

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

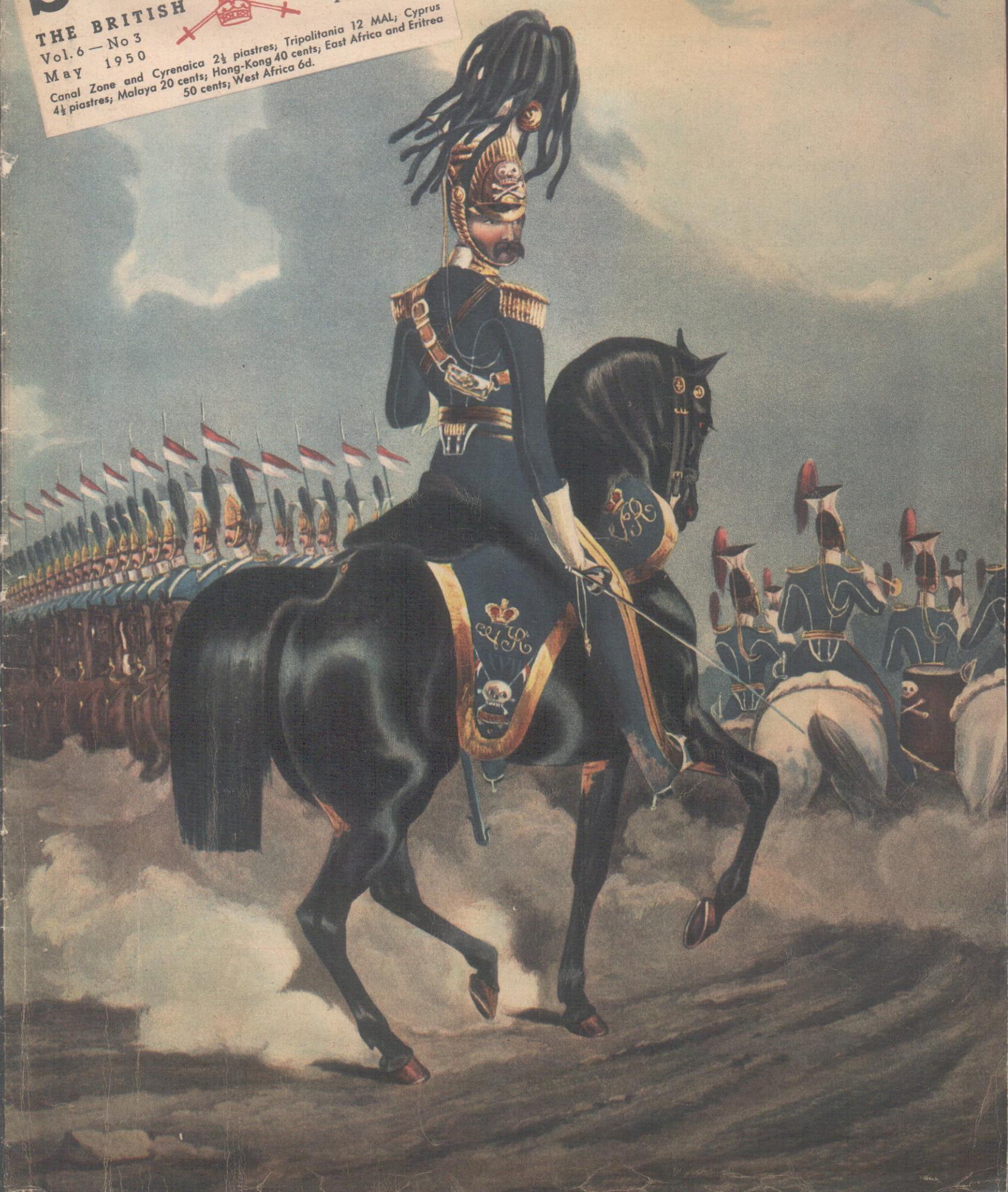
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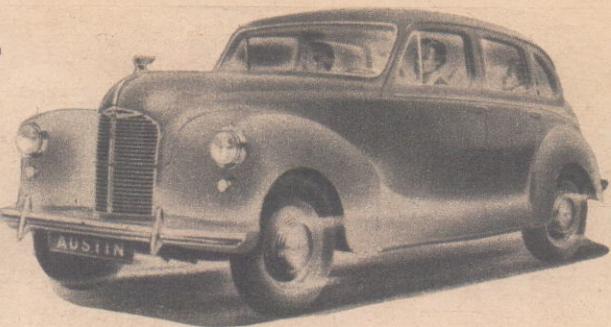
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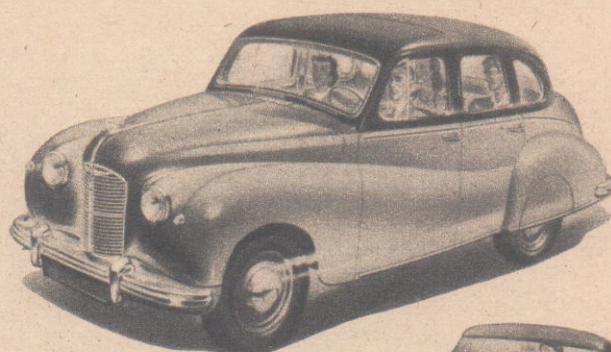
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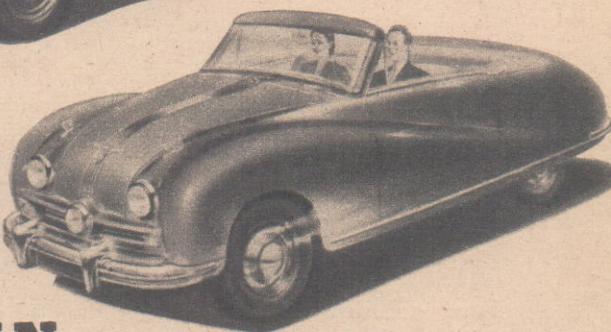
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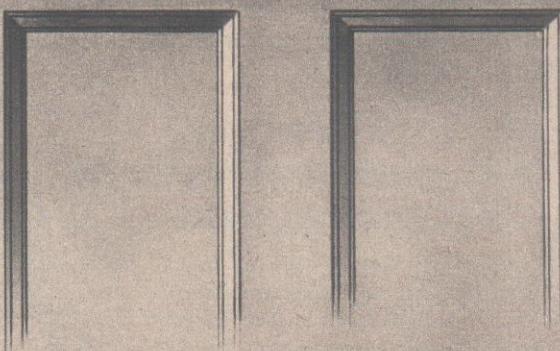
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FROM ALL CHEMISTS



Members of Parliament (many of them maiden speakers) seized eagerly their annual opportunity to discuss the Army. Questions raised included: How can we get more Regulars? Should pensions be taxed? Is it a "refinement of torture" to make a man pay for his blanco? Can a member of the WRAC become a field-marshall? Are tomorrow's barracks "pansy"? and arising out of that last question —

DO SOLDIERS WANT TO BE PRIVATE?

ONCE a year Members of Parliament have a chance to say what they really think about the British Army.

That is when the Army Estimates come up for debate in the Spring. (Theoretically, the Army is an institution which is renewed from year to year; and theoretically, if the Estimates were rejected, the Army would cease to exist).

The debate is welcomed by those ex-soldier Members who are convinced, like all of us, that they know how an Army should be run. One after the other, they put forward their pet ideas for cutting out waste or for sharpening the teeth and shortening the tail; they also do not hesitate to voice any grievance under which they laboured in the Service. As a rule it is a knowledgeable debate; so is the corresponding one which is held at a later date in the House of Lords.

Only brief reports of the Army debates appear in most newspapers, and many of the points which interest the soldier receive no wider circulation than the pages of *Hansard*.

The major issue this year was: How can more men be encouraged

to sign on as Regulars? Only by increasing the size of the permanent army, it was generally agreed on both sides of the House, could the Army hope to carry out its commitments in distant lands efficiently and economically.

Many were the nostrums, material and psychological, suggested by Members. Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, representing the garrison town of Aldershot, felt that there must first be a change in public opinion.

"It must be shown that service in the Army is regarded by everyone as a noble calling, involving personal sacrifice, hard discipline and often death in the cause of the country ... We must first of all make the call of soldiering, the profession of arms, more highly

respected than it has been in this country, certainly during the last year or two."

The Member for the garrison town of Colchester, Lieut-Colonel C.J.M. Alport (Con.) took pride in saying that that town was notable for the atmosphere of friendliness and understanding between soldiers and civilians. Elsewhere, Kipling's words might be true:

"It's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' 'Chuck him out, the brute! But it's 'Saviour of 'is country' when the guns begin to shoot."

Mr. Woodrow Wyatt (Lab. Aston), a wartime major, thought that the pay of Regulars should be increased and the pay of National Servicemen reduced — "the justification being that

National Service is undertaken as a national duty ... on the other hand the Regular soldier is undertaking the job as a profession, as a long-term career." This view has also been urged by Conservatives.

There were a great many "pettifogging regulations," according to Mr. Wyatt, which discouraged men from signing on voluntarily. He cited "the ridiculous game of laying out kit in an exact way on a bed, according to certain measurements laid down by the serjeant-major ... It is insulting to human dignity to be required to lay one's tooth-brush on a bed at a certain angle." Nor did Mr. Wyatt like the Army machinery for making a complaint: "When a man is marched into a room with another man shouting in his ear about a foot behind him and he is then required to stand smartly to attention, every thought is driven out of his head."

When Mr. Wyatt complained that troops were charged barrack-room damages "to guard against some mythical night-out when every window in the barrack-room is going to be smashed," Brigadier Antony Head (Con. Carshalton) chipped in to say that he had never heard of barrack-room damages being charged against a future event. **OVER**

FACTS:

M R. John Strachey, the new Minister for War, gave the strength of the Army today as 373,000 (three years ago it was 862,000). Of these 185,000 were Regulars. These figures "concealed a difficulty," as no fewer than 40 per cent of Regular officers were on short-service commission, as against 16 per cent of Other Ranks. Ideally, there should be 35,000 Regular recruits a year (in 1949 there were 21,000; in 1948 32,000, including short-service men in each instance). Only one-and-a-half per cent of National Servicemen signed on as Regulars.

At present only 15 per cent of Regulars were serving for 22 years, and 10 per cent for 12 years. If these proportions could be increased to 20 per cent and 30 per cent, an annual recruitment of 20,000 Regulars might be adequate.



"It is insulting to human dignity to be required to lay one's tooth-brush on a bed at a certain angle." — Major Woodrow Wyatt.



"The average boy of 18 who joins up is not just untidy; he has a positive genius for untidiness." — Major N. T. L. Fisher.



Lieut-Col. D. H. Amory, once Mr. Strachey's platoon serjeant, told MP's that the new War Minister was innocent of any military misdemeanour.

DO SOLDIERS WANT TO BE PRIVATE? (Cont'd)

But Mr. Wyatt must have been an unlucky, or an unruly soldier, for he said: "I myself have been charged against a future contingency." Other things which Mr. Wyatt criticised were making a man blanco his belt and then charging him for the blanco ("a refinement of torture"), and the issue of battle-dress blouses and trousers which did not match in colour or texture ("not a thing of which anybody could be proud").

One Member at least did not agree with Mr. Wyatt that a meticulous kit lay-out was a mortification of the flesh. This was a former member of the Brigade of Guards, Major N. T. L. Fisher (Con. Hitchin) who said:

"We have to remember that the average boy of 18 who joins up is not just untidy; he has a positive genius for untidiness, and it does no harm at all for him to have to put his kit in proper order."

Even if National Servicemen do not agree with this view, it is more than likely that their mothers do.

The view that volunteers do not need luxury to lure them in was expressed by Brigadier T. H. Clarke (Con. Portsmouth, W.) who said: "We in the Army feel that the barracks which are at present being built are over-luxurious... The soldier needs a good barrack; he needs a place where he can sit down and rest, and where there is a fire, but he does not want a mat beside his bed, or a counterpane to go over his bed; he merely throws his boots on it."

Brigadier Clarke said that ex-soldiers building the new model

barracks at Tidworth had told him that they would far sooner have had an extra couple of bob than the "pansy" affair now contemplated. "I saw barracks in Germany which I thought were first-class. There was nothing effeminate about them; they were good, manly places where a fellow could have quiet, could keep himself warm, and there were decent beds. That is all the soldier wants... he likes being in a barrack-room with seven or eight other chaps. Directly he is put in isolation he feels that he has gone to detention."

A certain scorn for barrack luxuries is apparently felt also by Territorials in Liverpool, according to Mr. John Tilney (Con. Wavertree). He quoted with approval an advertisement of the local Territorial Association which contained the phrases: "Lancashire wants men with character and grit. Quality not Quantity. Men of Lancashire, the Territorial Army now requires a limited number of NCO's of good quality and active service experience in each unit... those with the requisite qualifications apply to the nearest Drill Hall for information. NO BEDSIDE LAMPS."

One Member, Mr. Harold Davies (Lab. Leek) was convinced "the best recruiting agent this country ever had was unemployment," but Conservative Members protested that this was a fallacy. According to statistics, recruiting had always risen when employment had risen, and decreased when employment had decreased.

There was no scarcity of Members to contend that the way to recruit Regulars was to build them more married quarters, or to guarantee them civilian jobs afterwards. On the latter point Mr. Michael Stewart, Under-Secretary for War, said: "In recent months we have steadily added to the total number of guaranteed vacancies for ex-Regular soldiers which are secured in the service of the Government, with local authorities, with nationalised industries and, to some extent, in the service of private industry." At the moment, he said, Regulars had no difficulty in finding employment on release.

Another grouse of the Regular was voiced by Mr. A. McKibbin (Ulster Unionist, Belfast E.), who thought it "perfectly scandalous" that a Regular's pension should be taxed, when he got a civil job. "If a man who has given 22 years service, a great part of his life, is to be given something it should be given freely with both hands. There should be no income tax levied on pensions."

The practice of taxing officers' allowances was attacked by General Sir George Jeffreys, (Con. Petersfield) who called it "iniquitous." Such things rankled with the Regular soldier, let there be no mistake about it, he said.

On the wider question: "How can the Army be stretched to meet its commitments?" there were many sighs for the lost strategic reserve represented by the old Indian Army. Lieut-Col. Alport urged recruiting East African troops for use in the Indian Ocean area. It would be much easier, he said, to move

such a brigade from Mombasa to Singapore than to switch the Guards from London. Also, East African troops had experience of, and aptitude for jungle war. Others who supported this idea were General Sir George Jeffreys and Mr. R. T. Paget (Lab. Northampton). Mr. Paget, indeed, urged that a number of brigades be raised for the Middle East from volunteers in Germany or Central Europe — "Communists or Nazis, or anything else." He later suggested "divisions of Germans serving on equally honourable terms with the divisions of Englishmen in the army of Western Europe" — an idea which Mr. Winston Churchill has prominently advocated.

Another revolutionary way of saving manpower was suggested in the Defence debate, a few days previously, by Brigadier O. L. Prior-Palmer (Con. Worthing) who thought it "a terrible waste of first-class fighting troops" to station them in places like Gibraltar and Malta.

"They should be replaced, because all they are doing is police work and guard duties. There was a time when they acted as a strategic reserve, but what is the use of a battalion of Infantry as a strategic reserve these days? My suggestion is this: I believe there would be a large number of ex-Service time-expired men who would be only too willing to join the militia, take their families out to that lovely climate and live there, and perform these guard and police duties."

The two VC's — Brigadier J. G. Smyth (Con. Lambeth) and Captain R. E. D. Ryder, RN (Con. Merton and Morden) both made maiden speeches. Brigadier Head was inspired to say that never had the House witnessed "two holders of the Victoria Cross who have successfully appeared so unutterably frightened." Nevertheless, both spoke to good purpose. The pacifist Member, Mr. Rhys Davies (Lab. Westhoughton) made his customary intervention in the debate. Last year he professed to be worried at the thought of a member of the WRAC having a long succession of children in Army time, and claiming married quarters and husband allowance for them. This year he wanted to know, among other things, whether the rank of field-marshal would be open to women, now that they had the right to military ranks. Mr. Michael Stewart answered the question in the same spirit in which it was asked: "Who am I to set a limit to the future?"

Another moment of light relief was when Lieut-Col. D. Heathcoat Amory (Con. Tiverton) revealed that he had been Mr. Strachey's platoon sergeant over 30 years ago (presumably in the Officers' Training Corps). "I think I can say, to the relief of the whole House, that I can recollect no military misdemeanour whatever on his part at any time."

POSTSCRIPT: The atom bomb? Said Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, in the Defence Estimates debate: "The Chiefs of Staff in their strategic planning are giving full weight to this new military factor. Beyond that I cannot go today." Mr. Winston Churchill called this statement "a model of non-informative eloquence."



Two soldiers on frontier patrol at Gibraltar. A Member of Parliament has urged that the garrisoning of the "Rock" and of Malta should be handed over to time-expired Regulars.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE leader writer of *The Times* has been sighing over the "unlovely labels" bestowed on some of the reshuffled Territorial Army units in recent times.

He says:

"It was easy to be enthusiastic about belonging to the Blankshire Hussars (the "Holy Terrors") or the Blanktown Rifles (the "Marching Marvels") with a smartish uniform for 'walking-out'; it was not so easy to become excited by membership of the 999th Light Anti-Aircraft/Searchlight Regiment (City of Blank Rifles), with a hobbledehoy battle-dress for all purposes. Yet the real regimental spirit of the Territorial Army can surmount even this, it seems, for units with such unlovely labels have their voluntary, and enthusiastic, servants."

The leader writer was probably not intending his words to be taken too seriously; the question of cumbrous names is one of the least of the Territorial Army's problems. At the same time there is something in the complaint. Certainly, it is very hard to imagine a dialogue on these lines:

"What's your mob, chum?"

"The 999th Light Anti-Aircraft/Searchlight Regiment (City of Blank Rifles) RA, TA, chum."

Obviously the 999th will have to find itself a nickname pretty quickly. Once upon a time it was simple for a unit to call itself the "Fighting Fifth" or the "Saucy Seventh"; now numerals have got out of hand. But soldiers have a wonderful flair for devising colourful, if not lurid, nicknames, and there is no need to despair.

The fact remains that there is much to be said for a unit having a short, easily remembered name — and one which appeals to the imagination. How much of the recruiting success of the Black Watch is due to the regiment's name alone? For let no one dispute it: it is a magic name. It blends strength, grimness, implacability and alertness with a pleasing dash of the sinister; the perfect name to lure the stalwart Celt who might feel self-conscious at joining the Death or Glory Boys. The Green Howards and the Sherwood Foresters are two other Regiments of the Line which enjoy high-sounding names.

Sometimes fate played a big part at the christening. The Coldstream Guards were so named because 300 years ago they happened to stop at a place called Coldstream; there is reason to be grateful that they did not stop at Piddlehinton or Chipping Sodbury.

Sometimes mere familiarity blinds us to the excellence of the names of British regiments. A correspondent of the sophisticated *New Yorker* magazine, writing from Hong-Kong, began his cable by listing the names of the British regiments there which he thought richly fanciful. To a man born and bred a republican there is doubtless a touch of magic in such a name as the King's Own Scottish Borderers, which in its homeland is sometimes brutally abbreviated to "Kosbies."

The Territorial Army has not lacked arresting names in the past — the Honourable Artillery Company, the Artists Rifles, the Inns of Court Regiment (the "Devil's Own") are all admirable in their way. Let's see if some of the new names can be brightened up.



The new Adjutant-General to the Forces, General Sir John T. Crocker. He was one of the first officers of the Royal Tank Corps.



The new Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, General Sir Brian Robertson. He has been businessman and diplomat as well as soldier.

ARE you impatient for promotion?

Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Morgan, who prepared the plans for the Normandy invasion, reveals in his book "Overture to Overlord" (reviewed on page 35) that he served for 16 years in the rank of captain, Royal Artillery.

General Dwight D. Eisenhower, who took over and expanded General Morgan's invasion plan, served a total of 16 years in the rank of major.

There is a fine field for speculation here. What would have happened, it may be asked, if these distinguished officers, tiring of slow progress, had applied for bowler hats and gone out to grow tea or run multiple stores?

Curiously enough, three of Britain's topmost soldiers all have "broken service." Field-Marshal Sir William Slim came back from

an important post with British Railways to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff. General Sir Brian Robertson, newly appointed Commander-in-Chief, Middle East after a spell as High Commissioner in Germany, retired from the Army in 1933 and became a managing director for the Dunlop company in South Africa. And General Sir John T. Crocker, who is leaving the Middle East to become Adjutant-General, also had a brief flirtation with civilian life; after distinguished service in World War One he left the Army, but rejoined in 1920.

