

# SOLDIER

ARMY MAGAZINE

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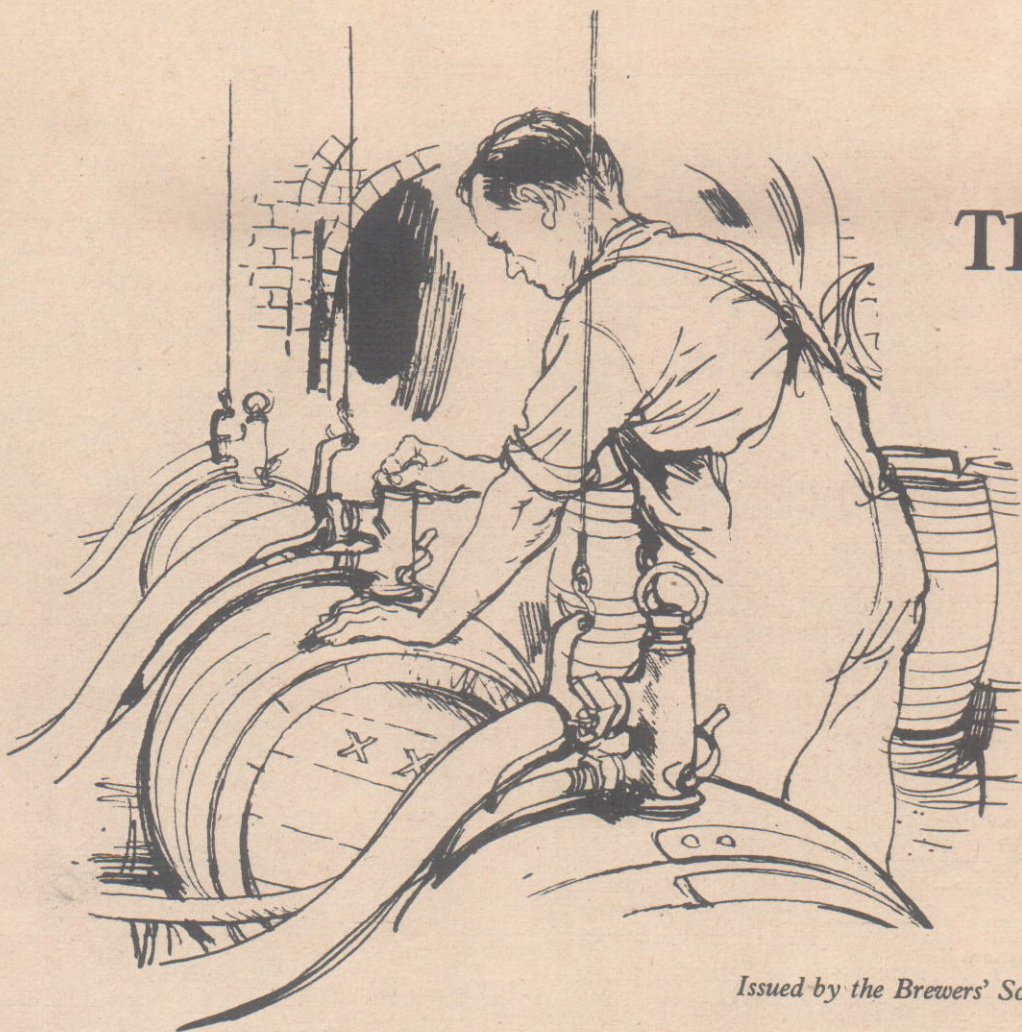
June 1951

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**"Fall Out For a Smoke"**  
(See Page 31)





## The Racker

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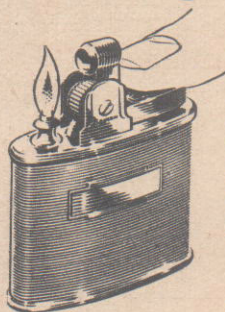
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## SAILING DIRECTIONS

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"But you came here for the sailing."

"I did, but last night I was exposed to the hospitality of the local yachtsmen. Today the motion of the Earth is more than enough."

"You sound strangely like a man who forgot his Rose's."

"I know! You're going to tell me that if I'd drunk Rose's Lime Juice last night I should

be in rude health this morning."

"Exactly. As gin and lime or a straight drink Rose's brings a man safely to harbour after the stormiest evening."

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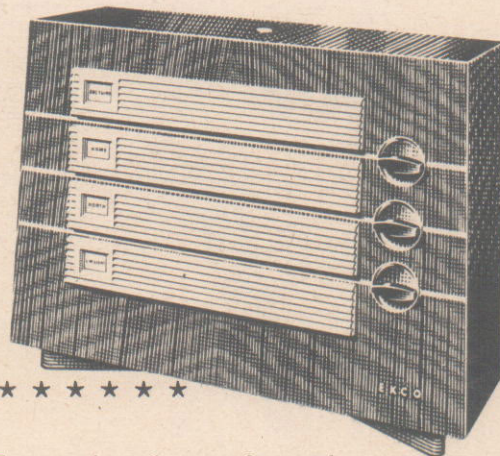
"Certainly not. For such sound advice I should really charge a fee."

"Then if you're so certain, let's have a large gin and Rose's now. I feel my sea-legs returning already."

**ROSE'S**—The Wise Man's Nightcap

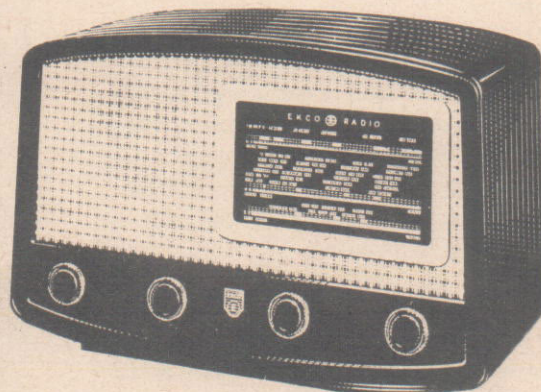
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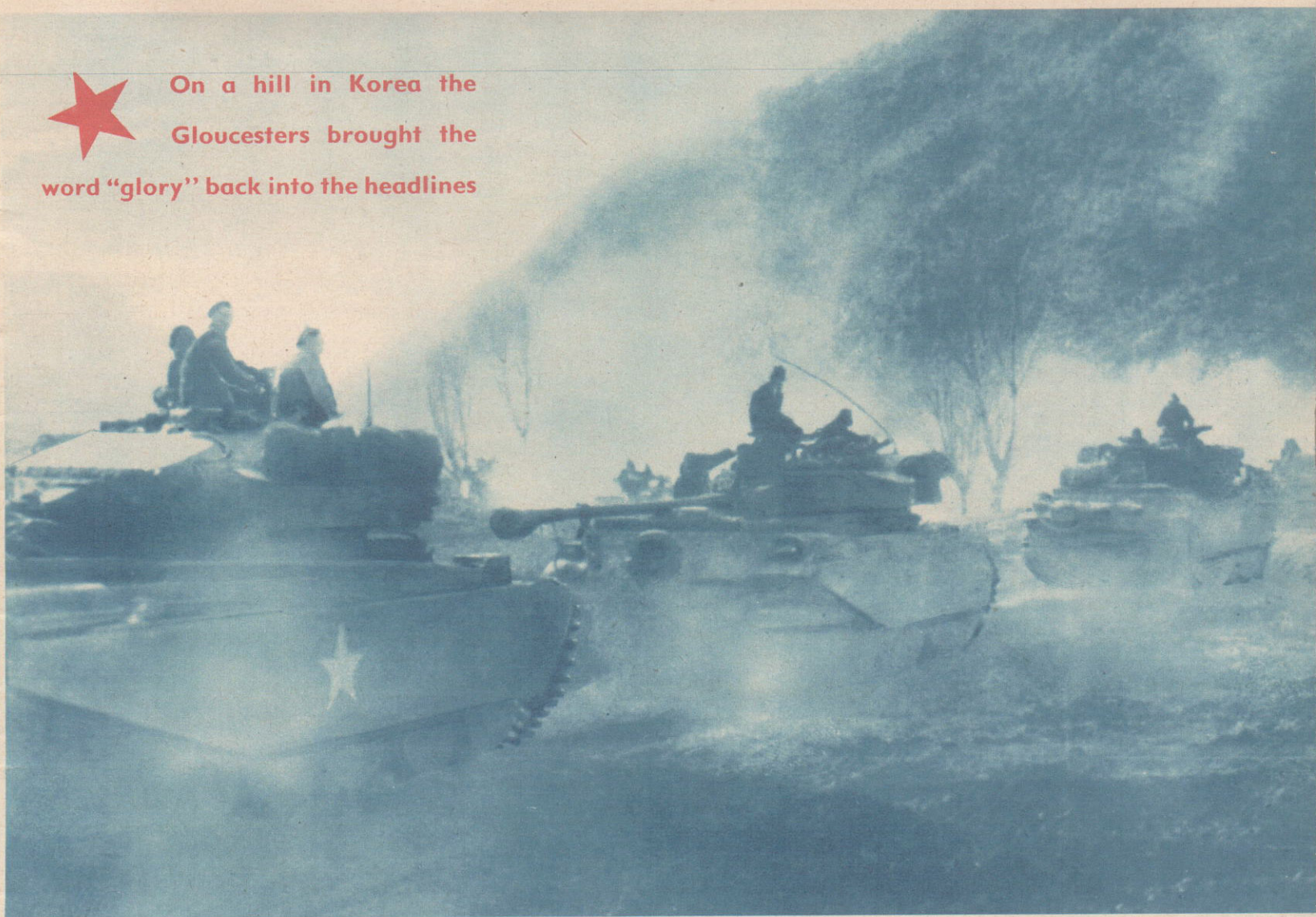
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MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN





On a hill in Korea the  
Gloucesters brought the  
word "glory" back into the headlines



Moving up through the morning mists in the Imjin River sector: British Centurion tanks. On the hulls of these 50-tonners, wounded men ran the gauntlet of Chinese fire in the recent spring offensive.



Dust is becoming a scourge again. This soldier has taken steps to protect his rifle.

## KOREA: THE HILL OF HONOUR

**T**HE Battle of the Imjin River is no longer news, but history: the kind of history on which the dust will not readily settle.

Somewhere, north of the 38th Parallel, are hard-ried and badly wounded men who alone can round off the story of the great stand by 29th Brigade. They are captives, and the world will welcome any news that they are being treated with the honour they merit.

The men who are listed as missing would hardly be human if, on their forced travels, they did

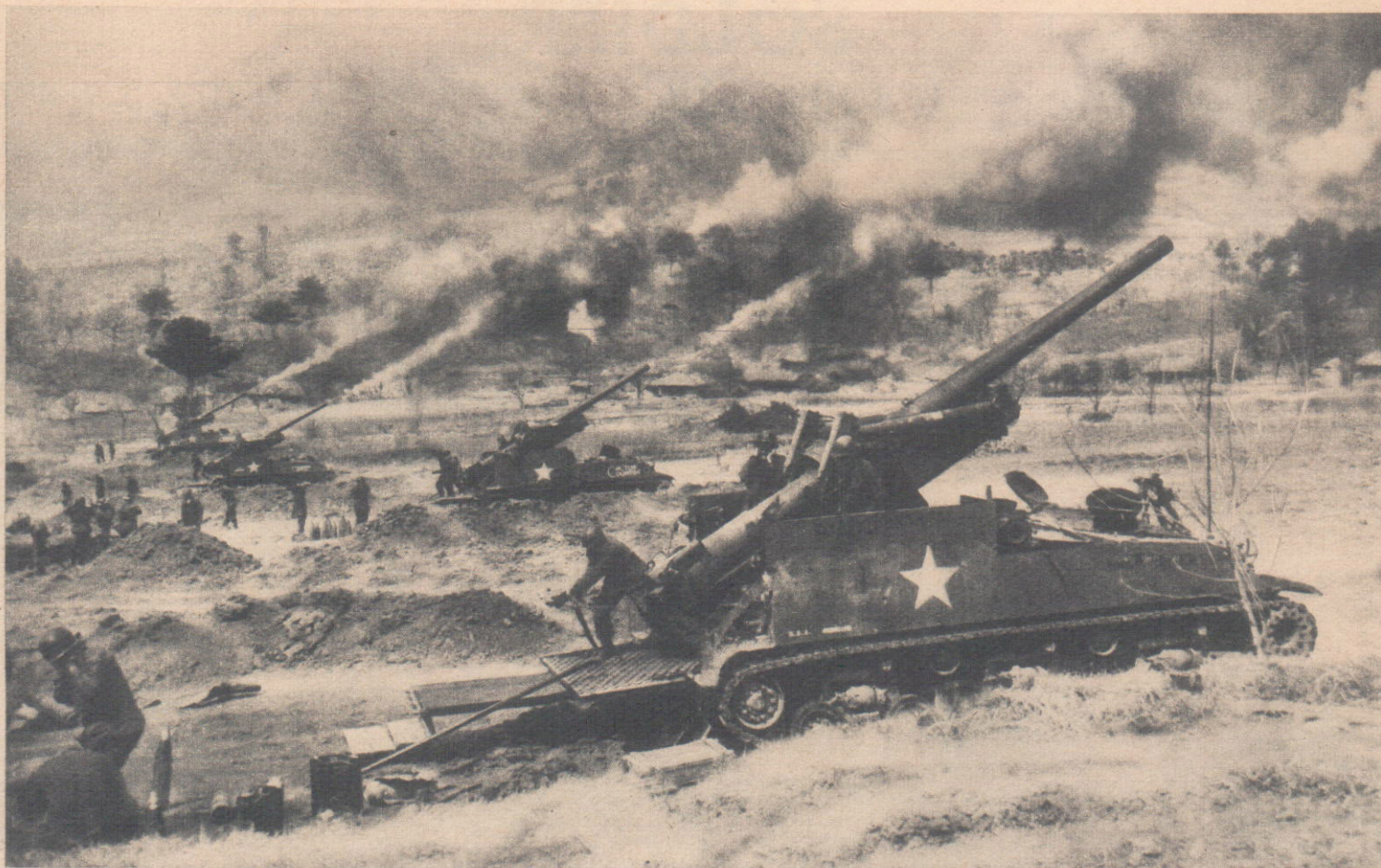
not find time to wonder what the Army, and the world, thought about their fight.

Some day, perhaps, they will be told how the story of their stand brought the word "glory" back into the headlines, how it halted the radio programmes in America, and made the world wonder afresh at the secret of the British county regiments. Not for a long time has a desperate feat of arms stirred such deep feelings.

When the fortunes of war permit it, there may be a solemn ceremony on the hill of honour, that harsh ridge over the Imjin fords where a battalion took on a division. So far the world has not even seen a

**OVER**





One of the United Nations' most potent weapons in Korea is the American "Long Tom," a 155 mm. self-propelled gun. Four in a row make an impressive picture — and an impressive noise.



## KOREA

(Continued)

Recently released, this photograph shows the Commanders of 27th and 29th Brigades together. Brigadier T. Brodie (left) commands 29th Brigade. Brigadier Basil Coad is taking over a division in Germany.

The headquarters of the 27th (Commonwealth) Brigade, "somewhere in Korea."



photograph of the hill, which will assuredly rank with other remote and blood-soaked hills like Isandhlwana, Spion Kop or Longstop.

Details of the Gloucesters' action are still trickling in. On 22 April, a sunny Sunday, the Battalion were dug in on hill positions overlooking a bend in the shallow river. On the left were South Korean troops; on the right were the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and a Belgian battalion with the Royal Ulster Rifles behind them.

A patrol of the Gloucesters, which had been sent down to the river ferry, found that the far bank was alive with Chinese. Then, on a flare signal, the enemy began to wade the river. They were at once engaged with mortars and artillery fire was called down on the crossings, till the Imjin ran red; but still the Chinese waded through. Under heavy cross fire, the patrol withdrew into the Battalion's lines. It was clear that the enemy's long awaited offensive had begun — and that the Gloucesters were taking the weight of it.

Tightening their defences as far as possible the Battalion spent the night hitting and being hit. In the morning — St. George's Day — it was clear that the enemy had infiltrated around them, so the three leading companies fell back to form a "box" on the hills covering Brigade headquarters — which itself was being raked and mortared. In a lull the Gloucesters shared out the last of their food and ammunition. For some, it was





That's their railway, that was. ... Royal Marine Commandos contemplate the efficient job of sabotage they performed during an amphibious landing behind the lines in North Korea. They were supported by United States Navy and Marine forces.

the last meal for three days; for many it was the last meal.

Under covering fire from many hill tops the Chinese resumed their assaults on the Gloucesters and doubled their efforts when night came. To offset the crackle of the enemy's arms, his bugling and clashing of cymbals, there was the heartening crump of the Brigade's field guns which did much to break up the "cup final" concentrations of the Chinese. Overhead roared fighter-bombers, but the task was too much for them. Often the enemy's second wave could be seen waiting for the first wave to be destroyed, the third wave waiting for the wreck of the second.

One by one the Gloucesters' companies were over-run and the survivors were pulled back into an ever tighter box. On the Tuesday the defenders, now closed up on one hill, heard over their radio that a tank column was making a determined attempt to break through. But the hopes raised by this news were dashed as the gruelling day wore on. Several brave but unsuccessful relief attempts were, in fact, made by the ground forces; notably by the tanks of the American 15th Infantry and a Philippines combat team and by the 8th Hussars' Centurions with British Infantry in support.

An air drop was requested but the operation was all but impossible and the pilots were waved away by the beleaguered men. The only supply made to the Battalion during its encirclement

was by an officer of the Gloucesters who dropped Bren guns and ammunition, wrapped in blankets, from an American scout plane.

Still the battle wore on. The mortar men, out of ammunition, were fighting as riflemen. Tighter and tighter drew the perimeter; higher and higher grew the masses of Chinese dead. But the Gloucesters' toll was heavy. Faintly now came the messages from Brigade over the Battalion's radio, for the batteries were failing. Early on Wednesday morning, Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Carne ordered his officers to form the men into individual combat teams and to try to regain the Brigade lines. He himself stayed behind with some 200 wounded, along with his Medical Officer. And just before the survivors set off, the Drum Major played the "Long Reveille" defiantly on the bugle.

Tragically few of the Gloucesters reached the Brigade lines. They ran the same kind of gauntlet that had already been run by the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Belgian battalion, all of which had been heavily engaged, and intermittently surrounded, when the Chinese first forced the river. The main escape party of the Gloucesters, shooting and crawling their way back by a circuitous route, were met at the last by American tanks, just as the hard-pressed Infantrymen of the other battalions had been befriended by

British Centurions. Of the main party of about 90 who set out some 40 got through — and of these only 16 were unwounded. They were commanded by Captain M. Harvey, who boldly struck north into Communist territory and then turned west. Captain Harvey was quick to pay a tribute to the shooting of the Gunners of 45 Field Regiment. "We never felt lonely while their guns continued to fire," he said. "They never missed the target and fired at a speed which seemed unbelievable."

Once again those Centurions of the 8th Hussars had found themselves playing an unorthodox role. They were not field artillery this time; they were armoured ambulances, rescue wagons, driven with great dash and skill along narrow roads, hard peppered in ambush after ambush which took heavy toll of the men riding on the pitching hulls. There were some Infantrymen who came home walking beside the moving wall of a tank, while bullets spattered the opposite side like stones thrown at railings. The Hussars could not reach the Gloucesters; there are limits to what fifty-tonners can do, road-bound as they must be in Korea. But these leviathans were well-fought. Eyewitnesses have told how the tanks returned from their forays piled with dying and wounded, sluiced with blood.

It was a grim day for the "Rolls-Royce" brigade, so-called because



Major-General A. J. H. Cassels.

## A DIVISION

**M**ILITARY history is now being made in Korea by the formation of the 1st (Commonwealth) Division, United Nations Forces.

It will consist of the 28th and 29th Brigades of United Kingdom troops (the 27th Commonwealth Brigade having been relieved); the 25th Canadian Infantry Brigade; the 3rd Battalion Royal Australian Regiment; the 16th Field Regiment, Royal New Zealand Artillery and the 60th Indian Field Ambulance. There will probably be additional contingents from the Royal New Zealand Army Service Corps and the Royal New Zealand Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The division will be commanded by Major-General A. J. H. Cassels, a former commander of 51st Highland Division, latterly head of the United Kingdom Service Liaison Staff in Australia. He will receive his orders from the United Nations Unified Command.

General Sir Horace Robertson, Commander in Chief, British Commonwealth Occupation Forces in Japan will have non-operational control of the division.

OVER





One of the most dramatic parachuting pictures to be taken in the Korean war: American troops leaping over the Imjin Valley.



He doesn't claim that they're whiter than the next man's, but they're *clean*: Gunner John Carter.



Houses catch fire easily in Korean villages. Here men of the Middlesex, with local help, put out a blaze at their regimental command-post.





This business-like oven was made by Serjeant R. Ball, Army Catering Corps, from six 40-gallon petrol drums, mud and rocks. It fed 200 men of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

## KOREA

(Continued)

it arrived in Korea finely and fully equipped. But on the central front the other Brigade — the redoubtable 27th — also had its shoulder to the wall of the dam. Australians went in once again with the bayonet, and the New Zealand 25-pounders performed as valiantly as those other guns on the west front. Into the breach, too, went men of the Middlesex and the "Princess Pats." It was a spectacular holding action — and a successful one.

The line was steadied, the offensive was blunted. British, Americans, Belgians, French, Dutch, Turks and Greeks were among the forces which had imposed tremendous losses on a brave and stubborn adversary. The grim task of counting heads began; reinforcements moved up.

