

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NINEPENCE

JUNE 1954



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From: Air Marshal

Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

**To: All Serving or About to Serve in
Her Majesty's Forces**

Subject: SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

Many of you will be used to this way of starting a message and those of you who are about to join the Services will soon grow accustomed to it!

You may say that you find it hard enough to save in "Civvy Street" so how on earth can you do so in the Services? However, if you think about it seriously there is no better time to start — if you haven't already done so. Every unit in all the services "lays on" National Savings facilities and the Unit Savings Officer will be only too pleased to help would-be savers.

I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

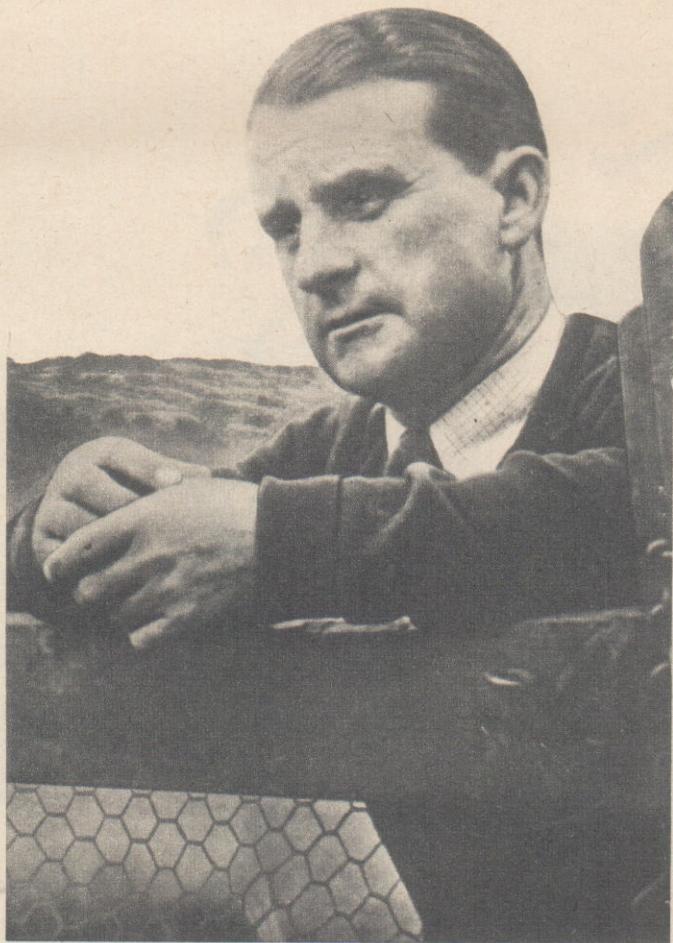
I also commend Forces Savings for mention by parents and friends to young men who are going into the Services (and to young women too, as in the Women's Services there are some of our best savers!).

We have an excellent series of leaflets (shown above) which tell, in simple language, all about Forces Savings. Why not write for a copy of the one which applies. Address your letter to me:—

Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,
H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
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Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

Eaton Hall, "Sandhurst of the North": officer cadets head for the tennis courts.

THE EATONIANS

THE Duke of Wellington may or may not have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton. But if there is another war the historians will be able to record that the British Army won many of its battles on the playing-fields—and in the classrooms—of Eaton Hall.

Since 1947 about 8000 National Service Infantry officers have been trained at Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School, near Chester. The present output is 1500 officers a year. Many have already led their platoons in action in Korea and Malaya and others are now fighting Mau Mau in Kenya. Increasingly, Eaton Hall is helping to build up the reserve of Territorial Army officers who would be the first to be called back to the Army in an emergency.

For seven years, too, the School has given Infantry training to officer cadets of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Corps of Military Police,

the Intelligence Corps and the Royal Army Medical Corps (non-medical). Since 1952 cadets of the Royal Marines have been trained at the School. It also accepts cadets from overseas armies. In recent times it has welcomed West Africans, Iraqis, Rhodesians, Malays, Tamils and Chinese from Malaya, Saudi Arabians, Thailanders and an Egyptian.

Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School takes its name from the great mansion and 350-acre estate which for centuries was the seat of the Grosvenor family, and which the Duke of Westminster leased to the War Office in 1947. Twice rebuilt in the 19th century, in variants of the Gothic style,

Eaton Hall today is a curious mixture of the ducal splendour of the past and the military utilitarianism of the present.

The courtyard where nobles and their ladies used to drive up in phaetons and broughams is dotted about with brick huts which serve as sleeping quarters for most of the 600 officer cadets under training. The main entrance through the Golden Gates is now the parade-ground, and cadets drill in the shadow of the colossal equestrian statue of Hugh Lupus, the first Duke of Westminster's ancestor.

On each side of the Golden Gates stands a flag-pole. One flies the regimental flag of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the regiment to which the Commandant, Colonel D. M. Shaw, DSO, MC, belongs. The other bears the flags of regiments whose battle

honours are being celebrated that day. On Waterloo Day ten flags are run up on this mast. In the nearby guardroom are kept the flags of 71 regiments.

The stables, which once accommodated some of the best racehorses in the country, have now become the quartermaster's stores. In the rooms above, where grooms and their families lived, cadets now sleep five or six to a room.

When the Army took over Eaton Hall most of the rich furnishings were removed, but some of the splendour of a past age still remains. On their way to the Commandant's office cadets now walk (in ammunition boots!) along pillared corridors delicately coloured with antique mosaic marble from Pompeii and Rome, from Sicily, Spain and Wales. The Commandant's office is part of the Ormonde

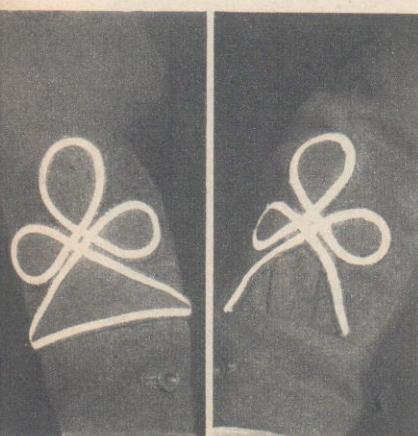
OVER

THE EATONIANS

continued



Above: The Commandant, Colonel D. M. Shaw DSO, MC, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Right: RSM A. Tomlinson, Coldstream Guards, instructs a new squad of cadets in the drill of grounding arms.



Outstanding cadets are appointed Under Officers and wear Austrian knots on their sleeves. The knot on the left denotes a Senior and that on the right a Junior Under-Officer.

Suite where members of the Royal Family and nobility were lodged as guests of Dukes of Westminster.

In place of the paintings by famous old masters now hang notice-boards bearing company orders, a collection of the School's sports trophies and varnished honours boards listing cadets who have won the Stick of Honour at each passing-out parade since 1948.

The State bedrooms, shorn of their drapings, are now six-man barrack-rooms housing part of the company which lives in the Hall itself. In the saloon, now an ante-room for senior cadets, the tall chimney-piece bears finely carved alabaster figures representing the Courts of Love—a rather more ornate and romantic

background than most cadets are likely to find when posted to their regiments.

Above the main staircase thickets of antlers belonging to animals shot in many parts of the world decorate the richly-carved paneling. The Army has made its own modest contribution: the skull of a sheep found at the battle camp at Okehampton stands incongruously next to the huge head and trunk of a stuffed elephant.

In their spare time cadets roam the magnificent gardens which sweep down to the River Dee or over the rolling grasslands of the estate. They may play on a nine-hole golf course or work off their high spirits on the rugby, soccer and hockey pitches, squash court or hard tennis courts. Sport is

compulsory on three afternoons a week, for the School believes that competitive sport is one of the best ways of fostering leadership and team spirit.

The course at Eaton Hall lasts 16 strenuous weeks against Sandhurst's 18 months. More than half the training periods are devoted to tactics. At the end cadets must be fit to command a platoon in action and, if necessary, take over a company. Partly because of the pre-selection process, which weeds out doubtful starters, and largely because of the high standard of instruction, very few cadets fail to make the grade. Last year only 22 out of 1500 were returned to their units and two of these did so at their own request.

Throughout the course each

Through the 200-years-old Golden Gates marches a squad of cadets in their third week's training.





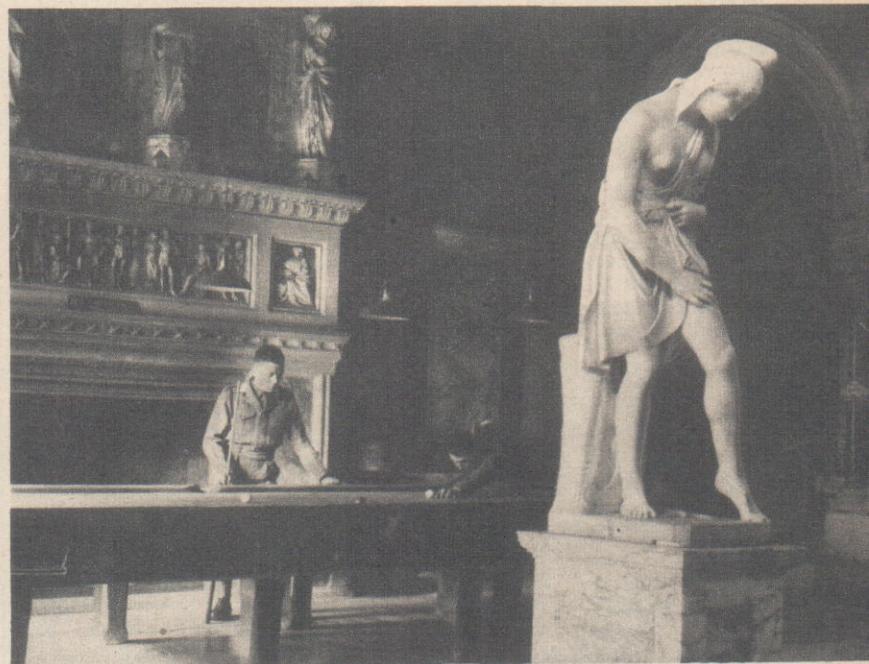
Above: Eaton Hall's assault course is one of the toughest in the Army. This chain-walk is suspended between trees and is 15 feet high. **Left:** "Mind my face!"

Right: The Wounded Amazon modestly turns her back lest she distract the attention of the billiards players.

cadet is given opportunities to display his powers of leadership. Outstanding cadets of each intake are made Under Officers. Four Junior Under Officers are appointed in their ninth week of training and one of these is selected as a Senior Under Officer in the twelfth week and assumes responsibilities delegated by the instruction staff. Each week in turn cadets are appointed platoon sergeants or section commanders.

At the end of six weeks each platoon undergoes a strict inspection by the Adjutant before being "passed off the square," an occasion which gives the cadet the right to carry a stick when he goes from one parade to another. The next landmark is the eighth or tenth week when he takes part in a three-days and two-nights defence and patrol exercise, living as near to active service conditions as possible. Then he spends four weeks at battle camp at Okehampton.

OVER



Below: Eaton Hall trains cadets from overseas, too. Three Iraqis draw their kit from the quartermaster's stores.





Eight pairs of famous lovers, carved in alabaster, look down from the handsome ducal chimney-piece in the senior cadets' ante-room.

THE EATONIANS (continued)

There are three written examinations—two on military knowledge and one on signals—but even if a cadet fails these he can re-sit them and still pass out of Eaton Hall with a good report and receive his commission.

While at Eaton Hall a cadet can decide to become a Regular officer—one in 10 of each intake does so—and in this event the applicant goes to Sandhurst after finishing his Eaton Hall training.

Passing-out parades are held every fortnight on the barrack-

square, when parents are invited to attend. Twice a year—in May and September—come the special passing-out parades on the polo field. In the past the salute has been taken by the Queen, when she was Princess Elizabeth, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Field-Marshal Lord Alexander, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim and Field-Marshal Sir John Harding. At each parade the outstanding cadet is presented with a leather stick mounted with an inscribed silver ring.

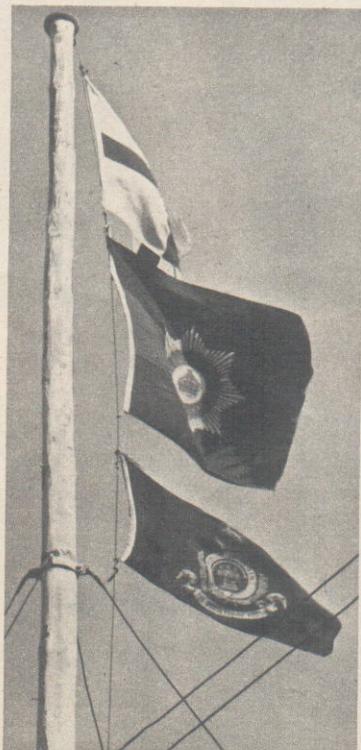
The Commandant, Colonel Shaw, had several officers trained at Eaton Hall posted to him when he commanded his regiment in Malaya. "They were absolutely first-class," he told **SOLDIER**. "While the course at Eaton Hall is short, it is intensive and designed to build up a young man's confidence and personality. If a cadet, no matter what his accent or what family he comes from, shows signs of being a leader we can make him into a first-class officer."

The School hopes soon to take over the whole of Eaton Hall and to build a "Sandhurst Block" in place of the brick huts on the courtyard. As a result many more cadets will be housed in the Hall itself. Officer cadets of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers will then receive their Infantry training at Mons Officer Cadet School, along with cadets of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Army Service Corps.

Soon, too, Old Eatonians will be able to identify each other in civilian clothes. An old school tie in blue with thin red stripes, and bearing the portcullis of the Duke of Westminster's coat-of-arms, has been produced and will shortly be on sale.

E. J. GROVE

On the battle-honour flag pole fly the flags of the Brigade of Guards and the Dorsetshire Regiment below that of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.



SOLDIER to Soldier

WHEN the George Cross was instituted in 1940 it was looked on primarily as a civilian award.

Yet anyone who scans the lists of those who have won this decoration will find that the names of Servicemen preponderate.

This does not necessarily mean that Servicemen are braver than civilians. It may mean that, because of the hazards of their calling, Servicemen have more opportunities to display off-the-battlefield gallantry—rescuing people from exploding ammunition, for example, or from blazing aircraft.

To win the George Cross it is necessary to perform an action for which purely military honours are not usually granted, an action which calls for most conspicuous courage in circumstances of extreme danger.

Probably nobody imagined, back in the innocent days of 1940, that prisoners of war would qualify for the George Cross. Traditionally, those prisoners who escaped, in daring circumstances, and rejoined their own lines were given awards for gallantry. But who supposed that one of the highest awards for bravery would fail to be awarded to prisoners of war for resisting torture?

Fusilier Derek Kinne, of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, and Lieutenant Terence Waters, of the West Yorkshire Regiment (attached to the Glosters) were awarded the George Cross for defying brutal treatment and intimidation by their Communist captors in Korea. Other British prisoners of war were also honoured for resisting physical and mental oppression.

These were not, of course, the first to earn George Crosses for such resistance. Mrs. Odette Churchill and Wing-Commander Yeo-Thomas, who defied Gestapo thugs in World War Two, have the proud letters GC after their names. As special agents, they had known to expect special treatment when captured. But in the past soldiers have not often been called on to face deliberate brutalities in captivity, designed to make them profess allegiance to repugnant ideals.

There was, of course, the legend of Private Moyse, of The Buffs, who defied an Oriental tyrant long before the George Cross was instituted. Captured, and ordered to *kow-tow* before a Chinese mandarin, he refused, and was cut down. There was a poet ready to immortalise Private Moyse:

*Ay, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame—
He only knows that not through
him
Shall England come to shame.*

We are embarrassed by heroic verse nowadays, but it is clear that the spirit of Fusilier Kinne was substantially that of Private Moyse, nearly 100 years ago. The Fusilier was beaten, stripped, prodded with bayonets, kicked, spat on, flogged unconscious, thrown in a dank hole with rats—yet still he remained "un-cooperative." And, happily, he retained not only his self-respect but his life. The citation ends: "His powers of resistance and his determination to oppose and fight the enemy to the maximum were beyond praise. His example was an inspiration to all ranks who came into contact with him."