A dozen men will draw a dozen different morals from all this. The paramount need, if a soldier is to reach the top of his profession, is to keep his brain and body agile. His brain may be sharpened by a venture into civilian life (equally it may be dulled); but the example of General Morgan and General

Eisenhower shows that it is by no means impossible to keep one's mind needle-sharp in the Service.

THE General who smiled an impolite smile when Rommel asked for more men, and whom Rommel called the German equivalent of a "bloody fool" wrote a book last year bitterly attacking Hitler's generalship: he is General Franz Halder, Chief of the German General Staff from 1938 to 1942.

The book was a best-seller in Germany and has now been issued in an English translation — "Hitler as Warlord" (Putnam, 3s 6d).

Reviewers' verdicts run from "Everyone who wants to understand the German mentality should read this book" to "undoubtedly this is the most sickening piece

OVER

£20 FOR POSING AS A DESERTER

WHY should anyone want to pose as a deserter?

The fact that men do is borne out by the Army and Air Force Annual Bill for 1950. This amends Section 152 of the Army Act, under which pretending to be a deserter is a punishable offence.

Previously the punishment has always been imprisonment. Now a fine of not more than £20 can be substituted.

It has sometimes happened that men wanting a meal and a bed for the night have

"surrendered" to a nearby unit, which has maintained them on Army rations while their cases were investigated.

On occasions men have had free rail journeys to places which they wanted to reach. Irishmen, for example, wishing to return to their homeland, have walked into London barracks announcing themselves as deserters from well-known Irish regiments. In due course they have been escorted back, across the Irish Sea, receiving every attention. Because public

money is involved the practice is treated as an offence.

The Army and Air Force Annual Bill also contains a schedule repealing "obsolete enactments," regulating the conduct of the Army in Northern Ireland. One of these said that detachments of more than 15 soldiers were "not to march without an officer." Another was originally passed to enable "His Majesty's Forces, under orders of march, to pass through turnpikes and over bridges toll free."

SOLDIER to Soldier

(Continued)

of hypocrisy currently upon the bookstalls of this or any other country."

According to the German publishers Halder "with high moral restraint has avoided everything which might have been construed as justification of the generals." According to the English publishers "one receives from this book the alarming impression that if Hitler had not interfered his generals would have won the war." Which is putting it mildly.

Hitler, says Halder, may have had a gift for mass political leadership but he had none for the leadership of a military staff. He was interested only in numbers of men, not in the state of their training. He fought battles without even bothering to find out where the reserves were. When he took over the German Army in 1941 he said, "This little affair of operational command is something that anybody can do. The Commander-in-Chief's job is to train the Army in the National-Socialist idea and I know of no general who could do that as I want it done." Long before that he had been over-riding his commanders in the field. According to Halder it was Hitler who muffed the chance of trapping the British Expeditionary Force; who lost thousands of German lives by declaring places chosen



SOLDIER'S COVER

WHEN this print of an officer of the 17th Lancers was made, about 100 years ago, the regiment had been armed with the lance since 1823, but had never taken it into action. The first time they used it was in the Crimea, in 1854. The regiment contributed 140 of the "noble 600" in the charge of the Light Brigade.

The 17th was raised in 1759 as a regiment of Light Dragoons and went to America to fight the rebellious colonists later in the century. In 1922 the 17th Lancers (Duke of Cambridge's Own) amalgamated with the 21st Lancers (Empress of India's). The amalgamated regiment kept the 17th's historic "Death or Glory" badge, which is still a first-class recruiting factor.

Print by courtesy of Ernest J. Martin, Military Historical Society.

at random as strongpoints to be defended to the last man; who sent tank armies into marshes or flung them into battle when their engines were worn out.

Hitler personally stimulated technical developments, his self-designated role being that of "the Army's only real artilleryman." "But," says Halder, "Elephants did not make a Hannibal."

Halder was against Rommel's drive for Egypt; he clearly regarded it as a scatter-brained adventure. Audacious concepts of this kind obviously distressed him. The measure of Halder's cautious mind may be gauged from his definition of boldness, surely one of the most curious definitions yet: "Boldness does not consist of minimising risks and of dismissing the enemy as idiots, but of making a thorough and rational examination both of the risks and the prospects of success and then arriving at a decision with that cheerful serenity which Schlieffen extolled as the signal virtue of the Great General."

Halder does not say point-blank that the German generals could have won the war but thousands of Germans will gratefully assume this. Nothing that Halder writes suggests that he viewed the war as a crime against humanity; it was simply a military operation which was bungled.

On the same page as he quotes his hero Bismarck (Blood and Iron) he says, "True soldierly leadership in the German tradition is unthinkable without deep realisation of responsibility before God. Hitler was incapable of this."

Luckily, there is no need for anyone to write a book exploding General Halder. He explodes himself.

* * *

PROBABLY few will grudge the officers of the Women's Royal Army Corps their new military titles. The Royal Army Medical Corps never had any qualms about giving women medical officers the rank of captain.

It has been a long struggle. The women who wore khaki in World War One were, officially, "camp-followers." They were not allowed to call themselves privates, corporals or sergeants. Those in the lowest rank were "workers," and those who did the job of sergeant were known as "fore-women." There were no officers, only "officials." The distinguished lady who would now be ranked as major-general narrowly escaped being called Chief Woman Controller, but she pointed out that it would be undesirable to be known as "Chief WC."

The trouble with the officer ranks in the ATS was that shockingly few soldiers, even high-ranking ones, seemed to know what to call a woman with, say, a crown and a pip on her shoulder, still less what to call those women officers who wore gorget tabs. For the sake of ending confusion, if for nothing else, the new titles are to be welcomed.



NEVER TOO YOUNG OR OLD

WHEN Mrs. Audrey Ellis Harris, wife of an ex-brigadier who is now a clergyman, took her 20-years old daughter Philippa to Salisbury to volunteer for the Territorial Army she decided to volunteer herself.

Now, once a fortnight, Lance-corporal Audrey Harris and Private Harris (above) wheel their bicycles out from their home in Burbage Vicarage near Devizes and cycle five miles to Pewsey. Then they go by rail the 20 miles to Salisbury to do their evening training with 478 Telephone Switchboard Operating Troop. For Lance-corporal Harris wearing khaki is no new experience. During World War Two she served in India and was in a Dorchester Territorial unit before moving to Burbage.

SERJEANT Margaret Turnock (right) of Chester, first wore khaki in 1917 when, aged 17, she insisted that she was 21 so that she could go to France. In World War Two she had a son serving in the Army but that was not enough. She joined up again, was released in 1948.

Now a grandmother aged 50, Serjeant Turnock is back in uniform. She has joined 53 Signals (TA) Squadron of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

FOOTNOTE. Another WRAC grandmother, Serjeant Elizabeth Goodall, who wears Australia shoulder flashes, was recently in the news. When duty serjeant she chased two suspected thieves from Preston Barracks, Brighton.



The art of the six-shooter fell into decay when the craze for bull's-eye shooting was born. It's one thing to aim a six-shooter — it's another to fight with one, says Captain Leo A. Milligan

IN this age of automatic weapons there is a risk that the six-shooter may be looked upon as a weapon that is surely going the way of the sword.

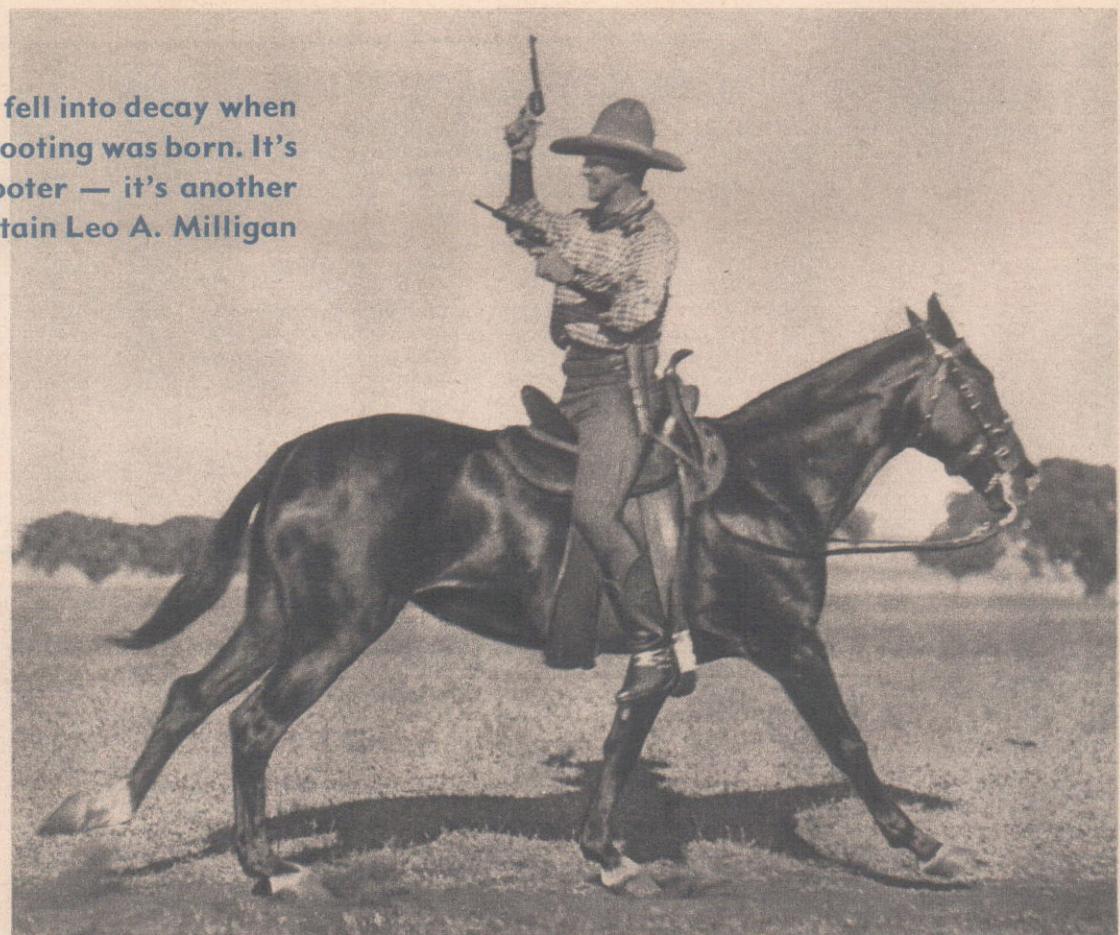
It was surprising how many Servicemen of all ranks during both World Wars had no faith in the six-shooter they carried. Some never even troubled to load it and even "ditched" it whenever they got the opportunity. They looked on six-shooters as weapons which killed people only by accident; they said that suicides were the best revolver shots. And in World War One there were officers who preferred the loaded trench stick to the loaded six-shooter.

Many people mistrust the six-shooter because they have never learned to use it. This prejudice is very widespread. But it comes only from lack of knowledge of the weapon and its story.

America is the spiritual home of the six-shooter. The legendary gun fighters of the old American Frontier had no trained instructors, small arms school, book of instructions, or specially constructed shooting ranges. And it remains true that revolver shooting cannot be taught by numbers or by shooting at bull's-eye targets.

It is worth looking at the story of the six-gun, to see how it has come about that the art of revolver fighting has almost disappeared.

Samuel Colt was the pioneer. On board the good ship *Corlo*,



IS REVOLVER FIGHTING A LOST ART?

which sailed out of Boston for Calcutta in 1830, he was inspired to whittle in wood the idea which made six guns into one. The ship's captain laughed at the idea. Six years later in Patterson, New Jersey, the original Colt six-shooter was made by the Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company.

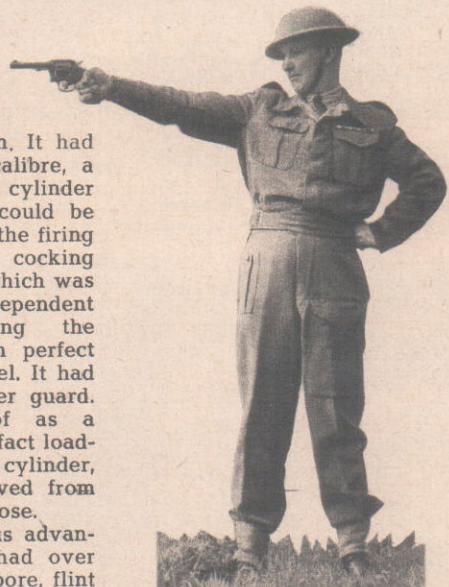
This father of all modern revolvers was a fine weapon. It had a rifled barrel of .34 calibre, a six-chambered revolving cylinder and a hammer which could be cocked by the thumb of the firing hand. The action of cocking revolved the cylinder, which was in turn locked by an independent cylinder stop, leaving the chamber to be fired in perfect alignment with the barrel. It had no sights and no trigger guard. Erroneously spoken of as a muzzle loader, it was in fact loaded from the front of the cylinder, which had to be removed from the frame for this purpose.

In spite of the obvious advantages this six-shooter had over the single shot smooth bore, flint and percussion action pistols, the United States Army and Navy experts reported adversely on it and so, in the absence of Government orders, manufacture ceased and Samuel Colt was out of a job.

It happened, however, that a quantity of those six-shooters manufactured found their way into the hands of the famous Texas Rangers, who knew a good thing when they saw it. Soon the six-shooter was tested in combat.

When the United States went to war with Mexico in 1847, Samuel T. Walker of the Texas Rangers, anxious to re-arm his men with a brace of Colts each,

The author of this article in his trick-riding days: a good gun-fighter fights with both hands, aims instinctively from any position—even this one. Below: Captain Milligan demonstrates the target pose which, he says, is no training at all for gun fighting.



This guard of honour mounted by the 3rd Carabiniers for Field-Marshal Sir William Slim is armed with revolvers. Does the Army give this weapon as much attention as it should?

THE AUTHOR

Captain Leo A. Milligan grew up on a ranch in New Mexico in the 'nineties, rough-riding and cattle-punching; was sent to school in Ireland but ran away to ride in Wild West show; on outbreak of Boer War, still rough-riding, "got mixed up on the wrong side and rode in a Boer Commando"; captured and interned; on release enlisted as Regular Gunner, served 20 years; in World War One was in Mesopotamia; in World War Two, still A1 but rated "too old to fight," was Ordnance officer; now works for Fleet Street picture agency; authority on riding, shooting.

OVER

REVOLVER FIGHTING

(Continued)



Famous for his pearl-handled six-shooters, carried in open holsters: General George S. Patton, US Army.

SHANGHAI POLICE GAVE THE ARMY IDEAS

SOLDIER prints this article in the hope that it will stimulate interest in the technique of revolver shooting.

Not all the opinions of the writer will necessarily be endorsed by the Army's small arms experts, whose method of instruction was based on "tips" given by former members of the Shanghai Police.

The Army teaches that a man should be able to fire equally well from either hand, in order that when he is working round cover the weapon can be held in the outside hand, thus minimising exposure. He is taught to fire from a sense of direction rather than to take deliberate aim, and to fire two bullets, in case the first one misses. For close fighting, he shoots from in front of the body roughly level with the waist; for more distant objects he raises his arm appropriately.

When cover is used, the pistol is considered accurate up to 50 yards, provided the firing hand is supported.

Skill with the six-shooter such as the American Frontiersman boasted takes a good deal of time — and ammunition — to acquire. The Army cannot always afford either, or both. Nor, perhaps, can it afford as a general rule to encourage the "quick on the draw" technique of the Wild West — with the lessening of safety precautions involved.

The fact remains that the revolver has potentialities which are rarely appreciated. Handled skilfully and intelligently, it can make a Tommy Gun look clumsy. In a raid on Tobruk, a Royal Marines serjeant shot one member of a gun crew and paused to reload. While he was doing so an officer shot the remaining five men with six bullets.

travelled to New York with a United States Government order in his pocket for one thousand six-shooters. He found Samuel Colt a bankrupt man. Walker's stories of the weapon's performance in the hands of the Texas Rangers raised Sam Colt's enthusiasm again; he went to work and made a new model from memory, incorporating several improvements suggested by Walker. These were the addition of a trigger guard, a foresight, a longer barrel and the bore enlarged to .44 calibre.

Soldiers returning from the war in Mexico were so full of praise for the Rangers' new weapon that immediately there grew a big demand for it. Not by the United States Army or Navy but by trappers, buffalo hunters, cattle men, Pony Express Riders, Wells-Fargo freight wagon crews, Government scouts, and the great army of settlers seeking new homes beyond the Frontier.

In the West sprang up desert towns where the only law recognised was that of the six-gun. The Frontiersman had to train his hands and fingers so that he

could draw his gun and fire it accurately by sense of direction in a split second. He practised hammer cocking until he could thumb the hammer back like lightning. The barrel of his six-gun became as much part of his hand as his index finger and he pointed it as accurately. He carried his guns in open-top scabbards — not holsters — just where he could find them easily. He did not have to search or look down to draw them. With his eyes on his adversary he could take the correct grip on the exposed butt, thumbing back the hammer as he drew.

In 1873 Sam Colt manufactured his first breech-loader for metallic cartridges. It was made in two sizes — a .45 with a 5½ inch barrel and a .44 with a 7½ inch, the former being known as the "Single Action Army Model" and the latter as the "Colt's Frontier Six-Shooter."

The 7½ inch barrel model with its increased range and stopping power was the last weapon of the Frontiersman and much colourful history was written with it. The Frontier has vanished, so has the

Frontiersman and with him has vanished the six-gun technique he perfected. But the weapon remains, is still manufactured and holds a place of honour in Messrs. Colt's illustrated catalogue to this day. Many cowboys still prefer it to any other model.

With the spread of law and order throughout the West, it was no longer necessary to carry six-guns for self protection; in fact, the carrying of firearms was forbidden. Those who owned six-shooters now began to brush up their marksmanship by shooting at stationary bull's-eye targets on specially designed shooting ranges.

Bull's-eye shooting became so popular that Samuel Colt introduced his "Bisley Model." It was the first target model six-shooter specially designed for bull's-eye shooting. The butt was almost at right angles to the axis of the barrel. It was designed for deliberate shooting, to be held shoulder-high and sighted back-sight-foresight on to the target.

The six-gun at this stage changed from a weapon of self-defence into a showman's weapon



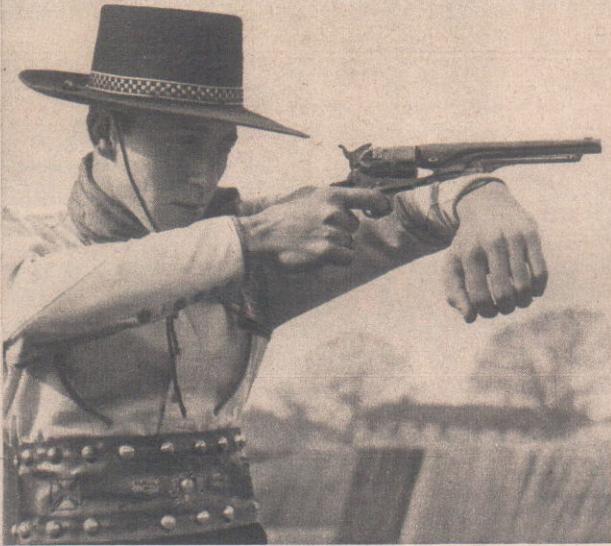
The Frontiersman draw shown with a modern revolver in a "Wild West" equipment. Butt, hammer and trigger are exposed.

The hand comes up filling itself with gun. Three fingers hook under it, trigger finger slips under the trigger, thumb finds the hammer.

The gun is almost free of the holster, hammer at full cock. Here a fumbler might fire the weapon in its holster.



Instinctive pointing: with both eyes open this policeman has pointed his six-gun at the camera, which registers accurate aim.



Technique for moving targets: Frontiersmen used this method of fire at encircling Indians or running game.



"Keep 'em up": the Army favours this position not only for guarding the surrendered but for close quarters fighting.

for exhibition shooting. All that mattered now was to be able to group six shots leisurely into a six-inch bull's-eye target. The six-gun as a fighting weapon was forgotten; revolver shooting became an amusement like a game of darts.

Now the crack rifle shot who can plant bull after bull at 600 yards on the rifle range, from the prone position, would fail to hit a running deer at 150 yards from the standing position in the open country. Here are two different techniques.

In the same way the champion revolver shot who can group six rounds into a stationary bull's-eye target at 20 yards on a shooting range might not hit a running hen at ten paces in the open.

Shooting on the range, where everything is set, may have its uses, but it will not help a man to develop a fighting technique. Remember that shooting and fighting techniques are poles apart. For years there have been books on the market professing to teach how to shoot with a revolver, but none to teach how to fight with one.

