabeth, who had a pretty high opinion of her looks, sat with her ladies in a "Fortress of Beauty" while wooden guns "charged with sweet powder and scented waters, verie odoriferous and pleasant" were fired at her.

In 1641, when the London apprentices were giving trouble, a guard was set up on the tilt-yard to protect Whitehall Palace, and in 1649 the first guard-house was built. In 1663 a bigger one succeeded it. Part of it was used by the Paymaster-General. In 1745 the old building was so rotten that the present one was planned and completed by 1749.

The new building had a room for courts-martial, a chapel, an office for the Secretary-at-War, apartments for the Judge Advocate-General, a board-room "and other conveniences" for the Commissioners of the Chelsea Hospital besides accommodation for the guard and stabling for 62 horses.

For many years the Horse Guards housed both the Secretary-at-War, who was also, and principally, the Secretary for the Colonies, and the Commander-in-Chief; letters headed "Horse Guards" had the same weight as those headed "War Office" have today. Then in 1858, the Secretary of State for War, whose office was then three years old, moved with his newly-created "War Office" to Pall Mall, leaving the Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards.

The battle which had raged for years for supremacy between the Commander-in-Chief and his officers and the Secretary and his civilians became a battle between the Horse Guards faction and the Pall Mall faction. The

## HORSE GUARDS PARADE Continued

Commander-in-Chief, at that time the Duke of Cambridge, eventually lost; he was declared by Order in Council to be a subordinate of the Secretary of State and in 1870 he was given an office in the Pall Mall building, where he soothed his feelings by heading his letters "The Horse Guards, Pall Mall."

Later the Horse Guards housed the offices of the commanders of Home Forces, Eastern Command and London District and now it contains the Military Training Directorate of the War Office.

Today there is little inside the Horse Guards to distinguish it from any other War Office branch. Its walls are painted a shiny green; its corridors have the same musty cleanliness as other Government buildings. Not even in the office of the Director of Military Training are there signs that the room was once occupied by such soldiers as the Marquis of Granby, Lord Amherst, Wellington, Wolseley, Sir Ian Hamilton, Robertson, Haig, Milne and Ironside. A list of the great commanders who occupied the Horse Guards is painted on a tablet under the clock in the cupola.

The accommodation for the guard is much the same as in any other old building except that there is still stabling for 26 horses and that a small room has been set aside to accommodate a television set to entertain the men off duty. Temporary walls and broken stone show where bomb-damage has not yet been repaired.

The Horse Guards Parade, where the Trooping the Colour is carried out every year, is a wide, not very even parade-ground over which Ministry of Works rollers chug and where shiny black Government limousines park alongside khaki-painted Royal Navy pick-ups and the shabby private cars of the civil servants. Overlooking the parade are the back windows of 10 Downing Street, and the offices of the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Foreign Secretary and the Colonial Secretary.

At the entrance to the Admiralty are a few flower-boxes, but the only other vegetation that encroaches on the tarmac is that of three trees.

Bordering it, however, is a little dig-for-victory vegetable garden at the rear of the Paymaster-General's house, now

occupied by the Admiralty, one or two lawns and across the road, St. James's Park.

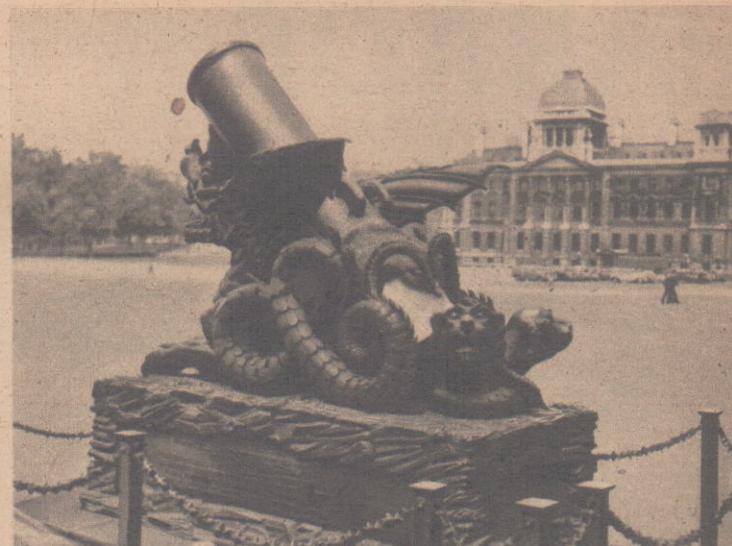
The solid, grimy buildings that surround the Parade are made to look more dingy by the Citadel, an upstart yellowish building like a cross between a giant pill-box and a Beau Geste fort, which was built as an extension to the Admiralty about the time World War II broke out.

There are some statues on the parade — Kitchener's, with the stonework pitted by a bomb, Roberts on horse-back, wearing a topee, and a bomb-smashed pedestal that used to carry a statue of Wolseley. At the rear of the Colonial Office is a mortar which in spite of what the inscription at its base calls "great powers surpassing all others," failed to make Cadiz fall before Wellington raised the siege. The mortar is mounted on a hideous pedestal made in the carriage department of the Royal Arsenal in 1814, and consisting of the head and body of a griffin with two spiked, headless serpents' tails under its wings; behind the griffin appear two shaggy-dog heads with another serpent's tail twined round them.

Another example of the Victorian taste for the over-ornate is the carriage which supports a magnificent Turkish gun, made in 1524 and captured in Egypt in 1801. The carriage, made at Dartford (Kent) has Britannia, an alligator and a royal crest on each side, and the end of the gun is supported on the back of a very feminine sphinx. In front of this gun is a piece of rusty girder, fixed to the ground, and within the chain that keeps the sightseer from climbing over the gun is a litter of toffee-papers and cigarette-ends that show that it is not an Army job to keep the parade-ground tidy.

Overlooking the Horse Guards Parade from St. James's Park is the Guards' Division Memorial, in perhaps the most appropriate position for any war memorial in London. For the bronze Guardsmen in battle order of World War One gaze across the square where their successors of today parade to honour the King and where their former comrades-in-arms of all regiments form up when they go to honour the memory of the dead at the Cenotaph.

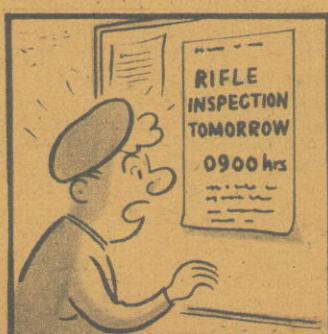
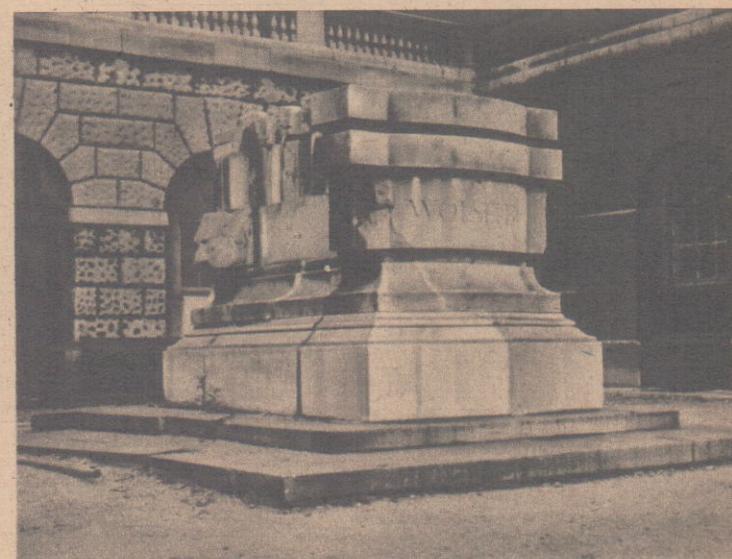
RICHARD LASCELLES.

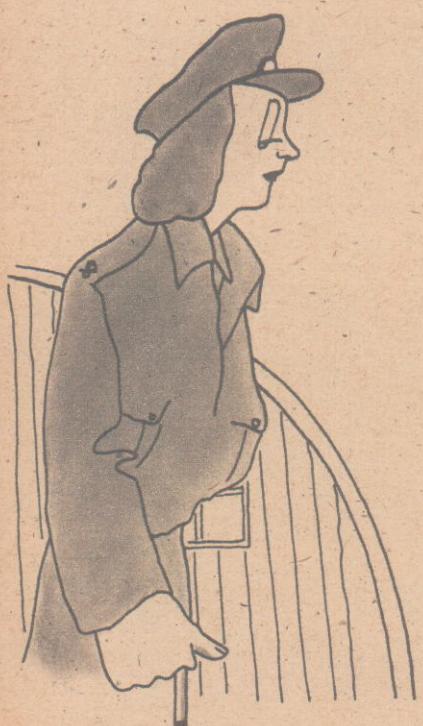
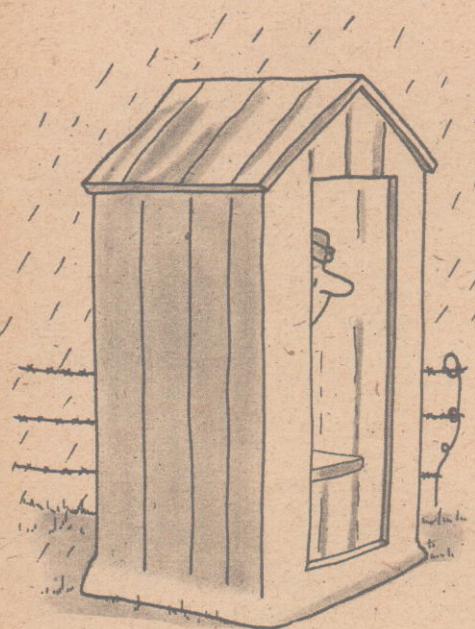
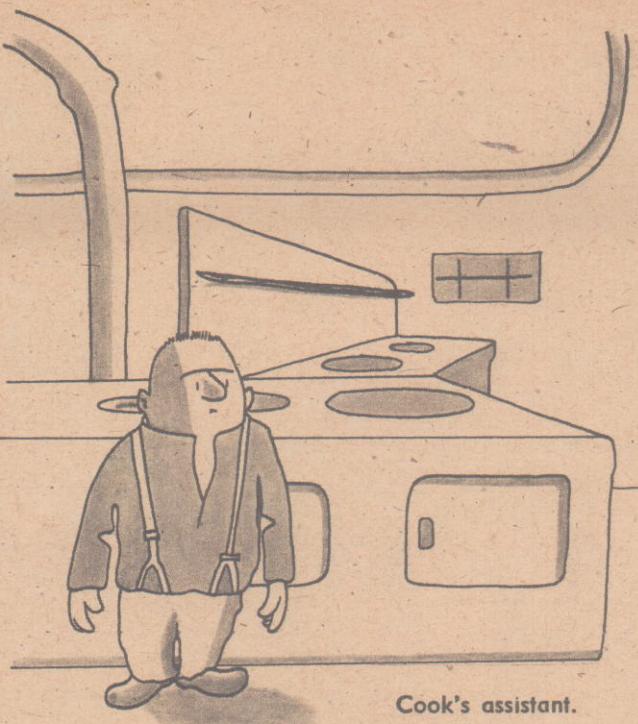
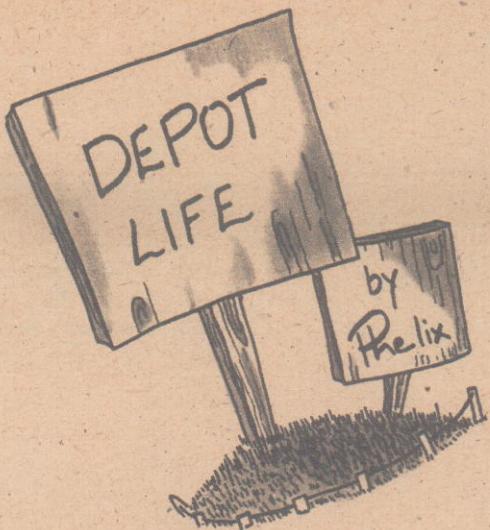


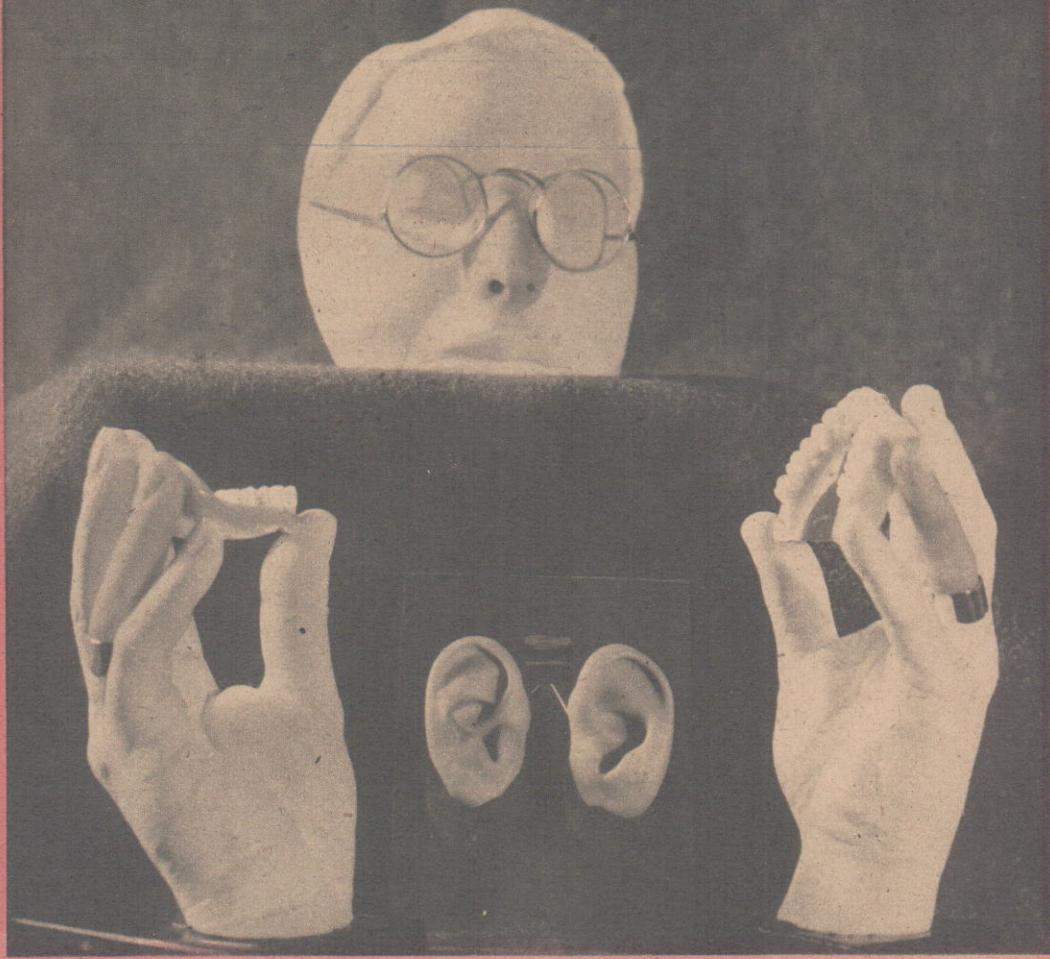
A piece of design to make the "functional" school scream: a mortar captured when Wellington raised the Siege of Cadiz.



Unscared by the bomb which ravaged the background, Kitchener looks out over Horse Guards Parade. But Wolseley's shaken pedestal is empty.







The nose, the ears and the two ring fingers—as well as the dentures—are the work of the Royal Army Dental Corps.



An Army dental mechanic casts a silver splint for a fractured jaw.

Once upon a time the Army would give you artificial teeth only if you were a "serjeant of good character." Today the Royal Army Dental Corps will provide private and general alike not only with teeth but with a new jaw as well—to say nothing of the odd finger

## They Can Make You TEETH and FINGERS

DOCUMENTS show that as far back as 1626 Army surgeons carried a pouch of eight dental instruments, but usually, as long as a soldier's teeth were strong enough to bite the cap off a charger before pouring the powder into the muzzle of his musket, the Army was satisfied.

As recently as 1901 only four civilian dental surgeons were treating the troops in the field during the South African Campaign, yet 7000 went to hospital with dental disease and one-third of these had to be shipped home unfit for service.

A slight reform followed in 1910 when eight Army dentists were appointed to Home Commands and three to India, but these dentists held no military rank, status or uniform. For the first time authority was given for the supply of dentures, but for the mastication of "serjeants of good character" only.

When the BEF went to France in 1914 not one dental surgeon went with them, but fortunately for the BEF, generals have toothache as well. An Army Commander went down with a severe bout of toothache just before the Battle of the Aisne and found there wasn't a dental surgeon in the field to ease his pain, so things happened. Very shortly afterwards 32 dental surgeons found themselves attached to the RAMC with temporary commissions and on their way to France. By the end of the war 850 dental officers were serving at home and overseas.

Three years later a new and

long-needed Army service came into being: the Army Dental Corps, formed under Royal Warrant on 4 January 1921. At the outbreak of World War Two it had a peacetime strength of 237 officers and 325 men, a strength which rose during the war to the peak figure of 2300 officers and 3500 men.

There was plenty of work for them. An Army instructional film made in 1944 showed that only two out of 100 new recruits had sound teeth. The rest either had false teeth already or were in need of new teeth or dental treatment. In the six years of war the Dental Corps hacked into this decay. Their score for 1939-1945 was: attendances for treatment, 20,353,073; teeth extracted, 8,654,309; teeth conserved, 14,690,368; dentures supplied, repaired or remodelled, 1,704,458.