To Lieutenant Waters, a badly wounded man, fell a more difficult decision. He still felt himself responsible for his men's lives, and in order that they should receive the essentials of existence he ordered them to pretend to accept an offer to become "peace fighters." But, as his citation says, "while realising that this act would save the lives of his party, he refused to go himself, aware that the task of maintaining British prestige was vested in him." The enemy tried again to break him, but without success. Soon afterwards he died.

There is more than one honourable way to behave in captivity. These awards of the George Cross show that the nation does not forget those soldiers who hold out, proudly and stubbornly, on the lonely battlefield of the human mind.

ONE day in 1915 the editor of an American newspaper left town and, in his absence, his 14-year-old son decided to write a leading article for the paper.

The town badly wanted a town hall, but money was scarce because of the demands of the armed forces. So the 14-year-old son wrote a leader highly critical of the military, ending with a sentence which he thought "the finest thing since the time of Cicero." It ran: "In war, and in war alone, lies the glory of the military profession."

When his father returned and read the editorial, he gave his son such a talking-to that he was not able to sit down for a day or so.

The son has since made amends. He is now General Alfred M. Gruenther, Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, potential commander of three-and-a-half million men.

TOWN WITH TWO REGIMENTS

There are counties without regiments of their own—yet one small town in Northern Ireland has sired two famous British regiments. Its name is Enniskillen.

IF the ghost of Gustavus Hamilton walks this summer in Enniskillen, he will be a proud spirit.

From somewhere in the hilly main street, Gustavus will surely watch when the town bestows its Freedom on the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, as in 1952 it bestowed its Freedom on the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Enniskillen is the only town to have given its name to two regiments of the modern Regular Army—and Gustavus deserves the credit.

Gustavus, a Fermanagh man, was governor of Enniskillen when the deposed King James II attempted a come-back in Ireland. To hold the town for King William of Orange, Hamilton raised a troop of Horse and two companies of Foot. They not only defended the town; they sallied forth to attack their enemies. In 1689, survivors of Hamilton's force were formed into regiments of which the two which bear the name of Inniskilling today are direct descendants.

That the two regiments do not spell the name in the same way as the town is less surprising than that both regiments use the same spelling. One historian of Enniskillen lists 34 ways in which the name has been written since 1567, and another historian gives several earlier ones.

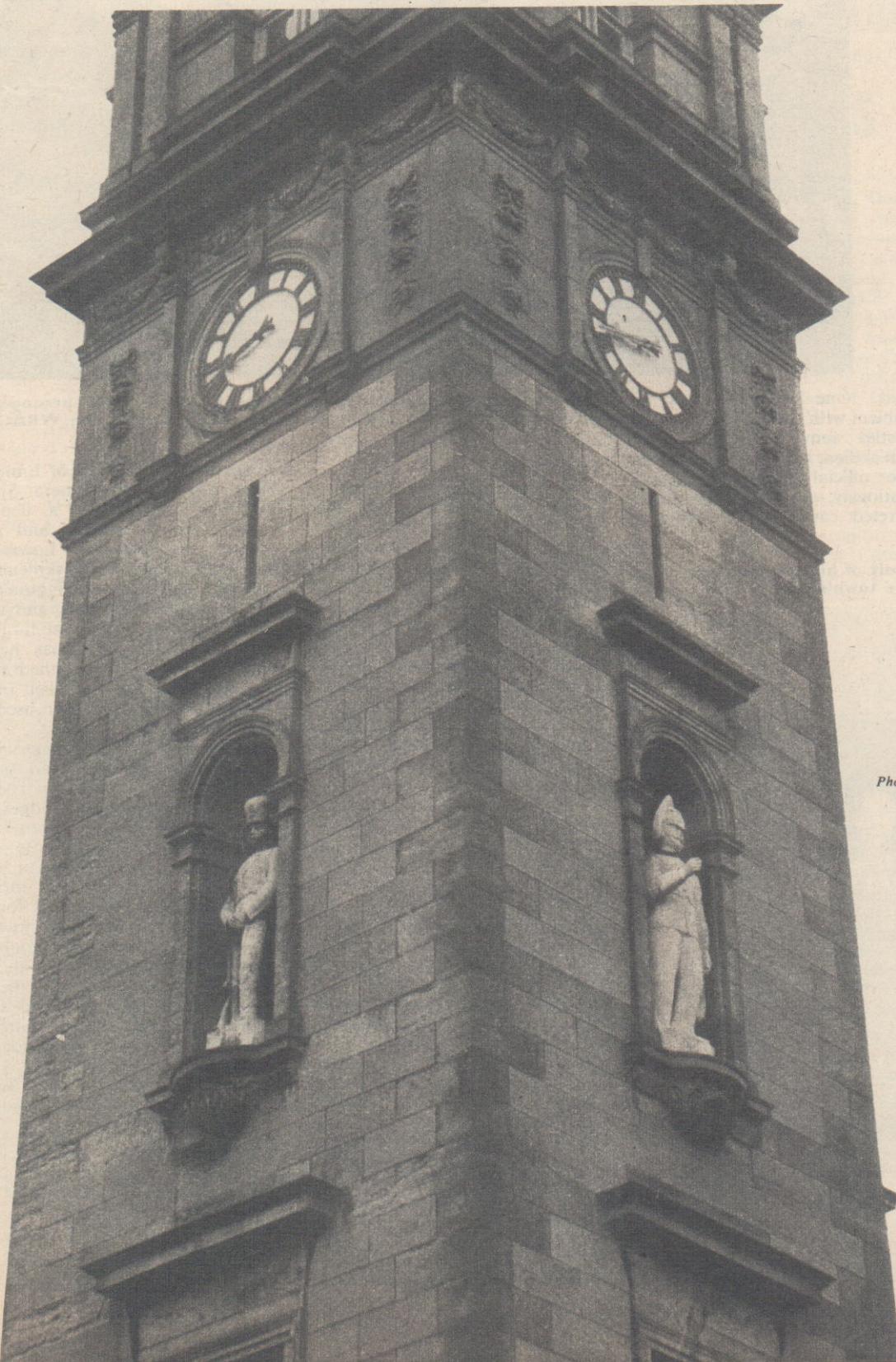
It is believed to have started out as Innis Cethlen, meaning Cethlen's Island and named after the wife of Balor of the Mighty Blows, a legendary king of Ireland. On this island, at a natural crossing-place in Lough Erne, the Maguires, chieftains of Fermanagh, built a stronghold, 600 years ago or more.

Today's Enniskillen has outgrown Cethlen's Island. From a population of 5000, ten years ago, it has grown to 7000. After centuries in which two bridges—one to the east and one to the west—had been enough for its traffic, Enniskillen now has a third, to the north. It has been built since World War Two and links the town with new housing estates.

Industry has come to Enniskillen, most notably in the form of a nylon-stockings factory and a pig-processing plant. **OVER** 

From the clock tower of Enniskillen Town Hall, a Fusilier and a Dragoon maintain watch over Cethlen's Isle.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman W. H. STIRLING





The ancient water-gate of Enniskillen Castle. It inspired the crest of at least one regiment.

TOWN WITH TWO REGIMENTS

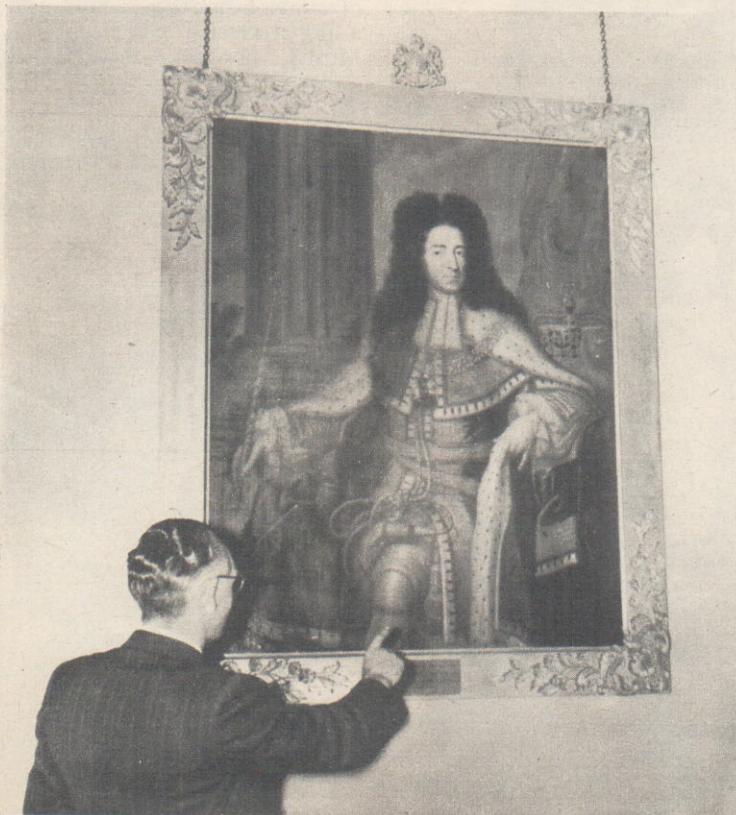
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district is devoted to farming. A few tourists pass through the area to admire the scenery of Fermanagh, a county which boasts one-fifth of its area under water and an island for every day of the year.

On a corner of Cethlen's Island, Enniskillen Castle stands firmly behind its ancient, twin-turreted water-gate. The water-gate (it is now bricked-up and nobody can find the entrances to the turrets) appears in the crest of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. Whether the three-turreted castle on the badge of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers is Enniskillen or not, however, is uncertain. The Army List says

it is. One historian links the emblem with the defence of Crom Castle, some 15 miles from Enniskillen, by Hamilton's forces. The official regimental history cautiously concludes the three-turreted castle is "symbolic of

King William III presented this portrait of himself, and one of his Queen, to Enniskillen in thanks for the town's service to his cause.



In the council chamber, Mr. N. J. Connor, the Town Clerk, arranges some of Enniskillen's gifts from local units—including the WRAC.

Enniskillen."

Most of the Castle now has a civilian use. The yard contains the county council's steam-roller and yellow-painted snow-ploughs. Where the guard-room was, the county surveyor has his offices. The keep (with walls six feet thick at the bottom), which the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers would like to use as a museum, houses a speech clinic and an agricultural drainage office. Only "D" Company of the 5th Battalion, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, retains some part of the Castle for military purposes.

There are no military uniforms to be seen, but there are military commands to be heard at the old Cavalry barracks, a hundred yards or so from the Castle. According to Alderman T. H. Algeo, 84-year-old deputy Mayor of Enniskillen, it is about 50 years since the Cavalry barracks housed soldiers. They have been rebuilt and are now the depot of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, a force which customarily obtains instructors from the Irish Guards. Its young constables go on the beat with loaded pistols in their belts.

Farther up the hill, St. Macartin's Cathedral does duty as home church for both the Inniskilling regiments. Colours and Guidons hang in its nave. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers' Book of Remembrance is here. A notable tablet commemorates

the six sons of a rector of Enniskillen, among them General Sir Frederick Maude VC, a lieutenant-general, a colonel and a captain. Sir Galbraith Lowry-Cole, a descendant of Enniskillen's founder, one of Wellington's generals in the Peninsula and a colonel of the 27th (Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), also has his memorial here. The cathedral has a carillon, one large bell of which is made from cannon used at the Battle of the Boyne.

Much of the town's armorial bearings pays tribute—open or symbolic—to the military. The design incorporates three bridges, each with three arches to represent the three Foot regiments—Tiffin's, Lloyd's and Hamilton's Inniskillings—which merged into the Fusiliers, and four arches for the four Horse regiments now represented by the Dragoon Guards. For "supporters" the bearings have an officer of the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons and a private of the 27th Inniskilling Regiment of Foot, in Waterloo dress.

In the Town Hall—where, as in the cathedral, Colours and

THIS MODERN ARMY

On the notice board of Shrewsbury Golf Club appeared a proposal form which read:

Name of person proposed: Private (at present)
Proposer: Lieutenant-Colonel
Seconder: Brigadier-General

Guidons are hung—one of the first things a visitor sees is a brass plaque to Captain L. E. G. Oates, the gallant Inniskilling Dragoon who walked out to his death in a blizzard near the South Pole to give Captain Scott and his other companions a better chance of survival.

The association of Enniskillen with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers has been close ever since the Regiment was formed. At one time its depot was there. Now it has its Territorials at the Castle. Mr. Thomas Allen (who is a magistrate and expert on juvenile delinquency) says: "Every house in the town has a connection with the Regiment, either through a father or a grandfather or through someone serving today."

Owing to the nature of a Cavalry regiment's life, the link with the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards has been less intimate, though the regiment has made many ceremonial visits to the town. The *Impartial Reporter*, Enniskillen's weekly newspaper, was able to report in March that the Borough Council had sent its customary gift of shamrocks to the Regiment and had received St. Patrick's Day greetings to the Mayor and citizens in return.

A few months ago the association was strengthened when a member of the Regiment, Serjeant J. Irving MM, took charge of the Army recruiting office, which until then had been run by a retired Fusilier. Serjeant Irving, first Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guard to be stationed in the

town for many years, is not concerned solely with recruiting for his own unit, but his records show that a start has been made in getting Enniskillen men back into its squadrons. "Everyone, from the Mayor down, has been wonderfully helpful," he told SOLDIER.

The Women's Royal Army Corps has done well at recruiting Territorial members in Enniskillen, but the North Irish Horse has outstripped the other Territorial units by attracting more recruits than its establishment of two troops in the town provides.

Permanent staff instructor to the North Irish Horse is Serjeant H. Stewart, who started his military career in Enniskillen with the Regiment when it was raised afresh in 1939, served with it until it was disbanded, signed on as a Regular and was posted to his present job when the Enniskillen troops were reformed in 1952. "C" Squadron, to which the Enniskillen troops belong, boasts the Territorial Army welter-weight boxing champion, Trooper D. Campbell, in its ranks.

Enniskillen is also the headquarters of the Fermanagh Home Guard Battalion, the most westerly Home Guard unit. It is commanded by one of the "Fighting Brookes," Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. John Brooke, son of Lord Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, and great-nephew of Field-Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Members of the Battalion include former paratroopers and frogmen.

The Army still has a foothold in Enniskillen Castle. Ancient stable doors, now partly bricked up, lead to Territorial Army offices.



Next for impaling: Captain King (Tyrone Power).

DIRE DAYS ON THE KHYBER

BRITAIN had her North-West Frontier, America her Wild West.

For every film about the old North-West Frontier, there are hundreds about the Wild West. And usually the films about the North-West Frontier are made by Americans, too. If Britain neglects her colourful military history, who can complain if Hollywood helps itself?

"King of the Khyber Rifles" is an American film. Critics may say it is, essentially, a Wild West story with Afghans instead of Red Indians, and the uniform of the United States Cavalry replaced by that of the Indian Army. Those who served on the North-West Frontier may find flaws in the film, but they can hardly fail to be excited by its dash and colour, made larger than life by Cinemascope.

"King" is Captain King, played by Tyrone Power. Rather bafflingly, he wears crown and pip on his collar; so does the general commanding Peshawar District ("misters" wear a single crown). When Captain King, ex-Sandhurst, is posted to Peshawar in Mutiny year his fellow officers evacuate the quarters they share with him faster than if he had athlete's foot, halitosis and the Black Death. His trouble is that he had a Moslem mother. The garrison commander puts him in command of the tough Khyber Rifles, whose language he speaks in more ways than one. King is not invited to the Queen's Birthday ball, however; as the general tells his nit-witted daughter (Terry Moore), who has fallen in love with the newcomer, the

officers' club has its rules, and he (the general) cannot over-ride them. It's tough on a Sandhurst man.

