

SOLDIER

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GUARDS GENERAL

Major-General Julian Alveray Gascoigne CB, DSO commanding London District and the Household Brigade. (See Page 17)

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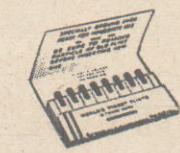
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100 YEARS ON TARGET

A century ago, a new rifle began to replace Brown Bess, and the Army set up a School at Hythe to teach — for the first time — real marksmanship

FOR 100 years, the ancient Cinque Port of Hythe has enjoyed military fame — not only in Britain but throughout the world — as the home of small arms.

Here, the Infantryman's personal weapons are tested and taught by a small highly-skilled corps, who can make any weapon "sit up and talk." Here the experts can produce the answer to almost any question on firearms. And here is one of the finest collections of Infantry weapons in the world.

This Small Arms Wing of the School of Infantry is housed in barracks which were built for troops awaiting Napoleon's invasion. There are Martello Towers on the Army's land, and the squat Grand Redoubt on the sea wall contains ammunition as no doubt it did 150 years ago.

Hythe's crack shots are hand-picked. They are posted out of their own regiments into a corps with a tradition of its own: the Small Arms School Corps. It has two officers, about 100 warrant-officers and senior non-commissioned officers, but no corporals or privates. After the

Royal Military Academy Band, which oddly enough is a corps, it is the smallest in the British Army.

Once a man joins the Corps, he remains an instructor for the rest of his service, although he may find himself stationed at the Ministry of Supply's experimental establishment at Pendine, Wales or the Support Weapons Wing at Netheravon on Salisbury Plain. Replacements — seldom more than four or five a year — are picked from outstanding students, and there are some 500 non-commissioned officers to choose from.

No other formation can boast such a number of star shots. The Queen's (formerly King's) Medal for the champion Army marksman has frequently gone to a Hythe man. It has even gone to a father and son, both instructors at varying times. The slick bolt action by the average member of the Corps never fails to impress visitors, particularly foreigners. When an American officer recently saw Staff-Sergeant Jock McCurdy calmly score 35 hits in one minute with a No. 4 rifle, he christened him "Sergeant Automatic."



Right: Instructors, 1853 and 1953. The uniform on the left, and the whiskers, were worn by the early members of the Corps of Instructors.



The Patchett gun, one of Hythe's latest "subjects," is already on active service.

100 YEARS ON TARGET

(Continued)

Just as the barracks in which the Wing is housed indirectly owe their existence to Napoleon (they were built for the troops defending the coast against French invasion), so the Corps owes its beginning to another Frenchman named Minie. He brought out a gun with a rifled barrel which, a century ago, began to replace the smooth-bore Brown Bess, the Infantryman's best friend since the days of Marlborough.

The Army already had the Baker rifle, but it was used only by the Rifle Brigade and 60th Rifles. Although far more accurate than Brown Bess (it could hit a man at 300 yards, which the Bess could rarely do at 40 yards) it took much longer to load, as the bullet had to be rammed down the rifled barrel.

Minie invented a bullet which was smaller than the calibre of his rifle but which, on being fired, expanded to fit the rifling. As this weapon was reasonably accurate up to 600 yards, the great change-over was started. It took nearly ten years, and in the middle the Crimean War broke out. As a result, half the Army fought the campaign with the Bess and half with the Minie.

It was the Commander-in-Chief, Viscount Hardinge, who realised that, because of this increased accuracy, the Army would have to study ballistics seriously. So



he founded the School of Musketry in August 1853 and since then every new design of rifle has been tested there. There were only three sergeant-instructors in those days (the first members of the Corps of Instructors) who wore impressive side-whiskers and red tunics. On an early course was a general earmarked as Inspector-General of Musketry and it was deemed advisable that he should first qualify. On the

range he repeatedly failed to hit the target, so in desperation he called his fellow students together and proclaimed: "Gentlemen, my unalterable conviction is that the bayonet is the true weapon of the British soldier."

Breech loading was introduced in 1866. In 1888 the magazine was invented, and at the same time the calibre was changed to .303 (at one time it was as large as .760). "Our policy," says the Chief Instructor, Lieut-Colonel N. J. Dickson DSO, Northamptonshire Regiment, "has never changed. It is to teach men to shoot to kill and not to waste their ammunition." In 1866 a round cost a half-penny. Today it costs sixpence.

In 1919 the School of Musketry became the Small Arms School. Seven years later the Support Weapons Wing was started (it is responsible for the machine-gun being incorporated in the corps cap-badge). In 1940 the section dealing with proofing and experimenting was sent to Pendine. After World War Two Hythe became the Small Arms Wing of the newly-formed School of Infantry. The old Corps of Instructors had been rechristened the Small Arms School Corps in 1929.

Unlike some Army Schools, Hythe does not train private soldiers. A student must have reached the rank of corporal. Each year some 750 students — more than a third of them officers — come for eight-weeks courses in platoon weapons, and 250 others for shorter refresher courses.

Today's student, reaping the benefit of a century's teaching experience, faces a tougher programme than did his predecessor: roughly ten major weapons to master, plus a number of lectures on fire-power theory and range work. In instructing he is allowed greater latitude in putting over his subject. At one time the Army spoke of weapon training being too "Hythe-bound," and even until 1939 a supervising

officer walking past half-a-dozen squads engaged in the same lesson could hear the instructors reaching the same point together and using identical sentences. Today they are encouraged to express themselves in their own words.

At one time the lessons were leisurely affairs with a squad of ten students taking it in turns to handle the weapon. Today the rule is "maximum activity," with a weapon for each man or at least one between two. It is a stiff course. On a summer's evening it is one of the sights of the camp to see students "instructing" trees and bushes. Says Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor Douglas Maber: "Often I have heard a student say to a bush, 'Fall in on the right there. For inspection port arms. This period we are dealing with...'"

Students have a simple entrance examination, with further written and oral tests during the course until they come to the final examination in instructional ability. Over the years, with the advance in weapons, the questions have grown more technical, but the tests are much fairer than they were. A student of the 1860's has recorded that when asked "With what do you pour the water into the rifle barrel?" and he replied, "With a pannikin or the palm of the hand," he was failed. He should have said, "With care."

Students are not the only ones to use unusual methods of lesson preparation. Newly appointed instructors, and even those who have been years at Hythe, go through their lessons each evening in their own quarters. If they are married they often ask their wives to hold the pamphlet and check their sequence while they "instruct" the fireplace, or even the dog. Said one: "My wife could give a basic lesson on the rifle at any time."

The wives take part in the social life of the Wing. They have their own .22 rifle club and



The latest anti-tank grenade, the Energa, is fired from a rifle and weighs only 21 ounces.

Left: By the Royal Military Canal, a student of the Small Arms Wing does his home-work.

"Pay attention at the back there..." If you can't have a squad to rehearse with, a tree will do.



one of them is unofficial "mistress of arms." Instructors' sons also shoot, and many of Hythe's crack shots find they have to keep up their best standard when competing against their families.

Hythe sends its instructors on tours of duty to all Infantry Brigade depots, Sandhurst, Eaton Hall, the Infantry Boys' Battalion, West Africa and the Caribbean. In addition, teams of two warrant officers and two sergeants are sent on short tours to Germany and the Middle East, running brief courses at various garrisons.

The Hythe and Netheravon instructors are the first soldiers to handle a new Infantry weapon, and the War Office hear their verdict before deciding whether it should be issued for further troop trials. When a new rifle is brought out, the Corps subject it to many tests. One of them is to bury it in a truck full of sand, drive the truck at speed over the bumpy ranges, dig out the rifle and press the trigger. If it does not fire they know it will not

stand up to front-line treatment.

Sometimes it falls to members of the Corps to get more out of a weapon than was intended. A war-time student said: "I remember seeing a sergeant watched by some senior officers trying to make the two-inch mortar fire 800 yards instead of 400 by using extra-powerful propelling charges. He almost did it, but the idea was dropped as being too dangerous."

In recent years the Corps has been spreading its fame in America. Explained Regimental Sergeant-Major Arthur Jessop: "At a moment's notice we may be told to send some of our crack shots to America to test out weapons like the new 7 mm rifle. Warrant Officers Harry Thwaites and Alfred Martin, with Instructors Fred Herbert and Douglas Maber, have all been over there and Thwaites is in Canada now."

In the School Museum Mr. John Wilson, the curator, has 1300 exhibits, including 1000 weapons, ranging from matchlock muskets of the early Seventeenth century, which took 15 minutes to load and fire, to modern shot-a-second rifles. A unique weapon is a flintlock musket with a cup discharger in its butt for projecting grenades, dated 1685. The range of bayonets includes the cruciform, which left a dirty wound, and was dropped without being generally issued, and one from Germany with ugly saw-teeth on it.

In his mess dining room, Mr. Harry Horton, officers' mess steward, has some full-length pictures of past inspectors of musketry. One of them is shown mounted on a horse. Mr. Horton says that, according to legend, the general could not afford to pay for a full portrait, so he bought a picture of a mounted general, had the face scraped off and his own painted in.

Once a year the Wing, including many of the civilian staff, have a busman's holiday at Bisley

OVER



Hythe's armourer, Quartermaster-Sergeant M. Cooper (right) looks after 432 rifles and 110 Bren-guns, as well as a variety of other weapons. With him is the School's Regimental Sergeant-Major, RSM A. Jessop.

100 YEARS ON TARGET

(Continued)

Camp, where for a month they take over the range duties for the Army meeting and assist at the National rifle meetings. It was to Bisley that instructors and students were evacuated during World War Two.

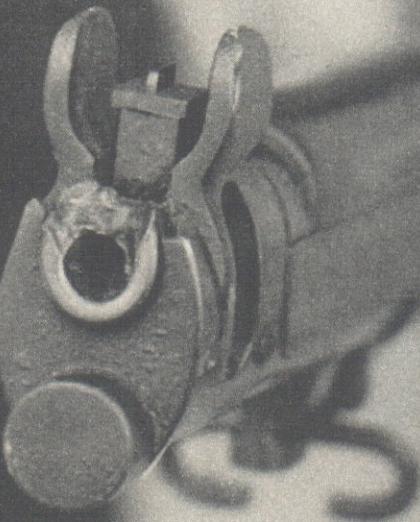
This summer, to mark the School's 100 years, the Wing will receive the Freedom of Hythe. For years Corps instructors have led the town's torchlight procession on Guy Fawkes night and have started off proceedings with their own contribution of fireworks, usually to the value of £50. Local children, at least, are thankful that Viscount Hardinge chose their town for his musketry school.

The daily influx of letters, asking for information on shooting and firearms, is always entertaining. Not long ago the Commandant, Colonel C.V.Britten CBE, Essex Regiment, received a letter from an Army cadet addressed to the "Headmaster, Little Arms College, Hythe." And recently Captain John Parsons, the Adjutant, received from an elderly retired officer a request to turn up the examination results for 1860, as he wished to know how his father had qualified.

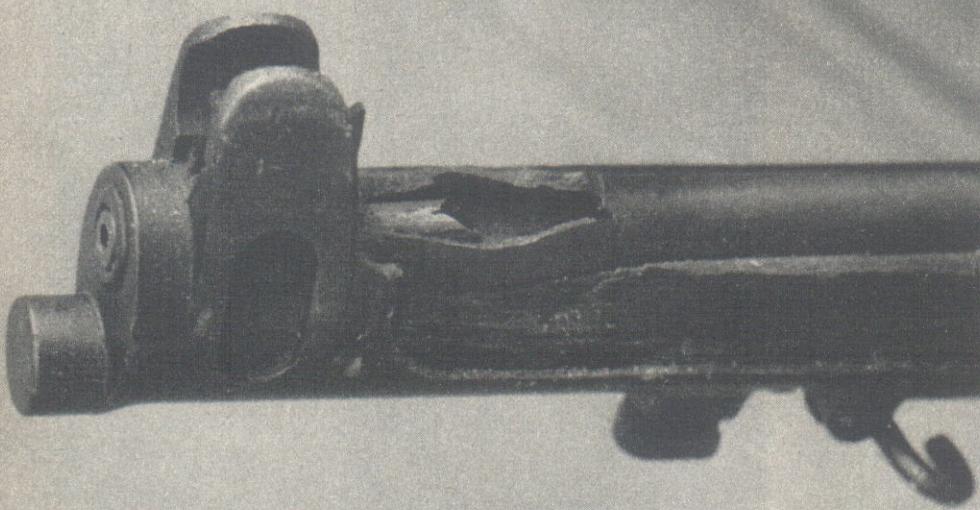
PETER LAWRENCE

AN ENEMY BULLET CAME UP THE BARREL

There are things which could never happen to a rifle, but somehow they do. Hythe collects the results in its museum



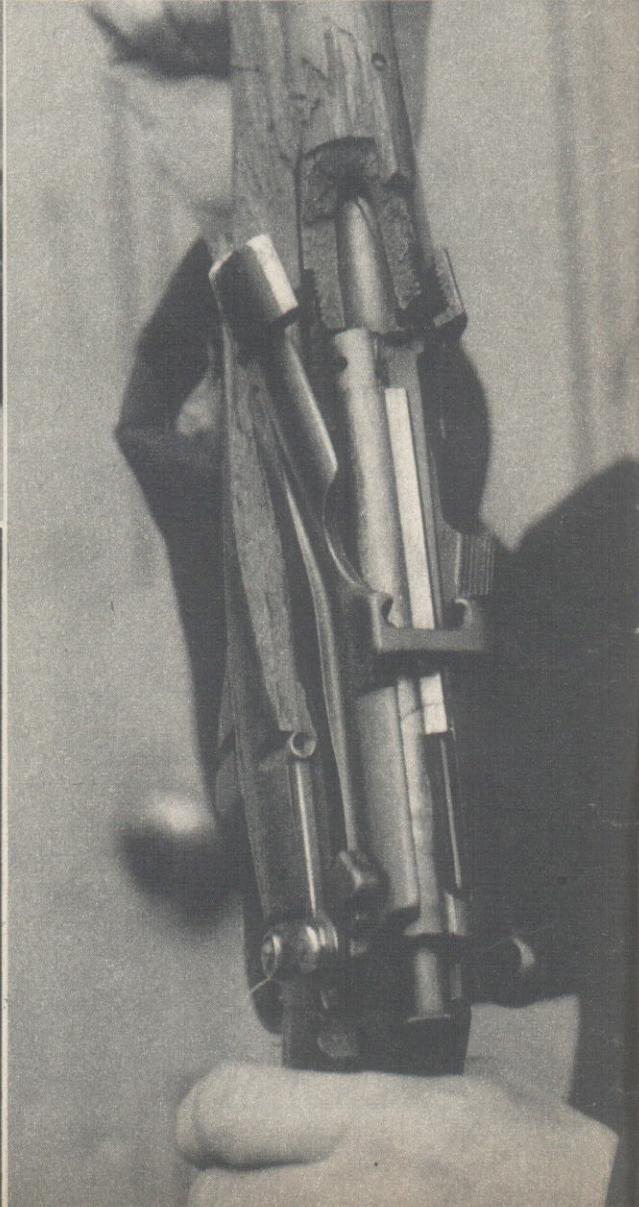
Above: The odds against this happening are even greater than those against winning a big prize in a football pool. At the instant a British soldier fired this rifle, in World War One, a German bullet entered the muzzle, causing the damage seen above. The British bullet was halted and the gases propelling it blew out the breech (see below, right). The two bullets, which did not meet, are still in the barrel.



Above: What happens when you leave the pull-through in the barrel and press the trigger. The pull-through weight is seen in the hole blown in the barrel and at muzzle.



Left: The Home Guard contributed this museum-piece. A man firing a grenade from a cup-discharger used a live round by mistake. The grenade exploded, and the "V" was all that was left of the rifle-barrel.





"IMJIN GARDENS"

How's this for Welfare? On the notorious Imjin River, now frozen, men of the Canadian 25th Brigade have built their own ice hockey rink. The Korean battle line is only a short distance away.

IT was one of those BBC request programmes, on which listeners ask for favourite tunes to be played.

One request was an unusual one. It came from a woman who wanted to hear Army bugles playing Retreat. "I was brought up in the Army," she said, "and that was one of the most powerful memories of my childhood. People don't know what magic there is in growing up within sound of the camp."

The BBC obligingly laid on buglers and another customer was satisfied. What were the thoughts of any Army wives who were listening at the time?

SOLDIER is read by soldiers' wives, who are not slow to criticise; so it may be asking for trouble to suggest that even today, when two out of three Army wives are separated from their husbands, there is still a certain satisfaction in being a soldier's wife. True, most soldiers' wives would rather re-mould the Army to their heart's desire (read the suggestions of Rhine Army wives on Page 19).

But are the ladies always strictly fair? Do they not tend to over-

SOLDIER to Soldier

look the kind of world we live in? Marrying a soldier is not like marrying a civil servant. The Army is never normal; it can never guarantee unalterable tours of duty in calm and sheltered places. Most of the upsets in the Army's domestic arrangements since World War Two are to be blamed on the "cold war" or on the rise of nationalism in the Near and Far East, rather than on lack of imagination in Whitehall. The "cold war" is designed to keep the Army following round the world from one trouble spot to another. All the Army can do, while chasing trouble, is to keep as many families united as possible, but it cannot be expected to rush up married quarters in each and every trouble spot.

Small satisfaction, perhaps for those women who married soldiers in the lull years. Yet whenever the balloon looks like going up, women marry soldiers in greater numbers than ever. There must be something about a soldier — even about being a soldier's wife. And it's amazing how plucky and resilient most of those wives are.

WHEN General John Burgoyne was up against it in the forests of North America, he issued a sharp warning to his troops:

"It is positively ordered that a report of absent men be sent to Head Quarters within one hour after roll calling, in order that parties of Savages may be immediately sent in pursuit, who have orders to scalp all Deserters."