The bull's-eye enthusiast stands erect with his feet apart, disengaged hand on hip, body almost at right angles to the target, revolver held at arm's length, hand as high as the shoulder, one eye shut and the other aligning the sights on the bull's-eye. The target is always as high as the shoulder, at a measured distance, with a stop butt behind it, and a red danger flag on its summit.

The writer condemns bull's-eye shooting for the decline of the six-gun art; it is an exhibition stunt carried out in conditions that a man would seldom or never meet when using a six-gun in self-defence. It is not recommended even for beginners if they have open spaces where they can practise on natural objects such as marks on the ground, on a tree, or a conspicuous leaf on a bush, all at unmeasured distances.

An enemy will not appear immediately in front of you, at a measured distance, with a stop butt behind him, his torso the height of your shoulder. You will not be able to engage him stand-

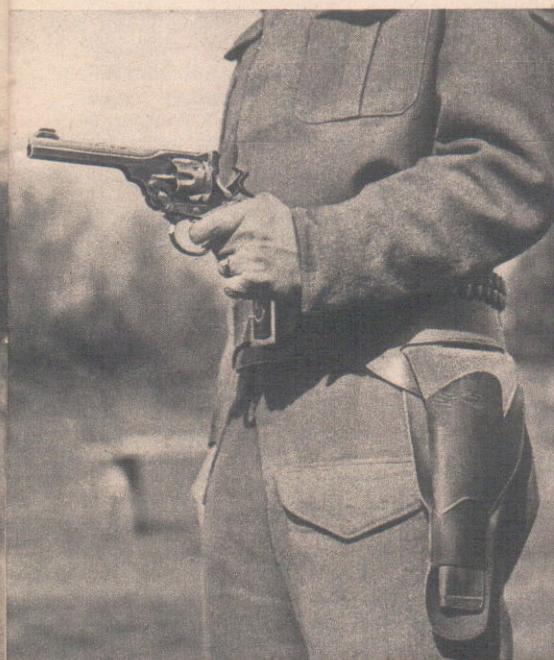
OVER



The father of all six-shooters, born 1836: Samuel Colt's .34, no sights, no trigger guard.



Colt's first breech-loader, 1873. It wrote much colourful history in the Wild West.



End of the draw, the six-shooter cocked and pointed. In a gun fight it was fired the instant it reached this position.



King Alexander of Jugoslavia is assassinated in Marseilles, 1934. A mounted officer tries to cut down the murderer with his sword. The moral? Revolver-armed police, quick on the draw, could have got the gunman first.

NO ALAMEIN IN THE ULU

ONE of these days some playwright will discover a new character in British life: the Junior Clerk Who Has Killed a Bandit.

Although the anti-Communist campaign in Malaya is not yet two years old, there are already many "veterans" of the jungle war starting their careers in office, factory and university. To them the reports of the ambushes and bomber strafes in the *ulu* (jungle) mean a good deal more than they do to the man in the street. They will be the first to applaud the award of the General Service Medal for the campaign — even though it has come too late for them to wear themselves.

Gun spinning — to the right with the right hand, and the opposite with the left. This was not just Wild West exhibitionism — it was a way of strengthening and disciplining the trigger finger.

REVOLVER FIGHTING (Cont'd)

ing erect with feet astride, coolly aligning the sights. More than likely you will be flat on your stomach, or crouching in a building, in a hole in the ground, or in a car. You may be shot at from a roof-top or window. You may be picking your way along a trench, or through bush or jungle, or forced into the open from a burning car or tank.

In any case you will need to be as loose in the arms as a boxer, and able to shoot a left or a right into your opponent as the situation demands. It is useless practice to plant six rounds rapid into one target; one bullet puts a man out of action. It would be more useful therefore to plant one round in each of six targets. Remember it is at close quarters that the six-gun is mostly used.

Targets which offer themselves to a revolver-armed man are usually fleeting ones, therefore coolness, speed, and accuracy are necessary. He should be able to shoot from any attitude, standing or on the move, at targets above, below, in front, to the flank or behind him. In short the Frontiersman technique should be adopted. The Frontiersman could shoot at any angle on horseback or on foot, standing, moving, crouching, or lying prone, in daylight or in the dark.

The six-gun cannot be compared with the Tommy Gun, which is a two-handed weapon and unsuitable for self-defence in certain circumstances. The six-gun is in a class by itself, and if carried in a suitable holster will allow its owner to perform other tasks with his two hands until the moment of action, when he can draw quickly and shoot immediately from the relaxed position.

A good revolver shot can kill six enemy with six rounds as easily as a Tommy Gunner can kill six men with 20 rounds. A revolver is always there in the belt; a Tommy Gun is not. A good revolver shot has nothing to fear from any man in the world.



Director of Operations against bandits: Lieut-Gen. Sir Harold Briggs, now a civilian.

the trip back across the world, followed by a job at the ledger or the bench.

More and more the campaign in Malaya finds itself on the front pages. What looked at first like just another of those jobs of "combing out the nits" is now recognised as a crucial campaign indeed.

Since the first planters were shot down two years ago, the whole aspect of Asia has changed. China is Communist. In Indo-China the French are fighting an uphill war against Communist rebels. Siam and Burma are plagued by plot and counter-plot. Even Tibet has begun to look to her frontiers.

The British soldier faces a big challenge in this turbulent continent. He has two bases in Asia: at Hong-Kong, where the job is one of watch and ward, and in Malaya, where it is one of seek and find.

Between these two bases which lie a week apart, units can occasionally be switched — as the 26th Gurkha Brigade was recently moved back to Malaya. Never, perhaps, has Britain, lacking her Indian Army, had such cause to be grateful for the support of the Gurkhas.

For every bandit killed in the jungle perhaps a score of newly vacated bandit camps are burned down; disheartening for the pursuers, but no less disheartening for the pursued. In this campaign there can never be a Waterloo or

an Alamein; nor is there a hard geographical or political line beyond which bandits can be driven. Many outrages have been committed by bandits who filtered back, or who successfully pretended not to be bandits when the troops and police passed by.

It is a mistake to suppose that all anti-bandit operations are waged in lost valleys or on untraversed uplands. Lord Killearn surprised his fellow Peers by telling them that from the aircraft in which he took off from Kuala Lumpur in March he could look down on bandit-ridden woods which ran within a mile of the Governor's house. And it was only three miles from Kuala Lumpur, on the main road to Singapore that men of the Suffolk Regiment were called on to flush an enemy from the heavy undergrowth by means of flame-throwers. The same purge-by-fire tactics were adopted near the famous Batu Caves, a Hindu shrine which thugs on the run have used as a hide-out.

To give protection against ambush, increased shipments of armoured vehicles are being sent to Malaya, also supplies of armour and bullet-proof glass. But a normal load-carrying vehicle can never be effectively armoured since the weight of the armour exceeds the maximum load. Many units have devised their own ingenious forms of "armour" — from scrap metal.

Recent citations in the *London Gazette* have stressed anew that this is a campaign calling for all the Infantry virtues. The *Gazette* told of traditional heroism in traditional phrases: of the major who led his men in a dawn assault on an enemy encampment; of the junior officer who took over when his seniors had been killed and put to flight a force of bandits nearly six times the size of his reconnaissance party; of the two NCO's who, by accurate and determined fire frustrated the attempts of a bandit force to encircle their company; of the lance-corporal who swam a dangerous, fast-rushing river to prepare an aerial rope-way for a wounded comrade.

As always, much depends on the attitude of the civilian population. The Under-Secretary for War has told Parliament that some while ago there was grave doubt whether security forces could gain the support and goodwill of the civilian population; not because civilians were politically sympathetic to the bandits, but because they doubted whether we could protect them if they co-operated. Now there was a much higher degree not only of passive goodwill but of active co-operation.

The basic aim of the fight in which our Army is engaged is to overthrow British Imperialism, thus gaining the complete liberation of the people of Malaya

馬來亞 民族解放軍第一支隊用牒

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先生愛護民族，希在五天內答覆。我解放軍健壯號助本軍經費壹佰元，諸君獻切之願望此致！

馬來亞民族解放軍第一支隊司令部謹啟

"YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE"

SINCE the start of Malaya's official emergency, in June 1948, Communist terrorists have lived to a large degree by extracting food and money at the point of the pistol from Malay, Chinese, Indian and aborigine.

Often, the first step is a politely menacing note to the victim.

Here is a translation of a note captured by a British Army patrol: all it needed was the victim's name to be filled in and it was probably as near to an Army form as the terrorists ever get: —

The First Regiment of the Malayan National Liberation Army.

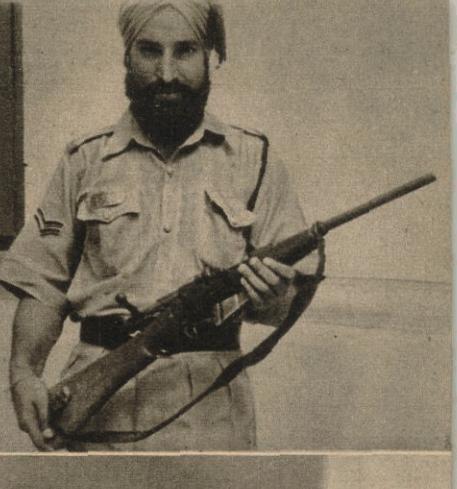
..... 1949

Headquarters of the 1st Regt.
of the Malayan National
Liberation Army.

An official of the Selangor State Police said that failure to heed this demand would bring a reminder from the bandits. "Failure again," he added, "might mean an execution squad."

Extortion cannot bring the bandits military equipment. Some of them have Brens and Stens and sub-machine guns, but others have to rely on shoddy weapons, including ancient shot-guns and ammunition which most people

Captured from the bandits, this Lee-Enfield rifle was probably lost by retreating British and Indian forces in 1941-42. The bent muzzle has been cut down.



This extortion letter lacked only the victim's name when an Army patrol captured it. For translation see article below.



A Malay policeman holds up a bandit bugle, fashioned from an old-style motor horn. Below: detectives (faces blackened for security reasons) display Japanese-type bandit caps, with British equipment found in enemy possession.





Classes are over for the day. But work goes on into the night. Left: Sjt. W. Ritchie, REME, Staff-Sjt. T. Lee, RASC, and Staff-Sjt. R. Goodrun, RASC. Above, left: Sjt. R. Melville, Royal Artillery; right: BSM J. Morris, Royal Artillery.

BISMARCK DID NOT WORK AS HARD

— as the warrant officers and non-commissioned officers who went to Gottingen for a high-pressure university course

IN the 200-years old auditorium of Gottingen's famous University, 200 British soldiers bent their backs to study.

They were by no means the first soldier students there, for Gottingen University houses the College of the Rhine Army, but they were there as pioneers: the first students on an intensive three-weeks course to prepare for the Army's new First-Class Certificate of Education.

They had come from all kinds of units in the British Zones of Germany and Austria. They were just a few of the 5000 candidates, Regular and short-service warrant officers and non-commissioned officers to sit the first examination of its kind since before World War Two.

Their fellow candidates were scattered all over the world — sitting in education centres in big garrisons, like those of North Africa and Malaya; in small groups, like the men with the Military Mission in Burma; or singly, like the NCO's on the staffs in Tokio and Damascus. Wherever a soldier needs this examination the Army will lay it on.

It is an examination which means much to the candidates — their future progress in the Service. Without the certificate, many of them will not be able to get promotion beyond their initial shadow rank when the wartime promotion code comes to an end. The Army allows them a period of grace in which to qualify — to February 1951, or, if their duties make study difficult, to February 1952. The next examination will be in October.

Many of the students for the first examination had left school 20 years before; there had been no Army educational examinations for 11 years. They were rusty, and they admitted it. But

Left: From the 1st Battalion, Gordon Highlanders, came RSM Charles Michie (left) and ORQMS Eric Craik. They try an experiment with pressure tubes. Below, left: Sjt. C. Baker, Royal Army Ordnance Corps; right: CSM W. Bryson, King's Own Scottish Borderers.



in their units, starved of NCO's, they had had no leisure for study.

Among the men to whom the course was a boon was CMS J. G. Jones of the East Yorkshire Regiment in Austria. He joined the Army in 1932. "There was precious little time to spend on education during the war," he told *SOLDIER*, "and today I find all my time is taken up with being a sergeant-major."

Another busy man was Sergeant William McCarthy, a technical survey assistant with 40 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, who spends much of his spare time training National Servicemen to box. "You can imagine how little time I have for studying for the examination," he said.

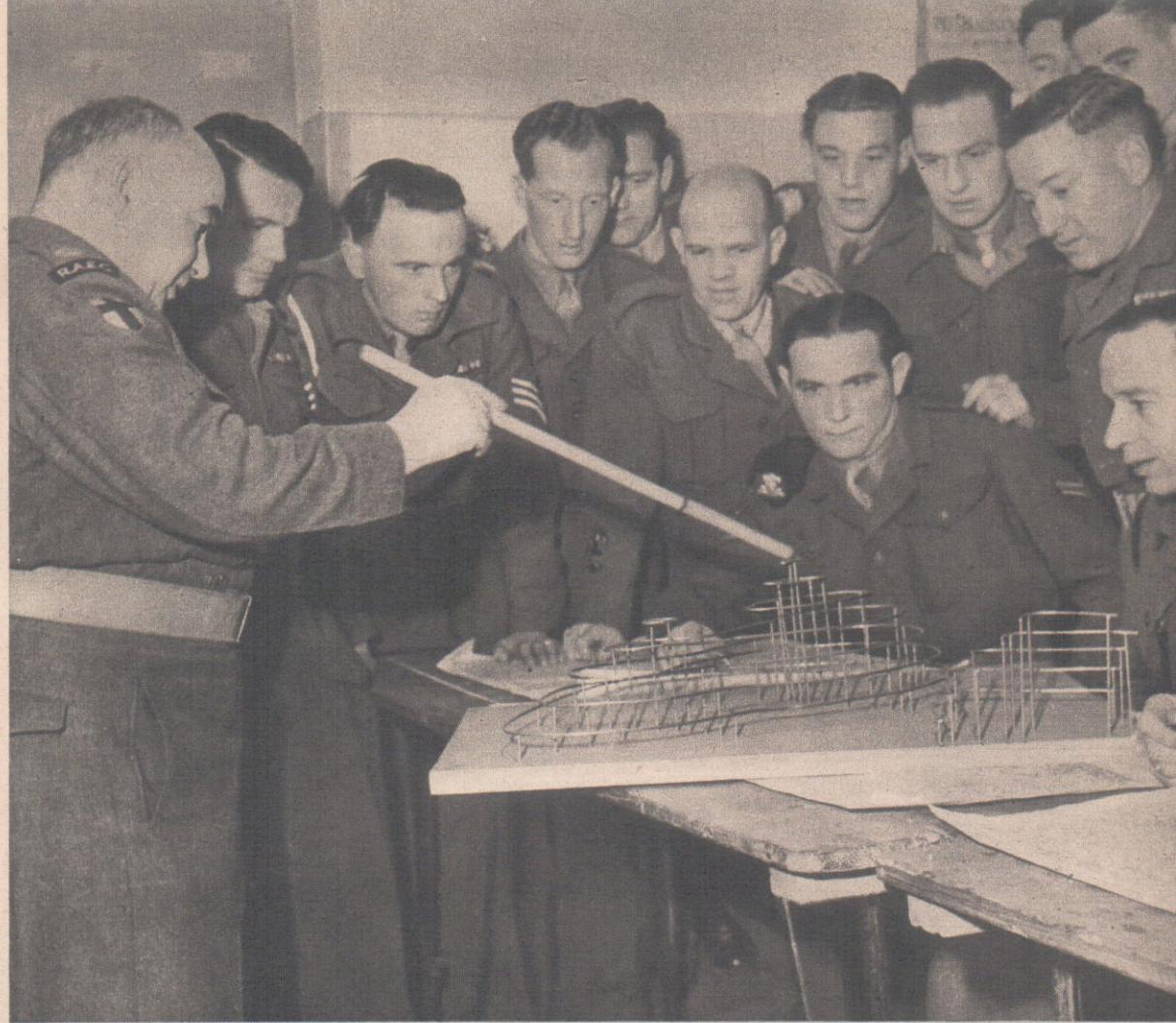
The Gottingen students were not all men, for the First-Class Certificate plays the same part in the Women's Royal Army Corps as in the men's service. CSM Lee Hopgood and CSM Enid Mallard, both train conducting warrant officers in Rhine Army, were there. They want to sign on again when their short-service engagements end. Also present was Sergeant Jennie Joanny, from 2nd Echelon in Austria, who will have 13 years' service when she finishes in 1953.

The examination is roughly of school certificate standard (possession of a school certificate exempts soldiers from taking it). It has three compulsory subjects: English, mathematics and current affairs. Students must take two of the eighteen optional subjects: map-reading; geography; citizenship; history; electricity and magnetism; additional mathematics; general science; heat, light and sound; engineering drawing; mechanics; chemistry; French; Russian; Italian; German; biology; household-science and music.

Most students select map-reading and geography as their optional subjects, but men in technical arms plump for subjects like engineering drawing, mechanics or general science.

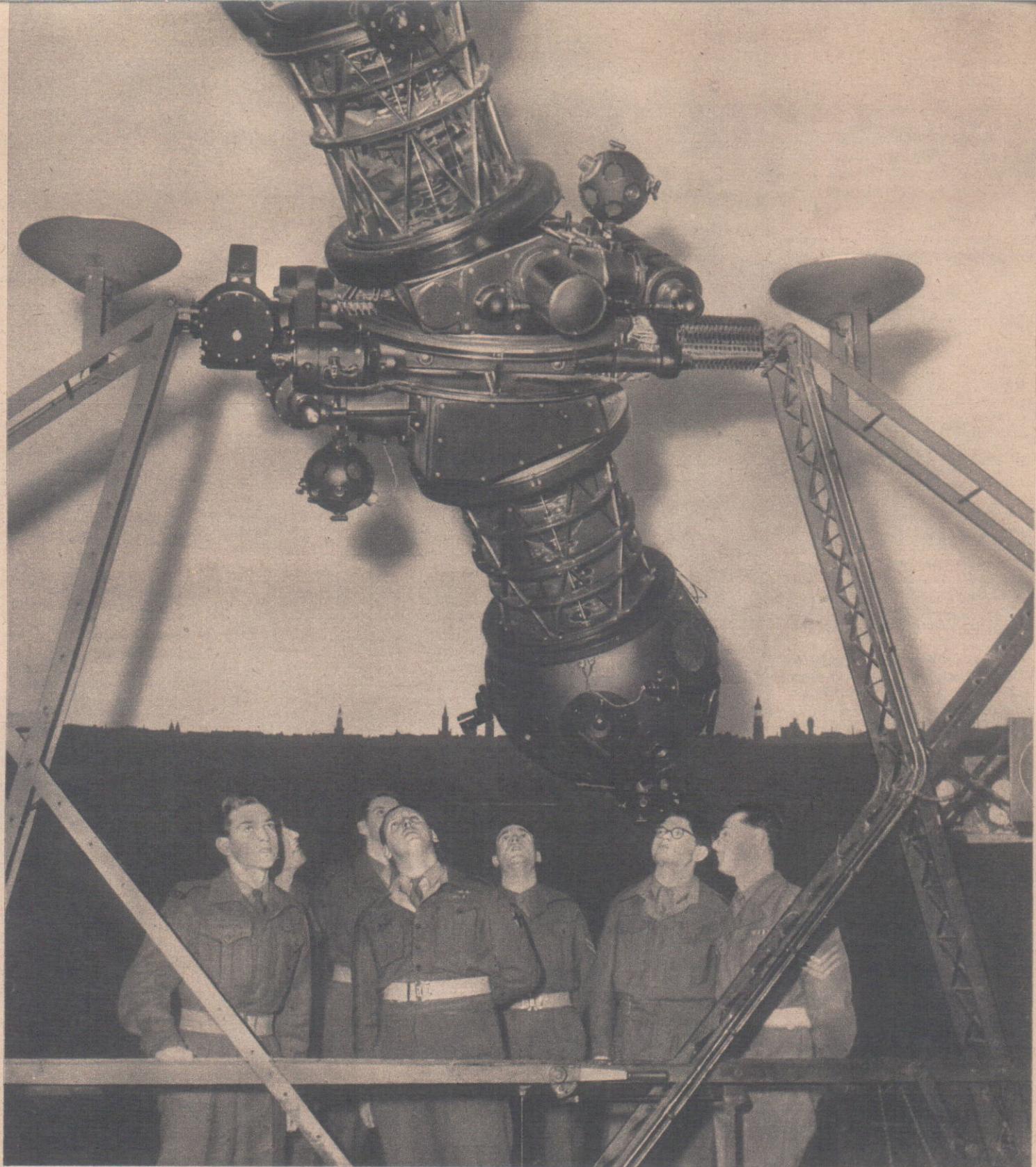
Lieut-Colonel J. Carter, Chief Instructor at the College, told *SOLDIER* that most students had greater difficulty with mathematics, especially algebra, than with any other subject. "But they begin to remember after one or two lessons," he says. "The three weeks they spend with us are equivalent to two terms at a secondary school. They work long hours. Most of them study on in the evenings, after class. One thing they get which is of inestimable value is atmosphere—the atmosphere of a world-famous seat of learning and of deep-rooted tradition."