Holy men are prophesying that this, the hundredth year of British rule in India, will be the last. Peshawar awaits its first Enfields—a consignment that the iniquitous Kurram Khan has sworn to seize. Kurram Khan is King's half-brother—a nasty shock for Security, if there had been any.

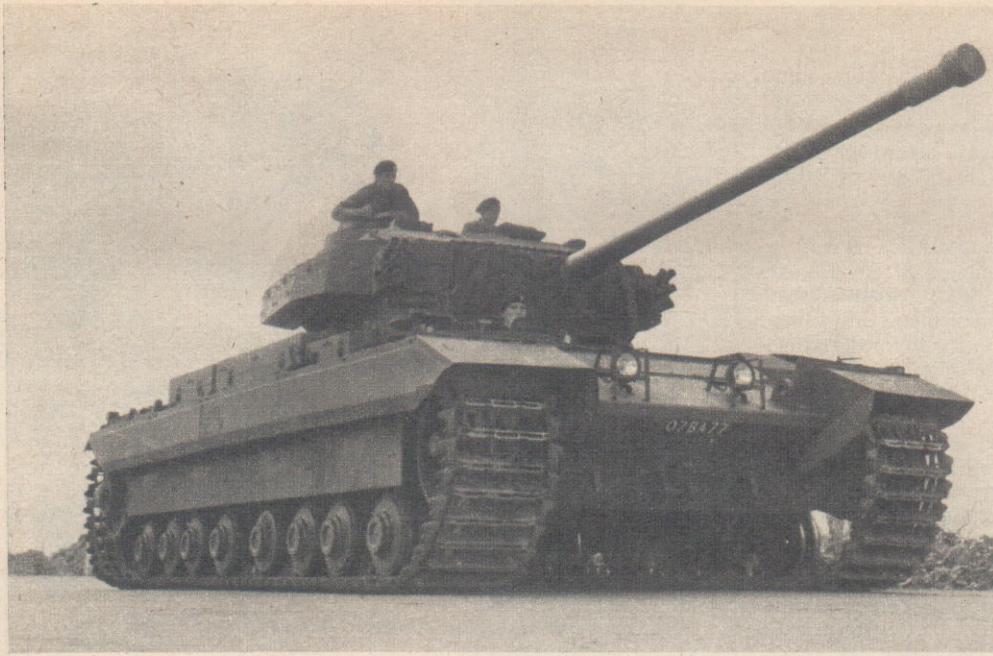
Ambushes and onslaughts are excitingly done. As in all such films, hero and villain are left to fight it out privately between themselves, seemingly for hours, while fury rages round them.

A vivid and exciting picture, for all its simplicities.

Now: who's going to film the Charge of the Light Brigade? It's a natural for Cinemascope.

The Indian Army (more or less) rides again . . .





The experimental Caernarvon, with its Centurion turret, appeared last summer.

A GIANT IN EVOLUTION

The Conqueror: it has a new turret and a more powerful gun than the Centurion.

Not much can be said about it yet—but Britain's new big tank has an excellent pedigree

BRITAIN'S new heavy-gun tank, the Conqueror, will soon be undergoing trials in the British Zone of Germany.

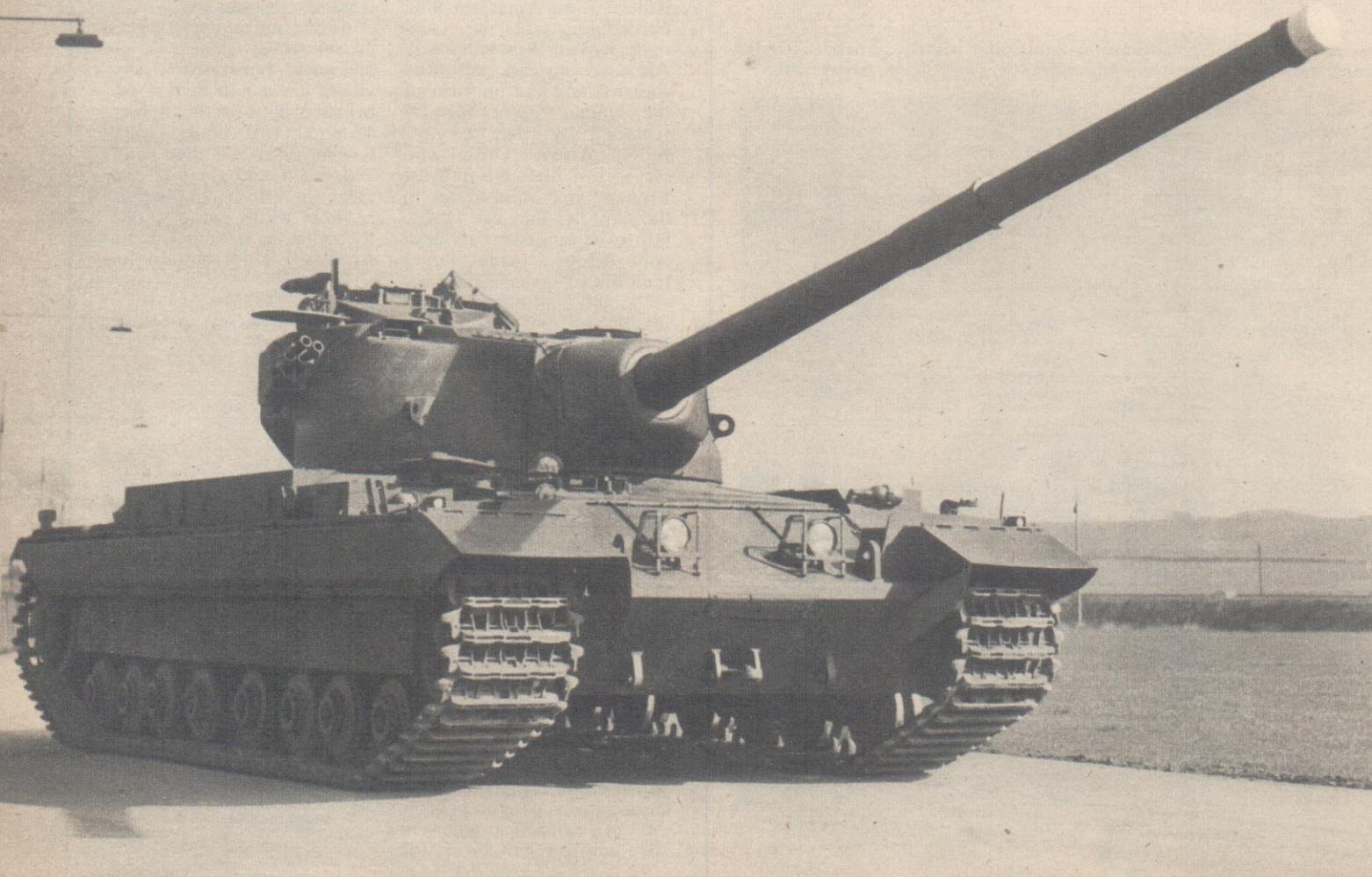
The photographs on this page show a giant in evolution. Last summer pictures were released of the Caernarvon, an experimental heavy tank designed to yield production data. The version of it seen on this page bore the familiar Centurion turret.

Now comes the Conqueror, with a similar hull to that of the Caernarvon, but a new turret and a more powerful gun than that of the Centurion.

Details and performance are secret. The Conqueror was developed by the same team which was responsible for the Centurion. It is more heavily armoured, has an improved suspension, is driven by the latest high-powered Meteor engine, and has the latest fire control system. It will carry a crew of four. In spite of its increased weight, the Conqueror is said to have a cross-country performance comparing favourably with that of the Centurion.

A heavy girder bridge, capable of carrying the Conqueror, is now in production.

The Conqueror will not replace the Centurion on the battlefield; it will have its own role.





IGLOOS ARE NOT EASY

Special report by Major A. L. KING-HARMAN, Royal Artillery

A hole is blown in the ice—one of a series of obstacles. The explosion was produced by the three grenades (see picture, right) lowered through a hole on a wire attached to a pole, and exploded six feet below the surface.

Building a bivouac when the temperature is far below zero calls for "know-how" and stamina—as British officers discovered in the snows of Norway

BRITISH OFFICERS UNDERGO STRENUOUS WINTER TRAINING AND LIVE IN SNOWHOLES AT MINUS 13 DEGREES FAHRENHEIT—ALL SURVIVE."

This headline in a Norwegian newspaper referred to the culminating exercise in a six-weeks course at the Norwegian School of Infantry in Elverum.

The course, which takes place each year, was attended by about 20 officers of the Army and Royal Marines. Uniforms and equipment were Norwegian, but instruction was given entirely in English by the Norwegian instructors.

The School barracks are situated at the southern end of the Glommer valley, about 120 miles north-east of Oslo and near the Swedish border. The area is hilly rather than mountainous

and lies in a belt of country noted for being colder than anywhere else in Europe; 56 degrees of frost (Fahrenheit) is a quite frequent occurrence—and 72 degrees of frost is not unknown.

To most British people skiing is merely a sport, whereas to many Scandinavians it is about the only way of moving about the countryside. Children go to school on skis, grown-ups ski to work and the army fights on skis. This being so, the Norwegian has

become a master of the technique of cross-country skiing, and it was this form of skiing—normally called *Langrenn*—that the British students started to learn in the deep snow in the hills above Elverum. Success in *Langrenn* depends on style and fitness. Style comes from constant practice of the "Diagonal gait" and the "Skating turn"—but Snow-plough turns, Stems, Christians and Telemarks were not neglected. Also, the art of waxing was taught. Skins are not used in Norway and as it is impossible to go down a hill without first climbing it, correct waxing is all-important.

Style is of little use unless it is combined **OVER** →



Left: Using an ice saw. A preliminary hole is drilled with an auger. The saw will cut through ice a yard thick.

Right: Big ice blocks must be pushed well under the main ice sheet if the obstacle is to be effective.

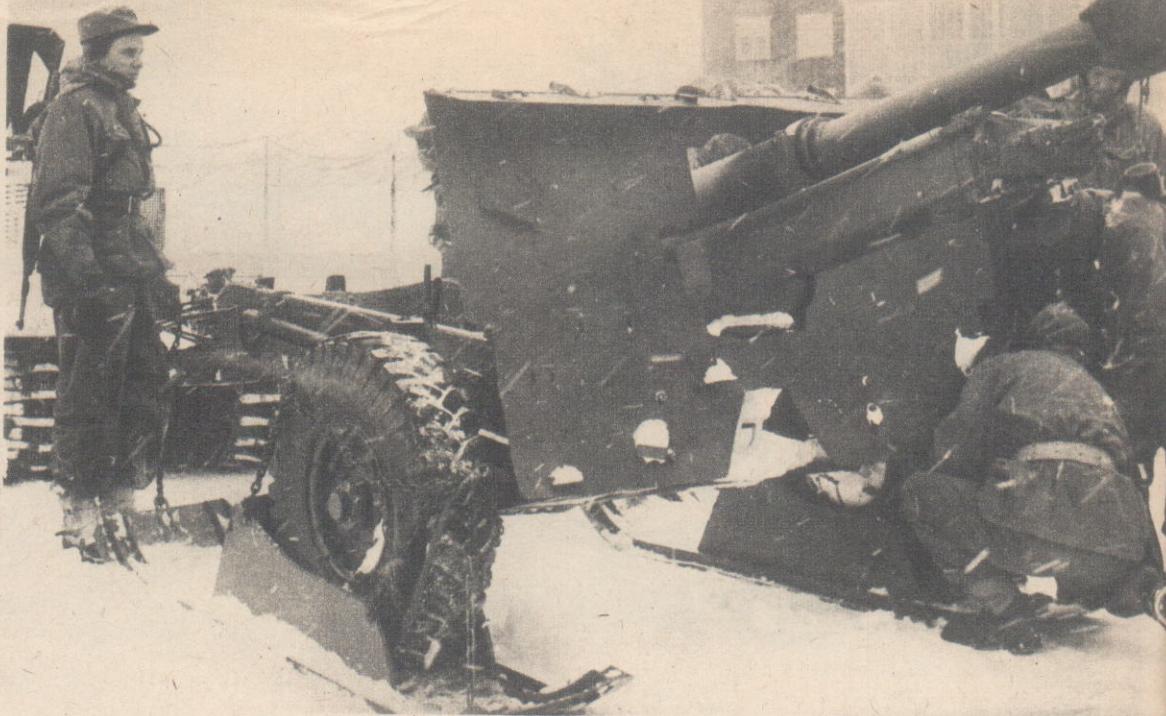


IGLOOS ARE NOT EASY

(continued)

Right: A field gun is fitted with sledges to enable it to ride behind a tractor over winter roads and hard snow.

Below: That Spring feeling . . . This manoeuvre is not taught to British students.



with fitness. Physical training on this course turned out to be a timed course on skis over varying distances. After ten days the students were panting round a six-kilometre course and taking 40 minutes to the circuit. Comparative times in skiing are misleading as the daily temperature has a very great effect on snow conditions. For instance, at 20 degrees Fahrenheit very fast times are possible, but as temperatures drop gliding becomes more difficult. At about minus 12 degrees skiing is such a tough proposition that racing is forbidden.

After three weeks most students had passed their civilian test with flying colours. This required a skier to cover 10 kilometres in 65 minutes—not a difficult proposition for a fit man. The military test was an entirely different affair—a 30-kilometre race in which both British students and Norwegian staff took part. Normal equipment was worn together with a 40-lb. pack and a rifle. After 15 kilometres ten rounds had to be fired on a 200-

yards range—each hit cutting two minutes off the final time. It was a stiff test for the British students, most officers clocking times of between two hrs 45 mins and three hours 15 mins. Captain J. B. Willis, 10th Royal Hussars, put up a magnificent effort to win a silver medal for the second year running with a time of 2 hours 35 mins.

The British officers found themselves formed into fighting patrols and given the task of raiding a bivouac at midnight some five or six miles distant through the forest. Alternatively a bivouac site had to be chosen and defended throughout the night. These exercises were of very great value. Mistakes made at night in near-Arctic temperatures can be very tedious and are seldom forgotten. Perhaps one of the most difficult problems in Norway is map-reading. There are no convenient "bushy-topped trees" or "church towers"; instead ski trails lead through tall forests devoid of landmarks.

The last fortnight included in-



Left: When this builder had finished his igloo they told him it was too high. Above: The pole of this tent is a chimney; on the base of it can be seen the stove.



What is it—sledge, half-track or motor-car? Snow warfare breeds strange hybrids which all seem to work. Reindeer are out.



Norwegian gunners are experimenting with this Canadian oversnow tractor for towing guns. Its path must be carefully reconnoitred to avoid damage to its tracks.



Ski stick baskets are adapted as a weapon support. Snowshoes can also be used.

struction and practice in living out of barracks. Progress was made from the comparative comfort of a tent to the varying degrees of misery of the wood bivouac, snow-hole and igloo. The Swedish tent holds about 16 men and is bell-shaped, with the centre pole acting as a chimney for a wood stove. The heat can be intense and it is possible to dry clothing and equipment in a few hours. Throughout the night the fire is kept going by a roster of fire-watchers; the normal watch is 45 minutes, which gives time for a shave and a cup of coffee. There are, of course, major snags. A brushwood floor is required for insulation and sufficient wood must be gathered for burning through the long Norwegian night. This means several hours of work by wood-chopping or brushwood-collecting parties.