That was one way of dealing with an old military problem. In our less ferocious age deserters are imprisoned if caught; and if not caught, they are — in the fullness of time — pardoned.

The recent decision to grant an amnesty to those who deserted in World War Two must have been a hard one to make. Many soldiers — and not only the self-righteous ones — may feel that it is a hard one to swallow. So may those deserters who surrendered a couple of years ago, in response to appeals, and went behind bars in consequence.

Much has been made, in some quarters, about the fact that deserters have been living all these years "under a shadow." No sym-

pathy need be wasted on them. Persons who, without being detected, stole their employers' money during the war, or committed murder, have also been living "under a shadow"; there is no sympathy for them, nor is there any suggestion that they be pardoned. Since desertion from the armed forces can be a more serious offence, in its consequences, than stealing money out of the till, why, then, pardon the deserter? The answer is that the deserter has been forced to change his identity and surroundings (not always a great hardship), and by British tradition wrongdoers are not permanently outlawed, or condemned to live by illegal means.

It is an unhappy business, but nobody need think that this amnesty will lead to a wave of desertions in the "next war." There were more desertions in the days when an offender was liable to be flogged to death, or scalped by Red Indians.

The deserter receives his piece of paper absolving him; but it is not the sort of paper he is likely to frame over the mantelpiece. In fact, to be issued with such a document for permanent inclusion among his private papers is in itself no light punishment.

50,000 Sorties Over This

An Army Auster guides a patrol into a camp newly bombed by the Royal Air Force. The patrol indicate their position by smoke, and the pilot directs them by wireless. Terrorist cultivation can be seen in foreground.

"Flying a deep jungle sortie is like going for a swim in the cold sea — it's not too bad once you've taken the plunge." Sometimes Army pilots in Malaya guide Royal Air Force bombers to their targets

TO GOC MALAYA: HONOUR TO REPORT 50,000 SORTIES COMPLETED IN 4½ YEARS IN MALAYA (SIGNED) 656 AOP SQUADRON.
TO 656 AOP SQUADRON: BEST CONGRATULATIONS SHOWS HIGH STANDARD OF PERFORMANCE AND EFFICIENCY DETERMINATION AND MORALE AMONG ALL RANKS.

Behind this recent exchange of telegrams lies a sustained feat by Army pilots which no other AOP Squadron — even during World War Two — has come within measurable distance of rivalling.

The story goes back to June 1948. When Malaya's emergency was declared, only 1914 Flight of the already veteran 656 Squadron remained in the Federation. While pilots were rushed to Malaya, Austers began taking off from im-

provised strips on jungle missions. Since then the Squadron has been on continuous active service. Every day has been a flying day. "Flying a deep jungle sortie is like taking a swim in the cold sea," says 32-year-old Major

L. J. Wheeler, commanding the Squadron, who has logged over 1000 flying hours in Malaya. "It looks frightening to start with but it's not too bad once you've taken the plunge. However, after a time the sight of civilisation is very cheering. You feel warm again."

On their low, "bird's-nesting" flights the Squadron's pilots are quick at spotting the jungle gardens which the terrorists have been obliged to organise since the tightening of food control and resettlement of squatters. Recently, however, the terrorists have been using camouflage.

The Auster's normal role is "visual reconnaissance," but in

Malaya it tackles anything. In the bombing of jungle camps, the Austers have lately been guiding Lincolns and Hornets to their targets, dropping smoke markers a few seconds ahead of the bombers.

Performance of engines in a hot, humid climate falls behind that of aircraft at home. On this account, landing strips in Malaya are never shorter than 320 yards, and sometimes machines are not airborne before 300 yards. Storms come up suddenly, and when that happens a pilot must make for the nearest strip, guided if necessary by radio.

In Malaya, Austers, which weigh only 2100 pounds when fuelled and carrying pilot and passenger, as against a jeep's unladen weight of 3136 pounds, have used 897 tons of fuel. On take-offs and landings their aggregate mileage is around 16,000 miles.

Flights 1907 and 1914 have completed 10,000 flying hours in Malaya. In 1949, 1903 Flight went to Hong-Kong and later to Korea, and was replaced in Malaya by 1911 Flight, mostly manned by men of the Glider Regiment. Royal Artillery officers pilot all the other planes.

Prominent people who have been flown in the Squadron's planes include General Sir Gerald Templer, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton and the Bishop of Singapore. The Squadron has declined only one passenger — an American press correspondent who was so burly that he could never have got through the small door of the aircraft. D. H. de T. READE



With the help of a 12th Royal Lancers' "wrecker," an Auster engine is changed on an outlying airstrip.



"Reeking tubes" beside the palms: the Battery's guns are lined up together for the first time since arriving in Malaya, on a calibration shoot.

25-Pounders Strafe The Ulu

Against the matted jungle of Malaya, what can field guns do?

The answer is: plenty. Ask the men of the only Royal Artillery unit in Malaya, 93 Field Battery. This battery fought against Napoleon, and is still making history.

Today the main task of its 25-pounders is to flush the terrorists out of thick jungle into open ground where Infantry can engage them.

Of necessity, the Battery's organisation is unusual. A field battery, normally, is organised in two four-gun troops, but in order to provide more fire units, 93 Battery is split into three troops. This gives fine opportunities for junior officers and NCO's to develop self-reliance, and, according to the Battery Commander, Major H. E. Rudder, they grasp those opportunities fully.

Presence of the 25-pounders raises the morale of villagers and deters those who are smuggling food to the enemy. Sometimes, destructive shoots are fired against terrorists' camps, but these are possible only with the assistance of an observation aircraft; firstly, because observation of fire is difficult owing to the thickness of the jungle.

OVER



Gunners of 93 Field Battery, Royal Artillery in action (Photograph: Sjt. Little).

and, secondly, because of the absence of accurate maps and up-to-date meteorological information for working out gunnery data.

The Battery is frequently dispersed throughout Malaya. During one month, "Easy" Troop was in Peral in the north, "Fox" Troop was in action near the south-east tip of the peninsula in Johore, and "George" Troop was supporting the Suffolks in Selangor in Central Malaya. Not to be outdone, the clerks, cooks and signallers of Battery Headquarters manned two guns and fired 195 rounds in support of a police squad in Malacca. Four days later they followed up with a field artillery demonstration at a searchlight tattoo at Seremban.

"Easy" Troop began the month carrying out harassing fire tasks in support of 1/6th Battalion The Gurkha Rifles. Before the end of the month, they had fired 3527 rounds from 12 gun positions and travelled 760 miles in support of the Manchester Regiment, the Worcestershire Regiment and the Malay Regiment, as well as the Gurkhas. A short extract from the battery history covering a period of one week gives some idea of the Troop's activities:

"On 14th the Troop deployed at Ayer Kuning in support of 1 Manchester. Observed shoots were carried out by AOP on basha huts and a suspected food dump. Later... they redeployed at Langkap some eight miles away and carried out HF [harassing fire] tasks... On 15th a flushing task was carried out and then the Troop moved on to a new position at Labu Kabong where an AOP carried out further observed shoots. The gun position was practically unmapped country. After firing 347 rounds the Troop moved back to Ipoh. On the 17th, orders were received to deploy in support of 1 Worcester... A short HF task was carried out after registration by ground OP. The Troop returned to Ipoh on 18th and moved out again the same day for a further operation in support of 1/6 Gurkha Rifles. The RV was at Kubok Merbau. A

★ 93 Field Battery, Royal Artillery was originally formed at Woolwich in 1803 as Capt. Vivian's Company. It fought in the Peninsula and later the China War. As 37 Field (Howitzer) Battery it took part in the Battle of Omdurman during the Egyptian Campaign of 1898 and was the first Royal Artillery unit to use lyddite-filled shells in action.

In World War One the Battery greatly distinguished itself at Le Cateau, during the retreat from Mons, when three Victoria Crosses were awarded.

As 37 Field Battery, the Battery

saw service during the last war.

On the re-numbering of units in 1947 it became 93 Field Battery in 25 Field Regiment. It served in Hong-Kong until 1951, when it was detached for service in Malaya, landing in Singapore in August of that year.

Combined operation: Bombardier Joseph Kulba explains the 25-pounder to Able Seaman Donald Haines, of HMS Concord (on short leave with the Gunners) and SAC Philip Irons, loaned by the Royal Air Force to provide meteorological information for the Battery.

MALAYA REPORT

(Continued)

These Soldiers

DON'T think there is anything softening in that South Seas atmosphere of lilting songs, accompanied by ukulele and guitar. For the soldiers of Fiji — Christians to a man — are numbered among the doughtiest fighters in Malaya.

In action and in sport, the volunteer 1st Battalion of the Fiji Regiment, drawn from the 130,000 population of 280 Pacific isles, has gained a reputation in Malaya second to none. Its motto is "Hunt and kill."

At the Council of Chiefs' annual meeting in 1950, Fiji offered assistance to the late King George VI wherever he might require it. So the 1st Battalion — including a band of 40 — was mobilised for the Far Eastern jungle war. It has been fighting terrorists in the Federation of Malaya since June 1952.

The Commanding Officer is a New Zealander, Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Tinker MC, MM; the second-in-command, Major Cakabau MC, is a Fijian, as are the commanders of the four rifle companies. Of 26 officers, 15 are Fijians, the remainder New Zealanders.

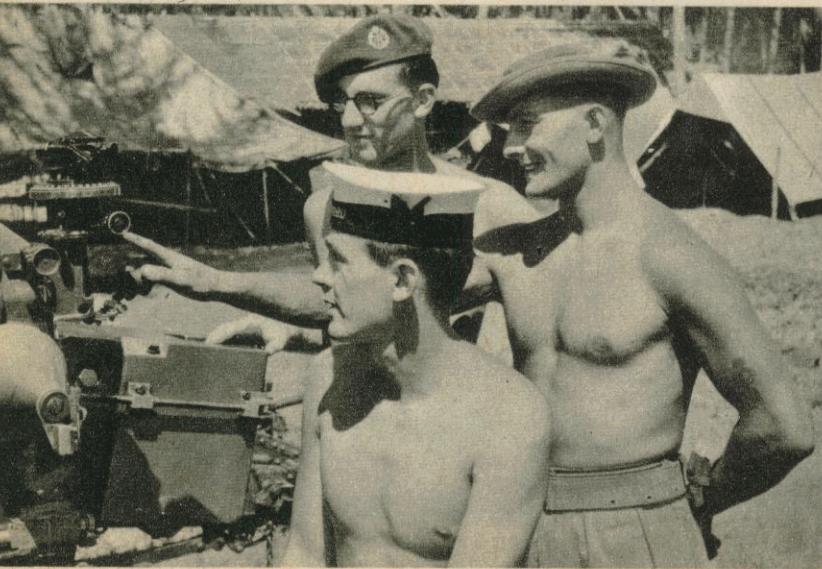
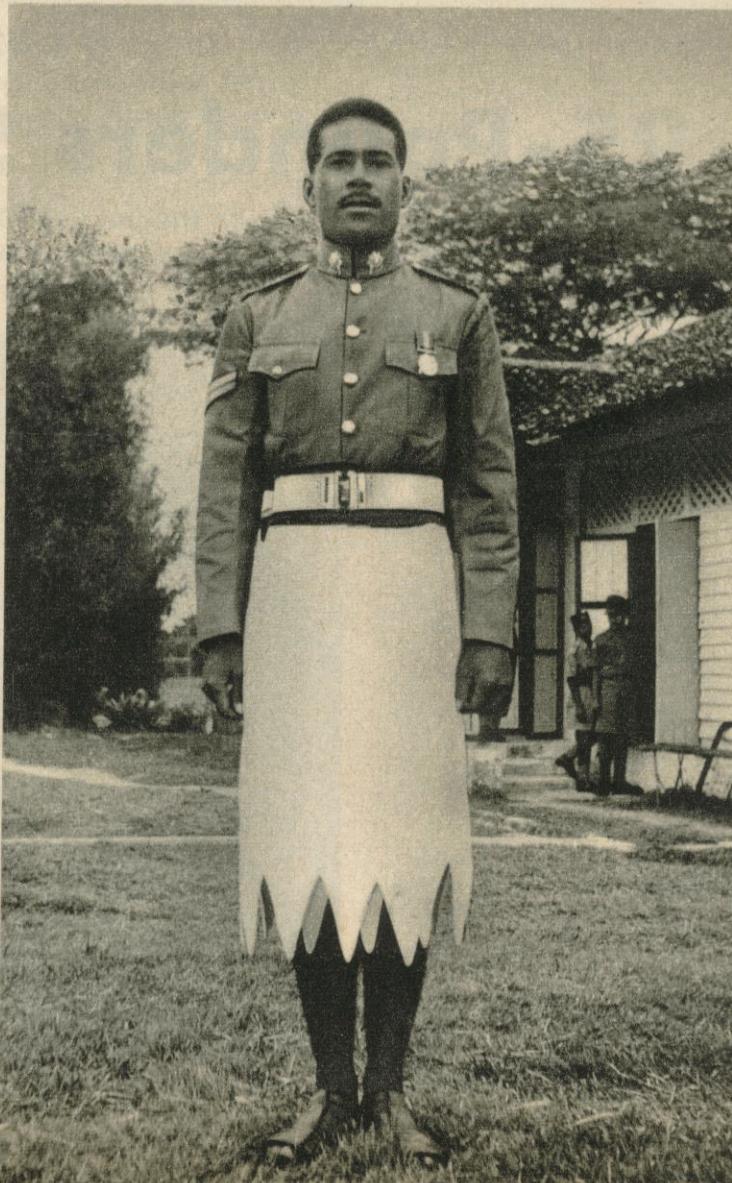
In Malaya the Battalion has operated in some of the worst

terrorist-infested areas. In eight months it killed 33 terrorists, for a loss of one man killed in action.

Private Waisake, of "A" Company, ran after a terrorist, fired all the shots from his carbine and then, when 25 feet off, flung an unprimed hand grenade which hit the man on the head and felled him. At once Private Waisake grabbed his enemy, who had a finger on his shot-gun trigger, and bit his hand to make him let go. "I could not have primed the grenade," said this soldier, "it would have got me too." Not for nothing had Private Waisake learned to throw a cricket ball with accuracy!

Before World War Two the Fijians had little or no military

A bandsman of the Fiji Regiment in his *sulu* (skirt).



Fijian soldiers in Malaya have a dazzling reputation, not only in the jungle but on the rugger field. But they can't raise a boxing team — they're all heavy-weights!

Never do PT (They're Always Fit!)

tradition. They were just carefree, happy, peace-loving people. Their quickly earned military prowess is a romance of soldiering. On the Solomon Islands the Fijian rarely came off worse in his encounters with the Japanese; the 1st Battalion lost 21 dead against 418 Japs "hors de combat." The Fijians are born scouts, unsurpassed with the bayonet, excellent at drill and marksmanship.

"We never do physical training — it's unheard of in the Fiji forces," says the Adjutant, Capt. V. B. Brown, of Marton, New Zealand. "Our men are naturally fit." How many fighting forces can say that?

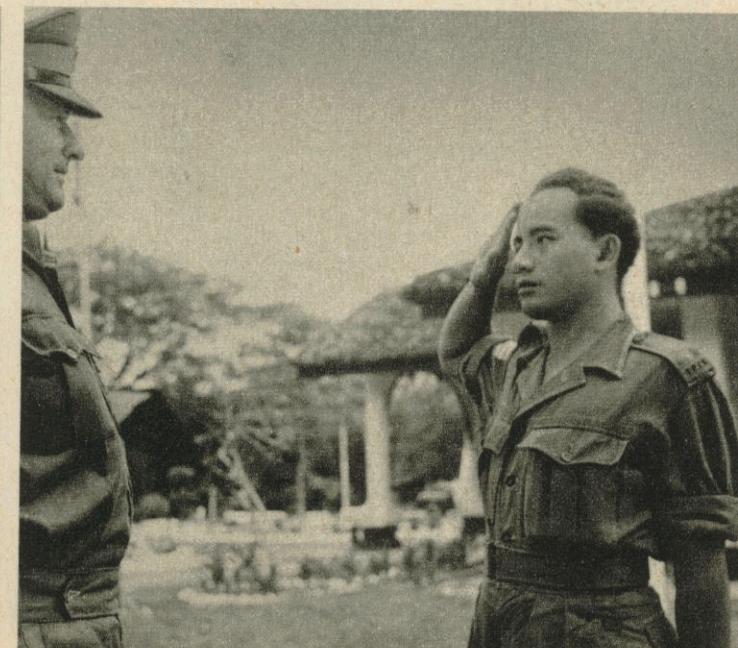
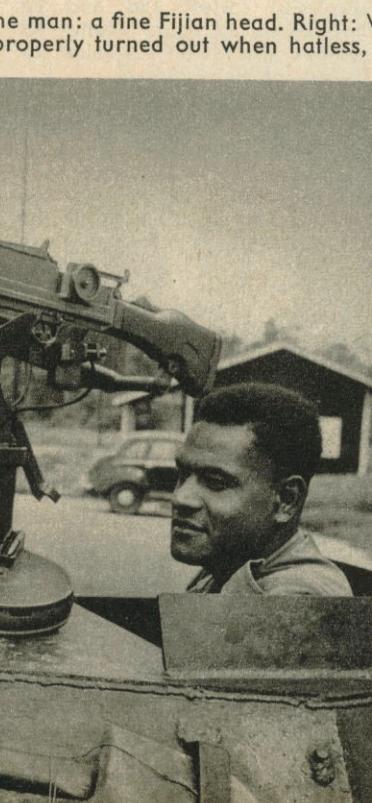
Lieutenant David Major, born in Fiji, says the men not only carry the normal light jungle packs but also the old type valise. He added: "I have seen one man quite happy carrying four days rations, a light machine-gun and six full magazines — from sunrise to sunset."