Survivors of the Gloucesters paraded in a field and held a service in honour of their dead. And some days later came another ceremony on a battered school playground, with the orange-kilted Ulsters playing pipe music. Here General James Van Fleet, commanding the 8th Army in Korea, presented America's highest military honour — the Presidential Unit Citation — to the Gloucesters and to a unit as yet un-named in the newspapers, Troop C, the 170th Independent Mortar Battery, Royal Artillery. The award, represented by a blue ribbon edged with gold, was for "exceptionally outstanding performance and extreme heroism" against the 63rd Chinese Communist Army. In the citation the hill's defenders were described as "those indomitable, resolute, tenacious soldiers who fought back with unsurpassed fortitude and courage... without a thought of defeat or surrender... their heroic stand provided the critically-needed time to regroup..."

As he pinned the ribbons on the chests of six selected men, the general said, "I feel deeply the loss of so many fine soldiers. It was unfortunate for them but

fortunate for us that members of this gallant band were in the right place at the right time."

On the same day General Marshall in Washington was telling a Senate committee how the Chinese Army Groups had been broken — "we have filled hospitals all over China."

The enemy's spring offensive was over; now, somebody joked, for the offensive spring, with its dry heat and its dust devils swirling through the Compo Valleys and Piccadilly Circuses — dust in which vehicles would drive with their lights on as in a London "pea-souper."

For the fortunate few, there was

always the hope of five days in Tokyo, amid Australian and American hospitality — the two most generous brands of hospitality in the world. Tokyo was a reward reserved for men who had been up at the "sharp end." From an airfield in Korea they flew (perhaps for the first time in their lives) to Haneda Airport, Tokyo, and then journeyed by bus to Ebisu leave centre. There they handed in their rifles, their stained clothing, wallowed in baths, and were re-kitted. They drew their pay — pay which is as hard to spend in Korea as it is hard-earned — and were given their freedom. Japanese staff provided a brisk and attentive service, including tea in bed.

Ebisu is run, and splendidly run, by the Australians. Under a reciprocal scheme, men could choose to stay in United States Army leave hotels, some of which were haunts of wealthy tourists. Most men on leave from the front have preferred to organise their own leisure, shopping individually or in small groups in Tokyo, or attending the many cabarets, theatres and big-city entertainments. A sergeant reservist from Durham spent £50 and enjoyed every penny of it.

In Korea itself "rest facilities" have meant little more than a huddle of thatched huts. Rarely has the British Army been called upon to fight in a country with such negligible amenities. It is not a campaign in which a soldier can relax amid the civilian population and "get his feet under the table." It is a campaign

without films, shops, cafes, bars, and without girls. It is even a campaign without a canteen and any cups of tea that are going are made by the men themselves from dry tea supplied in bulk by NAAFI.

It should be put on record that the 200 men of RASC/EFI in Korea (who are subject to military discipline but are paid by NAAFI) have had many frustrations to surmount. When they first arrived the 27th Brigade did not require their services — the American PX supplied all the Brigade needs. It was arranged for a team to travel with 29 Brigade but 27 Brigade then called for NAAFI services so the 29th team had to be shared between the two brigades. The result was serious shortages for both. Over the ox-cart roads NAAFI's two-wheel drive vehicles were often at a disadvantage; but more suitable vehicles are on their way. Nor was NAAFI fortunate with its sea transport: one tank landing craft was provided to carry supplies for British troops along 250 miles of coast. There was no priority for comforts and on one trip more than 2000 packages had to be held back from the landing craft.

Some of the earlier shortages, now remedied, were impossible to foresee. For instance, in the severe cold, when even beer and ink froze, there was a heavy run on smokers' pipes because soldiers who had never before smoked pipes got the idea that they were a warmer smoke than a cigarette.

## SOLDIER to Soldier

**"ANYBODY Can Do Anything" is the title of a recent best-seller.**

The theory expressed in the title was that of the authoress's go-getting sister; but it has long been the working principle of the British Army.

A general (as SOLDIER has indicated before) has to be ready to fight a battle, rule a city, act as diplomat, spend (and account for) a few million pounds, dictate a lucid, book-length dispatch. A junior officer must be able to lead a platoon, control a harbour, produce a revue, defend an accused man, read a burial service.

And the private soldier? Well, his jobs are numberless too. Gone are the days when all he had to do was storm the town. Now, having stormed the town, he may find himself operating a switchboard, driving a locomotive, running a reception desk, stuffing sausages, retreading tyres, printing news-sheets.

As far as possible the Army tries to pick the most suitable man for the job, or to co-opt the civil expert. But under pressure of events it expects, and demands, that "anybody can do anything" — short of sailing the *Queen Elizabeth* round the Cape of Good Hope. In these days the Army is so well-leavened with technical men that such problems as taking over and operating a modest power-house are by no means beyond its grasp. In every unit there is a man who knows a bit about something — either from his civilian background or from one of those Army courses which invest a man with such a curious miscellany of knowledge.

The more complex war becomes, the less use

is an army whose guiding principle is "brute force and bloody ignorance."

Even if it does produce some expensive errors now and then, "anybody can do anything" is a good slogan.

\* \* \*

SOLDIER's congratulations go to a newspaper which has now been serving the British Army for 150 years: the *Gibraltar Chronicle*. It was this newspaper which, in October 1805, scooped the world with a special edition announcing the result of the Battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.

Few soldiers could read in the days when the *Gibraltar Chronicle* first appeared. Indeed, a literate man in the ranks was regarded as a dangerous influence. Right from the outset, the newspaper met hostility from those highly-placed individuals who could not see that any good purpose was served by publishing a newspaper in a fortress. So, for many years, the editorial chair was a "hot seat." When the *Chronicle* was not in trouble for refusing to publish some church dignitary's sermon it was being attacked for printing advertisements of bull fights. To prove the Army's theory that "anybody can do anything," the *Chronicle* was edited, at one time or another, by assistant chaplains, chaplains, brigade majors, deputy assistant adjutant-generals, a surgeon captain, an attorney general and a variety of regimental officers.

During World War Two a number of British soldiers served on the staff of the *Gibraltar Chronicle*. There were no more world scoops... but the staff always live in hope.



# The 'Z' Men

## HOW THEY WERE CALLED UP

Half way to being a soldier again: the gents' natty suitings are folded away, the battledress lies ready — with titles and flashes already sewn on.



The old familiar motions: "Z" Private G. Crook gets the feel of a grenade again.

**T**HE "Z" call-up, which has been the subject of many misconceptions, is by now well under way.

Its purpose, as the Under-Secretary for War recently reminded Parliament, is not specifically to meet this summer's training requirements, but to meet those requirements which would arise on mobilisation.

Although few of the men concerned know it, the call-up affects four main classes of the Reserve in addition to the normal Regular Army reservists. These are Class Z, which consists of war-time Regular soldiers who were released with their age and service groups and have completed their regular engagements; Class Z (T), the biggest, which consists principally of temporary soldiers, both volunteers and conscripts who were enlisted on a Territorial Army engagement and were released with their age and service groups; Class W, Regulars, who were released before their age and service groups for work of national importance or for other reasons; and Class W(T), temporary soldiers released early for the same reasons.

From these classes Record Offices sifted men who were over-age or known to be medically unfit. The Ministry of Labour then screened the remainder to decide which of them could not be freed on occupational grounds. Those who were left — under a certain age, fit (as far as was known) and available — were then allotted to units to which they would be posted on mobilisation. In allotting them, Record Offices took into consideration the "last out, first back" principle, the men's suitability for their jobs and their past regimental connections. The result was that every unit was allotted a cross-section of the available men on the Reserves.

By 10 March a warning order had been sent out to tell each reservist when he would be required for training. Nominal rolls of the reservists and their addresses were sent to officers commanding units, who then sent a personal letter to each man. In it he was told where to report, what kit to bring, what kit would be issued to him, all about his pay and how he would be employed. He was also told to bring his driving licence and advised

whether there was garage room. The letter also asked whether, in his previous service, he had experience of any appointments other than the one in which it was proposed to employ him.

A notification was also sent to the Ministry of Labour and National Service who arranged for the reservist to be medically examined. The medical board produced a PULHEEMS profile of his condition. This was then sent to the man's Record Office which was thus able to assess his physical fitness in relation to the job for which he was being called up. The reservist was then sent a card telling him whether he had been found fit or unfit for training.

Finally, the formal Notice to Join for Training was sent to the reservist about two months before his training was due to commence. With the notice he was sent a travel warrant, forms on which to claim marriage allowance and various miscellaneous information; for example, how to apply to vote by post if there was a bye-election in his constituency during his training period.

All this meant a great deal more work for the Record Offices; they had to employ extra temporary civilian clerks and work overtime. But paper work was streamlined for the units to which the men were bound; called-up "Z" men are not even issued with pay books.

The fortnight's training with reservists will bring units the same sort of benefits as a Royal Navy "shake-down" cruise, in which a crew takes a newly-commissioned vessel to sea for the first time.

The majority of units will be brought up to strength, so that they can have realistic unit training, and the officers and men can get to know each other, fit into their places, and be introduced to new weapons, techniques and organisations.

That is why the emphasis is on unit training, although some specialists and tradesmen belonging to "pools" will be given mostly individual training. Drills and guard-mounting are being cut to the minimum. So is administrative work, except for reservists whose jobs are administrative.





Pte. G. Stoddart (left), a bricklayer, renews acquaintance with another kind of mortar. Pte. W. Young (right) is an engineman.

Berets sit uneasily as yet on "Z" men's heads. Here Private G. Ince is coached on the rifle grenade by Corporal J. Moran.

Corporal R. Holden, of the King's Own, takes a class on the Bren. There was no need to start from scratch.

# AND HOW THEY WERE RECEIVED

**P**OET and peasant, publisher and publican, back they came to serve their 15 days — some of them with the Regular Army, most with the Territorials; some to occupy barracks, many to occupy tents.

The cartoonists and jokesmiths had extracted as much humour as they could from the situation (at least one popular cartoonist was himself called up). The reservists, it appeared, would march into camp fit and eager, and after 15 gruelling days would stagger out limp and drooping; they would peel enormous mounds of potatoes; they would lather the landscape with white paint. Wives had hinted that the whole thing was going to be a glorious spree, away from the cares of home.

But if any "Z" Reservist who arrived at Salisbury station to join the Sixth Armoured Division thought he was in for a 15 days' spree, his ideas did an about-turn when he reached Bulford.

Within an hour of arriving in camp 400 men going to the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry were on the rifle range firing five rounds "just to get their hand in," while 300 yards away the King's Own Royal Regiment was warning its intake of 340 men that next morning — a Sunday — they would be on parade at half-past eight for a pep talk by the commanding officer, followed by a day of intensive weapon training.

In fact, the first rest they were likely to encounter would be on the following Sunday, when they would be able to watch a demonstration of support weapons.

This sense of urgency did much to remove any impression that the "Z" call-up was merely to test the mobilisation machinery.

An officer of the King's Own explained: "We are trying to condense a normal 21 days' training programme into 13 days, allowing only one day for the men to settle in and one day for them to pack up and depart."

In that time the men had to

revive their knowledge of Infantry weapons, master two new weapons — the rocket-launcher and a grenade — and take part in exercises up to company level (not omitting a route march).

Kitting out was a quicker process than usual. Already the men had replied by post to a questionnaire asking for sizes of chest, hips, hat and boots. Battle-dresses were already fitted with titles, formation signs and even stripes and pips.

From a pile of large packs containing webbing equipment, mess tins, water-bottle and clip-together knives, spoons and forks, each "Z" man helped himself. Explained the Quartermaster, Major G. W. Bone, "Those packs are all exactly alike but if a man takes the one he fancies he thinks he has a bargain."

At trestle tables clerks checked the addresses of next-of-kin. Pages of ration books were cancelled and temporary national insurance cards issued. Serjeant Colin Spark, of Romford, on loan from the Royal Army Pay Corps at Devizes, explained to each man what he could expect in the way of pay. Example: Private "A" would get 8s 6d a day, totalling £6 7s 6d over the whole period, to which he could add

£4 10s marriage allowance and £4 tax-free bounty. Total: £14 17s 6d.

In barrack-rooms men tried on their kit (they had had to bring their own underwear and braces) and admired the boots, tropical, with which they had been issued. Said

one, leaning back on his bed and drawing on his cigarette: "You miss the television, don't you?"

If he looked at a certain popular newspaper next day he probably learned that the Army had a set of initials for men like him: ECO (Essentially Civilian Outlook). In 15 days the Army was going to do its best to get the ECO out of his system.



Inspecting "Z" men at Bude, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim stops to talk to Gunner W. Overy.

Five former serjeants arrive at Bude: J. Madden, of Newcastle; E. P. Siggers, of Welling; E. A. Berry, of Balham; G. Cox, of Corby; and H. W. Holloway, of Hayes. They trained with 284 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment.





# This is Mercury's War...

The campaign in Malaya would be all but impossible without wireless. But there are gremlins in the ether, above the jungle...



It's no fun carrying a portable radio set, weighing some 30 pounds, on a jungle patrol. Here Private Derek Lincoln, of the Suffolk Regiment, is helped up a river bank.

## This Was Mercury's War, Too

EVERYONE knows what the letters VIP stand for. How many know the meaning of VCP?

Belatedly, the men of the Visual Control Posts have been mentioned in despatches — the recently published despatches of Air Chief Marshal Sir Keith Park, dealing with air operations in South-East Asia 1944-45.

Because of the enormous jungle areas over which Allied aircraft had to operate in Burma, and the meagreness of communications, it was not possible to use the techniques of land-air co-operation as developed in North-West Europe. So, in the closing months of 1944, Air Support Signals Units were created, with Visual Control Posts. To man the latter, junior Army officers were trained in wireless co-operation at a school at Ranchi. Ten teams were operating by the end of 1944, and when the war ended their number had risen to 34.

Their job was to approach the enemy as close as possible and then "talk down" the Allied aircraft to the target. It called for strong nerves, since the man with the microphone could easily call down the weight of the attack on his own head. If detected by the enemy, he would receive short shrift; and some officers, in fact, failed to return.

"Of the general success of the VCP system," says Air Chief Marshal Park, "there can be no doubt, from both air and ground points of view." It led, however, to a form of tactics which was wasteful of petrol and time: the "cab rank," in which aircraft queued up in the air waiting to be called down by the Visual Control Post to strafe a target. Needless to say, however, the "cab rank" system was popular with the troops on the ground. Not all of them knew of the great risks run on their behalf by the officer with the microphone — the most forward of all the Forward Observation Officers.

MERCURY, the winged-foot god who poses so becomingly in the Royal Signals cap badge, has a tough assignment in Malaya.

The swift communications of which he is the symbol are of first importance in the jungle war, where the Army depends on wireless more, perhaps, than ever before. And this despite the fact that conditions for radio in Malaya are probably harder than anywhere else where the British Army has operated.

Every patrol has its wireless set. Short-range patrols carry portable ones, but the long-range penetration patrols which sometimes are out for weeks on end not only carry portable sets, but have more powerful sets delivered to them by air.

Patrols keep in constant contact with their own battalion headquarters. In this way many lives have been saved; for radio can summon medical assistance or call down helicopters to a clearing to take away seriously injured men who would otherwise die if they had to be brought slowly out on a stretcher.

Patrols cannot carry more than four days rations. But for wireless there could be no airdrops of supplies to enable them to stay out longer. And — what is of incalculable value — information to and from battalion headquarters can be passed over the ether.

There is no clogging of the ether in Malaya, although scores of wireless sets may be operating at the same time. "X" Branch of Signals at Headquarters Malaya works out a comprehensive frequency allocation for all units on operations.

The main problems which face Army wireless are caused by nature. Lieutenant R. G. Thomas, of the Malaya District Signal Regiment, said: "I have worked from the Cameron Highlands to Singapore — about 300 miles — with perfect clarity, and yet a few minutes later could not make contact with a local unit less than 40 miles away. One of the reasons is the terrain. The jungle is so dense that it tends to absorb the

wireless waves. Another handicap is the high mineral content of the soil.

To help to maintain 24-hour communication, different day and night frequencies are used. Even so, there are times when, because of freak conditions, contact cannot be made.

On the roads wireless is extensively used. The 4th Hussars and the 13th/18th Hussars have all their armoured vehicles fitted with portable sets and they repeatedly make contact with each other on convoy duty.

On air drops ground-to-air directions are often given and, of course, during Royal Air Force bombing strikes supporting the ground forces.

Headquarters Malaya has its own broadcasting station in Kuala Lumpur. This is known as "Wireless Village" and is run by the Malaya District Signal Regiment. It provides each-way communication from Formation and Brigade Headquarters to Headquarters Malaya, and from Headquarters Far East Land Forces at Singapore. Brigades depend on this radio link for passing back information gained by their battalions.

The Malaya Signal Regiment passes many thousands of words daily by teleprinter and radio link. Since the start of the Emergency nearly three years ago 12,000,000 groups have been passed — equal to 150 miles of teleprinter tape.

There is yet another daily activity of the Malaya Signal Regiment. From Singapore to Penang — 400 miles — they provide a daily courier service in both directions, carrying the Army despatches. The trains on which they travel carry wireless communication, worked by police operators trained by the regiment.

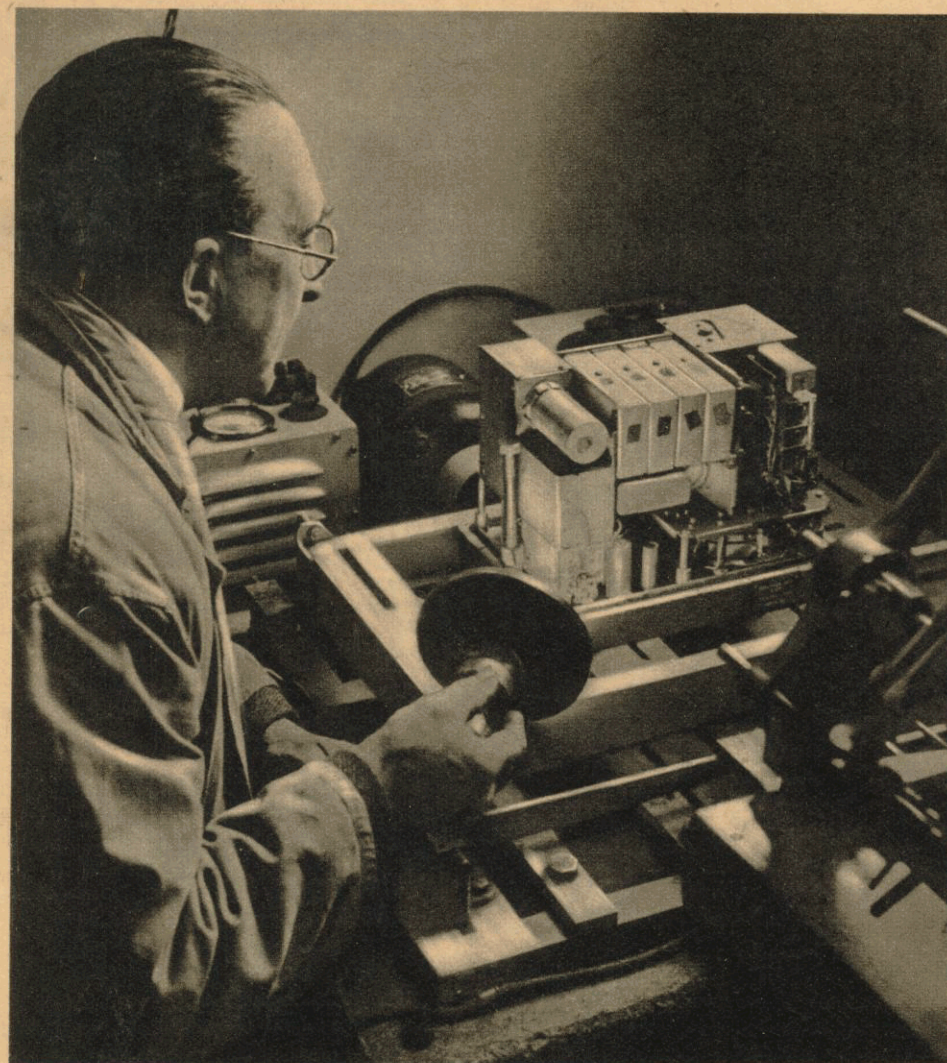
D. H. de T. READE

"Wireless Village" is operated by the Malaya District Signal Regiment—and is well guarded.



# ...And this is Mercury's Workshop

Former Army technicians sign on here to test new radio, radar and atomic equipment



Under the red beam of the stroboscope, a fast-vibrating radio is "slowed down" so that the expert can study its movements. Below (right): In a high-voltage test chamber, Army signals equipment is tested to destruction.



Brigadier E. J. H. Moppett is the Chief Inspector of the Ministry of Supply's Inspectorate of Electrical and Mechanical Equipment.

IF Mercury is to be successful in the field, he must be given faultless equipment. However complex Signals equipment becomes, it must be utterly reliable in all stresses and climates.

Hence the painstaking investigations which go on day in, day out in the long, low group of buildings near London which house the Ministry of Supply's Inspectorate of Electrical and Mechanical Equipment.

In this establishment, where second-splitting has been advanced to a fine art, many former Army technicians can be found in the laboratories and workshops. In the Telecommunications Division are Royal Signals officers working with civil engineers.

The Inspectorate checks a proportion of the output of Service contractors, prepares detailed specifications, if necessary, to guide manufacturers, and investigates any complaints reported by the Services.

The range of work is both wide and unexpected. For example, the Telecommunications Division includes a large, elaborately-fitted laboratory devoted entirely to cameras and cinema equipment. One machine, used for testing camera shutters, measures time intervals down to one ten-thousandth of a second.

The shutter is placed under a shaft of light over a photo-electric cell so that, when the camera trigger is clicked, the flash of light falls on the cell, producing an electric current. This, in turn, produces a line of glowing green light on an adjacent cathode-ray screen.

The length of this line represents the time, in fractions of a second, that the shutter remains open. A touch of a switch brings a second line on to the screen, graduated into thousandths of a second. By comparing the two, the inspectors can see at a glance whether the shutter is operating properly.

