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“I don't think so, Henri.”

“To commence, perhaps the hors d'œuvre?”

“No thanks. I think I fancy a couple of aspirins sur le toast, washed down with a gallon or two of eau very cold.”

“M'sieur jokes?”

“M'sieur is not in a very jocular mood. He has a head like le football.”

“Ah! Je comprend absolument. A glass of Rose's Lime Juice with ice. And if m'sieur permits the suggestion — always the Rose's with the drinks in future.”

“Henri, you are mon ami. Now allez for that Rose's — vite!”

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High in the Harz Mountains, soldiers of the British Army of the Rhine have been learning a new war of movement—as thrilling a kind of movement as there is

(Photographs by H. V. PAWLICKOWSKI)

SKI PATROL

FROM the summit of Ski-Kreuz, 3000 feet up in the Harz Mountains and the highest point in the British Zone of Germany, a fighting patrol of British soldiers swept down towards the valley.

Their white clothing made them almost invisible against the snow. Their skis *shirred* as they twisted and turned between the trees, or *shushed* on a straight run, the *shushing* interrupted by a brief silence as they leapt boulders or ditches and a smart crack as they landed again.

To the sheer thrill of fast, free movement was added the exhilaration of having successfully fought a three-day mock mountain battle, raiding an enemy's communications, and blowing up an important bridge. Now they were putting the enemy to flight.

A Norwegian officer was watching critically. "They are very good indeed," he said. "Many could go into action tomorrow and give a good account of themselves."

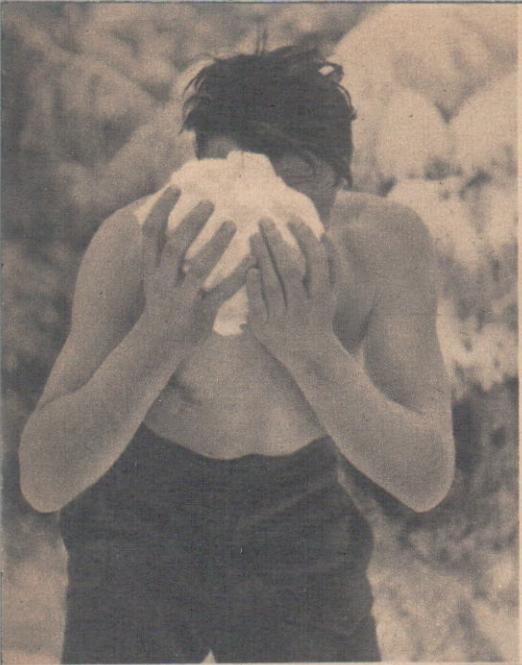
That was high praise. Three weeks before not one of the 42 officers and non-commissioned officers had even worn a pair of skis. Now they were completing their course at the Rhine Army Ski and Snow Warfare School.

Norwegian instructors had taught them intricate movements on skis and the tactics of snow warfare. The students had learned the hard way, right from scratch and many of them still bore bruises to prove it. At first they had floundered and sprawled in undignified heaps, but gradually they had learned how

OVER



Lurking patrolman in the snow suit is Serjeant R. Lindsay, Royal Scots Greys. He is taught how to conceal his ski tracks when necessary.



Ablutions with a difference...
Lieut. A. Fristad, Norwegian Inf.,
disdains soap and warm water,
prefers a handful of snow.



Waxing the skis: an important
ritual which can put ten miles
per hour on to a skier's speed.
Below: BSM J. Whyman, Royal
Artillery, loads up Serjeant H.
Lawrence, 1st Royal Dragoons, with
bedroll. Total weight: 40 pounds.



The quickest way from A to B is
to hitch on to a Weasel. It grows
exciting as the speed mounts.
Below: Into battle — on a tow rope.

SKI PATROL

(Continued)





to relax and control their leg and body muscles, to brake by using one or both ski-sticks, to make the proper turns, to glide down hill and plod crab-like in "herring-bone" pattern up steep slopes.

They had learned how to camouflage themselves and their camp against a white background of snow or against dark woods, how to follow enemy ski-tracks and how to mislead an enemy by doubling back on their own tracks and disappearing into a wood.

They were shown how to evacuate a wounded man by sledge, how to erect the special snow tents which contain a wood-burning stove, and how to wear the Arctic clothing which is necessary in snow warfare. The Infantrymen among the students learned how to handle their weapons in snow conditions; cooks prepared food as the Norwegians do in action; Sappers laid charges and blew them; and REME mechanics repaired broken-down vehicles which had become snowed-up in a blizzard. Weasels, specially adapted Bren-carriers fitted with wide tracks to allow them to travel over soft snow without sinking, were brought into use to show how a score of soldiers can be towed quickly for miles across rough, snow-covered country.

The highlight of the course was the final fighting patrol exercise, when students spent three days and nights in the mountains, fighting, eating, sleeping and keeping alive as they would have to do if they were in action. In those three days they covered nearly 30 miles on their skis, engaging a will-o-the-wisp enemy in swift, ghost-like raids, disappearing themselves into woods and reforming to launch other attacks. Finally they made contact with an enemy section holding a bridge which had to be demolished and by stealthy movement and clever skiing were able to reach their objective without being seen and blow the bridge.

At night they put up their tents on ground which they covered with branches and twigs to keep out the wet. They bedded down in double waterproof sleeping bags around a wood-burning stove, their sodden clothing hanging up to dry. One of the sixteen men allotted to each tent had to remain awake to stoke the fire and guard against the stove setting fire to the tent or the clothing. At first light they were up and about, washing naked in the snow while the cook prepared their breakfast. "I've never seen such appetites before," said SQMS W. Dodd, Army Catering Corps, whose job it was to feed the patrol from ten-men

OVER

Above, left: All tent equipment and bedding rolls for one section are carried on a steel sledge, which requires three men to pull it.

Above, right: After reaching their objective these skiers prepare "demolitions."

Right: Under cover of a tree, Captain R. M. Carnegie, 7th Hussars, reports by wireless the movements of his reconnaissance patrol.

Below: A "casualty," sandwiched between two sleeping bags and cradled on branches tied to skis, is evacuated to a medical aid post.





The man who knows a thing or two about ski-ing: Major-General A. D. Dahl, commanding the Norwegian forces in Germany, chats to Sergeant D. Balaam of REME. Right: Shaving time in the snow: BSM J. Whyman, RA, Sergeant J. Woolgar, MM, Royal Signals and Corporal K. Temple, Royal Signals.



SKI PATROL (Continued)

compo-packs. "What's more, they say the tea tastes like champagne and the tinned fish like chicken." The cook had no water problems; six cans of snow were enough to make a canful of tea, at any hour of the day.

After breakfast, skis were treated with special wax according to the type of snow and the task to be done. Weapons were oiled, snow suits, woollen helmets, sweat rags and sun goggles put on and rucksacks and bedrolls, weighing 40 pounds, were slung on to each man's back. The rest of the equipment was stacked aboard the sledges or Weasels and the patrol was ready to move off and go into action immediately.

Major-General A. D. Dahl, General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Norwegian Army Command in Germany, and Colonel R. Delacombe, DSO, MBE of Rhine Army Headquarters watched the patrol at work and commented favourably. "They surprised me by their skill, not only on skis but in military tactics," said Major E. J. Fjierli, the Norwegian chief instructor, who in the early days of World War Two helped to train 6th Battalion, Highland Light Infantry in ski-ing in the Scottish Highlands. "They learned quickly, were very enthusiastic and with a little more training would make first-class ski-troops."