The Army Dental Corps were organised to treat the troops wherever they went. Besides working from static dental centres, they operated from mobile dental trucks, field ambulance units and parachute field ambulances. They worked in tents in the Desert, went in with the RAMC on D-Day, were dropped at Arnhem.

Extracting and filling teeth



Eighth Army dentist Captain D. F. Glass (face painted out by Censor) operates on Private A. J. L. Williams at Lanciano, Italy. Even in this front-line "waiting-room" there were magazines to read.

was not their only job. Less known is the work of the Maxillo-Facial teams. These were teams of three specialists — a plastic surgeon, a dental surgeon, and an anaesthetist. Their job was to operate on wounds to the face and jaws, mostly casualties from bullets, mortars and mines. Many men have been saved from disfigurement by the skill of these teams.

They operated in the forward area, in Lines of Communication and at base. A wounded soldier would come in with his face shattered, and bleeding fast. Quick action had to be taken to save his life. An incision would be made into his neck and the external carotid artery tied to stem the flow of blood. If the airway was badly contused it would sometimes be necessary to insert a tube externally into his neck through which he could breathe. The wound would then be cleaned, dead tissue and broken bone removed, and the jaw wired. The forward Maxillo-Facial team would pass the man to the rear, where his jaw would be strengthened with a metal splint. Finally when he was fitter, new tissue and bone would be grafted into his jaw and a special denture made to fit his mouth. During World War Two 10,000 jaw cases were treated. In 12 days fighting at Cassino alone, 250 cases were recorded.

Down at the Royal Army Dental Corps Training Establishment

in Aldershot, research has been going on into the colouring of plastic appliances, and ears, teeth, and fingers are made with amazing realism in colouring and texture.

Fine work was done by dentists in POW camps with almost no equipment. In a POW hospital near Singapore teeth were taken out by hypnosis when anaesthetics ran out. In one operation 27 people were put to sleep in order to extract their teeth. In another camp in Siam a dentist with 10,000 patients to look after built himself a home-made surgery. His dental chair with sliding back and head rest was made from cleverly jointed bamboo sticks; his spittoon was a cut-down four-gallon petrol tin. Cavities were prepared with the aid of a right-angle chisel and an excavator, and filled with zinc oxide and oil of cloves. Needles were used until they broke, irrespective of the condition of the point.

Backing the Army's dental surgeons are the Corps technicians — hygienists, operating room assistants, dental mechanics. To them "I've lost my top teeth and eating makes my bottom sore" is a standby joke.

Last year in recognition of the Army dentists' services the King approved the addition of Royal to the name of the Corps. It was a well-merited honour.

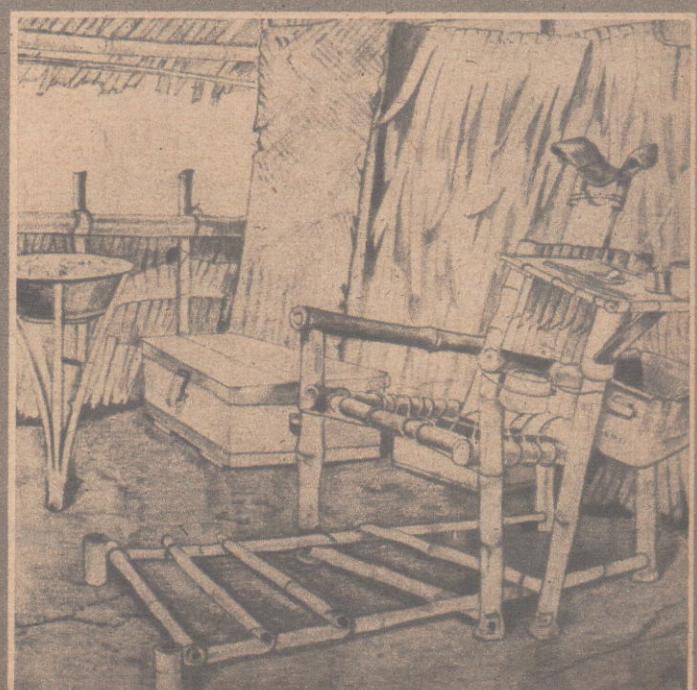


Close-up of an Army-made thumb.



A corporal ponders the advice which so few have the courage to take: Don't wait till the tooth hurts!

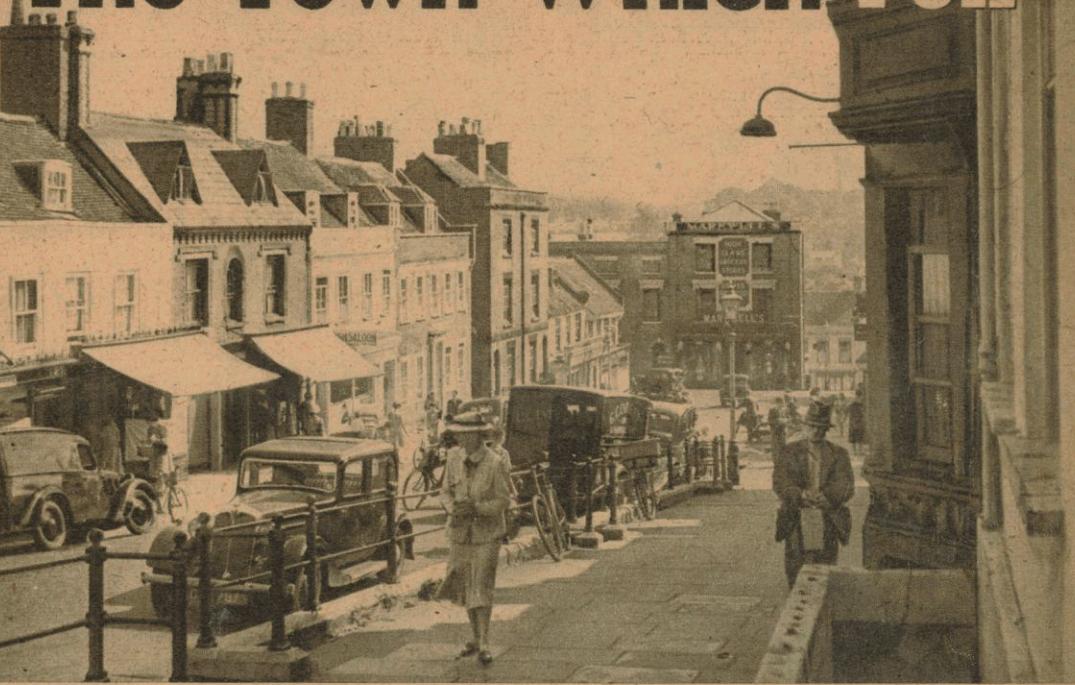
This dental chair in a Japanese prison camp was made of bamboo, string and old tins—a brilliant piece of improvisation.



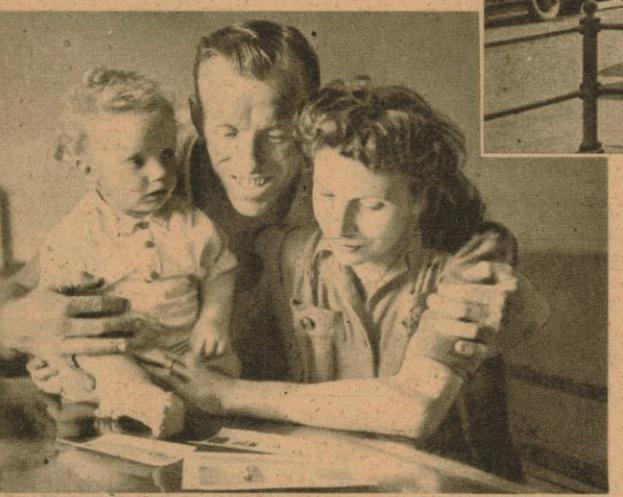
LYMINGTON  
TOWN

# The Town Which Fell

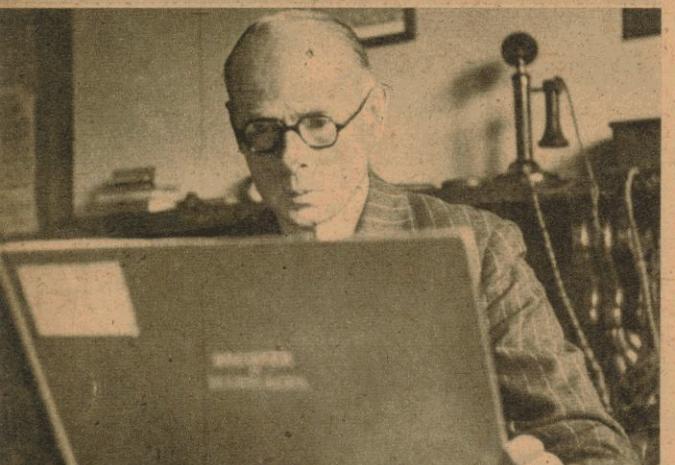
More than a hundred girls in a South of England town married men of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers who were stationed there after Dunkirk. "They were fine chaps, the Geordies," says Lymington



High Street, Lymington.



Looking at the wedding pictures: ex-Sjt. Fred Sweeney, RNF with wife Edna (whose sister also married a Fusilier). Below: Registrar I. Walsh recalls his busiest week for weddings; at foot is Mr. F. Drew, who photographed six RNF weddings in a week.



**T**HREE are two places at least, outside Northumberland, where a member of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers can expect to be welcomed with open arms.

One is in Australia, where memories of the regiment's machine-gunned who backed up the Australian Infantry in the siege of Tobruk are still vivid. The other is the little South Coast town of Lymington, Hampshire, where the war-time stay of the 2nd Battalion, RNF, has left something more solid than memories.

For Lymington gave brides to more than a hundred of the Fusiliers and at least half that number have settled down in Lymington, a colony of "Geordies" whom Lymington's 7000 inhabitants have gladly adopted, as they took the whole battalion to their hearts in the uncertain days after Dunkirk.

Into the town, one hot afternoon, rumbled three-tonners and 15-hundred-weights, carrying the battle-tested Northerners, most of whom had formed the original peace-time battalion of the 2nd RNF. Survivors of Dunkirk, they had spent a few months across the water on the Isle of Wight where they were reformed into a battalion.

Exactly what made the townsfolk take an instant liking to them is hard to say: perhaps it was because they were the first Infantry battalion to be billeted in the town; perhaps they were better behaved than other troops; or perhaps they were just good mixers. Perhaps it was a combination of all three.

It is on record that 15 months later when the Battalion was switched to Aldershot, at least three-quarters returned to their adopted home for week-end leave and the council laid on special double-decker buses for them.

During the battalion's stay in Lymington every house in the town flung open its doors and invited the men in. Dances and socials were held and the men from the coalfields of Durham, the dockworkers from Newcastle and Sunderland merged into the

family life of Lymington.

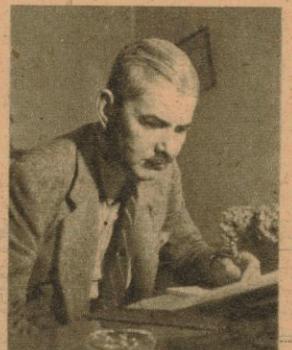
"They were just like our own lads," says Bob Cook, secretary of the Lymington branch of the British Legion, which kept open house to troops throughout the war. "Sometimes there is friction when a unit of that size (there were 880 men) is billeted in a town. But the Fusiliers never caused any trouble. They settled down so easily. We had other troops before and afterwards but they never made the same impression as the Northumbrians."

"They must have what it takes because all the girls fell for them," said Mrs. Amy Lawrence, whose house is opposite the Brackens, a block of flats the Fusiliers requisitioned.

A deliberately-circulated rumour that the battalion was moving to Ireland must have prompted many weddings. To substantiate this tale, an officer and several men travelled there in the guise of an advance party, but the battalion went instead to Aldershot and then to Scotland. Before they left the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. T. C. L. Redwood wrote a "thank-you" letter to the town.

Many of the Fusiliers who took their wives up North found that, after all, they preferred the tang of the South Coast and are back again.

Dapper Joe Brash, aged 29, who married shop assistant Kathleen Casling, typifies the resilience of the North countrymen. He lives on the Council's housing estate in Highfield Avenue with his wife and two



Major H. Ingledew, the Battalion's former second-in-command, writes to ex-Fusiliers proposing an old comrades' association.

# For The Fusiliers

children, Malvern and Janice. He also plays for Lymington Rovers.

This is how the former South Shields miner puts it: "It's quite strange really how we have all adapted ourselves. Back home in a big town, I didn't think life was worth living without going to the pictures several times a week. There is only one picture house in Lymington but Kathleen and I have not been there for about a year."

Across the road lives Fusilier Vic Rogers, who married another shop assistant, Joan Thomas. In the next turning, at No. 29 Highfield Road, lives Fusilier Fred Sweeney and further along are two former MT men, L/Cpl. Arnold Atkinson at No. 24 and Drummer Jack Telford at No. 23. Their ranks have long since been forgotten, but not their regiment. There is a move to get their street renamed "Northumberland Road".

Ex-Drummer Telford, who was picked "smartest and youngest drummer boy" for two successive years to carry the colours on the Regiment's St. George's Day Trooping the Colours, is one of the many old comrades who now work at the piston ring factory up the road.

To continue with the MT section, just take a three-half-penny bus ride to Pennington "prefab" estate where Sjt. (and latterly RSM) when the battalion moved to Greece) Jock McGowan lives with ex-Fusiliers Thein and Latimer. The former RSM is now a bus driver.

Down in the High street is the former corporal-cook, now a postman, Wally Lowes, who lives with his wife Bertha, and his 11-year-old son Malcolm. Though he married a York girl, Wally is just another who has found a corner in Lymington. He occasionally has a "hankering" to go up north.

Further along is the battalion's former second-in-command, Major Henry Ingledew. He was invalided out after a shooting accident in North Africa. When the Northumbrians were in the town, his wife, Marjorie, with the other wives, ran a mid-morning canteen for their men. "You have no idea," she says enthusiastically, "what a family spirit there was."

Major Ingledew, health permitting, is anxious to start an old comrades club for the Fusiliers in the town, in addition to the British Legion.

A striking feature is the link that has been forged between the people of Lymington and the relatives of the Northumbrians in the North. There is a regular exchange of visits. Even the Fusiliers who did not marry local girls got to know at least one family so well that they can always find somewhere to stay in the town, even though Lymington is a holiday resort and land-ladies have had a bumper season.

T. R. HUGHES.



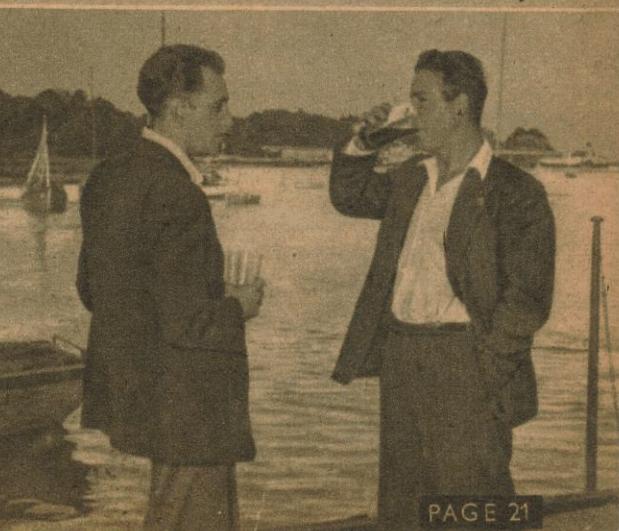
Just one of the hundred Northumberland Fusiliers who found a bride in the South: ex-Sjt. Bill Latimer with daughter Margaret.



Joe Brash, former lance-corporal in the RNF, plays inside forward for Lymington. Below: Four Fusiliers live in Highfield Road. Here are three: former L/Cpl. Arnold Atkinson, Sjt. Fred Sweeney and Cpl. Gordon Rogers.



Lymington was a turning-point, too, for ex-corporal-cook Wally Lowes. He got a "posting," brought his family down from Durham. Below: Four Fusiliers live in Highfield Road. Here are three: former L/Cpl. Arnold Atkinson, Sjt. Fred Sweeney and Cpl. Gordon Rogers.



# Soldiers with Spurs (1)



## Soldier's Cover

THE spirited picture which makes **SOLDIER**'s cover this month is reproduced from an oil painting by the late Harry Payne.

Techniques come and techniques go, but one thing you can say about the artists of Payne's day: they knew how to draw horses.

Harry Payne was a prolific artist. His work is to be found in public galleries, in private collections, in books and even in the postcard racks of the Aldershot shops today.

He was a sergeant in the



West Kent Yeomanry, and held the Imperial Yeomanry Long Service Medal.

## Palestine's Mounted Redcaps

THE only mounted squadron of the Corps of Royal Military Police is scattered over the Middle East.

One troop is in Palestine, another in the Canal Area and the third, a training unit, is near GHQ, MELF.

Its members are all volunteers. When mounted units were common, mounted MP's were picked men from cavalry units; today, very few of the volunteers have ever ridden a horse before they join 605 Squadron. But in their khaki drill and red-covered caps, their sabres at their sides and their leather-work gleaming, they are among the show-pieces of the MELF.

The mounted policemen patrol big depots and ammunition dumps, camp perimeters, big tracts of desert and long stretches of road. They can go over places which are impassable to trucks and motor-cycles and which would mean slow, weary progress to foot-patrols. Their "get-their-man" records are higher than those of their pedestrian and mechanised colleagues.