After a long day of skiing in the intense cold, setting up camp is a laborious task. Food can only be cooked when all else is settled in; normally it is cooked individually.

Wood bivouacs entail much

work too. Even in pairs or fours, most of the British students took three or four hours to build shelters and cut enough wood for a night's fire. The insulation of this type of bivouac is poor and several officers spent a notably cold night with 20 degrees of frost round their ears. It should, however, be put on record that Second-Lieutenant P. H. Pettyfer, Royal Artillery, made and slept in a one-man bivvy. This was a remarkable achievement (if he really did sleep!) and earned a special diploma from the School of Infantry. On one much colder night two officers who had failed to make an igloo erected a small wood bivouac as a substitute, but the directing staff considered the risk of serious frostbite too great and they were removed—without much persuasion—to a warm tent.

There were still igloos and snowholes. The theory behind these is that the temperature of snow is zero and that if the cold outside air can be excluded it should be possible to spend a

relatively comfortable and warm night. "Fifty-four degrees of frost outside, Gentlemen, zero degrees inside" was the cheerful cry of the instructors. Igloos require much practice and a knowledge of the building trade; they are not recommended for students, as was found out by practical experience.

Nor are snowholes child's play—especially after a 30-miles trek on skis behind a tracked vehicle. The trouble with snowholing is that it is a very damp sport. As he toils a man sweats profusely, with the result that not only does he become wet inside his clothing but he causes the snow in the tunnel to melt and so soak the outside as well. When he emerges for a breather the whole of his clothing freezes stiff like cardboard and in a very short time he is liable to become very cold indeed; a rest is a short cut to frostbite. Somehow, however, the job was completed by most officers, brushwood laid on the floors of the holes and iceblocks jammed in the doorways to seal out the air (a

ski stick stuck through the roof gives ventilation). The next job is cooking—with metal tins that stick to the fingers. Then comes the last task, that of changing completely into dry clothing. This is not as bad as it sounds, though quite indescribable is the morning drill of putting on wet clothing and stuffing warm dry clothes back into a rucksack.

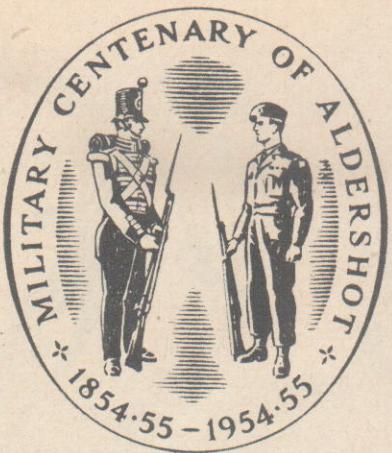
Norwegian diet on these occasions has the right number of calories but it is mostly milk, cheese and fish—and nearly always cold at that. Yet the high standard of fitness and the complete absence of illness among those on the course must be the proof of its effectiveness.

The Norwegian staff were most patient and helpful throughout, and earned the whole-hearted admiration of the British students. Imagine the School of Infantry at Warminster being asked to run a two-months course entirely in (say) French, and you will have some idea of the nature of the task undertaken so efficiently by the Norwegians.



The tent is up—ready for 16 or more men, who stoke the stove in turn. Right: A brushwood shelter for six.

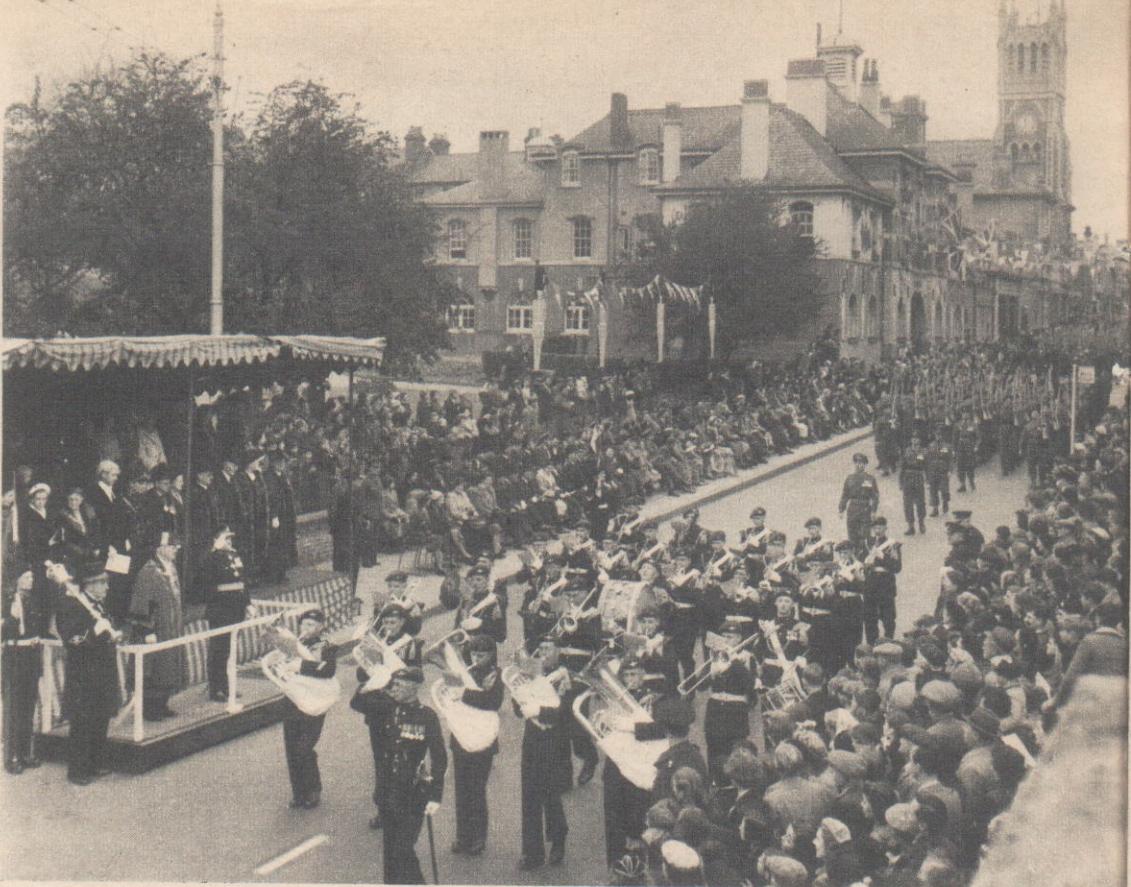




Aldershot's military centenary emblem. Used on business envelopes, it spreads the news around the world.

Right: Nobody thought of paratroops 100 years ago. A Parachute Regiment band was in the parade.

St. Alban's Garrison Church, a wooden building intended as a hospital for the Crimea, was one of the camp's first military churches.



THE PARTY WILL LAST ONE YEAR

Nobody is quite sure, to within a year, when Aldershot's history as a military town began. Centenary celebrations will span all possible dates



The Cavalry Barracks, built in the 1850's, were among the original permanent barracks in Aldershot. So were Badajoz Barracks (left).



ALDERSHOT is having a birthday party, and keeping it up for a year.

A century ago last April, the Army bought land around the village to set up a permanent camp. A century ago next April the first General Officer Commanding arrived to survey the command he was to take up a few weeks later.

Aldershot is uncertain which of these dates marks the beginning of its history as a military town, or whether it should be an intermediate day when building first started on the camp. So the Borough Council (which has three members appointed by the Secretary of State for War), the Army and the tradesmen set up a committee which devised celebrations to last from April 1954 to April 1955, thus covering the whole period.

Over the year there will be parades, church services, a beating of the bounds, sporting events, concerts, a festival of Aldershot and a carnival complete with beauty contest. In addition, hardy annuals like the town's trade and industry fair and the Army point-to-point will take on extra frills to celebrate the military centenary.

It is a modest programme, however, when contrasted with the spectacular reviews which Queen Victoria used to hold at Aldershot, or the great tattoos which were staged between the world wars in Rushmoor Arena.

One of the first events of this summer was a ceremonial march and drive through the town by some 3000 troops. It was not the sort of parade Aldershot knew during the first 80-odd years of its military history. The seasoned "field force" units which once sojourned in the garrison between overseas tours are nearly all scattered across the world. There were no Cavalry, Infantry, or Royal Artillery units to take part.

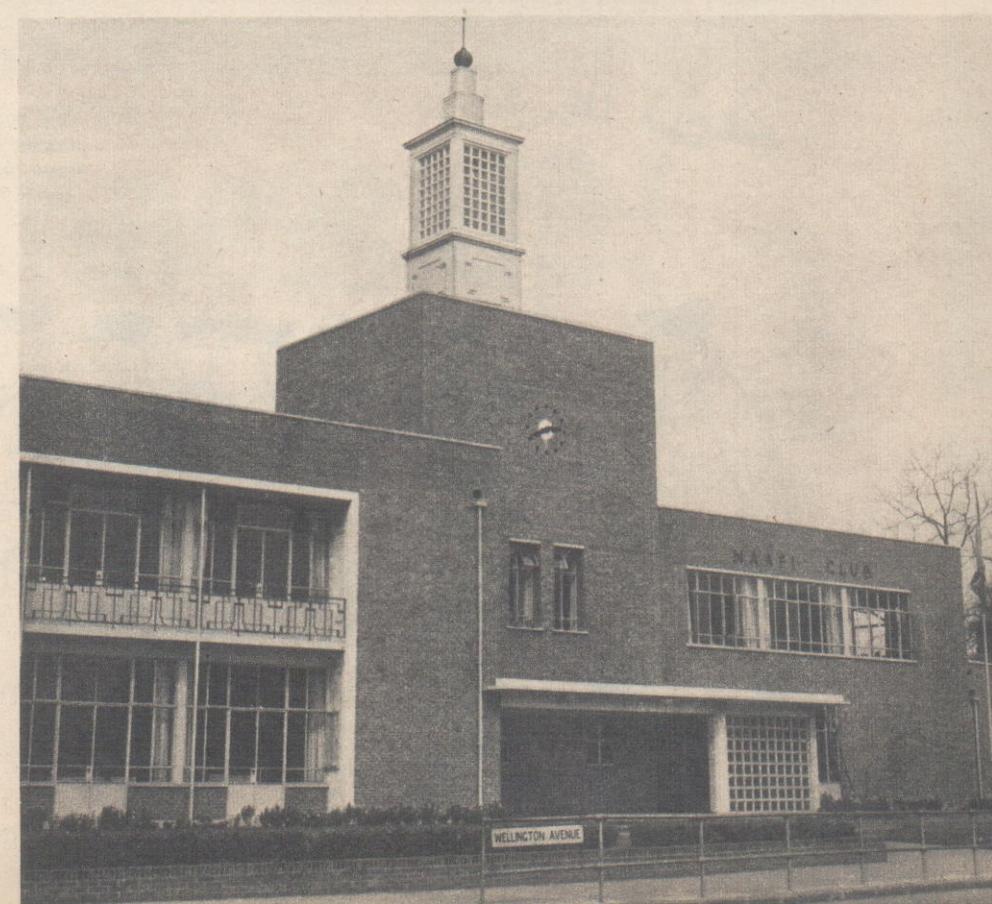
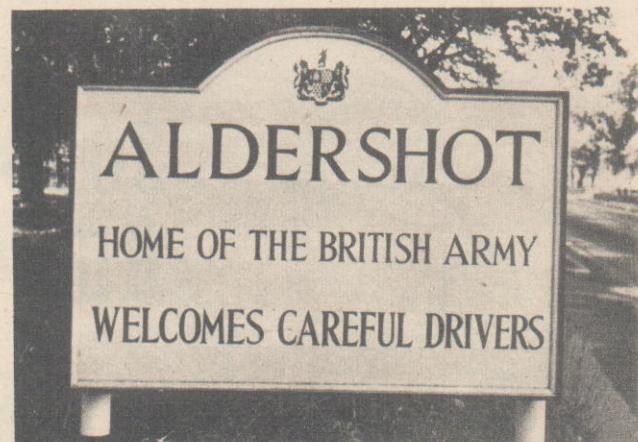
Military Aldershot now devotes most of its energies to training young soldiers for the corps and services of the Army. The men and women on parade came mainly from the depots and training units of the corps—Engineers, Airborne, Service, Medical, Ordnance, Pay, Dental, Catering, Nursing—and the Mons Officer Cadet School. Many of them had been in the Army only a few weeks.

Aldershot, which has been proud to label itself "Home of the British Army," may with equal justice and pride record that it enters its second military century as a nursery of the British Army. It offers its troops amenities undreamed-of in the days when Charles Dickens poked fun at it.

One of Aldershot's most up-to-date military buildings is the Army Catering Corps Centre, first occupied in 1940.

Aldershot combines a proud boast with a contribution to road safety.

In striking contrast to the canteens of 100 years ago is Aldershot's NAAFI Club, one of the most modern in Britain.



"This is what happens every time we have a regimental 'At Home'."



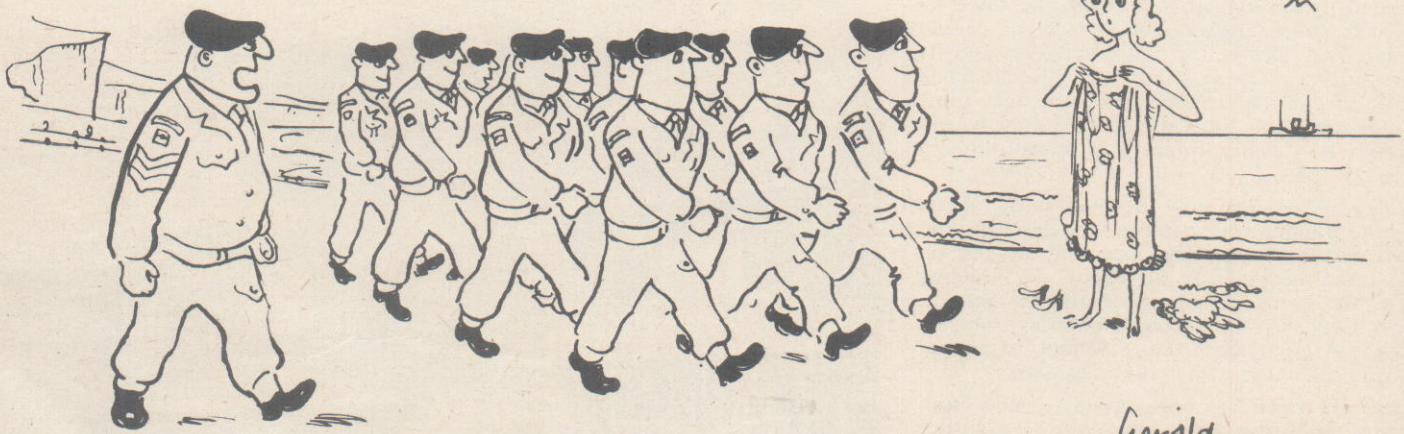
"Watch your step, my lad—you're getting too big for your boots."



SOLDIER HUMOUR



"It's got central heating, hot and cold water, spring interior mattresses, concealed lighting and fitted carpets—but you have to go outside if you want the NAAFI."



"I said 'Watch YOUR dressing'."



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"'TWAS ON A SUMMER'S DAY - THE SIXTH OF JUNE"



Off to the Second Front: Assault Royal Engineers join the Navy in dressing ship when leaving their English harbour. An Army bugler sounds "General Salute."

Right: The picture you have seen before—and will see again. It is one of the best action photographs ever taken of troops establishing a beachhead under fire.

A D-Day beach before invasion, photographed by a British aircraft. It is studded with obstacles. How many Germans can you spot—running or hiding?



'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of June:

I like to be particular in dates,
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;
They are a sort of post-house, where the Fates
Change horses, making History change its tune,
Then spur away, o'er empires and o'er states . . .