The School Commandant, Major W. A. F. Crosse, of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, paid tribute to the team of Norwegian instructors who had taught the students a great deal in a little while about ski-ing and warfare in frozen wastes. "Nothing was too much trouble for them," he told *SOLDIER*. "We hope to see them back again with us next year. Then perhaps they can give more advanced instruction in specialist subjects."

★ *Army Ski Championships: See Sport — Page 40.*



No shortage of water here: SQMS W. Dodd, Army Catering Corps, of 31 Lorried Infantry Brigade, brews up a cup of tea from snow.

SOLDIER to Soldier

NEW tools of war require intellectual giants. Frankly, we're running out of geniuses."

This not untimely warning came from an American Service chief, Major-General Clovis Byers, who was discussing recruiting problems before a committee of the United States Congress.

In the late war scientists had to be convinced that it was no use devising ingenious new weapons if these could only be operated efficiently by Bachelors of Science. That was why tough-minded colonels were always on the spot to stress "the user point of view." Which does not mean that all modern weapons can, or should, be simplified to such an extent that they can be operated by men with a mental age of five.

No fighting arm became so technical in so brief a space as anti-aircraft. At one stage, ambitious Gunners were expected to be able to stand up and expound the theory of the anti-aircraft predictor; which meant that they had to be able to interpret trigonometry in terms of mechanical motion. It was strenuous going for the less mechanically minded, who dreamed in the night that they were being Rotated through Range and Translated through Time. Later models of predictor became still more complicated, and it was recognised at last that only specialists could

now hope to understand, even roughly, how they worked.

The same process of complication went on in other arms. Half the technical knowledge which the modern Infantryman is expected to absorb would have prostrated the heroes of Talavera and Badajos. It is surprising nevertheless, what technicalities can be mastered nowadays by "the common man"; the Russians pulled in illiterate Tartars from the Steppes and put them on to doing electrical care and maintenance in cities like Magnitogorsk. British instructors taught the

operation of radio sets to Africans straight from the bush.

There is one school which is worried, not so much at the thought that warfare is becoming fantastically complicated, or fantastically destructive, as that it is becoming fantastically expensive. War may not overtax man's intellect; it is more likely to overtax his purse.

THE newspapers which announced the return home, after 25 years overseas, of the 1st Battalion of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment also carried a smaller report telling how soldier twins had been flown home from Hong-Kong to their sick father's bedside, a month after arriving in that colony.

The general in flying kit is warned against "over-identification with personnel": a scene from the American film "Twelve O'Clock High," which tackles the human problems of war at high level. (Actors: left — Gregory Peck, and Millard Mitchell).



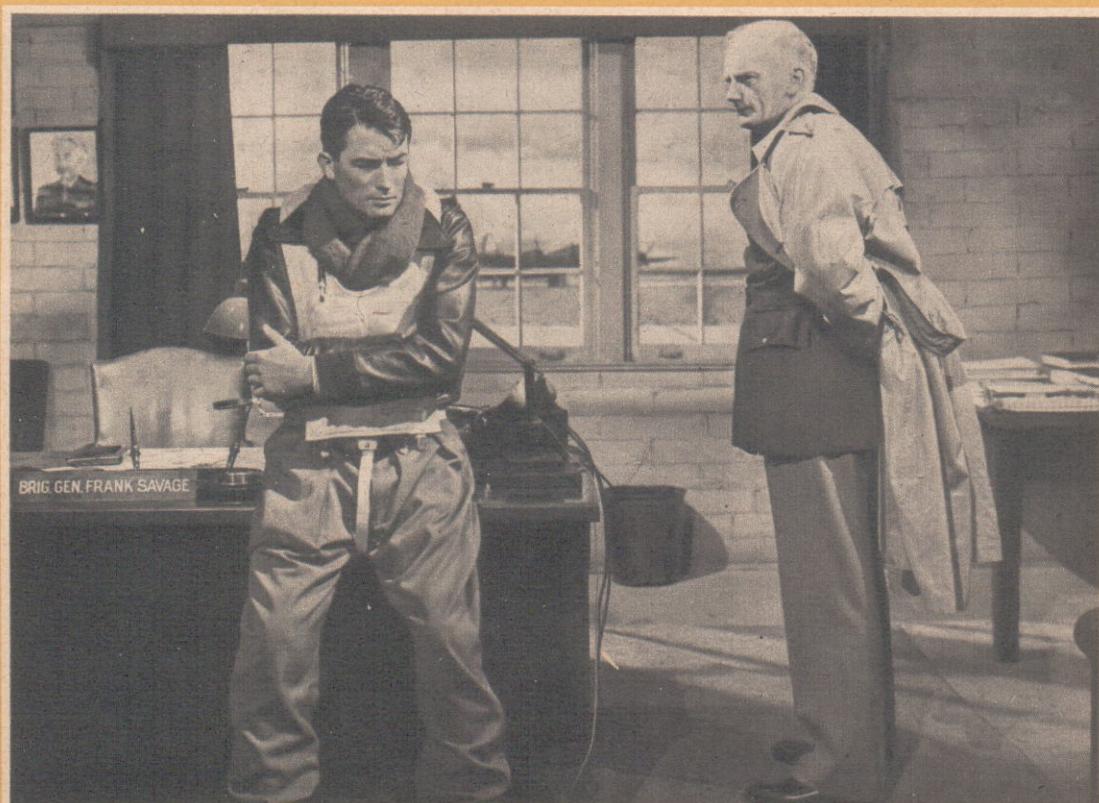
Their battalion came back after 25 years overseas: the men of the 1st Battalion of the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment. Once upon a time the "exile" of a regiment really meant the exile of the men in it.

Happily, the "exile" of a regiment has long ceased to be synonymous with the exile of those serving in it — though some soldiers still choose to serve long spells abroad without leave. In the "good old days," when a regiment was posted to a remote and unhealthy station, the men in it were not seriously expected to return. Those who survived battle, disease and the lash to set foot again in Britain had certainly earned a pension, if they could get it.

Even if the aeroplane had existed early last century, it is not hard to imagine what the Iron Duke would have said to a suggestion that private soldiers should be flown home on compassionate leave.

WHOM is the best kind of leader to pull together a fighting formation which has begun to lose faith in itself, which has begun to let discipline slide? The newcomer who hands out "shock treatment" and starts by forcing the sentries at the gate to salute smartly? Or the man who has been part of the unit all along, who takes the side of his men, and who is loved and respected by them?

These questions, and many others, are posed by a new American film, "Twelve O'Clock High," which many critics have hailed as the best war film yet. Certainly this picture and "Command Decision," both dramas of the American Air Force operating from Britain, are much more adult in their approach to the human problems of war than the run of Hollywood films. "Twelve O'Clock High" is the story of an overworked Bomber Group which has begun to slide. The commander is removed for what, in the jargon of the American Army, is known as "over-identification with personnel." In other words, he feels too keenly the strain on his subordinates, tends to sympathise in-



SOLDIER

to Soldier (Continued)

stead of to drive. In his place, from outside, comes a martinet who jerks the men alive again and restores their pride, but who breaks down at the end — also through that "over-identification" he was at such pains to avoid.

This film gives an insight into the immense strain under which a fighting commander lives (remember that in both world wars there were commanders who died of the physical and mental stress). The issues it raises crop up inescapably in other arms and other armies. In essence the problem is the same for the general as the lance-corporal; loyalty to inferiors must never outweigh loyalty to superiors. The successful leader balances these loyalties on a knife edge.