The normal height for Fijians is about five feet 11 inches. Their average weight is such that the unit cannot provide a boxing team in Malaya because all would be in the light-heavy and heavyweight classes. They have a special ration scale, including yams and tapioca. On patrol and in their lines, they drink their "yagona," made from a powder ground out of a Fiji root. Visitors to the Regiment — whether generals or privates — are always given this drink of friendship.

Malaya's steaming jungles do not worry the Fijians; in many respects the climate is like their own. (At one place in the Fiji Islands the average rainfall is around 150 inches.)

At rugger the Fijians are unbeaten in Malaya. They defeated the 22 Special Air Service Regiment — good by Malayan standards — 47 to nil, and again by 52 to nil. The Cameronians went down by 100 to 8.

The oldest Fijian serving in



A tough jungle quintet: off duty they turn to guitars and ukuleles.

with the Fijians for the rest of my service."

In the late evening, in almost every tent there are little singing parties, with guitars and ukuleles.

The Regimental band, with their unique *sulu* skirt, worn a few inches below the knee and with a triangulated hem, plus scarlet jackets, naturally evokes tremendous interest. The band plays a good deal in the new villages.

D. H. de T. READE

"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby.

UNCLE Toby, in Tristram Shandy, was speaking of Marlborough's men 250 years ago. Off and on, the British soldier has been swearing terribly in Flanders (and everywhere else) ever since.

However, old sweats will testify that there is much less swearing in the Army now — just as there is much less drinking — as compared with 20 or 30 years ago. Either the new generation does not feel the need for so much swearing, or it lacks the talent for it.

The fact that the modern Army is drawn, impartially, from polite and less polite homes accounts for much of the falling off in profanity. Those who were brought up to use four-letter words continue to use them in the Army; those who were not may borrow a crude word now and again, but corruption of speech is not an inevitable result of Army service.

In any event, corruption can work both ways. Early in World War Two a corporal instructor, an ex-Guardsman and military policeman, gazed ruefully at his squad of "superior" recruits to a new kind of Intelligence unit and said: "The RSM told us NCO's not to swear at you chaps because you are all highly educated gentlemen. But you've taught us some new swear words."

Much swearing in the Army, as elsewhere, involves the monotonous repetition of the same handful of short, ugly words. In Shakespeare's day, the soldier was "full of strange oaths"; today he musters only about half a dozen hard-worked words which are in no sense "strange oaths." The same word can serve as noun, verb, adjective and adverb, if need be all in one sentence. Some practitioners are not content with that, and break up a long word to insert the unprintable in it. The result is something like: "I blank well cleaned my blank boots until any blank could see his blank face in them — and that's abso-blank-lutely true." The Australian soldier's passion for such words as "bloody" was satirised in a long poem called the Austra-laise (recently issued for recruiting purposes). A specimen four lines:

Get a — move on,
Have some — sense.
Learn the — art of
Self de — fence.

Really colourful, imaginative swearing is hard to find now. The best examples are to be found in fiction; for instance, in the invective of Serjeant Nelson in ex-Guardsman Gerald Kersh's "They Die With Their Boots Clean":

"Lemme arrange you like flowers in a garden... oh you pretty pretty bunch of soppy-stalked shy pansy-wansies. God definitely

The Army does not swear as much as it used to do. In the good old days, generals set an example of profanity

commissioned officer but not so when used to a non-commissioned officer, or when used in one set of circumstances but not in another..."

The American Army still has an order issued by George Washington in 1776, banning

"the unmanning and abominable custom of swearing," and soldiers of an American division in Korea were recently reminded of it. Yet Washington himself is reported

to have sworn "until the leaves shook on the trees," when he gave one of his generals a dressing down.

Many individual soldiers of lower rank than General Washington have tried to moderate the British Army's language. There was a serjeant of the Third Foot Guards in Wellington's Army who pasted up in the serjeants' room this rhyme:

"It chills the blood to hear the
Blest Supreme
"Rashly appealed to on each
trifling theme.
"Maintain your rank; vulgarity
despise;
"To swear is neither brave,
polite, nor wise."

A popular story of more recent vintage has it that a regimental serjeant-major, ordered to discourage swearing in the battalion, posted up a notice specifying those words which would not be used in future. For decency's sake he phrased the notice on these lines "all words ending in — ell, — arn, — amn, — ash" and so on, except that the endings he instanced were a good deal cruder.

In foreign lands, the British soldier has been accused of taking a perverse delight in teaching bad words to man, child and parrot. Certainly, he has a talent for learning the less desirable words of a foreign language. Robert Graves, in a famous essay on swearing, says that in India the troops were quick to pick up "the one unforgivable insult." Private Frank Richards DCM, MM in his book "Old Soldier Sahib," argued that knowledge of the more lurid Hindustani words was a useful investment. "A native was more afraid of a good cursing in his own tongue than what he was of a boot in his backside or a punch in the belly," he writes.

For all his faults in his choice of language, the British soldier is gentleman enough to control his tongue when there are ladies about. Florence Nightingale's biographer, Cecil Woodham Smith, writing of the Crimea hospital in Scutari, says: "For her sake the troops gave up the bad language which has always been the privilege of the British private soldier. 'Before she came,' ran one letter 'there was cursing and swearing, but after that it was as holy as a church.' And today, any soldier who lets his tongue rip in front of a NAAFI girl will soon be silenced by his comrades.

He may even be told to put a — sock in it.

Blankety-Blank!

blimey, blimey with
thunderbolts, bli-
mey with lightning!
You, you rasher of
wind... Atcho, you
great roasted ox...
C'mon, you parrot-
faced son of a
son... You, you
gorbellied Geor-
die..."

Swearing is not the privilege of any one class in the Army, though if Shakespeare is to be believed, there was some class-distinction in the matter in his day:

"That in the cap-
tain's but a
cholerick word,
"Which in the
soldier is flat
blasphemy."

Privates may swear as fluently as serjeant-majors or generals, but it is to the men with the higher ranks that the reputation for swearing sticks. There was a General Gambier who, inspecting a famous battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, was dissatisfied with the way the men carried out his order to dismount. "Now," he roared, "climb back again, you pack of consumptive little Maltese monkeys." This same general was told by higher authority that if he did not stop using foul and abusive language on parade, he would lose his command. Shortly afterwards his commander-in-chief found him in a fury with a trumpeter and bellowing: "Oh, you naughty, naughty, *naughty* little trumpeter."

General Sir Thomas Picton, who died at Waterloo, was described by Wellington as "a rough, foul-mouthed devil as ever lived." One historian says the sack of Ciudad Rodrigo was dominated by "the voice of Sir Thomas Picton proclaiming damnation to all and sundry." Another swearing general was Sir John Pennefather. No battle was complete, says the history of the Crimean War, without "the grand old Boy's favourite oaths roaring cheerily down through the smoke." When Pennefather took command at Aldershot, an officer reported, "He swore himself in yesterday."

Many have been the attempts to clean up the Army's language. The most drastic were Cromwell's. Said an order of his time: "If any Officer or Souldier shall presume to blaspheme the Holy and undivided Trinity, or the Persons of God the Father, God the Son, or God the Holy Ghost;



or shall presume to speak against any known Article of the Christian Faith, he shall have his Tongue bored through with a red-hot Iron."

In 1655, it is recorded, Robert Hull, "Foot Souldier," was convicted by court-martial of "unlawfull oaths and execrations" and was sentenced to three days imprisonment on bread and water "and afterwards to stand upon a joystool, with a cleft stick upon his tongue, during the space of half an hour... and have a paper fixed on

his breast, written in capital letters, signifying his offence, and after that to be cashiered the Army."

As late as 1860 it was laid down that any officer or man who spoke against any known Article of the Christian Faith would be "delivered over to the Civil Magistrate, to be proceeded against according to Law," and anyone alleged to have used an unlawful oath or execration would be court-martialled. If found guilty, officers were to be publicly and severely reprimanded, soldiers to forfeit 12d for the first offence and for further offences to forfeit 12d and be confined for 12 hours. Money so forfeited was to be set aside for the use of sick soldiers.

Today, "improper language which does not amount to insubordinate language, or cannot be proved to have been used to a superior officer," is meat for the all-embracing Section 40 of the Army Act, which deals with "any act, conduct, disorder or neglect to the prejudice of good order and military discipline."

The Manual of Military Law gives some painstaking advice on this subject. "Great care should be taken to discriminate between mere angry or irritable expressions, and words indicating a deliberate intention to be insubordinate or to resist lawful authority. A soldier in an outburst of momentary irritation or excitement often uses violent language without intending to be insubordinate. Again, allowance must be made for the coarse expressions which a man of inferior education will often use as mere expletives. Such expressions may be insubordinate if used to a



Warriors in an ancient tradition: a group of Samburu spearmen and bowmen, who co-operate with the Army. (Photos: Sjt. R. J. Chatten)

OUT WITH THE SPEARS AND ARROWS

FLUSHING terrorists out of the lonely, overgrown places of the earth looks like being a permanent assignment for the British soldier.

The bush in Kenya may not be so uniformly thick as the jungle in Malaya, but as Kipling said in "Namgay Doolah," most of the miles stand on end.

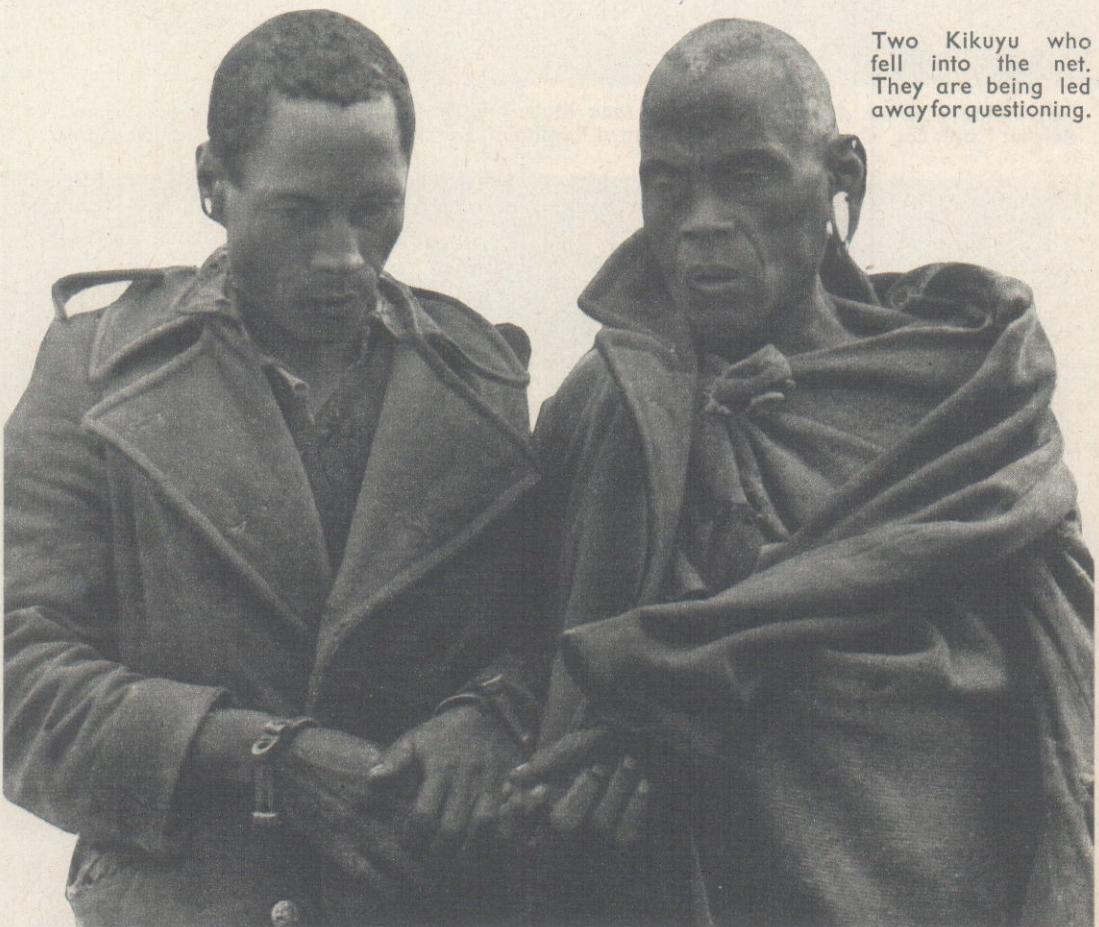
More dangerous than terrorists may be the elephant, rhino and buffalo, which do not like their sanctuaries invaded. Yet this is the type of country that has had to be swept painstakingly by Kenya's security forces, operating against Mau Mau terrorists.

When the state of emergency was declared in Kenya last October, a full rising of the Kikuyu tribe was feared. At once all British soldiers—including the clerks at East Africa Command Headquarters—were formed into internal security units. The East African Training Centre at Nakuru produced companies from the permanent staff and instructors, and the Kenya Regiment (a Territorial unit) was embodied. Simultaneously the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers was flown from Suez to Kenya.

The rising did not materialise, but Mau Mau men began murdering settlers indiscriminately. For this reason it became necessary to sweep the high lands of the Aberdare range, which rise on the west of the Kikuyu Reserve.

Rhino, elephant and buffalo may be as dangerous to troops patrolling in the Kenya bush as the Mau Mau terrorists

Two Kikuyu who fell into the net. They are being led away for questioning.



OVER →



Weapons ready, two Lancashire Fusiliers prepare to search a grass-thatched hut.



Two military police dogs used to hunt Mau Mau. Negrita (right) has caught two suspects. Below: "Staff car" for an officer of the Kenya Regiment, which has a variety of motor transport.



flooded rivers and path-finding through dense thickets.

One big sweep recently completed involved the Lancashire Fusiliers, the King's African Rifles, the police, Kikuyu resistance fighters, Masai and Samburu spearmen and Wandorobo trackers. (The Masai and Samburu tribes are famous warriors and hunters, and the Wandorobo are magnificent trackers and game scouts).

The Lancashire Fusiliers came up the north-west corner of the Aberdares in an operation called Yellow Hackle, while the King's African Rifles and the other troops formed a block on the north-east side. With the Fusiliers were trackers, white hunters, experienced Kenya farmers of the Police Reserve, and civil and military police dogs. Between them they rounded up about 270 suspicious characters.

Giving excellent service was a unit called "I" Force, led by a farmer serving with the Kenya Regiment who gained a great deal of experience in this sort of work in Burma during the war. The force went up into the mountain with its spearmen, Kikuyu resistance men and African Police and combed the ravines and ridges. So difficult was the terrain that no motor transport could be used and all supplies were dropped from spotter planes.

The Kenya Regiment officers and NCO's who led the force were skilled in fieldcraft. One of them went barefoot, even in the cold mountain night, so as to avoid leaving bootmarks which might have warned the Mau Mau gangs.

One night, approaching a forest squatters' hut, patrols heard a snort like that of a buffalo. They quickly moved away, only to find they had dropped the wireless aerial. When they sneaked back to recover it, they again heard the ominous snort of a buffalo about to charge. This time, in a still more hurried retreat, they dropped a battery. After a conference, they decided to wait until daylight; a buffalo in daylight is bad enough but is ten times worse at night. At first light they went back only to find the perpetrator of the snorts was a small donkey tethered to a tree.

While "I" Force were beating the bush the King's African Rifles spread a net for any terrorists who tried to break away. In this way 40 men were caught and three or four killed and wounded whilst trying to escape. Two men captured with large sums of money on them are supposed to have been treasurers of the gangs.

During these two operations the Kenya Independent Armoured Car Squadron covered thousands of miles patrolling roads behind the sweeps, and 156 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Battery helped to reconnoitre the country in an Infantry role.

These sweeps have been keeping the Mau Mau gangs on the run and have made it very unsafe for them to come down to the settled areas for food. This can be seen from the state of the men brought in; they are obviously suffering from malnutrition and exposure. — Report by Major S. R. Galwey, Military Observer, East Africa Command.

SPEARS AND ARROWS

(Continued)

to 12,000 feet. These slopes are cut into thousands of deep ravines, many of them choked with impenetrable bush and cedar forest.

The Kikuyu reserve proper consists of similar broken country cut up by innumerable little valleys and ridges. It is well wooded, and where there is no bush there are banana plantations and fields of tall maize, all affording good cover to wrong-doers. Patrols reporting after operations give graphic accounts of sliding down muddy tracks, fording

Another Big Parade for The General

SOLDIER's front cover this month shows Major-General Julian Alveray Gascoigne CB, DSO, General Officer Commanding London District and Major-General Commanding the Household Brigade.

He is wearing full-dress uniform, as he will when he rides in the Coronation procession. By virtue of his appointment, he is now the only general officer who regularly wears full dress.

Traditionally, a Guards general commands London District. His troops guard the Royal palaces and provide the Sovereign's escort on ceremonial occasions, like the opening of Parliament. Ordinarily, the ceremonial highlight of the year is the Trooping the Colour on the Sovereign's birthday. To Major-General Gascoigne, however, have fallen two high State occasions which make most exacting demands on the military: the funeral of King George VI and the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

All troops on parade in London on the day of the Coronation, in whatever capacity, including those from overseas, will be under the command — for the day — of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Major-General Gascoigne will be acting on this day as the Field-Marshal's deputy.

He will be responsible for the camps in which the troops live in London until Coronation day, and for their discipline and marshalling. His Staff, in co-operation with officials from Buckingham Palace and the Earl Marshal's office, have already organised rehearsals of the procession and, no doubt, have agreed on such points as the removal of traffic islands.

General Gascoigne, son of Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Gascoigne, joined his father's regiment, the Grenadier Guards, from Sandhurst in 1923. He represented the fifth generation to belong to the Regiment.

In 1942 he was commanding the 1st Battalion when it was motorised to take its place in the Guards Armoured Division. In 1942 and 1943 he commanded 201st Guards Brigade, fought with it on the Mareth Line and at Salerno, gained the Distinguished Service Order in Italy, and was severely wounded.

From 1947 to 1949 General Gascoigne was Deputy Commander of the British Joint Services Mission in Washington. He took over command at the Horse Guards in 1950.