Contributions to that fame and tradition were made by earlier students at Gottingen, Bismarck, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Longfellow among them. The Iron Chancellor was not very keen on his studies and he was often in trouble with the police for drinking too much strong beer. Two of Queen Victoria's uncles studied at Gottingen, the Dukes of Cambridge and Cumberland. Both became Field Marshals.



Above: Contours without complications. Rhine Army College designed and built its own demonstration models. The instructor is Major E. P. Kirwan. Below: More than 12,000 books in the College library help satisfy the students' thirst for knowledge. Graceful poses were arranged for the benefit of *SOLDIER*'s cameraman.





This planetarium instrument is so complicated that few people know how it works and nobody has found a name for it. Note the Hamburg skyline silhouetted round the edge of the dome.

(Pictures by Sjt. F. COVEY)

SOLDIERS GO STAR-GAZING

IT takes a lifetime to master all that is known of astronomy — one of the world's oldest sciences — but Rhine Army soldiers manage to cram an introduction to astronomy into a couple of hours.

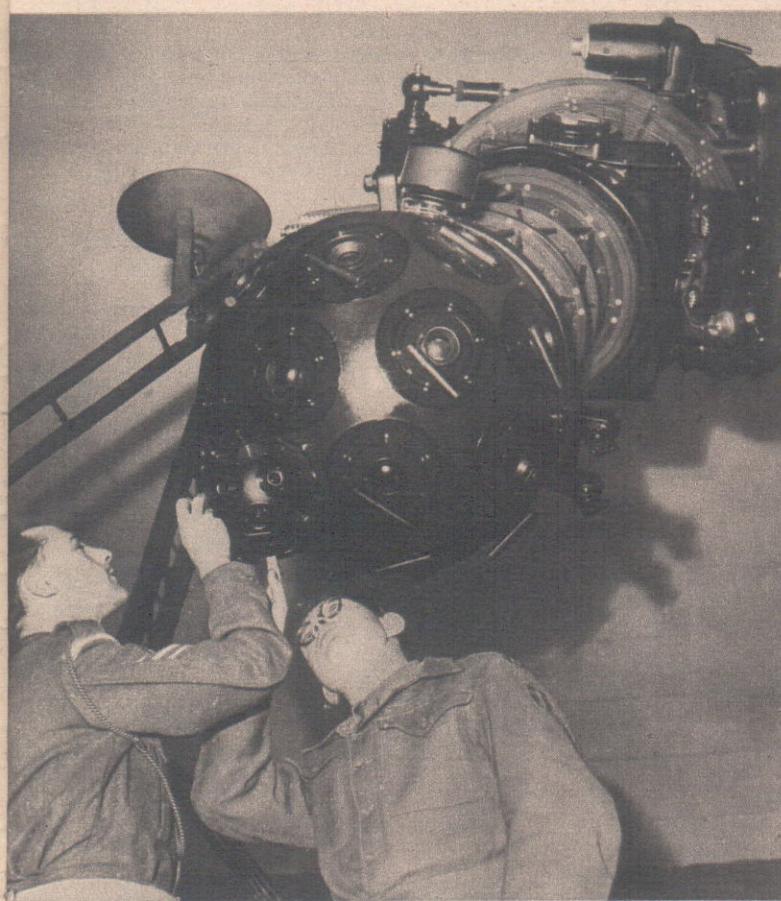
Once a week a party of them goes from Hamburg's Army Education Centre to the city's planetarium, the second largest in the world.

Here the Curator, Dr. Johannes Meyer, explains some of the mysteries of the skies, and projects representations of the planets on to the fabric-covered dome of the demonstration-room.

The projection is done by a machine so complicated that



Above: George Orwell, the novelist, wrote a book about the world as it might be in 1984. The planetarium instrument can picture the 1984 night-sky with more certainty. Below: Sergeant R. Ford and Craftsman F. Middleton take a closer look. This is one instrument they don't expect REME to maintain.



only a few experts understand how it works and nobody has thought up a better name for it than planetarium instrument. It can represent the night-sky as it will be seen from the Equator in 20,000 years from now, as it appeared from England 3000 years ago and as it will be over Hamburg tomorrow.

The planetarium machine can transfer the students' vantage-point from Hamburg to Australia and back again at the equivalent speed of about a quarter of a million miles an hour.

After Doctor Meyer's two-hours' lecture, a soldier is rather more convinced that the earth travels round the sun and that the moon travels round the earth than he was when they told him

about it at school. He begins to understand why navigators rely on the North Star as their beacon in the northern hemisphere and the Southern Cross in the other half of the world. He can recognise the most important planets, like Venus, Saturn, Mercury and Mars. He has learned that he can see only about 3000 of the firmament's billions of stars with his naked eye, and that there will be only two more total eclipses of the sun this century, one in 1954 and the other in 1999. And he has seen how constellations got their names—

thanks to lantern-slide pictures which reveal the hunter Orion fighting the Bull and the Ethiopian Queen Cassiopeia sitting in her chair.



Constable Theodore Schoof puts in some evening practice.

Bagpipes Round The World

COTTISH regiments have introduced the art of piping into many lands. Today in the Punjab and in Transjordan you can hear the pibrochs of Scotland played by native pipers. The Lebanese Army is toying with the idea of a pipe band.

Now the 1st Battalion of the Black Watch has secured for the pipes a bridgehead in Holland. And four of the battalion's pipers have been skirling a trail through South Africa.

The Holland bridgehead is the result of a performance given by the pipes and drums of the Black Watch at a liberation anniversary ceremony. Dutch policemen from the town of Heerlen heard the pipes and decided that a pipe band would be something distinctive to add to their existing brass band.

The Heerlen police bandmaster wrote to Glasgow for a set of pipes and taught himself to play. Then he tried to teach four other policemen. That was more difficult. So he wrote to the commanding officer of the Black Watch and received an invitation for five of his men to spend a month with the battalion in Germany.

There, under Pipe-Major James Jenkinson, who has 18 years piping experience, they piped daily and went back to Heerlen able to play melodies like "Bonnie Galway" and "The Rowan Tree." They are to save up for more pipes and Pipe-Major Jenkinson will spend his next leave in Heerlen, helping them to form a pipe band.

Meanwhile four pipers of the Black Watch have been touring the Union of South Africa with the regimental band, playing in the principal cities. The band has had a series of official welcomes. Among its hosts were the Transvaal Scottish, the South African regiment affiliated to the Black Watch, with a first-class pipe band of its own. (It led the Victory Parade in Addis Ababa in 1941).

The tour is costing public funds nothing. In fact the money the band earns will not only cover the cost of the journey but will pay for new suits of ceremonial dress and new instruments.

From a report by SSM R. Cogdell, Military Observer. Pictures by Sjt. R. G. Connell, Army Public Relations.

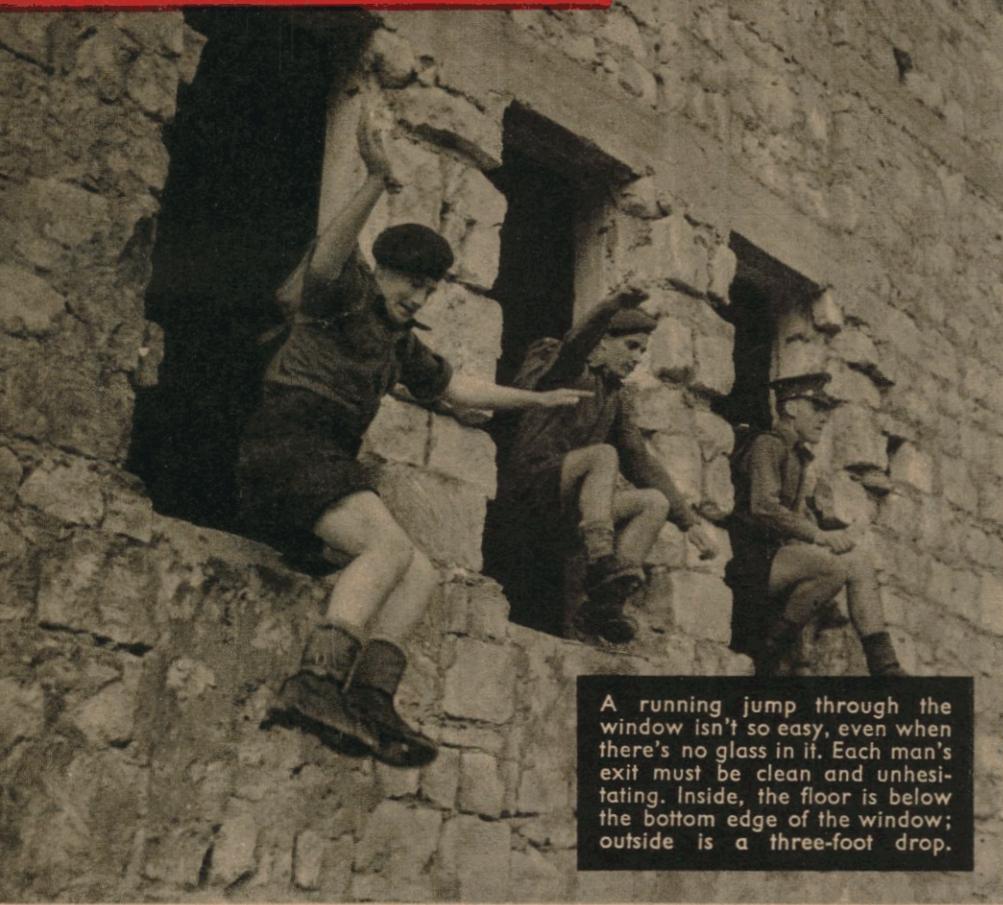
"Over the Sea to Skye": the Dutchmen rehearsed ten hours a day.



North Africa Report

— By PETER LAWRENCE
Photographs: DESMOND O'NEILL

LIFE BEGINS AT



A running jump through the window isn't so easy, even when there's no glass in it. Each man's exit must be clean and unhesitating. Inside, the floor is below the bottom edge of the window; outside is a three-foot drop.

Test of FAITH

THE Chaplain-General, Canon F. L. Hughes, tells SOLDIER that the Battisti-type course may be introduced into other commands. He says:

"It is, however, difficult to transpose a system very suitable in some conditions to quite other conditions; that is, one can plunge into the Jordan at any time, but bathing in the Thames just now is a different proposition. A 21-mile forced march across the uplands of Cyrenaica is one thing, and 21 miles on the Portsmouth road is quite another.

"But the principle has 'got something.' There is a great deal to be said for combining a teaching that God helps a man and that faith in spiritual resources is of practical consequence, with the testing of these themes in arduous exercises. There is a tendency to sit about and listen to pious aspirations, which is much corrected by being drawn into some kind of fiery furnace and testing the matter from another angle than that of an armchair. How we do this under all conditions is occupying our minds quite a bit."



BATTISTI has been compared with Wuthering Heights — bleak, desolate, as if cut off from the outside world.

But Battisti, 3000 feet up in the loneliest part of the Cyrenaican Jebel, does not lack human warmth and comradeship. There, in a big white building which once housed the local Fascist headquarters, is staged the Army's newest combined operation, in which physical training and the principles of Christianity are taught together.

Christian leadership centres are by no means rare in the Army but only two teach physical training. One is at Battisti, the other at Embatkalla in Eritrea, where the idea started.

In the Army occupying North Africa, word has spread from unit to unit of the Battisti experiment. To some it has conjured a picture of continuous assault courses and church services. That is an exaggerated picture.

The object is to make men fit in mind, body and spirit. Students have their character and spiritual outlook developed to strengthen their physical capabilities and powers of leadership. They learn to overcome the fear of height and water; they shake off all that goes with the so-called "inferiority complex."

This Christian leadership course is an experiment. It started in August 1948 when a padre and a sergeant-major instructor of the Army Physical Training Corps were both looking for a building in which to hold courses. They were the Rev. H. L. R. Davies and Sergeant-Major Ernest Chadwick, then with the Army in Eritrea.

There was only one suitable building and so the two men discussed running the courses together.

BATTISTI

They agreed that in their own spheres they were both responsible for building fit men, a view which was shared by the local Army commander. The joint course was authorised and troops from Eritrea and Sudan were the first students. It was a success.

Last year Sergeant-Major Chadwick was sent to Cyrenaica to start work at Battisti. He was joined by the Rev. R. D. Birchett who has since been succeeded by the Rev. A. L. F. Cole. For Roman Catholic courses a Roman Catholic chaplain takes over.

Students include volunteers and detailed men, National Servicemen and Regulars, of all ranks and all arms. Because of accommodation difficulties, there have been no officers at Battisti, though there have at Embatkalla. Students and staff mess together and share a common recreation room, to give the men a break from normal barrack life. But there is nothing soft about Battisti.

Next to the former Fascist headquarters the Italians built a hotel which was never completed. Its shell forms the obstacles for physical tests. By the time the course is over the men have clambered up, leaped off and scraped their knees and elbows on most of its rough walls. They have run across a room and leaped through windows on to the road below without touching either the top, bottom or sides. They have jumped from a window 15 feet from the ground. They have jumped on to a slippery drum ten feet below. They have walked along the narrow top of a 25-foot wall, leaping several gaps. From the ground these tests do not look difficult; from the top they do.

At the end of the course the men go for a nine miles forced march to Cyrene, the ruined Greek city. It was the students themselves who chose to continue the march to Apollonia, 12 miles beyond. On arrival they cook their own food and take it in



The bell which summons to prayer—or to the assault course. Left: "You can if you think you can!" is the theme of Sergeant-Major Instructor Ernest Chadwick's pep talk.

High in the barren hills of Cyrenaica the Army is trying out an experiment: a "combined operation" to fortify body and soul



Getting used to heights: this half-finished mountain building was intended for Italian colonists. Framed in background is the former Fascist headquarters. Right: Wrenched muscle? Trooper John Highton, 13/18 Royal Hussars, up for inspection.

turn to command the camp. They undergo swimming tests and most non-swimmers can swim before they leave.

The subjects for lectures include the Ten Commandments, marriage and family life. At "family prayers" the men read the lessons — another exercise in self-confidence.

What type of men go on these courses? They are the men found in any unit and any command. On the course visited by SOLDIER were barrow boys, engine drivers, lorry drivers, a military policeman, a civil servant and a number of Regulars. Most were not church-goers, and some said they had never been to church. Sometimes students arrive in a wary frame of mind, but it is not long before they are co-operating. Others go to Battisti hoping for a "cushy" time; their awakening is rude, but they are usually glad, afterwards, to have been "jerked out of it."

Said the Rev. R. D. Birchett: "Some people think this is a physical training course with a thin religious gloss; others that we probe a man's weaknesses. Neither notion is



OVER

LIFE BEGINS AT BATTISTI (Continued)

true. The religious instruction and physical training are very much intermixed."

Said Sergeant-Major Chadwick: "We teach men to get a grip on life. Too often they say they cannot overcome a quite simple obstacle when they could if they only tried a bit harder. We find their morale rises as a result of the classroom teaching and it helps them to overcome these obstacles."

At the end the men are asked to give their opinions on the course. Here are a few samples: "There was a comradeship I never thought existed in the Army"; "The course has been something I have subconsciously wanted all my life"; "In a few days I felt the effect of the training not only on my body but on my spirit and outlook on life."

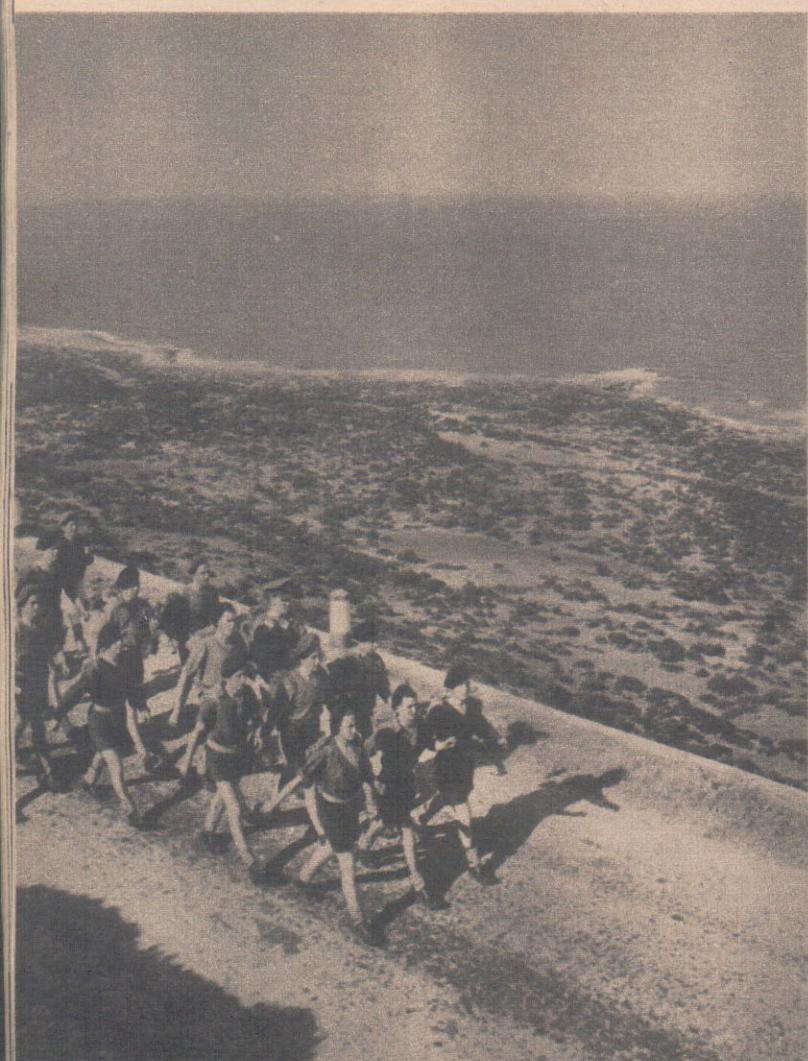
One man said: "There is no 'mush' about this course. They talk to you about your body, your religion and your character in a down-to-earth manner. The discipline is stiff and at night you sometimes feel you could lie down and die. The instructors stand no nonsense. But at the end you feel a better man. Here the Army has got something."

Only one man in 20 does not ask to attend a future course.



The Padre watches students on the 25-foot wall. This is one way in which will-power and confidence are developed. Below: The road to Apollonia, last lap. At journey's end the men will shelter in caves the Romans used.

In traditional sergeant-major pose: Sergeant-Major Instructor Ernest Chadwick. He helped to start the first of these "combined operations" in Eritrea. Below: Dressed for the next trial of strength, students listen to a talk on the Ten Commandments by the Reverend R. D. Birchett.





Past the Spanish Castello and the arches leading to the old Arab quarter a gharry carries soldier sightseers. For the explanation of the passenger's beard, turn to next page.

THE GARRISON IN GHIBLI-LAND

IN the visitors' book of a NAAFI club in Tripoli's Castello, against every address in or near Plaistow, someone has written, "Do you want your windows cleaned? See page 69."

In the same hand, on page 69, next to the name of a forward-looking National Serviceman, is written, "The Plaistow window cleaner," together with his address and his release date.

Not every soldier in Tripoli looks homeward with such a practical eye. But every soldier in Tripoli does look homeward, and often, rather in the way that a dreamer pinches himself to see if he is awake. For Tripoli, city of contrasts, has a way of seeming unreal.

The brightly-painted Italian homes, with their gardens of palms and brilliant flowers, and

For Eighth Army it was "Shave and Haircut Town." Today its diversions include speedway and American football

the colonnaded shopping-streets have the quality of cardboard houses when you turn back to them from the spice-scented reality of the Arab quarter with its flies and its ragged beggars sleeping in the shade. And both Italian and Arab quarters might be a thousand miles away when you are in the Spearhead, a mock English inn (once called the Pending Python), if it were not for the hot *ghibli* blowing clouds of fine dust in from the desert.

These contrasts give Tripoli much of its fascination for the travel-minded. They emphasise the "foreign-ness" of the place. So does the fact that there is little fraternisation with the rest of the population.

The Italians, fallen masters of the country, are subdued and un-

assertive. As for the Arab way of life, it is so dissimilar from the British that there is little common ground on which British and Arabs can meet socially. The Jews, of whom there are 28,000 in the country, have been there much longer than the Italians and follow their own characteristic way of life. Many of them are bound eventually for Palestine.