Most of them ride "barbs", Soudanese ponies that thrive in the desert.

## Soldiers with Spurs (2)



### "Woodpecker's" 300 Horse-power

**N**O small part in the success of "Operation Woodpecker" — the timber-for-Britain scheme on which hundreds of Rhine Army soldiers have been busy during the summer — has been played by a horsed company of the RASC which moved up from Austria with more than 300 Polish cavalrymen to do a job of heavy haulage.

The unit is 802 Horse Transport Company. Its sign is a pair of linked horse-shoes.

The main base of this breeches-and-spurs unit is at Brunswick. From there 60 draught and three riding horses go out to each felling site to follow the lumbermen deeper into the woods and drag the timber down to the runways.

The Commanding Officer, Major J. Winter, told SOLDIER that the unit was formed in October 1945 when hundreds of German and Italian horses which had been abandoned by the enemy were rounded up.

Three hundred of the best horses were kept by the Army under the direction of Brigadier Carhill, Deputy Director, Supply and Transport, British Troops in Austria, and of Colonel Glynn Lloyd, the Deputy Director of Veterinary services.

The remaining horses were sent to Italy and given to those farmers whose animals had been requisitioned by the enemy. This step helped to alleviate the lot of the Italian farmer and, in the long run, to provide food for the Italians.

Meanwhile 802 Company settled down to the tasks facing a supply company in Austria. So well grew their reputation that

BTA were asked to release them for duty in BAOR when it was seen that "Operation Woodpecker" required horse transport.

Divided into four troops and Company HQ they entrained for Brunswick and within a short time had reorganised themselves for their new duties.

Many of the officers and men with the unit served in North Africa and Italy with RASC pack companies and have voluntarily deferred their release for as long as the unit exists. Junior ranks are also volunteers for duty with the unit. Many of them were farm workers in civilian life and have found a posting in the Army which fits in with their training and inclinations.

Much of the harness of the unit was captured enemy material, but this is now being replaced by British issue.

In his stables SSM. Tate, of the Scots Greys, showed SOLDIER Arab horses which had travelled from North Africa, up the long leg of Italy and eventually into Germany. His own horse, hearing his voice, behaved like an excited puppy.

"Each man gets to know every whim of his horse," he said, patting a massive animal on its mighty shoulders.

DAVID BEYNON.

On a Woodpecker site at Dannenberg, Cpl. Boyd (wearing cap) superintends a clearing operation.



Giving an ailing horse a pill is a probing sort of job. The man holding the horse need not look so anxious. Below: In the forge, heating the shoe is the first step towards shoeing the horse.



# The Army's Tyrolean Playground

British soldiers from Germany  
spend their leave in Austria  
— by courtesy of the French

(Photos: Sjt. A. G. Weed)



**E**HRWALD, in the Austrian Tyrol a few miles south of the German border, is probably the most beautiful leave centre open to the British soldier.

Nestling in a wide plateau 3000 feet above sea level, it is typical of the mountain holiday resorts which drew tourists to the Tyrol before the war.

Quaint villages cuddle the slopes of the mountains which ring the plain, their houses wandering inconsequently along the narrow streets. Clear mountain streams, shadowed by brown, speckled trout, meander across the green plateau. Up the larch-clad slopes cattle wander in search of pasture, the bells about their necks tinkling a pleasing contrast to the clamour of the chimes from the many church towers.

Over all this beauty broods the 10,000-foot Zugspitze, austere amid his only slightly smaller brothers, the Sonnenspitze, the Daniel, the Upsspitze and the Grubigstein.

Before the war, Ehrwald was the playground of the wealthy. The hotels which now house British servicemen and women,

who pay four or five shillings a day, then entertained guests who paid as many pounds. During the war it was a hide-out for top-ranking Nazis, their wives or their mistresses who packed every hotel and took the spare rooms in all the cottages, making merry while the Europe they had set on fire burned.

Today, Ehrwald is part of the French Zone of Austria, but since the French have agreed to our having it as a leave centre, it is the men and women of Rhine Army who fish its streams, unhandily ride placid horses or laboriously climb the long slopes of the Zugspitze.

Almost every visitor carries a camera of some sort. You will hear them in the bars of an evening discussing over-exposure and under-exposure, cloud effects, the tricks the light plays, until your head aches with the bandying of technicalities.

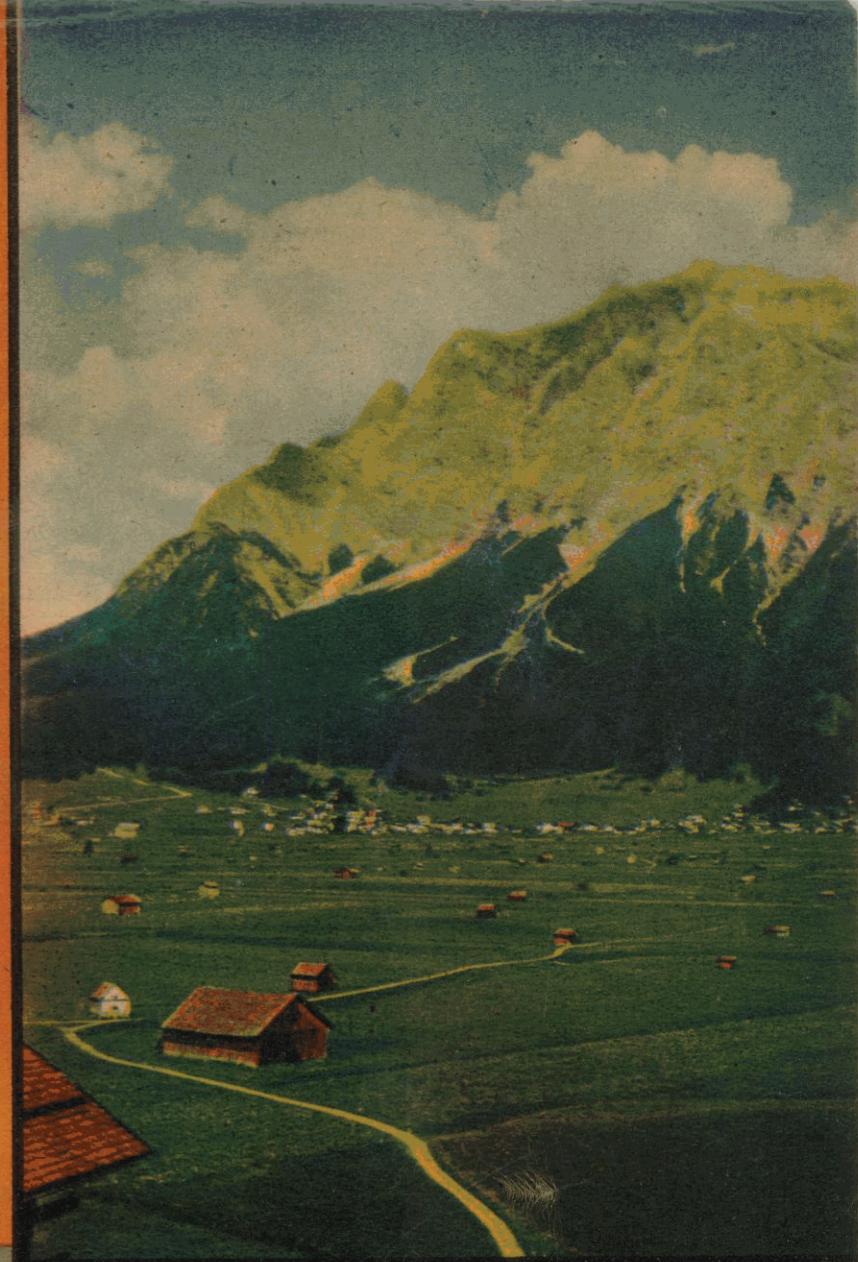
Ehrwald's attractions do not fade with the last rose of summer. This coming winter Rhine Army's growing band of winter sport enthusiasts will be skiing and capsizing in the hard-packed snow. And among them will be many of the people who spent their summer leave there.



Left: This is the Tyrolean welcome which greets the soldier alighting at Ehrwald railway station (seen above).



Right: the road winds across the plateau, linking the scattered houses. Above: fishing in the River Moos is Captain Bill Barton, RASC.



The enchanted lake amid the forests.



Clouds on the Zugspitze — highest of the Ehrwald peaks.

Allies in Our Zone 1

# BELGIANS ON THE RHINE



Belgian soldiers tackle an obstacle course at Bonn. Occupying soldiers spend a high proportion of their 12 months training.

**T**wo Belgian divisions, together with their ancillary troops, are carrying out occupation duties in the British Zone of Germany.

Their enclave marches with the Belgian, Dutch and Luxembourg borders to the west, the French Zone to the south and the area controlled by 2 British Infantry Division to the north and east.

This is an approximation of the country which comes under Major-General B.E.M. Piron's command but it indicates clearly enough the large tract of Germany — the southern part of Land North-Rhine-Westphalia — which is now policed by the Belgian Forces.

Most of the troops are young soldiers. The men who formed General Piron's Liberation Brigade have been largely demobilised. Those who remain are senior officers engaged on staff duties or are senior NCO instructors.

The story of the new Belgian Army began after the collapse of France in 1940 when a number of officers and men escaped to England under the command of Major Piron, as he then was. Other officers and men, after incredible journeys across France and Spain, reached Britain during the next two years in sufficiently

large numbers for a brigade to be constituted.

This was made up of an infantry battalion, an artillery regiment and an armoured fighting vehicle unit.

Major Piron was promoted brigadier and his command was attached to 21 Army Group.

In August 1944, as part of the 1st Canadian Army, they landed in France and fought alongside the Canadians until 4 September when they entered Brussels and remained there until 11 September. From that time until the end of the war

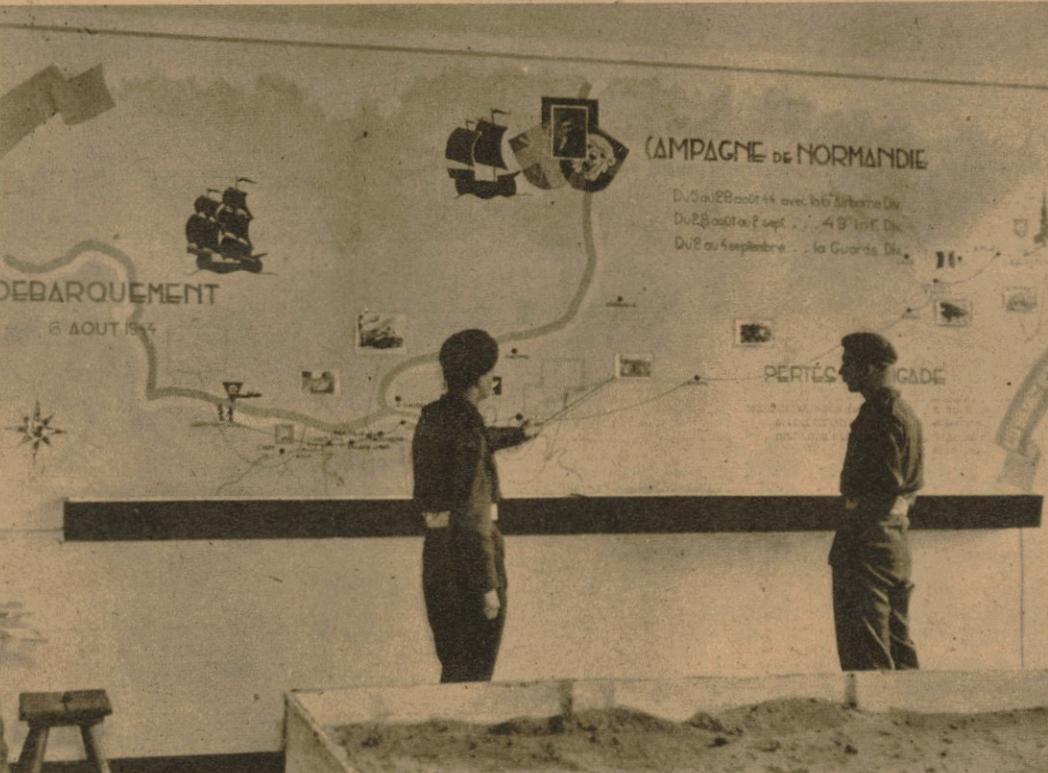
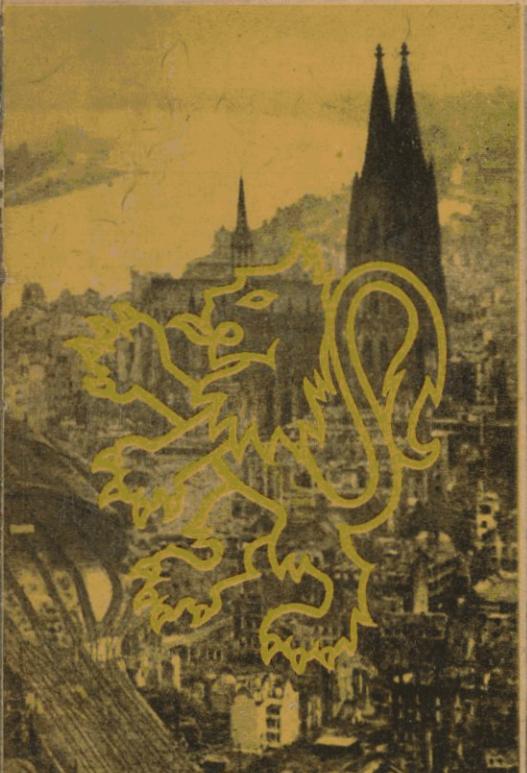
the Brigade took part in some of the heaviest fighting in Holland and received the surrender of four German brigades.

With the end of the war, the Belgian Army entered upon a period of reconstruction. British training and administrative methods were adopted, along with British equipment.

As speedily as possible two divisions were supplied for duty in Germany. Youths were called to the Colours and after six weeks preliminary training were posted to units already in Germany. There they are due to remain for ten and a half months, training rigorously the whole time. Meanwhile, selection boards, welfare organisations and



These pictures were taken on field exercises at Bonn. The Belgian divisions now in Germany have grown from the Liberation Brigade which fought with 21 Army Group.



Soldiers in a Belgian Army Education Centre at Bad Godesberg study the line of advance of their Liberation Brigade which, after heavy fighting in Holland, took the surrender of four German brigades.

similar services all based on British practice were brought into being.

But there are differences. The Belgian Army has retained many of its old traditions, and the fact that both French and Flemish are the official languages of the country makes it necessary for officers and NCO's to be fluent in both.

Many young Flemings even today are unable to understand French and they are grouped in units with other Flemings. All administration has to be carried out in two languages.

Basic rates of pay are lower than in the British Army. A recruit draws 10 francs (about 1/3d) a day. Increments are not great and a private soldier is not

likely to be getting more than two shillings when his 12-months Colour service ends.

There are some differences in feeding also. The Belgian soldier, like most Continental Servicemen, has two main meals a day: a heavy dinner at mid-day and supper about six o'clock.

Entertainment is a top priority.

In all the main centres there are theatres at which shows are staged by the Belgian Army Welfare Services. Benefiting from the experience of the British Army, the Belgian War Ministry has placed considerable emphasis on education. Each unit has an education officer and a well-equipped centre at which men

may take a variety of courses.

In the Bad Godesberg area

basic weapon, AFV and infantry training are carried out by units of the 1st Division.

Courses have been streamlined so that as much ground as possible may be covered during a man's 12-months service. Equipment is as up-to-date as possible but new types of weapons are coming into service almost monthly, parallel with improvements in British arms.

And what does the young soldier think of it all? Typical is Gunner Joiris van Desel, who at 19 has six months more service to do. A Fleming, he is somewhat more stolid than the French-speaking Belgian, and it took him a little while to weigh up his answer to the question, "Do you like the service?"

After a lot of thought, he said: "Yes; I do now. It was strange at first but I shall be quite sorry when I have to go back to civilian life. The Army has taught me much I would not have learned in my village."

Speaking for the Walloons, Guardsman Vincent St. Jean said: "We have got to know the Flemish better than years of living at home would have allowed. Rubbing shoulders in the ranks, at exercise and in the canteens we have sunk most of our racial differences and become the better Belgians for it."

Left: Belgian soldiers' families "weigh in" at a child clinic run by the Army.

Right: Belgium's No. 1 soldier in Germany: Major-General B. E. M. Piron.

(Photos: CQMS. W. Johnston)



Allies in Our Zone 2

# NORWEGIANS WEAR THE Y SIGN

The men from the remote fiords find the barrack life a congested one. They serve six months in Norway, six months in Germany

On the order to march Norwegian troops jerk out the left foot in a form of goose-step.



Ola Gutter (that's the Norse equivalent of Tommy Atkins) is a man who likes a lot of elbow room. For that reason he poses the Norwegian Army a problem quite unlike those other War Ministries encounter.

As a soldier Ola is good, as the men who serve alongside him in BAOR know, but he is not over-fond of barrack life. A staunch, uncompromising individualist, the average Norwegian soldier comes either from a farm bordering the rugged fiords which poke long fingers into his country's coastline or from the lonely eastern and northern uplands.

He is not used to people crowding around him. On the farm his nearest neighbours are often 10 miles away and in the long winters he may see nobody except his family for weeks on end. Thus when he is called up for his 12 months service, he finds it hard to readjust himself to the crowded, communal life of a regimental depot. One might say that he suffers from claustrophobia—fear of an enclosed space.

Occasionally this nervous reaction induces melancholia so acutely as to make treatment necessary. Norwegian Army doctors

understand the phobia but are unable to prevent it developing.