Medals and decorations worn by General Gascoigne (see front cover) are: Companion of the Bath, Distinguished Service Order, 1939-45 Star, Africa Star with 8th Army Clasp, Italy Star, Defence Medal, 1939-45 War Medal, Coronation Medal (1937).

NYLON FOR BATTLE

A new nylon combat suit is being tested by Canadian soldiers in Korea, Germany and Canada.

The Canadians, who have produced it, think they have hit upon a fighting dress suitable for any weather conditions from semi-tropical to near-Arctic.

In Germany, two companies of the 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade have been fitted out with the new uniforms — known popularly as "nylon nighties" — and for 12 months they will test it under almost all conditions.

The suit consists of a loose-fitting combat jacket and trousers, to the inside of which can be attached button-on liners — one light and the other heavy — according to the weather. Made of a specially woven nylon thread, the outer garments are water-resistant and wind-proof. The jacket is fitted with a snood which is also a useful camouflage cover. The material is



He will have to answer 36 questions about his combat suit. The white marks on the jacket denote the wearer's rank: staff-serjeant.



Trying on a "nylon nightie." It has two button-on liners, one light, one heavy.

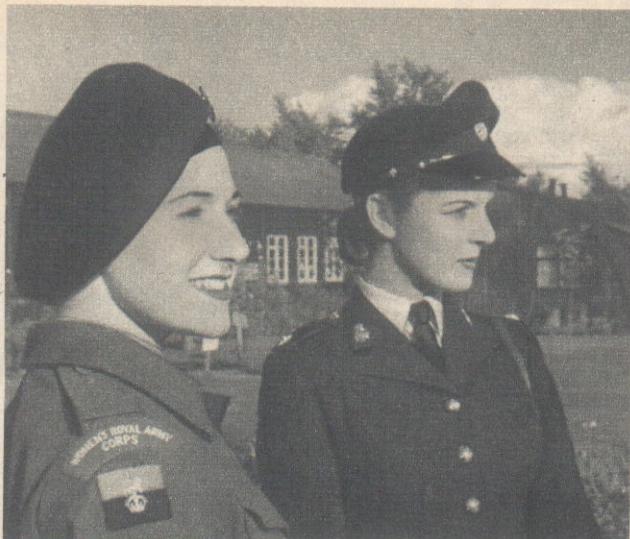
hard-wearing, difficult to tear, quick-drying, lighter than a suit of battle-dress and easily washable with soap and water. It is cut on generous lines to allow circulation of air around the body and freedom of movement. The trousers have button-up bottoms. Badges of rank are worn on the front and back of the jacket.

In extreme cold, the combat suit would be worn inside a knee-length nylon parka. The light liners are woven nylon and the heavy liners are made from a newly-invented nylon fur.

SOLDIER saw the new combat suit being put through its paces in near-Arctic conditions on the Putlos Ranges near Oldenburg in Germany. The thermometer registered four degrees below zero Fahrenheit and there was a knife-edged gale. The men were wearing only one of the liners but all said they felt much warmer than if they had been dressed in battle-dress and overcoat. They praised the suit for its freedom of movement. Their equipment did not slip on the smooth surface of the jacket and they found the clothing very comfortable to wear.

They said, however, that the trouser legs brushing against each other gave off a high-pitched "swish" which might be dangerous on patrol. And one soldier who approached too close to a flame-thrower emerged with his trousers melted half-way to his knees — but the material did not catch fire as a battle-dress might. Both these disadvantages may soon be overcome, however, possibly by impregnating the nylon with a special dressing.

Each soldier will answer 36 questions about his suit every three months, and consolidated reports will be sent to the Canadian National Defence Research Department, which is in close consultation with its British counterpart.



The only professional actress in "Greensleeves" is June Smith, who plays the corporal (left). Lieutenant Janie Dodds appears as the officer. Right: Feeding one of the Gibraltar apes.



"GREENSLEEVES"



Trainee drivers gather round the same stripped chassis on which the Queen underwent instruction.

There's glamour under those green sleeves... The reason for the wistful look on the girl at the right is that she's dreaming of being an officer.

Three girls join the Women's Royal Army Corps. One wins stripes, one wins pips and one wins a husband

NEARLY everyone knows the lilt of "Greensleeves," a 16th century melody which the Women's Royal Army Corps now use as a slow march.

Inevitably, "Greensleeves" is the title of a new short film about the girls in green, designed for showing to military and civilian audiences and to schools. It has been produced by the Army Kinema Corporation.

A human and warm-hearted film, it may well put the right idea into girls' heads, and even into headmistresses' heads.

With one exception, all the parts are taken by serving or former members of the Corps. The exception is the actress (June Smith) who plays the central figure: the corporal. In spite of her brief "service" she does the Corps credit and throws a snappy salute.

The story is about three girls who join up together. One wants to be a driver (don't they all?) and in due course she succeeds; she likes the job so well that she accepts stripes only with reluctance, because she is now tied to a desk. Another, with a boy friend who hangs about the gate of the camp, becomes a cook. The third is a smart girl and is obviously going places. One of the first places she goes is Gibraltar (with a stroll under the palms at Tangier, and a visit to a warship, on which she meticulously salutes the quarter-deck). Soon she is an officer, and one of her proud moments is when she attends a visiting general and carries his sword for him in the front seat of the staff car.

The cook has an overseas posting, too — a year in Nairobi. As the film ends, the corporal also is bound for overseas — to a good station, one feels instinctively.

No harsh words are spoken in this film. Nobody even moans about "wastage" when the cook exercises her right to leave in order to marry. It is accepted that a girl may wish to cook for a man instead of a battalion.



ONE of the Army's major problems is the increasing wastage of Regular NCO's. Why do they leave the Service?

The two reasons most often given are lack of stability and shortage of married quarters. Only married men are affected by both factors, but a large number of NCO's are married.

In the belief that an NCO's decision to leave the Army is largely influenced by his wife's desire for a united and contented married life, Rhine Army decided to ask wives for their ideas on how to induce NCO's to stay in the Army. For the best letter £5 was offered.

More than 100 entries reached Headquarters, Northern Army Group for final judging, and it was at once evident that the wives relished this chance to air their views. Many expressed appreciation that their point of view was at last being considered. Entries were so good that a £2 second prize and three £1 consolation prizes were awarded.

The winning letter — a joint effort by the Royal Engineers Wives' Club in Dusseldorf — calls for an entirely new approach to Army families, saying: "The Army wife who has followed her husband hither and yon, faced uncomfortable journeys to strange countries — and often unspecified dangers — and borne her children far from home under trying conditions, is as much dedicated to the service of the Queen as her husband, and should occupy a place of honour in our national life which her civilian sister might not envy but would respect and admire."

The eight major points raised are: stability, housing, children's education, welfare, cost of living, pay, promotion, and security on completion of service.

"Security is a basic feminine need," says the winning letter. "It is the threat to this natural instinct that makes Army life unattractive to wives."

Wives point out that a husband may be posted at short notice somewhere his wife cannot go. She faces eviction from her quarters, and possibly life in a hostel. Her children's schooling is interrupted. If she can follow her husband, there is the problem of her own furniture, carpets and all that goes to make a house a home. To store it is very expensive. To sell it usually means a financial loss, with the prospect

Here are four members of the prize-winning Royal Engineers Wives' Club at Dusseldorf. Mrs. Greenwood (second from left) says: "My first boy was born in a wood cabin some 8000 feet up in the Himalayas."



THE KIND OF ARMY THAT WIVES WANT

- Why doesn't the Army store our furniture?
- Why not start an Army Building Society?
- Why not have warrant officers class three?

of having to buy more and repeat the whole process in a few years time. Here the suggestion is made that the Army should provide storage for families' belongings in Britain.

It is pointed out that the wife, often with a young family, is left to cope by herself with packing, handing over quarters and complicated documentation. No wonder that some wives — like the second prize-winner, Mrs. Govett, wife of SSM Govett of Headquarters, Army Troops Column RASC — sigh for the days before 1929 when postings between home and overseas were on a married-for-married, single-for-single system. This enabled the wife to travel with the husband; a return to this system, it is suggested, along with a guaranteed three-year tour, would do much to solve

education and other problems. (Between February 1951 and May 1952 Mrs. Govett's two young children attended four different schools).

Rhine Army wives feel strongly about all this. "Build more quarters" is the general cry. A few suggest a return to the pre-war Married Quarters Roll, which ensured that, if a husband was posted to a families station anywhere in the world, he would occupy quarters. The drawback to this scheme is that the numbers eligible for the Roll were limited. Its adoption today would remove from the strength many families who are now occupying quarters.

Another suggestion is that every command in Britain should hold a small fleet of caravans. These could be sent to any part of the country for use by families waiting for quarters or passing through Britain on their way overseas. The setting up of a caravan colony after the Lynmouth disaster is quoted as an example of the efficient working of such a scheme.

There is resentment among wives at the local authorities' rule that a soldier's name cannot be held on the waiting list for a house in his own neighbourhood.

From a consolation prize-winner, Mrs. Lassen, whose husband serves with 22 Field Ambulance, RAMC, comes this idea: "I suggest an Army Building Society, run on exactly the same lines as the many existing ones in England, a fixed sum being paid monthly by the soldier, who is in return given his 2½—3% interest for the loan of the money, to accumulate throughout his years of service. He then knows that the more service he puts in,

the more money he will have paid towards his house, and the building society will immediately pay out the required sum for his house and the NCO can continue his payments after retirement."

Among other points are these:

There should be secondary boarding schools in Britain for Service children.

There should be a rank of warrant officer class three, to increase chances of promotion.

Promotion would be more fair if emphasis was laid on general ability and trade qualifications.

It is hard to build up confidence in garrison medical officers owing to their youth and the frequency of their postings.

There should be a superannuation scheme to supplement pensions.

There should be one free (or subsidised) family passage to Britain during a Rhine Army tour.

There should be a local overseas allowance in Rhine Army.

On pay generally, most wives seem satisfied, though several of them suggest increases in allowances to meet various unavoidable commitments.

NAAFI's monopoly is disliked by some. They say its prices are too high and its stocks are limited.

Finally, security on leaving the Army. The winning letter calls for a guarantee that a man shall be found employment fitted to the position he held in the Army, otherwise he will leave at an age when he can more easily find such employment himself. Others want a better scheme for the employment of ex-soldiers in Government departments or civilian firms.

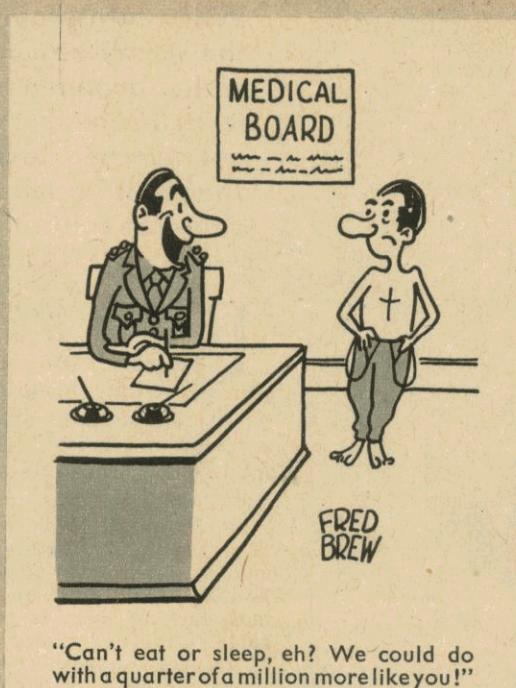
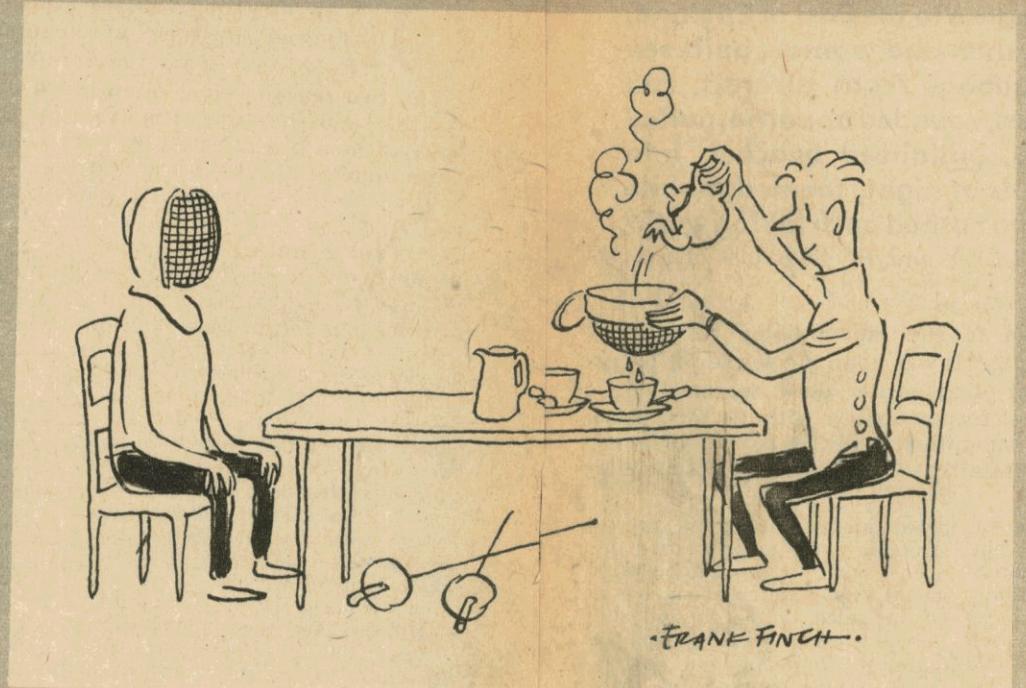
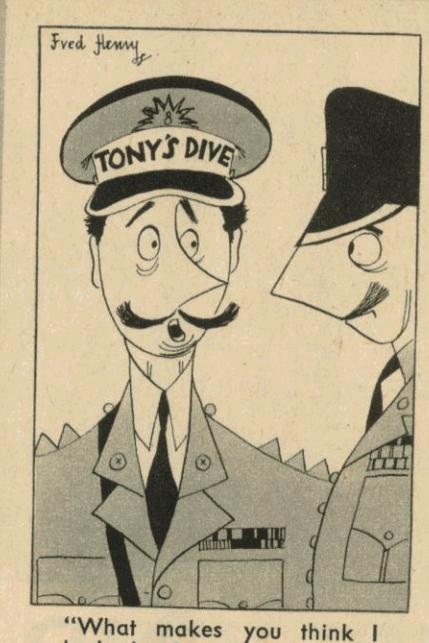
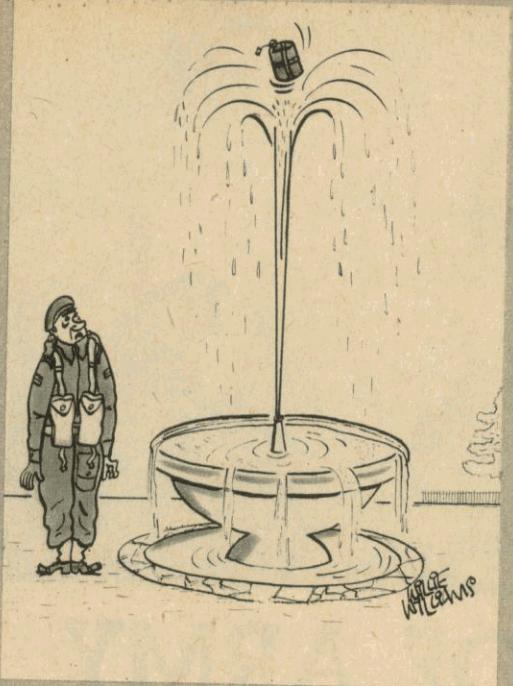
Some of the proposals are not practicable today or would cost too much — for instance, tax-free pensions. Other ideas, perhaps, could be made to work. No doubt they will be noted in high quarters.

What do wives in other commands think?

— Report by Major F. E. Dodman, Rhine Army Public Relations.