The section's laboratory is the amateur photographer's paradise. It also includes a complete cinema, equipped with everything but the Mighty Wurlitzer.

The three projectors there are used for showing films taken with cine-cameras under test — obviously one of the best ways of trying out a camera. The cinema is also a very useful adjunct to social life at the Inspectorate. Free lunch-time shows for the staff take place regularly.

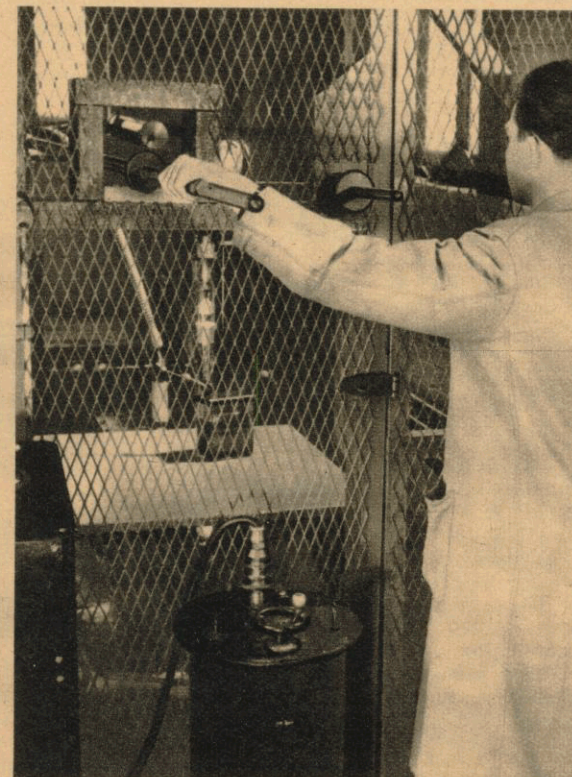
If the non-technically-minded visitor to the establishment is awed by the delicate measuring apparatus in the photographic section, he becomes positively pop-eyed in the workshops of the radar branch.

Here, the common unit of measurement is one-millionth of a second. From all sides of the workshops opaque cathode ray panels, like so many miniature television screens, look down from a maze of complicated wires, valves and switches. Sometimes they are blank and blind; more often, they glow with vivid patterns of ghostly green lines of light, each with a special meaning to the technicians at the benches.

The heart of all radar equipment is the magnetron, a kind of valve operating at about 27,000 volts. Valves, naturally, play an important part in the work, and a special room is set aside for them. Workers there deal with some 22,000 different types of valve, from three-foot-high giants to tiny tubes, only half-an-inch long, used in miniature equipment.

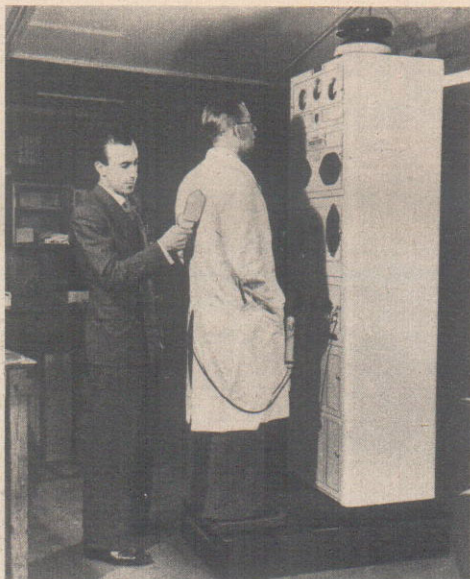
One of the more exacting tasks is concerned with what, to the laymen, seems the simplest equipment of all: the ordinary dry battery.

These batteries are more liable than anything else to cause breakdowns in electrical equipment. Their weakness is that they are almost self-destructing; a radio receiver may be in store for years





A former REME technician, Mr. A. A. Wollett, uses a monitoring instrument to check a fellow worker's clothes for radioactive contamination.



## Mercury's Workshop

(Continued)

without deterioration but, after 18 months at most, the best battery is useless.

Consequently, of every consignment of any of the 150 types of batteries produced for the Services, one-half per cent is brought to the establishment for testing. That means 10,000 batteries a year.

Testing a battery takes a full year to complete, for its strength must be checked periodically through months of storage. In each year, the section on batteries takes 4,000,000 separate observations, all of which have to be checked and collated into graphs and comparison-charts. And in addition there are the purely physical tests to be carried out on the strength of the battery case, its resistance to various climatic conditions and so on.

The physical tests on equipment are, perhaps, easier for the layman to understand. Even they, however, are not always so simple as they seem.

Take the stroboscope, used for the study of high-speed vibrating components and also to detect unwanted vibration in equipment under transport.

In appearance the stroboscope resembles a lamp giving out a rather dull beam of red light. Shone on a component vibrating thousands of times each second, this light has a miraculous effect. Under its rays, the component apparently slows down to a pace at which its movements can clearly be seen and studied.

The secret of the stroboscope is that the seemingly continuous beam of light is really a series of rapid flashes, too fast for the eye to follow. These flashes are synchronised with the vibration of the component in such a way that each blink of light falls on the component, and is reflected to the eye, at only one point in each of its passages from side to side, the points succeeding each other so that a slow motion is all that can be seen by the eye.

Most of the Inspectorate's physical tests are carried out in a building which resembles nothing so much as the Insect House at the Zoo. Here equipment is sub-

jected to heat, damp, cold, mould, fungus — and 250 bumps a minute. (A description of similar tests at another Ministry of Supply establishment appeared in *SOLDIER*, November 1948). There has been great emphasis on the importance of packing since the Normandy D-Day, when it was found that 90 per cent of the radar equipment sent for the landings was unserviceable through bad packing — a disclosure recently made by Mr. John Freeman, former Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply.

Not all the work of the Establishment is carried out for the Forces. One section inspects instruments for the atomic energy programme. It handles between 50 and 60 different kinds of apparatus, including instruments which measure the rays given off radio-active materials (isotopes from the atom pile at Harwell are used for this work), instruments for health-checks, showing whether workers have received more than the safe dose of radiation, and equipment for uranium prospectors.

Ultra-fine measurement is again the basis of this section's work. Their laboratory includes one piece of apparatus which can detect electric current of one-millionth of one-millionth of an ampere.

★ *SOLDIER* is informed that there are good prospects of employment at the Inspectorate for ex-soldiers with the trade of Foreman of Signals, Armament Artificer (radio or wireless), Radio Mechanic, Line Mechanic, Telegraph Mechanic, Instrument Mechanic, Military Mechanist or Telecommunications Mechanic, who have reached A or Class 1 categories. There are also some vacancies for suitable ex-artificers and mechanics of lower categories.

The Inspectorate offers employment in most of the industrial centres of Great Britain. Those interested should write to the Royal Signals Association, 55, Eccleston Square, London SW 1, or the REME Association, Hazebrouck Barracks, Arborfield, near Reading, and ask for a questionnaire.

## How Much Do You Know?

1. Can you name the counties which border on Yorkshire?

2. A Black Mamba is:  
(a) a Haiti voodoo dance;  
(b) a poisonous snake;  
(c) a tropical butterfly;  
(d) a flower which consumes flies.

Which?

3. In earlier centuries, when miscreants were executed in London their heads were parboiled and exposed to view on (a) the dome of St. Paul's; (b) the Bank of England; (c) Temple Bar; (d) Westminster Bridge. Which?

4. Is it legal in Britain to advertise cures for any of these: consumption, Bright's disease, cancer, venereal disease?

5. Sarum and Salop are alternative names for—what?

6. He was a notorious adventurer; he disgraced himself as a naval chaplain; he was dismissed from a Jesuit establishment in Spain for misconduct; he gave false evidence that eminent Roman Catholics were conspiring to overthrow the King of England, as a result of which 18 of them were put to death; he was then jailed for perjury, but released and given a pension. Who was he?

7. How many limbs has an octopus?

8. Baron von Munchausen was notorious as:

- (a) a teller of tall tales;  
(b) the inventor of the treadmill;  
(c) a German spy in America during World War One;  
(d) a leader of the last plot against Hitler.

Which?

9. Can you name one word which means a piece of wood,

a kind of diary and a means of measuring velocity?

10. Lava pours out of volcanoes—but what do you understand by larva?

11. Any false statements here:

(a) Houdini wheeled a woman across Niagara on a tight-rope;

(b) John Milton once had his works burned by the hangman;

(c) A reredos is an ornate screen behind an altar.

12. If informed that you were to be tonsured, you would expect:

(a) to have your tonsils removed;

(b) to have your skin peeled off whole;

(c) to have a circular patch of hair removed from the top of your head;

(d) to be disciplined by the Stock Exchange.

Which?

13. Who said:

"I dare do all that may become a man."

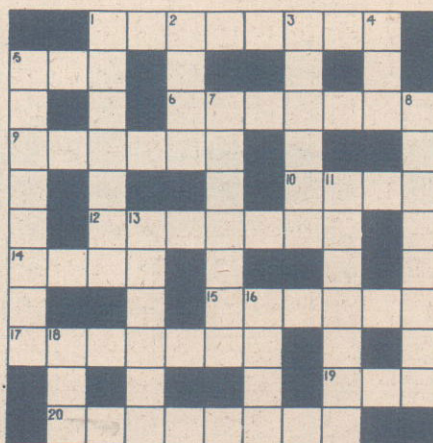
Who dares do more, is none."

14. The girl in the picture was a waitress at the Strand Corner House. Her name was Joan Rees, but since becoming a film actress she calls herself—what?

(Answers on Page 45)



## CROSSWORD



**ACROSS:** 1. By shapes? 5. Fifty per cent of a sector. 6. Does he cook eggs for a living? 9. The animal to worry. 10. Real nobleman. 12. What a man expects in his own home. 14. Assert in a very firm voice.

15. Fondle scares out of shape. 17. The telephone operator does not say "I'm sorry" when she announces she is this. 19. Shuck! 20. "Sans bite" (anag.). But it sounds as though a fish has been caught.

**DOWN:** 1. Did this describe Mussolini's supporters? 2. Mature pier. 3. It's silly to be off one's this. 4. Litigious girl. 5. A tale but (anag.) 7. Alternatively, supposing frozen water. . . . 8. Anagram of seed and 10 across. 11. Endeavour. 13. Musical sarong. 16. Do lions live in this port? 18. Overturned bun.

(Answers on Page 45)



# THE QUICKER-FIRE RIFLE IS COMING

But soldiers have a strong affection for the Lee-Enfield, which has served the British Army for 50 years

**T**HE announcement that the British Army is to introduce an automatic-loading rifle of .280 calibre, in place of the .303 Short Lee-Enfield, has given the Infantry something to talk about.

Details and photographs of the new weapon, which has been undergoing severe tests for two years, may not be published as yet; but SOLDIER is informed that the self-loading rifle will fire at more than double the rate of the Short Lee-Enfield and will carry more rounds in the magazine. It will fire rimless cartridges; its power of penetration will be greater than that of the Lee-Enfield; it will weigh about the same, but the weight of the ammunition will be reduced, round for round, by one-fifth. And the weapon can easily be mass produced.

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Defence, told Parliament that the new rifle — "perhaps the very best rifle that has ever been produced" — had been approved as "militarily acceptable" by the Standing Group of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers; but, he added, "I have no information as to whether any other North Atlantic country has yet decided so follow our example."

Some Members were disappointed that the Atlantic Powers could not agree on a rifle of common design and calibre. Mr. Winston Churchill asked for, and received, an assurance that the output of the current .303 rifle would not be checked until the new types were coming into existence. Of the Lee-Enfield he said, "It was a good one and we saved our lives by it."

The American Army, as most readers of SOLDIER will be aware, has had a self-loading rifle for some time. It is of .300 calibre.

Soldiers, while welcoming the new weapon, will not say goodbye to the Short Lee-Enfield without a pang. If ever a rifle qualified for the description "the soldier's best friend," this was it. Though some small arms experts have long been critical of certain aspects of its "innards," they agree that it is a first-class active service weapon.

This was the rifle with which the "Old Contemptibles" of World War One — thanks to long practice in the "daily dozen" loading exercises — put up such a rapid rate of fire as to convince the enemy that they were armed with machine-guns.

A trained soldier fires 10 rounds in 40 seconds on the Short Lee-Enfield, but an expert can get off between 30 and 40 rounds a minute, hitting the inner circle (two feet wide) at 200 yards.

In factory tests the rifle, clamped down, must fire ten rounds out of ten into a rectangle 1½ inches by one inch at 100 feet, and into a rectangle 2¼ inches by 1¼ inches at 100 yards. Also, ten per cent of all rifles produced

must be able to plant ten rounds in an 18-inch square at 600 yards.

It is more than 50 years since the Lee-Enfield was introduced into the British Army. James Paris Lee, a Scot who became American by adoption, had patented his new type of rifle magazine — the box type — in 1879. This was a revolutionary date in the rifle's history: the box magazine speeded loading, removed the risk of a bullet in one cartridge striking the primer of the cartridge in line ahead of it, simplified the clearing of jams, reduced the weight of the rifle and improved its balance. Soon Mauser and Mannlicher introduced box magazines.

In 1887 Britain decided on a .303 calibre rifle which combined the Lee action and magazine with a Metford rifled barrel (the Lee-Met-

ford). Eight years later came the first Lee-Enfield, the only difference being in the nature of the rifling and the sights. (Enfield was the name of the manufacturing plant).

The Short Lee-Enfield was the result of experience in the Boer War, when the British Army decided it wanted a shorter rifle to serve both Cavalry and Infantry. Late in 1902 the rifle was officially introduced as the Rifle, Short, Magazine, Lee-Enfield, Mark One.

With various modifications the rifle of 1902 has lasted down to the present day. During World War Two the model with the "U" back sight was succeeded by the one with the aperture sight and the spike bayonet. There were many other variations of the .303 rifle in use by British troops during World War Two, notably the Canadian Ross rifle. Since the war — as a recent question in Parliament revealed — large numbers of .303 rifles have been disposed of.

In Malaya British troops have been using a two-pounds-lighter version of the Short Lee-Enfield —



The weapon which grew out of the Boer War: Rifle, Short, Magazine, Lee-Enfield.

the Mark Five. This was introduced in the latter stages of World War Two for jungle and airborne troops.

**FOOTNOTE:** It has also been announced that the Army's new machine-guns will be of .280 calibre. Some existing Brens will be modified accordingly.

## "Who Ever Saw a Left-Handed Soldier?"

**T**HAT question was asked by the writer of a recent letter to the *Daily Telegraph*.

A reply came quickly from Brigadier H. S. Gordon, who said: "I have — lots of them: British, Gurkha and Indian. Some fired a rifle off the left shoulder and did so highly efficiently, overcoming the handicap of a mechanism designed for the use of right-handed men. Many left-handed recruits were above average in intelligence. Only those who were forced by bigoted instructors to use the right hand became slow and muddle-headed."

SOLDIER is assured that left-handedness has never been a serious Army problem. In the Infantry, it is true, the left-handed man has to grapple with a rifle which has the bolt on the right-hand side (see illustration). The attitude of the Small Arms School is: "We teach unit instructors to encourage left-handed men to fire the rifle from the right shoulder, but if they make no progress they should be allowed to fire from the left. Many left-handed shots develop an ability to operate the bolt action with their left hands so successfully that they reach a high rate of fire."



Left-handed shots welcome this ruling, for results on the range contribute towards their pay and star grading. When the self-loading rifle is adopted the problem of the bolt will disappear. Meanwhile the Bren and the rocket projector remain weapons which cannot be fired from the left shoulder, because of the location of the sights.

One left-handed rifleman who became an expert Army shot is Major R. St. G. R. Maxwell, The Black Watch, who reached the finals of the King's Prize. Thirty or 40 left-handed shots enter at Bisley every year.

The Royal Army Educational Corps does not attempt to "correct" left handedness when teaching soldiers or soldiers' children.





The way of a Weasel: special tracks had to be cut to enable these snow vehicles, with sledges in tow, to surmount the Norwegian hills.

# GLACIER PATROL

**In the high snows of Norway cadets of the Norwegian War Academy — with four British officers — held arduous manoeuvres**

Going down ... This is the best part of the patrol. The top of the glacier is 2000 metres above sea level.

**W**HEN cadets of the Norwegian Krigsskole (War Academy) held their recent manoeuvres in Jotunheimen, the wildest mountains of Norway, four British officers plodded over the glaciers and skied down the slopes with them.

After four weeks of training in the mountains near Lillehammer, the unit with Weasels, dogs and ski sledges crossed the Memurubreen glacier in the neighbourhood of the highest mountain in Norway, Galdhøpiggen (8400 feet).

During the first night's camp the temperature fell to more than 20 degrees Centigrade below zero. The eight-men tents had no heating apart from the primus stove used in cooking. After their meal the men had to snuggle into their sleeping bags, which in this case were fortified by paper sacks to keep out the cold.

The next morning the unit headed for the glaciers Memurubreen and Heilstugubreen, crossing the mountains at a height of more than 6000 feet. The gradient was too steep for the Weasels, which had to make their crossing by another route. Even so the Weasel party was obliged to dig special roads in the snow, at one place for a distance of more than 300 yards.

Out of 120 men, there were only two "casualties," one of whom caught a cold and the other had blistered feet.

The four British officers who took part were Captain B. C. Greenwood, 10th Royal Hussars; Captain D. Duncan, Royal Army Medical Corps; Captain R. Harrington, Royal Army Medical Corps; and Lieutenant R. H. Grant, Royal Marine Commandos. They surprised the Norwegians by the quality of their ski-ing. It was hard going, but the mountain sun gave zest to the adventure.



The camp in Visdalen, a valley 1200 metres high in the scowling hills.



Left: the four British officers, with Lieut-Col. Hanekamhaug, commander of the Norwegian War Academy, in centre. Right: American-aid tanks plough through the snow.



Pigmies below the peaks: This is not a parade formation, but a stage in the patrol's criss-crossing ascent of the glacier.



# A Red Tunic is Hoisted

It started with a brief moment of improvisation in the heat of battle — one of those symbolic incidents the Army likes to remember



Derby the 17th was on parade on Badajoz Day. The first Derby joined the regiment in the Indian Mutiny.

Red-coats on parade — in Germany.

OVER Manchester Barracks at Goslar, in Germany, and over Normanton Barracks, at Derby, there flew a red tunic.

The Sherwood Foresters were remembering 'another time a red tunic flew from a flag-staff, 139 years ago.

On that day, the 45th of Foot, now the 1st Battalion The Sherwood Foresters, entered the battered fortress of Badajoz, in Spain. There was no British flag to fly, so a Lieutenant McPherson of the 45th tore off his tunic and ran it to the head of the flag-pole, to show the assaulting troops that the citadel had fallen.

Badajoz Day has since been a big day in the calendar of the Sherwood Foresters.

In the old German town of Goslar many Germans turned out to see the Foresters' ceremonial parade. They bared their heads and stood to attention as the Colours were uncased. Heading the march-past was Derby the 17th, a fine Swaledale ram which is the regimental mascot. Derby is the latest of a line of ram mascots which started with one captured by the 2nd Battalion in the Indian Mutiny.

There was another traditional ceremony that night, when a Badajoz Ball was held in the sergeants' mess. The Colours were ceremonially marched in and handed over to the sergeants for custody. It was an honour the non-commissioned officers earned when, with most of the officers killed or wounded, they carried the bitter fight into the heart of the Badajoz fortress. — *From a report by Captain T. W. Stubbs, Public Relations.*



Below: The tunic is fixed to the halliard at the Foresters' barracks in Goslar.





**"Have a Go!" In Rhine Army there's a Forces' radio programme which gives unit talent a break**



**T**HREE years ago a serjeant in the Royal Army Service Corps wrote to the British Forces Network in Germany suggesting that Rhine Army's soldiers should have their own radio programme which could be used for sending greetings to comrades from whom they had been separated.

The letter was passed to Captain Neville Powley, of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, who was then on the administrative staff of the British Forces Network. A few weeks later he produced the first "Old Comrades" programme — and, incidentally, his own first radio show.

Recently "Old Comrades" celebrated its third birthday (and its 156th performance) with a live show from Berlin, featuring Serjeant Albert Cook of 62 Company, RASC, the man who suggested the programme in 1948. Producing the show was Neville Powley (now a civilian), BFN's variety and outside broadcasting manager.

On all but two occasions (once when he was ill and once when he was on leave) Neville Powley has produced the "Old Comrades" show. In its early days the programme was little more than a record request half-hour squeezed in just before the last news bulletin on Tuesday. But the idea quickly caught on and soon the station was receiving a great many letters every week from soldiers in Germany and demobilised Servicemen back home in Britain who wanted to send greetings to their friends. Later an Old Comrades Club was formed and members spoke to their friends over the air; some were persuaded to sing, recite or play musical instruments. One Sapper gained quite a reputation as a "bones" clapper player.

Today "Old Comrades" is one of the most popular of Rhine Army's programmes. It generally takes the form of an intimate variety show given by members of units which the BFN team visits each week. Requests and messages are still received, although not in such large numbers as before, but they come from farther afield—from former Rhine



The tune is "Nellie Grey" and Driver Harold Anderson is singing it to his own guitar accompaniment.



Soldiers' families go on the air too. Here Mrs. Ball, wife of a battery quartermaster-serjeant, is persuaded to send a message to her friends in Germany.

## CALLING OLD COMRADES



Army soldiers now serving in the Far East and the Middle East as well as in Britain, who want to keep in touch with former comrades still in Germany.

The broadcasts take a good deal of organising. Several weeks before a show is presented Staff Quartermaster Serjeant Jack Pickering, REME, Corporal Tony Riding, RAF and Trooper Paul Titterton, 5th Royal Tank Regiment get into touch with the unit selected to take part and decide who shall participate, what they shall sing or play, what messages can be passed and which gramophone records can be played. They must build up the show into a well-balanced production to interest the majority of listeners and avoid repetition of too-hackneyed songs and music.