Byron: *Don Juan*



IT is ten years since Sir Winston Churchill told a tensed body of British troops: "You are about to embark on the greatest military hazard of all time."

That hazard was the Allied liberation of Europe. Although every foreseeable detail of the invasion had been worked out, although landings had been rehearsed on lonely British shores, the whole tremendous project was as vulnerable to bad weather as a vicarage garden party.

From the beginning of history nations had been invaded from the sea—and some of these adventures were magnificently conceived, brilliantly mounted. This time man was flouting the laws of Nature as never before—tracked vehicles were to swim, harbours were to put to sea, fuel was to be siphoned under the sea from one land to another. Yet Nature still had the last word.

The decision when to invade **OVER**
rested on one man's shoulders.



A strip of the invasion beach—showing men, barges, landing craft and assault vehicles.



Left: Bloody but unbowed: a soldier on a landing craft which received direct hits.
Above: a landing craft moves in towards the smoke-shrouded beaches.



Inland, the airborne were extracting jeeps and equipment from their gliders. Parachutists were already in action. Three Allied divisions went in by air. A few more who got their feet wet—on the beaches of 30 Corps.





THE SIXTH OF JUNE

continued

Ominous weather reports made General Eisenhower's problem a daunting one. But without hesitation he gave the signal that committed one hundred and forty thousand men to the assault. Before they landed in France, the English Channel saw what one historian called "the greatest incidence of mass sickness in the history of the world." But it needed more than sea-sickness to hold back these invaders. They were to make "history change its tune."

In a castle near Salzburg Hitler chuckled. So the Allies wanted to be annihilated, did they? His generals did not chuckle; they were too busy trying to buttress the crumbling East front. In death camps the news stirred the fears of thugs and executioners, of all "who bore to look on torture yet dared not look on war." In subject lands brave men ferreted out their hidden arms. From Joseph Stalin came a message: "It gives joy to us all."

The seaborne assault was made on a sixty-mile front—a front on which, thanks to furious bombardment, only one-sixth of the enemy's radar stations were working (and these were jammed). Naval guns and rocket batteries covered the landing of the five shock divisions: two British (3rd and 50th), one Canadian and two American. Commandos tackled special assign- **OVER** →

Over an American sector, at a later stage in the battle, gliders fly in supplies.

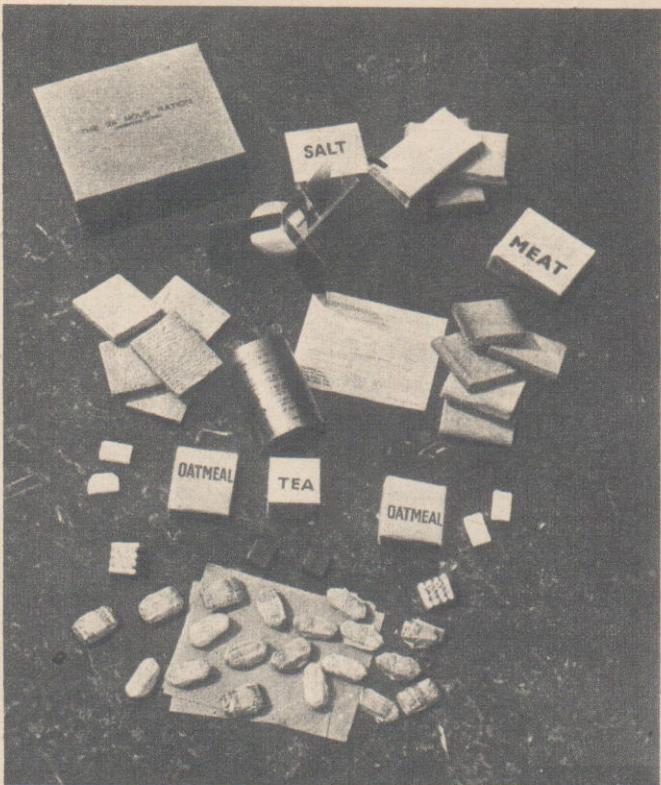
Right: First aid for one of the D-Day 140,000.

On a landing craft that was shelled, soldiers plug holes with a waterproofing compound.



Right: A few of the floating tanks: D-Day seas were too rough for them. Most went ashore on tracks. Crews wore modified Davis escape apparatus.

concluding **THE SIXTH OF JUNE**



Enough food on which to seize a beachhead: the 24-hour ration for D-Day men, complete with solid-fuel cooker and Army Form Blank. Below: German fortifications behind one of the invasion beaches.



ments. The airborne attack occupied three divisions, one British (6th) and two American. Before the Fortress of Europe fell, 90 Allied divisions were to be engaged.

On D-Day Rundstedt and Rommel had 59 divisions distributed over France and Flanders.

Though the Atlantic Wall itself proved easy to crack, the opposition behind it was tough—despite the great softening up by aerial fleets. Caen and Bayeux were to have fallen on the first day; but Caen did not fall for a month. Nevertheless, the slogging-match in the Caen sector was part of the grand plan. It was reckoned that every foot of ground the

enemy lost at Caen was equal to ten miles lost elsewhere. The German armies were thrown off balance—and the Americans seized their opportunity brilliantly.

Was it the last great invasion of its kind? A well-placed atom bomb would have put paid to the whole adventure. Those who are called upon to plan major invasions in the future—no matter where—will be faced with unprecedented problems of dispersal and deception. It may be that the D-Day records will be of little more help to them than the accounts of William the Conqueror's invasion.



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*When Colonels
are goading
and Majors exploding*



*And Captains are
at their wits' ends*

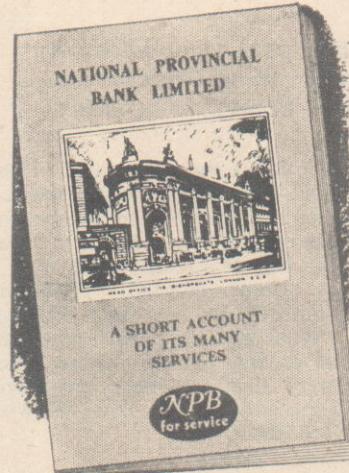


*Then a Sergeant who's wise
will firmly advise*



"Have a CAPSTAN

—they're made to make friends



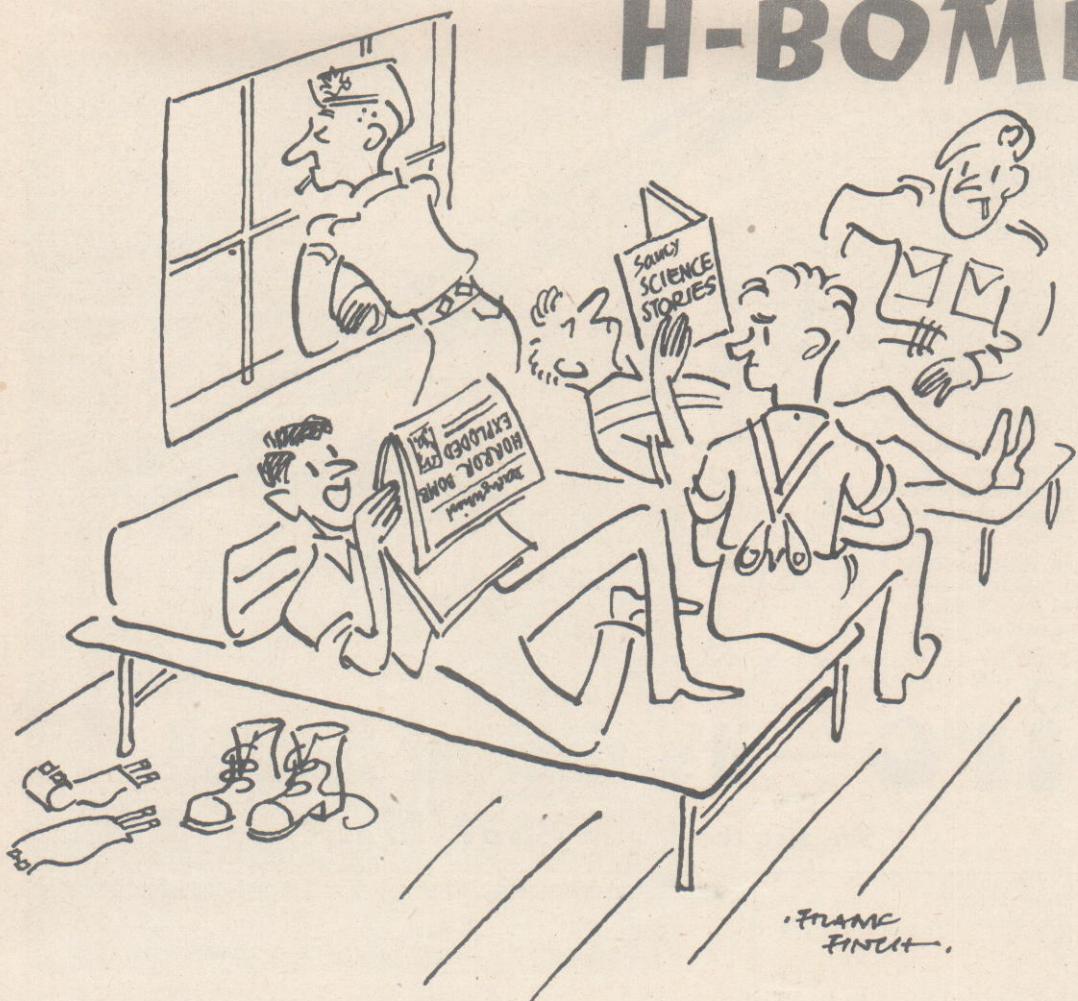
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HUT SIX ON THE H-BOMB



NOTE: The views on the hydrogen bomb voiced by the occupants of Hut Six, Lucknow Lines are not necessarily those of the Army Council or of NATO

"I SEE old Monty's been at it again," said Chalky White, who was lying on his bed studying a newspaper inscribed NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM CANTEEN. "In the next war," he says, "the safest place will be in the front line!"

"Oh well, they've got to get men into the Army somehow," said Ginger, who tried hard to be a cynic.

"Old Gruenthal's been at it too. He says NATO don't quite know what to do about this hydrogen bomb. It may or it may not mean dispensing with conventional troops."

"Does that mean us?" inquired Mad Harry, with a touch of anxiety.

"Yes, I suppose you could call us conventional troops," said Chalky. "Though that's not what the sergeant calls us. Anyway, it says here that NATO is going to take an objective view of the bomb. That should make you all happy."

Olly Oliver regretfully laid down his copy of *Saucy Science Stories*, where he had been read-

ing about the adventures of the only woman—a well-developed platinum blonde—to escape the destruction of the Earth in 1975. But he was a realist at heart.

"Atom bombs! Hydrogen bombs!" he said with disgust. "What gets me down is the idea of having to dig deeper holes every time we move anywhere. Especially if they issue us with lead suits."

"They wouldn't do that." Ginger sounded very positive.

"Why not?"

"Because lead's an unpolishable metal."

"They'd find some way of polishing it," chipped in Mad Harry. "If they tell you to polish a sponge, you just have to do it."

"We're getting away from the subject," complained Chalky White.

"Oh, is there a subject?" inquired Ginger, "I thought we were just having a conversation."

"I was talking about the hydrogen bomb."



"It says you'll be 'a far-flung community of immobile and dispirited troglodytes'..."

"Of course," said Ginger, "they may just give us lead umbrellas. One man would dig and the other would hold the umbrella over both of them."

"You fellows don't seem to know whether you're talking about the atom bomb or the hydrogen bomb," complained a grammar-school voice. It belonged to the Genius. "Not that it makes much difference. Do you know what it says in this magazine?" He pulled from under his pillow a weekly review, an unusual publication without a single picture (the Genius actually bought magazines like this). "It says that the Army in an atomic war is likely to degenerate into 'a far-flung community of immobile and dispirited troglodytes'!"

"I believe it," said Ginger. "What does it mean?"

"It means you'll all live in separate holes in the ground, and be damned miserable. There'll be no chance to hold high-toned discussions like this, for instance."

"That's right," said Chalky White, fearing that he was losing the initiative to the Genius. "Dispersal—that'll be the word. And I mean Dispersal. 'A' Platoon will be twenty miles from 'B' Platoon. You'll never see the CO from one year's end to another. No parades. No inspections."

"No education?" asked Mad Harry, hopefully.

"I suppose the sergeant-major will call up by radio each morning to ask if we've shaved properly," said Ginger.

"How'll we get paid?" asked Mad Harry.

"You'll nip out of your hole once a week and go along to the nearest post office," suggested Ginger.

"What about grub?"

"We'll all live off the land, like Commandos."

"Or spivs."

"I don't hold with Dispersal," said Mad Harry. "I was on an exercise once where they had Dispersal. What it means is you never see a NAAFI wagon."



"Every soldier will have another soldier to look after him."

"The trouble with you blokes," said Chalky White, "is that you can never take an objective view. Like General Gruenthal."

"I don't mind war," said Mad Harry, "but I want my NAAFI break."

"Imagine," said the grammar-school voice, dreamily, "a whole armoured division going up to heaven in a ball of fire. The Desert Rats, for instance. What a sight!"

"You wouldn't be able to enjoy it," pointed out Chalky White. "You'd be too busy wondering what had happened to yourself."

"How?"

"The hydrogen bomb will change the balance of Nature. Your nature. Everybody's nature.

"Meaning what?" asked Mad Harry.

"He means you'll all change sex," said Ginger. "One moment you'll be in the Infantry, then WHOOSH! you'll be in the WRAC."

"What'll happen to the WRAC?"

"There used to be a gag called Changing Sex on the March," said Ginger. "When the squad's left feet touch the ground the instructor says, in a deep voice, CHANGE! Then when their left feet touch the ground again, he says Sex! in a squeaky, shrill voice. Talk about laugh—"

"I'm in hysterics," said Chalky White.

"Do you know what the biggest corps will be in the next war?" asked Olly Oliver. "The RAMC. Every soldier will have another soldier to look after him, running him over with a Geiger counter, and pulling down his blankets at night to see if he shines in the dark, like a mackerel."

"And bringing him hot sweet tea if he does," said Mad Harry. "Maybe they can train women to do it."

"I know what I'm going to do when war breaks out," declared Ginger. "I'm going to volunteer for bomb disposal. My old man was in that, and he came out covered with gongs."

"You don't mean hydrogen bomb disposal?"

"Why not? There are bound to be duds. You know the way it is with mass production. Once you get women on the assembly line they'll be spilling face powder in the working parts. Next thing you know, you've got a dud on

your hands—only you don't know."

"I can just see Ginger," said Olly, "driving one of those trucks up the Camberwell Road with a sign saying 'DANGER: UNEXPLODED HYDROGEN BOMB!'"

"It'll be no worse than an ordinary bomb, anyway," said Mad Harry. "Not for old Ginger. Whatever kind it is, when it goes off he won't know the difference."

"There's only one thing interests me," said Chalky White. "How will you know it's a dud hydrogen bomb? What do you think a hydrogen bomb looks like. Nobody's ever seen one, except a lot of geezers in white coats living behind wire. And when they've made it they aren't allowed to see what they've made. And even if they did know what it looked like, they wouldn't know what the enemy's bombs looked like."

"He's got you there, Ginger," said Mad Harry. "It might be disguised as a grandfather clock going tick, tock."

"Hydrogen bombs don't go tick, tock," said the Genius.

"That's why it would be a good disguise," persisted Mad Harry.

Ginger had had another idea.

"It could be a *fake* hydrogen bomb," he said.

"Meaning what?"

"It could be just a canister full of coconuts, or old boots. They drop it in Hyde Park, and when everybody has piled on to the Night Scot they find it isn't a hydrogen bomb at all—not even a dud."