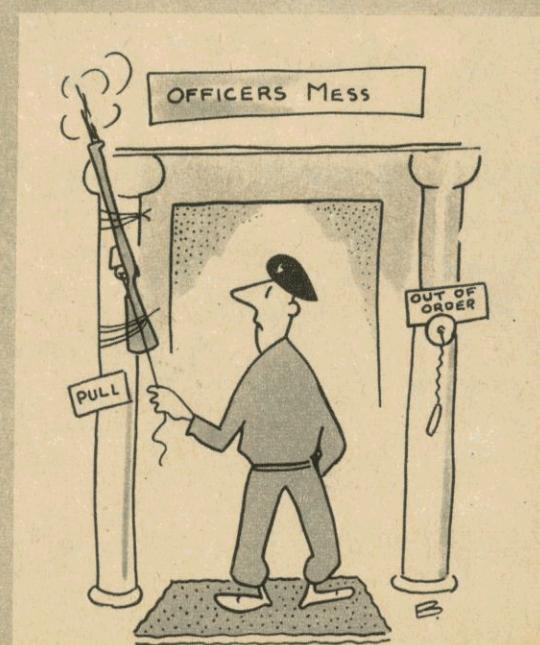
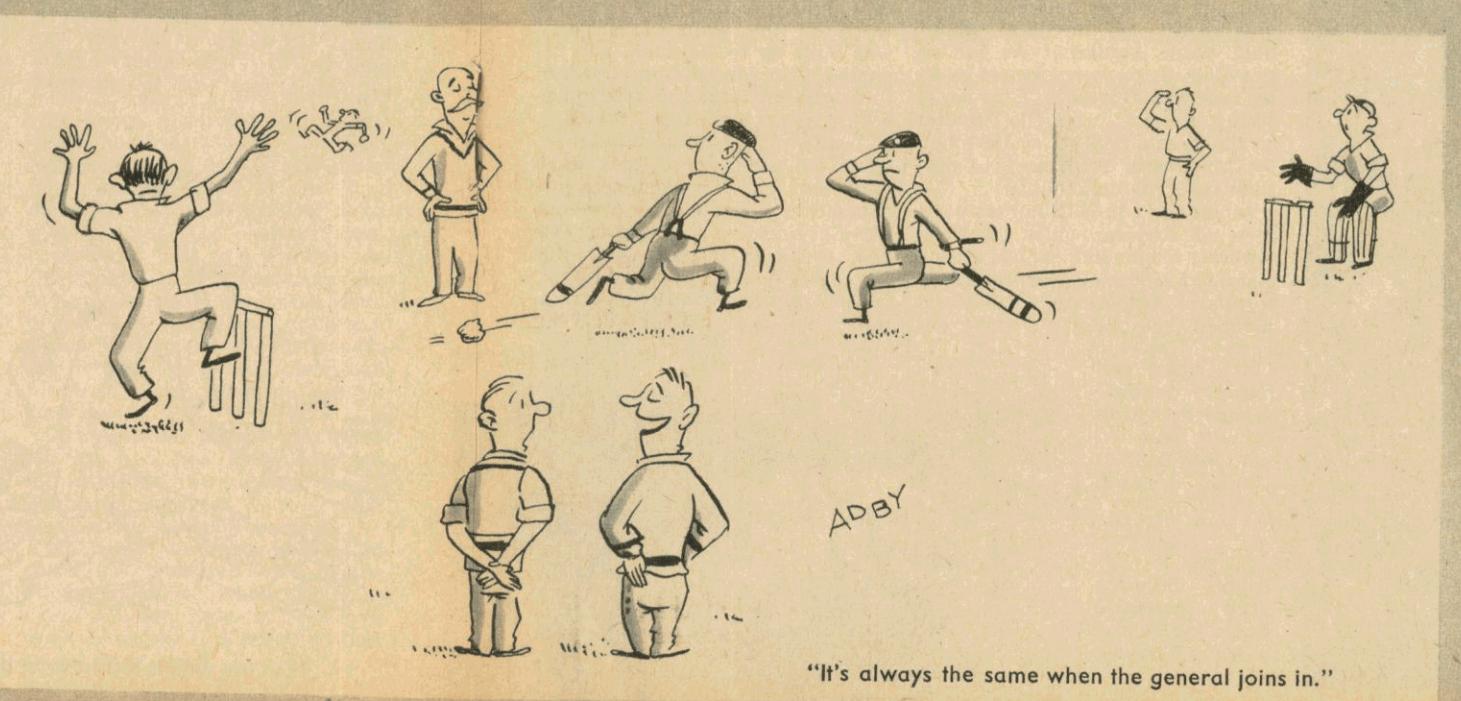
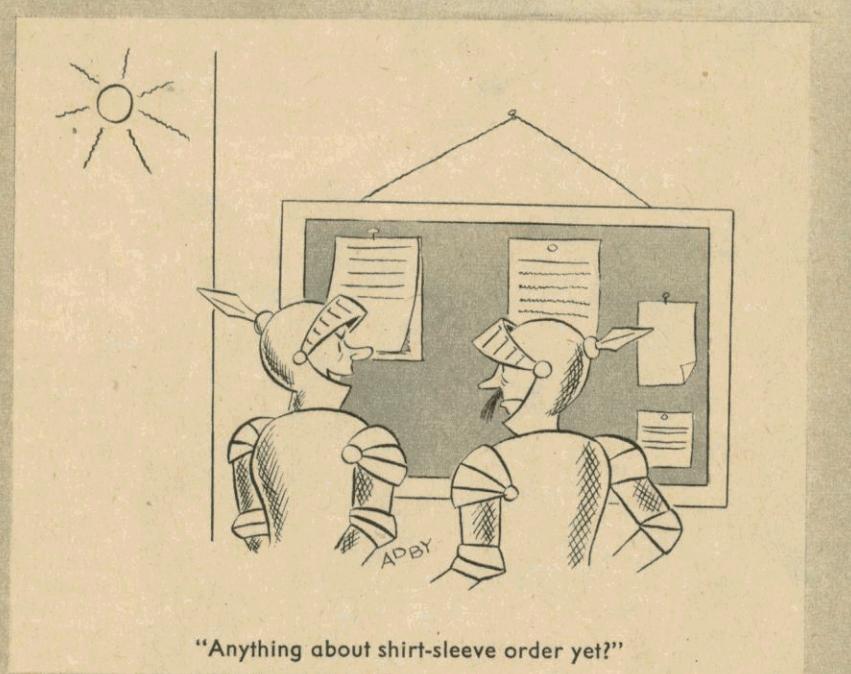
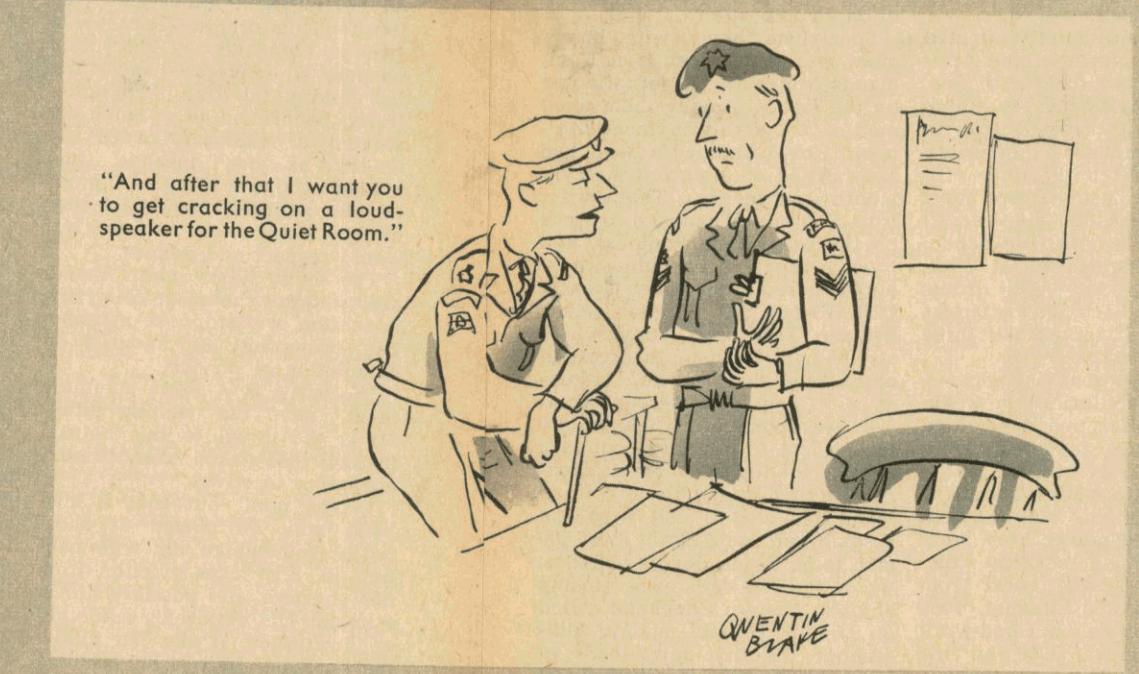
...the wife is left to cope by herself with packing...

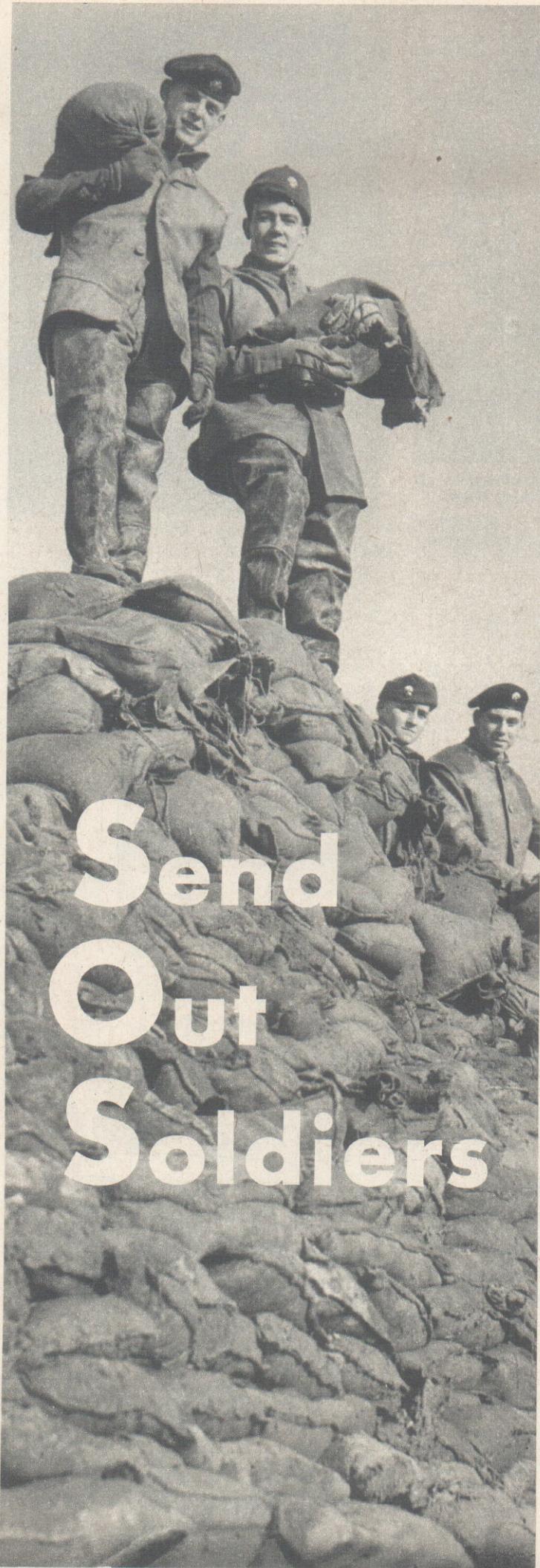


Soldier Humour



"It's a shame about old Nobby — he wins £75,000 in a football pool and they won't let him buy himself out."





Send Out Soldiers

When catastrophe came to the East of England, the Army rescued men and women, built sea walls, dropped sandbags from aircraft, ran ferry and bus services, rounded up cattle, pulled out ditched lorries, bulldozed beaches into shape, lit up sea walls at night, formed mobile stop-gap columns and rushed up drinking water

Reports by RICHARD ELLEY and PETER LAWRENCE

THE Army was ready for it.

There was a plan in the pigeon-holes called, inevitably, "King Canute." It was none the worse for being five years old, the product of an earlier flood scare.

The plan defined areas of responsibility, within which units were to tackle whatever calamities befell. It called for common-sense, initiative, adaptability — and sandbags. Especially sandbags.

Bulldozers are all very fine for re-arranging a landscape, but against disastrous floods there's nothing like sandbags. Filling and stacking them is part of a soldier's job, and a very dull part of it. The ramparts which the Army threw up against the waters were not, perhaps, immaculate, but they were thrown up in time — and they held.

The Commands chiefly affected were Eastern, Northern and Anti-Aircraft. (Across the North Sea, the British Army of the Rhine went to the aid of the Dutch). In the early morning of 1 February telephones roused the duty officers in one headquarters after another — districts, anti-aircraft brigades and groups, the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, a Royal Air Force group, and so on. Each headquarters controlled the work of all three Services in its area.

At first the urgent task was rescue work. Territorials on weekend training dropped everything to help. Many homeless were cared for in Army camps.

As more information about the disaster came in, troops were drafted to the places they were most needed. In Eastern Command, covering the coast from the Wash to the Channel, 1000 Servicemen were on flood-work on the Monday, 3000 on the Wednesday, 6200 on the Friday, and a week later between 15,000 and 16,000. Of the total, about half were soldiers. As far as possible, there were always some in reserve. Northern Command, filling breaches from the Humber to the Wash, had about 1500 men working, with 1000 more to provide reserves and reliefs.

Included in these numbers were men of Regular units of Anti-Aircraft Command, which at one time had 1500 men at work. Territorials of Anti-Aircraft Command manned searchlights which en-

abled night rescue and reconstruction work to be carried on.

For most troops, flood-work meant sand-bagging. They worked in gales, blizzards and ice. They worked at night, in the glare of arc-lamps and searchlights. They worked in mud which dragged off the boots of private soldiers and a Secretary of State impartially.

Specialists, some with heavy plant, were summoned from Commands which were not affected by the floods. Among them were men of 32 Assault Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, who had been called upon during the Lynmouth emergency. They went from Southern Command to work on the sea-wall at Foulness, and lived in Royal Navy minesweepers anchored in the River Crouch. DUKW's of 264 Scottish Beach Brigade, Territorial Army, which also helped at Lynmouth, drove all night from Scotland to Lincolnshire to help with rescue work.

There were times when reserve troops had to be called out in a hurry. Not long before midnight on the first Friday Eastern Command received a call from the Essex River Board for at least 400 men to go to the Dengie Marshes, where the sea-walls were causing anxiety. Eastern Command called on London District, and in half-an-hour the first lorry-loads of Guardsmen were moving off. At first light, the first men were at work on the walls. This party was built up to 700 men, and included Guardsmen from London, Pirbright and Caterham, and Household Cavalrymen from Windsor.

At the end of the second week, when dangerous high tides were expected, Eastern Command organised mobile columns of about 100 Servicemen, to rush to any new break in the sea-wall. But the walls held.

The Army delivered tools and materials by land, sea and air. The

Left: After red tunics, denims: Guardsmen look down from a wall they built at Canvey Island.

Right: Soldiers used pleasure boats for rescue work at Canvey.



greatest demand was for sandbags. Ordnance depots all over the country dispensed their whole stocks by special trains, before more were brought in from the Continent. How many sandbags were filled by soldiers will never be known, but the men of Northern Command alone are estimated to have used 2,000,000. Eastern Command issued 15,000,000 for military and civilian use.

To the people who were flooded out, the Army carried relief supplies of all kinds. Soldiers rounded up thousands of head of livestock and drove or carried them to safety. On Foulness, two soldiers with a wireless set stayed in the flooded wastes with five civilians to look after livestock which could not be evacuated. The wireless-set was to direct DUKW's bearing fodder and fresh water to places where cattle were stranded. On Loch Broom, in Scotland, Royal Engineers helped clear beaches for 20 stranded fishing vessels to be tugged back into the sea.

In the middle of the third week, it was announced that troops were to be withdrawn from flood-work to return to normal duties. The civil authorities were sorry to see them go. There would now be problems of accommodation, transport and food for the civilians who would replace the soldiers. In Lincolnshire, in particular, contractors were worried about who would pull their ditched lorries back on to the road. The Army had been recovering an average of five a day and roads were becoming more dangerous.

Flood-waters invaded a number of Army camps on the East coast. Some were damaged, but few soldiers were among the flood casualties. A camp at Landguard, near Felixstowe, was evacuated.

NAAFI, too, was in the operation. Day and night, permanent canteens provided meals for refugees. At Orsett Camp, in Essex, 57 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, made a refugee reception centre in the NAAFI dance-hall and some of the staff worked 48 hours without a break to provide meals.

Mobile canteens, some with girl drivers, parked on flooded roads to serve men who waded up to them, and maintained their service by night. One driver collected a tray of cigarettes and chocolate and transferred to a Matador when his canteen could go no deeper. When the water was too deep for the Matador, he boarded a launch, from which he peddled his wares to men working on a sea-wall.

*Cont'd
Overleaf* →

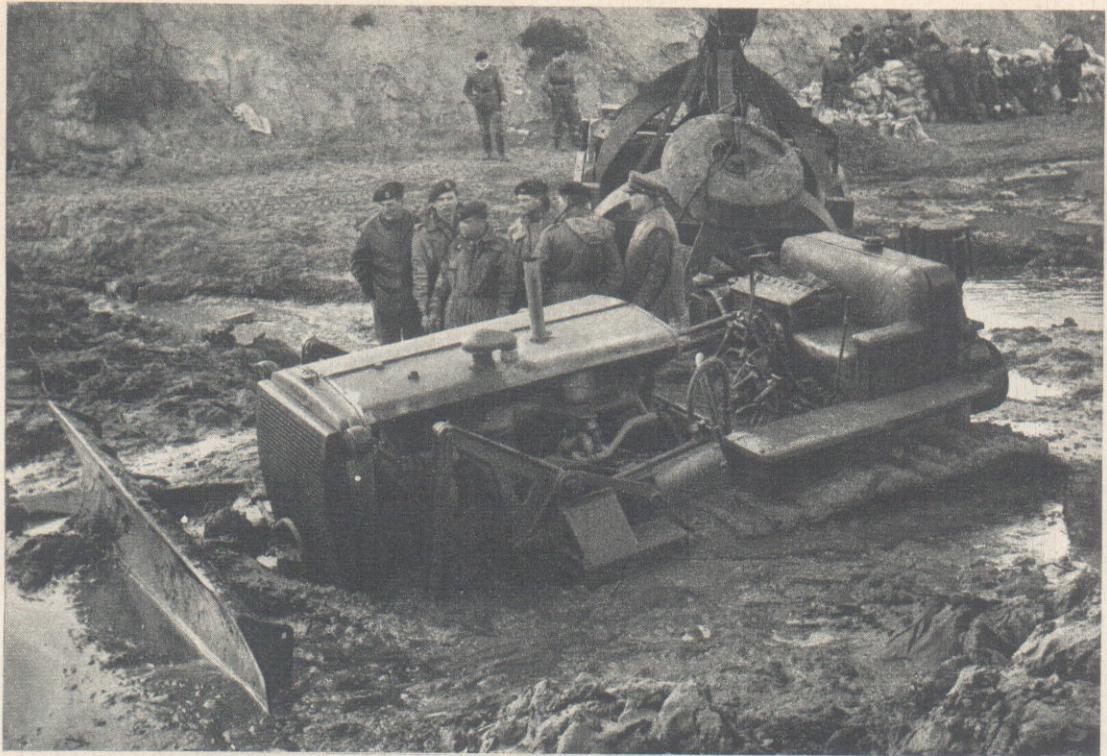


Troops paddled among the flooded homes of Canvey to rescue stranded residents.