Of course, the percentage of soldiers who find barrack life oppressive is not high; most Norwegian recruits enjoy their 12-months service and return to civilian life even fitter than when they joined up. Their outlook has been broadened and all of them will have seen something of the world beyond the confines of farm and fiord.

Ola Gutter is called to the colours when he is 20. Whatever his station in life, whatever his employment, he must go. There is no exemption. Students must leave their books, mechanics their benches.

The first six months of his time Ola spends in Norway, training. The remaining six are done in Germany where 471 Norwegian Brigade of about 5000 men occupies part of the British Zone under the administration of 5th Division, whose famous Y sign they wear.

There, with headquarters at

Northeim, some 45 miles south of Hanover, the Norwegians police an area which includes Ganderheim, Seesen, Einbeck, Holzminden and Hoexter—all fairly large towns.

Training continues throughout the six months that Ola serves overseas. Much of it is based on British methods but there are some differences, notably on the parade-ground. Drill is somewhat more Germanic, at least to the British observer. It is the practice to shoot out the left foot in a sort of goose-step on the order to march. There are other differences; in the about-turn; in moving to the right and in saluting. And rifle drill appears more complicated.

While British battle-dress is worn, the badges of rank differ in that chevrons are worn after the American fashion. Officers wear small silver stars on their collars.

Weapons and equipment, however, are of British pattern. Rations are drawn on British scale and from British sources on re-payment.

Ola gets 100 cigarettes a week and no more, although there is no shortage of tobacco in his

country. In one way he is more fortunate than Tommy Atkins. He gets food parcels from home, substantial food parcels. This is permitted in order to counteract the shortage of fats. The average Norwegian eats a great deal more fat than the Briton. The climate of his country makes it necessary and one of the problems facing the Norwegian Command when the first troops arrived in January was the acute hunger of the men. They missed the fatty, oily foods to which their systems were accustomed. This deficiency has since been overcome but there are occasional complaints that the British ration is not big enough.

Another thing that Ola misses is his beer. He likes beer at all times of the day; it is a national habit and does not lead to drunkenness or anything approaching it. Beer and coffee are the national beverages but there is not much of either in BAOR and he finds it hard to get along on tea.

How does he spend his time? He plays football in summer; skis in winter. Neither officers nor men have taken to cricket or golf. Baseball, too, leaves them cold.

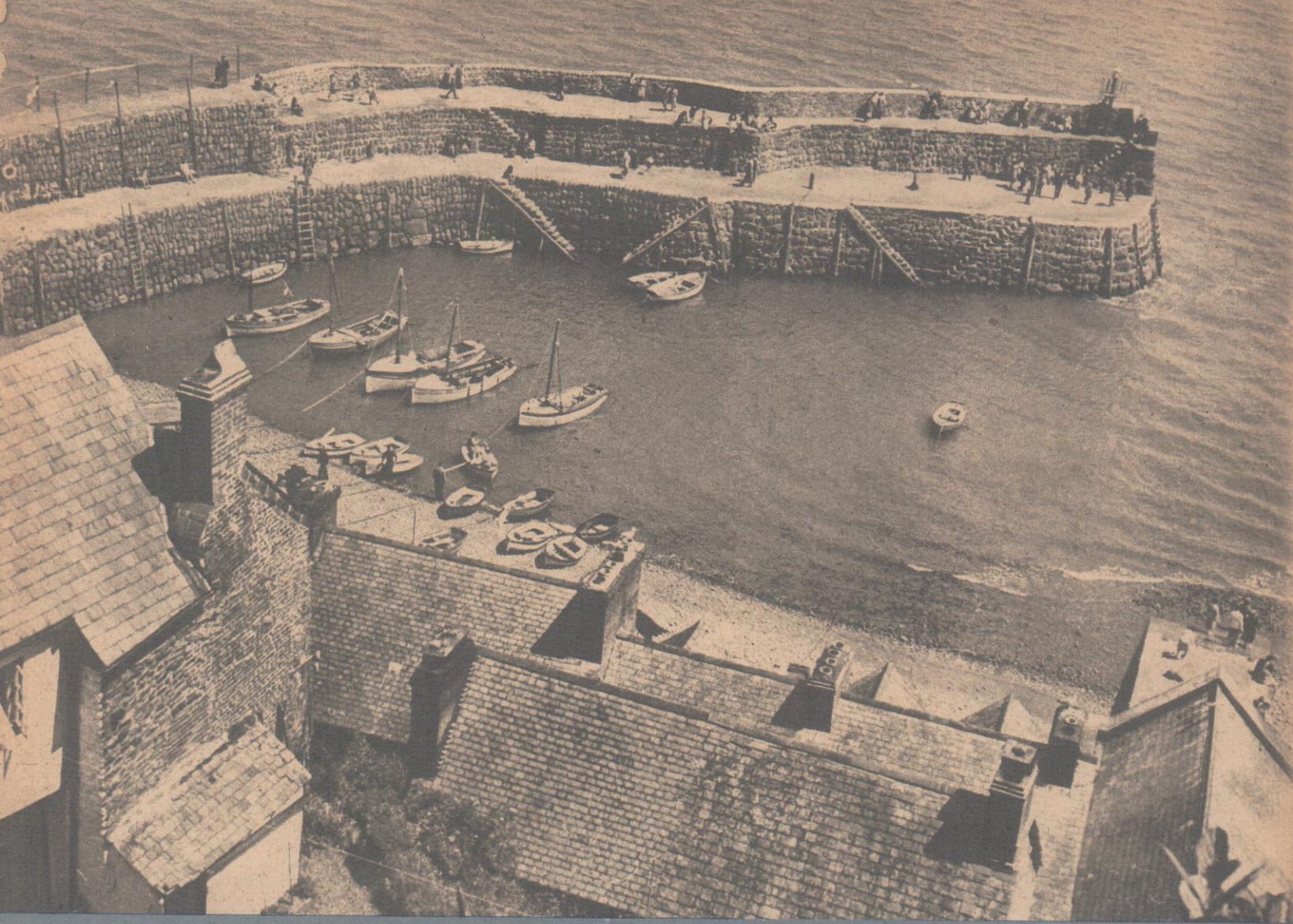
Ola's evenings he spends in the canteen, which is usually very well equipped and run, consuming platefuls of Scandinavian sandwiches, each of which is almost a meal in itself. Fortunately for him prices are low, for he gets 2/6d a day as a private, rising by a shilling a day with each step up in rank to the staff-serjeant's 4/6d. Incidentally, there are no warrant officers in the Norwegian Forces. Their duties are divided between staff-serjeants and second-lieutenants.

What does Ola himself think of his task in Germany? Like all other soldiers, of whatever nationality, he wants to get home but he does not brood over it; he knows that he is lucky compared with men in other Allied forces, for six months, even without leave, is not long.

For the rest, his service confirms and even strengthens his hatred of war but at the same time it teaches him that democracy and the democratic way of life are worth defending.

Left: the entrance to HQ Norwegian Brigade. Dates 1872—1947 above the gates mark King Haakon's 75th birthday. Centre: chevrons are worn inverted, as in the American Army; above them is the sign of 5 Infantry Division. Right: a young "tiffy" does his Task for the Day.





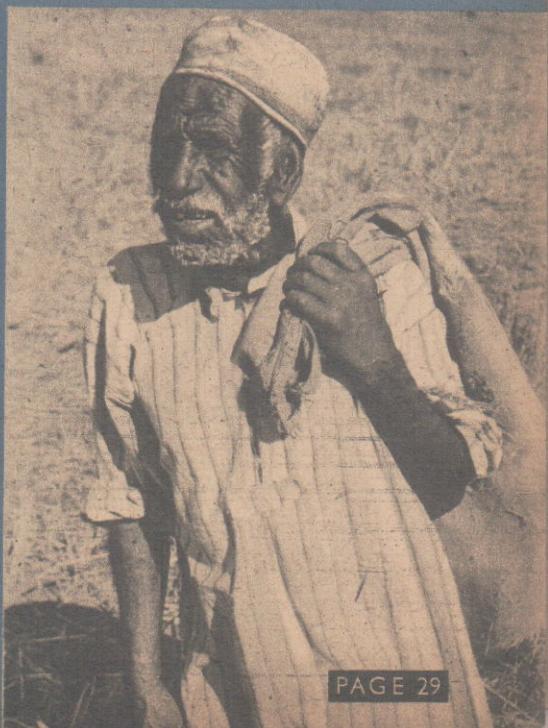
Potterers' paradise: the harbour at Clovelly, Devon.

It might be Venice — but it happens to be Trieste.



## QUIET PAGE

The gleaner of Barce: a snapshot from Cyrenaica.





Old Sappers turned up at Longmoor to see what the youngsters are up to these days, and three Chelsea Pensioners were as interested as boys in an American austerity locomotive.



Stephenson might have been proud of this one. Its smoke-stack wobbled on springs and the floors of the wagons pivoted on bends. But the power was provided by an up-to-date diesel locomotive in fancy dress.

For the boys, this model railway with every type of signalling equipment, was a dream come true. It is part of the signals school equipment.



During the summer many Army units in Britain threw open their gates to the public. **SOLDIER** went along to one of these "At Homes" — that of the Sappers' Training Centre at Longmoor, Hampshire

## Longmoor Holds an "At Home"

THE summer of 1947 was one of "at homes" for the Army in Britain. At training centres, depots and establishments all over the country, doors were thrown open on certain days and Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer took the children to see how their big brothers live and work.

The long spell of fine weather helped to make the "at homes" a success and the experience of one unit near Aldershot, which expected a few hundred visitors and got swamped by 5000, was not uncommon.

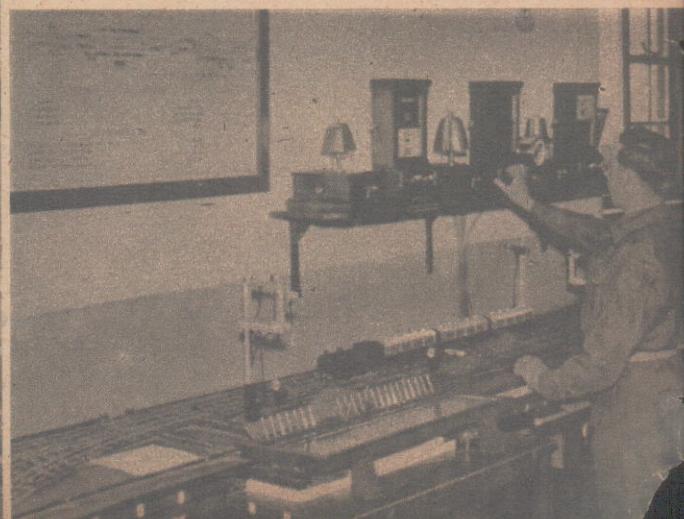
The "at homes" served several purposes. They were, of course, pleasant social occasions, at which the Army and its neighbours got to know each other and at which ex-soldiers could do a bit of "keeping in touch." A few sideshows brought in some profit for Service charities. But mainly they were useful because they taught Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer a little more about the Army's myriad functions.

Typical of the "at homes" was that of the unique Royal Engineers' Transportation Training Centre at Longmoor, in Hampshire. Longmoor, with its eight miles of "main line" and 60 miles total of track, which comprises the Longmoor Military Railway, is the centre at which officers and men are trained to build and operate railways, and where Movement Control training is also carried out.

It teaches 43 trades, all with their counterparts in civilian life, and was the centre from which the 146,000-strong Transportation Branch of the Royal Engineers grew during World War Two. There, before the war, the Supplementary Reserve companies formed by the main line railways came for their annual training — the Transportation equivalent of the Territorials. They will go there again when the Supplementary Reserve is reorganised.

Longmoor could put on a more comprehensive railway show than any other organisation in Britain, because its students were taught to operate equipment and systems that are in use all over the world. It was they who made and worked the railway to Tobruk and the new Syrian line that linked Palestine and Turkey for the first time; and who operated the vital Calcutta-Manipur line that fed 14th Army. To give variety, other Transportation exhibits came

Just a model railway, but the signals box equipment is life-size for training blockmen, the Army word for signalmen.





Glossy in blue and red paint, the Major-General McMullen gave rides on the footplate to passengers from Longmoor to Liss or Bordon.

from Marchwood, on Southampton Water, where RE officers and men are trained in port operating and construction, railway bridging and inland water transport. Marchwood was one of the homes of Mulberry.

For most visitors the attractions started at Liss or at Bordon, where they changed from the Southern Railway to coaches painted L M R, hauled by a shiny red and blue austerity locomotive, the "Major-General McMullen," for rides to the bunting-draped station of Longmoor Downs.

From then on there was everything the most train-minded schoolboy could ask. He could crawl all over locomotives, stick his head into fire-boxes and see the steam-tubes in the boilers, have the mysteries of all the levers and gauges on the foot-plate explained to him, wander round the workshops, see locomotives in pieces and repair and maintenance work going on.

He could ride on the foot-plate — a privilege that main-line railway companies deny all but the most distinguished guests — be initiated into the mysteries of signalling and points and ask intimate questions about the anatomies of both locomotives and rolling-stock.

For a broader picture of railway life, there were demonstrations like the one in the signals school, where an instructor explained every type of railway signalling while blockmen (the Army word for signallers), carried out the full drill.

Then there were plate-laying and track-slewing demonstrations. The Army uses a broader-based rail than British railways because it is quicker to lay and speed is essential in building a railway for military operations. Once a track is laid and the first trains have been rushed over it, the Sappers can look round for ways of improving the line so that it is faster and safer. They can prepare a better bed for it or lay a double line, and this is where the track-slewing teams come into their own. With crow-bars and a great heave they can move a section of the track to a new site, curving straight rails as though they were fishing-rods.

Rather more in the conventional Army style were the Movement Control model room, where visitors could see how transportation for an Army in the field is organised; the records and reception office, where the administration of the men of the Transportation Branch is carried out; and the barrack-room and cookhouse. In the cookhouse, Mrs. Taxpayer had a chance to cast an expert eye over a day's rations for one soldier, both as it came from the Quartermaster and as it was served up.

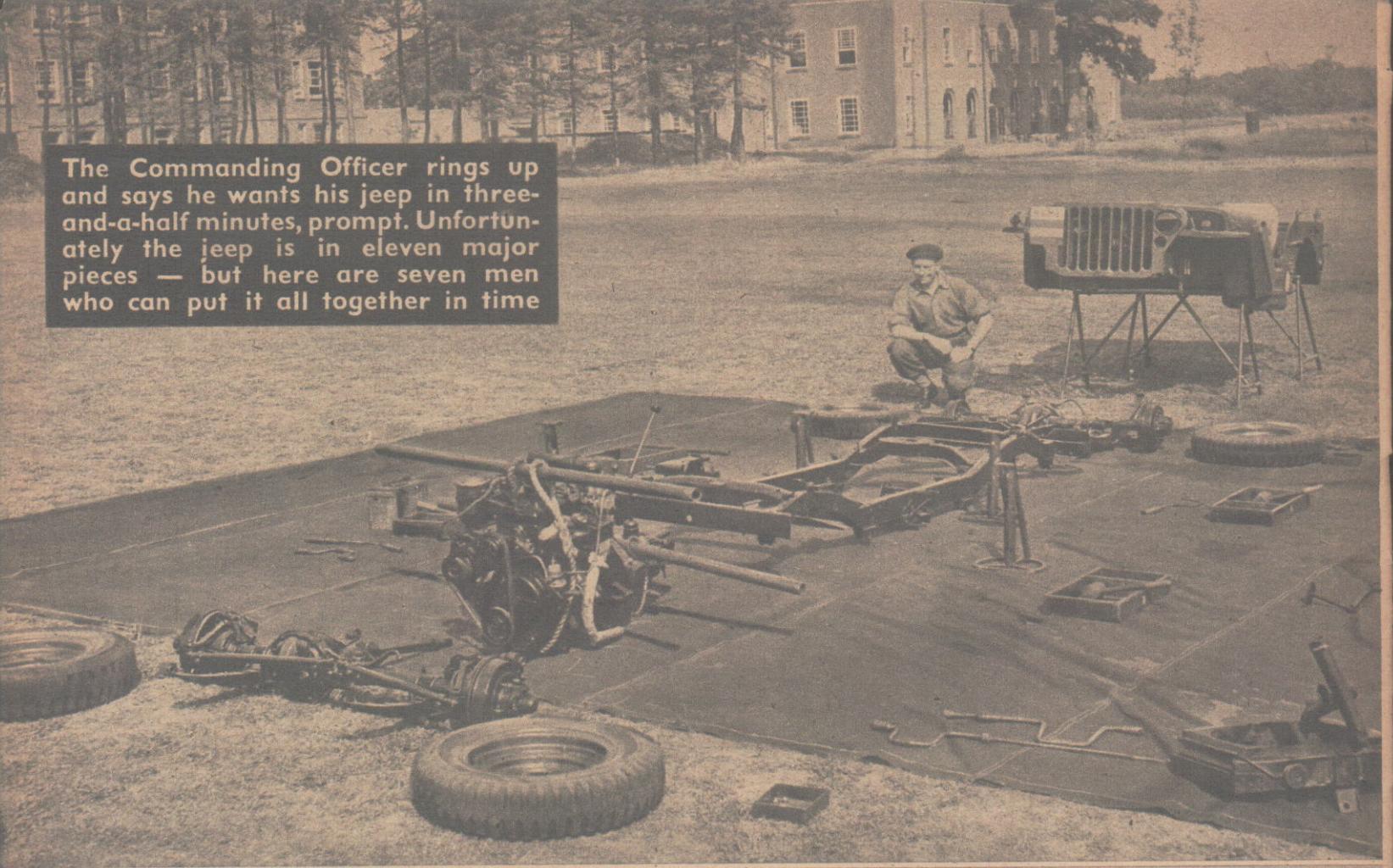
Over on the barrack-square, young soldiers demonstrated with rifle-drill and PT that Sappers are soldiers first, while the band of the Durham Light Infantry gave them a musical background. Around the camp were the smaller side-shows — the "old-fashioned railway" with a wobbling smoke-stack and pivoting carriage-floors and a crew in comic-opera clothes; the museum, with its models and photographs; the big hoist, which instead of carrying its 6½-ton loads was giving rides both horizontally and vertically to about 20 children a time; the competent-looking railway workshop with its generator buzzing; the mobile refrigerating plant providing the coolest spot of the show; the demonstrations of railway brake mechanisms; the 50-minute cinema-show; the breakdown train; and the place where they served tea.