Sometimes after all arrangements have been completed a last-minute hitch occurs. The unit may be moved to a new location or ordered out on exercise, or individual soldiers may be taken ill or posted away. Occasionally the plans have to be scrapped altogether.

Sometimes the script for a short sketch cannot be written until the last moment (many have been scribbled on a message pad by Neville Powley and SQMS Pickering in the back of their car while on the way to the unit.)

On the morning of the show an audition is held and faults in

**OVER**

"There it was, as plain as the hand in front of me." What was? If you were listening to the Old Comrades broadcast from 22 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment you might be able to tell us. Neville Powley holds the microphone.



## CALLING OLD COMRADES

(Continued)

script reading are corrected, quips and effects are perfected and nervous performers are put at their ease.

"Thirty minutes before we go on the air we have a 'warm-up' and that is probably the most worrying part of the show," SQMS Pickering told SOLDIER. "We work off a tremendous amount of nervous energy leading the audience in community singing, cracking jokes and generally playing the fool so as to create the right atmosphere for the actual broadcast."

Making sure that the programme runs smoothly and to time is an exacting job for the production assistant, whose task it is to keep count with a stop-watch of every second that passes and to make sure that the man to be interviewed next is on the spot. He cannot shout messages to the producer, so he employs a number of visual hand signs or writes in huge letters on a sheet of white paper such information as "Plus 20" (which means the programme is over-running by 20 seconds).

Neville Powley is an experienced "ad-libber" and he has been interviewing soldiers — from generals to privates — for so long that "Old Comrades" always moves at a lively, unbroken pace. His own Army career was a varied one — private soldier, lance-corporal in charge of a battalion dance band, Signals



The man with the stop-watch. Trooper Paul Titterton times every interview and record.

officer attached to the Herefordshire Regiment, divisional welfare officer and graves registration officer in France. He is also a xylophone player of note (before and during the war he performed publicly) and a pianist. Occasionally he plays these instruments on his own programmes.

In a nearby room the technical staff under former RAF Serjeant Charles Dickenson are in touch

by telephone and special music line with BFN in Hamburg. Their job is to control the volume and to ensure that each microphone is placed in the correct position for each speaker and for the orchestra. At the Hamburg end a central control room feeds the programme to the Network's transmitters, which radiate "Old Comrades" over the whole of the British Zone.

The man who first suggested the "Old Comrades" programme: Sjt. Albert Cook RASC, now stationed in Berlin. Below: Tictac man, SQMS Jack Pickering demonstrates some hand signs.



"Stand by for next item."



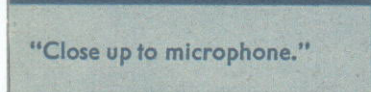
"All clear, go ahead."



"You are speaking too quickly."



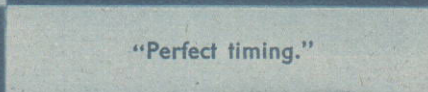
"Something is wrong. Cut!"



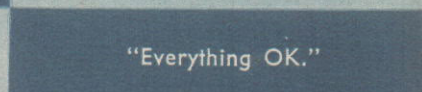
"Close up to microphone."



"Too loud. Move back."



"Perfect timing."



"Everything OK."







## FOUR ARMIES STILL MEET

**C**ONTRARY to popular belief, the armies of East and West still meet on ceremonial occasions in Europe, and exchange the traditional military courtesies.

In Germany these occasions are few. One of them is the guard changing at Spandau Prison, near Berlin, where the top German war criminals—the

men of Nuremberg—are held. Guarding these captives is a four-Power responsibility, and the duty is taken in rotation. In the picture above the company commander of the American 6th Infantry Regiment is seen exchanging a salute with his Russian counterpart.

In Vienna (unlike Berlin), there is an International Sector, for

which the guard is mounted in turns by each of the four Powers. The first day of each month sees the formal hand-over outside the Palace of Justice. It is a ceremony which has been taking place for more than five years, and usually attracts a big crowd of Viennese and visitors.

The picture below shows Britain (represented by the 1st Battalion West Yorkshire Regiment) handing over to the French (represented by the Chasseurs Alpins). After a month the French will hand over to the Russians, who

in turn will give place to the Americans. At the ceremony the national anthems of the two countries taking part are played. The officers in charge of the guards march to the centre of the parade and shake hands as they exchange duties. At the peak of the ceremony the flags at the top of the Palace of Justice are changed over.

No matter which nation mounts the International Guard, Vienna's famous International Patrol—four soldiers, one from each nation, in an American truck—carries on as usual.





# 250 YEARS OLD: MANY REGIMENTS WILL CELEBRATE

**T**HIS year's celebration by the Royal Sussex Regiment of 250 years unbroken existence is the first of a number of similar ceremonies which British Regiments of the Line will be holding between now and the end of next year.

Most of these regiments were formed, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, to fight under the Duke of Marlborough on the Continent of Europe.

By 1700 the British Army had been ruthlessly cut down during a period of peace. In the British Isles there were only 33 weak regiments of Foot and 19 of Horse — altogether about 30,000 men.

Then the throne of Spain became vacant, and it seemed that it might be occupied by a French prince, grandson of Louis XIV. The French throne was already too powerful for the liking of the

rest of Europe, and Continental Powers formed an alliance to prevent Spain coming under its influence too. England joined them.

In 1701 the regiment now named the Royal Sussex came into being; and in the next year were formed a number of new regiments, of which seven survived the next "axeing" of the Army and have been in continuous existence ever since. Next year they celebrate their 250th anniversaries, as the 1st Battalions of the East Surrey Regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, the Border Regiment, the Hampshire Regiment, the South Staffordshire Regiment and the Dorsetshire Regiment.

The Worcestershire Regiment also has a 250th anniversary to celebrate next year: that of the raising, in Ireland, of the regiment which was to become its 2nd Battalion.

## AND HERE IS THE FIRST — THE ROYAL SUSSEX

**I**N the sands of Suez, and amid the downs of Sussex, a famous Infantry regiment is about to celebrate an envied occasion.

It was on 28 June, 1701 — 250 years ago — that Donegal's Regiment of Foot, from which the 1st Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment is descended, came into being in Belfast.

Ideally, the 1st Battalion ought to be home in Sussex for an occasion like this, but the "exigencies of the service" outweigh sentiment. So the birthday party will be a divided affair.

The 1st Battalion and the Regimental band are stationed near the Suez Canal (see SOLDIER December, 1949), and they will celebrate as best they may. The 4th/5th (Cinque Ports) Battalion, Territorial Army, which has its headquarters at Hastings, the Depot and the Old Comrades will be ready to receive the tributes of Sussex.

The Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. Richardson DSO, will be in Sussex for the occasion. To make up for the absence of the Regimental band, the band of the

2nd Battalion The Parachute Regiment, which includes nearly a dozen members of the Royal Sussex Regiment, will play during the celebrations.

The Regiment is to receive the Freedoms of Chichester and Eastbourne. On the birthday, there will be a dance, mainly for NCO's and men, in Chichester, with the Mayor and Corporation of Chichester acting as joint hosts with the Regiment; and on the following day there will be a regimental ball in Arundel Castle, lent by the Duke of Norfolk (who served in the 4th Battalion and went with it to France in 1940).

The prominence of the name of Chichester in the 250th birthday celebrations is a happy coincidence, since Chichester was the family name of the third Earl of

Donegal, who raised the regiment.

He served with it when, as a Marine unit, it fought in the attack on French and Spanish shipping at Cadiz, in 1702, and in the West Indies later in the year. He took it to Gibraltar, to reinforce the besieged garrison, and when the siege was raised, to Spain, to serve in Lord Peterborough's expedition (see SOLDIER, March 1951). Donegal was killed, in the defence of Barcelona, but the Regiment, now Gorges', carried on with the campaign until it was nearly destroyed at the Battle of Almanza.

It was nearly destroyed again in 1758 when, having fought until its ammunition was exhausted, it surrendered with the garrison of Fort William Henry, on the Canadian Lakes.

The Regiment suffered badly in a massacre of the garrison by Red Indians. But it had its revenge the next year, 1759, when it took part in the Battle of Quebec in which Montcalm, the conqueror of Fort William Henry, was killed. In that battle the Regiment, fighting on the extreme right of the line, vanquished the French Royal Roussillon Regiment. To commemorate that victory, its men wore the white plume of the Royal Roussillon in their hats for 40 years, and the plume is incorporated in the badge worn by the Regiment today.

The Regiment crossed the Atlantic again to fight the rebellious American colonists, and was at the battle of Bunkers Hill in 1775. Among its other operations was the siege of Valetta, in 1800, where its King's Colour was the first British flag to be hoisted over Fort Ricasoli.

Just 200 years ago, in 1751, the Regiment became the 35th. In 1782, for some reason, it became the 35th (Dorsetshire) Regiment of Foot, but "Dorsetshire" was changed to "Sussex" in 1805 and the "Royal" was added in 1832.

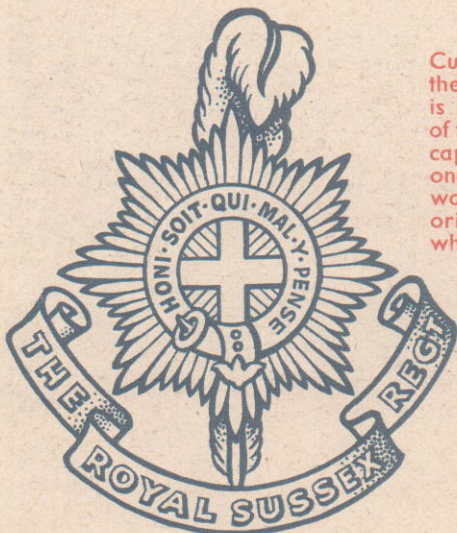
The 35th had three second battalions which were disbanded. Then, in 1881, when numbers were dropped and regiments were linked and given county titles, the 35th became the 1st Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment; the 107th, which had originated as a European regiment of the Honourable East India Company, became the 2nd Battalion.

At the same time, three Volunteer battalions were affiliated to the Regiment and these are now represented by the 4th/5th (Cinque Ports) Battalion, Territorial Army. This takes its name from a former battalion raised by William Pitt when he was Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports (and Prime Minister), to defend the South Coast against threatened invasion. In its early days the unit was commanded by the Lord Warden, and the Lord Warden is still customarily its Honorary Colonel; Mr. Winston Churchill holds that appointment today.

In World War One, the Royal Sussex Regiment expanded to 23 battalions. The 1st Battalion spent the World War One period in India and had some sharp fighting on the North-West Frontier, while the 2nd Battalion was in France and Belgium. The Regiment had three World War One Victoria Crosses.

In World War Two, the 1st Battalion started its fighting in Eritrea, then campaigned in the Western Desert, Sicily and Italy. The 2nd Battalion, after fighting in France with the British Expeditionary Force, and at Alamein, lost most of its men to the Parachute Regiment and spent the rest of the War in PAIForce. A large number of men from the 2nd Battalion fought as Parachutists at Arnhem, where Captain Lionel Queripel won a posthumous Victoria Cross.

Since World War Two the 1st Battalion has served in Palestine and on the Suez Canal, except for a year in Britain.



Curled over the top of the Royal Sussex badge is the modern version of the Roussillon plume, captured at Quebec. At one time the Regiment wore the plume in its original form — high, white and handsome.



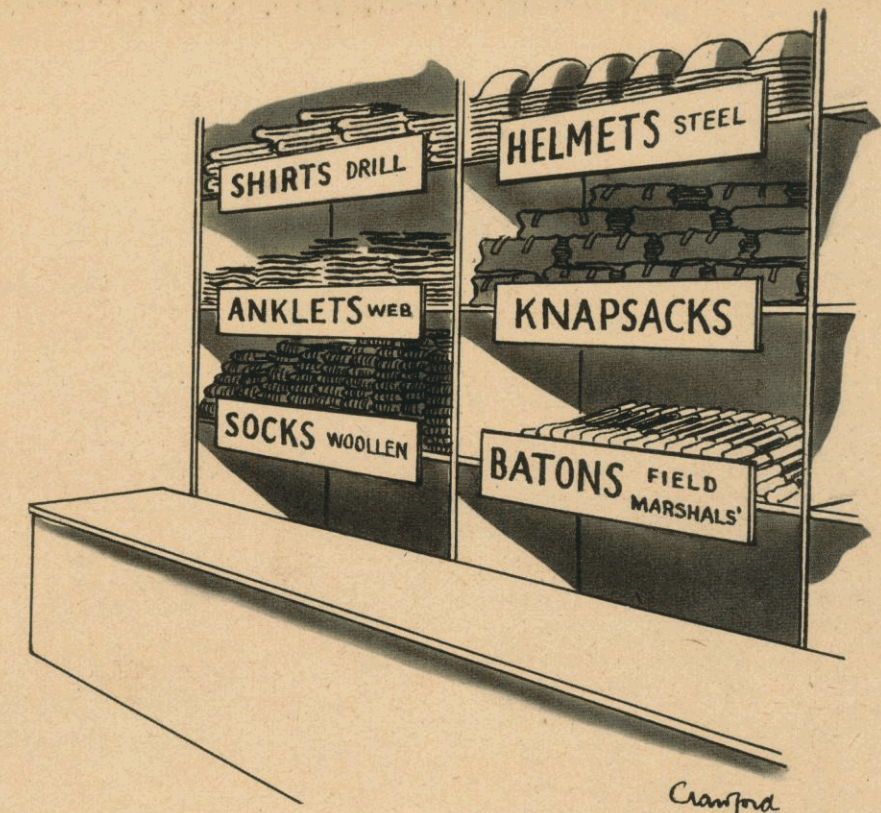
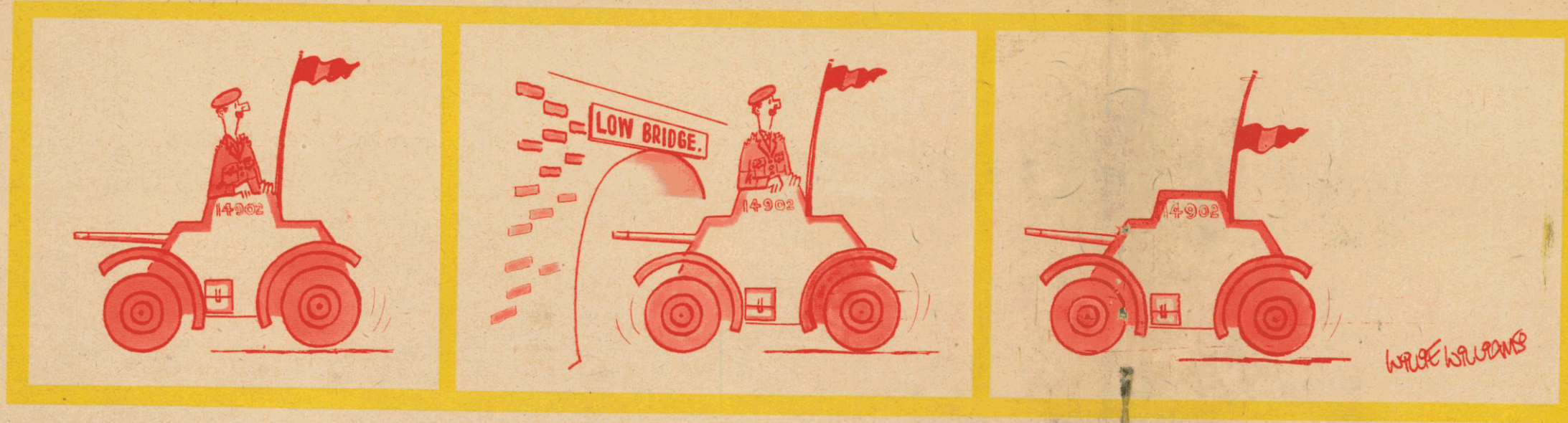


1759: The Storming of Quebec. On the Heights of Abraham the Royal Sussex fought with great valour, on the extreme right of the line. This old engraving suggests the scope and the spirit of a famous seaborne assault.

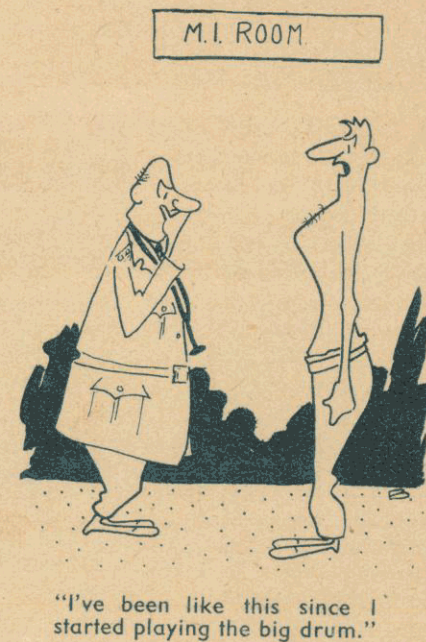
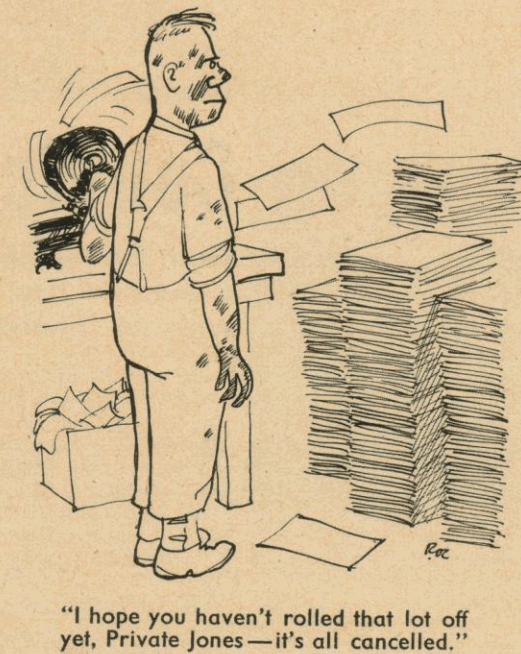
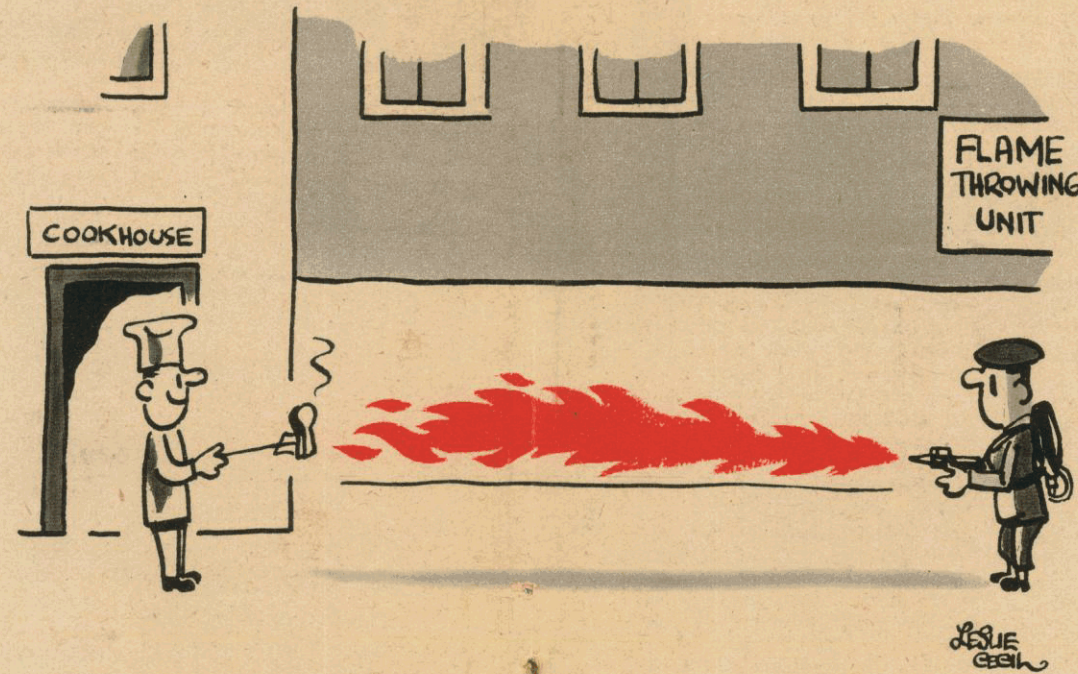
1943: A ridge before Tunis. No unbroken lines of red-coats — but the men of the Royal Sussex are again advancing to victory with the bayonet.