It looks like Korea, but it is a Devonshire Regiment command post somewhere in Essex. Below: A human chain of troops passes sandbags ashore at Canvey.





Going down... an Army bulldozer at Sutton-on-Sea.

**SEND OUT
SOLDIERS**
(Continued)

"WE LADLED SOUP THROUGH THE WINDOWS"

MIDNIGHT, on a Saturday, is not the best time to call out the military. In most units men are on week-end pass, or at dances.

But within a few minutes of the warning reaching Major Robert Spiller, Brigade Major of 17th Anti-Aircraft Brigade in New Barracks, Lincoln, the men of his nearest unit, 62nd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, were getting out their Matadors, the high gun-towing lorries which might have been built to cope with floods.

The advance party rode away in the dark. Before daylight they were driving through the flooded streets of Mablethorpe, the men jumping off to wade through doorways and along hallways to rescue people trapped upstairs.

The permanent staffs of the Brigade's Territorial units drove to the coast, taking with them many of their volunteer members.

Brigadier R. H. M. Hill, the Brigade's commander, said: "In at least one case on the Monday we had to phone a civilian firm apologising for the absence of an employee because he was still rescuing people. One sergeant-major would not give up until he was on the point of collapse."

Before daybreak on the Sunday morning, Lieutenant-Colonel J. E.



At Mablethorpe, troops strengthen their sandbag sea-wall with fencing.

Only the tops of lamp-posts indicated the direction of roads. One soldier tripped and found himself stumbling on the roof of a car. Aspidistras in boarding-house windows appeared to be growing out of sand.

On that Sunday afternoon and evening the troops ran a continuous ferry service from houses to lorries, and back to reception stations in outlying farms. Said Lance-Corporal Donald Shearer, a National Serviceman with the Sappers: "We waded up to our waists, pushing boats to the front doors. Sometimes it meant pushing families 400 yards to the nearest truck, for heavy vehicles could not risk driving off the main-roads."

The story was taken up by Lance-Corporal Brian Smith: "Some of the people wanted to stay, living in upper rooms. So we did the rounds, with bread, tea, jam, milk and hot soup from a WVS centre. People leaned out of the windows with plates and we ladled out the soup."

But by Tuesday morning even the "die-hards" among the Sutton residents capitulated, so Gunners in their Matadors and Sappers in their three-tonners evacuated them. Second Lieutenant John Howard, of 62nd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, carried from a bungalow a crippled man who had not been out of doors for three years. He had sat on a chair on a table, watching the level of the water rising steadily.

Meanwhile the formidable task of blocking the gaps had started. Civilian contractors — their tractors and bulldozers bore place names from all over the Midlands — took on two of the main gaps and the Army the other two. It was a desperate race against time, for it was known that on Wednesday night another high tide would strike the sea wall. At Mablethorpe a 15-foot wall, 33-feet wide at the base, was started across a 200-yard gap. The Wednesday tide forced a 50-foot hole in it and swept some of the sandbags into the town, but the breach within a breach was soon repaired. Bulldozers then started to build up a 50-foot wide wall of sand immediately on the landward side.

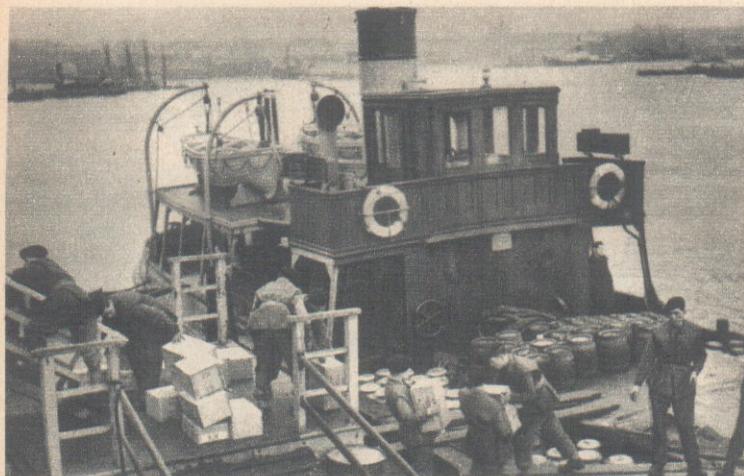
At Sutton the Army started a wall 26 feet high, behind which the civilian contractors planned to drive in interlocking steel plates.

During the day a further 120 men of 62nd Regiment arrived, many of them National Servicemen who had been in the Army only 14 days. That afternoon the advance party of 200 Sappers from 36th Army Engineer Regiment from Ripon — they built the Festival of Britain Bailey bridge over the Thames — reached Strubby airfield, where they were billeted, and then went straight into Mablethorpe and Sutton-on-Sea with canvas assault boats (the remaining 150 of their party arrived the next day).

From Newcastle-on-Tyne more men with Matadors came from 81st Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment. They drove through the day and were followed on the Monday by 120 of their comrades. From Lincoln 90 men from the Depot of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment moved out to Saltfleet to fight the invading breakers.

There were two big breaches in Mablethorpe's sea wall. In Sutton, where the situation was even worse, the breaches ran for more than a quarter of a mile and the inrushing tide washed the sand dunes into the town.

A fortnight after the flooding, men from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps depot at Chilwell relieved the Gunners on defence work.



Gunners load supplies for Sheerness on to the Royal Army Service Corps vessel *Katharine II*, at Chatham.

THEY REMEMBERED TO FIRE A SALUTE

PROBABLY no unit engaged in Operation King Canute was more at home in its role than 18 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Water Transport).

The Company is stationed at Sheerness, on the Isle of Sheppey. When the Swale burst its walls and the southern side of the island was flooded, Sheppey's only road to the mainland was cut, and Sheerness and the other communities were sealed off from the rest of the world.

The gale dealt lightly with 18 Company. Snug in their dock, their craft were undamaged, though stores in cellars were harmed.

By the Monday morning, the Company was running a ferry service between Sheerness and Sun Pier, Chatham. Every other hour, launches carried passengers each way, and moved cargo.

At first, the ferry service worked far into the night, but floating carcases and driftwood in the Medway endangered the craft in the dark. By the Wednesday, Sheppey had adequate supplies, and the ferry service could ease off to a schedule which was still strenuous enough.

The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers attached to 18 Company worked at nights, maintaining vessels as they came off ferry duty.

The Company had 15 craft on the ferry-service, including a Royal Air Force air-sea rescue launch. They ranged from harbour-launches to the *Katharine II*, a cargo-vessel capable of carrying 160 tons.

The Company ferried passengers and supplies ranging from baby-food and meat to disinfectant and printing paper. Though Sheppey had nobody drowned in the flood, it was necessary to carry coffins for those who had died in the normal course, and, since the cemeteries on the island were water-logged, to carry the bodies back to the mainland.

Loading and unloading were carried out by Gunners of 24 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, and "B" Troop, 223 Independent Maintenance Battery, Royal Artillery, which looks after the coast guns on Sheppey.

"MOONLIGHT" FOR A STRICKEN ALLY

WHEN news of the flood disaster in Holland reached Rhine Army the Chief Engineer, Major-General H. H. C. Sugden, took off in a helicopter to survey the stricken areas.

Within a few hours he sent back orders for the already alerted rescue and repair teams to begin their dash by road over the border. At the Hague an operations headquarters, controlled by the Dutch Army, was set up.

The first British troops to arrive on Voorn-Putten — one of the worst-hit islands — were a composite troop of 35th Light Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Regiment, Royal Artillery. They sited their mobile searchlights along the five-mile long Voornse Canal which divides the island. For the first three nights, from dusk to dawn, they made artificial moonlight so that an army of Dutch soldiers and civilians could strengthen their defences against the sea.

A nearly gale-force wind drove sleet and snow in from the North Sea and there was almost no shelter. But the searchlight crews stuck to their task, snatching a few minutes' sleep in their lorries or in tents erected behind whatever cover they could find. They warmed themselves at fires made from the all-too plentiful driftwood. When daylight came the searchlight crews joined in the sandbagging.

On each of those three nights the searchlights were in con-

stant use for 13 hours — probably the longest period known in peace or war — and the need for spare parts became critical. Heat shields melted away and feed motors burned themselves out, but the British and Dutch Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers worked day and night to make reserve equipment.

After the third night, when all had been done to guard against the next spring tides, the searchlights were shone along the canal and dyke for 15 minutes every hour so that Dutch engineers could inspect the barrier and give early warning of a break-through.

Another troop of the same Regiment went to Zierikzee on the Schouwen en Duiveland Island. Here they carried out a similar operation and helped a party of British medical students and Red Cross workers to man a first-aid station. During one critical period a searchlight was rushed to a dyke ten miles away to illuminate a breach into which a barge was driven and then packed round with sand and earth.

To the Sappers of 34, 40 and 61 Field Squadrons, Royal Engineers (by whose side worked a team from 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade in Germany) and the DUKW crews of **OVER**



Gunners of 35 Light Anti-Aircraft Searchlight Regiment direct their beams along the broken dykes to help Dutch soldiers and civilians.



Power floats of the Royal Engineers being towed from Dordrecht to Middelharnis, where they were used to recover drowned cattle.

a composite section of 5 and 114 Companies, Royal Army Service Corps, fell the distressing job of rescuing stranded people and animals, and recovering some of the thousands of drowned cattle and horses. The scene when they arrived at the island of Overflakkee, where 9000 head of cattle and 2000 horses were drowned, is one that many will never forget.

"On some isolated hummocks stood half-frozen animals which died from exhaustion as we approached and slid back into the flood waters," said one soldier.

With their power floats, tugs, folding boats and DUKW's the rescue and recovery teams searched farms to release animals which had been caught in the deluge. In their panic, beasts had tried to climb their stalls and, being tethered, had broken their necks. For days the men travelled over the engulfed island, towing carcasses and killing wandering dogs and cats to prevent the spread of disease.

The Royal Army Service Corps DUKW crews were among the first to penetrate by land the village of Oude Tonge where almost 300 people were drowned.

Sappers of 61 Field Squadron built a Bailey bridge over the Voornse Canal at Hellevoet-

sluis to replace the one swept away and thus kept open the main escape route to the mainland, for use if the islands of Overflakkee and Schouwen en Duiveland had to be abandoned. Before they could erect the bridge they had to blow up the remains of the old one and part of the German built concrete road block at the Canal's edge.

One Sapper team with mobile water purification plants went to the most seriously damaged towns. Others recovered farm tractors and machinery. One section brought up from eight feet of water six electric motors in a submerged pumping station.

The British Army of the Rhine's supply system also went into action "behind the line." At the Hook of Holland the Royal Army Ordnance Corps established a stores depot which supplied clothing, soap and disinfectant and spare motor engines. It also issued the Red Cross with blankets, and handled the hundreds of parcels from Rhine Army families who had answered the British Forces Network appeal. The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Army Service Corps also set up stores depots in the Hook.

NAAFI sent a mobile canteen with hot drinks and snacks to British soldiers working in the biting cold and the Dutch Army gave each man 20 free cigarettes a day.

E. J. GROVE



In a gale of wind, men of 61 Squadron, Royal Engineers negotiate a broken dyke with difficulty.



Ex-RQMS J. H. Hay, who enlisted in 1894, shakes hands with Bandmaster A. Brunsden, who has 38 years service.

A LONG WAY FROM TIPPERARY

JAMES Henderson Hay, Grand Old Man of the Regiment, was on parade with his battalion again. To honour him, the 1st Battalion The Seaforth Highlanders, which he had joined as a band boy 59 years ago, had turned out in full ceremonial order on their barracks square in Germany.

As the Battalion Commander, Lieutenant-Colonel P. J. Johnston, called out his name, ex-Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant James Henderson Hay stepped smartly forward. He stood to attention, as erect at 74 as when he attended his last parade with the Battalion 32 years ago, while Lieutenant-Colonel Johnston pinned the Meritorious Service Medal to his breast.

Mr. Hay, one of the oldest Seaforth Highlanders, enlisted at Edinburgh in 1894 and within a few weeks had joined the 1st Battalion in Tipperary. Three months later he was on his way to India with the 2nd Battalion.

His first taste of action, as a stretcher-bearer, was in the Boer War. He went to France, in World War One, with the 1st Battalion, was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal, was severely wounded and evacuated. In 1917 he returned to France, where he became a regimental quartermaster-sergeant in the Labour Corps. In 1921 he was released from the Army after 26 years service.

Mr. Hay's association with the Seaforth Highlanders was



Mr. Hay's row of medals includes the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

not over, however. He became postmaster at Fort George, the Seaforths' depot, a post he held until 1944. There are few Seaforths who have not spoken to him, at least over the counter.

Mr. Hay now lives in retirement at Fortrose, where he is a town councillor. He is also choirmaster at Fortrose church. His trip to Germany had a double purpose: besides receiving his medal from the commanding officer of his old battalion, he was able to spend a holiday with his son, who is serving with the War Department.

On the same occasion as Mr. Hay received his Meritorious Service Medal, an old soldier who is still serving received a clasp to his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. He was Bandmaster Arthur Brunsden, who has completed 38 years in the Army and who claims to be the senior member of any serjeants' mess in the British Army. He became a serjeant 32 years ago, at the age of 21.



Not all the best thirsts are cultivated under a scorching sun. Other reliable aids to desiccation include Rugby footballs, lawn mowers, cross-cut saws, curries and trumpets. Any thirst-lover worthy of the name can think up at least a dozen good reasons why his glass should be filled and refilled with ice-cold Rose's Lime Juice. Indeed some highly instinctive beings exhibit all the known symptoms of thirst, like Pavlov's dogs, at the very sight of the Rose's label. Get a bottle of Rose's today and test your instinct. The conclusion (of the bottle) is foregone.



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One 'Spicy Do' After Another

HERE'S another anthology about the British fighting man in his many moods: "Britain At Arms" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s 6d).

The compiler, Thomas Gilby, covers the period from Queen Anne to the present day.

A militiaman of 1799, describing Russian soldiers, said:

"The Russians is people as has not the fear of God before their eyes, for I saw some of them with cheeses and butter and all badly wounded, and in particular one man had an eit day clock on his back and fitting all the time..."

Here is an authentic Anzac description of Gallipoli, quoted from a book of Sir Compton Mackenzie's:

"All he knew was that he had jumped out of a bloody boat in the dark and before he had walked five bloody yards he had a bloody bullet in his foot and he had been pushed back to Alexandria, almost before he bloody well knew he had left it."

To which must be added a description of battle by a Royal Northumberland Fusilier in Korea:

"It was a spicy dc. But the chaps had to be brought back to the medico. So we brought them. That's all there was to it."

Oddities picked at random from this entertaining, and often

inspiring, scrapbook include an Army Order of 1809:

"The Soldiers are positively prohibited to plunder beehives; any man found with a beehive in his possession will be punished."

And this tactful order by the Duke of Kent to the storming companies at Martinique:

"Grenadiers, this is St. Patrick's Day. The English will do their duty in compliment to the Irish, and the Irish in compliment to the Saint — forward, Grenadiers."

Then there was the Highlander

who met a French curé in a long black cassock:

"Bonjour, Madame," said the Highlander. "Good morning, miss," retorted the curé.

And talking of the kilt, there is an eloquent extract from a defence of that garment by a member of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders in 1809. Not the least virtue of the kilt, apparently, is that it allows "that free congenial circulation of pure wholesome air . . . which has hitherto so peculiarly benefited the Highlanders . . ."



"Any man found with a beehive in his possession will be punished."

The Man Who "Carried The Can"

ON 25 May, 1945 Sergeant-Major Edwin Austin dug an anonymous grave "somewhere in Germany." In it he placed a heavy parcel wrapped in Army camouflage nets and tied up with telephone wire.

The parcel contained the body of Reichsführer Heinrich Himmler, who had committed suicide at Lüneburg.

A biography of this monster of the Third Reich has now been written by Willi Frischauer: "Himmler" (Odhams Press, 16s). It is a record of cold and outrageous evil.

Himmler commanded not only the "fanatical" SS fighting troops against whom British soldiers fought on many fronts, but the SS butchers who exterminated millions of people in concentration camps. According to Mr. Frischauer,

Himmler's ambition was to be a fighting leader. His Führer did not give him this opportunity until Germany was collapsing; so while awaiting high command in the field he conscientiously and methodically improved the facilities for mass murder.

How did Himmler reach the top? Because, says Mr. Frischauer, he had an infinite capacity for "carrying the can." In many ways he was weak and insignificant, but his readiness to shoulder responsibilities "made him indispensable to the Nazi hierarchy as a whole . . . he would cover with his signature the most atrocious policies."

When the war began Himmler made his headquarters, like Hitler and Goering, in a special train: 14 cars, with anti-aircraft coaches, and a staff of 50. Gradually he began to move in on high military conferences, claiming a say in strategy on the grounds that his

SS were shedding their own blood lavishly.

As the Third Reich crumbled, Himmler's star rose. Otto Skorzeny, at his service, pulled off some "wild west" feats — like the rescue of Mussolini and the kidnapping of the Hungarian Regent's son — which made good propaganda. Then Bormann persuaded Hitler to promote Himmler to command Germany's Reserve Army, confident that Himmler would fall down on the job. Which Himmler did.

At the end he borrowed the identity card of a rural policeman shot for defeatism, put a black patch over one eye and joined the "milling multitude of self-demobilised German troops." Fate led his footsteps to a villa in Lüneburg. When arrested he was in a blue funk and his two aides forsook him in contempt.

That was the monster who, as a young man, haunted the recruiting offices in an effort to become a soldier, and was always rejected.