IN his book reviewed on page 32 "Popski," of Private Army fame, tells how a famous British general pulled together a fighting formation which was beginning to suffer in morale: none other than the Eighth Army.

"Popski's" admiration for Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery — "a little man with a passion for PT" — is boundless. Before he made his personality known to the troops the new general administered the shock treatment in a big way at headquarters. Some day our own film companies may get round to screening this episode.

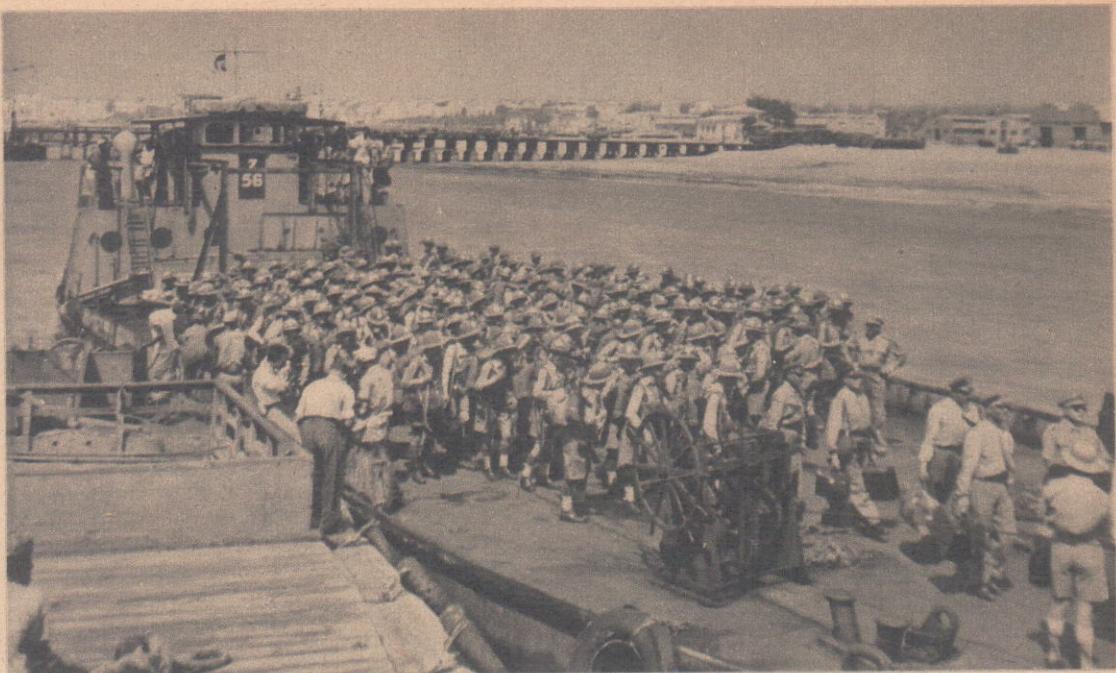
Meanwhile it is not irrelevant to quote what the wartime War Minister, Sir James Grigg, said in a review of "Popski's" book:

"The Major's (i.e. "Popski's") description of the magical effect on the troops of Montgomery's arrival in Egypt in 1942 is a complete answer to the silly belittlement of the greatest fighting general since Wellington which some recent writers have the stupidity to display."

COLONEL Blimp, that archetype of reaction created by the cartoonist David Low, might have been a bishop, it was recently revealed. Only by the toss of a coin, as it were, did Low decide to make him a military figure.

Was that a good thing? Sir Osbert Sitwell has argued that it was the merciless ridiculing of hidebound senior officers as "Blimps" which led to the vastly improvised generalship of World War Two; in no other wars, perhaps, did generals enjoy such respect from their men. On the other hand the word "Blimp" has been grossly misused in some quarters (as SOLDIER said some while ago) to describe any officer of field rank and above who has spent his best years doing a thankless job in a bad climate.

Colonel Blimp will never be quite extinct, but he is far, far harder to find than he used to be. Even scarcer, perhaps, is Colonel Chinstrap, the creation of the comedian Jack Train.



The Italian Army returns to take over the former colony of Italian Somaliland. These were the first troops to disembark at Mogadishu. Until the transfer of the Mandate the Italians were to be under Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Dowler, GOC East Africa.

THE ARMY'S LATEST HAND-OVER

WITHOUT shedding any tears, and with the minimum of ceremony, the British Army has been handing back the captured territory of Italian Somaliland to the Italian Army: the first hand-over to an ex-enemy since the end of World War Two.

Italian Somaliland, a strip of wilderness running along the Horn of Africa, was a country which Britain had no great desire to seize in the first place, and very little desire to retain.

It was wrested, without difficulty, from the Italians by forces

under General Sir Alan Cunningham early in 1941. Many of the enemy fled into the bush, others retreated smartly up the so-called Strada Imperiale to the Harar Plateau of Ethiopia. Right and left they threw away their rifles and deserted their ammunition dumps, thereby presenting the newcomers with an ugly problem.

Flashback to 1941: the Fasces, symbol of imperial Italy, uprooted by a South African tractor, after the fall of Italian Somaliland. The soldier on left is not saluting.



For the nomadic Somali tribesmen now had access to unlimited weapons and ammunition for raiding expeditions. Some Somalis had served as irregulars under the Italians; they were now irregular with a vengeance.

During the next few years the occupying forces, with the aid of the Somalia Gendarmerie, made arms raids into the interior, bringing in many thousands of rifles. By 1943 the territory was safer than it had been under ruthless Italian rule. The Somalia Mail, which plied from Kenya with the lightest of escorts, was never molested.

Many of the Italians who surrendered were glad to be in a safe spot for the rest of the war. Some, who became a liability because there was no work for them, were evacuated.

The Military Administration, under British officers, rapidly made the territory self-supporting in food. To settle quarrels over grazing rights — a frequent source of friction — the Administration in 1946 held a Durbar and laid down afresh the principles which were first agreed between Queen Victoria and the Emperor Menelik.

Now, by a decision of the United Nations, the Italians are to be trustees of the territory for ten years, after which it is to be granted independence. In the hand-over great care was taken to avoid "incidents" between the Italian troops landing at Mogadishu and the native inhabitants, some of whom have no cause to remember them with affection. The Somalis are sorry to see the British go.

British troops have been playing a passive role. They have the satisfaction of knowing that they are handing back the place in a better shape than it was when they took it over — which is an old Army custom.



Leaving the RAF Demobilisation Centre at Wembley in October, 1945: Wing-Commander John Strachey, now Minister for War.

THE problem of "Guns or Butter?" has been settled for Mr. Evelyn John St Loe Strachey at least by his appointment as Minister for War, after a turbulent spell as Minister for Food.

Like his predecessor, at the War Office, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, he arrives in a flutter of headlines. But 48-year-old Mr. Strachey, Eton-and-Oxford educated, is inured to controversy. He has shaken off the Housewives League, though he may find that Army wives are vociferous. One of his problems will be to insure a smooth inflow of National Servicemen into the Territorial Army.

At the outbreak of World War Two, Mr. Strachey served in Civil Defence, then joined the RAF. For a while he was adjutant of a squadron; then, as Wing-Commander Strachey, he broadcast regularly on the work of the RAF.

He was elected Member for Dundee in 1945 and became Under-Secretary for Air, before taking over the Ministry of Food.