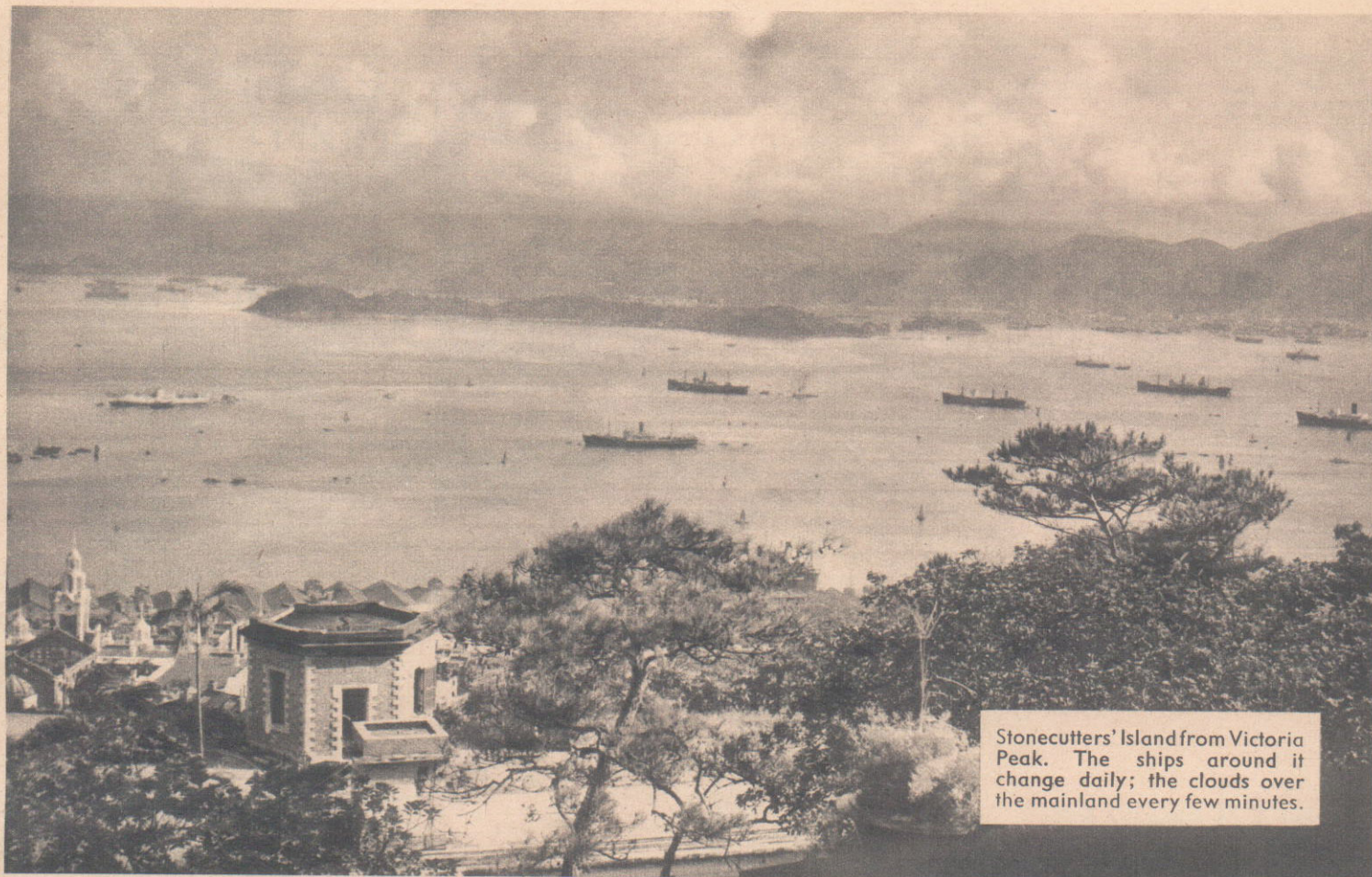




# SOLDIER HUMOUR







Stonecutters' Island from Victoria Peak. The ships around it change daily; the clouds over the mainland every few minutes.

A teasing sight to civilian residents of Hong-Kong is Stonecutters' Island — Ngon Shun Chau, to the Chinese — which lies between the western end of Hong-Kong and the New Territories.

It is little more than a mile long; nowhere is it wider than about half a mile. Its green hills are low by comparison with the rugged scenery in the rest of the Colony. They seem to invite exploration and the occasional buildings pique the curiosity. The beaches are white and beckoning.

But Stonecutters' Island has never been a picnic centre for the Colony's residents. It was Hong-Kong's original penal settlement and from its quarries convicts hewed the Colony's finest granite.

## Gunners on Convict Isle

**It stands less than a mile from the teeming dockside of Kowloon. British Gunners are happier there than were some previous inhabitants ...**

There are no more convicts on Hong-Kong's Alcatraz. Now it is the preserve of the Royal Navy and the Army. And under an ordinance of 1899, which still stands, no civilian boats are allowed to approach within a hundred yards of the island, except the launches of two companies which hold special permission from the Commodore, Hong-Kong to run a taxi service for the island's residents.

When SOLDIER visited Stonecutters' Island, the Senior resident — Baron of Stonecutters' to his friends — was Major D. D. Law, in command of a heavy anti-aircraft battery of the Royal Artillery. Most of his battery

were manning 3.7 guns on Stonecutters' as part of the defence of the Colony. The remainder were elsewhere in the Colony.

Gunners on Stonecutters' Island seem quite content on their tight little island. In their spare time they have the use of a better-than-average canteen. They have film-shows two or three times a week, on their own unit projector. They have their own sports grounds and bathing beaches.

The Royal Army Service Corps provides a ramped landing craft which gives the Gunners an evening in Kowloon or Victoria when they want it. Living as they do out at sea, they describe the process as "going ashore in the liberty boat." Each day the landing craft takes the battery's three-tonner to Kowloon to collect rations and puts it back ashore on one of the island's sandy beaches, disdaining a nearby wharf where a tanker pumps ashore the island's water supply.

When they first arrived on Stonecutters', in the middle of 1949, the Gunners had to live in tents. But soon old buildings, which up to 1941 had been occupied by Indian Coast Gunners of the old Hong-Kong-Singapore Artillery, were put back into use and new ones went up. Pending the rebuilding of married quarters, married men have had

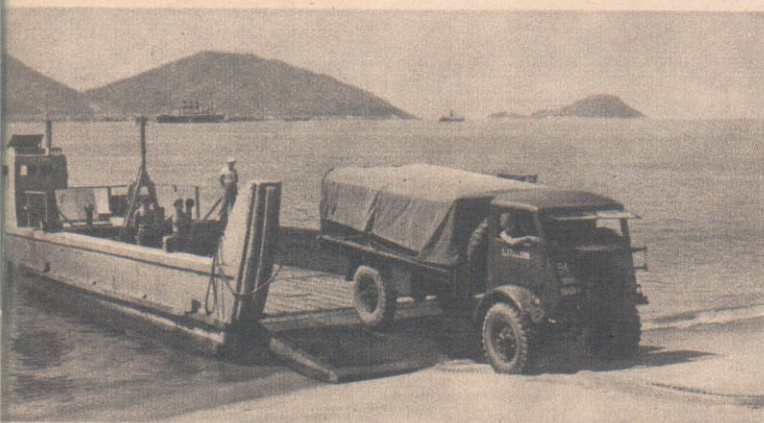
to travel from Victoria or Kowloon each day in the landing craft, or (by special permit) in a Royal Navy ferry.

The battery has also taken over some coastal gun-sites on the island, sites which boast some of the finest views in a Colony where the scenery is high on the list of amenities. Some of the old gun positions are still pock-marked from the intensive shelling and bombing the island received from the Japanese before they landed there.

Besides the anti-aircraft Gunners, there is a troop of Hong-Kong Chinese Gunners who man searchlights. Their job is to light up the boom which runs north and south from Stonecutters' to protect the western end of the anchorage. The light helps to keep away junks which may moor there illegally; the crews of these have a tendency to pilfer even pieces of the boom.

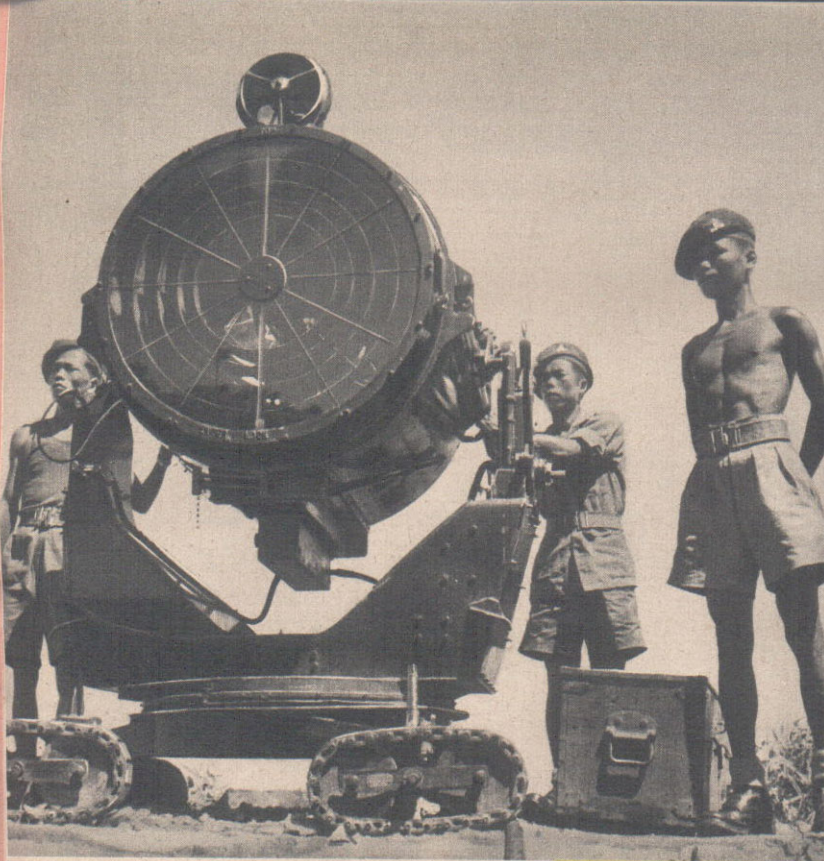
Many of Hong-Kong's soldiers have visited Stonecutters' as "guests" of the Royal Marine Training Centre of the Far East Fleet, to undergo battle courses, jungle courses and weapon training. Among the attractions of the Centre is a Shanghai pistol range — a skeleton house in which targets bob up suddenly in unexpected places.

The Marines offer the Gunners opposition in sports and join with them in social events. The only residents of Stonecutters' who are outside the social swim are the poisonous bamboo snakes and cobras. And even those, safely caught, are welcomed by the medical officer who visits the Gunners three times a week and in emergencies; he sends them off to help make anti-snake bite serum.



The rations come ashore. Daily the unit truck goes to Kowloon by landing-craft.



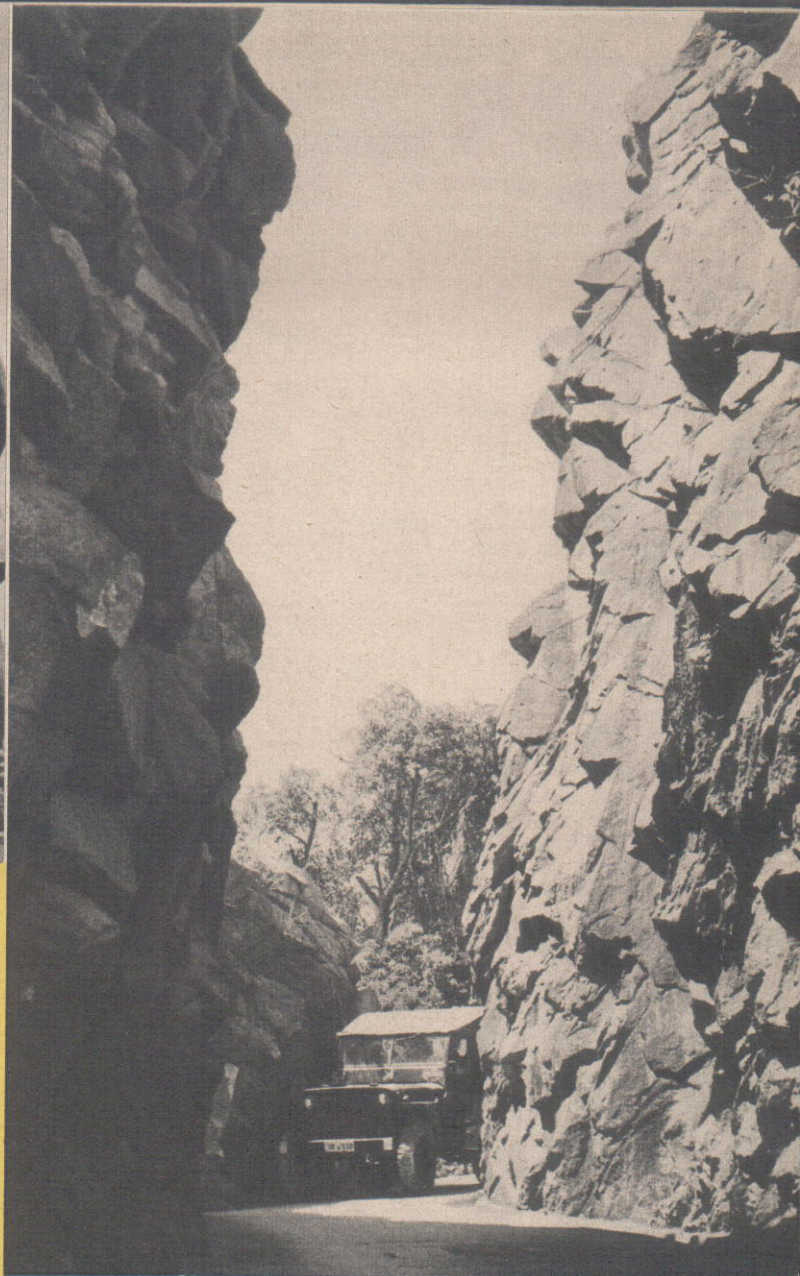


Above: Searchlights, manned by Hong-Kong Chinese soldiers of a special Royal Artillery troop, light up the booms which connect with Stonecutters' Island.

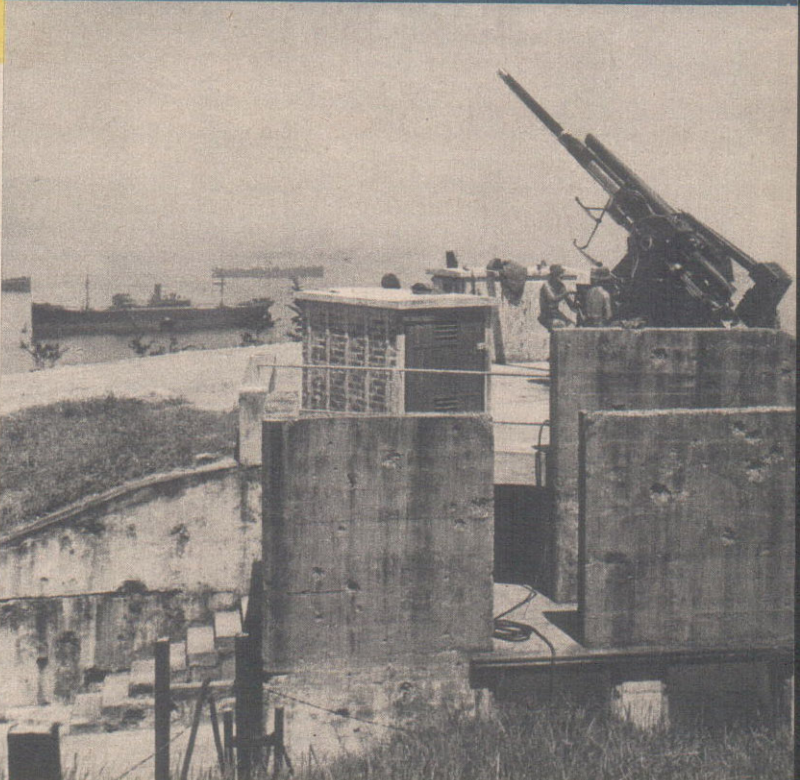


Left: This old gun was blown up experimentally before World War Two. Beside it stands Major D. D. Law, commanding troops on the little island.

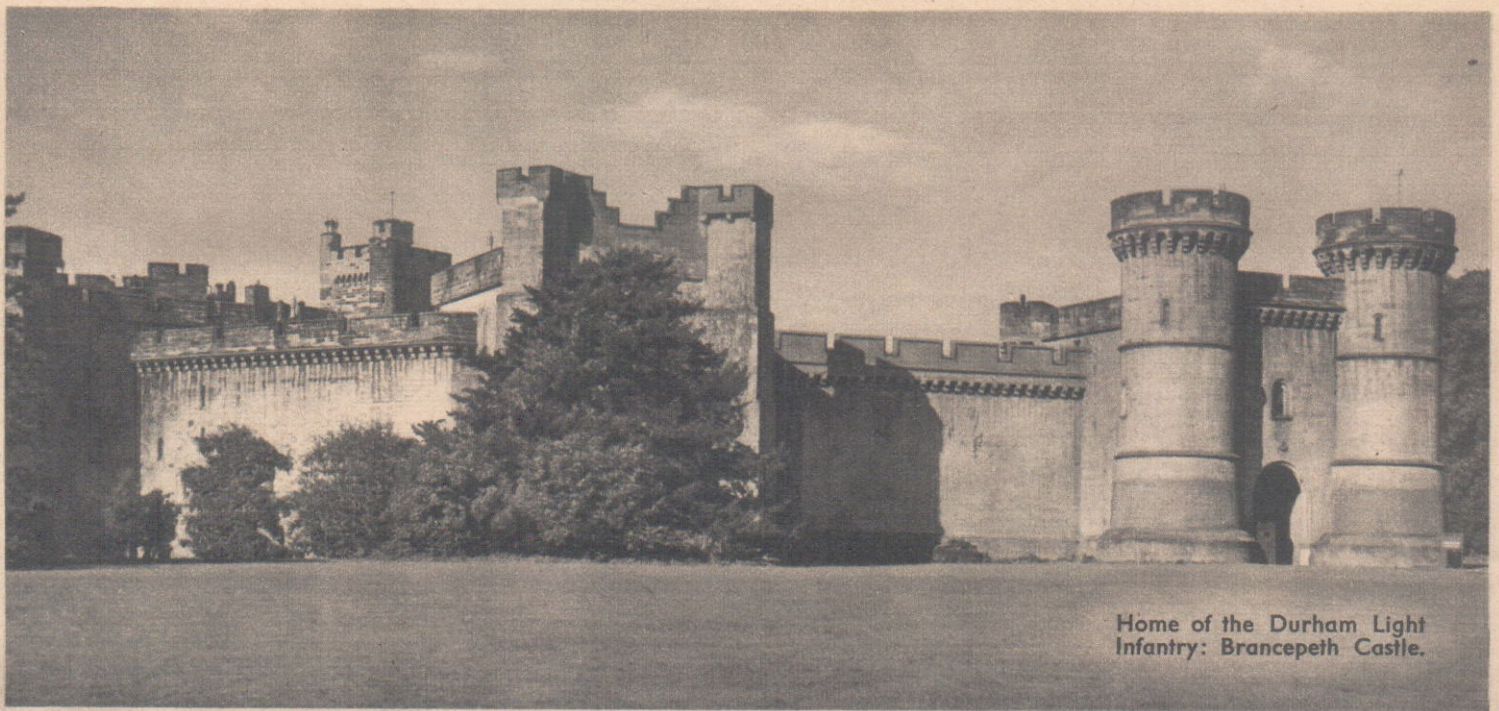
Below: Booms protect the anchorage and keep out smugglers, who have been known to pilfer from the actual booms.



A legacy from the old Hong-Kong Singapore Artillery was this road, cut through solid rock. Below: Pock marks on this gun position were caused by Japanese guns when Hong-Kong was over-run.







Home of the Durham Light Infantry: Brancepeth Castle.

## A BILLET WITH PEACOCKS - but the pigeons made the news



A peacock is a stimulating bird to have around an Army depot: it takes a pride in its appearance.

"Have you oiled the chimes on the castle clock?"

"Yes, serjeant."

"Polished the armour in the hall?"

"Yes, serjeant."

"Well, go and brush the dandruff off those stags' heads."

**T**HE conversation is imaginary; but the permanent staff at ancient Brancepeth Castle, County Durham, undoubtedly have to fit in some unusual tasks of care and maintenance.

The Castle is the home of the Durham Light Infantry, and temporary home of a field regiment of the Royal Artillery. It shares with Barnard Castle the distinction of having been a fortress before Henry II decreed "no fortifications without a licence." There was a castle at Brancepeth in 1104. Once Brancepeth was presented by James I to a male favourite, Sir Robert Carr (later Baron Brancepeth); later it belonged to Sir Ralph Cole, who ruined himself by hiring too many painters for too long; in 1817 it was bought by the richest commoner in England, Matthew Russell.

Here are two more of its claims to fame: its grounds yielded 1400 trees, in 1633-1634, to build the *Sovereign of the Seas*, the British Navy's first three-decker; and Lord Tennyson reputedly wrote "Come into the garden, Maud" in its grounds.

Brancepeth was a military hospital in World War One, a training centre in World War Two. Thousands of soldiers remember its gracious woods and parklands. It trained not only soldiers but birds — carrier pigeons for the Army's use. In the Castle lofts today are birds which may be descendants of the war-time couriers. Some pigeons bred at Brancepeth were sent overseas to fly missions in faraway lands.



The Castle is stuffed with heads and antlers. Left: one more for renovation. Below: the loft where war-time pigeons were housed. Was Spitfire a female?





# A BILLET WITH SEAGULLS — and a well under the sea

**L**IGHTHOUSE keepers are reputed the men with the loneliest jobs, but the six soldiers who man Bull Fort at the mouth of the River Humber run them close.

Their time, apart from a week-end every fortnight, is spent in an echoing iron tower which rises from the sea like the bridge and superstructure of a sunken battleship.

To the north lies the companion fort on the low sandy ridge of Spurn Head. To the south, if the weather is clear, they can see the hydraulic tower and the smoke smudge of the port of Grimsby. Otherwise the horizon is an unbroken ring of sea.

Bull Fort is the centre link in the chain that defends the Humber estuary and the approaches to Hull and Grimsby. Maintaining its guns and ammunition is the job of Bombardier B. Jeremiah and five Gunners of 263 Maintenance Battery, Royal Artillery. They find that much of their time is needed to maintain themselves as well as the guns.

The only entrance to the fort is by a narrow, vertical and rusty iron ladder. Some supplies are manhandled up this ladder to the landing-stage above and then lowered into the bowels of the fort. Taking in ten tons of coal from a heaving tender is no light task; nor is the off-loading of 40-gallon drums of diesel oil for the two 80 horse-power motors which supply the fort with light and power.

A 20-foot tide is normal in the estuary, swirling past the fort at a rate of six knots. When an easterly gale is blowing, the RASC supply tender can hardly be held in position against the landing-stage. The sea bed below is by no means innocent of military equipment dropped between the tender and the landing-stage. One dark and stormy day a master gunner's equipment ledgers were lost with all signatures.