"What a lark!" said Mad Harry. "Do you think our side has thought of it? Maybe we ought to ring up old Winston."

"You could win a war without a single bang," said Ginger, with quiet pride. "I don't suppose they'll pay me for the idea, so long as I'm in uniform. They'll say it was just my duty as a private to think of these things. How much does it cost to buy out?"

"I'm going to the pub," said Chalky White. "Maybe I'll get some intelligent conversation there."

"Well, you ought to have chosen a more interesting subject for discussion," said Mad Harry.

"Like what?"

"Like 'Which film star would you like to bring you tea in bed?'"

GREAT ELIZABETHANS



*Sir Philip Sidney,
valorous soldier,
sparkling courtier,
'the brightest jewel in her
court' according to good
Queen Bess, the very man to have revelled
(if he lived today) in the luxury of Cussons
IMPERIAL LEATHER toilet luxuries.*

Cussons CHUBBY SHAVING SOAP

THE CHOICE OF THE NEW ELIZABETHANS



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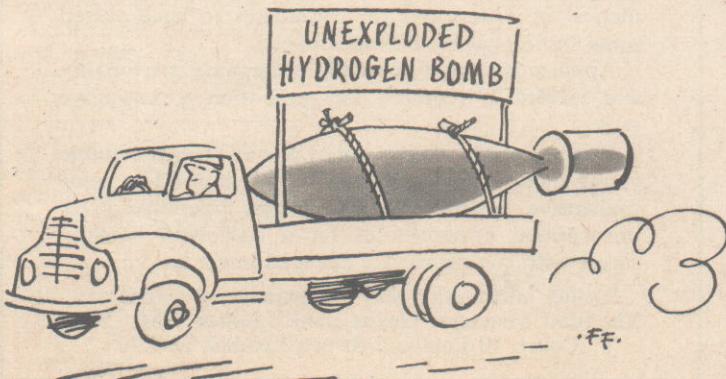
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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

See the Standard
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For perfect performance New
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FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**

**SENIOR
SERVICE**
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Good and Wet

The special 'wetting agent' in
Corvette shaving soap breaks the
surface tension of water. This
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spreads more evenly,
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Corvette

Shaving Bowl 5/3 Refills 3/9
Also After Shave Lotion. Large Bottle 3/9,



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WERE THE DESERT RATS SHEEPISH?

GOOD. Press on. Make sure that the beer—four pints a week—goes to the troops under the fire of the enemy before any of the parties in the rear get a drop."

This instruction was sent by Sir Winston Churchill late in 1944 to the Secretary for War, whom he had urged to do something for thirsty troops in Italy.

It is quoted in the sixth, and last, volume of Sir Winston's great history of the Second World War: "Triumph and Tragedy" (Cassell, 30s.).

This sixth volume could easily have been expanded into two or three more. It contains the story of the D-Day landings, the bombardment by V1 and V2, the martyrdom of Warsaw, the end in Italy, Hitler's suicide, the collapse of Germany, the Yalta and Potsdam conferences, the atom bomb and the collapse of Japan—a terrific load for one volume.

At the end of this period Sir Winston's Government was defeated. He tells how, just after the voting, he opened a soldiers' club for the 7th Armoured Division in Berlin.

"Three or four hundred of them were gathered in the club. They all sang 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow,' and were entirely friendly. I thought I detected a certain air of sheepishness, which might be due to most of them having voted adversely."

Sir Winston, as in earlier years, found many bones to pick with the War Office. He discovered that his old regiment, the Oxfordshire Hussars, was being used to supply drafts for 21st Army Group, and to hold wounded and trainees. Not good enough, he

Soldier and Sailor

ONLY once did the Duke of Wellington, the most famous British soldier of his day, meet Lord Nelson, the most famous British sailor of his day.

They found themselves sitting together in a waiting-room at the Colonial Office. The general recognised the admiral, but Nelson, after talking in what Wellington described as "a style so vain and silly as to surprise and almost disgust me," went off, to Wellington's amusement, to inquire the stranger's identity. When he returned, Wellington recorded, "he was altogether a different man. He talked like an officer and a statesman."

The story is told in "Lord Nelson" by Carola Oman (Collins, "Brief Lives," 7s. 6d.), an excellent short biography.



So that's that . . . Sir Winston Churchill leaves the air-raid bunker in Berlin where Hitler committed suicide. The date: July 16, 1945.

thought—"this means that it can never serve as a fighting unit, and will, in fact, disappear in all but name." Action was taken.

On another occasion he asked:

"How is it that the 36th Indian Division consists of two British brigades? There is much to be said for humility in the world, but to call a British division an Indian

division is really going below the level of grovelling to which we have been subject. If they are British troops let them be called British troops."

Sir Winston took up personally with the King the delay in sending decorations to front-line soldiers. "I am indignant that men should perish without ever receiving

decorations awarded them months before," he told the War Office.

Combing out the tail was still a major preoccupation:

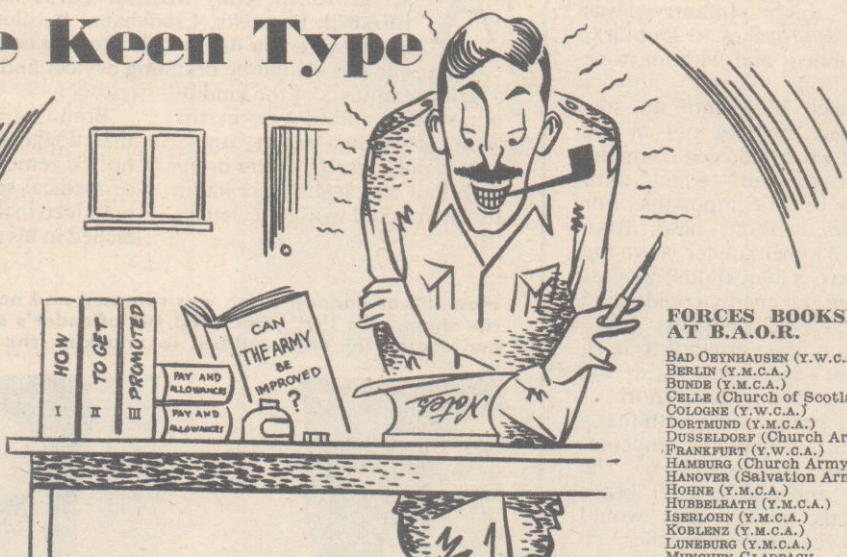
"It is a painful reflection that probably not one in four or five men who wear the King's uniform ever hears a bullet whistle, or is likely to hear one. The vast majority run no more risk than the civil population in southern England. It is my unpleasant duty to dwell on these facts. One set of men are sent back again and again to the front, while the great majority are kept out of all the fighting, to their regret."

One "grandiose" project which Sir Winston vigorously opposed was that of sending overseas a British Bombing Research Mission, one thousand strong, "of whom one half are high-grade experts." Sir Winston suggested that 30 experts would be ample.

The story of the fight against the V-weapons is an inspiring one. Little known is the fact that the Royal Air Force were able, by bombing, to seal up two caverns in France, one scheduled by the Germans to hold 2000 V1s, the other 1000. Sir Winston tells how British scientists were able to gain almost complete details of V2

OVER

The Keen Type



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9-13 KEAN STREET LONDON W.C.2

after sorting out fragments of a rocket which fell in Sweden. At Peenemunde an inexperienced operator, flying this rocket by radio, had pushed his lever to the left and, in his excitement at the wonders of science, had held it there too long—with the result that the rocket flew out of control.

In North-West Europe Sir Winston saw Field-Marshall Montgomery's unorthodox intelligence system at work. Young officers—his personal representatives—toured all fronts and asked questions of any commanders they wished, then reported back.

Sir Winston thought the system admirable. He told the Field-Marshall it reminded him of the way in which Marlborough controlled his battles.

The surrender of 2,500,000 men in Germany, over three days, to British commanders was "quite a satisfactory incident in our military history," Sir Winston thought.

Forgotten Stand

WHEN the Glosters made their celebrated last stand on the Imjin river, there were among them survivors of an earlier last stand which merits a high place in the history of the Regiment.

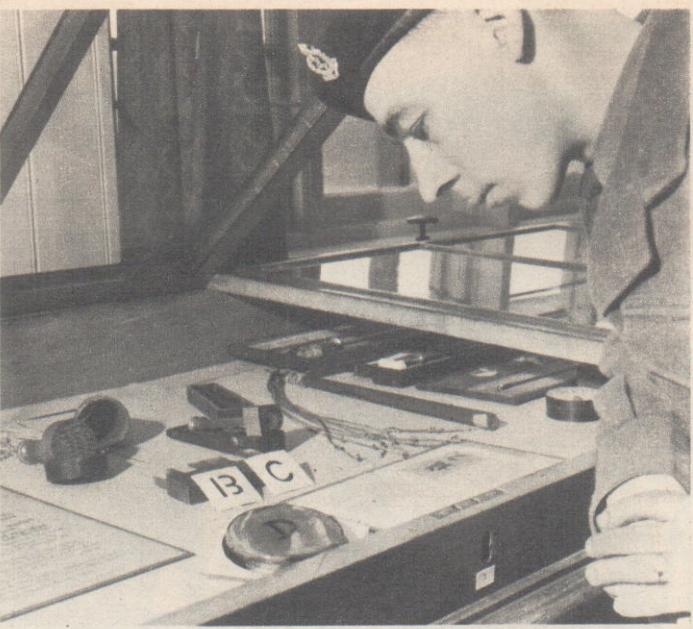
It was at Cassel, during the retreat to Dunkirk. The 2nd Battalion of the Glosters, brigaded with two Territorial battalions of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, was covering approaches to Dunkirk.

Surrounded, and without hope of relief, one Gloster company was crushed back until the survivors were holding out in the cellars of what had been company headquarters and fought until resistance became impossible. For four days, without news from outside, 25 men under a young officer held a blockhouse against everything the enemy could bring against them. Faggots were brought up in an attempt to burn them out—but they used the faggots to brew tea. Short of food and ammunition, with many casualties, they finally surrendered.

But for this stand by the Glosters and the equally brave Territorials, many units would not have reached the beaches.

One of the Territorial officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Duncan, MC, describes the action under the heading "The Forgotten Last Stand," in his book "Underground from Posen" (William Kimber, 12s. 6d.). The author went into captivity, and after a spell at Posen, in Poland, was moved to Biberach, in Germany.

One or two escape plans went wrong. There was a rope, painfully made from the string binding Red Cross parcels, to help scale a prison wall. Dry, it was too loose to throw; wet, it was too heavy. But a tunnel proved successful and the author made his way to Switzerland.



In a show-case at Crookham: branding devices, a cat-o'-nine-tails, a piece of human skin inscribed "D", and stencils "B C."

A D BELOW THE ARM

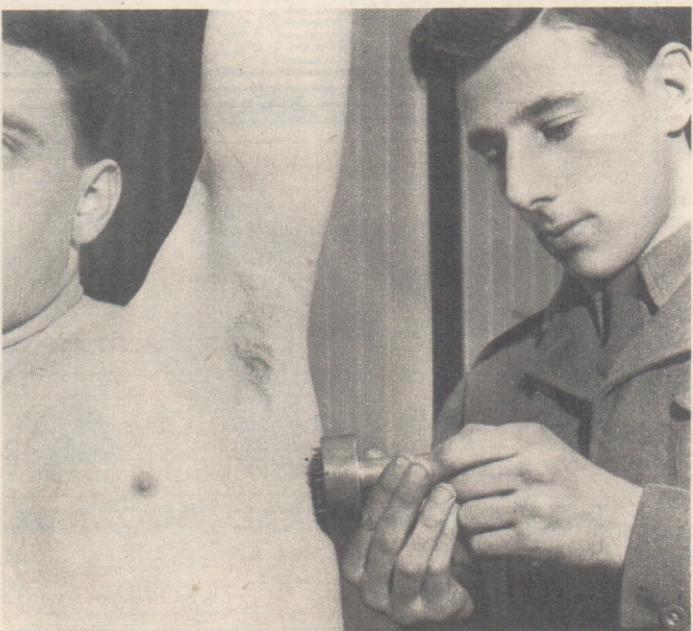
Less than a century ago, Deserters and Bad Characters were branded with the initials appropriate to their crimes

A PIECE of human skin bearing the letter "D" is preserved at the Royal Army Medical Corps' Museum at Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Crookham. It belonged to one of the last deserters in the British Army to be branded.

Alongside this exhibit lie branding devices and a cat-o'-nine-tails—grim reminders of the kind of punishment meted out in the Army less than a century ago.

Not only deserters were branded. Bad characters were liable to be marked with the letters "BC."

How it was done: a catch was released and needles mounted in the shape of a "D" punctured the offender's skin. Then indigo and Indian ink were rubbed in, marking the offender for life.



heavy penalty for even a trivial offence.

The practice of branding soldiers was probably inspired by the civil practice of branding thieves and seditious libellers in the days of Charles I. Women who left their husbands and became camp followers were branded by the common hangman. In some parts of Britain, in Commonwealth times, adulterers and fornicators were suitably inscribed.

Records show that in 1717 deserters were branded with a hot iron in the forehead and sometimes on the hands, but soon after this the Army abolished the use of the hot iron. In its place was introduced the tattoo method.

When a deserter was to be branded the whole battalion was paraded. The offender, stripped to the waist, was marched to the centre of the square where the drum-major ordered him to raise his left arm and traced the letter "D" under his armpit. Then, with a bunch of sharp needles he pierced the skin until the blood ran. From a drummer boy, the drum-major took a handful of gunpowder which he rubbed well into the wounds. When the wounds healed the charcoal in the gunpowder remained underneath the skin, leaving behind the letter "D" which the man carried to his grave. Later it was found that a mixture of charcoal and lampblack dissolved in water left a more conspicuous mark.

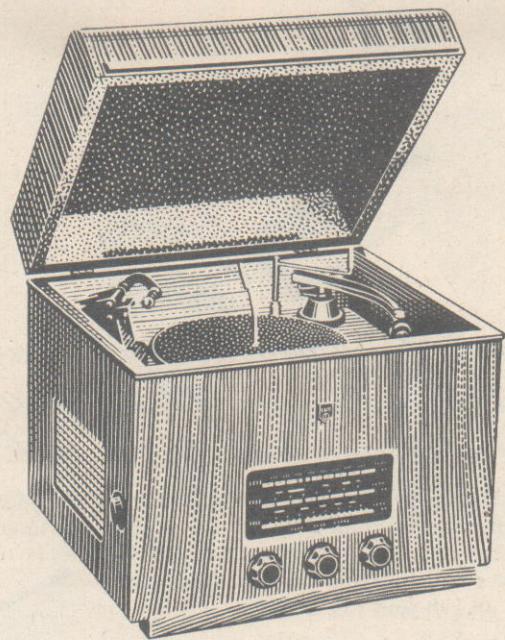
From about 1850 branding was done with an instrument invented by the firm of Weiss, in the Strand, London. One end was shaped in the form of a letter "D." The drum-major pressed the instrument against the man's body and released a catch which allowed a group of needles to shoot forward and puncture the skin in the appropriate shape. The wound was then rubbed with a mixture of pulverised indigo and Indian ink dissolved in water, which left the clearest impression of all.

In 1851 the Adjutant-General ordered the punishment to be carried out by surgeons instead of by the drum-major but his instruction caused such an outcry that it was never obeyed. The *Sunday Times*, in a blistering leader, said that "a more flagrant insult was never offered to a noble profession."

For some years newspapers and Members of Parliament had been demanding the abolition of branding in the Army (under civil law it had become illegal in 1829). In 1864 the practice of assembling the whole battalion to witness the punishment ceased and it was laid down that the operation was to be performed "by the drum-major in the Orderly Room in the presence of the adjutant and under the immediate supervision of a regimental or staff medical officer."