TO the Ministry of Defence — a post which carries Cabinet rank — goes Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, Member for Durham. Now he sits with admirals and air marshals, as well as generals, and must assess their needs and priorities. As War Minister Mr. Shinwell paid special attention to soldiers' housing problems.

Talking over housing problems in Rhine Army:
Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, now Minister for Defence.



There is a wealth of Army experience on both sides of the new House of Commons. You can keep politics out of the Army, but you can't keep soldiers out of Parliament

Soldier MP's

If the House of Commons wanted to form its own army, it would not have much difficulty — so long as the private army needed no privates.

The February election produced more than 200 Members (out of 625) who have been soldiers in nearly every rank from private to general (field-marshall seem to be confined to the House of Lords). The House of Commons soldiers have seen active service from the little campaigns of the mid-nineties to the troubles of the late 'forties.

Senior soldier among them is General Sir George Jeffreys, a Guardsman who took part in the Nile Expedition of 1898, retired in 1938 and has been in Parliament since 1941. Mr. Winston Churchill came under his command in World War One.

As potential commander of an MP's Army, General Jeffreys would have no lack of brigadiers. Some were Regulars. Among them is Brigadier J. G. Smyth, who won the Victoria Cross in World War One and in World War Two raised the 19th (Dagger) Indian Division, commanded another division against the Japanese and is now a well-known writer on tennis. There is one other VC in the House, Captain R. E. D. Ryder, Royal Navy, of St Nazaire fame.

Another Regular is Brigadier T. H. Clarke, who planned Ordnance programmes for the First Army invasion of North Africa and who has played Rugby and boxed (heavy-weight) for the Army. Brigadier Clarke was one of seven Regular serving officers who received leave to stand as candidates at the 1950 election.

For both Brigadier Smyth and Brigadier Clarke, this is their first Parliament. They may get an early wrinkle or two from their fellow-Conservative and fellow ex-Regular, Brigadier

Antony Head, who has five years' Commons experience. Brigadier Head helped to plan the Normandy D-Day. In Parliament, he became chairman of the Conservative Party's sub-committee on the Army and has been named by several newspapers as the Conservative "shadow" War Minister. Another experienced Regular is Brigadier H. R. Mackeson who won the Sword of Honour at Sandhurst in 1925 and topped the poll at Hythe in 1945.

Among the Territorials is Brigadier Frank Medlicott who had achieved a lance-bombardier's stripe when World War Two broke out and was a brigadier in 1944. Quick promotion came, too, to Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, who first entered Parliament so that he could join the Army. When World War Two started, he was in the Diplomatic Service, and the Foreign Office would not release him. So he stood for Parliament and his election secured him what volunteering could not: freedom to enlist.

The colonels include the House of Commons' oldest soldier, Mr. Winston Churchill, five times a colonel. Another veteran is the Speaker, Colonel Douglas Clifton Brown, who took a commission in



THE GENERAL CALLED ON THE COMMONS

THE new House of Commons had its work ceremonially inaugurated by Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, famous as the wartime commander of 30 Corps in Africa and Europe and now Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod.

It was Black Rod's duty, on the day Parliament assembled, to summon the Commons to the House of Lords to hear the Royal Commission declaring Parliament open.

His office dates back to the reign of Henry VIII, who decreed that there must be "a gentleman famous in arms and blood" who would have care and custody of "all the doors of the High Court called Parliament." In 1875 his income was £5300; now it is £1000.

As Black Rod goes to summon the Commons, the door is slammed in his face and he must knock three times and give his office in answer to the question "Who's there?" The ceremony is a symbol of the Commons' right to exclude anyone they do not wish to enter when Parliament is in session. Other duties of Black Rod include taking into custody any member of the Lords impeached for treason or felony.

Highest-ranking soldier in the House: General Sir George Jeffreys, (Con: Petersfield) who once commanded Mr. Churchill.



A VC comes to the House: Brigadier J. G. Smyth (Con: Lambeth), who raised the 19th (Dagger) Indian Division.



Believed to be the only holder of the Distinguished Conduct Medal in Parliament: Mr. Horace E. Holmes (Labour: Hemsworth).

Colonel G. E. C. Wigg (Labour: Dudley) spent 18 years in the ranks—only MP with a Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.



Former Rifle Brigade major, John Freeman (Lab: Watford), has held three War Office posts; now at Supply Ministry.



Colonel A. G. Gomme-Duncan (Con: Perth) is on his feet if anyone mentions the Black Watch — or the Gurkhas.



Mr. Peter Baker (Con: South Norfolk), a newcomer to publishing and Parliament, served in Special Air Service, twice eluded captors.



Mr. H. Morris (Labour: Neepsend, Sheffield) was in two world wars: private to captain in one, serjeant to lieutenant-colonel in the other.



Enlisting as a private at 15, Mr. G. Nabarro (Con: Kidderminster) now directs two engineering works in the Midlands.

Soldier MP'S (Cont'd)

the King's Dragoon Guards in 1902. After World War One he left the Regular Army and commanded the Territorial Northumberland Hussars.

A Socialist colonel whose boast it was in the last Parliament that he had done more other rank service than all the Conservative Members put together is back again: Colonel G. E. C. Wigg, who was in the ranks from 1919 to 1937. He rejoined in World War Two for commissioned service. He helped to devise the Army Education scheme when National Service was introduced in 1939 and was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Shinwell in the last Parliament.

Below red tab level there are plenty of experienced officers, many with other rank service. The Prime Minister, Mr. C. R. Attlee is one of the "emergency commission" officers and in 1916 he served, as major, in the Gallipoli campaign mounted by Mr. Churchill.

The new Minister of Works, Mr. Richard Stokes, was a World War One Gunner. He first went to Parliament in 1938 and has since shown a lot of interest in the Army, in particular as a critic of Britain's wartime tank design.

Among "Monty's" men there is Mr. John Freeman who was succeeded at the War Office as Under-Secretary by Mr. Michael Stewart. Mr. Stewart continues to hold the post under Mr. Strachey. Both Mr. Freeman and Mr. Stewart served in the Middle East in World War Two and were commissioned in 1944.

Three Regulars who, like Brigadier Clarke stood for Parliament by special concession are Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke and Major Tufton Beamish, both of whom sat in the last Parliament, and Captain the Viscount Cranborne. Three other Regular officers were candidates but did not succeed at the polls; no serving National Servicemen took advantage of the concession.

Among other soldiers on the Conservative side are Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Bromley-Davenport, who was an Army welter-weight boxing champion; Major the Hon. Hugh Fraser, who served in the regiment raised by his father, the Lovat Scouts, before becoming a paratrooper; Mr. Ernest Marples who joined the London Scottish as a private in 1939 and was regimental serjeant-major by April 1940 (later he was a Gunner officer).

The Socialists have Mr. Horace E. Holmes, who won the DCM in World War One; Mr. Jack Jones, a quartermaster-serjeant with the Imperial Camel Corps in the same war; Mr. H. Morris, who rose from private to captain in World War One and was a lieutenant-colonel in World War Two; Mr. G. H. R. Rogers, a corporal in the Royal Signals; Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, a former major who writes on Army topics in the press; and Mr. Ernest Thurtle, who served in both wars and was instrumental in abolishing the death penalty for cowardice and desertion.



From Gunner to Brigadier in seven years was the success story of Frank Medlicott, who retained his Norfolk seat as a Liberal National. In 1937 he was a Territorial recruit; in 1939 a lieutenant; in 1940 a major; in 1944 a brigadier. He was Director of Welfare in 21st Army Group.