The Ross fork lift will heave loads up to 6½ tons on working days; at the Longmoor "At Home" it carried up to 20 children both up and down and backwards and forwards. Below: How to man-handle a railway track. If you don't like your railway's route, just get a gang of men and some crowbars and shift it somewhere else.



The Commanding Officer rings up and says he wants his jeep in three-and-a-half minutes, prompt. Unfortunately the jeep is in eleven major pieces — but here are seven men who can put it all together in time



Ready for the whistle . . . wheels, axles, engine, body, radiator and some bits and pieces await the assault of six corporals. AQMS. F. Gregory sees that the right tools are in the right places. The engine is conveniently lashed up already on porter bars.

# A Jeep in 3½ Minutes

The whistle has gone . . . a quick hoist and the engine is already being fitted down on the chassis. Seven men like this (yes, there are seven) might make all the difference to the export drive.

Now the body has been jacked up, the engine is being tightened, and the axles complete with wheels are ready to be fitted into position, fore and aft. Puzzle: where did the steering column spring from?

More tightening of bolts, more adjusting. This is the part where time is lost if every man is not right on top of his job. There's no flap; everything goes smoothly.

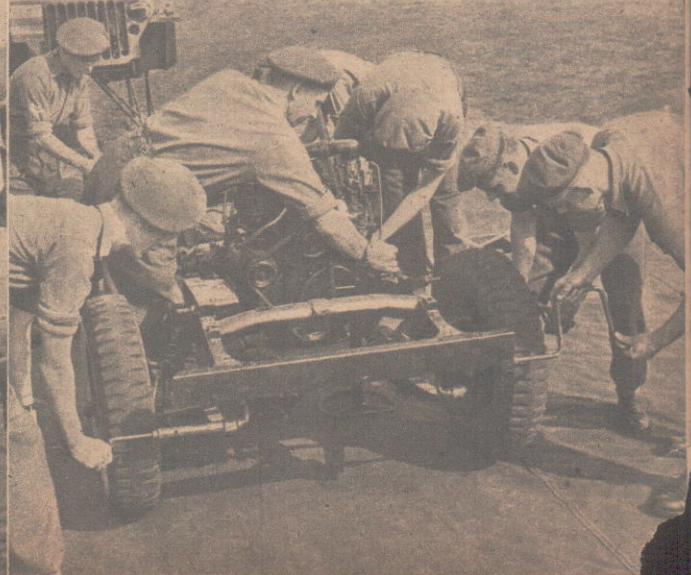
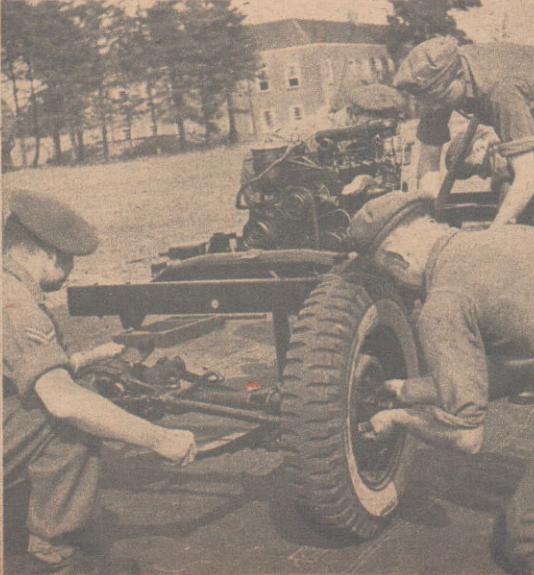
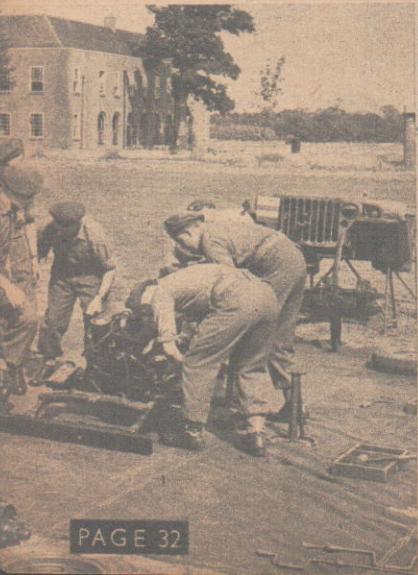
THEY have worked up a new "stunt" at the Vehicle Wing, REME Training Centre at Arborfield — throwing together a jeep in less time than it takes most people to throw their clothes on.

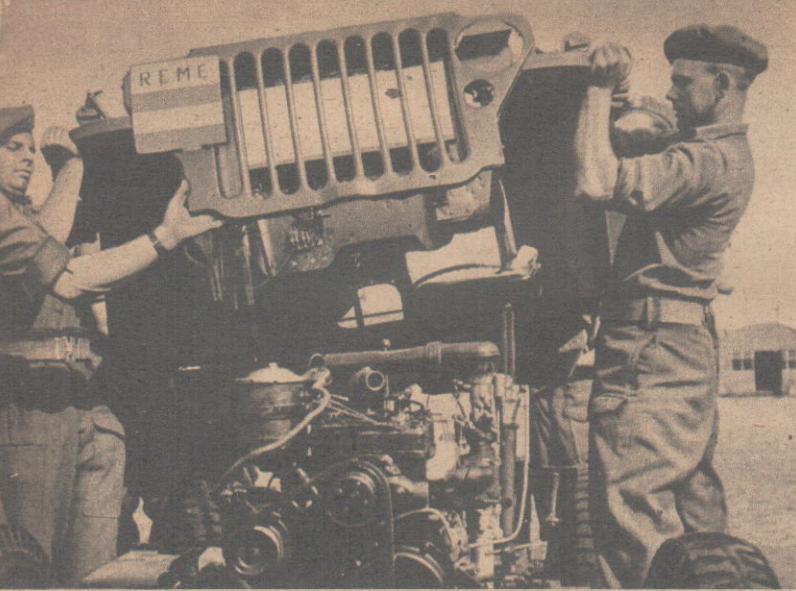
In India, so report said, REME teams had succeeded in compiling a jeep in five minutes. Arborfield rose to the challenge.

Armament Quartermaster Serjeant F. Gregory chose six of his smartest corporals and got down to practice in the middle of a field, with plenty of elbow-room.

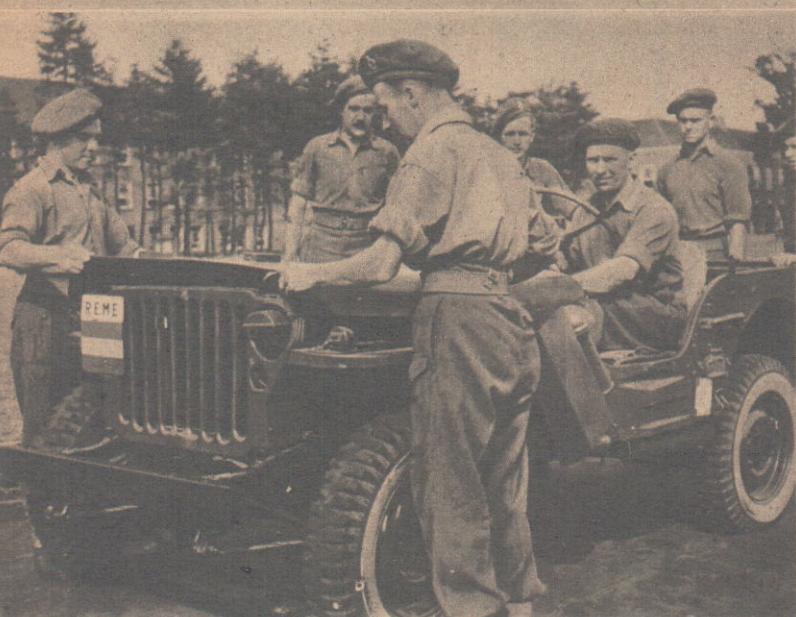
All sorts of drills were tried. The time was whittled down to half an hour, fifteen minutes, ten minutes, five . . . and then things became really exciting. Bogey is now three-and-a-half minutes.

The team demonstrated at a recent "At Home." They may appear at next year's Royal Tournament.





Another swift hoist . . . and over comes the body. There's one man who does not mind wearing his wrist watch during these operations. Let's hope someone remembered the clutch and the accelerator; not to mention the brakes.



Last job: fitting the bonnet cover. Most of the team are ready to fall out for a smoke already; anybody would think they had been working. Why doesn't someone fill the radiator? That was done long ago.



Looking as pleased as if they had just helped to liberate Brussels, the team drive off for a refresher. And if the Transport Officer halts the vehicle for a snap 406 he won't be able to register any black marks.

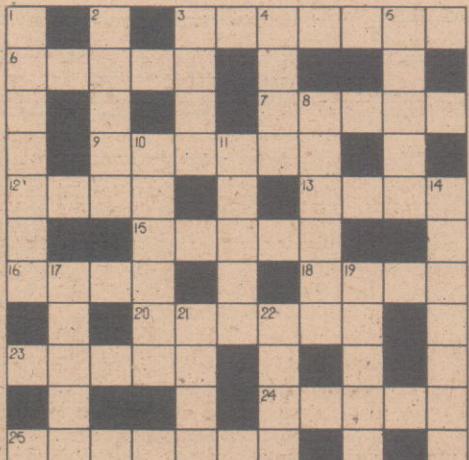
## How Much Do You Know?

1. Can you translate this American headline:  
**STIX NIX BRITISH PIX?**
2. In medieval times people believed in a swift, unconquerable beast which could be tamed only by a virgin. What was its name?
3. St Elmo's Fire is:
  - (a) a kind of will o' the wisp seen in marshland;
  - (b) an electrical disturbance which plays around the masts of ships;
  - (c) an undying flame which burns in a Naples monastery;
  - (d) the name of an Irish racehorse. Which?
4. Can you, by inserting the appropriate punctuation, make sense of this sentence: "I would say that that that that that sentence contains is superfluous"?
5. One of these statements is true—which?
  - (a) Mr. Churchill was born at Blenheim Palace;
  - (b) D. H. Lawrence wrote "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom";
  - (c) a goosander is an African gazelle.
6. In London's Ludgate Circus is a memorial to a "reporter" who—was a war correspondent in the Boer War; once wrote an 80,000-novel in a weekend; invented a detective called J. G. Reeder; died
7. "broke" but left a fortune from the sales of his novels. Who was he?
8. Golgotha was a place of skulls. What was Golconda?
9. If a man called your wife *distraite*, you might appropriately—
  - (a) sock him on the nose;
  - (b) say, "She used to be fatter before rationing";
  - (c) say, "Well, she's got an awful lot to think about";
  - (d) ring for a doctor. Which?
10. These are clues to three plays by Shakespeare:
  - (a) a tiny village;
  - (b) the eve of Epiphany;
  - (c) the jubilant female spouses of a Thames town.
11. The body of Mussolini was strung up for the execution of the mob—where?
12. What does *mavourneen* mean?
13. Name (a) a word which means a large motor vehicle and a large book of stories; (b) a word which means a planet, a film dog and the King of the Underworld.
14. The Barbary pirate's galley in this sign should give you clue to the area to which it belongs.



(Answers on Page 43)

## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 3. Hot fry gives you the top of a pint. 6. Vulgar fight. 7. Wet spots in dry places. 9. The motor-car saw the end of him. 12. Make a concave mark on a smooth surface. 13. Dandy. 15. Curious that "untie" can make this. 16. Low high tide. 18. Tidy way to take your liquor. 20. Opposite of in love (two words).

**DOWN:** 1. Forsake. 2. Bird that used to be a popular dish. 3. Beer that isn't 3 across may be this. 4. Musical instrument. 5. Give up. 8. 12 across with a double head is burning. 10. Slow on the uptake. 11. The place with the dismissing police. 14. Rent and an insect give you a starter. 17. When an artist takes a stand, this is it. 19. Creepy. 21. One editor can furnish your requirement. 22. The unnamed author of later on.

(Answers on Page 43)



## Sheila from Tobruk

A prisoner-of-war who does not want to be released is Sheila, an Alsatian bitch captured from the Italian Army in 1940.

Sheila was picked up by the Beds and Herts when Tobruk fell, during Wavell's push. She was sent by road to railhead and thence to the Delta on the famous Matruh leave-train. The train was strafed that day and Sheila was wounded in one of her rear legs. She was given to the Military Police for training as a police dog, but was too old to learn new tricks.

She spent some time as the pet of the commandant of an OCTU at Sarafand and then came into the hands of Deputy-Superintendent W. A. Newton of the Palestine Police. She now lives in the kennels at the Police Depot and has produced 19 pups. She is still a little bomb-happy.



The "raspberry" machine.

### Army Idea

THE "machines which blow a raspberry" were working overtime at Charing Cross Underground Station.

Small boys who thought they knew how many field-marshals there were, and matrons who thought they knew the divorce percentage for Great Britain pressed little black buttons and looked hopefully at the machine which had posed the question. If they had guessed right, the word "Yes" lit up with a pleased purr; if they had guessed wrong the word "No" lit up with an impolite noise.

This was part of an exhibition run by the Bureau of Current Affairs, the Army's brain-child which, surviving one or two rows in Parliament, is pushing on with the job of trying to get both Civvy Street and the Army discussion-minded.

Contrary to common belief, this organisation is not sponsored by the Government, but by the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust.

Most of the messages No. 2 Blue Train sends back to Eng-

## MISCELLANY

### Blue Train

A relic of World War Two which is still giving good service in Palestine is the Telcom Blue Train, a civilian mobile communications unit something like the Army's Golden Arrow in BAOR.

The first Blue Train was built by Cable and Wireless, Ltd., then an independent firm, to land with First Army in North Africa and keep up direct communication with Britain. From North Africa it went to Italy and Austria and it is now in Cyprus.

No. 2 Blue Train, the one in Palestine now, served in Italy, Greece and again in Italy and was then made ready for the Far East. Today, it provides Jerusalem's only high-speed communication with Britain.

The Blue Train is self-contained. Its great vehicles hold transmitters, power generators and workshops. And it is mobile at short notice.

Most of the messages No. 2 Blue Train sends back to Eng-



The picture on the drum is being radioed to London.

land are from newspaper men in Jerusalem, though it carries Government messages as well. In the first three months of this year it dealt with a million and a half words.

The Blue Train is also equipped to send pictures by radio, but Palestine is not a good area for radio work. Once everything is set up, a photograph can be sent to London in eight

minutes. On one occasion a picture was broadcast simultaneously and successfully to London and New York.

The Telcom men in Palestine — the OC, Mr. C. F. Furmston-Evans, three engineers and eight operators — wear Army uniform with "TELCOM" shoulder-flashes and have military status. They all operate wireless and submarine cable.

## Ration Box Canoe

PADDLE your own canoe, goes the saying. Make your own canoe, says Captain D. G. Stiles, Royal Welch Fusiliers, adjutant of the British Commonwealth Occupation Force Central Army Training School at Matsuyama, Japan.

The craft shown below was made of fabric from old tents and wood from ration boxes, varnished by a Japanese painter. Cost: £1 15s. Captain Stiles's hobby is designing boats and gliders.



# Man or Myth?

THE King's Corporal has raised his head again.

It all started in the *Sunday Times* when H. E. Bode (Swiss Cottage) asked whether there was ever such a rank.

12 February 1900.

Next Sunday two readers told him there never was. Mr. Donald Anderson quoted this theory by the curator of the Royal United Services Museum: a bad peacetime soldier does well in the field and is promoted, but backslides in peace conditions. His CO is reluctant to break him, and the King's Corporal myth is invented to account for this leniency.

On the third Sunday the Rev. Leonard Spiller asserted that one of his best friends, Rifleman Asser, was made a King's Corporal for gallant conduct in World War One.

By the fourth Sunday a major who was CSM. of Rifleman Asser's company said Asser was promoted to fill a vacancy caused by casualties and was not a King's Corporal. Dr. R. Galway Murray, ex-Boer War, weighed in with an "Army Order No. 1 of 25th February 1901" which promoted two privates to be King's Corporals for distinguished gallantry in the field, and Major E. H. Simpson, a Military Knight of Windsor, said he was made a King's Corporal by Colonel (later Field-Marshal) Byng after an action near Colenso on



## The Class of 1950

THE 1950 Class have been visiting the British Army of the Rhine.

Shocked civilians at Harwich, who thought these cadets of 16 were being sent to Germany as replacement troops, and startled German civilians in Hanover, who thought the same, need not have worried. The lads were visiting the British Zone merely to get a pre-view of the job they will be called upon to do when they receive their call-up papers.