Relations, though distant, are friendly, and the soldiers — many of whom came to Tripolitania from the strife of Palestine — have found this a welcome change. The job of caretaker, too, is much less arduous than it was in Palestine. There was some Arab rioting in May 1949, but the United Nations' decision that Libya should become independent by 1 January

1952 put a stop to that. Now Libya looks to the future with something more like equanimity.

For many men in remote units, there are few daily amenities outside their quarters. They live in reconditioned Italian barracks, built by Marshal Graziani for the Army whose job it was to keep the Tripolitanians in subjection. Some of the barracks are 250 miles from the nearest town. They may be near a village, largely built of petrol cans, with a few fly-blown Arab shops and perhaps an Italian restaurant which sells fierce liquor.

Tripoli itself has more to offer. It has come a long way from the day, a few months after its fall, when *Parade*, the wartime Middle East Army magazine, described it as "Shave and haircut town," because it had almost nothing else to offer the conquering Eighth Army man.

Today Tripoli has 62 cafes and bars in

OVER



A Tripoli "character" is the Pioneer Sergeant of the Cameron Highlanders, whose appointment traditionally entitles him to wear a beard. In background is a pillar surmounted by the wolf which, according to legend, suckled Romulus and Remus, founders of Rome. Below: In Tripoli's main square, where pipers of 51st (Highland) Division played a paean of victory, the 1st Battalion Cameron Highlanders beat Retreat.

The Tripolitania District flash is a Barbary galley.



GARRISON IN GHIBLI-LAND

(Continued)

bounds where you can get good, but expensive, food. There are *table d'hôte* meals for 100 to 120 Military Administration Lire (a MAL is worth a halfpenny); there are à la carte dinners which cost up to 25s. But food is cheaper in the Service clubs where cigarettes are 11d for 20 and beer 11d a bottle.

There is always something doing. The garrison's weekly paper publishes announcements about anything from meets of the 1st Guards Brigade Hunt to unit messing and cookery competitions, dancing in the Warrant Officers' and Serjeants' Club, classical record concerts and dancing classes run by the Women's Voluntary Services in a NAAFI Club, or the inevitable film show. The paper's classified advertisements columns indicate that some units have profitable hobbies. Here is a specimen: "For sale. Seven months old pigs. Gilts 10,500 MAL each, Boars 8000 MAL each. Apply Officer-in-charge Farm, 595 Ord Depot."

As well as the conventional Army sports, Army Welfare has provided sailing and angling clubs; there is speedway racing; and there is the chance of watching an American ball-game, introduced by the men of the United States Air Force at nearby Wheelus Field "for the first time on the great African Continent."

For leave, besides a special camp, there are indulgence passages to Malta, Italy, Sicily and Tunis. Lucky soldiers who can be spared by their units may get a Mediterranean cruise as guests of the Royal Navy.





It's rough, it's tough and it's baffling: British troops in Tripoli watch the American ball-game, as guests of the United States Air Force, Wheelus Field.

Left: Incident in a game when Wheelus Field entertained an American Army team from Trieste. Above: Gunner R. Tweedie of 6 Field Regiment chats to two heavily padded players.

"Very good carpet, Kwoisketeer. Molto bono. Too cheap... Too dear? Then how much you pay?"

Floodlit palms make a flattering approach to the Senior Club, where warrant officers and sergeants relax.





With a German propaganda leaflet for light reading: the "Screaming Eagles" of the American 101st Airborne Division, as portrayed in "Battleground," a film of the Bastogne battle.

HOLLYWOOD CHANGED ITS MIND...

A year or two ago the wiseacres of Hollywood said that war films were "box office poison."

Like most generalisations about public taste, this proved to be wrong. Hollywood has now recognised its error.

True, much depends on the kind of war film. There is no demand for flag-wagging heroics, or for the Errol-Flynn-captures-Burma type of offering. During the war the film-makers in that never-never land on the Californian coast, tended to turn out "war" films which were artificial and bogus.

To be fair, most of the war films which Hollywood has recently rushed on to the market have been of a high standard. Perhaps that is because the fighting men have returned home and have made their influence felt.

"Task Force," a story of aircraft carriers in the Pacific, set the pace for the recent films. "Command Decision" and "Twelve O'Clock High," both American Air Force dramas, maintained it. Then came the American footslogger's turn in "Battleground," a story of the Battle of the Ardennes Gap, seen through the unsentimental eyes of Infantrymen in the foxholes. Still to come is "Sands of Iwo Jima," a story of United States Marines.

These films were "straight" in their treatment, almost documentary. They had been ruthlessly combed of blondes; love interest was either non-existent or negligible. Earlier, romance and war had been allowed to blend in "Homecoming," in which Clark Gable and Lana Turner sustained each other through Anzio and the Ardennes offensive.

Not that Hollywood is taking its war too solemnly. Recent releases have included "Francis," the story of the talking mule which lent a hand with the jungle war. Another is "When Willie Comes Marching Home," telling how the first man of the village to join up is kept back home as an instructor, to the disgust of the people who fêted him, until finally he sneaks to Britain, parachutes into France and undergoes suitably extravagant adventures which merit the admiration of the Top Brass. This film is notable in that it makes fun of those false heroics in which the industry once wallowed.

Inevitably, Hollywood will be accused of trying to prove that America won the war. But the film-makers have been cautious. In "Twelve O'Clock High," for instance, the new commander haranguing his browned-off men reminds them that "The British have been fighting for two years..." There is no reason why America should not make films about her own martial exploits; just as there is no reason why British film companies should not make films about the British soldier's battles. (The film on the Guards Armoured Division reviewed on this page shows that it can be done). True, the British film industry currently lacks the financial resources to re-create the Battle of El Alamein, though it has some notable war films to its credit, including "Theirs is the Glory," the story of Arnhem.

It is interesting to recall that after World War One there was a pause of six or seven years before the war films began to appear. Then they proved in the main to be films of disillusion: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "All Quiet on the Western Front" and so on. These did much to encourage the pacifist outlook of the late 'twenties. Today the Western democracies cannot afford to indulge the luxury of a period of pacifism. Meanwhile war films serve as a stirring reminder of how great nations — and the individuals who compose them — can rise to the occasion when their freedom is threatened.

THE GUARDS IN THEIR ARMOUR

Here is a British film every soldier ought to see: the story of the Guards Armoured Division

If the Rhine Army soldiers who, many months ago, trundled out those superannuated Shermans to make a film director's holiday, were sceptical about the kind of film it would turn out to be, they can relax.

"They Were Not Divided," is a cracking good film. It contains some of the best shots of tanks in battle yet screened — towering monsters lurching across the countryside like an estate of houses going into action. The film has a sense of humour and the spirit of comradeship; it is a pity that the cutters had to clip so much good stuff out to make room for the conventional love interest.

It starts off, as any film about the Guards must start off, at Caterham Depot. Here the scenes are dominated by the legendary RSM ("Great") Brittain, played with immense gusto by himself. The high light, perhaps, is when a recruit "loses his name" for being "idle when cycling." Most of the old Guards "gags" are there. At barrack-room inspection, the RSM asks an inoffensive soldier standing mutely at attention: "Am I hurting you?" "No, sir." "Quite sure I'm not hurting you?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I ought to be. I'm standing on your back hair!"

Even the old joke about inviting volunteers with knowledge of piano-playing is worked off. But it all goes down wonderfully.

The two central characters are Philip, the Englishman, and David, the American (who become officers), and Smoke, the Irishman (who becomes a sergeant). Needless to say, all go into the Welsh Guards — "the Foreign Legion." There is a delightful scene on the parade-ground when, for purposes of a special inspection Englishmen are ordered to take two paces forward and Colonials two paces to the rear. One man is left standing still: the American. "Don't you know," storms the drill-sergeant, "that the world is divided into two halves — England and the Colonies? Two paces to the rear!"

Cynics may suspect that the American is introduced into the story to improve the film's chances in the United States (he is not the first American to play a Guards officer). But it gives an excuse for banter. Later on the American Army appears in force.

To their mortification the Guards Armoured Division spend the long years painting and parading, while their comrades fight overseas. But their turn comes when they take part in sticky inland fighting in Normandy, then find themselves leading the long advance on Brussels. These scenes of laughter and wine and roses are splendidly conveyed; it would, in fact, be impossible to overdo them.

The next advance is the ill-fated move to relieve Arnhem. No wine, no roses; just rain, and deadlock. Hereabouts, on a leave trip to Brussels, the moustachioed major is killed in a jeep accident; his companion, the Wodehouseian earl, escapes with a black eye. Philip is the new squadron commander. Then the Guards move up to support the Americans, who are holding Rundstedt in the Ardennes. On a snowy reconnaissance Philip and David are marked down by a German gun; the first round mortally wounds David, the long-delayed second round kills Philip, just as Smoke, the Irishman, is moving up with a scout car. Before he reaches the spot an Allied aircraft rockets the gun position. "You're too late! You're too bloody late!" shouts Smoke at the triumphant pilot — the first time the word "bloody" has failed to rouse a snigger from a cinema audience. Stern critics will say that Philip ought not to have been killed, that he needlessly jeopardised the scout car. They may be right; but these things happen.

Planting an American flag on one grave and a Union Jack on the other, the Irishman realises that he is not certain whether he has the flags on the right graves. He decides it does not much matter. Some will feel that the symbolism at the end is a little too contrived.

The film, which is blessedly free from psychology or psychiatry, takes its title from the verse in Samuel: "Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided." Edward Underdown, who plays Philip, himself served in an armoured division. Ralph Clanton is the American. Michael Trubshawe is Major "Bushy" Noble, and Michael Brennan is the Irishman. And in a number of scenes the Guards play themselves. The author and director? Terence Young, ex-Irish Guards.

FOOTNOTE: There is a handsome gesture towards the PBI. At one point Philip says, "They (the Infantry) have a much worse time than we do."

* This film will be shown in AKC cinemas shortly; other films on Page 43.



MEN AGAINST MOSQUITOS

Malaria, scourge of the Middle East forces in World War One and, to a smaller extent in World War Two, is still taking a beating from the British Army



The anti-mosquito battle takes men away from the orthodox paths. A primitive ferry (above) is their method of crossing the Sweetwater Canal. In a corner of a huddled, mud village they pause to refill a knapsack sprayer with Gammexane (below) before going into action on a native house (right).



MALARIA casualty rates in the Suez Canal zone of Egypt have been dropping steadily in recent years. Much of the credit for this goes to three Army units stationed in the zone.

Typical of them is No. 27 Malaria Control Unit at Tel-el-Kebir, on the main road between Port Said and Cairo. Commanded by a captain, it has nine soldiers and a varying number of native civilians — as many as 300 in summer, the peak breeding season of the malaria-carrying anopheles mosquito.

Its special task is malaria control over the 40-odd square miles of the fertile belt which bounds the garrison of Tel-el-Kebir. The belt is irrigated by the Sweetwater Canal and is divided and sub-divided by irrigation ditches and causeways.

The work of malaria control has three main phases: spraying, draining and cutting. For spraying, the unit uses knapsack sprayers with either DDT or Gammexane, an evil-smelling powder which mixes with water and does the work of DDT.

The Egyptian authorities co-operate in

the work and provide overseers (paid by the British Army during their attachment) to go with the unit to native villages, out-of-bounds areas and native quarters, to spray buildings inside and out.

Digging and maintaining drains is vitally important to malaria control, because the anopheles mosquito breeds in stagnant water, and squads of native labourers are kept on the job the whole year round.

For the same reason, in marshy areas reeds, bullrushes and other marsh plants have to be kept down, to let the hot Egyptian sun get to the water and dry it up. Native labourers with small hand scythes tackle this side of the work.

Other anti-malarial duties of the unit include persuading soldiers to carry out such precautions as having their sleeves rolled down, wearing long trousers after sundown and sleeping under mosquito nets.

Malaria figures can be expected to stay low, but the health authorities in the Canal zone look enviously towards Cyprus. After years of intensive anti-malarial efforts, Cyprus has been declared free of malaria. In Egypt, because it is not an island, that happy ending is unattainable. — *From a report by Captain D. H. Clifford, Military Observer in Egypt.*



SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

All day, all night the water wheels creak in the Syrian town of Hama (Hamath in the Bible). Here two of the British soldiers who served in Syria in 1941 gaze at the most impressive wheel of all, which scoops the water of the River Orontes into the ancient town.



TALLY-HO

1 In GERMANY

THE Royal Horse Guards Hunt is the most recently formed of the military hunts in the British Zone of Germany — and the largest. It is probably the cheapest in the world: half-a-crown a day for a trooper!

The Blues hunt in Lower Saxony. Twice a week in the season, they ride out from the camp stables, some of them dressed in traditional hunting coats and white riding breeches. The colourful cavalcade, with a pack of English foxhounds trotting close behind, brings a momentary touch of splendour to the desolate, wind-swept marshlands and thickly-wooded heath over which the Hunt takes place.

Paradoxically, the Blues hunt hares (which are not ideal creatures to hunt) because there are too many deer and foxes. The reason is that a deer or a fox will always make for the shelter of a wood (and there are too many woods in the area), thus disturbing other deer, with the result that hounds tend to select their own separate quarries instead of the one the Master has marked down. Another danger is that if hounds are allowed to enter woods they may fall foul of poachers' snares. Some months ago two hounds were lost in a wood and a huntsman was strung up by his leg.

disturbing other deer, with the result that hounds tend to select their own separate quarries instead of the one the Master has marked down. Another danger is that if hounds are allowed to enter woods they may fall foul of poachers' snares. Some months ago two hounds were lost in a wood and a huntsman was strung up by his leg.

At the outset, the Master, Major C. G. M. Gordon, discusses with the Field-Master, Major the Honourable Julian Berry, and the huntsmen the day's plan of action and issues last-minute instructions to the Whippers-in, Major L. Rook, MC, and Trooper Leslie Milden whose joint task is to control the hounds. The Field-Master controls the field to see that they do not hinder the hounds or cause unnecessary damage by riding over growing crops.

Even if the Hunt returns to camp with nothing to show for the day's sport, the riders have had first-class exercise and training. Corporal-of-Horse T. Loving assured *SOLDIER* that there was no sport like it. Three other enthusiasts are Corporal Gordon Ingram, Corporal William Stringer and Trooper Tony Warner, who join the Hunt whenever their duties allow. "It keeps you alert and improves your riding," says Trooper Warner.



A post-horn gallop by the band is the signal for the Blues' field to prepare to mount. Left: Corporal William Stringer, a regular rider to hounds.

It has been a lively season for military hunts, especially in the British Army of the Rhine. The Blues' Hunt costs a trooper only half-a-crown a day



The Master, Major C. G. M. Gordon, rides with his hunting horn at the ready. Now, where's a hare?





The Blues are the only regiment in Germany whose men — officers, non-commissioned officers and troopers — ride as part of their military training; the horses held on establishment for this purpose provide nearly 30 mounts for the Hunt. As the regiment contributes to a ceremonial squadron in London, the Regular soldiers in the armoured car regiment in Germany have to keep in training in case they are posted back to the mounted squadron.

Once a fortnight, too, the Blues use their horses on patrol through the villages and thickly-wooded countryside.

Responsibility for training falls on Regimental Corporal-Major J. Berrisford who is in charge of the Equitation School and has Corporal G. Hubbuck and Troopers W. Johnson, P. Jones and C. Silk to assist him.

The Blues are also one of the few regiments with their own pack of English foxhounds. The pack was formed just over a year ago when famous hunts in England, including the Beaufort (the Duke of Beaufort served in the Royal Horse Guards), sent some of their foxhounds to the regiment in Germany.

Head kennelman is Trooper Leslie Milden, who spent six months with the Beaufort Hunt in England learning the art of kennel management. He trains

the hounds and keeps them in perfect physical condition. His day begins at seven when he takes the pack for an early morning walk, teaching them with the aid of a long whip and a prolific memory (he knows the name of every hound on sight) how to behave out of kennels. "A kennelman must be very firm and have no favourites if he is to turn out a good pack," says Trooper Milden. He admits,

however, that he has a soft spot for nine-months old "Soldier." "He has the makings of a first-class hound and is very intelligent," he says. There is no worry about providing the right food for horses and dogs. The Blues have their own farm which grows oats, wheat

and other produce, which the Hunt can buy from the regiment.

One man who has to keep his wits about him is Trooper C. Silk, a groom in the stables who also acts as second-horseman. His job with the Hunt is to ride the reserve horse for the Master, keeping up with the field without tiring his mount so that he can hand it over when the Master's first horse is exhausted. The Master, with the Whippers-in, rides farther than the rest of the field and his horse tires sooner.

E. J. GROVE

OVER

The rider with the long whip, arrayed in pink, is Trooper L. Milden, one of the Whippers-in. Below: Out of the wood and into the open.



TALLY-HO

(Continued)

2 In ULSTER

Above:
The Seskinore sets out:
this is the Hunt which
the King's Dragoon
Guards helped to revive.

Left:
Stirrup cup for a Whip.

Below:
Two troopers out with
the Hunt canter along a
woodland path. Foxes are
scarce in these parts.

IT is not only in the British Army of the Rhine that cavalry regiments are able to revert to their first passion: equitation.

The King's Dragoon Guards, now stationed at Omagh, County Tyrone, have been able to keep a certain number of horses since the end of the war.

In Palestine the regimental pack of hounds hunted jackal over the Galilee country, as did a similar pack owned by the Welsh Guards a few miles away. In Cyrenaica the Dragoon Guards pursued the desert fox on the Barce plain and around Benghazi, heedless whether the local populace thought them "afflicted of Allah."

Before the Regiment returned to Britain they handed over their pack to the 13/18th Hussars, who relieved them. When early last year they moved to Ireland (with which they have ancient associations) they found to their chagrin that the local pack of harriers, the Seskinore, had been disbanded in 1941. Speedily, with the co-operation of local enthusiasts, they set about reviving the Seskinore. Hounds were imported from many packs in England, and stables





Many of the Seskinore hounds came from well-known English packs. The Omagh countryside contains much bog and barbed wire and is a good test of horsemanship.

were found for the 20-odd horses with which the Regiment were able to start the 1949-50 season.

The Seskinore country consists of a great number of small farms, and the support of most of the owners had first to be obtained. Then the country had to be reconnoitred, for much of it consists of black bog and there is a profusion of wired fences. One difficulty is that foxes are scarce in Ulster; a price is put on their heads by the Government, who encourage farmers to trap and shoot them by paying ten shillings for every fox's tongue. Hares are plentiful enough, and have therefore been the chief quarry.

The Hunt has met twice a week, the field of mounted followers ranging from ten to 30; usually a number of spectators do their best to follow the sport on foot or in cars. Some local landowners have entertained the Hunt to a stirrup cup at their houses before moving off, but at other times the Hunt has met at a cross-roads or other landmark.

Whether or not a kill is made matters little. The chase is invigorating and gives the horsemen the old and ever-useful qualification of an "eye for country."



How Much Do You Know?

1. You have often had a tine between your lips. What is it?

2. In Basic English there are only 100, 200, 400, 600, 800, 1000, 1500, 2000, 12,000 words — which?

3. Stonington Island was in the news a little while ago. In what connection?

4. Who was the famous Australian bushranger who wore home-made armour in order to shoot it out with the police?

5. A young film actress named Nicole Dreyfus has come rapidly to the fore — under what professional name?

6. "Okay, okay, so I stepped on your dogs! I said, 'Excuse me', didn't I? Wanna make something of it?" The man who spoke in this supposedly American slang wasn't really an American. How did he give himself away?

7. How would you distinguish a troll from a trollop?

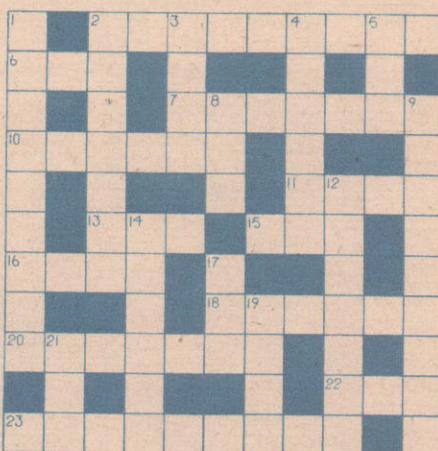
8. If you heard a friend talk about "going to the Hippodrome" you would assume he was going to a cinema or music hall. What was a hippodrome, originally?

9. Colonel Robert McCormick is known as:
(a) The Army's champion squash player;
(b) A Chicago newspaper owner who habitually baits the British;
(c) The man who paddled a canoe single-handed from Penang to Calcutta;
(d) The husband of Joan Bennett. Which?

10. If you decided to keep lizards, you would have to instal an aviary, an apiary, a vivarium, an aquarium, a harmonium — which?