Mr. Charles Crosland (Labour: South Gloucestershire) served in the ranks, was commissioned into the Royal Welch Fusiliers, then joined the Parachute Regiment and fought in North Africa, Italy and the South of France. The end of the war found him an Intelligence officer in Italy and France.

THE PADRE AND THE MAQUIS GIRL STOOD IN VAIN

The Rev. Campbell McKinnon, who won the Military Cross at Salerno, failed in his second attempt to enter Parliament, this time at Chester. He had a Labour ticket. Former Chaplain to the Tyneside Scottish and 72 British General Hospital, he landed at Algiers and then served in North Africa, Italy, Palestine, Syria and Austria. Today he is Territorial Chaplain to the Liverpool Scottish.

Miss Dodo Lees, defeated as Labour candidate at Bournemouth East and Christchurch, had a more exciting war than most. A nurse with the British Red Cross, she transferred in 1944 to the French Red Cross, landed in Normandy, crossed the enemy lines and nursed the fighters of the Maquis. After the Liberation she joined the French Army and was sent to Indo-China.



THESE CANDIDATES WERE NATIONAL SERVICEMEN:

Three candidates were young men who had recently completed their term of National Service. They were unsuccessful, but they have plenty of time (and fight) left. Brian Law (left) who contested Wycombe as a Liberal, served in the 10th Royal Hussars in Rhine Army. He was one of the few Liberals who did not lose his deposit. William Camp (centre) who opposed Lieut-Col. Martin Lindsay at Solihull for Labour, was with Sixth Airborne Division in Palestine. Francis Irwin, who stood as a Conservative at Bridgeton, Glasgow, served in the Royal Army Educational Corps and later underwent Infantry cadet training.



The Bugler They Used to Impersonate

A report from Australia recently stirred 50-year-old memories in Britain. Bugler Dunne, it said, was dead. This was not the first time his death had been reported. In his life-time, his fame had encouraged several people to impersonate him, in an attempt to cash in on his glory. This time, said the report, it was the real Bugler Dunne who had died.

It was at the battle of Colenso, in South Africa, in December 1899, that Bugler John Francis Dunne earned his place among national heroes at the age of 14.

The exact details of his exploit seem to have been confused by time. Colenso was one of the British Army's reverses in the early stages of the Boer War and Dunne's unit, the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, took some hard knocks.

They were part of the Irish Brigade which attempted to cross the Tugela River and were repulsed with heavy casualties. It was one of the Army's great stories of tragedy and heroism.

Only a few got across the river. Led, according to one account by a colour-serjeant who shouted, "Let's make a name for ourselves and diel" they set off to attack a *kraal*. This account says that Bugler Dunne, twice wounded, was among them. It also says the colour-serjeant was the only man to reach the *kraal* and to get back across the river unhurt.

Another account says Bugler Dunne "went with the men in the first line, though many told him to go back, and was one of the first to be wounded, a bullet going through his arm."

A third version, published in a London evening paper when the story of his death appeared, moved Colenso a matter of 200 to 300 miles to the Modder River and altered the result of the battle from that accepted by history.

"It was at the battle of Colenso, in 1899, that Dunne, then a boy of fourteen, sounded his epic call," it said. "Like Nelson, he won distinction for a piece of disobedience. He was given the order to sound the retreat at the action of Modder River. He refused to blow it.

"Bugler Dunne swam the river, and as he climbed out on the bank his bugle arm was hit by an enemy shell. But he took the bugle in his other hand and blew the attack. The soldiers, inspired by his courage, swept the enemy before them."

But the official history of Dunne's battalion, which might have been expected to enlarge on any notable feat, dismisses Bugler Dunne with this:

"Among a host of others who showed their worth under the trying circumstances of this unfortunate day, was Bugler Dunne, a small boy who did his duty well, and had the good fortune to be received by Her Majesty the Queen on his return home. His father was also in South Africa, a colour-serjeant in the 5th Battalion. Isolated cases must always receive undue prominence — it is the way of the world..."

Dunne was invalided home from South Africa. When he came out of hospital he was chaired through the streets of Portsmouth, and "became the unwilling object of a public ovation." Two of the Queen's daughters were said to have visited him in hospital and when they asked him what he would like the Queen to do for him he answered, "I hope Her Majesty will send me back to the front."

Bugler Dunne was summoned to Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, to meet the Queen. He came away with a copper bugle on which was a silver plate engraved: "Presented to Bugler John Francis Dunne, 1st Battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him on the field of battle at Colenso on the 15th December, 1899, when he was wounded."

Dunne had many other presents, one of them a big Maltese goat which he presented to the drummer-boys of his regiment as their regimental pet. But he was disappointed in his ambition to go back to the front.

After the South African War, Dunne toured the music-halls for a while. Later he went to Australia. In 1933 it was reported that he had died and that his widow and four children were asking for public assistance. But the real Bugler Dunne turned up again 15 days later.



Bugler Dunne: the Queen gave him a new bugle.



British soldiers on leave from Hong-Kong find a welcome in Portugal's "Hong-Kong": the 400-year-old colony of Macao on the Canton River

"LITTLE PORTUGAL"

HERE is not much room to spare in Macao. This tiny Portuguese colony on China's Canton River houses more than 150,000 people in its five square miles.

But Macao, as befits a colony of the country which claims to be Britain's oldest ally, has opened its gates to British Servicemen looking for somewhere new to go on leave, now that Canton is out of fashion as a leave-centre.

Not all soldiers pay to go there. There were, for instance, Corporal Robert MacFarlane and Trooper Peter Burrell of the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, now stationed in the New Territories. They won a unit sweepstake in which the prize was a free week-end in Macao, with 60 Hong-Kong dollars (£3 15s) pocket-money.

The motor-vessel *Wusueh* took them to Macao and was their floating hotel while they were there. Her second engineer was their guide ashore.

On the evening they arrived, they explored some of the narrow, cobbled streets and the trim little squares with their statues of bygone Portuguese noblemen who served the colony from its foundation in 1557.