A Magnet to Save Horses

IN the first weeks of World War I reported for duty with an Army

One, a young veterinary surgeon

veterinary hospital at Aldershot.

'E's been the first ride of every

officer in the regiment."

Later, the author served in France with the Guards Division, where he had much to do with two young staff officers named Gort and Alexander.

He was responsible for two ill-fated inventions. One was a trailer, fitted with a magnet, to be drawn behind field-cookers and pick up the nails which fell from the burning wood in the furnaces and injured the feet of hundreds of horses. It was rejected as impracticable. Just before the Armistice, a newspaper reported that a brilliant young staff officer had saved thousands of horses by this idea — but the author was not the brilliant young staff officer.

The other invention was a metal plate, to protect the feet of pack-horses struggling over barbed wire. But this idea was rejected, too. The units which were given the job of trying it out made the plates of jam-tins, which buckled and were useless in a couple of days.

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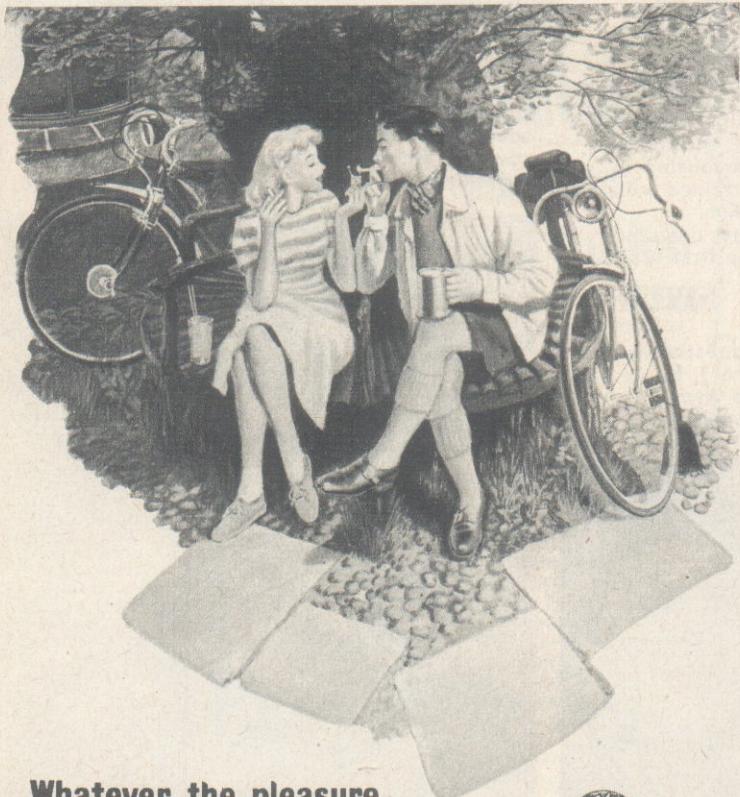
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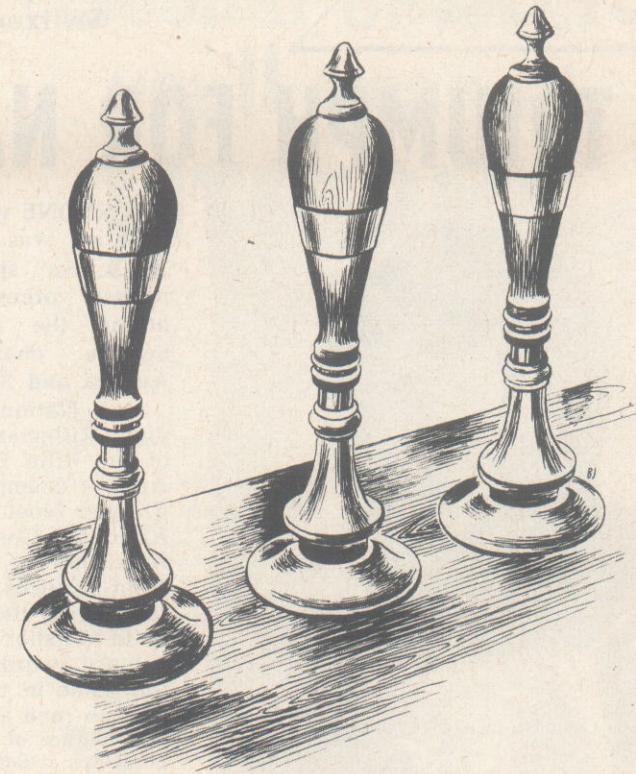
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Player's Please



'Evening all,' said the Regular Customer, whose pint stood ready on the bar before he had time to close the door.

He lifted the beer to the light and regarded it with satisfaction. 'First to-day,' he said, drinking deeply.

'You needed that,' said the landlord resting his elbows on the counter.

'I did,' replied the Regular Customer. 'A man with a good day's work behind him needs a pint of ale in front of him.' 'Inside him you mean,' said the landlord's daughter, smiling prettily.

'True,' replied the Regular Customer, 'but all in good time. Beer is the most wholesome drink on earth and deserves respect.'

Let's have one at The Local

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Army ski-ing enjoys a boom. In Austria and Switzerland private soldiers won championships

A TRIUMPH FOR NATIONAL SERVICEMEN



The 1953 Army ski champion: Rifleman R. M. Hooper, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

ANYONE who thought skiing was purely an officers' sport will have formed other views since noting the results of the Service championships in Austria and Switzerland.

One National Service soldier, Rifleman Robin Hooper of the Rifle Brigade, became Army champion. Another, Trooper Noel Harrison, Royal Armoured Corps, (son of Rex Harrison, the actor), became Inter-Services champion and later won the trophy which Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery awards to the first Briton home in the international Inferno race at Mürren.

A feature of the Army championships at Bad Gastein, in Austria, was that officer competitors were outnumbered by men. In all, there were 100 more competitors than last year. This is a reflection of the big boom in Army ski-ing. (Last year the Army Ski Association had 1750 members; now it has almost 3000).

Eighteen-year-old Rifleman Hooper, an Old Etonian, is the first soldier below commissioned rank to become Army Ski Champion. At Bad Gastein, he gave a splendid exhibition of ski-ing in the two days of the downhill and slalom races.

Last year, before his call-up, he represented Great Britain in the Lowlanders Championship at Val d'Isère and later trained with the British Olympic team.

In this year's Army downhill championship he came first of 53 entrants. Runner-up was Captain

OVER

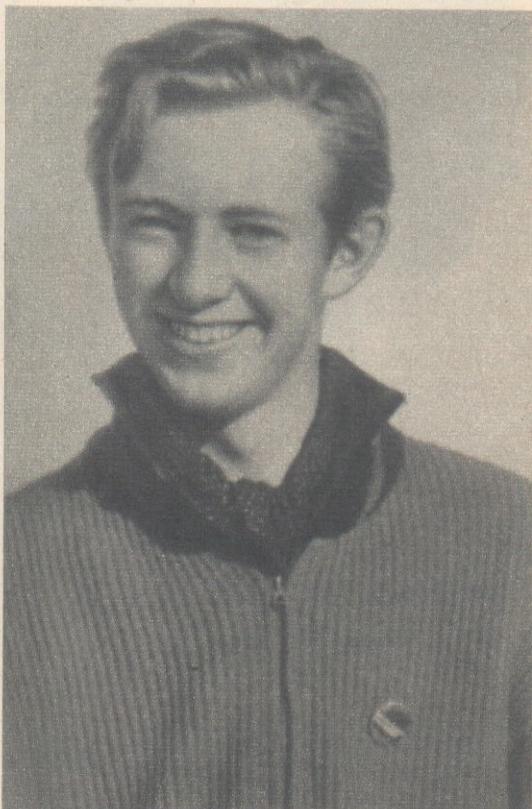
Left: Skis and Service Dress, an unusual combination worn by Major-General J. E. T. Younger, vice-president of the Army Ski Association, as he inspects competitors.



Runners-up: Private M. R. P. Sullivan, Royal Leicestershire Regt. (left) was second in the slalom; Captain A. Petrie, Royal Engineers was second in the Army championship.



Corporal L. J. Blackburn, Royal Engineers, at speed in the slalom. He is the Army's best all-rounder. Below: Trooper Noel Harrison, Royal Armoured Corps, the Inter-Services champion.



The Sergeant Major

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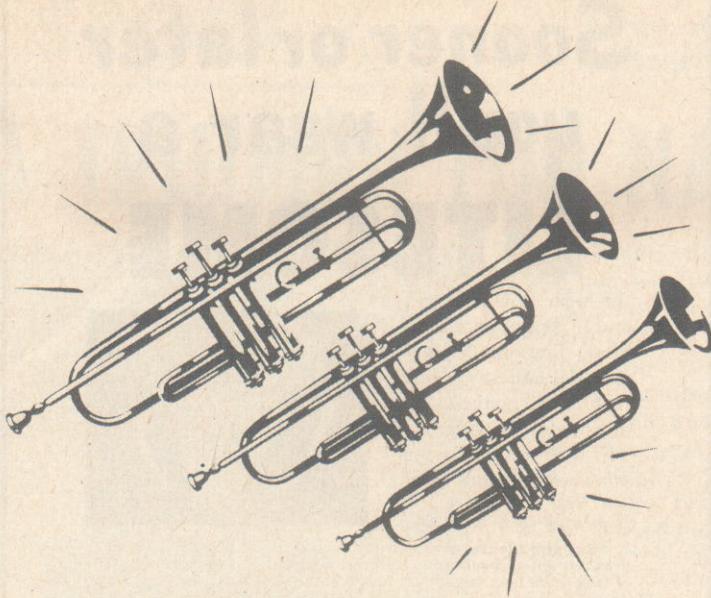
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SPORT

(Cont'd)

Anthony Petrie, Royal Engineers, with Lieutenant G. P. K. Miller, King's Royal Rifle Corps, third.

In the slalom championship Rifleman Hooper was one of 43 competitors (including 11 below commissioned rank) and was the speediest to negotiate the two runs of 41 gates each. A fellow National Serviceman competing in the slalom was Private Martin Sullivan, 18-year-old recruit to the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, who was the British Junior Ski Champion in 1951 and 1952. With a slightly sprained ankle which prevented him from racing in the downhill he took nine seconds longer than Rifleman Hooper in the combined runs and finished second. There was a tie for third place between Captain Anthony Petrie and Captain J. M. Ibberson, 16/5th Lancers.

The inter-unit trophy, awarded for points in the downhill, slalom and patrol races, was won by a team from 8th Royal Tank Regiment. Others taking part were the 44th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment's "A" and "B" teams, 35th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Engineers (Austria) and Cameron Highlanders "A" and "B" teams. Additional entries for the inter-unit downhill and slalom races came from the Life Guards, 17/21st Lancers, Welsh Guards, Rifle Brigade and King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The Army's winter pentathlon test for the Moore trophy was won by Lieutenant J. Spencer of 44th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, closely followed by Captain Anthony Petrie and Corporal L. J. Blackburn, both of 11th Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers. Lieutenant Spencer was also winner of the Keightley Trophy presented by the Army Ski Association's president (Ge-

neral Sir Charles Keightley), for the *langlauf*. Corporal Blackburn was the Army's best all-rounder. Sergeant R. Pierson, Rifle Brigade, was second in the individual patrol and third in the *langlauf*.

For the Inter-Services championship at St. Moritz the Army team consisted of Captain Petrie (captain), Captain J. M. Ibberson, Lieut. G. P. K. Miller, Rifleman Hooper, Private Martin Sullivan and Gunner P. H. Torrens, 5th Royal Horse Artillery.

Also competing at St. Moritz was Trooper Harrison, who a few weeks earlier had won the British ski championships. Although he arrived too late to be entered in the Army team, he won the Inter-Services championship as an individual, and with it the Navy, Army and Air Force Cup. Rifleman Hooper won the RAF Cup for the slalom in which the Army took the first three places and the fifth and sixth. Trooper Harrison, when 12 seconds ahead of the others, missed the 25th gate (there were 38) and had to retrace his steps to go through it. As a result he finished sixth, but his aggregate with his downhill victory brought him the championship.

The downhill event over a distance of 2.3 miles was won by Trooper Harrison in 2 min 43.4 secs, at an average speed of 48.3 miles an hour. The Army obtained 3rd, 4th, 5th and 8th places for the team competition.

The following week, in the international Inferno race at Mürren, Trooper Harrison covered the difficult 7.5 kilometre race in 21 min 55.4 secs, taking fifth place behind four Swiss. The winner took 19 min 50.4 secs.

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery — himself an enthusiastic skier and president of the Kandahar Ski Club — was there to present Trooper Harrison with his cup. As a "special concession," he joined in drinking the winner's health from it.



Field-Marshal Montgomery, a skier himself, presents his challenge cup to Trooper Noel Harrison, first Briton home in the "Inferno" race at Mürren, in Switzerland.

Right: Captain J. Ibberson, 16/5th Lancers, third in the slalom.

The winning team, from 44th Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regt, Royal Artillery, at the firing-point in the patrol race.



FILMS coming your way

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

DECAMERON NIGHTS

The Decameron is a collection of one hundred tales, mostly bawdy, written by a fourteenth-century Italian, Giovanni Boccaccio. This film presents three of them in Technicolor. One concerns the young wife of an old man who, when she is captured by a handsome pirate, prefers not to have her ransom paid. The second is about a man who accepts a wager on his wife's virtue, and the third tells of a man who becomes a father in spite of himself. The cast is headed by Joan Fontaine, Louis Jourdan, Godfrey Tearle, Joan Collins and Binnie Barnes.

THE NET

The trials and tribulations of the inventor of a new and secret aircraft. His wife feels shut out of his life because security regulations conceal from her what he is doing. His superiors refuse to let him fly his aircraft because it is too dangerous. A foreign agent tries to steal aircraft and inventor. It all builds up to a satisfying climax. Stars: Phyllis Calvert, James Donald, Robert Beatty and Herbert Lom.

BOTANY BAY

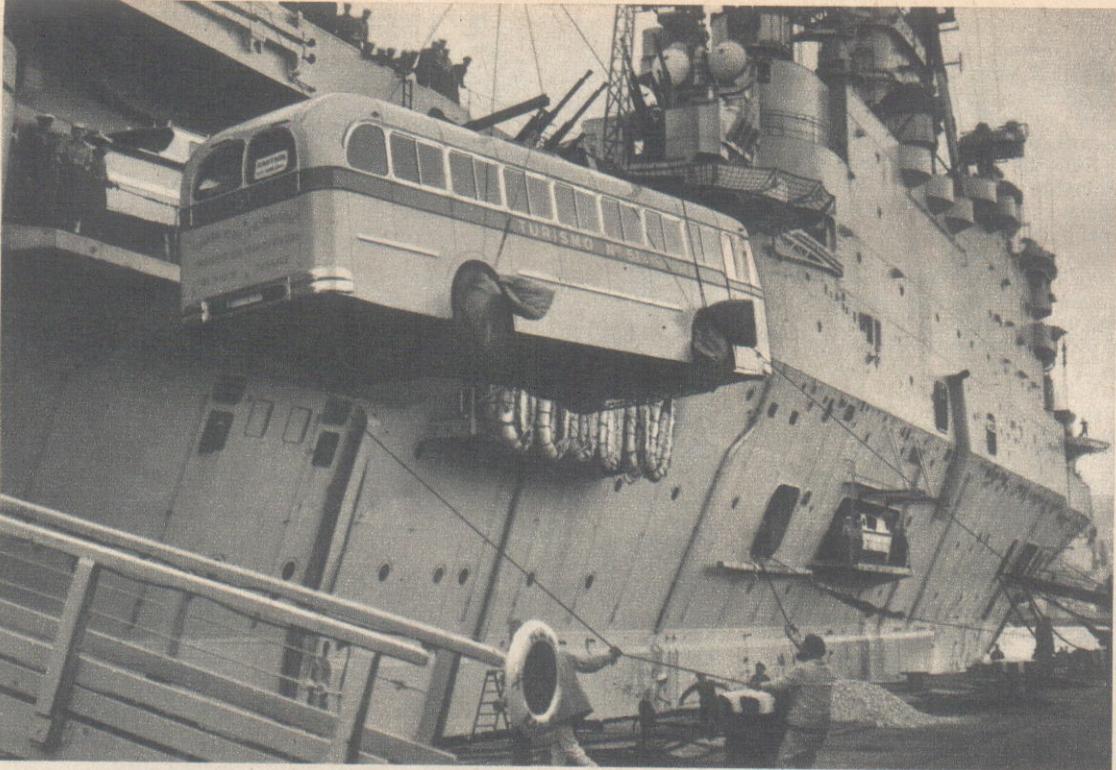
Convicts Alan Ladd and Patricia Medina set off unwillingly on a ship commanded by the villainous Captain James Mason to build a new Technicolor country in Australia. There is much strife and intrigue on the eight-months journey out and Mr. Ladd suffers the painful experience of being keel-hauled. The future of Australia (built, like the ship, in a Hollywood studio) is safe, however, in the hands of the Governor, Sir Cedric Hardwicke.

PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE

Another cargo of Technicolor nation-builders sets out, this time not convicts but the mixed bag which made up the cargo of the Mayflower — religious dissenters, farmers, cobblers and fugitives. They, too, have a wicked captain, but not so wicked. They, too, have hardships at sea and when they land at Cape Cod, there are still more hardships to face. Stars: Spencer Tracy, Gene Tierney, Van Johnson and Leo Genn.

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER

Tyrone Power is an honest gambler, although he operates on the Technicolor steamboat to New Orleans in the 1850's. He offers to return a necklace to a young lady whose brother has paid his debts with it. He returns money which another dissatisfied customer, who did not own it, has lost. He uses some of his winnings to save a bank which is about to fail because of its owner's defalcations. How he manages to pay for his Technicolor clothes, after all these benefactions, is a mystery. Co-stars: Piper Laurie and Julia Adams.