In 1871 branding was abolished—but for years afterwards would-be recruits were still carefully searched for the tell-tale letters.

SO MUCH ENJOYMENT—



SUCH HIGH QUALITY!

Here's quite something — a 3-speed auto-radiogram of small size but amazingly big performance !

Ekco TRG189 gives you tip-top entertainment on radio and records. It has an auto-change, handles all types of standard and long-playing discs and completes your enjoyment with a powerful 3-waveband radio Quality-engineered throughout for listening at its best !

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NOW INCREASED TO
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EVERY CHANCE OF PROMOTION and £445 a year from the day you start training. If you are 5' 8" or over, between 19 and 30 years old (in special cases up to 31st birthday), British, of good health and education, the Metropolitan Police is the job for you.

IT'S YOUR CAREER You're encouraged to follow your bent in the Force. After probationary service as a constable, you either continue to serve in uniform at a Station or specialise in the C.I.D., Thames Division, Mounted Branch or Traffic Patrols.



ENJOYING YOUR LEISURE Police sports grounds are fully-equipped for practically every game or sport. There are many other advantages. Married or single you get either free quarters or rent allowance. London allowance £20. Other generous allowances add to the value of your pay and you have a fine pension to look forward to.



EVERY MAN AN EXPERT Whatever your job in the Force, you are thoroughly trained to do it expertly. This applies just as much to the man on the beat as to a specialist member of the C.I.D.



ONE OF BRITAIN'S BEST JOBS !

Post coupon today for illustrated booklet which takes you behind the scenes and tells you what happens when you join the Force. It will explain just why a career of service to London in the Metropolitan Police is easily one of Britain's Best Jobs.

To Department 1641, Scotland Yard, London, S.W.1.
Please send me full details of enlistment in the Metropolitan Police.

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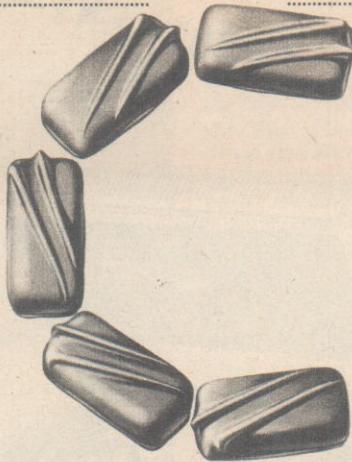


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By Appointment Wine & Spirit Merchants
to the late King George VI

CAPITAL ABC OF ENJOYMENT



stands for Caramel with butter
and milk—a rich luscious
centre smoother than silk

IF YOU LIKE really glorious chocolates choose Capital Caramel—or any other from the exciting variety of Capital Assortment centres! They're all thickly coated in rich, smooth chocolate—milk or plain. Buy yourself a box of Capital today. In $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. and $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. packs.

DUNCAN CAPITAL ASSORTMENT

DUNCAN—The Scots Word for Chocolate



for those about to become
Engaged
— or Married

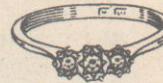
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BOOK OF RINGS, illustrating
280 attractive rings in
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prices and keen values; also
useful information on Gems
and Gem-setting with a
Permanent Ring Size Gauge
—FREE. You can select,
from a stock of 50,000 rings,
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Diamond single-
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Pack your pipe
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BONDMAN
fresh in the tin
fragrant in the pipe



4/-d. PER OZ. IN AIRTIGHT TINS

ESTD. 1823.
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77 BRANCHES IN LONDON AND THE HOME COUNTIES

Fashion Parade

(Tropical and Topical)



No. 3 Dress is in white pique for women below commissioned rank, white sharkskin for officers.



The new walking-out dress is worn with the green peaked cap. Officers wear insignia of rank on epaulettes. The shoes are white.



This is the working dress—in beige linen—as worn since 1951 by members of the Women's Royal Army Corps in hot climates.



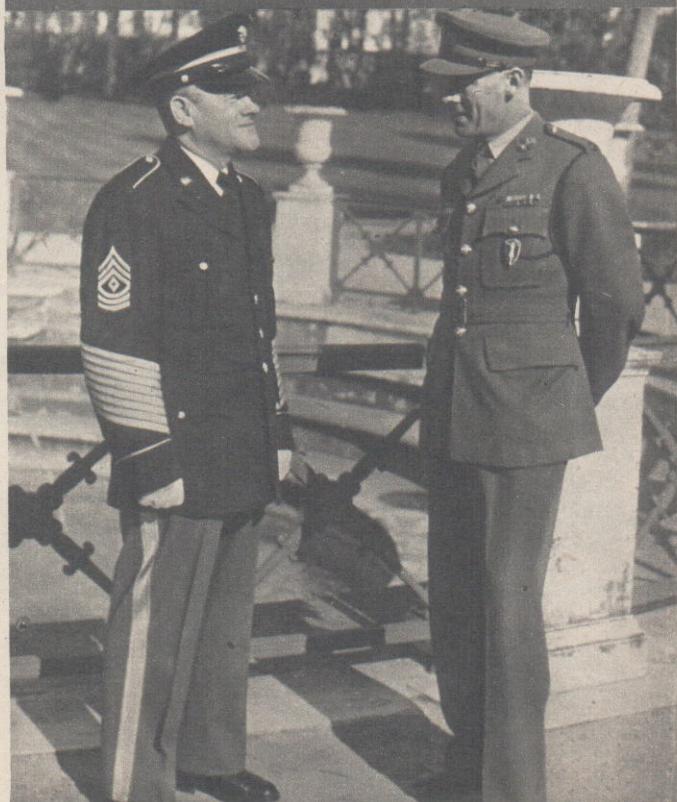
The Women's Royal Air Force has a new walking-out dress too—not in white, but in light beige

FOR a Service girl, a posting to warmer climes means an issue of light-weight clothes. Now a smart new walking-out dress in white—known as Number Three Dress—is being issued to members of the Women's Royal Army Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.



And here are girls of the Women's Royal Naval Service walking out in white. They took time off from a NATO exercise to visit the Parthenon.

MEN'S CORNER



Quite a stir was created at Fontainebleau when 1st Sergeant Harry J. Heiser turned up in the United States Army's new dress blues. Colour code: tunic and hat—dark blue; trousers—light blue with gold braided vertical stripes; shirt—white; tie—black; tunic braid and service stripes—gold; shoes—black.



A well-placed corner kick is safely gathered by the Catering Corps goalkeeper, Private J. Webster.

YOU CAN'T KEEP A CHARLES DOWN

Two brothers have been star turns in Army Cup finals

An active job with a future

GOOD PAY (£9.0.0 a week to start)
GENEROUS PENSION SCHEME
3 WEEKS HOLIDAY WITH PAY
GOOD PROMOTION PROSPECTS
Sport and recreational facilities

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CHIEF OFFICER (A)
LONDON FIRE BRIGADE HQ., ALBERT EMBANKMENT S.E.1

Please send me full details and application form

NAME (Block letters).....

ADDRESS

FILL IN THIS COUPON

THE BRIGADE HAS A MILITARY BAND —
INSTRUMENTALISTS, WHY NOT JOIN?

(386)

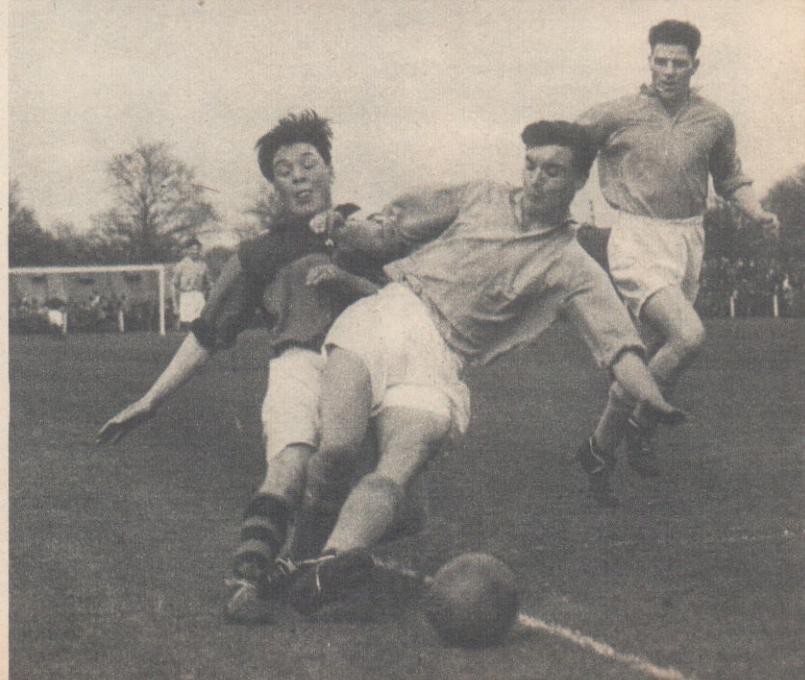
TWO years ago Private John Charles, now the Leeds United and Welsh International centre-forward, performed prodigies to help win the Army Football Cup for 67th Training Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps.

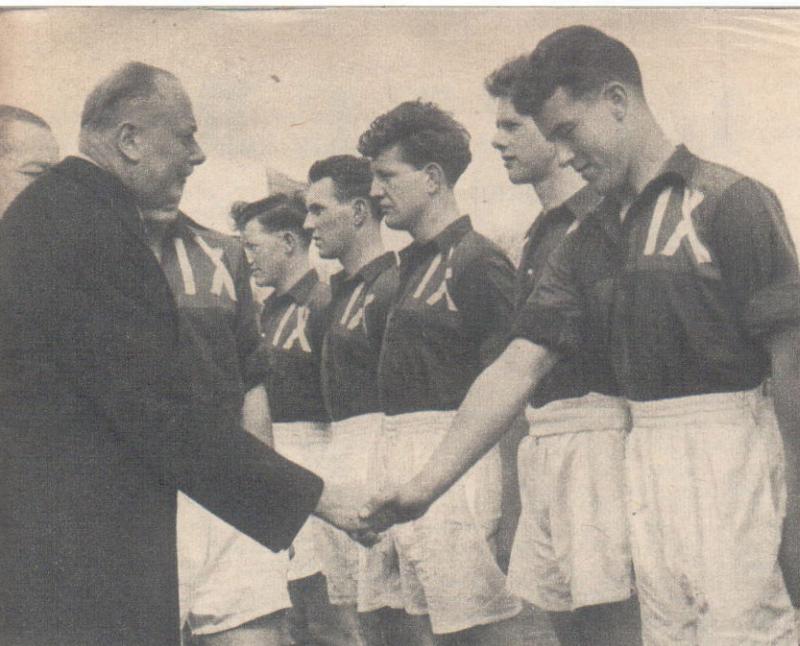
This year it was his brother, Private Melvyn Charles, who played an outstanding part in snatching victory out of defeat for 9 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, when they were two goals down against No. 6 Cookery Instruction Centre, Army Catering Corps, with 27 minutes to play. Covering a tremendous

amount of ground, Charles was always there to aid a hard-pressed defence and to initiate attacks. In the last 15 minutes he scored the two goals that gave his side victory.

Private Charles is a Swansea

A midfield tussle between Private K. Phipps, ACC (light shirt) and Private A. Brown. Sergeant Hughie Brown keeps watch.





The Duke of Gloucester, President of the Army Football Association shakes hands with Private Melvyn Charles.

Town professional.

The Army Catering Corps team failed gallantly in their first appearance in an Army Cup final. Their side included only one professional against the permitted five in the Ordnance eleven and it was not until late in the game, after injuries to their left back and right-half, that their defence wavered. The outstanding player

for the Catering Corps team was Sergeant Hughie Brown, former Partick Thistle and Scottish International player, who is 38 years old and a Regular soldier.

Before the kick-off the teams were presented to the Duke of Gloucester, President of the Army Football Association. The Duchess of Gloucester presented the Cup and medals.

Parliament and SOLDIER

Extract from Hansard, 27 April 1954:

MR. T. DRIBERG asked the Secretary of State for War if he is aware that in the 40-page March issue of the British Army magazine SOLDIER there are 10 pages of advertisements and some 20 pages devoted to training material, and that this magazine is sold for 9d., and if he will consider issuing it free to officers and other ranks applying for it.

The Under-Secretary of State for War (Mr. J. R. H. Hutchison): No, Sir. The magazine is deliberately run on a self-supporting basis and the cost to public funds if the hon. Member's suggestion were adopted would not, I think, be justified.

Mr. Driberg: Can the hon. Gentleman say whether the primary purpose of this magazine is entertainment or propaganda designed to produce more useful soldiers? If it is the latter, why cannot the suggestion in my question be accepted?

Mr. Hutchison: It is hard to distinguish exactly between entertainment, training and advertising. Various articles, of course, have a different flavour. I was interested in the hon. Gentleman's calculation of the number of pages devoted to advertisements and to training. I wonder how he characterised the front page, which shows a picture of a Scottish piper in full dress, and the back page, which shows Miss Marilyn Monroe in something less than full dress.

Mr. Driberg asked the Secretary of State for War what is his policy on the publication of advertisements containing political propaganda in the British Army magazine, SOLDIER.

Mr. J. R. H. Hutchison: Party political propaganda is not permitted in this magazine.

Mr. Driberg: Is not the hon. Gentleman perhaps inadvertently avoiding the point of the Question? I was referring to advertising. Is the hon. Gentleman aware that there is an advertisement of a strongly anti-Socialist character, inserted by a so-called free enterprise organisation? Would an advertisement of a Socialist character be equally acceptable?

Mr. Hutchison: My attention has been drawn to the advertisement under the aegis of free enterprise, but I am in a little difficulty in seeing the strong party propaganda flavour in it, in view of the fact that similar advertisements have already appeared in the *Daily Mirror* and the *Daily Herald*.

Mr. S. Silverman: Can the hon. Gentleman inform the House whether the advertisement recommending the virtues of free enterprise goes so far as to apply those virtues to the Armed Forces, and can he say what would happen to a soldier who attempted to practise the principles of free enterprise in the course of his service?

Mr. Hutchison: Soldiers are always encouraged to show enterprise.

Mr. Driberg: Would the hon. Gentleman be good enough to answer the latter part of my supplementary question? Would an advertisement offered by, say the Labour Party, occupying a half page, be acceptable?

Mr. Hutchison: I have already said that clearly political propaganda would not be accepted in this magazine, and each case must, of course, be judged on its own merits.

*Editor's note: The maximum number of pages of advertisements carried in any one issue of SOLDIER is 12.

At ease
with
Threes



20 for 3/7

STATE EXPRESS
'THREE THREES'
CIGARETTES



The choice of champions

The comfort and durability of 'Umbro' Sportswear makes it the popular choice

OF LEADING SPORTS OUTFITTERS ALL OVER
THE WORLD

SMOKERS
Try the
WISER
WAY!



Change today to RIZLA! Only 9½d. buys a handy RIZLA Rolling Machine with a FREE packet of papers. Millions of satisfied smokers say RIZLA is the wiser way because they can really enjoy high-quality, low-price hand-made cigarettes to suit their own particular tastes...



9½D. BUYS MACHINE WITH
FREE PAPERS ADDITIONAL
PAPERS ONLY 2½ A PACKET

RIZLA

CIGARETTE PAPERS
FILTER TIPS & ROLLER

From all tobacconists



Is it hessian or is it hair?



THE trouble about your camouflage is, you can't tell where personal concealment ends and you begin. To tell the truth, that scruffy, lifeless, unmanageable hair of yours spoils your appearance both on parade and off.

Get on the ball! That unruly hair of yours may mean you have Dry Scalp. It ruins the smartest appearance. But you can check Dry Scalp quickly and easily with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic.

Just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, worked gently into the scalp every morning for 20 seconds, makes a wonderful improvement. It supplements the natural scalp oils, makes your scalp feel healthy and clean, keeps your hair naturally neat all day long.