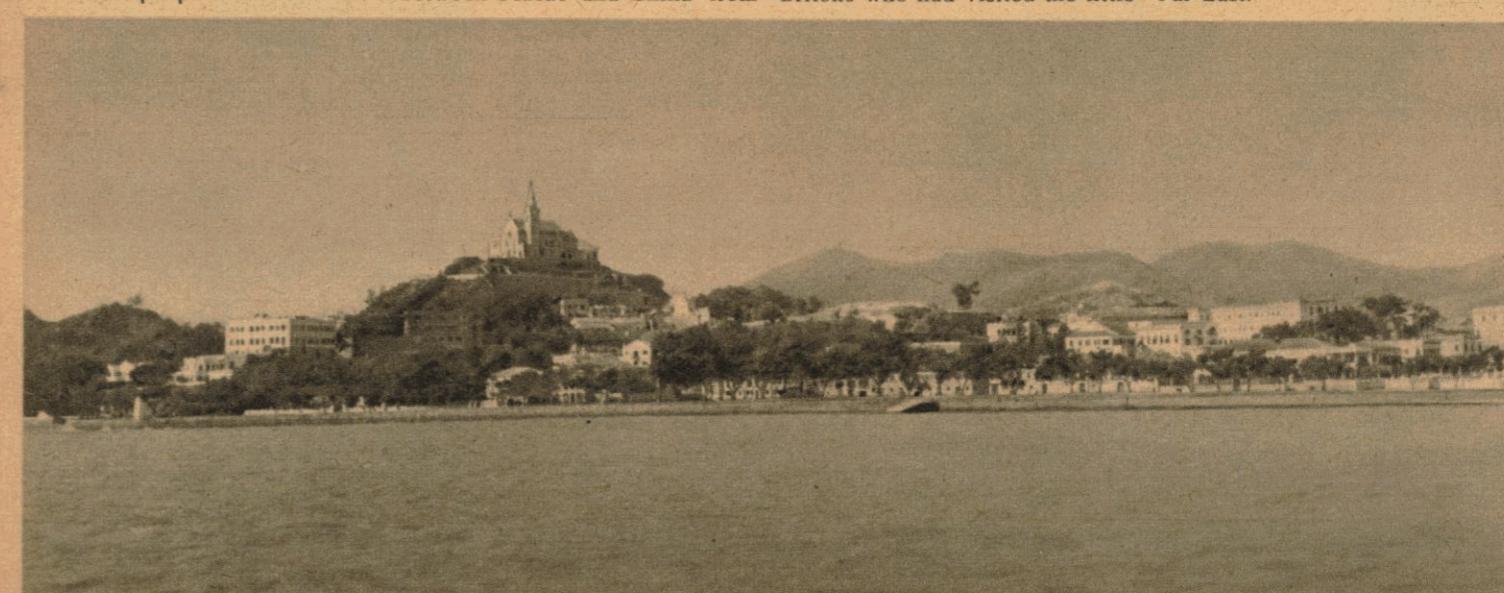
Then they looked in at one of Macao's many licensed casinos: the government not only licenses the gaming houses but takes a percentage of the profits. Stakes were a bit high for a soldier, but Corporal MacFarlane tried his hand at the ubiquitous Fan-Tan — which is simply betting on the number which will appear on the top of a dice hidden under a cup — and he won 15 dollars.

Above the casino, Corporal MacFarlane and Trooper Burrell explored a large dance-hall and hob-nobbed with the Portuguese Army in the persons of three serjeants, with whom they sampled the local beer.

They saw more soldiers the next morning — African sentries, from Portuguese East Africa, on duty at the Barrier Gate, the link between Macao and China from



Macao is proud of its history and loses no chance to enshrine it in stone. Below: first view of Macao from the sea is one of glistening white buildings, with Penha Chapel perched on its hill.



Soldier meets soldier in Macao: posing for their pictures are African troops from Mozambique.

early morning until half-past eight in the evening.

Through the streets, amid the sounds of Macao's hundreds of chiming clocks, announcing the hour in concert, they walked to the remains of St. Paul's Church, an elaborately carved façade that stands at the top of an imposing flight of steps. The rest of the building was destroyed by fire in a typhoon more than a century ago.

They saw, too, Fort Monte, with its old culverins and bronze cannon. More than once it withstood the sieges of the Dutch, who coveted Macao. Now it is a prison. They saw relics of Camoen, the great Portuguese poet who is said to have written an epic in Macao and to have swum ashore clutching the manuscript over his head when he was shipwrecked off the Cochin-China shore on his way home.

And they saw reminders of Britons who had visited the little

colony before them: the ruffians who built their fortunes on opium smuggled into China; the dashing merchant-adventurers who bribed their way past the obstacles Imperial China put in the way of commerce with the "Outer Barbarians," to build up Britain's eastern trade; the servants of the Honourable East India Company, a long way from their masters in London; the early missionaries to China.

Macao gave hospitality to many of them — except when Britain and Portugal were at war — before Britain had her own China colony of Hong-Kong. Some of them lie there still, in the cemetery alongside the little English church built by the East India Company in 1821. Among them is a forebear of Mr. Winston Churchill — Lord Spencer Churchill, captain of HMS *Druid*, who died in Macao Roads in 1840. — *From a report by Captain A. G. R. Cross, Military Observer, Far East.*

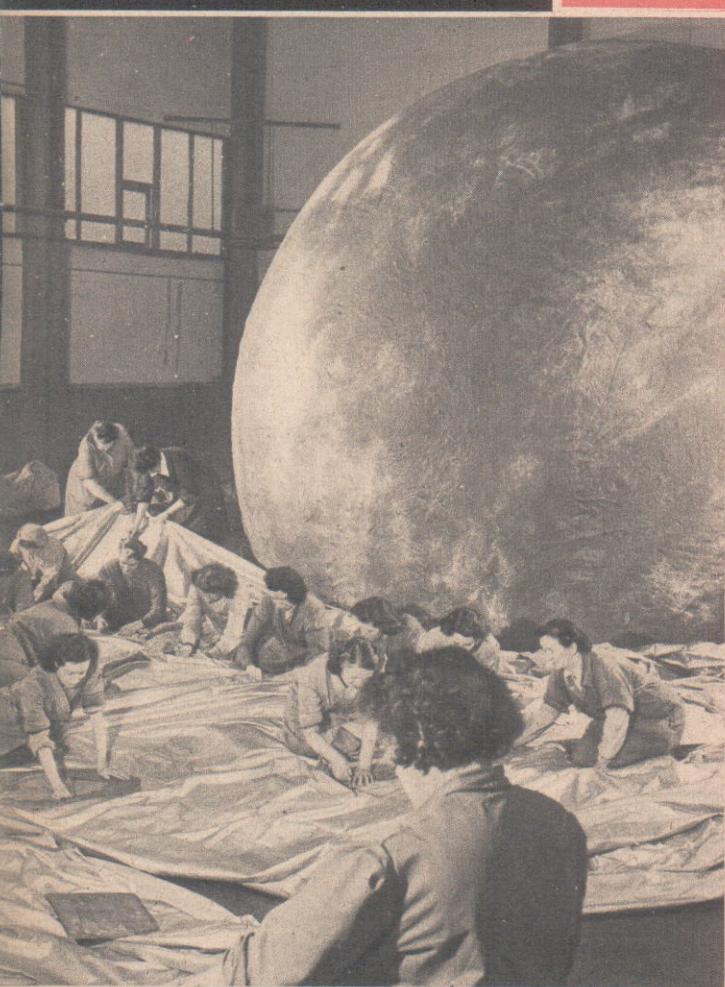


The airlock door is big: it has to be, for through it comes all the training apparatus after the dome has been inflated.



Going up... The Portobel will stand high winds, for the dome is lashed to a base of concrete sections bolted together.

THE BALLOON GOES UP — AND THE GUNNERS TRAIN INSIDE IT



These women factory workers assemble the fabric into Portobel domes. In the background is an early, experimental Portobel.

NOW the dome trainer is portable. This ingenious device for improving the marksmanship of light anti-aircraft gunners (described in *SOLDIER* July, 1948) used to look like a mud-hut from Equatorial Africa. Now it resembles half a balloon. And half a balloon is roughly what it is.

The new version, called the Portobel trainer, is a dome of proofed fabric with a white rubberised inner surface. It is kept blown up by a small compressor, which raises the pressure slightly above that outside. You go in and out through airlock doors and the pressure difference is equivalent to that between the ground floor and the attic of a two-storey house.

Blown up, the dome is 20 feet high and has a diameter of 30 feet. It contains the same skeleton Bofors gun as the solid dome trainer, and the same cinema projector to offer realistic moving targets for the gun. There is sound apparatus to give battle noises.