A typical party was that of 100 cadets from the 2nd and 3rd Lanarkshire Battalions of the Army Cadet Force. Their keenness was shown by the fact that they subscribed half their

fares from Glasgow to the Hook of Holland, the Territorial Army Association paying the balance.

After spending their first night in Germany at Hanover Transit Camp the party were split among units of 5 Infantry Division. They watched Rhine Army's soldiers training with infantry weapons and tanks, took their turn on the assault courses, visited RAF Operations rooms. They toured German cities, and ate hundreds of cakes in NAAFI canteens.

The most impressed party was the one which stayed with the 1st Green Howards and visited the RAC Training School near Belsen. Many decided to go into tanks when called up.



# Results!

Advanced Medical Science puts

## Alasil in a Class by Itself for the Relief of Pain



Take 'Alasil' for:—  
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,  
COLDS AND CHILLS, RHEU-  
MATIC PAINS, SLEEPLESS-  
NESS, SCIATICA AND  
PERIODIC PAINS.

Dissolve on the tongue or  
in water

'Alasil' tablets are easy to take... any time... anywhere. They break up at once on the tongue or in water, and are therefore quick in action.

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A Product of the 'Ovaltine' Research Laboratories

## NO NEED TO Grieve



"Can you see a stretch of open road—"

"No!"

"—with a low hedge and green fields rolling away on either side—and just down there on the left a nice little creeper-covered pub with a sign outside which says 'The Nag's Head'?"

"What exactly are you driving at?"

"The Nag's Head, old boy, but only in my mind's eye."

"You're in a Rolls-Royce, I suppose."

"On the contrary, I'm on a motor-bike. But, boy oh boy, what a machine."

"You must be counting on a pretty hefty gratuity."

"I'm counting on netting the same as you. But there is a thing called a Post Office

Savings Bank, and I find it a lot easier having my money regularly put there by somebody else than throwing it down the drain myself."

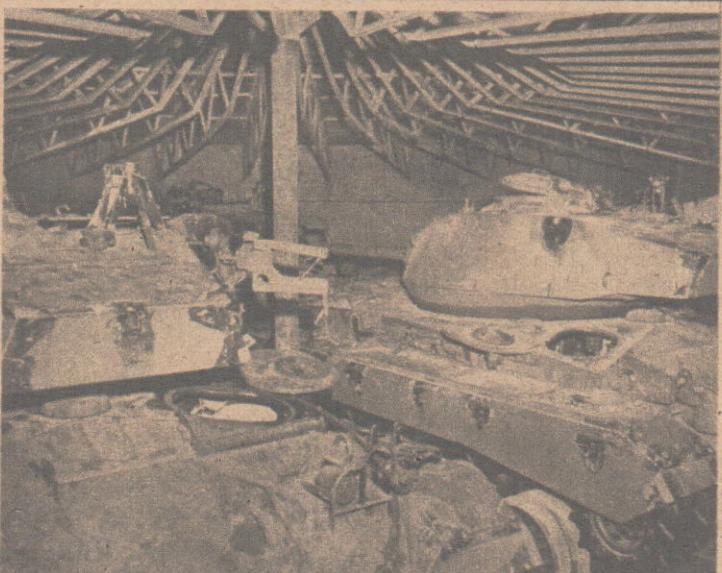
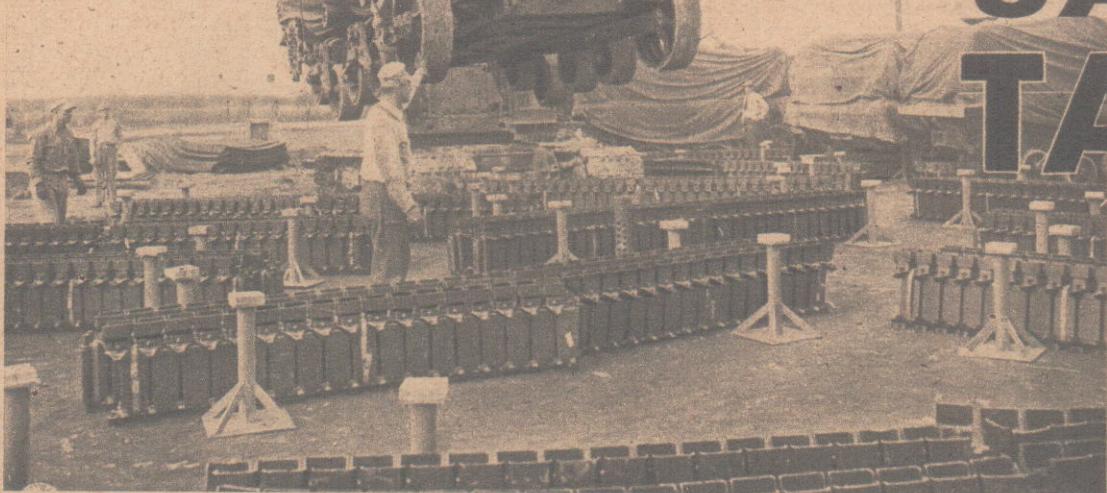
"I doubt if I should."

"What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over, old man."

See your **UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER**  
about it NOW!

The American Army has a novel way of storing surplus tanks. It's all right so long as no one loses the tin-opener

# CANNED TANKS



Above: Down comes the tank body to the allotted spot. It will lie on pedestals. Tracks have already been placed in position.

Inside the giant "can": When all the tanks are stored the air in the interior is dried and the shell is sealed.

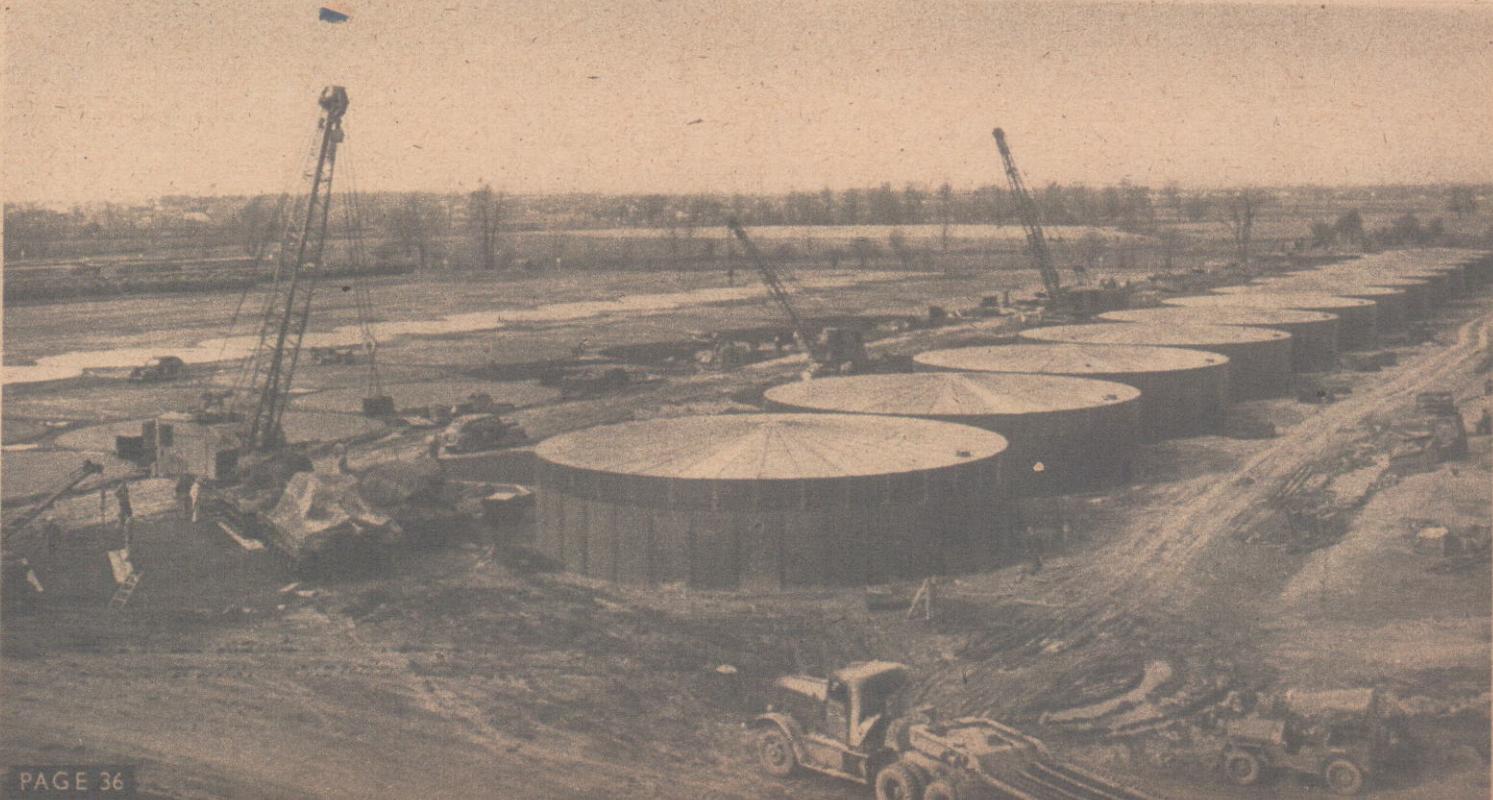
A row of storage containers awaits processing by "dehumidification" units. Many more are under construction at rear.

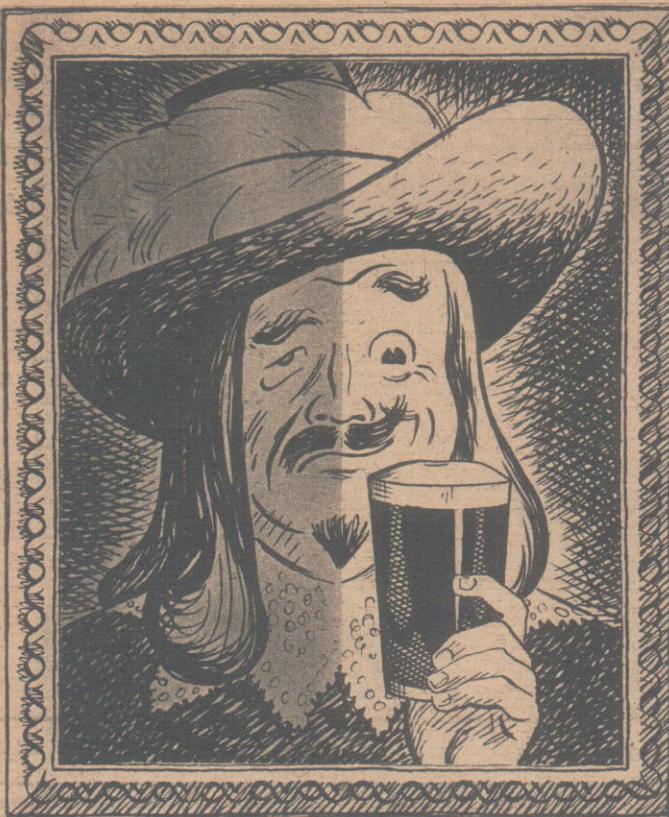
OVER in the Lima Ordnance Depot, Ohio, technicians of the United States Army Ordnance were puzzled how to store great quantities of usable material left over from World War Two's great production efforts.

Then someone remembered that in America almost anything can be canned these days—so why not can tanks? Great steel and aluminium boxes were designed specially for the job, looking rather like small gasometers.

A new "production line" was set up to get the equipment ready for the job. It was checked to see that it was in perfect condition, "processed" to prevent corrosion and neatly stacked, tanks on pedestals, surrounded by their tracks and other equipment. Then the boxes were built over them. "Dehumidification" units took the moisture out of the boxes, which were then sealed up by workmen.

Experts believe this large-scale canning will be effective for about 50 years—though whether anybody will want World War Two tanks in 50 years, except as museum pieces, is a bit doubtful. *U. S. Army Signal Corps photographs by courtesy of "Military Review," Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.*





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## END DRY SCALP

Take a look at these two pictures! See what an unruly mess Dry Scalp can make of your hair. It takes out all the life and gloss, and makes it hard to comb. It won't stay in place. Bits of loose dandruff show, mostly at the parting. And, even worse, there's dandruff on your tunic.



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Now see the difference when you end Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. The hair has a natural, healthy gloss. It's easy to comb and looks well dressed. And dandruff disappears. Gently massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every morning, and remember that a little goes a long way.

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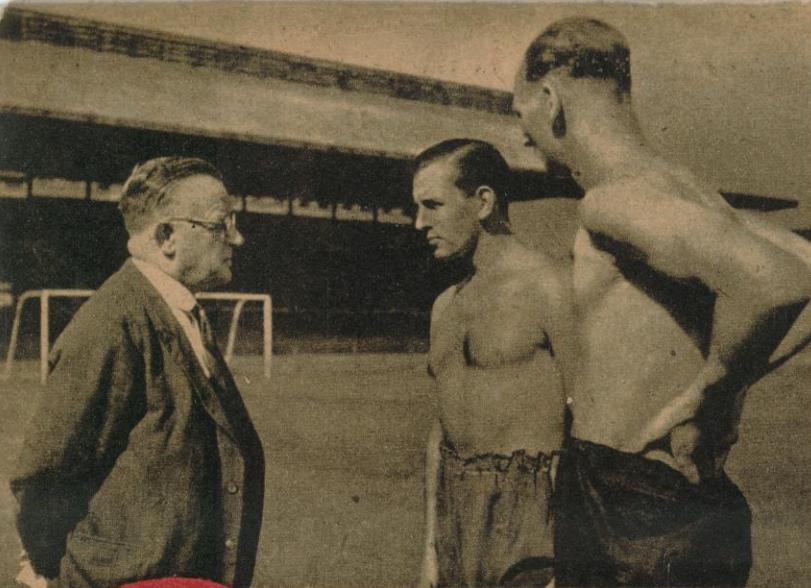
Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

# RIZLA

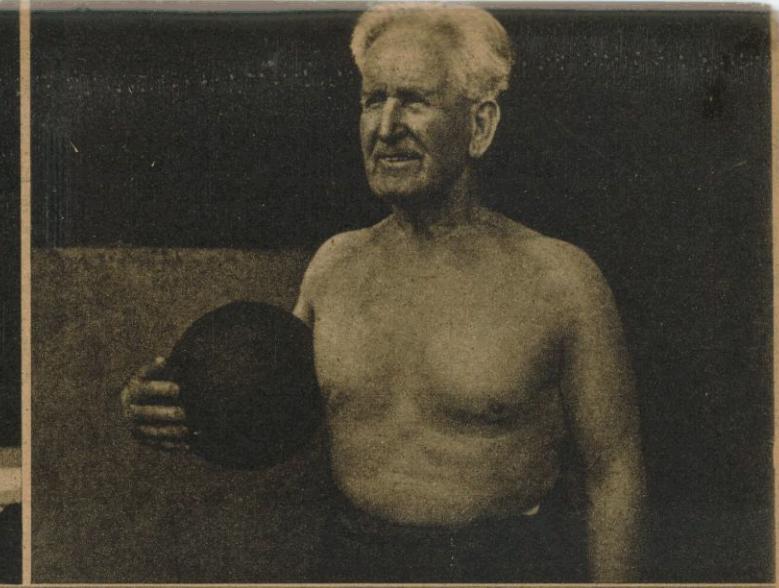
## CIGARETTE PAPERS



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"It'll be a tough fight, boys." Manager Harry Curtis talks to Paterson and Crozier. Here's one Brentford man getting down to it: Stewart. Boy Hopson, trainer's assistant, lays out the jerseys. He's not down-hearted...



## SPORT

### HOW LONG TILL BRENTFORD

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Since the turn of the century there have been 38 football seasons, and only 11 of the clubs which sank from the First Division to the Second are back there now. There is no harder school than Division Two, and particularly this current season when 22 near-equal clubs are elbowing their way to promotion. Grounds with the bone in them have suited some clubs and given them confidence; but not others.

One of the "others" is Brentford, who realise that there is no path of roses back to First Divi-

sion. Three heavy defeats as an opening was not all. Brentford had to face 10 matches before the end of September — a quarter of the League programme — mostly played on the hated hard surface. And, to use a Stock Exchange expression, the Bees have been "caught short", and it is going to need a lot of industry in the hive to rectify the position.

Which is a pity, when you consider Brentford's very creditable history. Although they were formed in 1888, they only really began to "go to Town" when they signed Harry Curtis as their manager in 1926. Mr. Curtis had been a League referee for seven years and had had a three years managerial apprenticeship with Gillingham. Then he went to Griffin Park — the first referee to take over a management, so far as I can remember — and things began to happen. First of all, Jack Cartmell moved from Gillingham to Brentford (he is still there as assistant trainer); then from the same source arrived Bob Kane (he is still there as trainer). Next came Jimmy Bain from Manchester United (he is still there as assistant manager) to captain the all-conquering side that failed, by only one point, to go from the Third Division to the First in one season. The Curtis-Bain-Kane-Cartmell foursome was the root on which Brentford blossomed and flourished.