(Answers on Page 46)

CROSSWORD



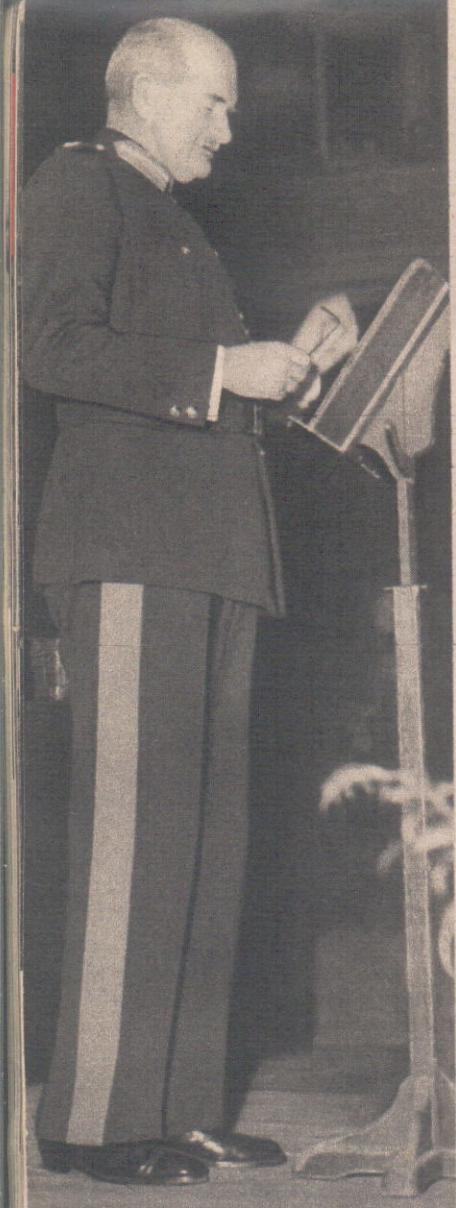
ACROSS:

2. Inner OCTU produces a Roman officer...
6. . . . did the legionaries address him thus?
7. Customarily. 10. They all go out. 11. The devil's end. 13. Sounds like a 45-inch letter. 15. Sounds like an alternative source of metal. 16. Ruse makes certain. 18. (Answers on Page 46)

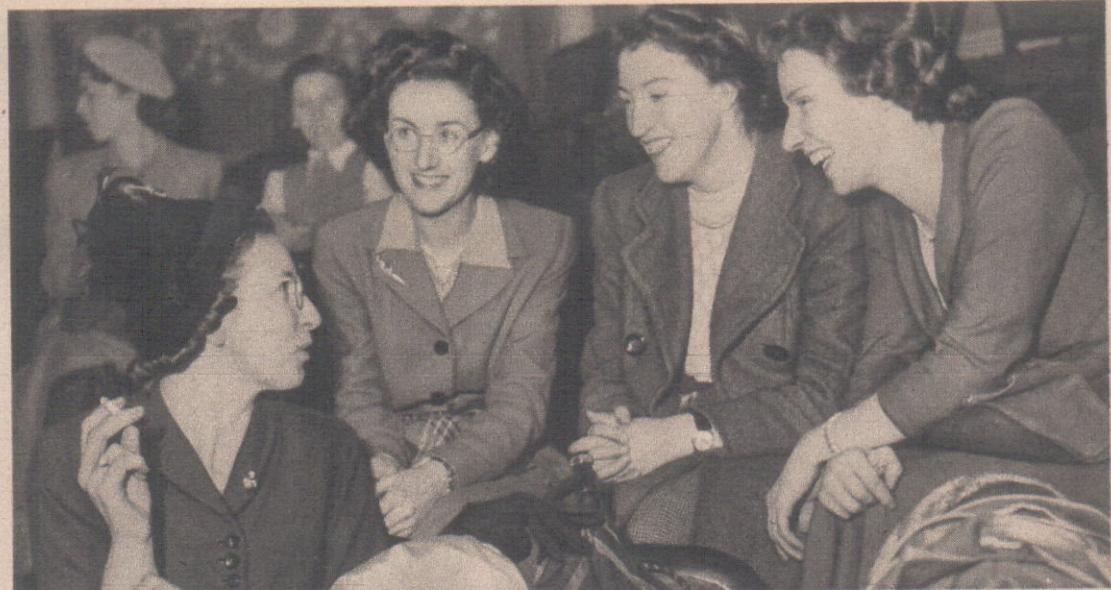
Bauble. 20. Divine in confused duets. 22. Also this is no good to the punter. 23. "Anne's duds" (anagram — two words).

DOWN:

1. Teas blended over chances to make little stars. 2. Plant which cannot hold itself up. 3. He is pro this. 4. Wanderer. 5. Smoother of troubled waters. 8. Pig's home in your eye, perhaps. 9. Shout due. 12. These church officials are not necessarily on the edge. 14. Window-panes may be thus framed. 17. Burden of years. 19. Need a garden. 21. Everything stops for it, says the song. (Answers on Page 46)



He brought the news that women are to be called captains, colonels, generals: Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Below: the only wearer of the new WRAC uniform: Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.



Catching up on the post-war gossip: former members of 45th Battalion, Royal Army Pay Corps. Left to right: Miss V. Day, Miss W. James, Mrs. C. Snelling, Mrs. E. Solomon.

4000 WOMEN - AND A FIELD-MARSHAL

FROM the topmost gallery the noise was like the massed twittering of starlings. The fourth reunion of the women who wore khaki in two world wars was warming up. Four thousand of them milled in the Albert Hall arena, recognising old faces, shuffling snapshots, twiddling their wedding rings.

It went something like this:

Bert's bathing the children, and I hope they give him hell... Don't you remember, my dear, we both had jaundice together? Why, of course, you haven't changed a bit!... Three children already? Talk about Paragraph Eleven... I lost a stone after I left the Signals... Always looked as if she hacked off her hair with a blunt instrument... Wish I was back—at least you could get out at night...

There was community singing, there were displays of drill and highland dancing, there were speeches—notably by Field-Marshal Sir William Slim who said women could keep a secret better than men.

That man does say the nicest things, doesn't he? Which reminds me: don't tell a soul, but you remember Connie...



All have six years service in the ATS. These ex-members of 5th Anti-Aircraft Group are (left to right) Miss D. Bacon, Miss E. N. Wilkins, Miss E. M. Harvey, Miss C. M. Aitchison.



Left: Land girl in the first war, staff-serjeant ATS in the second—Miss Ruth Burton, of Halifax, holder of British Empire and Territorial long-service medals. Below: mother-and-daughter again. Mrs. E. Menage (right) served in QMAAC 1917-20; daughter, Pat Menage, served in ATS 1939-43. For them it was a reunion in a reunion.





The wartime flash of the "Fifty-Second." This famous Scots division has just been revived as a Territorial formation.

THIS DIVISION WENT IN AFTER DUNKIRK

ASK a hundred men to name the port from which the last British troops were evacuated from the Continent in 1940, and ninety-nine will answer: Dunkirk.

The hundredth man, remembering the strange adventure of the 52nd (Lowland) Division, which went to France *after* the great evacuation at Dunkirk, will give the correct answer: Cherbourg.

Little was ever told about this perilous escapade of the Lowlanders. They were despatched along with part of 1st Armoured Division and other units, in the hope of stiffening the retreating French armies, but found themselves in an impossible position — "a very small cork in a large hole." Had it not been for the firmness of General Sir Alan Brooke in pressing for their withdrawal, the nation might have had to write off a second British Expeditionary Force.

Recalling this episode in "Mountain and Flood," the newly-published history of the 52nd (Lowland) Division (Glasgow: Jackson, Son and Company, 12s 6d), Mr. George Blake says:

"It is worth while reflecting on the effect on Scotland if it had lost the 52nd as it had already lost the 51st; both of its Territorial divisions obliterated within a week or so."

Mr. Blake, who served with the Division in World War One, brings to his history not only a personal pride but the literary grace of a successful novelist. Hence this is one of the most readable of divisional histories; it is also an unusually well produced book.

The Fifty-Second enjoys a certain fame as the division which trained long and ardently for mountain warfare, and then went into battle below sea-level; in fact, on an island under the sea. It had more disappointments, perhaps than any other division, but kept its fighting spirit whole.

Late in 1939 the Division's role — startling as it seems now — was to guard against any German attempt to cut Scotland in two by an invasion of its narrow Low-

land waist. After its tour of France, the Division was trained for an assault on Norway. The men underwent the most rigorous training in the Scottish Highlands; they learned that a rifle could not be fired so frequently in extreme cold as in normal temperature; they experimented fitting snow-shoes to mules; they were liable to be put on a charge if they became casualties through frostbite. Even though Allied strategists

soon abandoned the idea of returning to Norway, the Fifty-Second remained an embarrassment to enemy Intelligence. Its mere existence ensured the retention of Wehrmacht troops in Norway. As D-Day neared it became a pawn in the great game of "foxing Jerry." The Division's signallers sent out confusing messages from a variety of places in order to give the impression that specialist troops were massing where in fact they were not.

For the tremendous toughening they underwent on the mountain tops the Lowlanders have received (as the author points out) less publicity than was accorded to Rommel's troops training in their hothouses for North Africa. Diversions were few. A lucky party of 70 officers and men was sent to the American Rockies, there to take over the first "Weasels," which they tried out in the snows of Colorado. Another party went to study mountaineering in the Canadian Rockies.

When the Second Front opened, the Lowlanders found themselves undergoing amphibious training in Loch Fyne. Then came the order that the Division was to become "air portable." Ordnance staffs had to unload vast quantities of mountain equipment; Infantrymen began to practise, not the quickest way of scaling a peak, but the quickest way of getting into an aircraft. Still no summons to action came, though the Division narrowly missed being flown in at Arnhem.

Finally the Lowlanders' hour



The landing at Flushing: men of the King's Own Scottish Borderers receive supporting fire from across the Scheldt.

came. The port of Antwerp had to be secured, which meant clearing the mouth of the Scheldt. The Fifty-Second formed part of the force charged with capturing Walcheren and Beveland — a task which a British expedition had failed to do in 1809. They tackled the job with grit and gusto; with imagination, too, for the mountain Gunners seized their dismantled 3.7's which they had rafted over the floods and reassembled them in the bedrooms of houses, whence they conducted a demoralising "rook shoot" against the enemy.

The Division subsequently cleared out the Roer pocket, forced the Dortmund-Ems Canal at Rheine, and finally captured Bremen. Mr. Blake explodes the legend that Rheine was captured by the Division's mobile bath unit. He records that the Division, though late off the mark from Britain, was the first to set up its divisional headquarters in Germany.

Among the proudest members of this Scottish division were the Englishmen who served in it. Many a bloody nose and black eye were given and taken, says the author, in defence of the thesis that, while it was one thing to make fun of the Scots in general, it is quite another to be funny about the Scottish regiment to which a man belongs. This is the place to record that the Division's VC, Fusilier Dennis Donnini, Royal Scots Fusiliers, was the son of an Italian confectioner in a Durham mining village.

Bookshelf continued overleaf

What Colour is Your Badge?

FOR some time badge collectors have been clamouring for an up-to-date, all-in illustrated book on Army badges. Such a book, of course, can never be really up-to-date, for always some regiment or corps is re-designing its badge.

Some 114 badges of regiments and corps are featured in "His Majesty's Regiments of the British Army" (Metro-Provincial Publications 12s 6d). They are reproduced in full colour — an enterprising if somewhat disconcerting idea, for few badges are, in fact, coloured. It is not difficult for an artist to choose an appropriate colour for crowns, roses and laurel wreaths, but what is he to do when faced with scrolls and other decorative devices? The problem, in this book, has been solved somewhat arbitrarily by borrowing the colours of the facings of the individual regiments. The results are dazzling but not necessarily an improvement, some may think, on the original bronze or silver.

The new badges of the Women's Royal Army Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps arrived too late for inclusion in this work; that of the Army Physical Training Corps has, unaccountably, been omitted. Territorials will be shocked to discover that the only volunteer regiments represented are the Honourable Artillery Company and the London Scottish. Their indignation may be heightened by the discovery that many pages at the back of the book are filled with guide-book information — lists of embassies, annual ceremonies and so on. Probably there was some good reason for this, but the badge enthusiast might have been happier with a more comprehensive array of badges, even if this meant sacrificing the artificiality of colour.

Each badge is accompanied by a "potted" history of the regiment.

TALES TOLD OF THE MARINES

THE parade sergeant-major was addressing the King's Squad of the Royal Marines.

"On the 26th June, 1926, you will be marching into the arena at Olympia. Seated in the Royal box will be 'er Majesty, Queen Mary. 'Er 'usband, King George V, our Colonel-in-Chief, will not be present as 'e is sick-a-bed at Buckingham Palace...

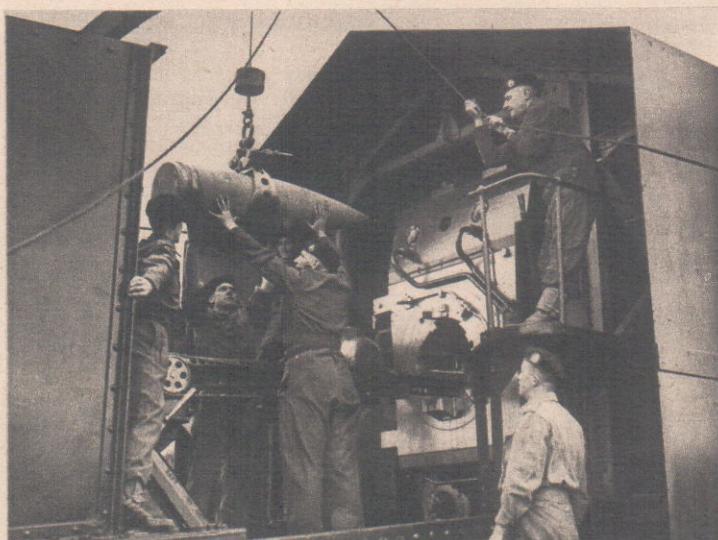
"You will go through your stuff, and when you 'ave done, 'er Majesty will get into 'er carriage and drive back to Buckingham Palace... She will say: 'I've bin to Olympia, George,' and 'e will say: 'Oh, 'ave you, Mary, and 'ow was those young Marines of mine?' and she will say: 'Well, excuse me, George, but they was bloody awful' — AND SO YOU ARE."

This pep-talk, as it was intended to do, probably gave Queen Mary something different to report in the Royal sick-room. It also helps a land-soldier to understand, from the outset of Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart's "The Marines Were There" (*Putnam, 12s 6d*) that the sea-soldier is little different in spirit and outlook from himself. Historically, there is little reason why he should be: many line regiments were first raised as Marines or served as Marines at some time.

In World War Two, which is the period covered by "The Marines Were There," the Corps, like many another, found itself doing all sorts of new jobs and providing unthought-of new units. It expanded more, relatively, than any other corps — from 12,000 to nearly 80,000.

The Marines were in action early: one of the first three pilots to bomb an enemy submarine (on 14 September, 1939) was a Marine

Royal Marines were versatile Gunners. One of their tasks was manning the 14-inch Dover guns, Winnie and Pooh.



Men of a Royal Marines Commando landing at Akyab, Burma.

to Sidi Barrani in a derelict motor-landing craft, with sails improvised from blankets, steering with swimming parties of six men.

After Crete, units of the 1st Mobile Naval Base Defence Organisation joined in the Far East war, helping to harry the Japs, ferrying retreating British troops across the Burma rivers.

When the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* were sunk by the Japanese, the 300 survivors of their Royal Marine detachments were sent to Singapore where they formed a composite battalion with 250 survivors of the 2nd Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. It was officially known as the Marine Argyll Battalion; unofficially as the Plymouth Argylles, since most of the Marines came from Plymouth. It fought bitterly in the last stand before Singapore.

In the Mediterranean, Marines raided the island of Kuphoni, off Crete, to destroy a German wireless station, and returned with some valuable-looking documents. They turned out to be German ciphers which we already had, and the result was that the Germans called them in and issued new ones, to the chagrin of the people whose job was to decipher enemy messages. But the Marines had this consolation: they captured a fine, fat German pig which made a good dinner back in Egypt.

A composite unit of the Organisation took on what looked like a fairly easy job; they garrisoned Addu Atoll in the Indian Ocean for six weeks. But Addu Atoll, though it looked like a picture paper South Sea island, was a breeding ground of disease. At the end of the six weeks only 240 of the 470 Marines who had landed were fit to go off by troopship. The rest had to go by hospital ship.

Across the sea, in Malta, a Marine band illustrated the value of music while you work. A merchant ship with a precious cargo of fuel and oil was hit by a bomb and settled in the harbour in shallow water. Stukas dive-bomb-

ed relentlessly while soldiers and Naval ratings strove to unload her. To encourage them, the band of the cruiser *Penelope* played alongside in a lighter. Once the working party faltered, as a bomber swept in lower than usual, but the band brought them back to work with "Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, It's off to work we go." The job was done in two days, during which the band played almost unceasingly from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon.

Although Marines, with their amphibious traditions and training, were obvious choices for the Commandos, they did not form the first Royal Marine Commando until 1942: up to then, the Corps had been too extended to be able to spare men for a new venture. That first Commando, No. 40, took part in the Dieppe raid and showed what the official report called "courage terrible to see." Its commanding officer at one stage put on white gloves and stood up under heavy fire to wave his men back. He died, but he had saved at least half his unit.

More Commandos followed, to fight all over the world, notably in Italy, where Corporal Tom Hunter won the only Marine VC of the war. On the Normandy beaches the largest concentration of Marines ever to go into action together manned everything from tanks to landing craft. One Marine, coxswain of a landing craft, acted as a human rudder to his vessel, in rough seas, for four and a half hours, to land his 32 soldier passengers and get back to his parent ship.

Marines were in the bloody attack on Walcheren and the assault crossing of the Rhine. When it was all over, they took the surrender of much of the German Navy. In the Far East, Marines had a very different surrender job: a Japanese admiral, before giving in, objected to 60 Japanese wives and "comfort girls" being put into a concentration camp with his men. The British admiral compromised by giving the women a guard of Royal Marines.



Where the Normandy D-Day was planned: Norfolk House, once regarded as the home of lost causes.

PREPARING FOR PRIVATE SNODGRASS

LONG before General Eisenhower was nominated to open the Second Front, the planners were working out an invasion scheme for him—or for anybody else who might be appointed.

It was a difficult assignment. How could the staff anticipate the wishes of a commander unknown to them? How many preliminary decisions dared they take themselves?

The man saddled with this uncommonly delicate task was Lieut-General Sir Frederick Morgan, to whom were allotted the initials COSSAC (Chief of Staff, Supreme Allied Commander). His instructions, issued after the Casablanca Conference, were to give "cohesion and impetus" to invasion preparations, until a supreme commander could be appointed.

General Morgan tells the story of the planners' war in "Overture to Overlord" (*Hodder and Stoughton 20s*). It was not a question of producing just one plan; there had to be many plans for many possibilities. For instance, in case Germany suddenly cracked, there would not be the same need for a sledge-hammer blow against the French coast; therefore the operation known as RANKIN was drawn up in readiness. Unfortunately it was never needed.

General Morgan made his headquarters in Norfolk House, in St James's Square, London. He objected to the locale, for it had acquired a wartime reputation as the home of lost causes; many a plan had been talked to death there. But the planners of OVERLORD—the invasion of North-West Europe—were able to overcome any jinx which inhabited the building.

Those were the early cautious days of Anglo-American co-operation. Once a mixed audience of British and American officers in London, listening to a telephone call from Washington, heard the worried speaker 3000 miles away end up with "For—'s sake don't tell the British!" Sir Frederick Morgan seems to have got on well with his Transatlantic counterparts.

The Americans disliked the British method of running a war by committees. At an early stage some "master hand" at Norfolk House had elaborated a network of 29 interweaving committees; this, as a gesture to the Americans, was slashed to four.

Facing the planners, always, was the knowledge that (in Field-Marshal Lord Wavell's phrase) "sooner or later the time will come when Private Snodgrass

must advance straight to his front." There were times when General Morgan wished he was commanding Private Snodgrass. Occasionally he had a break from his desk in the shape of a trans-oceanic flight; once, he had the uncomfortable experience of watching two Coastal Command aircraft take off and crash, in succession, with the loss of all lives, just before his own plane took off. At one stage all the planners concerned in

OVERLORD moved to Largs, Ayrshire, as the "guests" of Admiral Mountbatten, and worked out the project as if it were a scheme. Security was, of course, strict. It was not a leakage which led a weekly magazine to publish, in mid-1943, a complete exposé of OVERLORD—as a piece of speculation. Comments General Morgan: "On the spur of the moment one was tempted to take cognisance of this mischance by some means or other. But wiser counsels prevailed, and the winning tip was treated on our side as it was on the other, as just one more effort on the part of its painstaking author to justify his stipend."