The whole thing can be packed into a three-ton lorry and erected in two hours by unskilled labour. It can be used in high winds and is quite stable.

The Portobel is the only portable light anti-aircraft trainer in the world. It even figures in Britain's export drive for it has been ordered by Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland and India. New developments in the Portobel will include air conditioning for hot climates, a gun-platform which simulates the movements of a ship for naval purposes, and an air-to-air gunnery training device.



With a roar of engines and the crashing of bombs and guns, a four-engined plane flashes over the dome. Trainee gunners "chase" it with their sights.



George Mitchell and his fellow Servicemen (and Service-women) carried wartime comradeship into civilian life — and made a notable name for themselves

There's no stopping Serjeant Mitchell

IN the ordinary way, you would not join the Royal Army Pay Corps as a first step to radio stardom.

To be fair, that was not George Mitchell's original idea. He and his wartime comrades in the 33rd Battalion of the Royal Army Pay Corps, toiling away amid the files at Finsbury Circus, needed some relaxation to take their minds off other men's credits and debits.

One day in 1944 Serjeant George Mitchell asked if anyone would like to help form a swing choir. Eighteen men and women thought they would. The rest is entertainment history: the choir became a feature of such top-ranking radio shows as "ITMA," "Stand Easy," "Waterlogged Spa," and "Hi Gang!" Now they have earned fresh distinction: theirs is the first regular BBC show to be sent on a provincial tour by Broadcasting House.

"Way back, when the mettle of the choir was untested, the members had to practise on an ancient upright piano, ill-tuned and lacking one or two notes; the battalion dance band had a fine grand piano, but they thought it too good for the upstart choir to use.

In those early days the choir visited gun sites and barracks in the London area and ended up at the Stage-Door Canteen. Here Ronnie Waldman recorded them for overseas broadcasts and then put them in a weekly BBC series. This led to appearances in "Variety Bandbox" and the final "Stars in Battle-dress" show at the Albert Hall.

The choir included men who had been posted to the Pay Corps from other units: Lieutenant Frederick Gommer, who had served at Meerut and Allahabad; Serjeant Emyr Griffith, Llandudno solicitor's clerk from the Welch Regiment; Lance-Corporal Frank Cooper, of the Devons, former captain of Wanstead Rugby Club; Lance-Corporal Alan Cooper, ex-Royal Fusilier who had been taken prisoner at the Gothic Line. The girls included identical twins, Lance-Corporals Olive and Jessie Prime, ATS.

In 1946 release brought the choir to an end. Within eight months George Mitchell had been asked by old members to reform it. Twelve of the original choir came back. Mitchell himself threw in his accountant's job in London, Frank Cooper left the West-end property office where he worked, and Alan Cooper his biscuit firm. One girl, Barbara Salisbury, joined up from Rothesay, Scotland. They were nearly "broke" when the BBC gave them an audition.

New members came to swell their ranks. These included former soldiers: Les Rawlins, Reginald Stanton and Don Reed, tank men captured at Tobruk;

Geoffrey Gooding of the Queen's Bays, who served from Mersa Matruh to Venice; and Gunner Ralph West from the Dover "Bomb Alley."

Besides broadcasting some 400 tunes, the choir have recorded for the gramophone, for films and even — as the Unitones — for American juke-boxes.

George Mitchell's musical training consisted of six months on the piano at the age of 13. He knew nothing about arranging music when he started but he learned rapidly. Often producers call for a special presentation of a song at a few hours notice. Tommy Handley wanted a special number for a Guy Fawkes edition of "ITMA." Mitchell wrote the arrangement within three hours.

The worst moment in the life of the choir was at the People's Palace in a BBC show in which they had not rehearsed. Said the producer: "Don't worry. We will tip you off five minutes before you are on." Most of the choir wandered off to a dressing-room. There someone switched on a miniature radio to listen to the show. Suddenly a voice said: "You are now going to hear the George Mitchell Choir..."

Luckily one of the girls, Terry Willett, had been standing in the wings. Accompanied by the orchestra, she started off solo. The rest of the choir walked on the stage and joined in, trying to look unconcerned. To the listeners it was just a novel introduction of a Mitchell Choir "arrangement."

The choir learns 20 numbers a week, and their spare time is meagre. Now the BBC has decided that they shall broadcast on Thursday evenings in the coveted half-hour before the nine o'clock news, and also that they shall visit provincial towns each week to join local choirs in a Glee Club programme.

George Mitchell's agent, ex-Major Robert Luff (who served in Burma with the Gordon Highlanders) says: "Mitchell is one of the few people in Britain who can arrange music for voices on a large scale. He knows how to bring out different types of voices at the right moment and strike the correct balance."

Maybe practice in balancing soldiers' accounts had something to do with it.

ERIC DUNSTER



The original choir: Barbara Salisbury (extreme left, back row) and Terry Willett (second from left, front row) are still with the show. So are Frank Cooper, Emyr Griffith and Alan Cooper (third, fifth and seventh from left, back row).



The George Mitchell Choir today: they broadcast regularly. Below: George Mitchell with (left to right) Daphne Bell, Barbara Hope, Barbara Salisbury and Elsie Cooper. Daphne Bell was also in the ATS.



THE GIRLS AT THE BIG MAP

It's another job for the Territorials: manning the anti-aircraft operations room which is one of the nerve centres of London's defences. Much of the "manning" is done by women

IT looks like a gambling game. And the room is as hard to get into as a gambling den, if you do not know the right people.

Round the big, brightly-lit table, criss-crossed into squares, girls with preoccupied expressions move their counters deftly from square to square. In their ears drones the voice of a khaki croupier...

It is a game which, in the past, has been played for the highest of stakes: the lives of some millions of Londoners. It may, conceivably, be played for vastly higher stakes in the future.

The girls round the table are Territorial members of the Women's Royal Army Corps. Their job in this anti-aircraft operations room, three storeys below the streets of the capital, is to position their counters (which represent aircraft) on the mapped table in accordance with radar information of approaching aircraft. They must be rapid thinkers, able to interpret map co-ordinates in the time it takes to bat an eyelid. On the raid picture which they build up, the officer responsible for the anti-aircraft defences of the area bases his tactics.

This operations room, in essentials no different from others up and down Britain (and in principle no different from those of World War One) was a showplace for VIP's during the war — except that VIP's were firmly excluded during actual operations. It is used today by the Regular Army and — on certain evenings — by the volunteers of No. 64 Fire Command Troop, Territorial Army.

The girls who report here for duty come from varied backgrounds. There is, for instance, Private Jacqueline Lawrence, who by day sits in a film company's office, helping to answer the fan-mail of film stars. A wartime FANY, she is the daughter of a retired Coldstream Guards colonel (her brother is serving with the regiment in Malaya). Next to her is Private Dorothy Goddard, who helps to pack ice cream at Cadby Hall. Wearing the earphones beside Private Goddard is Private



Exercise in progress: around a map of the Home Counties sit the girls who build up a picture of the "raid." Right: in foreground is Private Joan Bryant, with a box of squares and discs which are the counters in a game of wits.



Left: Superintending a training exercise are Serjeant F. Stuart-Brown, a Regular instructor, and Serjeant Bessie Wright, who worked in this operations room during the war. Above: Unit officers look down as Private Daphne Ingleton makes a move; in background is Private Frances Vivian. Right: Private Audrey Clarke, who was in the wartime ATS, and (below) Private Lilian Herbert, who works with SSAFA.