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LETTERS

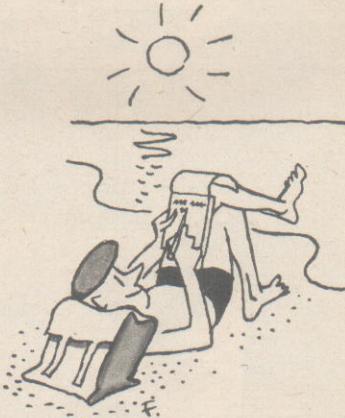
THE SIX HUNDRED

Your account of the Charge of the Light Brigade (SOLDIER, April) is admirable in the early part, but it hardly does justice to the astonishing victory gained by the immortal Light Brigade. Readers would not suppose that, despite their casualties, they put to rout the main body of Russian cavalry many times their own numbers. Yet it was so. This is what one of their own side, the famous Russian engineer, General Todleben, wrote about it: "The English cavalry burst into the battery, sabred the gunners, then charged our cavalry, overthrew them, and pushed on a long way beyond the line of the redoubts and pursued our cavalry, who retreated towards Te-hougon."

The Russians had no fight left in them, and two British Infantry divisions which had been ordered up in support were not required to engage.

"Honour the brave charge they made,
Noble six hundred!"

—Lieutenant-Colonel Alfred H. Burne, DSO, RA (ret.), 29, Sheffield Terrace, London, W.8.



● **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 to ensure a reply. 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 orderly room or from your own officer.

● **SOLDIER** cannot admit correspondence on matters involving the discipline of an individual unit.

NO COMPARISON

Your correspondent "Outclassed" (April) has ventured on to dangerous ground. Warrant officers in the Royal Navy are, in effect, the counterpart of quartermaster commissioned officers in the Army. No comparison between their status and that of Army warrant officers is, therefore, proper. The approximate equivalent of a warrant officer, class one is a master-at-arms, who is chief petty officer.

As to treating warrant officers as junior officers for scaling allowances, the inevitable concomitant of this is equal treatment and pay. Would "Outclassed" care to be paid as a subaltern instead of at his considerably higher rate as a warrant officer?— "Fair Play"

After reading "Outclassed's" letter I saw an article in *The Navy* in which a Chief Petty Officer of over 30 years' service argued that the Navy urgently needed a new senior rank, with "the status, pay and everything that goes with the life of the warrant officers of the other Forces." He evidently envies the Army warrant officer his privileges!—"Light Infantryman" (name and address supplied).

Your letter "Are They Other Ranks?" (April) brings to mind another point. Under ACI 480/50 non-technical officers can apply for short-service commissions as administrative officers. But what about fully experienced warrant officers class two who are too old to become warrant officers, class one? Surely those men, providing they are fully qualified, financially sound and already carrying out an officer's duties, should be given the chance to apply for these commissions. Apart from giving them additional incentive it would clear the way for younger promotions to warrant officer rank. — "Warrant Officer," Devon.

NO CASH

Can a soldier who uses his private car to go on privilege leave claim money in lieu of a free railway warrant? —Staff-Sergeant R. T. Dallen, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Mansfield.

★ No provision is made for compensating soldiers who travel under their own arrangements instead of taking up their entitlement of free warrants for leave.

RECORD

I do not agree with your correspondent who says (SOLDIER, April) that 80 days was the longest time spent in the Malayan jungle by British troops during the emergency until the record of 122 days was set up by the Special Air Service Regiment. In 1951, No. 3 Troop of the Malayan Scouts held a record of 102 days.—Ex-3 Troop, Shropshire (name and address supplied).

EARLY NURSES

In your April issue it is stated that the Crimea was the "first war in which British soldiers were tended by women nurses."

The wonderful work done on behalf of the Army by Florence Nightingale and Sidney Herbert will be gratefully remembered during this centenary year but they cannot claim to be pioneers in this respect.

In 1934, there came into the market a bundle of manuscripts which had been in the possession of John Campbell, fourth Earl of Loudoun, who commanded the British Forces in the Portuguese campaign of 1762-3. Among these documents is a nominal roll of the staff of the "Hospital Appointed to the Use of His Majesty's Forces." The roll includes a matron, Mrs. Sullivan, two head nurses, Mary Felton and Ann Milross, and 18 nurses. The matron drew the same daily rate of pay as the quartermaster, 2s. 6d. That these nurses were given work carrying some responsibility is shown in a letter from one of the surgeons.

It is interesting to note that the senior surgeon to this hospital was the celebrated John Hunter.

The story of the hospital is told by the late Professor George Gask in his essay, "John Hunter in Portugal." He writes: "It may come as a surprise to many that female nurses were used in military hospitals abroad before the time of Florence Nightingale. They were used, however, in the wars in Ireland in the time of William and Mary, and also in the Seven Years War in the campaigns in Germany .. and in the war in North America in 1757."

Though there is no evidence as to the training and qualifications of these nurses, Professor Gask dissents from the view that they came from the ranks of the women following the Army. "The fact that there was a regular establishment with a matron and two head nurses in control makes one think that they were especially picked and appointed from home, and one would expect that they were collected from nurses in civil hospitals." Major-General R. E. Barnsley, CB, MC (ret.), Royal Army Medical Corps Depot, Crookham, Hampshire.

NAME REGIMENTS!

I chanced to visit friends with a television set who asked whether I would like to see the Army play Aldershot at football to celebrate the centenary of "The Camp."

When we turned on the set, there was a very large band marching and playing very nicely, but dressed like any town band, though they turned out to be the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards. Then the Army team appeared and the commentator read out a list of players from various professional clubs. There was no mention at all of the regiment or corps to which any man belonged. They were apparently just eleven professional footballers playing eleven other professional players.

Surely when a man plays for the Army his regiment or corps is more important than his professional team, or is the regiment so unimportant in these days of football pools?

I am afraid that I lost interest after this, but I gather that the eleven called the Army beat Aldershot by 2-0.

In the good old days the Army could produce footballers and football teams of a decent standard, and all amateurs though professional soldiers. What happens now to the professional soldier who is a good amateur soccer player? Has he any chance to get an Army cap? It used to be something for a man to get an Army cap and his regiment was proud of him.—Major H. P. E. Pereira, Scottish United Services Museum, The Castle, Edinburgh.

★A good amateur soccer player can earn an Army cap, but he is up against powerful competition from National Service professionals. In Army Cup games no more than five professionals may be fielded in one team.

SOLDIER reported (March) the formation of an Army Amateur football team, designed to encourage amateur soccer players.

FILMS

coming your way

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

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE: Richard Gordon's novel, giving a first-hand account of a medical student's life, was a lively best-seller. In film form it has all the same ingredients—fiery ward sisters, frightening surgeons, over-knowledgeable patients, pretty nurses, eccentric fellow-students. There are uproarious escapades, including a battle for a stuffed gorilla, and solemn moments in front of examiners. With Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow, Kenneth More, Donald Sinden, Kay Kendall. In colour.

WEST OF ZANZIBAR: Anthony Steel returns to the land Where No Vultures Fly, to become a game warden once more. This time he tries in vain to dissuade a tribe from leaving the bush for the civilised delights of the big city. The tribe becomes involved in ivory smuggling, and the adventures begin. Also present Sheila Sim.

THE MOON IS BLUE: "Money grows on trees, the desert starts to freeze, cats converse in perfect Pekingese." The lyric sets the style for this partly-bedroom comedy, adapted from a London and Broadway stage success. William Holden is assisted by three British players: David Niven, Maggie McNamara and Dawn Addams.

THE BIG HEAT: About a police officer who retires from the Force to smash a murder-gang by illegal methods. "Vice and violence vie for audience attention," say the promoters. Players: Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame and Jocelyn Brando.

MONEY FROM HOME: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis in a Damon Runyon race-track story. Gangsters and double-crossing. In colour. Just the thing for addicts.

GIBRALTAR SIEGE

I cannot reconcile your report on the siege of Gibraltar (May) with that of Baron Munchausen. You make no mention of this modest and retiring gentleman who, single-handed, threw all the Spanish and French guns into the sea, piled the gun carriages and made a bonfire of them, blew up their ammunition, saved two English spies from death by using the original sling with which David killed Goliath and thereby raised the siege.—"Truth," Gibraltar.

★SOLDIER cannot compete with the chronicles of Munchausen. It may interest readers to know that this celebrated liar threatened to make anyone disproving his claims drink a gallon of brandy at one draught.

NIGHT IN CHESTER

I was delighted to see your article in the January issue on Britain's second oldest Garrison in Chester.

Sometime about May, 1945, I visited Chester for about the fourth time, and decided to stay the night. The popularity of the town among all Allied troops made it impossible to find any sort of accommodation, so I looked forward to a miserable night in the general station waiting-room. Someone suggested that I try Western Command Headquarters, with the result that I spent a very comfortable night in the bluestone gaol near the front gate with a drunk on one side and a Kiwi the other for company. Eggs and bacon for breakfast, too. I have always thought that typical of wartime English hospitality. "I am sorry we haven't much to offer, but you're welcome to share what we have."

I agree that no soldier ought to be bored in Chester. While I made no attempt to count the 375 pubs, I always found something new to see—hence my four visits.

In those days I was a Royal Australian Air Force navigator but since 1948 have soldiered on in Movement Control with the Royal Australian Engineers.

Good Luck to all soldiers but particularly to the Staff Sergeant who was on duty at Command HQ that night.—J. D. McLean, 60, Kenmare Street, Box Hill, E.12.

UMBRELLAS

Your recent correspondence on umbrellas brings to mind the use of "military gamps" in India. At Headquarters, Central Command, Agra, in 1945, the large black umbrellas—no doubt intended for the use of office chaps—were not scorned by even senior staff officers when splashing from one block to another through the monsoon cloudbursts.—Lt.-Col. J. M. Walton, TD, RA (TA), 404th (Tynemouth) Coast Regiment RA (TA), Military Road, North Shields.

★SOLDIER has more recently seen senior staff officers of General Headquarters, Far East Land Forces, Singapore, marching majestically from office to office under gay Chinese umbrellas.

DEFENCE MEDAL

I served with the Royal Air Force from July 1945 to March 1948, including a seven-months spell in Southern Rhodesia from July 1947 to February 1948, and three weeks in South Africa. Am I entitled to the Defence Medal? —Lance-Corporal Clune, REME, 5 RTR, BAPO 3.

★No.

STUD MARK

According to the magazine *Woman*, you can always tell a Service girl in civilian clothes by the indentation in her throat made by her collar stud.

Perhaps SOLDIER can exert its influence to remedy this scandal.—R. T. (name and address supplied).

★SOLDIER is inspired to verse:

*It isn't right! It isn't fair!
My darling's dimple is a dud.
O lords of Whitehall, must she wear
A collar stud?*

HORSE MARINES

While thanking you for your excellent article on the 17th/21st Lancers (my former regiment), may I point out that they are not "the only genuine horse-marines." This distinction is also claimed by a corps of the native Indian Army, now unfortunately lost to the Queen's service.

I refer to the Governor-General's Bodyguard, raised in 1762 from the East India Company's Infantry as a select body of Cavalry maintained for the purpose of escorting the person and establishment of the Viceroy and Governor-General.

It is recorded by this corps and by military historians that, as a result of the appearance of French men-of-war in the Bay of Bengal in 1809, they were embarked as Marines in the Company's ships, and that they thus share with the 17th Lancers the distinction of being the only Cavalry of the King-Emperor ever to perform that duty.—E. Allan Hale, 135 Knapmill Road, Catford, London S.E.6.

NO BOW TIE

My tastes are strictly modern, but when I try to wear a black string bow tie with my civilian clothes for walking out, I am refused permission to do so. Also I am not allowed to wear plain crepe-soled shoes with battle-dress.—"Frustrated, BAOR" (name and address supplied).

★Commanding officers have the right, and the duty, to see that their troops do not indulge in undue eccentricities of attire when walking out. In Britain black string bow ties are becoming associated with certain types of juvenile delinquent; this would appear to be one reason for not wearing them.

American troops have been ordered not to wear blue jeans and T-shirts when walking out in Britain. Similarly British troops in Germany and elsewhere are expected not to go out of their way to shock the inhabitants by their appearance. The Army likes its soldiers to look like soldiers even in civilian clothes.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

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MORE LETTERS

HOUSING

A few weeks ago when the Army Estimates were being discussed in the House of Commons it was said that local authorities would be approached to help in the housing of ex-Servicemen. What is proposed exactly and how much progress has been made? Housing is obviously a vital problem to long-service Regulars like myself who will soon be leaving the Service.

At present some local authorities have rules that almost eliminate the Serviceman from getting a home—Armourer Quartermaster-Sergeant J. D. Stone, 10(BT) Training Battalion, St. George's Barracks, Gosport.

★ Mr. Antony Head, the Secretary for War, said in the House of Commons on 11 March: "We are trying to get the local authorities to help the soldier to get a house when he has finished his service. The Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Housing and Local Government have been most co-operative about it, but it is a difficult problem. Some local authorities are good about it, but some are not so good. The difficulty is that a man cannot always put himself down for a house many years before he leaves the Service for the simple reason that he does not know what his civilian job will be. He may come from Essex and be a fitter in the Royal Armoured Corps and may eventually get a job in Huddersfield. If he puts his name in the wrong place, he will be in difficulty.

"It is not a matter which can be entirely solved by any Ministry or any Government. It is dependent upon the good will of local authorities, and anybody who can say a word for the three Services will be doing a very good turn in that respect."

Questioned further on 13 April, Mr. Head said: "I am very well aware of the importance of this matter, but it would be quite improper for me to approach local authorities direct—that I must do through . . . the Minister of Housing and Local Government. . . . No one can compel local authorities to do anything on this subject without further legislation."

He said that all Regulars were reminded annually to register with their local housing authority as long as possible before leaving the Army. In some instances the Royal Army Educational Corps was able to take up a man's case.

BOXING BADGE

I boxed for the Army between 1930 and 1936 and wore the Army Boxing Association badge on my blazer. In 1940 when I was captured in France my blazer was "liberated" and I have now forgotten how the badge was made up. Can you help?—R. Ashworth, East Cliff, Folkestone.

* The Army Boxing Association badge consists of a lion upon a crown surrounded by a laurel wreath.

REFERENCE BOOKLETS

If the War Office would publish a series of booklets dealing with such matters as accounting for stores, military law, leave and so on, with the material presented in a way suitable for quick and easy reference, they would be doing most soldiers a very great service.

I know there are regulations governing everything in the Army, but they are often very confusing to those who do not use them regularly, and much precious time is wasted cross-checking references.—J. A. T. (name and address supplied).



"Remind me to have a word with Wilkins, Sergeant. He doesn't seem to settle in somehow."

HINT TO AUTHORS

I note that American Service wives are being invited to buy a book entitled "The Army Wife," by one Nancy Shea, who is described as the author of "The Navy Wife" and "The Air Force Wife." The new book is said to offer "up-to-date and essential information about the customs of the service and the management of an Army household at home or overseas. Valuable for the wives of officers, non-coms and enlisted men alike."

Isn't it time somebody compiled a book on these lines for the benefit of the British Army wife?—"Happy Though Married" (name and address supplied).

APPRECIATIVE

I have read SOLDIER since February, 1949, and I am used to a high standard, but the April issue surpasses any previous ones. Keep up the good work and, God Willing, I shall still be subscribing in 2000.—Sergeant D. Le Febvre, Royal Signals (Territorial Army), 45, Clovelly Road, Bexley Heath, Kent.

DO NOT MISS SOLDIER!

If you are a serving soldier, you will be able to buy SOLDIER from your unit, your canteen or your AKC cinema. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should enquire of their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms.

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