When General Eisenhower took over, General Morgan's plan for a three-division front was widened to allow a five-division front. The Supreme Commander was able to exert more influence

than a Chief of Staff; fundamentally, however, it was still General Morgan's plan.

General Morgan has no "sensational" disclosures to make, but in his chapter on Mulberry he mentions a curious idea, believed to have been of Russian origin, for calming the seas alongside a shoreline by forming a breakwater of air bubbles released from pipes on the seabed. "I believe that this gives a complete theoretical answer to the problem, though in practice it needs prohibitive power for air

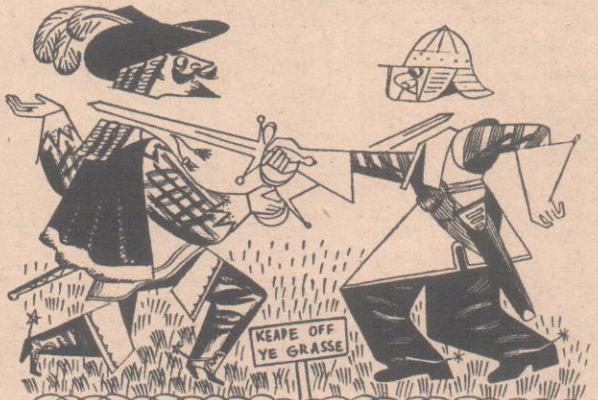


Lieut-General Sir Frederick Morgan: he prepared the invasion plan for General Eisenhower.

compression on the requisite scale." He records also that the film industry demonstrated "how a suitably amplified sound track of martial noises wafted down wind to a jittery listening post in the dark could carry conviction of the imminent onslaught of all arms in overwhelming strength." He does not say whether this device was tried out.

General Morgan mentions that he was for 16 years a captain in the Royal Artillery. After VE-Day, it will be recalled, he went to Frankfurt to direct the activities of 47 nations who were members of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA).

SQUADDIES THROUGH THE AGES



Cavaliers and Roundheads

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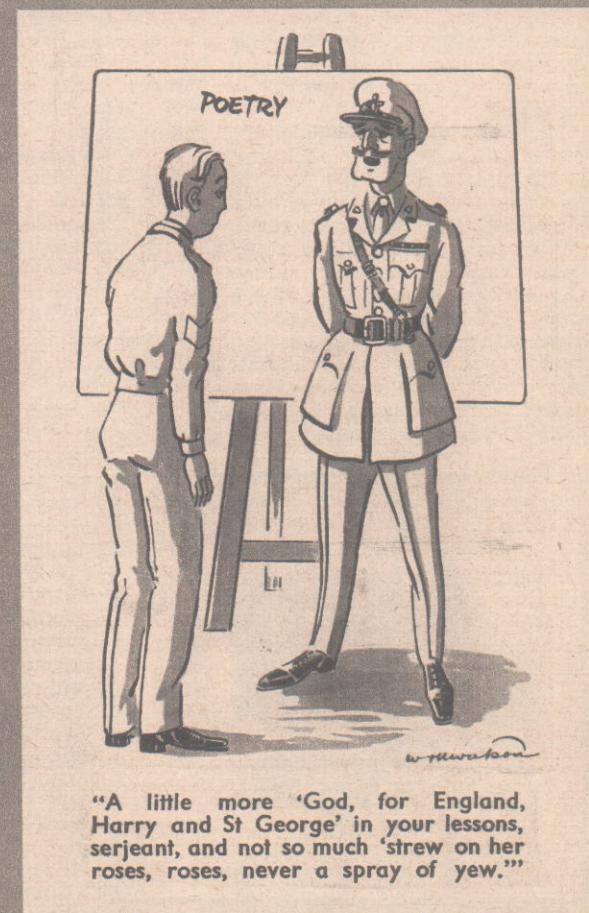
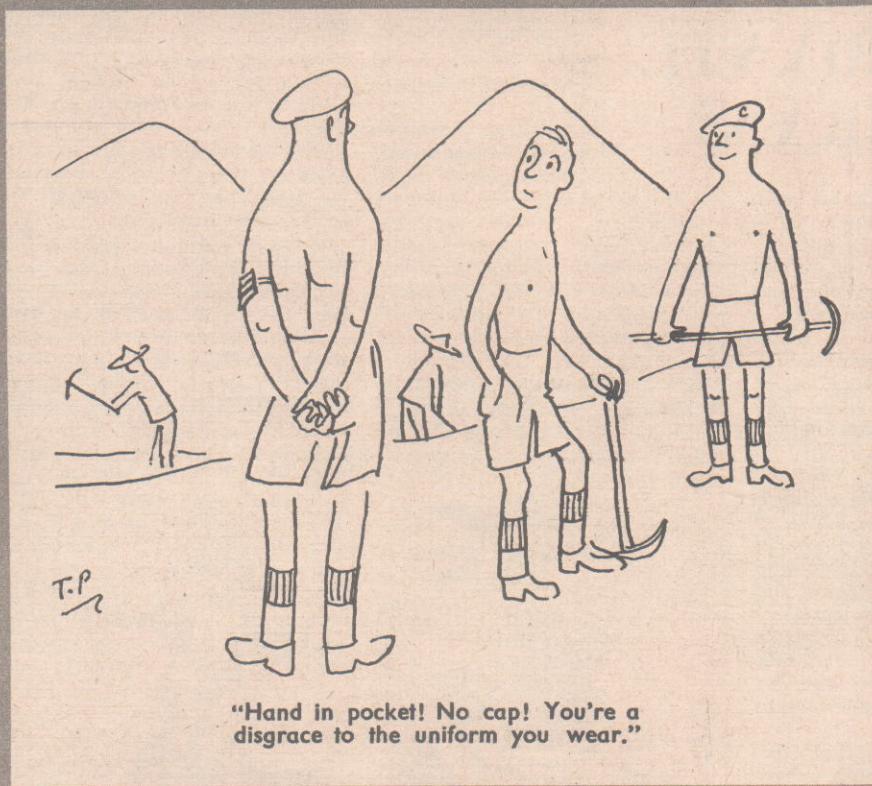
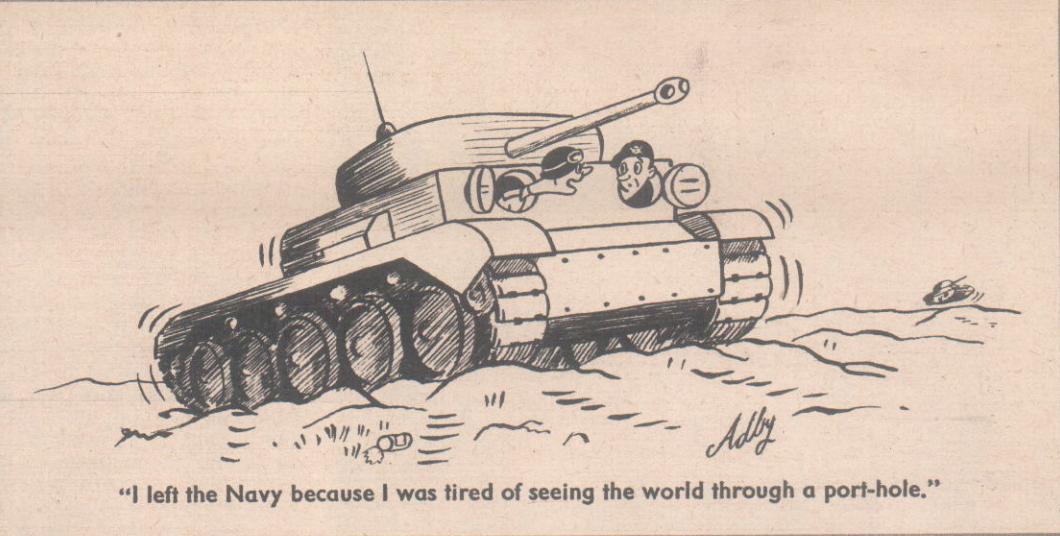
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"And here's something else I'd like to tell the War Office!"

Soldier HUMOUR



PRIVATE *likes* OF THE STARS

JOAN
GREENWOOD
likes
TABLE TENNIS,
MODERN ART AND
GOOD CHOCOLATES



DUNCAN—THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE

A HARD-FOUGHT game of table tennis is one of Joan Greenwood's favourite outlets for her energy and high spirits. This vivacious young star is also, by contrast, a keen student of modern art. Daughter of a well-known artist, she has twice sat for Epstein. She does a little sketching herself and hopes one day to design her own costumes for a play or film. Joan's other pet 'likes' include ballet dancing—and good chocolates. On this last subject she has very definite ideas! "I'm specially fond of Duncan's 'Capital' Assortment," she says, "the centres are so deliciously varied." Next time you buy chocolates, take a tip from Joan Greenwood and ask for 'Capital.' In 1-lb. cartons, 1/- (also ½-lb. packs).



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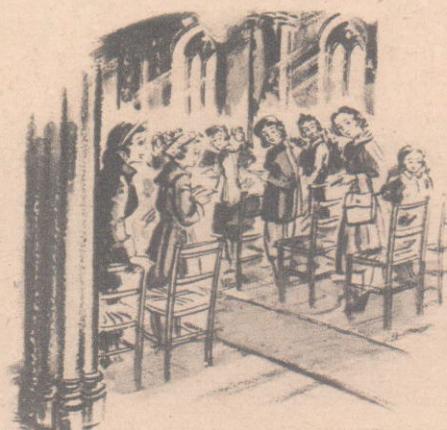
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CATALOGUE



Gunner G. A. Dore, 64th Regiment
goal-keeper, gets down to a low shot
from Private B. Edwards, RAOC.

For the first time, the Army Cup contest attracted more than 200 entries. The final was won by 3 Training Battalion, RAOC

(Photographs: DESMOND O'NEILL)

ARTILLERY



From the King, Private J. M. Beale, the RAOC captain, receives the Army Cup.

WHEN the King and Queen went to Aldershot to see the Army Football Cup Final, they saw a game in which teams composed almost wholly of young professional players were matched against each other.

That, for better or worse, is what National Service has done for Army football.

This was a fast encounter: the men played themselves almost to a standstill. It was exciting. But the football was not as skilful as might have been expected from professionals.

No. 3 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, from Hulsea, beat 64th Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, from Oswestry, by two goals to one. For the losers, the spectators had a special sympathy. This was the third consecutive year they had been in the final.

In 1948, when they were known as the 121st Training Regiment, they drew with the Royal Armoured Corps, Bovington. In the replay, lightning hit the ground and killed one player in each team. The match was abandoned and the Cup held jointly. Last year the Gunners again fought their way into the final, to be beaten by the Depot and Train-

(Continued on Page 40)



Almost a goal: Private J. Hill,
RAOC, at outside-left, sent the ball
skimming over the cross-bar.

THREE TIMES UNLUCKY



Above: S/Sgt. D. Scullion, who trained the winners, watches the match. Below: The referee, Sergeant-Major A. W. Smith. He claimed his privilege of taking the ball home.



It's an old sporting custom.
After the match, the winners
fill the cup with champagne.



Heads it is: Private B. Edwards, RAOC (dark shorts) got there first.

THREE TIMES UNLUCKY (Cont'd)

ing Establishment, Royal Army Medical Corps (who were themselves beaten this year by the winners in the fourth round, after a replay).

The 64th Regiment's chances seemed good for the 1950 final, but disaster soon overtook them. Less than a quarter of an hour after the kick-off their inside-left, Gunner Peter Hill, retired with an injury which kept him off the field for the rest of the game. After that they fought manfully, but only hard work by goal-keeper Dore kept their defeat from being a bigger one.

This year saw a record entry of 205 teams, 49 of them from Rhine Army and the rest from Britain. It was the first time the entry had reached 200. They played in two groups — Rhine Army and Britain — up to the

fifth round, then one Rhine Army team, 7th Armoured Workshop, REME, entered the semi-final. It was eliminated by the Cup winners.

The previous best entry was last year's, 174. Before World War One, entries were below 100 and the 2nd Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders won the first Cup tourney in 1888-9 from an entry of 44. The Infantry dominated the entries in those early years; then in 1919 the corps began to take more interest and only twice between the wars did the figure drop below 100. The outstanding regimental name in Army Cup history is that of the Sherwood Foresters. The 2nd Battalion of the regiment won the cup in 1910 and 1911 and the 1st Battalion in 1928, 1929 and 1930. BOB O'BRIEN

Soldiers whose autographs are in demand: Privates B. J. Newcombe and C. S. Ellis, both of the RAOC team.



PRIVATE HESKETH — OLYMPIC HOPE



In track suit: Private Walter Hesketh.

WHEN Private Walter Hesketh, Royal Army Service Corps, finished six miles in 31 minutes, 37 1/5 seconds to win the Army cross-country individual championship at Colchester, he was adding to a long list of championships acquired in a short time.

He was 14, in 1945, when he won the first — the Lancashire Army cadet six-mile cross-country. He was then a very new runner: running had meant nothing in his schooldays.

Running as a member of the Manchester Athletic Club —

Manchester is his home-town — he won three Northern Counties championships: the three-mile and six-mile track events and the junior six-mile cross-country. He came fourth in the Inter-Counties Championship seven-mile event and second in the Lancashire Championship. In March he won the National Junior six-mile event. In the Army he won the Southern Command individual cross-country championship, running most of the six miles with a broken shoe, in 39 minutes, 21 seconds, and the Aldershot District championship.

Six miles on the track is his favourite race, and the authorities have their eye on him for the equivalent Olympic race in the 1952 Olympic Games, the 10,000 metres. He is also being groomed for the 5000 metres.

Before he was called up for National Service, Hesketh was a clerk in Manchester. In the Army he is still a clerk — in the RSM's office of 2nd Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps.

But he is not very keen on a clerk's life. "I think I'll try something else when I come out, in July," he says. "But I shall keep on running: that's the only thing I'm any good at."



Hesketh in action. Six miles on a track is his best distance.



"These 'ere onions don't 'arf make your eyes smart."

"Cheer up old son!—give your boots a rub of **Cherry Blossom Boot Polish** and make your feet smart as well."

CB/JK.



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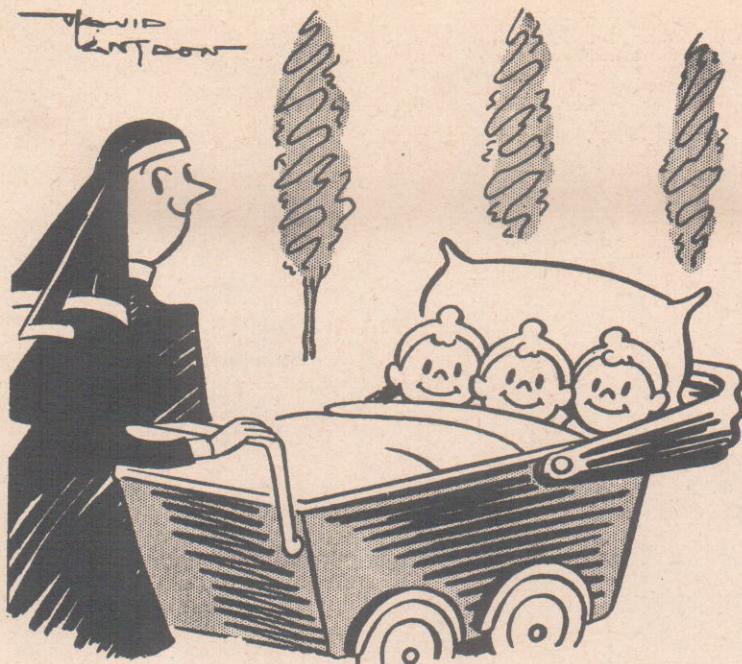


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TO FIGHT DECAY



Ipana for gums

TO KEEP TEETH HEALTHY

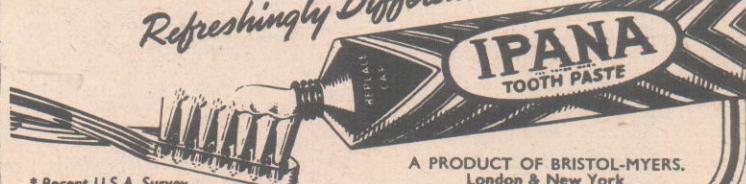
HEALTHIER TEETH: Ipana's unique formula reduces acid-forming bacteria, thus fighting tooth decay as well as brushing teeth extra-white.

* 8 out of 10 U.S. dentists advocate the Ipana way of dental care.

HEALTHIER GUMS: Massage with Ipana is the complement of thorough brushing. Ipana actually stimulates the gums, promoting that healthy firmness which dentists like to see. And remember, over 50% of tooth losses are caused by gum troubles.

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Refreshingly Different



* Recent U.S.A. Survey.

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS,
London & New York



The nose of the Hamilcar glider swings open to deliver an Oxford heavy carrier.

"PEGASUS"

FEW soldiers lead such photogenic lives as the men of the airborne units.

Acres of billowing parachutes and the clouds from which they descend offer the cameraman infinite combinations of light and shade. From the new boys learning how to take a tumble to the stick of trained parachutists jumping into mid-air, their work is action as the cinema likes it.

So the film team which set out, under the auspices of the Army Kinema Corporation, to make an airborne film — called, of course, "Pegasus" — began the job with every advantage.

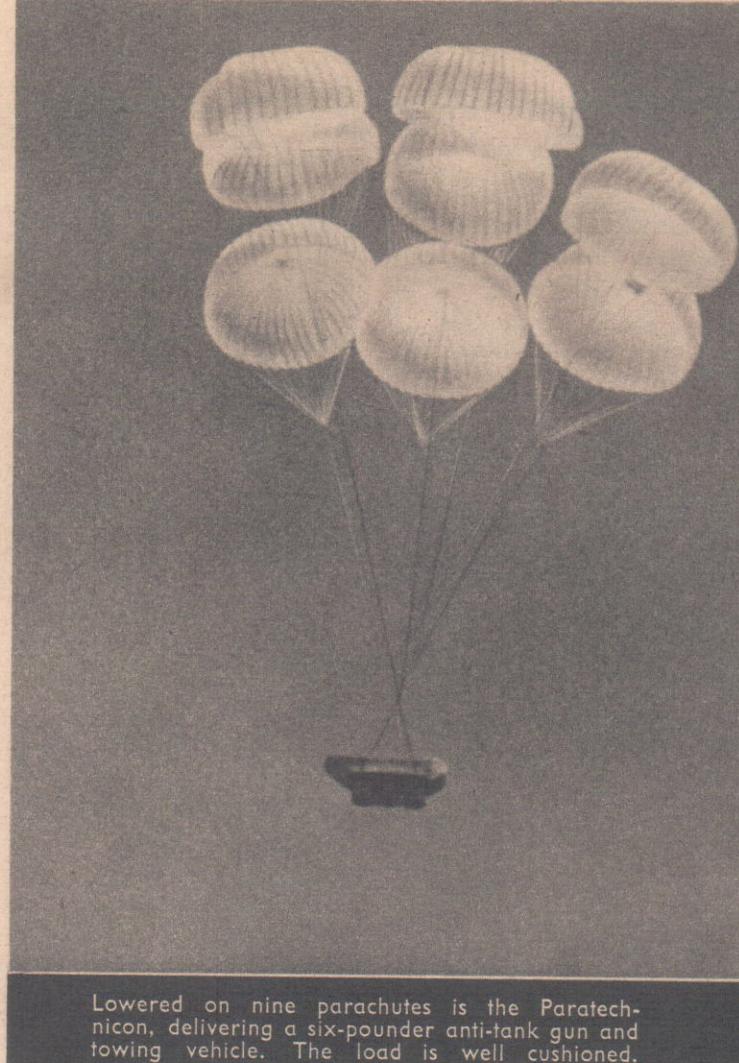
There was no need to comb the film libraries of World War Two to get exciting sequences. The only historical material needed was just enough to set the scene, to record the reason for airborne units and how, in Sicily and Normandy, at Arnhem and on the Rhine, they justified their inclusion in the future order of battle.

That over, the film gets down to the serious business of training which is just as exciting in its way, especially to the people for whom "Pegasus" is intended. There are all the phases of parachute training (from 1 January 1947 to the end of last September, 98,080 jumps were made from aircraft and balloons, with only one serious accident) and of glider-pilot training (did you know a glider-pilot first learns to fly an engined aircraft?).

And finally there are some of the more important developments in airborne warfare — the Hastings aircraft which with its twin-doors can launch parachutists in half the time; the technique of supply dropping; and how to pick up a glider without landing the tug-plane.

This is one film which legitimately incites its audience to try to imitate its stars. That is why it was made.

The tow rope to a Horsa glider begins to take the strain.



Lowered on nine parachutes is the Paratechnicon, delivering a six-pounder anti-tank gun and towing vehicle. The load is well cushioned.