**OVER** →

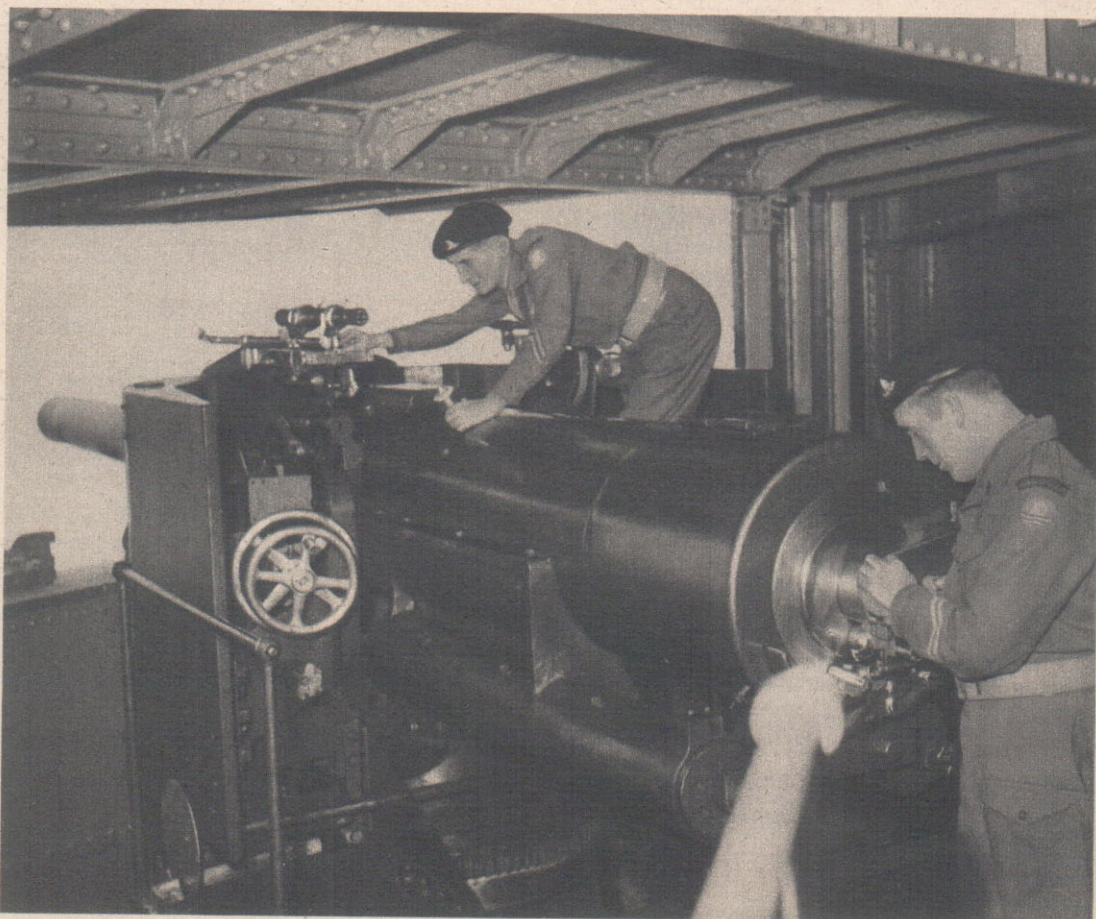


This "Gateway of England" flash (101 Coast Brigade, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army) is worn by Gunners on the Fort.



Bull Fort in the Humber estuary was manned by Territorials throughout World War Two. A Gunner there was one of the war's first casualties.

Below: Thanks to the sea mists, there is incessant cleaning and maintenance to be done, as on this six-inch gun. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE.)







Left: Searchlights must be spotlessly maintained, too. Their crews co-operate from time to time on night shoots. Above: checking the laying telescope.

## A BILLET WITH SEAGULLS (Continued)

In normal weather the men on the fort receive dry rations once and fresh rations four times a week, but gales have cut them off from contact with the mainland for as long as nine days, while the iron sides of the fort resounded to the crash of waves, spray flew high over the topmost turret and the tide, forced into the estuary by following winds, spilled over the bastions and flooded the magazines. Food was running short before the siege could be raised, but at least the defenders had plenty of fresh water. A well has been sunk through the fort's foundations and

pure fresh water is pumped up from an underground stream which runs beneath the sea bed.

Winter days are cheerless and winter nights are long for the six men. No alcohol is allowed on board (nautical terms are used) but the crew have a billiard table and they spend their time on rug-making and carpentry. Bombardier Jeremiah has already equipped the home he so seldom sees with rugs made by himself.

Summer is more pleasant. The men can lie basking in the sun on the concrete walk round the base of the fort, waving to the pleasure launches from Hull which run trips round the estuary. They also have a rowing boat, but are chary of using it since one party of men who went out in it to fish were swept away by the tide-rip and spent four miserable hours drifting in the estuary before the tide allowed them to row back again.

Fishing from the fort itself is made difficult by the rocks strewn round its base to "fix" the sand-bank into which the piles supporting the fort were driven.

In the late war the fort was manned by nine officers and 160 men of No. 422 (East Riding) Coast Regiment, a Territorial regiment founded in 1860 at the time of an earlier invasion scare. It was their lot to stand by their guns for six long years from 1939 to 1945, waiting for an enemy who never came. Later they went to Europe as a garrison regiment.

Although the big guns were never fired in anger, the Regiment suffered one of the first home-based casualties of the war in November 1939, when a machine-gun bullet from a mine-laying German aircraft hit one of the Gunners in the thigh.

TED JONES



The switchboard of a fort. Two 80 horse-power engines provide fuel and power.



The magazines are below sea level — just as if the fort were a warship.





A non-smoker hands out packets of cigarettes to the men of Eighth Army: a popular gesture by General Sir Bernard Montgomery (as he then was) in North Africa.

It was the soldier, home from the Crimea, who taught the British nation to smoke cigarettes. The Duke of Wellington would not have approved

## *“Fall Out for a Smoke”*

“‘Arf a mo’, ‘tler!” A World War Two version of a World War One Bert Thomas joke.



**A**S the world knows, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery does not smoke. Yet he used to carry a load of cigarettes in his car, to distribute to men of Eighth Army.

Today no high commander would willingly put an army into the field without seeing that his troops were assured of their cigarettes, even though he personally believed that smoking was ruinous to the health and that transporting tobacco was a misuse of the supply services.

Just why the cigarette has become essential to the soldier (or for that matter to the civilian) is one of the world's mysteries. Ask 12 soldiers why they smoke, and you will get 12 different answers (including at least one “Don't know.”). One man will say that a cigarette soothes, another that it stimulates. Others smoke because “it's something to do,” others again because “it's terrible when you stop.” Sometimes, in times of strain, the soldier may regard a cigarette as a welcome symbol of normality; but the soldier is yet to be found who smokes only in time of strain.

Whatever the reason, British soldiers have been smokers for a long time. The habit had spread

over Europe in the Thirty Years War and Marlborough's soldiers marched to battle puffing short clay cutty-pipes, rammed with strong black roll tobacco.

But by the end of the 18th century, fashion had changed. Tobacco was less smoked than sniffed, and it was snuff-boxes rather than pipes which consoled the troops in the American War of Independence.

Fashion was due for another change in the Peninsular War. In Spain both the British and French armies began smoking cigars — though Napoleon kept to snuff. His opponent, Wellington, was no smoker either, and he did not approve of smoking in his army.

**OVER**



# "Fall Out for a Smoke" (Continued)

This was an order he issued in 1845:

"The Commander-in-Chief has been informed that the practice of smoking by the use of pipes, cigars or cheroots, has become prevalent among the officers of the Army, which is not only in itself a species of intoxication occasioned by the fumes of tobacco, but, undoubtedly, occasions drinking and tipping by those who acquire the habit; and he intreats the officers commanding regiments to prevent smoking in the mess rooms... and in the adjoining apartments, and to discourage the practice among the officers of junior rank in their regiments."

Perhaps it was as well that the Iron Duke did not live to see the effect of the Crimean War on his army. For it was in the Crimea that the British soldier first began to puff his cigarette.

The invention of the cigarette itself has been attributed to a soldier, a Turk at the Siege of Acre in 1799. A wagon-load of pipes had been destroyed by fire and this soldier hit on the idea of rolling tobacco in the fine paper used for making gunpowder spills.

This may have been a genuine invention so far as the Turks were concerned, but cigarettes were already in existence in Brazil. From Brazil they reached Europe, and a few found their way into Britain.

It was the British soldier who was responsible for the general introduction of cigarettes into Britain. In the Crimea he saw French

and Turkish troops smoking them, and he soon followed suit. The cigarette, he found, was the perfect smoke for a soldier — it was easy to roll and light, cheaper than the penny cigar, and ideal for a quick puff. Not all officers succumbed to the cigarette habit; Lord George Paget, commanding the 4th Light Dragoons, charged, cigar in teeth, with the Light Brigade — right up to the guns!

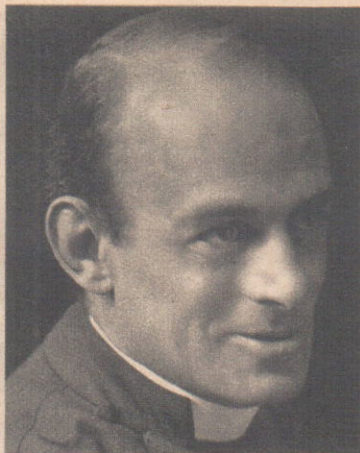
Oddly enough, when the British soldier took the cigarette habit home, civilians looked on the fashion as effeminate.

A few years later, in 1859, Napoleon III, who was a 50-a-day cigarette smoker, consoled himself by chain-smoking through the Battle of Solferino (in which the French beat the Austrians) while he exclaimed: "Poor creatures! Poor creatures! What a terrible thing is war!" But on the other side of the Atlantic, when General Grant took Fort Donelson, in 1862, his admirers in all parts of the Union combined to present him with 11,000 cigars.

In Victorian times cigarettes were unbelievably cheap by present-day standards. "Wild Woodbines," introduced in 1888, cost a penny for five! In those days the duty on tobacco was only three shillings a pound compared with nearly £3 today.

The Army seems to have been a little slow in realising the part cigarettes were going to play in warfare, for during the campaigns in the Sudan at the end of the last century, soldiers were reduced to making substitutes by breaking the brass ends of cardboard cartridges and filling the tubes with tobacco.

Wait till he samples those "V" cigarettes the serjeant is tucking into his shirt—they'll take the grin off his face! The makeshift "V's" were so notorious that questions were asked in Parliament about them. They were made in India.



"Woodbine Willie": the Reverend G. A. Studdert-Kennedy, who earned his nickname in World War One by his generosity with cigarettes.

By the time of the Boer War, however, the cigarette had taken its modern place in the life of the soldier. Funds were set up in Britain for sending tobacco and cigarettes to men on active service, and the Government arranged for all tobacco for the troops to be imported into South Africa free of duty.

Manufacturers rushed to name brands of cigarettes after heroes of the war. One firm boasted "as smoked by Baden-Powell" — but Baden-Powell did not smoke!

At this period, series of cigarette cards depicting actresses and famous beauties were replaced with others illustrating uniforms, military leaders, scenes from the war and even Kipling's soldier verses.

In World War One, more funds were started to provide free smokes for the troops. Some had royal patronage; some were run by newspapers; others consisted of a solitary woman with a big box, begging passers-by for cigarettes, either single or in packets, for hours on end in railway stations and streets. Once more the Government allowed duty-free supplies to troops serving overseas.

When cigarettes did not turn up at the front, letters home appealed for supplies and soldiers made do with dried tea leaves and potato tops as substitutes for tobacco.

General Pershing, who commanded the United States troops in France, sent a cable to Washington in which he said: "Tobacco is as indispensable as the daily ration; we must have thousands of tons of it without delay." And Bert Thomas, the cartoonist, summed up the situation in his famous cartoon, "Arf a mo', Kaiser," which showed a British soldier holding up the war while he lit up.

In this war, the famous Wild Woodbine brand reached new heights of popularity, being smoked by the million. It gave its name to Woodbine Willie, the Reverend G. E. Studdert-Kennedy, a famous padre who handed out to soldiers advice and cigarettes at the same time.

Cigarette cards showing every facet of the war effort, from recruiting poster to front-line, were as popular in the early days of the war as they had been in the

South African War. But by 1917, there was such a shortage of paper that most cigarette cards disappeared, not to reappear until the early 1920's.

World War One converted thousands of men to cigarette smoking, and for the first time women were smoking in public without attracting frowns of disapproval. When World War Two broke out, both men and women were smoking more heavily than ever before, and supplying both the Forces and civilians presented new problems.

One reason was that the soldier smoker is suspicious of unknown makes of cigarettes. Usually he likes the popular brands he buys in Britain, though in India the most popular cigarette sold to soldiers for years was Wills' Scissors, marked "Special Army Quality."

So in World War Two the War Office did its best to see that as far as possible troops got what they wanted, both in the free issue of 50 a week and, if that was not possible, at least in the canteens. Not every command was always lucky; many troops round the Mediterranean and in the Far East had to be content for a time with the notorious "V" cigarettes, manufactured in India, probably the only cigarettes for which Arabs in Libya refused to trade eggs. At other times, South African cigarettes made up the ration.

Through the war there was a Field Forces scheme, by which people at home could send duty-free parcels of cigarettes or tobacco to friends and relations serving overseas. The scheme, at first confined to the British Expeditionary Force in France and to the Royal Navy, spread to prisoners-of-war, the Central Mediterranean Force, India and South-East Asia Command, and the numbers of cigarettes it involved was staggering. In November 1944, one company alone sent off 1,047,000 parcels, with an average of 260 cigarettes in each.

One of the biggest difficulties was persuading kind-hearted ladies that nothing but cigarettes or tobacco could be sent in the parcels. The packers had to return Balaclava helmets, bedsocks, night-shirts, soap, chocolate, and even a tea-pot and an egg-poacher.

The shortage of packing materials could not be allowed to affect the protection given to cigarettes going overseas. Among the special packs devised was a tin holding 50 cigarettes and lacquered inside and out in grey, so that when thrown away it should not reflect light and give away troops' positions to enemy aircraft. Another special pack was designed to fit into the kit of parachute troops and was a flat tin holding 38 cigarettes.

And cigarettes were included in the compo ration, the jungle pack and the other special ration-packs, along with pieces of toilet paper and mepacrine tablets. If there had ever been any doubt that the Army agreed with General Pershing that tobacco was as indispensable as the daily ration, that settled it.





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Those plaited cords ending in long points on Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck's right breast are aiguillettes — an adornment marking his appointment as aide-de-camp general to the King at the time this picture was taken.

# The Aiguillette

**"IT is the most inconvenient and unmilitary ornament a soldier can wear; it is fit only for a footman."**

That was how a peevish eighteenth century chronicler referred to the aiguillette — a military adornment which many can recognise but few can name. The device, in spite of its critics, has become a permanent part of the ceremonial dress of the British (and many other) armed Services.

The Concise Oxford Dictionary instructs those who look up "aiguillette" to try "aglet." And under "aglet" is this definition:

*Metal tag of a lace; spangle or other metallic ornament of dress; tagged point hanging from shoulder upon breast of some uniforms (usu. aiguillette).*

In Army usage the term aiguillette includes the cords by which the tags hang. Sometimes it refers to one single tag-and-cord; sometimes it is used to refer to the two tags-and-cords which comprise the device (nobody seems to wear a single aiguillette).

The Axis Powers went in for aiguillettes, too. Here is Goering wearing his.

It is not clear how the aiguillette began. The word means "little needle," but that does not help. One theory is that the aiguillette evolved from the shoulder-knots worn by Cavalry, which had in turn originated as cords to assist in collecting forage. Another Cavalry suggestion is that the aiguillette was originally a thing for taking stones out of a horse's hoof, which might at least account for the shape and size of the metal tags. It has also been suggested that aides-de-camp's pencils may have dangled from the aiguillette — which is unlikely since aiguillettes were known long before pencils. Another theory is that they may have carried whistles.

However it came about, the aiguillette was a distinguishing mark of officers serving on the staff of the Army as far back as the reign of Charles II. At one time — about 1735 — it was worn by all officers. It has been mentioned in Dress Regulations since 1816 and the last edition, published in 1934, authorised its wear with full dress or, in some cases, with the frock coat. Now an Army Order says it may be worn with No. 1 Dress and "blues."

Aiguillettes are worn by aides-de-camp general and aides-de-camp to the King; by the King's honorary physicians, surgeons, dental surgeons and nursing sisters, but not by his honorary chaplain; by equerries and extra equerries to the King and other members of the Royal Family; by field-marsals, personal staffs of governors-general and of colonial governors; by military members of the Army Council and military attaches.

The ornament is worn on the right shoulder by most of the officers entitled to it. But the general officer commanding the Brigade of Guards, his aide-de-camp, brigade-major and staff-captains wear it on the left shoulder, and only when they are wearing full dress on ceremonial parades in London and Windsor.

In full dress, officers of the Household Cavalry wear the aiguillette on the right shoulder and warrant and non-commissioned officers wear it on the left shoulder (it is an Ordnance issue). Troopers do not wear the aiguillette.

The kinds of aiguillette vary according to the appointments of the wearers. Those for field-marsals, officers of the King's Household and aides-de-camp to governors-general are made of quarter-inch gold wire cord with gilt metal tags at the end of the plaits. The plaits and cords are joined at the shoulder and held by a gold braid strap.

Aiguillettes for aides-de-camp to colonial governors, military members of the Army Council and military attaches have gold and red cord and are held by a scarlet cloth strap.

**FOOTNOTE:** General Eisenhower was not partial to the wearing of aiguillettes except on very formal occasions, records Captain Harry Butcher, the General's war-time aide. Captain Butcher's irreverent term for aiguillettes was "chicken guts."

ERIC DUNSTER



A corporal of the Life Guards displays the aiguillettes of non-commissioned ranks of the Household Cavalry. They are worn on the left breast.



Above: Earl Mountbatten has worn aiguillettes as a Personal Naval aide-de-camp to the King since 1937.



This adornment is worn by some Servicewomen too. Dame Ann Thomson, the Army's Matron-in-Chief, wore hers at a recent Palace investiture.







What's happening on parade? Well, it's not strictly a parade. These Basutos of the Africa Auxiliary Pioneer Corps are celebrating the end of a fire-fighting course, somewhere in the Middle East. The year: 1942.

## SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Left: More African Pioneers—old style and new. These men are Swazis, who are of Zulu extraction. They performed many a useful task for Eighth Army.





The lovely film star Margaret Lockwood, who recently appeared so successfully as Peter Pan in Edinburgh, is seen in this picture perched on the end of Wendy Darling's bed. Wendy has promised a kiss, but as Peter doesn't know what the word means, she gives him a thimble instead, and he's absolutely delighted with it.



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"Hallo there!" calls Margaret, as she opens her flat door. She's been 'on the set' since early morning, but now at last the long day's work is done.



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# TOBRUK: the Story of One Month

**W**HEN the Germans and Italians sealed off the land approaches to Tobruk on 11 April 1941, there was one war correspondent left inside the perimeter.

He was Jan Yindrich, who stayed for the first month of the six-months' siege. He sent off his despatches in the aircraft which maintained a perilous air link with the rest of Allied Middle East, and he recorded his experiences in his diary, extracts from which are now published in "Fortress Tobruk" (Benn, 8s 6d).

The garrison of the fortress consisted mainly of the 9th Australian Division and was commanded by Major-General Leslie Morshead, in peacetime the Sydney manager of a shipping firm.

His troops included a number who had had an adventurous time getting to Tobruk, as the desert army retreated eastwards. There was a medical officer, formerly a general practitioner in a Sussex village, who had hiked 140 miles through enemy-held country after waiting three days by a dying man. There was a soldier who was jolted off a truck and left unconscious by the roadside, and who then walked three days in stockinged feet before getting a lift from a naval craft.

It was an imperturbable garrison. When the air raid sirens went and the canteen staff took to the shelters, some of the British soldiers were in the habit of helping themselves to free beer. When the siege was five days old,

the author attended a concert of classical music by an Australian band.

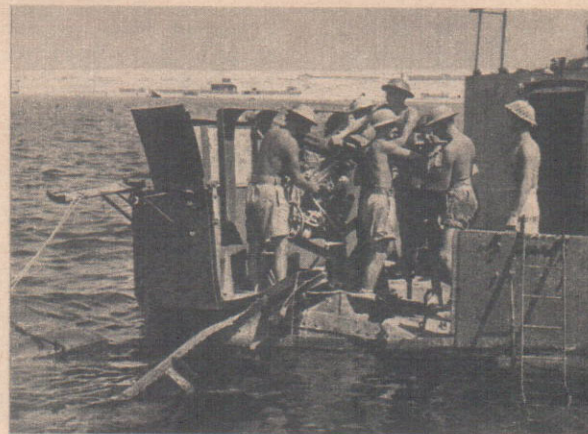
While the Germans were making their first determined attack, with 60 tanks, he found a mobile bath unit just outside the swirling sand of the battle area, busy taking advantage of a find of cement to build shower-baths.

On the perimeter, an Australian dozed in his slit trench and woke up to find a German covering him with a Tommy-gun. The German told him to surrender, but the still-sleepy Australian lashed out with his fist and knocked his captor out. Then he took the German prisoner. At the same time, other Australians were developing the technique of climbing on to a German tank from the blind side, dropping a grenade into the turret, then sitting on the lid for a few seconds to make sure the attack had its full effect.

The garrison had one aircraft — a Hurricane used on recon-

naissance — but it had its own ways of stopping Stukas. There was a day when "Dinkum Oil," one of the garrison's cyclostyled news-sheets, told how an aircraft had been brought down by a light automatic post manned by three drivers of the Australian Army Service Corps. And the Movement Control officer, a Captain O'Shaughnessy who became a famous figure in the garrison, had a personal Lewis gun with which he was said, at the time the author was there, to have brought down two Stukas already.