HMS EAGLE BRINGS A BUS

from HMS *Eagle* at Gibraltar. She is the joint property of the Army and Navy and will be used to take Servicemen and their families on excursions into Spain. Lettering on the back may confuse the locals: the coach was originally ordered for Paraguay and was not repainted when her destination was changed.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. "Niagara, O roar again." Do you notice anything unusual about this sentence?

2. A man with an interest in incunabula goes around looking for knobs on tree-trunks, fancy glass paper-weights, early printed books, pieces of Roman pottery, church bells — which?

3. Three books by well-known writers, reviewed in *SOLDIER* during the past year were: (a) "Closing the Ring"; (b) "Men at Arms"; (c) "Rupert of the Rhine." Name the authors.

4. How many British makes of motor-car were exhibited at last year's Motor Show: 16, 28, 32, 49, 76?

5. A Kent amateur cricketer has the highest Test average among all English batsmen. Who is he and what is his average?

6. Cushat, Peggy dish-washer, Gabble-ratch, Yaffle and Seapie are English folk-names for kinds of — what?

7. Suspenders hold up an Englishman's socks. What do they hold up for an American?

8. What are the three Estates of the Realm? And what is sometimes referred to as the Fourth Estate?

9. He was an Italian, born in 1807. He was condemned to death for his part in a plot to seize a government vessel, but escaped and fought in South American revolutions. He returned to Italy, but once again had to fly for his life. He went back again and held a command in war against the Austrians. Then he commanded an army of volunteers with which he liberated Italy. What was his name?

10. In which national British newspapers will you find the following cartoon characters: (a) the Gambols, (b) Pop, (c) Rip Kirby, (d) Bruce Hunter?

11. A famous English poet was drowned, then buried on the seashore, dug up again and

burned beside the sea. Another famous poet watched the burning. Who were they?

12. Here is an anagram composed from the name of the actress in this picture: SAL, SHE RELIT BLAZE. Can you identify her?

(Answers on Page 37)



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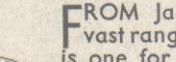
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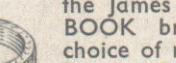
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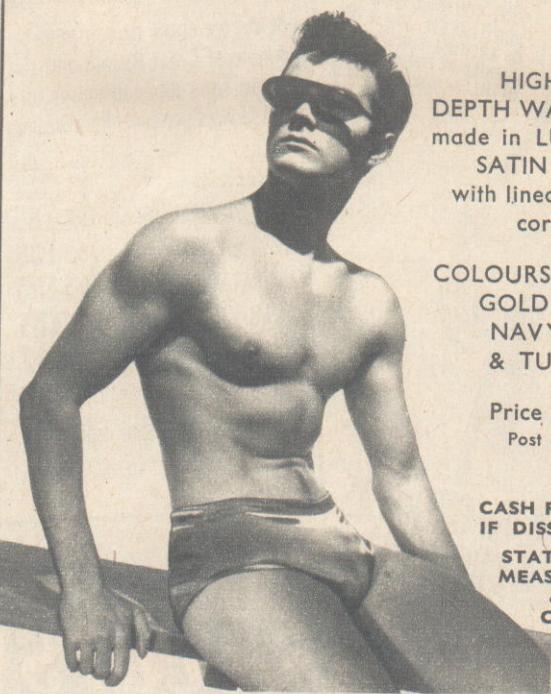


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LETTERS



THANKS TO THE ARMY

I was glad to see that Mr. Eric Linklater had been castigating those intellectual writers who overlook the fact that they, and the civilisation they adorn, exist only "by grace and courage of the soldiers." (SOLDIER, March).

One intellectual wrote a much-quoted tribute to "an army of mercenaries," commonly supposed to be the British Expeditionary Force of 1914. He was Mr. A. E. Housman, and his "epitaph" (to be found in all the best anthologies) reads:

Their shoulders held the sky suspended.

They stood — and earth's foundations stay.

What God abandoned, these defended,

And saved the sum of things for pay.

It is perhaps an inspired epigram rather than a just epitaph. No one, surely, pretends that the Regulars of 1914 were merely justifying their pay when they halted the German advance, at tremendous cost. To a non-intellectual, it seems probable that they saved the "sum of things" not for pay, but for pride and honour.

The Army would be in higher repute if we had more writers with the outlook of Mr. Arthur Bryant. As it is, there are weekly journals of opinion which have not paid the Army even a routine compliment for years, yet miss no opportunity to deride it or accuse it of arrogance. — "Gunner" (name and address supplied).

COUNTY REGIMENTS

Browsing recently through a table of counties, I was struck by the fact that while nearly every English county has its own Regular Infantry regiment, or at least share in one (like Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire), the same is true of only very few counties of Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Some, I know, are too small to support regiments of their own, but surely they, too, could take a share in one. And why should not counties like Glamorgan (population 736,000), Midlothian (565,000) and Tyrone (779,000) have county regiments? The county association is valuable, both for recruiting and morale, to the English regiments. It would undoubtedly be equally valuable among those ardent local patriots the Scots, Welsh and Irish. — "Man of Kent" (name and address supplied).

★ If "Man of Kent" browsed through the affairs of Scottish, Welsh and Irish regiments which do not bear county names, such as the Welch Regiment, the Black Watch and the Royal Irish Fusiliers, he would find they have county associations as definite, and as valued, as those of the Buffs in his own county.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

FIRST IN GERMANY

I was somewhat startled to read in SOLDIER that the Sherwood Rangers, in their chronicle of World War Two, claim to have been the first British troops to enter Germany. This is an inaccuracy, as men of "Q" (Sanna's Post) Battery, Royal Artillery, entered Germany at the same spot as the Rangers, but on the previous day — 20 September 1944. They returned with more than 20 prisoners. — "Gunner" (name and address supplied).

QUEEN'S REGULATIONS

A number of us are having a discussion as to the correct title of pre-war King's Regulations. Some of us think it was called King's Rules and Regulations and Standing Orders for All Ranks including Officers. Others think it was known as King's Rules (used for officers) and a separate book, King's Regulations (for the men). Another opinion is that the title King's Regulations covered everyone. — "Ex-Sergeant" (name and address supplied).

★ Until 1923, the title was "The King's Regulations and Orders for the Army." That was the title of the 1912 edition, reprinted with amendments in 1914. In 1923 the title became "The King's Regulations for the Army and the Army Reserve." Until 1923 the Regulations for the Royal Army Reserve were a separate publication, but in that year they were incorporated in King's Regulations as Section VIB. In 1935 the title was changed to "The King's Regulations for the Army and the Royal Army Reserve." Now it is "The Queen's Regulations for the Army and the Royal Army Reserve."

King's (or Queen's) Regulations have always governed both officers and men. Standing orders, similarly, govern the officers and men of the corps in which they are issued. Paragraph 1689, of the present Queen's Regulations reads: "The Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General may issue standing orders relating to (a list of corps is then given). An OC station or body of troops may issue standing orders relating to his command, but all such orders will be subject to regulations issued by Army Orders, and will provide only for such matters as are not provided for in those regulations. The heading of such standing orders will read: 'Published under Queen's Regulations 1940 para 1689.'"

COMMISSIONS

Some time ago you said that officers may apply for their parchment commissions direct to the Under-Secretary of State for War, The War Office (MS2a). Does this apply to National Service officers? — "Interested" (name and address supplied).

★ Yes, but priority is given to applications from Regulars.

My son has recently received his parchment commission and has sent it to me to have it framed. Can you explain whether the blue paper covering the seal is intended purely for protection and therefore should be removed before framing? If so, perhaps you know the best means of carrying this out without damage to either the seal or the parchment. — C. W. Chandler, Chepstow, Mon.

★ The blue paper forms part of the seal and should not be removed.

INSPECTING QUARTERS

Must a commanding officer inspect married quarters belonging to troops under his command? Where is the authority for this? — "Serjeant in Quarters" (name and address supplied).

★ Barrack Inventory Accounting 1943 lays down that a commanding officer will sign a quarterly certificate that he has inspected all stores on his charge. This includes stores on charge to soldiers in married quarters. In order to reduce the number of inspections of quarters, it has been decided that occupiers may carry out their own check and sign an annual certificate that they have done so, and the regular check by



commanding officers will be reduced to one in every three years. This instruction will come into effect with the publication of the revised Barrack Inventory Accounting in several months' time. It will stipulate, however, that a commanding officer may make a check of stores in married quarters at any time he may think necessary.

CORONATION MEDAL

Much discontent is caused by the awarding of medals on a percentage-to-each-unit basis. Either the award should be made freely to all members of the Services serving on the date, or not at all.

Most of us would like to see the Coronation procession. The fact that only a few take part in the street lining and other ceremonial duties does not mean that we do not do our share of guarding, occupying or fighting, according to where we are stationed. The business of awarding Coronation medals to all who take part, with a few "overs" as a sop to units, only makes for petty jealousies. It may be said that campaign medals are only awarded to those taking part but I feel the circumstances are rather different.

This is not intended as sour grapes because — who knows, I may be lucky in the "draw," since it is the practice of many units to select men with a pin and a list of names. But when medals become part of a lottery, the whole thing becomes something of a mockery. — "Private Soldier" (name and address supplied).

★ The medal is not awarded to every soldier lining the route or taking part in the State procession. Whether a unit takes part in the ceremony or not, a small percentage of medals are awarded to it, on the same principle that in war formation

and unit commanders are frequently decorated because of the fine work undertaken by those under them.

QUEEN ON MEDAL

Can you please say if the Long Service and Good Conduct medal awarded me last December will bear the effigy of King George VI or that of Her Majesty the Queen? I wish to have my miniatures brought up to date. — RSM S. Ashmore, Shirley, Southampton.

★ The medal will bear the Queen's effigy, but will not be issued until after the Coronation.

ARMY ART

I understand there are annual exhibitions in London of soldiers' paintings and sketches. Can you give me details, please. — "Palette" (name and address supplied).

★ The Army Art Society is ready to receive entries for its 22nd annual exhibition, to be held on 7 November 1953 in the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. All ranks may submit work. Details from: Honorary Secretary, Army Art Society, 66 Apsley House, St John's Wood, London NW 8.

SOLDIERING ON

I read with mixed feelings, and no doubt others do too, the attractive Army advertisements in the newspapers from home: careers until 55 years of age, good pay, good accommodation and so on. I grant you all this, but why not let us look at the other side.

Take my case. I have completed 20 years, having two more years to qualify for pension. I will then have held the rank of warrant officer for more than 13 years (seven as warrant officer class one) and my pension will be about £2 14s a week. My age will be 44 and I consider I have a chance of obtaining a reasonable position in civilian life.

If I decide to carry on until I am 55, I may get a pension of about £4 5s. At this age I will not be able to find much of a job and in all probability I will have no home by virtue of having been on the move so much with my family. I feel you will agree that the prospect of having to spend one's declining years on £4 5s a week is rather grim, and is not an incentive to men to stay on in the Army. The answer would appear to be a pension on which one can exist.

— "Warrant Officer" (name and address supplied) Malta.

★ A warrant officer class two who continues in the service beyond his 22 years increases his £275 gratuity by £18 a year. If he completes his pensionable service at 40, he will therefore increase his gratuity to nearly £550 by the age of 55. If he leaves the Army in his forties he will not necessarily obtain a pensionable job, and in any event his increased pension (by serving on) will eventually be augmented by old age pension.

Letters Continued Overleaf

Answers

(From Page 34)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. It is a palindrome (i. e. reads the same backwards as forwards). 2. Early printed books. 3. (a) Winston S. Churchill, (b) Evelyn Waugh, (c) Colonel Bernard Fergusson. 4. 32. 5. B. H. Valentine — seven tests, two centuries, average 64.85. 6. Birds. 7. His trousers. 8. The Three Estates are the Lords Temporal (Peers), the Lords Spiritual (Bishops) and the Commons. The Press is humorously referred to as the Fourth Estate. 9. Giuseppe Garibaldi. 10. (a) Daily Express, (b) Daily Sketch, (c) Daily Mail, (d) Daily Herald. 11. Shelley; Byron watched. 12. Elizabeth Sellars.



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It's your fault if the Sarge passes nice, friendly remarks like this about your hair. He thinks it's too long—but maybe it's just *scruffy*!

If your hair won't stay in place, or if you get dandruff in the parting or on the collar—your trouble's probably Dry Scalp. Get some 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic from the NAAFI, and

massage your scalp for just 20 seconds every morning. Before long—what a difference! Your hair'll be tidy and easy to comb, and I'll bet Sarge won't notice even if it is a shade longer than his own. Oh... and when you next go on leave, they'll be dating *you* for a change!



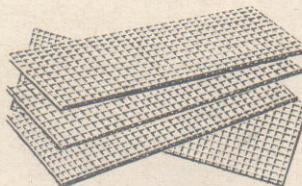
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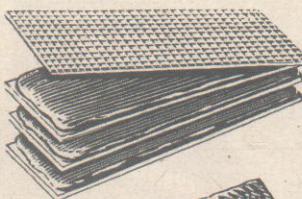
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crispest crunchiest
wafers . . .

1



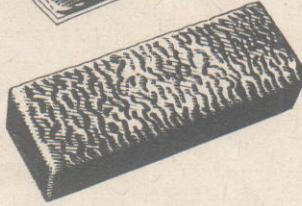
filled with
the most enticing
sweetmeat . . .

2



and coated
with the smoothest
chocolate . . .

3



GOOD THINGS IN ONE

THREE times thrilling—that's Blue Riband. There's nothing quite so more-ish as this happy blend of wafer, sweetmeat and chocolate. Each is a treat in itself—together their triple goodness adds up to sheer bliss.

BLUE RIBAND
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MORE LETTERS

LIFE IN GERMANY

I wish to reply to Mrs. Kerby's criticism of my letter. I did not write in your December issue about inadequate rations. I complained about high NAAFI prices and the lack of variety of the rationing scheme. During the past five weeks, we have had one piece of meat to roast. We are sick to death of stewing meat.

Mrs. Kerby says she can keep her family of four on £2 10s a week. If I could keep my family of three on that I should consider I was very well off, but in doing so we would only just exist as far as food is concerned. Has Mrs. Kerby tried buying children's clothes at NAAFI— for that is what hits the family most. We miss the chain stores which specialise in children's clothes and I wish they could send their representatives out to Rhine Army. I needed a grey flannel suit for my son to wear at school. It was £7. One cannot afford prices like this when children grow so quickly. To show that this letter expresses the views of other hard-up wives I have asked them to append their names. — "Rhine Army Wife" (name and address supplied).

★ The following signatures were added to the letter: M. Houston, P. Sullivan, E. Morgan, E. Taylor, E. Stipping, K. Painter, L. M. Turnbull, P. Knight, G. Smee and M. Young.

DYING PRIVILEGE

Is a corporal of the Household Cavalry permitted to enter the serjeants' mess of other regiments? It was his privilege to do so in my day (1908). — W. W. Elliott, 20 Jesmond Grove, Hartburn, Stockton-on-Tees.

★ This one-time privilege is dying out. Now that the Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards are mechanised (apart from the mounted squadrons on London duties), the establishment of warrant officers and NCO's has increased, and it has been found difficult to accommodate corporals as well as corporals-of-horse in the average warrant officers' mess building. At Windsor, for example, corporals may still use the mess for

drinking and entertainments, but not for meals. Abroad, Household Cavalry messes are having to ban corporals. This means that corporals of the Life Guards and the Blues can no longer ask for admission to serjeants' mess of other units.

HOLIDAY CAMPS

I once saw a guide book which listed holiday camps in Britain offering cheaper rates for soldiers and their families. Are there any camps, at home or abroad, which offer this facility? — Lance-Bombardier R. S. Lavery, Redford Barracks, Edinburgh.

★ Holiday camps in this country are no longer able to offer cut rates to Servicemen, and *SOLDIER* knows of no camps overseas that do so. Army leave camps in Germany are not open to troops stationed in Britain.

ROAD WALKING

Why is road walking no longer included in Army athletic championships? I am sure keen troops would welcome its return. As I can find no mention of any Army walking events in the reference books, could you tell me established records? — Cpl. J. F. Turner, HQ Eastern Command.

★ Road walking was started in the Army in 1946 but discontinued in 1950 owing to lack of support. The first competition was won by Captain Spooner, Royal Army Pay Corps, in 1 hour 49 mins 25.6 seconds. The last competition in 1950 was won by WO1 A. Pullen, RE, in 55 mins 10.4 seconds. This warrant officer won the championship for three consecutive years. The distance of the road walk was seven miles, and WO1 Pullen held the record.

DENTIST

Has the Army the authority to enforce a person to undertake dental treatment? My contention is that such treatment is always voluntary on the part of the soldier, but my friend considers that, at certain times, it can be made obligatory. — W. J. Pinson, Coundon, Coventry.

★ No soldier can be forced to undergo dental treatment. But who wants bad teeth?



New Forces' Club in Singapore

THIS is NAAFI's latest permanent club, the £150,000 air-conditioned Britannia in Singapore.

The three-storey building is in Beach Road, one of Singapore's more expensive thoroughfares, which it shares with the famous Raffles Hotel.

There is a swimming pool with an open-air service counter and grass surrounds stretching to the sea. Overlooking the pool is a 147-foot terrace.

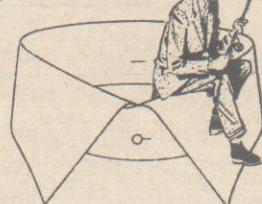
Inside are all the usual club amenities, bars, barber's, sports-shop, restaurant, dance-floor, lounge and billiards, table-tennis, card and music rooms.

This is the tenth permanent NAAFI Club to be built since World War Two. Eight of them are in Britain; the ninth is in Khartoum.

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nearest to your home, stating the kind of work you would like to do and giving your home address, date of birth and expected date of release.

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AND
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gives his 7 point recommendation
for a parade ground polish.

Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

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SOLDIER

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KATHRYN GRAYSON

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