Coming Your Way

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

THE BLUE LAMP

One of the best-received of the now fashionable semi-documentary films. The hero is a uniformed policeman on his beat. Policemen took part in the film, lent their police stations, advised on technical points. Scotland Yard confirmed every detail of the script. The result is a crime film which is not only good cinema — complete with a thrilling car chase across London and a chase on foot to winkle a murderer out of a greyhound racing crowd — but of factual interest as well. Jack Warner, Jimmy Hanley, Dirk Bogarde and Robert Flemyng head the cast.

TWELVE O'CLOCK HIGH

Hollywood's well-conceived examination of the problem of leadership in war (see last month's "SOLDIER to Soldier," and page 24 of this issue). Gregory Peck plays the disciplinarian general in the American Air Force; Hugh Marlowe, Gary Merrill and Millard Mitchell excel in an all-male cast.

THE CURE FOR LOVE

A very different kind of film about a military headache. Sergeant Robert Donal arrives back from active service to find himself a hero in his home street. He finds he also has a fiancée (Dora Bryan) he does not want, and that his mother has an evacuee (Renee Asherson) whom he does want. The rest of his leave is spent in the rather public sorting out of his love-affairs.

THE ROCKING-HORSE WINNER

D. H. Lawrence's short story of the same name, built up into a 90-minute film. Valerie Hobson plays the spendthrift woman whose small son (John Howard Davies) finds himself calling out the names of real horse-race winners as he bestrides his wooden rocking-horse. The Censor and the script-writers dealt tactfully with the tragic ending of the story. John Mills is the producer and third star.

NEPTUNE'S DAUGHTER

The musical which has "Baby, It's Cold Outside," among its tunes. It also has Esther Williams showing off swim-suits in Technicolor and Red Skelton getting mixed up in a game of polo.

IT'S A GREAT FEELING

Another Technicolor musical, starring Dennis Morgan, Doris Day and Jack Carson. This is a film about a film which did not get made but gives an excuse for introducing a dozen guest stars.

LEARNING A TRADE

Outside my local recruiting centre I saw some large posters which said "Join the Regular Army and Learn a Trade." So I did. But now, although I have twice passed my trade tests, I am employed on almost any job except my trade. What use is it going to be to me when I return to civilian life to have taken a trade test several years ago but never to have had any practical experience? The Army should make every effort to employ all whom they train as tradesmen in their own trade. — Re-Enlistment (name and address supplied).

★ The Army does try to give all tradesmen adequate experience in their trade, but in an ever-changing organisation it cannot guarantee such employment at all times. And there must be a reserve of tradesmen.

PATRIOTIC APPEAL

Looking through an American magazine the other day, I noticed an advertisement calling for volunteers to join the American Forces. It was so different from its British counterpart. It did not recommend joining to learn telephone operating, chemistry or driving, but to learn to defend the country in time of need. — Regular (name and address supplied).

REGULAR FUTURE

I very much agree with AQMS Stone who complains, in your March issue, that service pensions are too low. The basic pension is far below that of any clerk in the Civil Service who has served for the same number of years, under less exacting conditions too. Few soldiers can hope for pensions above thirty shillings a week and a future of "forty-five years old and out to grass" on thirty shillings a week is no inducement to carry on serving. A little more security for the long-service man would help prevent the experienced soldier from taking his discharge at 12 and 16 years to look for a civilian career. — "Future Assured," (name and address supplied).

★ It must be remembered that Civil Servants do not retire at 45 and do not draw their pensions for so many years.

THREE CHOICES

After completing 22 years Colour service I left the Army, but returned later on a three years short-service engagement. At present I am drawing both pay and pension. Shall I get the £25 a year bounty as well? — Pte. W. Evans, Perm. Staff, 156 Transit Camp, MELF 9.

★ No. Pensioners who returned to the Army on short-service engagements before the rules on this point were quite clarified were later given three choices. They can continue to draw their pensions, in which case they get no bounty and the short-service period will not go to increase their pensions; they can forgo pension and bounty during the short-service period and count these years towards an increased pension; or they can forgo pension during the short-service period, accept the bounty and return to their previous rate of pension when they are discharged again.

WIDOW'S PENSION

Can you please tell me what pension is payable to the widow of an Army pensioner whose death is not attributable to military service? — Ubique (name and address supplied).

★ If a discharged Army pensioner dies there is no liability attaching to the War Department, unless death was

due to military service. No pension would be payable to the widow, unless the pensioner was a WO I, in which case she is eligible for a pension of £30 a year, and a further £10 a year for each child. Otherwise the widow would be provided for under the National Insurance and National Assistance Acts.

There is, of course, provision for the award of a pension to the widow of a soldier who dies as a result of his military service, either before or after his discharge.

BROKEN SERVICE

I was conscripted in 1939 and released in 1946. After 28 days in civilian life I re-enlisted as a Regular. When my Colour service is completed I shall have done nearly 12 years Colour service. Does this entitle me to a Service gratuity? — Cpl. G. W. Spruce, General Hospital, Hong-Kong.

★ No. In order to qualify for Service gratuity a man must have done ten years unbroken Colour service immediately before release. The only exception is when a man returns to the Colours after a short period on the Reserve in order to complete the remainder of his original engagement with the Colours. In other cases a break in service, no matter how small, makes a man ineligible for gratuity.

"B" RESERVE

Can you tell me how many parades and how many weeks' camp I have to do per year while serving on "B" Reserve? Is it possible to buy one's discharge from the Reserve and how much would it cost? — Tpr. K. Voysey, "A" Sqn., 1st Royal Tank Regt., BAOR 15.

★ A "B" Reservist is liable to be called out for training for a period of 12 days, or to perform 20 drills per year. However, this liability is not generally enforced.

A man who wishes to buy his discharge while serving on the Army Reserve should apply to the officer in charge of records of his Regiment. If his application is approved, the cost would be at the rates laid down in Appendix "A" to ACI 768 of 1948. The service to count would be from the date of his enlistment to the date of the application, including reserve service.

UNWARRANTED

When on behalf of my son I asked for details of the Army Apprentices Examination, I was sent a pamphlet explaining the conditions governing Army apprentice tradesmen. This pamphlet stated: "Leave consists of eight weeks a year, a month at summer, a fortnight each at Christmas and Easter. Free travel warrants are provided..."

My son passed the examination and became an apprentice. Now I have been told that I must send £6 to the school before he can come home for his Easter leave. ACI 659/47 is quoted as the authority. It appears that although travel warrants are issued to boys whose parents live in Britain or Southern Ireland, they are not issued to those whose homes, like ours, are temporarily in Germany. Moreover the boys are allowed to use military transport only once during the year. Other journeys must be made by civil transport.

I think this is very unfair. Had the positions been reversed, with my son in Germany and his home in Britain, there would have been no difficulty about leave and the paying of fares. Where is the difference? Besides, there is the unqualified statement in the official pamphlet

that free travel warrants are provided. It does not add "to the port of embarkation only."

The service is crying out for Regular soldiers. What better stock could it have than the sons of Regulars who have been brought up amidst Army life in married quarters? Most of these boys make the Army their career. Can nothing be done to make things easier for both boys and parents? There must be quite a few in the same boat as myself for there are four BAOR soldiers' sons in the company to which my son belongs. — RSM J. Wood, BAOR Transit and Release Centre, BAOR 5.

★ If this concession were granted to Rhine Army, it might have to be granted to other commands. It is the old problem: the line must be drawn somewhere.

RIGHT OUT OF LUCK

Although my shadow rank is that of WO I, I still think my position on the seniority roll is not what it should be. I was promoted to Acting WO I on 7 November 1941, taken prisoner on 15 February 1942 and released on 23 October 1945. My war-substantive rank was granted on 4 July 1946. Can you tell me if this is correct, please? — "Ex-POW," RAOC (address supplied).

★ No. The date is not correct. Time spent as a prisoner-of-war does not count towards promotion, therefore "Ex-POW" did not finish his 12 months qualifying service in his acting rank until 7 October 1946. This is the date on which he should have been granted war-substantive rank. It would put him three months lower on the seniority roll.

DEBTOR BALANCES

When a Paymaster's account comes to a unit showing a soldier to be in debt the Commanding Officer must immediately restrict the soldier's pay. Yet not all debtor balances are correct and if the soldier disagrees with the Paymaster's account the matter is investigated. The mistake is generally found and corrected, but this takes time and during the waiting period the man is on restricted pay. This causes hardship to him and to his family (if any), yet his only redress from the Paymaster is an expression of regret for the error.

Why cannot the Commanding Officer be given power to decide whether a man's pay should be restricted or not during the investigation of a debtor balance? He could also see that families did not suffer severe hardship by deciding on the spot the amount of weekly restrictions. — QMS T. Bickerstaff, 24 Field Engineer Regt., Farell.

★ Debtor balances over the whole Army have been running into hundreds of thousands of pounds. Since the paying authorities state that this is largely due to the failure of units to comply with instructions, it is not likely that the rules will be altered to give units more discretionary power. Army Order 86 of 1944 is less severe than the order which governed the recovery of debtor balances before the war. Although there may sometimes be a mistake in the amount of debit balance notified, it is rarely found that the soldier was, in fact, in credit.

(More Letters on Page 46)



Then learn modern dancing at home. Surprise and amaze your friends—and yourself! Enrol to-day—dance to-morrow. Send for 12-page booklet "Let's Go Dancing." Fill in and cut out the coupon below and post it, enclosing 2½d. stamp, to:

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Dept. G 2. 19-23 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

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MORE LETTERS

"OVER THERE"

May I compliment you on a nicely arranged magazine full of interesting bits? My personal interest in it is due to my association with officers and men in the Middle East during the dark days of late '41 and '42 when I was working with them on the distribution of American Lend-Lease stores.

Your "Scrapbook" is particularly interesting to me as I carried a camera the length and breadth of the British areas in the Middle East and took over 5000 pictures. — Col. G. B. Jarrett, The Jarrett Museum of World War History, Aberdeen, Maryland, USA.

A DROP TOO MUCH?

I recently saw "Whisky Galore," a film in which a British sergeant was portrayed wearing (if my eyesight was correct) the 1939-45 Star, the Africa Star and the Defence Medal. As the film was set in 1943, surely the wearing of these ribbons was a mistake? As far as I know, only the 1939-45 Star was available at that time. — Sjt. S. P. Cast, 2nd. Brit. Inf. Div. Ord. Depot, BAOR.

★ The whisky appears to have gone to somebody's head, because if the sergeant was wearing the ribbons quoted he was somewhat out of place, or time. Although the Africa Star and the 1939-43 Star (later changed to the 1939-45 Star) were instituted in August 1943, details of the Africa Star were not announced until 18 November of that year and the 1939-43 Star on 8 January 1944. The Defence Medal was instituted in May 1945 and details of the conditions for its award were given on 14 July of the same year.

RATION SCALES

I am in trouble with my wife because no one seems to know about ration scales. Are there separate ration scales for Servicemen, Service-women and Service families? — "Gunner Serjeant," Oswestry, Salop.

★ Yes. The rations issued to Servicemen and women are calculated to give them a daily diet equal to that of their civilian counterparts. On this basis, the men's scale is slightly larger than the women's. Rations for Service families, where they are issued, are calculated to provide a diet equal to that obtainable by the civilian population as a whole.

THAT KIDNAPPING

In reviewing "Popski's" book in the April SOLDIER you say that he "always set his face against minor raids which were not likely to do the enemy much harm, but which might have unpleasant results for native populations."

Alongside, you reviewed W. Stanley Moss's book on the kidnapping of General Kreipe on Crete.

While one cannot but admire the audacity of the officers who kidnapped General Kreipe, was not this the sort of exploit likely to bring reprisals against native population? Did it, in fact, cause sufficient alarm and despondency in the German garrison to justify the risk of reprisal?

It would be interesting to know "Popski's" private opinion of this exploit. Myself, I think it was magnificent, but not war. — A. B. B. (name and address supplied).

BLOOD OR SAND

Further to the letter headed "Blood or Sand" in your March issue, I would point out that different units of the Cheshire Regiment wore their regimental flash in different ways during the recent war. I was with two battalions and also at the Regimental Depot, and found that one battalion wore the flash with the buff or "sand" to the front and the other with the cerise or "blood" forward. It is understandable then that one man should be uncertain if the powers that be were not too sure themselves. But whichever was correct, every credit to a fine Regiment. — Cheskin (name and address supplied).

★ This is one of several similar letters that SOLDIER has received on this subject.

DISARMING

Can you please tell me whether the Connaught Rangers were ever disarmed for mutiny in India? My father was a sergeant in the Rangers and whenever my mother wants to annoy him she says they were disarmed for mutiny. Perhaps you can disarm her by proving that the story is not true. — Peace-Lover (name and address supplied).

★ Although there was some trouble in a draft of Connaught Rangers

which arrived in India in 1920, they were not disarmed and the trouble did not spread to the Regiment as a whole. Instead of being distributed to companies, the draft had been left cooling their heels (or rather warming them) in the plains during the hottest part of the year. They were mostly confined to barracks because of the stifling heat. Into this atmosphere arrived letters from home containing greatly exaggerated accounts of the depredations of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland. These so worked on the ragged nerves of the men that one day they refused to parade. Some men were court-martialled and the rest were distributed between the companies, but the battalion was not disarmed.

STEN CARRIER

Captain Leo A. Milligan, in January's SOLDIER, claims to have invented a Sten gun magazine carrier. I do not know whether it was originally designed by him or not, but this unit also had a carrier for Sten magazines in 1946. The difference between ours and the one illustrated in SOLDIER is that ours had no waist or thigh apron and had six magazine pockets instead of four. — Pte. R. Clark, Signal Pl, 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, Hong Kong.

★ SOLDIER is informed that several units have experimented along these lines.

WAX AND PATIENCE

One of your readers recently asked for the Army recipe for shining boots. Here is mine and I've not found one to better it. All that is needed is a top-grade wax polish and patience. First remove all dust with a damp cloth. When the boots or shoes are quite dry work a little polish into the leather with the finger or a small square of upper-leather. Give the polish ten minutes to dry and then work it into the leather with the bone handle of a tooth brush. Next use a soft brush to get a good gloss and finally a soft cloth, rubbing first vigorously and finally very lightly.

The blacker the polish the better (you can always test the depth of black in a polish by rubbing it on a piece of blotting paper and holding it to the light).

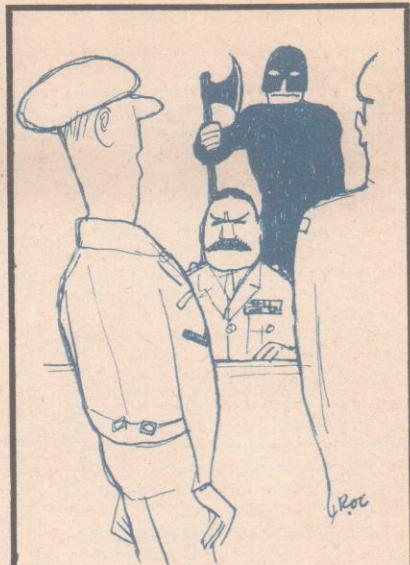
With my method a brilliant glaze can be obtained. Once treated, boots will retain their fine gloss and will need only a minute or two a day spent on them. — E. Cardy, 3 Churchfield Close, North Harrow, Middx.

2 minute sermon

OUR pagan ancestors used to watch the miracle of the Spring. They saw the wintry ground stirring with new life: they saw the brown, morose trees become green and fresh and lovely: they felt light and warmth taking possession of the earth. They watched and they wondered. So they came to worship. They pictured the unseen, divine power who worked this miracle as a beautiful goddess whom they called Eostre.

Man alone seemed unable to share in the new life of Spring. When he died — he was just dead; that was the end of it. No miracle touched his grave. Six feet of earth held all that was left of him: it held not only his body, but all his ideals and hopes. The visions and dreams of men were crowded together and found their end in the grave.

The Christian Faith, with its message of the Resurrection, has given the worship of the dawn-goddess a new meaning. Easter brings the miracle of new life into the world of men. Man, too, can die and rise again; the visions and hopes within him are no longer crowded into the grave. The fact that Jesus has risen is a sacrament — the outward and visible sign in time and space of something beyond both time and space. It is both "here and now" and "everywhere and for ever." It is the guarantee and the pledge of the eternal Springtime of man.



"I take a very serious view of your offence, Higgins..."

FORGOT TO TELL US

When you were talking to Mr. "Bill" Rayner before writing the "Guns of Malta" story (SOLDIER, February), he forgot to tell you how he saved the life of a chap in the Royal Malta Artillery. It was at the height of the bombing. The man's leg had been torn almost in two by a splinter and Mr. Rayner sat down beside him for over half an hour holding his leg together until he could be moved to the dressing station.

Mr. Rayner was also the first to discover a 2000 lb. delayed action bomb which fell in the new dining hall. He was passing the dining hall when it fell. If it had gone up, that would have been the end of Tigne. — Cpl. H. Spatcurst, "A" Coy., 1st Bn. Royal Lincolnshire Regt., MELF 10.

PICK UP?

Can you clear up the mystery of the Army vehicle known as a PU? What do the letters stand for? Does it mean Pick Up (in the case of vehicles fitted with wireless), or does it mean Personnel Utility? — Capt. R. R. S. Clarke, Connaught Hospital, Hindhead, Surrey.

★ The official name used to be Personnel Utility. It is now called a car, light, utility or a car, heavy, utility. The term "Pick-Up" used to refer to a type of Signals truck, but it was never an official designation.

Answers

(from Page 31)

How Much Do You Know?

1. A tine is a fork prong.
2. 800.
3. It is an Antarctic Island on which British scientists had been marooned.
4. Ned Kelly.
5. Anouk.
6. Americans do not say, "Excuse me," they say "Pardon me."
7. A troll is a legendary goblin from Scandinavia; a trollop is a slatternly woman.
8. An arena for chariot racing, or equestrian events.
9. (b).
10. Lizards or similar creatures would be kept in a vivarium.

Crossword

ACROSS. 2. Centurion. 6. Sir. 7. Usually. 10. Exeunt. 11. Evil. 13. Ell. 15. Ore. 16. Sure. 18. Gew-gaw. 20. Studded. 22. Ran. 23. Sand dunes.

DOWN. 1. Asterisks. 2. Creeper. 3. Noun. 4. Roamer. 5. Oil. 8. Sty. 9. Yellowing. 12. Vergers. 14. Leaded. 17. Age. 19. Eden. 21. Tea.

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For Smart
Healthy Hair



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Play safe! Brylcreem your hair. Dandruff on your collar, loose hair on your comb—these are danger signals that point the need for Brylcreem's *double benefit*.

- (1) Day-long smartness.
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Massage with Brylcreem stimulates the scalp, encourages natural hair growth, wards off Dandruff. Its pure emulsified oils put life into Dry Hair and impart a splendid gloss. Don't take any chances, Brylcreem your hair—most men do.

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to be sure**



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

SPRING COLDS are QUICK WORKERS —HAVE YOUR 'ASPRO' READY



Colds develop quickly—in fact, they often have a 24-hour start. For it is generally agreed that people catch a cold 24 hours before it shows itself. All the more need for IMMEDIATE action. Have a tape or strip of 'ASPRO' tablets ready for first signs. 'ASPRO' acts swiftly—you feel the uneasy shivery sensations and the first signs of the cold in throat or nose begin to disappear. Follow up this treatment with another two 'ASPRO' tablets taken with a hot drink when you get home or at bedtime. Remember you can't beat colds with inaction—they thrive on it. It is far wiser to

*The Swift-acting
effective
safe
modern
remedy*

**GET 'ASPRO' TO WORK
AND SHIFT THAT COLD
STRAIGHTAWAY**

Colds Go By Morning

Dear Sir, 28 Brocas Street, Eton. I am writing to tell you what a wonderful benefit I get from taking your 'ASPRO' tablets. When I find a cold coming on me I take 2-3 tablets at night and it's gone by the morning. I would not be without them.

CHARLES KNIBBS.



TAKE 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA	COLDS	RHEUMATIC PAIN
SORE THROATS	LUMBAGO	ALCOHOLIC
HEADACHES	NERVINES	AFTER-EFFECT
NEURALGIA	NEURITIS	PAINS PECULIAR
IRRITABILITY	SCIATICA	TO WOMEN
TOTTHACHE	GOUT	SLEEPLESSNESS

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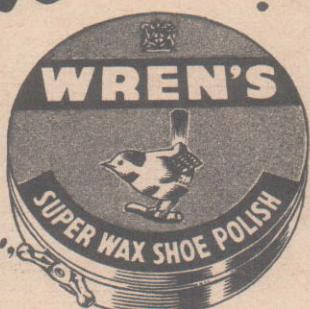
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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



KATHLEEN BYRON

— J. Arthur Rank