The book has a foreword by Major-General H. L. Birks, who, as a colonel, commanded Tobruk's tanks. He points out that General Morshead's troops were fully extended round the 32-mile perimeter defences, without a strong mobile reserve and "had Rommel pressed home his attacks in April and May with the vigour one expected from him, the



HMS Ladybird was sunk in Tobruk harbour by nine Stukas, and went down with her one surviving pom-pom blazing at her assailants. She settled with her superstructure still above water, and her guns continued to contribute to Tobruk's anti-aircraft defence.

defence would have been sorely pressed to keep him out."

Generalleutnant Hans von Ravenstein, who served with Rommel and writes an epilogue to the book, says the Afrika Korps was much weaker than the British thought when its spearhead neared Tobruk. "One had to bluff and deceive," he says, "and at Tobruk the phrase was first heard, 'We must attack them with clouds of dust.'"

## The Trials of a Town Major

**B**Y the end of World War Two there were British Town Majors sprinkled in some profusion across the globe. In North-West Europe it seemed that every other tree carried the sign-board of this dignitary, who would turn out to be a harassed officer uprooted from an Artillery or Infantry regiment and made laird and lord of a town of rubble.

The Town Major has never been a figure of romance. His duties have been prosaic ones: he is the man who allots billets, discourages "swanners," slaps down the local racketeers, helps the town to lick its wounds, and tries to keep everyone as quiet and contented as possible.

Now the Town Major finds himself the hero of a novel — "To Comfort the Signora," by E. G. Cousins (Benn, 9s 6d). Major Larry Grail is the conscientious ruler of Bab-el-Medwah, in Tunisia, a small Arab town where ordinarily nothing happens. But one day everything happens — and that day's events make up the whole book.

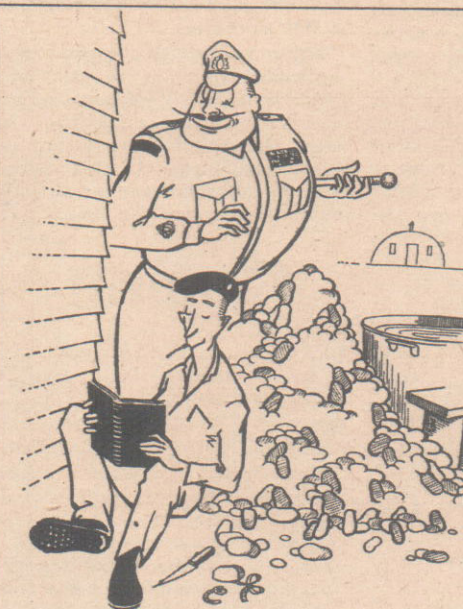
It was the day Major Grail was hoping to do something to help the Signora, whose sons had been blown up by a mine and whose husband was interned. But from an early hour unexpected visitors began to arrive: two majors, one of them on his way to face a court-martial; the madame of the local house of ill fame, full of her own professional troubles; a blustering brigadier with a pretty chauffeur; an odious Indian prince, wearing French cavalry uniform, accompanied by the aristocratic wife of the officer under

arrest; a French general whose son had just been killed.

To some readers it may seem that the long arm of coincidence over-reaches itself now and again; to others, that the novel ought to have been written as a play, since the scene is almost constant and sometimes it is easier to visualise the happenings in terms of theatre than in terms of life. The story is rather a chronicle of what *could* happen to a Town Major than what *does* happen to him; but it is readable and amusing. The author knows his Army, though it is to be hoped that Brigadier Polgrim is not a figure drawn from life.

NOTE: E. G. Cousins grew up in Tientsin, China, where he went through the Boxer Rebellion. In World War One he fought with the Anzacs at Gallipoli; in World War Two he served with the Royal Pioneer Corps. During the final period of illegal immigration into Palestine he was OC Troops on British transports in the Eastern Mediterranean — and there obtained the background for a play "Little Holiday" (SOLDIER, April 1948) and a novel "Come Like a Storm."

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# This Padre Jumped Behind Enemy Lines

**O**NE man who leaped from an aircraft over occupied France, in the summer of 1944, was allotted a special pannier, to be dropped with him. It contained, not "warlike stores," but an oak cross and a silk altar cloth dyed maroon.

The parachutist was the Reverend J. Fraser McLuskey MC, who served with the men of the 1st Special Air Service Regiment in the region west of Dijon. His congregation was a band of saboteurs and ambushers, living low with

the Maquis. It was one of the strangest assignments a British Army chaplain has ever had.

The padre tells the story of those dangerous days in "Parachute Padre" (SCM Press, 8s 6d). It is a modest chronicle, though the author admits that he bridles

at the "inevitable question" inspired by the sight of his wings, "Did you jump yourself?" Equally maddening, he says, is the query, "Did you train for it?" He comments: "A clerical collar is not a safe conduct through the technicalities of parachuting."

Before he jumped into France the padre had misgivings — not about the landing, but how he was to set about his job when he landed. "What could I do if my parish disintegrated overnight into roving bands behind the enemy lines?" In the event, he succeeded remarkably well.

His descent was an unlucky one. He fell into a tree and hung upside down until — somehow or other — he slithered head first to the ground and knocked himself out. But he soon found himself befriended.

Thereafter the padre had a close-up view of many excitements: he was at the rendezvous when jeeps were parachuted down; he rode back and to across the French countryside, at constant risk of detection; he saw the ambushing of German staff cars and convoys. Wherever and whenever possible, he held his services and the men were glad to attend them — and especially to sing.

One of the padre's tasks was to visit the wounded. In a Maquis hospital he called on Serjeant Frederick White, DCM, MM, who had lost three fingers in saving three lives.



Parachute padre: the Reverend J. Fraser McLuskey MC. He landed upside down in a tree.

## They Made a Man of Him

**I**N the Dublin Fusiliers of the 1870's there was a hated provost-serjeant who, the men believed, nightly bagged his trousers at the knees praying for more crime.

He had smashed dozens of NCO's with his evidence — "Drunk, sir." And he had chosen in his own image four military police who shared their master's ill-fame.

One night the provost-serjeant fell sick, and the job of commanding the nightly picquet in the town of Newport, Isle of Wight, fell on one Serjeant Blatchford. His orders were to arrest "every man with as much as half a drop of drink in his eye." That night Serjeant Blatchford arrested all four of the provost-serjeant's men; and, so the story goes, he spent the whole evening searching every rat-hole in Newport until he found them.

Serjeant Blatchford later became famous as Robert Blatchford, a stormy pioneer of the Socialist Party in Britain. His biography has now been published under the title "Portrait of an Englishman" (Gollancz, 16s). SOLDIER is concerned here, not with Blatchford as a politician, but as a soldier. It is noteworthy that Blatchford himself, even on his ninetieth birthday, told an interviewer: "To myself I'm always just Serjeant Blatchford."

Like tens of thousands in those days, Blatchford enlisted because he was hungry and workless. He was a solemn, awkward, sullen and sickly lad, who had been strictly brought up, convinced that soldiers were foul-mouthed, woman-chasing desperadoes. This "dreamy prig," as his biographer calls him at this stage, was posted to the 103rd Regiment, later the Dublin Fusiliers, which had served in India since the reign of Queen Anne. At Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, the regiment was celebrating its return home to such good purpose that every day a whole company paraded for pack drill.

At first it all horrified young Blatchford. But gradually he came round to the view he expressed in his book, "My Life in the Army":

"I began to feel that the code of the world I had left was too narrow and too weak for the world into which I had come. Judged by that code, these were

bad men. But my sense told me that they were not bad men, but good men."

The "brutal and licentious" soldiers treated the new recruit with "a blend of respect and half-patronising protection." Among them were men who had fought at Inkerman, and had seen the Indian mutineers blown from the muzzles of field guns. Gradually Blatchford acquired confidence, a new physique and a broader outlook. He acquired enough colourful background to write several books which must be consulted by anyone who wishes to know what Army life was like in the 'seventies.

When he left the Army, after six years, he sent to the War Office a letter of suggestions for improving musketry training. His letter was acknowledged, but he heard no more. Twenty years later his reforms were introduced, under pressure of the Boer War.

## Generals Plotted As They Fought

**L**AST year a British publisher put out General Franz Halder's howe-lost-the-war book entitled "Hitler as Warlord." Now comes an English translation of General Hans Speidel's essay on the same theme — "We Defended Normandy" (Jenkins, 12s 6d). Later in the year will come a book by General Heinz Guderian.

The British reading public evidently does not mind buying books by ex-enemy generals — so long as the theme is "how we lost."

General Speidel, who has recently been consulted on the role that German soldiers could play in defence of the West, puts the blame for Germany's defeat on Hitler (as did Halder). He speaks of the Fuhrer's "obstinate and ignorant decisions," his "surlly mistrust" of the fighting men, his broken pledge that the Army should be the "sole bearer of arms." He declares: "The military leaders of Germany were no more than the children of their own era, and, like many others in public life, they did not then see everything that became apparent to them later." He tells how, in the late stages of the war, Rommel "marvelled at the beauty of the land (France) and had deep sym-

pathy for the French people in their misfortunes." The lay reader will be impelled to ask: Which German generals wept for France in 1940?

General Speidel was Chief of Staff to Rommel when Normandy was invaded. He sketches an astonishing picture of German commanders forced to gather their own intelligence by stealth, starved of supplies and openly discussing among themselves how to remove Hitler. In his foreword to the book, Lieut-General Sir Henry Pownall refers to the generals' plot and says:

"Rommel seems to have discussed the dangerous secret with a remarkably large number of people, including SS generals; only the officers of the Security Service appear to have been left out of the plot. It is astonishing that with so many men 'in the know' the secret was well kept."

The book portrays Rommel in

an unfamiliar setting — at his headquarters in the chateau of the Ducs de la Rochefoucauld, on the western fringe of the Ile de France. There is a revealing account, too, of Hitler in his headquarters at Margival (the selected headquarters for the invasion of Britain). By a curious irony, a V1 out of control crashed near Margival when Hitler was there — but not near enough.

Speidel served under three field-m Marshals in three months: Rommel, who was forced to take poison; Kluge, who voluntarily took poison; and Model, who shot himself. He was arrested when it was found that he had disregarded Hitler's orders to blow 68 Seine bridges, and generally mutilate Paris. Somehow he survived a long period of Gestapo interrogation to write this remarkable behind-the-scenes story of the Third Reich crumbling to its doom. In the words of his translator, "Speidel remains the highest German authority still alive on the war in Normandy."



SPORT

# The Saints of Hanover



British and Germans race together on the Hanomag track at Hanover — one of the Army's "oldest established" speedways

Corporal George Boughton, captain of the Newcross Saints (right), about to overtake a German rider.

**H**ANOVER, September 1945. The sports stadium of the famous Hanomag car factory was looking a little the worse for wear ... but to enthusiasts of the heavy workshop company stationed there it seemed that the cinder track could be patched up without undue pains to make a speedway.

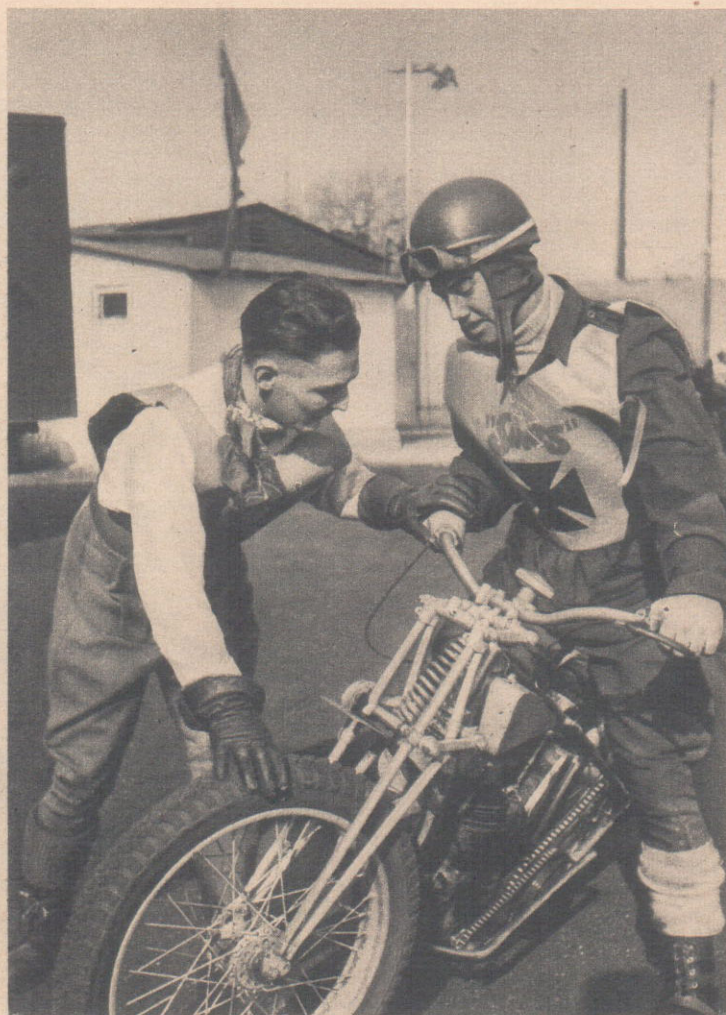
They got cracking ... and the British Army has held speedway meetings there every season since, on the best and now the Army's only speedway track in Germany.

Of all the Army's speedway tracks, this has provided some of the best racing, easily up to

OVER →



The new racing colours for the 1951 season are hoisted by Major-General J. D. Shapland. Right: Corporal Artie Marsh gets the feel of a new machine.







Above: The Hanover Challenge Cup is presented to "Zip" Zammit by Mrs. Shapland.  
Left: Cornering in the race which gave him the fastest time of the meeting: Jimmy Ireland.

## The Saints of Hanover (Continued)

second division standard in Britain — and not only on those occasions when professional riders from Britain have visited Hanover. Some of the present members have been booked for trials with well-known clubs when they leave the Army. If they are successful they will be in good company, for a score of former Hanomag Speedway Club riders

race regularly for leading clubs. Former Corporal Jimmie Gooch, the Combined Services (Rhine Army) champion in 1949 wears the colours of the Wembley Lions, ex-Signalman Jock McKinley races for Glasgow Tigers, ex-Corporal Al Allison for Halifax and Bellevue and former Signalman Digger Burrow for Halifax and Odsal. "Split" Waterman

who has raced for England, Wembley, and Harringay and Geoff Bennett of Birmingham are probably the best riders the "Saints" have ever had.

The club was first formed in Italy but it takes its name of the "Saints" from a REME unit which in 1942 in Algiers conceived the idea of chalking a halo-less Saint on repaired motorcycles and of adding the halo when the machines had passed their tests. Some of the members of that REME unit were the club's first members who still take a great interest in the "Saints" activities.

Racing this season is organised under a new plan. There are four teams — the Wembley Saints, the Newcross Saints, the Birmingham Saints and the Odsal Saints. The latter ride in racing jackets presented by the Odsal club.

For three years the "Saints" have been trying to sell speedway to German clubs and this year they seem to have succeeded. Forty-five German riders from the German Service Organisation now race with British soldier-riders as club members and represent the club at some German meetings.

The machines used by the "Saints" are nearly all ex-WD machines, some of them cannibalised from as many as four or five makes. The Club's own workshops carry out repairs and modifications. It says much for the mechanics and the riders that the present track records (the circuit is 440 yards) contain the following times: four-lap clutch start, 85.5 seconds; one-lap flying start, 20.3 seconds.

This season the club has been fortunate in obtaining two special speedway JAP machines, presented by Mr. Les Marshall, managing director of the Birmingham Speedways. Present track records are almost certain to be smashed this season by these new machines. But converted Army motorcycles are still the staple mounts.



Winners of the 50th Army Football Cup final: 4th Training Regiment REME (Blackdown), who defeated the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment (Rhine Army) by two goals to one.



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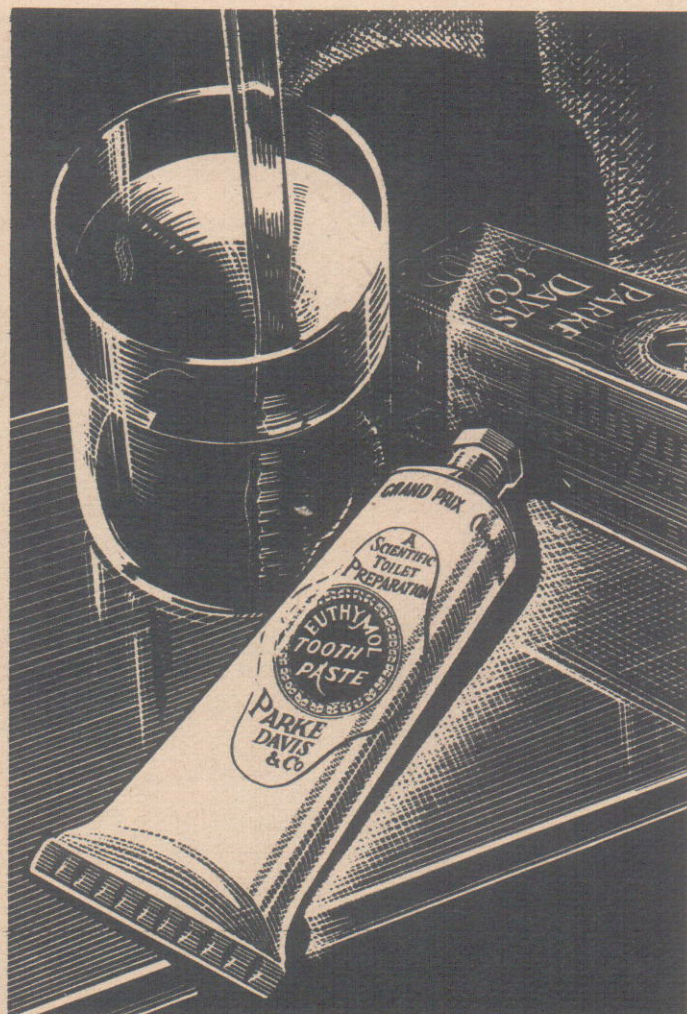
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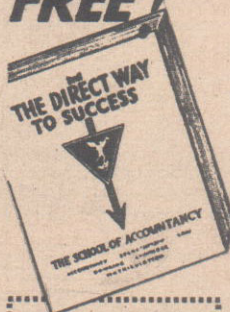
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Amphibious war is vigorously portrayed in "Sands of Iwo Jima." A US general thought so highly of some of the sets that he borrowed them for training.

## FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

### SANDS OF IWO JIMA

ONE of the bloodier battles of World War Two was the storming of Iwo Jima, a volcanic isle in the Pacific, by the United States Marines. Remember the American postage stamp which showed the Stars and Stripes being raised on Iwo Jima's Mount Suribachi?

A rousing film has been built around the battle, neither the first nor the last of Hollywood's tributes to the United States Marines ("Halls of Montezuma" is the latest.) The amphibious assaults and the desperate close-quarters fighting on the beaches are as graphic as anyone could wish. John Wayne (who has already played soldier, sailor and airman) takes the part of Sergeant Stryker, a very tough line in leathernecks. He gives his trainees (who are not without their psychological problems) the works and comes to a sticky, if slightly sentimental, end on Iwo Jima.

### MR. DRAKE'S DUCK

This is a story with a more frivolous military background. A duck on Green Acres Farm lays an egg containing uranium. At once the farm becomes a prohibited area and the Army encamps on it with Bren carriers and armoured cars. The puzzle now is: Find the duck. Unable to let well alone, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy also intervene. The hilarity is helped on by Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and the delightful Yolande Donlan.

### THE BROWNING VERSION

Terence Rattigan's one-act stage play has been expanded to make an excellent film. It is the story of a schoolmaster (Michael Redgrave), disliked by his pupils, despised by his wife, deceived by a younger master. Friendless and cold, he is surprised to find that all sentiment is not yet extinct in himself. Jean Kent is the cruel, faithless wife; Nigel Patrick the "other man."

### ALL ABOUT EVE

What lies behind the smile on the face of a pretty actress? According to this film, the answer is: ruthless ambition, double-dealing, and bitchery of the first degree. Bette Davis plays the great actress who has achieved fame the tough way; she has no difficulty in seeing through the machinations of Anne Baxter, as an ambitious newcomer — but she cannot stop her. George Sanders gives a cynical commentary.

### RIO GRANDE

John Wayne again — which means there will be action aplenty. As a colonel fighting for the Yankees in the Civil War, Wayne burns down the plantation of his Southern-born wife. Just like a woman, she refuses to admit that this was necessary, and leaves him. He plunges into the Indian wars in the West... and who do you think turns up there, in due course? You're dead right. She is played by Maureen O'Hara.

### ONE WILD OAT

Robertson Hare is a solicitor who, in his youth, sowed one wild oat... which grows into a giant beanstalk of trouble. At one stage it becomes necessary to establish a lady's identity by examining her knees... This kind of film is usually classed as "riotous." With Stanley Holloway.

### FOURTEEN HOURS

A man climbs out on to a fifteenth-story window ledge and threatens to jump. How can he be stopped? For those who don't mind drawn-out suspense... Paul Douglas, Richard Basehart, Barbara Bel Geddes.