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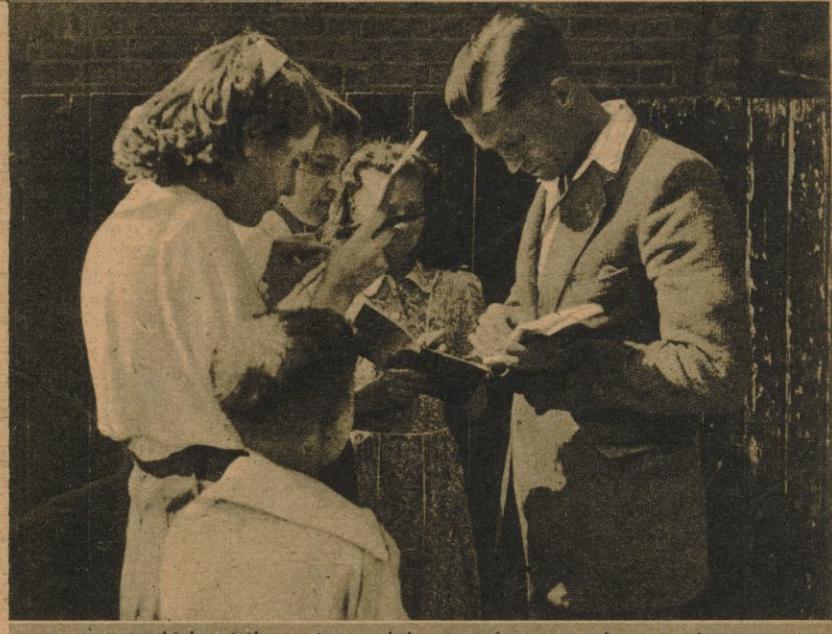
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ARCHIE QUICK.



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Crozier, Brentford's keeper, dives in vain to stop a shot from Luton's centre-forward. Brentford backs have had an unlucky season to date.



Lieut-Col. H. M. Prince: he played for England when he was a lance-corporal.

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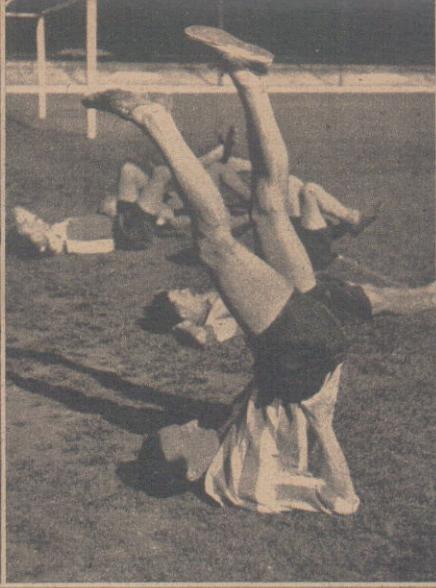
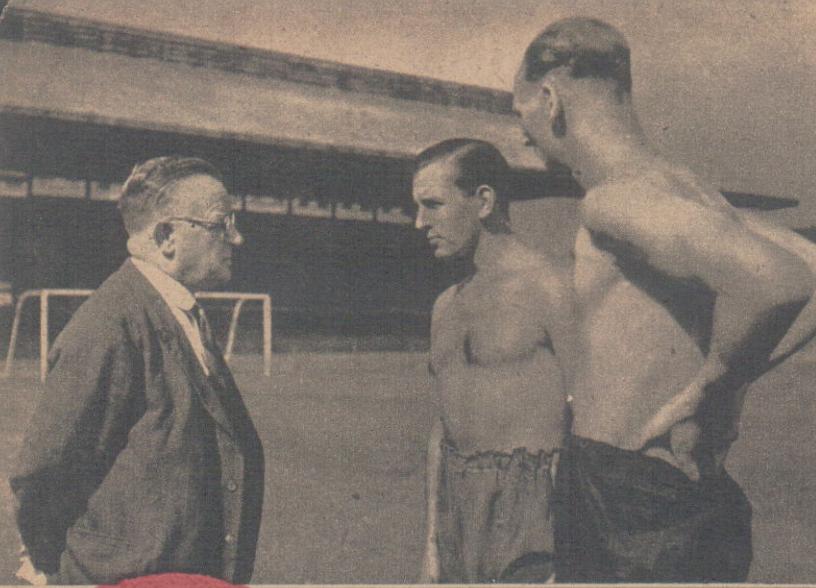
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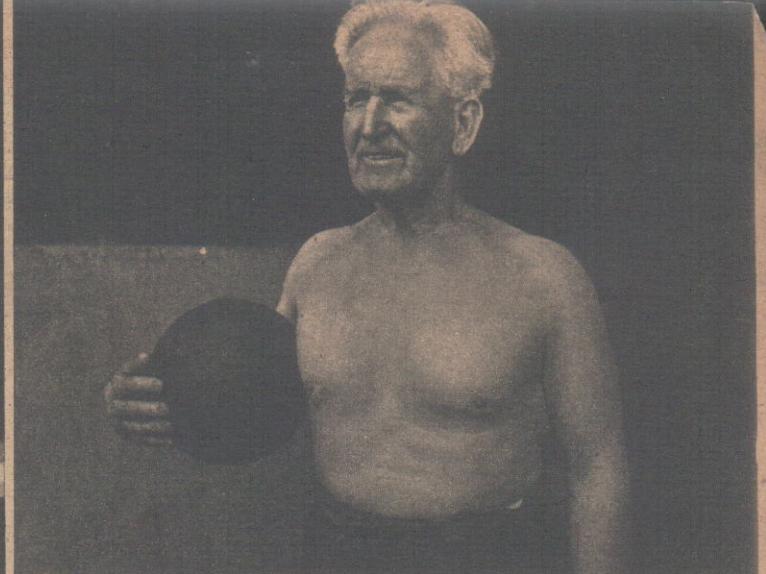
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It's hard to look gloomy in your bath. But Paterson and Gorman don't know how to look gloomy, anyway.



"Grizzled veteran" is how the sports writers would describe Trainer Bob Kane. But these veterans know a few useful tricks...

## COME BACK?

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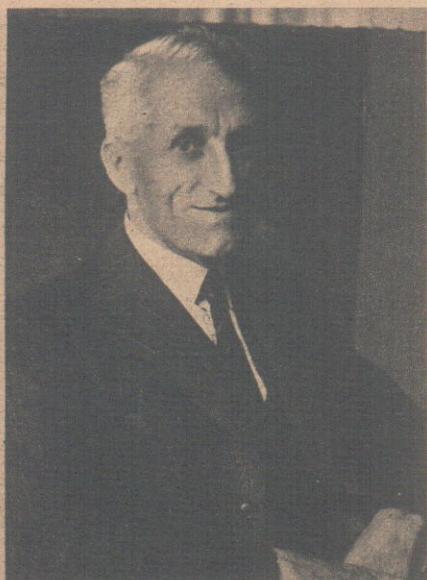
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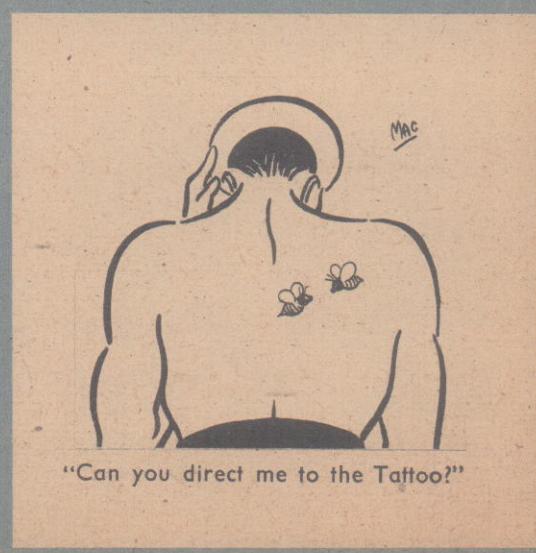
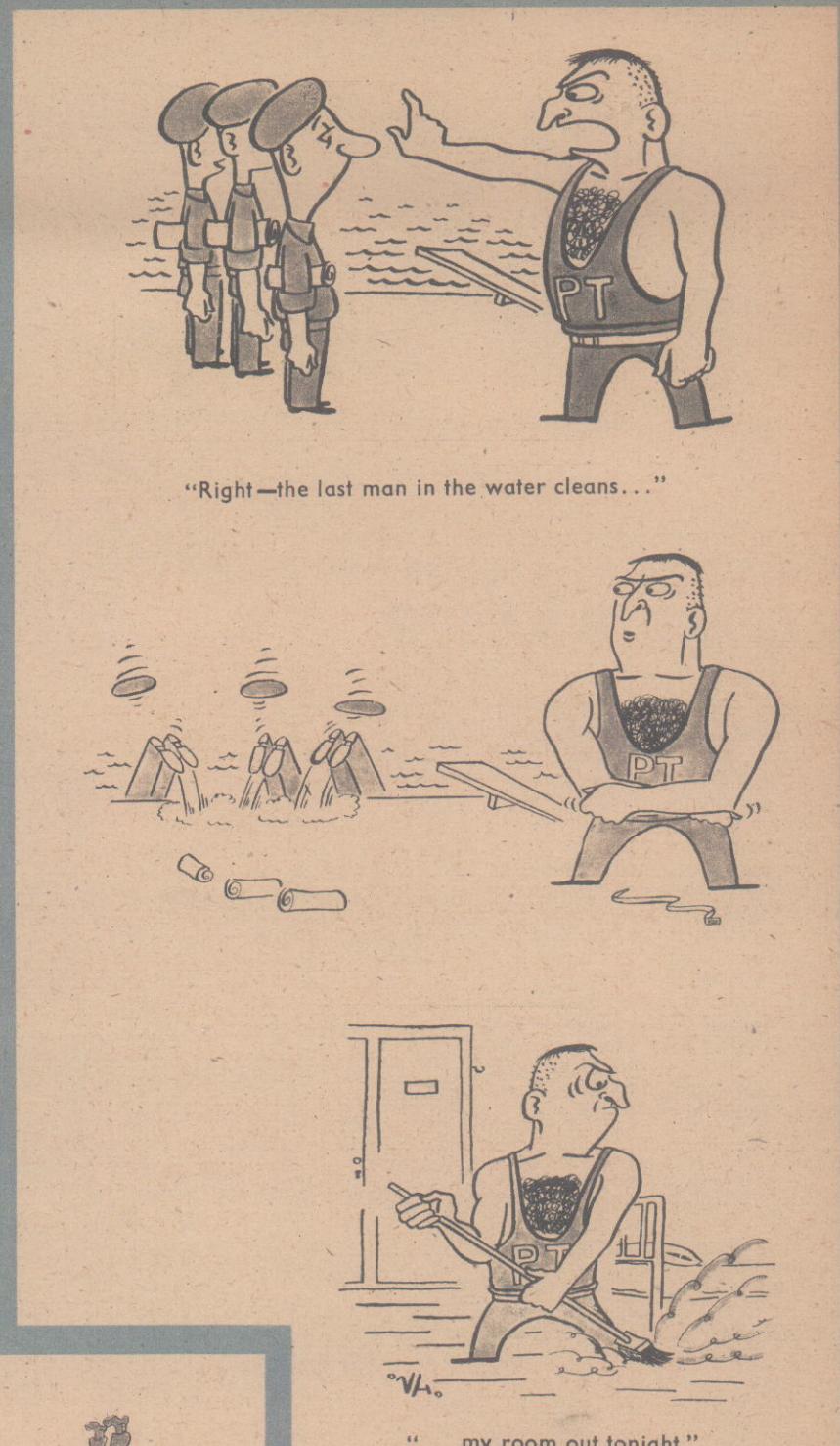
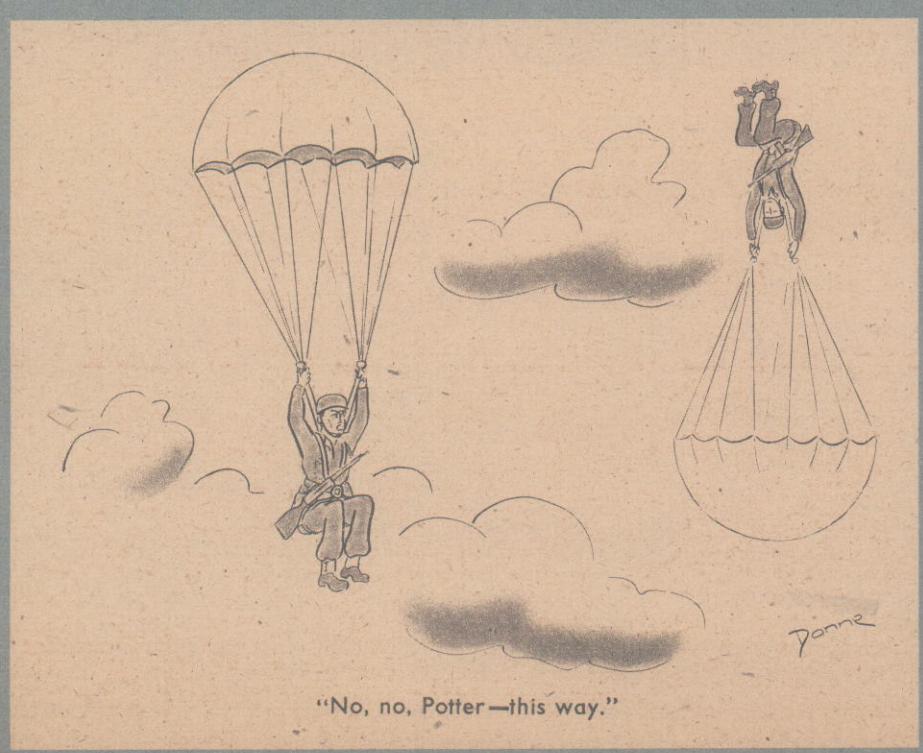
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Police Special Course  
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# LETTER FROM A SOLDIER WHO WORE SCARLET

**A**S an old Volunteer and one who has worn the King's Scarlet I read with some astonishment the details of the so-called "new" uniform (SOLDIER, July).

This of course is not new but simply a modification of the present blue undress patrol. It is in no sense a "full" dress kit.

The Army was denied its traditional full dress kit for walking out and ceremonial after World War One on account of economy. As it turned out it was false economy, for the Regular Army lost many recruits because there was no alternative kit to khaki.

It seems that the same thing is happening now although the Uniforms Committee realise the necessity of some form of coloured kit to stimulate recruiting and *esprit de corps*. Unfortunately they decided to scrap the traditional red coat of the British soldier; that old red coat which for over 200 years before khaki was introduced was respected and feared all over the world. The reasons given for its abolition, such as difficulty in cleaning and the fact that the public no longer appreciate it as it has been out of sight for so long, seem insufficient and unsatisfactory. Let us hope that other ideas may yet prevail.

The "new" uniform should have a collar and cuffs of the colour of the regiment's facings. The jacket should not be cut too long in the waist. The shoulder straps should be of the facings' colour and not merely edged with it. Cavalry and units other than Infantry should have twisted cord straps.

The beret is sloppy-looking and unsuitable for ceremonial kit. It

should be replaced by the peaked cap for undress and a neat light shako should be re-introduced for the Infantry for ceremonial. Other units should wear their time-honoured full head-dresses. Keep the beret for mechanised regiments. Officers need a different uniform from Other Ranks and this should be cut in form and style as in the pre-war full dress. A grant towards its cost should be made by the Government. To abolish the sword for officers is a mistake. The sword is an emblem of rank. The same goes for spurs. Officers of Field rank and over should wear them.

Household troops and bands of regiments should wear "full" dress on ceremonial occasions, especially in London. This would help to attract visitors from abroad and aid recruiting.

Battle-dress may be comfortable but protects neither abdomen nor kidney regions. It is a return to the short coatee and shell jacket worn in the Crimea and condemned. It needs redesigning on the lines of the Australian 1914 skirted blouse.

These reflections on your article are those of one who has long studied the subject in all its aspects.

Capt. Russell V. Steele, RAMC.  
Penrhyn Lodge, Gloucester Gate,  
London NW1.



ed so far consists of transparent plastic between two sheets of transparent glass." (Marine Corps Gazette.)

## SUPER WHISTLE

"Strategic Air Force Commander, Gen. George C. Kenney, in an address before Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduates said he could conceive of an airplane equipped with a sort of super whistle that could fly around a city for a while and upset the nervous system of the whole population." (Infantry Journal.)

## MUMMY-SHAPED

"With Arctic maneuvers scheduled for this fall and winter, the Quartermaster Corps is working on a new type inflatable sleeping pad for troops who have to bed down on the ground. The idea is to provide an air space between the man's body and the ground to prevent the loss of body heat by conduction.

"The mattress being field-tested is a mummy-shaped nylon pad coated with butyl rubber. A cradle cross section provides a hollowed-out effect to help overcome the tendency of a sleeper to roll off an air mattress. It is expected to be superior to wool or down-filled pads." (Infantry Journal.)

## Answers

(from Page 33)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. People in the "sticks", or rural areas, say "no" to British films.
2. A uniform. 3. (b). 4. I would say that that "that" that sentence contains is superfluous. 5. (a).
6. Edgar Wallace. 7. A gold mine (and formerly the name for Hyderabad). 8. A Nuncio. 9. (c) Distrait; (e) means absent-minded, inattentive. 10. (a) Hamlet; (b) Twelfth Night; (c) Merry Wives of Windsor. 11. Milan. 12. My darling (Irish). 13. (a) omnibus; (b) Pluto. 14. Tripolitanian District.

### CROSSWORD

ACROSS: 3. Frothy. 6. Brawl. 7. Oases. 9. Ostler. 12. Dent. 13. Dude. 15. Unite. 16. Neap. 18. Neat. 20. In hate. 23. Aside. 24. Orion. 25. Gladness. — DOWN: 1. Abandon. 2. Capon. 3. Flat. 4. Oboe. 5. Yield. 8. Ardent. 10. Stupid. 11. Leith. 14. Entrant. 17. Easel. 19. Eerie. 21. Need. 22. Anon.

# SOLDIER Bookshelf

## Monty's Umbrella

**C**OLONEL Dick Malone was one of those people with a grand-stand view of the war.

A newspaperman, he was called up from the reserve of officers in 1939 and he served as staff secretary to the Canadian Defense Minister; as a staff-captain in England; as a Brigade Major at the Sicily D-Day; as personal Canadian liaison officer to F-M. Montgomery in Sicily and Italy and again in Normandy; he founded the Canadian Army newspaper *Maple Leaf* and was in charge of Canadian Army public relations in NW Europe. Finally he went out to the Pacific as head of a Canadian liaison mission to General MacArthur's headquarters.

So it is not surprising that he should write a book about it all. In "Missing from the Record" (Collins, 12s 6d) he writes frankly about intimate matters of high Command and high policy. Particularly is he frank about the Canadian problems of command—the reasons for General McNaughton's resignation, the conscription question in Canada, and General Crerar's relations with F-M. Montgomery.

Colonel Malone is a Monty-worshipper and he enriches the collectors of Monty-lore with a whole fund of stories about the "Master" and his entourage at TAC headquarters in Italy ... "Monty instructed me to buy him an umbrella when I was just leaving on a trip to Bari ... Seeing my surprise, Monty said 'Well, what is peculiar about that? Why shouldn't I carry an umbrella? I don't want to get wet. No reason why I shouldn't at all. Alexander the Great used to carry an umbrella into battle and I understand the Japanese soldiers carry umbrellas also. Away you go,

don't look at me in that queer way. Get me a good umbrella and mind you don't pay more than seven-and-six for it.'

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

Colonel Malone believes the reason the war was not over before the end of 1944 was the splitting of command in Europe. When Monty sent the airborne forces to Arnhem he was commander of all land forces, but by the time he wanted to use American divisions to make good the Arnhem plan they were no longer under his command. "He pleaded with Eisenhower for the loan of a few American divisions to complete the job but was turned down ... instead of exploiting the brilliant British success which had carried our forces to the border of Germany the American divisions would be employed to 'attack the enemy equally on all fronts'."

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# LETTERS

## TOO MANY BADGES?

As a regular of 21 years standing, I should like to air my views on Army badges of rank, skill at arms and so on, which exasperate me.

(1) There is nothing to differentiate between RQMS, QMS (Clerk of Works ES) or equivalent, and sergeant-major.

(2) There is no difference between S/Sjt or CQMS or equivalent.

(3) Certain units (mainly cavalry) wear useless badges which confuse sergeants and staff-sergeants.

(4) Why must BG & LG and other badges be alike and be worn in the same position as a WO II's?

(5) Why must SQC (Household Cavalry) wear four stripes upside down as if he were a Dane?

(6) If artificers, farriers, saddlers, wheelers, wireless operators, drivers and so on wear badges, why not give carpenters cross jack planes, plumbers cross pipe grips and so on? Or scrap the lot.—S/Sjt. W.R. Mantle, 208 DCRE.

Anti-Aircraft Regt., and says:

"... to date six families have reinforced its ranks with two of their members. They are: BQMS and Sjt. R. C. Arkell, husband and wife; RSM Iris Barnard and CSM Joan Southwell, mother and daughter; RSM A. E. Bradding and Private E. R. Baker, uncle and niece; Sjt. Hester and Lance-Corporal Heather Woods, mother and step-daughter; Sjts. M. E. and I. E. Rogers, sisters; and BSM and Corporal Henley, brother and sister."

## JOIN HERE

Which units in the London TA have ATS members?—Miss M. L. Davey, 108 Baker Street, W1.

★ Nearest to you are 568 Searchlight Regt., Regent's Park Barracks, Albany Street, NW1; 1st AA Corps Signals, 206 Brompton Road, SW3; 499 HAA (London Welsh) 1a Iverna Gardens, Kensington SW7.

## EXCHANGING JOBS

I have volunteered as a permanent staff instructor in the TA. If the posting comes off can I change TA units with another instructor, provided he is willing? Also, can I state a preference for the Parachute Regiment?—Sjt. D. W. Herring, DCLI, 6 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, Catterick.

★ As a general rule you cannot exchange postings, not because the Army is unsympathetic but because if everyone did it there would be administrative chaos. You may state a preference, but usually only trained parachutists are chosen for the Airborne units.

## PROVOST OFFICERS

Why are there no officers in the Corps of Royal Military Police?—Pte. A. Slade, 23 Quartering Office, RASC.

★ Provost officers are required to have served with their regiments first in order to have experience of other Arms, and to avoid any narrow-minded outlook. The normal term of service is for three years after which they return to their regiments. They can apply for a further secondment later. Actually there is one CRMP officer: the quartermaster.

## BICYCLES

Sjt. Meunier says (SOLDIER, August) there is nothing to stop a man taking his cycle back with him to Germany from leave. When I was posted here I was obliged to leave my cycle with the embarkation unit at Harwich. I was told it would be sent home if I paid the fee of 11s. 11d. There was plenty of room on deck.—A Cyclist, BAFO.

★ Sjt. Meunier was lucky. Officially cycles should not be taken on troopships. The best way is to get a freight firm like Hogg, Robinson and Capel-Cure of Hamburg to transport it.

## "CONFISCATED"

There is a rumour that the Customs are confiscating all radios. Is this correct? — **Pte. R. Cowdall, 94 British Mil. Hospital.**

★ The rumour was probably started by someone who tried to smuggle a set through, and was caught. Normally all sets are allowed through provided you are willing to pay tax and duty.

## POW's MEDALS

Captured in 1940, I escaped in April 1945 and served with the Americans until the end of hostilities. Many POW's captured with me have received the France and Germany Star as well as the 1939-45 Star. I have applied twice for this campaign Star but have received no reply from Records. — **Sjt. F. M. Everett, RHA, Civilian Labour Office, Berlin.**

★ You will find in ACI 829/45, which covers most medal problems, that prisoners who had qualified for the 1939-45 Star at the time of capture will have qualified for the France and Germany Star only if they were captured after D-Day. Even though the time spent in operations and as a POW may be more than six months, such service will not qualify you for a Star in addition to the 1939-45. You can, however, qualify for other stars if you performed operational service after your escape in the prescribed areas. Records are busy on thousands of queries over awards.

## GENERAL SERVICE

I was in Singapore from 17 November 1945 to 23 October 1946. Can I wear the General Service Medal? If so, does it come after the Defence Medal and War Medal? — **Sgtm. A. G. D. Heath, 1st. British Corps District Signal Regt.**

★ No, it is awarded for service in Java, Sumatra and French Indo-China. When awarded for the above theatres it comes after the War Medal; but anyone who won it for service before the war wears it before the campaign ribbons.

## OAK LEAF

You say the bronze oak leaf emblem is awarded for a "mention" won between the wars. Is there an ACI on this? — **ORQMS. J. Malloch MBE, Stirling Castle.**

★ Not yet. But you will see a reference in White Paper Comd. 7035 of February 1947.

## PUPPY LOVE

L/Cpl. Ryan (SOLDIER, August) completely misses the point when he cites divorce figures in England as a reason for assuming that marriages between British troops and German girls will be successful. He should study the divorce rate in Germany and bear in mind the abnormal state of affairs brought about in every country by a six years war.

By all means let British troops marry their frauleins if they love and respect each other and are prepared to meet their obligations to society when they set up home in England. But I feel far too many are too young and so misled by that peculiar "mysticism" that

surrounds a foreign girl in a foreign land to shoulder the heavy responsibilities they have accepted.

Let us agree to disagree, Mr. Ryan, but for heaven's sake don't make such absurd statements as "50 per cent of (British) girls have no more idea how to be housewives than they had on leaving school." If the war taught British women one thing it was to be good housewives — to pinch and scrape on meagre rations — yes, meagre, Mr. Ryan although you perhaps didn't notice it while you were in the Army and came home on leave to eat rations that had been saved up for weeks; to keep a house clean on a tiny soap ration; to make and mend because the clothing coupons wouldn't go round; to look after young children without the help and guidance of their father and all on an Army allowance which allowed no margin for pleasure. And in addition to all this we sometimes went out to work in factories, helped clear away the incendiary bombs and cared for the wounded in hospital while our sisters shot German raiders out of the sky. The human memory is very short, Mr. Ryan. — **Mrs. J. S., Married Families, BAOR (Name and address supplied).**

## ANNUAL LEAVE

As a recruit I was told that as we have only two free warrants a year it was legitimate to apply for 15 days every six months instead of ten days every four months. Twice I applied for 15 days but was given only ten. What is the position? — **Pte. J. R. Williams (address supplied).**

★ There is nothing to stop you applying for a whole year's leave at once; whether you get it depends on your CO, who has rosters, releases and duties to consider. Some units cannot spare their men for more than ten days. Others prefer to grant a longer period less frequently.

## NO SEWLROM

I joined the Army as a Regular in 1939 and was released with Group 27 in 1946. After a year in Civvy Street I rejoined the Colours to complete my 12 years contract. As I went out on Class B Reserve my service remains unbroken. Am I entitled to the 28 days end-of-war leave? — **Gnr. M. Illingsworth, 19 Field Regt.**

★ No. ACI 561 of 1946 says: "SEWLROM (Special End-of-War Leave Regular Army Officers and Men) is additional to any other leave to which the officer or OR may be eligible, but personnel who have once been granted release leave will not be eligible for SEWLROM."

## PYTHON

I came to this theatre in June 1944. I am a regular; how long will it be before I complete the Python tour? — **Sjt. D. Munro, Royal Signals, Berlin.**

★ Python tour is normally three years but for regulars already serving on a tour in Europe at 15 November 1946, service from that date counts only half. Therefore you are not likely to remain in BAOR after next January.

(More Letters  
on Page 46)

# ? WHAT IS IT that makes the PAIN GO SO QUICKLY when you take ASPRO?

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# MORE LETTERS

## NO MISTAKES

Having just read my first copy of your excellent magazine (August 1947) I was very disappointed in the mistake on the front cover. You state the pipe-major is in the Black Watch. Perhaps you could explain why he is wearing Royal Stuart tartan and the badge of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.—Spr. C. G. S. Neilson, No. 2 ESB Depot, RE, BTA.

★ Other readers have queried items in the pipe-major's dress. He was correctly attired. Black Watch pipers have a showy red tartan (not Royal Stuart) differing from the ordinary regimental tartan. Both the Black Watch and the Cameron Highlanders badges contain St. Andrew and the Scottish cross.

## TOWER HAMLET

On reading the August issue of your otherwise excellent magazine I find that one of your writers has made a shocking error in omitting one of the best, if not the best, of the Tower Hamlet Regiments that was ever formed ("Tower Hamlet Are Gunners"). In July 1940 a bunch of Londoners were hastily thrown together and formed the 3rd Battalion Tower Hamlet Rifles. After initial training they became motorised and in 1941 joined 5th British Infantry Division and were known as the 5th Recce Regt. They saw service in India, Iraq, Iran, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Sicily, Italy, France, Belgium and Germany, going as far north in Germany as any unit in the British Army. This regiment, of which I was darned proud to be a member from its formation to its breaking-up in Hanover in 1946, had just under four years continuous overseas service to its credit. — RSM. Wells, 12 Heavy Workshop Coy., REME, BAOR.

## REGULAR'S COMMISSION

I entered on a regular engagement after the start of the war and later was given an emergency commission. Do I get the £50 per year for men's service and £100 per year for officer's service? If so, will my service until release count towards this? — Captain, Colombo.

★ Under Article 634 of the 1940 Pay Warrant (see also Amendment 110/44) ex-regular OR's with emergency commissions "granted during a national emergency" who do not wish to re-enlist as regular OR's, will be eligible for gratuities of £50 per year for both commissioned and non-commissioned colour service, plus £50 for each year held in the rank

above WOII, provided total service is not under 15 years. Regulars, when commissioned, must have been on an engagement of at least 12 years.

In short, to qualify for a gratuity you must have been serving on a normal regular Army attestation on the outbreak of war.

## FOR SALE, IF— — —

Are "conditions of sale" allowed in ration stores?

After drawing my NAAFI ration of cigarettes and chocolate I asked for a tin of tooth paste. I was informed that to obtain one I would also have to buy a stick of shaving soap. — Pte. J. W. Titshall, Org. Section, GHQ 2nd Echelon, BAOR.

★ NAAFI say that no conditional selling is authorised. They have never had a complaint of this kind.

## Hundreds of Readers —

— are sending their copy of SOLDIER home after they have read it. This is an idea to be encouraged, but don't forget that each copy requires —

## A Penny Stamp

## LARGE AS LIFE

I would like to add to "Green Berets" letter (SOLDIER, July) that there are three Commandos in complete organisation—40, 42 and 45 and Brigade HQ, to which are attached individual Army Commandos from 1 and 5 Commandos who were in Hong-Kong.

The catering staff in my unit are ACC men from an Army Commando. This means that a Commando Force is in existence out here ready for any special needs anywhere. I cannot understand why so many people look incredulous when they see a Commando at home. We are proud of our green berets and we are as large as life. — Mne. L. Underhill, 45 Commando.

## GERMAN CARS

I believe the cars BKW, DKW and BMW were of German manufacture. Are they still being manufactured, and if so, where? — CQMS. Anderson, 37 MSD, RASC.

★ No. Some of the features of the BMW car can be seen, however, in the Frazer Nash's two-seater sports model and the Bristol Aeroplane Company's 2-litre—the new "Bristol".

## Two Minute Sermon

One of the greatest assets in life is the ability to see the other chap's point of view. Most of us see only our own and we don't see that very clearly sometimes. It is so easy to find fault and criticise and we do far too much of it as a rule. What we don't realise is that there may be reasons for the other chap's actions. It is all a question of our willingness to understand.

Christ didn't criticise and find fault. He set out to understand men and women and to help them. And so He does now. He is your real friend because He understands you.

## SOLDIER Photographs

In certain cases SOLDIER can supply prints of photographs appearing in this magazine. The charges are 1s 6d for half-plate prints, 2s 6d for whole-plate. A preliminary letter should be sent to ascertain that prints are available. Address: Photographic Dept., SOLDIER, The War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1.

## EDUCATIONALIST?

My young brother is about to start his National Service in the Army. He has had a public school education, has a very good Higher School Certificate and a very good matriculation. He is bilingual in French and English. Does he stand any chance of doing his National Service in the Royal Army Education Corps, and how does he apply to join that arm of the service when he has finished his initial basic infantry training? — S/Lieut J. H. Calviou, RN, Trinity Hall Cambridge.

★ He stands a good chance of joining the RAEC, if he mentions his choice when interviewed by the Personnel Selection Officer at the Training Centre. If he is unsuccessful at first he can apply for a transfer later under the terms of ACI 189/46. The normal minimum age limit is 19 but this is lowered in exceptional cases.

## UPLIFT

In which country is the largest floating crane and what is its weight-lifting capacity? — Pte. A. G. Heitzman, Walsall.

★ The German "Demag" Crane operating at Kiel is dimensionally the largest floating crane in existence. It is one of four cranes made by Demag Aktiengesellschaft of Duisburg. Its maximum weight lifting capacity is 350 tons, which is the same as the crane built by Cowans, Sheldon & Co. Ltd. of Carlisle for Mitsubishi Shoji Kaisha, of Japan.

## CLOSE ARREST

I was tried by Court-Martial and found not guilty and dismissed. Before trial I was held under close arrest for 21 days. As I won my case am I entitled to any leave or extra pay for the period I spent under close arrest? — (Name and address supplied).

★ No. But as you were found not guilty you will get back pay for the period you spent under close arrest, when pay automatically stops.

## PAIFORCE

Has a book been published on Paiforce Command, which did so much to get supplies to Russia? — W. J. Wedge, 57 HAA Regt. RA, Grays.

★ No, but there is an American book, "Persian Gulf Command", by Joel Sayre, which describes this work. It is published by Random House, New York.

## BLUES

While in Berlin I have seen WO's wearing regimental blues. Can you tell me if a private soldier is allowed to wear them? — Pte. M. Cousins, 1st Bn. York and Lancaster Regt, BTB.

★ A soldier of any rank in personal possession of blue patrols may wear them in the evenings when off duty. Blues may not be worn before 1800 hrs.

# SOLDIER

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## SMALL TALK

PUNTERS long deprived of the pleasure of backing the three-thirty at Newbury may take heart again. The Army is handing back the race-course, used as a wartime dump for American equipment.

\*

Financial note: Blighty, Forces' humorous weekly of two world wars, has been acquired by the News of the World.

\*

Fining a young Scots Guardsman half-a-crown for riding a bicycle without a light, the Mayor of Windsor (Alderman Fuzzens) said: "I will pay this fine myself because the Scots Guards have been so very good to me and to Windsor during my year of office."

\*

To "boost morale", American Servicewomen are to be given uniforms with longer skirts this autumn, thus conforming with fashion.

\*

Sport director of America's crack military Academy, West Point, used to be called Master of the Sword. He has now been renamed Director of Physical Education.

\*

In a North London workshop, three ex-REME men are producing toys and gadgets out of surplus Government stock. In the Army they did it for a hobby with junk that was lying around; now they are making a living at it. Their latest: a noise detector which tells you if the baby is crying upstairs, even if the room you are in is full of active boogie-woogie fans.

## FIRST DIVISION HISTORY

SOLDIER is asked to state that the history of First Infantry Division has now been published. There are two volumes: Anzio campaign, and Florence to Monte Grande. Both contain maps and photographs. Price of each volume is 4s. Copies are obtainable from "G" Branch (DH) HQ 1 Inf. Division, British Forces in Palestine. Payment by PO or cheque (which must include 1s 3d for ME bank charges).

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