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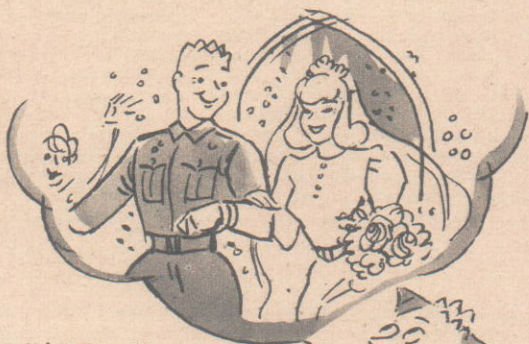




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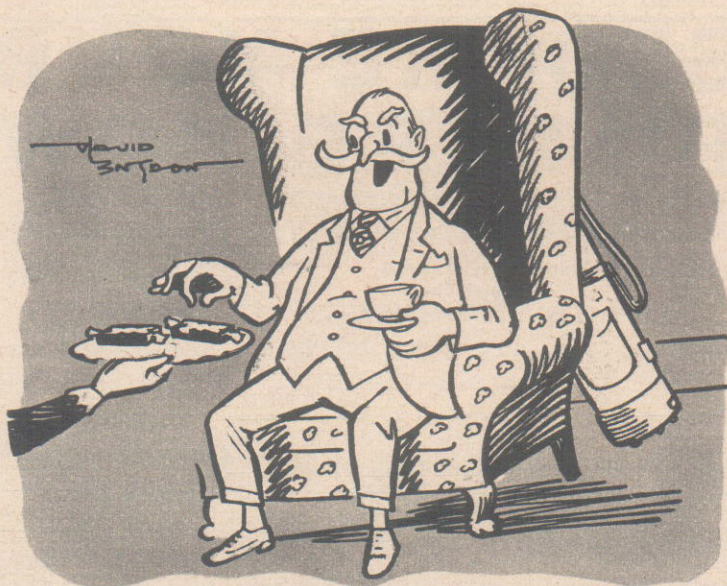
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# LETTERS



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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

### PRICE ON HIS HEAD

It's another of those barrack-room arguments. If a soldier captures a bandit with a price on his head (say, in Malaya), does he get the reward? — "Three Jocks" (name and address supplied).

★ No. A soldier is not paid a bonus of this kind for something done in the line of duty.

There was, in fact, a recent instance in Malaya when a patrol of the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards killed a man for whom a sum of approximately £2000 had been offered; but the patrol did not receive (or expect to receive) the reward.

### TOUCH TYPING

There is no doubt that the Infantry Clerks Training Centre (described in SOLDIER, April) is doing an excellent job. But I would like to make one point arising out of the photograph of the typing class, with its caption: "Soldier clerks use the two-finger 'hunt and peck' method. There is no time to teach them touch typing."

An exception is to be found at the Army Apprentices School at Harrogate, which trains clerks for the Regular Army. They have the advantage of being taught by civilian instructors holding Pitman's diplomas as well as warrant officers and senior NCO clerks. They are taught touch typing from the start, "hunt and peck" being disallowed at all times. The instruction is to Royal Society of Arts standard, 51 certificates having been obtained since the inauguration of this School in 1947. These cover shorthand and type-writing in elementary, intermediate

and advanced stages. Our output is 100 per cent to REME since September of last year, but before that our lads were posted to other Corps and to Infantry regiments.

It would be unfortunate if parents, by a cursory glance at the article, were to receive the impression that after 18 months training at this School a clerk with only a smattering of Army forms and one finger agility at typing was produced. — Colonel Ralph Thicknesse, Commandant, Army Apprentices School, Uniacke Barracks, Harrogate, Yorks.

### PARENT'S PROTEST

In your article in the April SOLDIER, "Bringing Up the Army's Children," you state: "If there are no relatives with whom the child can live, he may go to a boarding-school — at the local authority's expense." Surely this statement is a gross travesty of the facts? It is calculated to make the parent who, like myself, is scraping the bottom of the barrel to find money for next term's boarding fees, hopping mad.

Parents who seek relief from the burden of boarding their children in Britain while they are overseas must apply to the local authority. They will be required to declare their income and state their case, after which a reduction in boarding fees may be granted.

This system is hopelessly inadequate. It should be replaced by a

## Have You Seen This Flash?

HERE is a new style of shoulder title. The soldiers wearing it find that it is attracting a good deal of comment.

The title is a form of "battle honour," and it recalls a day when military history was made: the launching, on 10 July 1943, of the first big airborne operation. This was "Operation Husky," the invasion of Sicily by the British Eighth and American Seventh Armies, under General Eisenhower.

The title-cum-glider is authorised for wear by the 1st Battalion The Border Regiment, the 2nd Battalion The South Staffordshire Regiment, and the 1st Glider Pilot Regiment. These units formed part of the 1st Airlanding Brigade, which was commanded by Brigadier P. H. W. Hicks DSO, MC (he later commanded the same brigade at Arnhem).

The first task of the 1st Airlanding Brigade in Sicily was to hold the Ponte Grande bridge. This turned out to be a desperate engagement. Some 80 or 90 men took up defensive positions,

but were soon short of ammunition. They were mortared and shelled to such purpose that only 15 were left unwounded. Eventually the bridge was overrun, but the gallant stand had given time for reinforcements to build up, and it was recaptured.





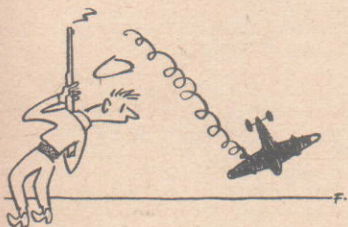
fixed charge on the soldier, irrespective of rank, based on the cost of maintaining a child at home. For the three main holidays, free travel vouchers should be given to the parents' overseas station, where practicable, or to any alternative accommodation which has been found for the child.

In this way the cost of maintaining a child at a boarding-school would be passed on to the Government. And why not? — **WO II. J. Cook, REME, BTA 2.**

★ **SOLDIER'S apologies for making a reader "hopping mad."** In the phrase "may go to a boarding-school," the word "may" would have been better in italics. The extent to which fees may be modified depends very much on the individual local authority, which retains a great deal of independence of action. The Army is in no position to influence its decisions.

### MORE ABOUT RIFLES

May I defend the British Service rifle against the Winchester '73 and Winchester tube magazine rifles in general? Winchester enthusiasts show an amazing lack of information about the capabilities of the British rifle in skilled hands. Given reasonably good conditions an expert can fire 30 aim-



"...the capabilities of the British rifle in skilled hands..."

ed shots a minute with it. Under test conditions it can fire 60 shots a minute, not aimed of course. Authority for this statement can be found in the "Textbook of Small Arms 1929."

It should be clear to any thinking person that the British Service rifle is supreme among the world's hand-operated rifles both for speed and reliability. Even "straight pulls" such as the Canadian Ross, the Swiss Schmidt-Rubin and the Hungarian Mannlicher do not get a look-in against the Lee-Enfield. — **Pte. P. Seymour, Depot, The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorks.**

★ See also "The Quicker-Fire Rifle is Coming," Page 15.

### GONGED!

In your reply to "Interested" in the April issue you mention that His Majesty The King has the 1914-18 Star. Is this a mis-print for the 1914-15 Star or have the qualifications for this star been extended? — **C. J. Potts, 42a Brunswick Sq., Hove.**

★ This should have read "1914-15 Star."

## Answers

(from Page 14)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. Durham, Westmorland, Lancashire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire. 2. (b) 3. (c) 4. All illegal. 5. Salisbury and Shropshire. 6. Titus Oates. 7. Eight. 8. (a). 9. Log. 10. A larva is the stage of development in which an insect finds itself after emerging from the egg (a caterpillar is the larva of a butterfly). 11. (a) false — it was Blondin; other statements correct. 12. (c). 13. Macbeth (Shakespeare). 14. Joan Rice.

### Crossword

ACROSS: 1. Performs. 5. Tor. 6. Poacher. 9. Badger. 10. Earl. 12. Comfort. 14. Aver. 15. Careless. 17. Engaged. 19. Pod. 20. Bassinet. DOWN: 1. Produce. 2. Ripe. 3. Rocker. 4. Sue. 5. Tabulate. 7. Orifice. 8. Released. 11. Attempt. 13. Organs. 16. Aden. 18. Nub.

## GURKHA POLICE

With regard to the year in which Gurkhas first became military police, which has been the subject of some controversy in the last two issues of **SOLDIER**, I feel I am in a position to put you right. No. 53 Provost Company and No. 3 Base Provost Unit were formed in May 1941. The latter, in which I served, had some 30 British soldiers, 30 Pathans, 30 to 40 Sikhs, 30 to 40 Punjabis, about 40 Gurkhas and 60 followers.

The Gurkhas were very well trained. I, who had done ten years pre-war service, was very impressed by their smartness on and off parade. They had learned all about military police duties by the time the unit moved from India to their duty station at Basra in September 1941. — **"First of a Few" (name and address supplied)**

I would like to point out that I spent four years from 1942 to 1946 in the 31st Indian Armoured Division. The 43rd Gurkha Lorried Infantry Brigade were part of that division and a Gurkha CMP section was part of the divisional provost company. Then, as now, they wore the Gurkha hat with red puggaree and CMP badge. — **Sgt. R. Kelly, MPSC, MCE, BAOR 15.**

## ELECTRIC SHOCK

In the Army I was a qualified electrician. I understood that the Electrical Trades Union would accept my qualifications as entitling me to become a full member as soon as I left the Forces, yet when I applied to them they said that I was ineligible because I had not paid any weekly contributions while in the Army. Is this correct? — **"Shocked" (name and address supplied).**

★ Yes. Some trades unions lay down that a Serviceman must have paid 26 weekly contributions before leaving the Forces to be eligible for full membership. Two other unions which follow this rule are the Amalgamated Engineering Union and the National Association of Theatrical and Kine Employees.

## PRIVILEGED CLASS?

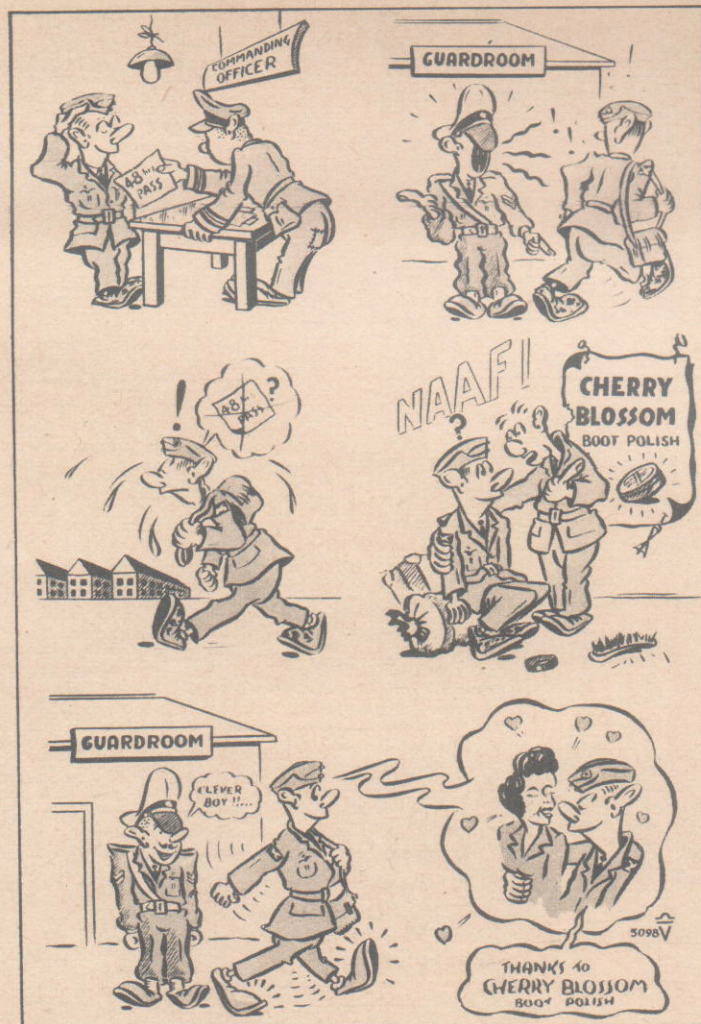
I have often thought that the problem of attracting volunteers for the Regular Army has not been tackled in the most effective manner. The main appeal has been a monetary one, but I wonder how many soldiers really thought that their pay was too small before the last increase? Personally I think the present rates are far too high and I am sure that a good many other Regulars think so too.

The solution to the recruiting problem is, I feel, the provision of more amenities and home comforts for single men living in camp. The stock answer that soldiers are expected to rough it will not wash. National Serviceman Snooks knows that some soldiers can live in jolly comfortable quarters, with plenty of servants to make life even more pleasant, because he has seen the quarters of married men living out of camp. He knows, too, that these highly privileged beings, whose wives are supported in idleness by a kind but misguided Government, can afford to live on a much higher social plane than he because they are considered more valuable. Although they often do exactly the same sort of job that he does, they are paid up to four or five times as much.

Private Snooks is rather inclined to ponder on these things when he lies on his sand-covered bed in his fly-plagued tent, vainly trying to keep cool. — **S. J. H. (name and address supplied).**

★ Other letters urging that the Army be made fit for bachelors reach **SOLDIER** from time to time. One

Continued Overleaf



Idea and drawing by P. Velvarky, Odiham, Hants.

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## MORE LETTERS

recent correspondent argues: "Marriage is the responsibility of the individual. Let it be so with the soldier... Of course, we would lose lots of married soldiers, but the Army would attract many more of the right type, the adventurous bachelors who look on soldiering as a man's life..."

To most Army families, it will be news that they live lapped in luxury (there are soldier husbands who often sigh for the care-free days when they were bachelors). It is true that providing quarters and transit for soldiers' families makes a big hole in the Army Estimates; but no army in the world is likely to recruit a sufficient strength, even in peaceful times, of Regulars sworn to celibacy.

Incidentally, have not married men been doing uncommonly well in the recent heavy fighting in Korea? There are numerous family men among the reservists in 29th Brigade.

### TRADE BADGES

I am no "barrack-room lawyer" or "wielder of the wooden spoon," but I am involved in a controversy about tradesmen's badges. In this barracks there are two RASC units. The men of one are allowed to wear the brass hammer-and-tongs denoting their trade while those of the other are forbidden to wear either brass or cloth badges. Which is right? — F. T., BAOR 32 (name and address supplied).

★ Neither. In ACI 126/1950 it is laid down that badges and chevrons worn on battledress shall be of worsted. No authority exists for men in the RASC to wear brass badges with battledress.

### TRIESTE CASTLE

In an interesting article on Trieste in *SOLDIER*, June 1948 you say that Miramare Castle at Trieste has a short but alarming history.

Archduke Maximilian, its founder, was shot; a later owner, the Archduke Ferdinand, was assassinated at Serajevo; another owner, the Duke of Aosta, died while a prisoner-of-war.

At the time of your article its occupant was Major-General Bryant Moore, Commanding General of the United States troops in Trieste.

As your readers will know, General Moore has since lost his life while commanding a United States Army Corps in Korea.

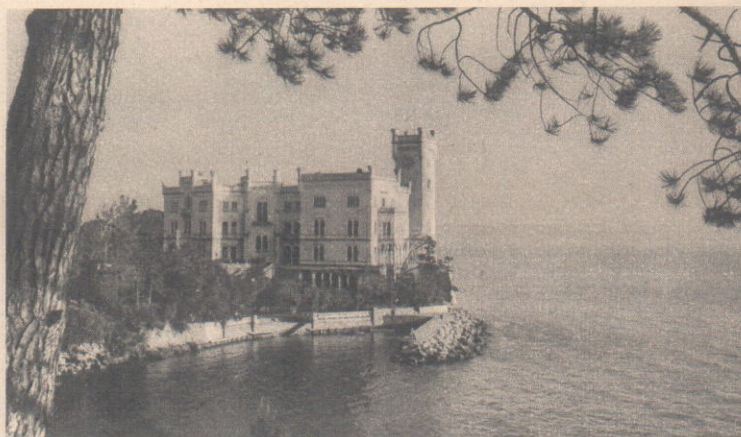
An alarming history indeed. — C. R. Lowman, Culm Davy, Hemyock, near Cullompton, Devon.

### TERRITORIAL OFFICERS

I am serving on a two-year voluntary engagement with the Territorial Army. Can I apply for a Territorial commission? If I were successful, would it affect my agreement to serve for two years? What rate of pay and what bounty would I get when commissioned? Is it possible to transfer from one arm of the service to another while serving in the Territorial Army? — C. J. Stalton, 2 Park Avenue, Roker, Sunderland.

★ Volunteers serving in the Territorial Army are eligible for Territorial commissions. They must pass a selection board and do a special course of training at an officer cadet school instead of the annual training with their units. When a soldier obtains a commission he is discharged from his Territorial engagement. Territorial officers are not commissioned for any fixed period and during a national emergency they are not allowed to resign their commissions.

A Territorial officer receives no bounty. Second-lieutenants are paid



Miramare Castle, Trieste: Has it a hoodoo? See letter "Trieste Castle."

17s 6d a day while at annual camp and during periods of continuous training of more than eight hours.

Transfer from one arm to another in the Territorial Army is permitted if the consent of both commanding officers is obtained. More details on these subjects can be found in the pamphlet "The Territorial Army" which should be obtainable at any Territorial centre.

### BOUNTY

According to Article 135 of Army Order 18 of 1949, a soldier who undertakes a regular engagement while serving on a short-service engagement receives a special bounty of £25 on the date his short-service engagement would have expired, although he does not receive the normal short-service engagement bounty. While serving for a four-year period I changed my engagement to complete 22 years with the Colours. When I applied for the special bounty I was informed that I was not eligible for it. Why is this? — S/Sgt. J. Coulson, 514 Army Fire Brigade, RASC, Bovington Camp, Wareham, Dorset.

★ The special bounty referred to in Article 135 of Army Order 18 is payable only when a soldier is discharged from a short-service engagement to undertake a normal regular engagement of 12 years. Men who merely extend their short-service engagements for a certain period in order to complete 22 years for pension are not eligible for it.

### FALSE CREDIT

At the end of 1950 I was notified that my account was in credit. Shortly after I had drawn the money another note came from the Paymaster to say that the credit balance had been a mistake and that I was now in debt. My pay is being restricted to fulfil a debt which has been caused through the inefficiency of the Pay Office. Can I appeal against it? — "Lance-Corporal," Newbury (name and address supplied).

★ If a soldier incurs a debt he is liable to repay it whether it was incurred through his own fault or not. After all, he has had the money when he was not entitled to it. If a shopkeeper accidentally gave him change for a five-pound note instead of a pound note, he could hardly demur at being asked to hand back the difference. If a soldier is suffering undue hardship, however, by repayment of a debt incurred without his knowledge and through no fault of his own he can apply for it to be written off as a debt to the public.

### BELT-HOOKS?

It is a strange thing that in no sergeants' mess, either old or new, is provision made for depositing belts. A sergeant or a warrant officer usually has to take it off when he enters the mess. Why not provide a hook for it underneath the hat-peg? — WO I B. Aldersen, REME.

### CAVALRY CHARGES

You stated in the January issue that the 12th Royal Lancers have "the almost exclusive distinction" of using the lance in World War One. Am I right in telling my mates that the 7th Dragoon Guards and the Deccan Horse charged trench lines and barbed wire with lances during the battle of the Somme in 1916? — "Trooper" (name and address supplied).

★ The 7th Dragoon Guards and the Deccan Horse certainly had some mounted action during the Battle of the Somme but, according to the records of the 7th Dragoon Guards, they were not used to charge trenches protected by barbed wire. The role of the Cavalry was to exploit forward after the Infantry had made gaps in the German trench lines. On 14 September 1916 tanks were used for the first time to make the breakthrough, while Cavalry followed up to exploit success. One of the last actions of the war was a Cavalry charge. The 7th Dragoon Guards were busy capturing Lessines, a river bridge, 24 Germans and a machine-gun at half-past ten on the morning of 11 November 1918.

### WILLING EXILE

Can I cancel my PYTHON home posting? For a man with a family in an overseas theatre, returning to Britain at the end of a tour is often nothing but an inconvenience. Apart from the domestic angle, I am at present in a good position for promotion. I shall lose this on being home-posted. — Lance-Corporal, BAOR 23 (name and address supplied).

★ Soldiers may apply to extend their overseas tour by not more than one year or to serve a second consecutive tour of at least two years in the same command. It must, however, be in the interests of the Service that they should remain abroad and they must be medically fit. Applications should be made, in the first instance, to the officer commanding the unit. Further details can be found in Appendix A to ACI 981/1949.

### FRONTIER FILMS

In "Hollywood Turns To Kipling's India" (*SOLDIER*, May) you mention a number of American-made films about the British Army on the North-West Frontier, and ask "Why can't we film our own Army?"

I seem to remember a British film called "The Drum." Was not this about the North-West Frontier? — James Casey, Enfield.

★ "The Drum" was produced for London Films by Sir Alexander Korda in 1938. It was based on a story by A. E. W. Mason about an uprising on the Frontier and the attempted ambush of British soldiers. Appearing in it were Sabu, Raymond Massey, Valerie Hobson, Roger Livesey.

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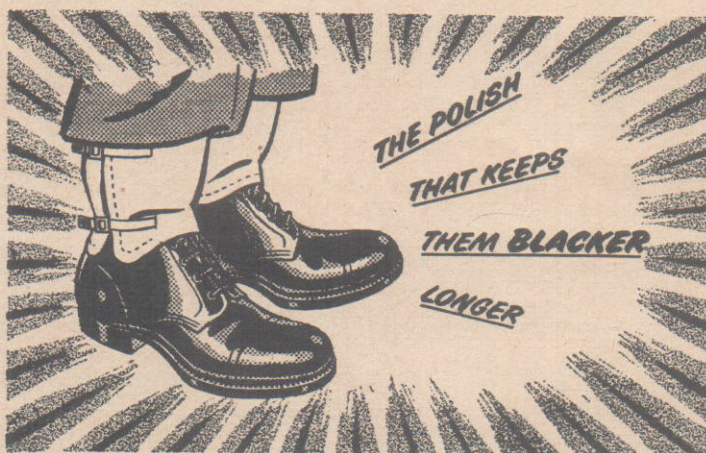
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