Joan Bryant, a war widow who, after studying for the bar at Cambridge, became secretary to the present Lord Balfour, when he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air in World War Two. She now works for the RAF Benevolent Fund.

Heather Lancaster, a clerk in the Royal College of Nursing, served in the ATS and was with the only all-women cinema unit to go overseas. She joined the Territorials in April 1948.

The sergeant in charge of the girls, Bessie Wright, is no stranger to the underground operations room. She was there during the war. "I first joined the ATS in 1942," she said "and eventually found myself in this place." There were about 150 girls, split into four shifts to cover the 24 hours.

She remembers Mr. Churchill paying a visit during a practice exercise. But when a raid was on "even our own ATS officers were barred."

After her release the sergeant yearned for her days in the operations room. She joined the Territorials and was sent to a unit at Streatham. One day she was transferred — and found herself back in London's secret room.

Daphne Ingleton of Church Road, Richmond, was working as a clerk in a Cardiff factory when a WRAC officer came round and gave a "pep" talk. It must have been a good one, for Miss Ingleton joined up when she came to live in London.

From the gallery of the operations room Lieutenant Raymond Fawcett-Corbett, wartime RAF navigator until he became a prisoner-of-war, acts as duty officer. Next to him a Regular Army instructor, Serjeant F. Stuart-Brown, is there to see that the drill instructions come through correctly from "down under." For four flights of stairs below the operations room is the telling room where four Gunners read out "raid reports" from a script.

One of them, Gunner Joseph Distance, of Scarborough, said: "During the day a scheme is worked out and put on paper. We represent the various RAF filter rooms who in war send reports to this headquarters. If we are reading too quickly or slowly for the girls, the sergeant sends down a message over the loudspeakers."

Corporal Doreen Cole, a draftsman at Acton, told SOLDIER: "We come here every fortnight and on the alternate Mondays go to our headquarters in the Duke of York's headquarters, Chelsea, for speed plotting, drill and other subjects."

And the Adjutant, Lieutenant Charles Cooke, said: "We have vacancies for 50 more girls."





"Le dernier cri": the WRAC's new "three-decker" for all ranks.



THE QUEST FOR THE PERFECT HAT

(and when they've got it will they want it?)

THE things which women will put on their heads never cease to astound men — even the men who design them. Hats like bunches of grapes... hats like crash-landed pheasants... hats like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon...

In the women's Services, the madder flights of millinery must be curbed, but not curbed so much that a hat loses every suggestion of piquancy, provocation and what the French call *panache*. A hat must be attractive without being subversive.

The whole thing is a profound problem, and one which occupies a great many man-hours (and woman-hours).

Recently the air chiefs have been trying to choose a new walking-out hat for the Women's Royal Air Force (for years the WAAF wept secretly over their shiny-peaked "chauffeur's hat.") The adjudicators have now drawn up a short list of hats (two of which are pictured on this page). It will be noticed that the styles follow closely the trend of the new Women's Royal Army Corps hats which were revealed a few months ago. Among the styles not favoured by the air chiefs was a female "bowler."

What started this revived interest in Servicewomen's hats was undoubtedly the striking headgear worn by Princess Elizabeth at the last-but-one ceremony of Trooping the Colour. It was the Hat of the Year, in two continents. Aage Thaarup, the Queen's milliner, who designed it, clearly used it as a basis for the new headgear for the Women's Royal Army Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

On these pages SOLDIER has collected for the edification of its female (and male) readers a selection of new and old hat styles for Servicewomen, including the romantic, the unromantic, the *chic*, the functional and the utility.



This familiar, but not greatly loved, hat is on its way out.

The hat which started it all: designed by Aage Thaarup, it was first worn by Princess Elizabeth on Horse Guards Parade.



Captain Molyneux's new beret for the WRAC has very shapely lines.



A side-cap is jaunty, but is a dead loss in the rain.



Glamour in the WAAC of World War One was rigorously suppressed.



This is one of the WRAF's "probables." Note dimple (in hat).



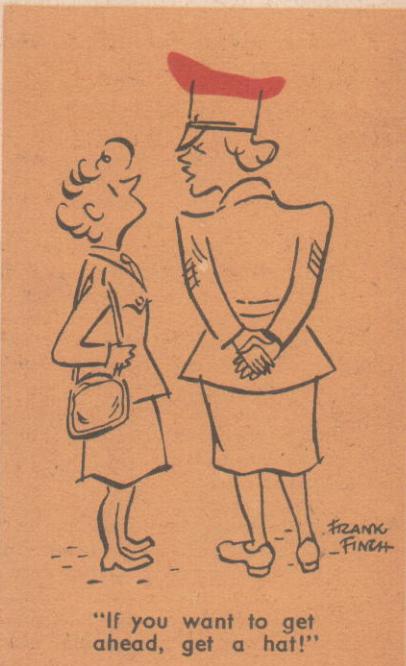
Another WRAF "probable." Air chiefs have quite a headache.



The glossy-peaked "chauffeur's cap" always worried the WAAF —



— but airwomen in 1919 suffered in this "chef's model."





Most Servicewomen at heart coveted the WRNS officers' tricorne —



— but the simple sailor hat could be worn with devastating effect.



Another WRNS model — with white top for tropical wear.



Less *chic* (much less *chic*) was the WRNS hat of World War One.



Styled like the WRAC hat is the new model for the QARANC.



Like the ATS, nursing sisters became addicts of the khaki beret.



In QAIMNS coloured bands helped an otherwise unexciting headgear.



Severe, functional: the choice of the Women's Transport Service (FANY).



"Neither the best nor the worst" sums up the NAAFI model.



Side-cap, US style, worn by "the most beautiful WAC in Europe."



America's "Queen WAC" (Mrs. Culp Hobby) in a French-looking inspiration.



Musical comedy hat: worn in US Marine Corps Women's Reserve.



One of the nifty tropical numbers favoured by US Navy girls.



Red Army Women had side-caps too, with regulation red star at front.



Utility skull-fitting style was worn by nurses with the Red Navy.



But the Russians could design an impressive hat when they tried.



The British soldier turns up in the most unlikely places ... like Corporal J. A. Plevin, 13/18 Hussars.

AT THE SIGN OF

A new generation of soldiers has taken over Cyrenaica, but in ravaged towns like Tobruk there are still veterans of the Eighth Army. This is the second instalment of a special report by SOLDIER Staff Writer PETER LAWRENCE and Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL

THE hot, dry wind from the desert still blows at Windy Corner, Tobruk. It is no more friendly than it was in 1941. Nor is the view any more cheerful. The buildings in the town are still mostly ruins. The desert is just as bleak and barren. The wreckage in the harbour looks, if anything, worse because the years have added to its rust.

Once upon a time it was unwise to pass Windy Corner without keeping an eye open for gun flashes, and no visitor to Tobruk now can forget those heroic days. There are too many souvenirs.

Outside the Garrison Headquarters, for instance, stand two Italian field pieces, two of many that were left with more ammunition than British Gunners could use. Many of those captured weapons were manned by scratch crews of Australian cooks, batmen, drivers and sanitary men, all eager to fire off something at the Germans.

There were no sights on the guns so the orders went something like this: "Try and get that wadi, Bill. That one was a bit wide. Shift her over a couple of telephone poles to the left. She's still a bit short. Raise her by putting a stone underneath."

In Tobruk itself, which has one of the best natural harbours in North Africa, every soldier's job is connected with the port — unloading supplies for the rest of

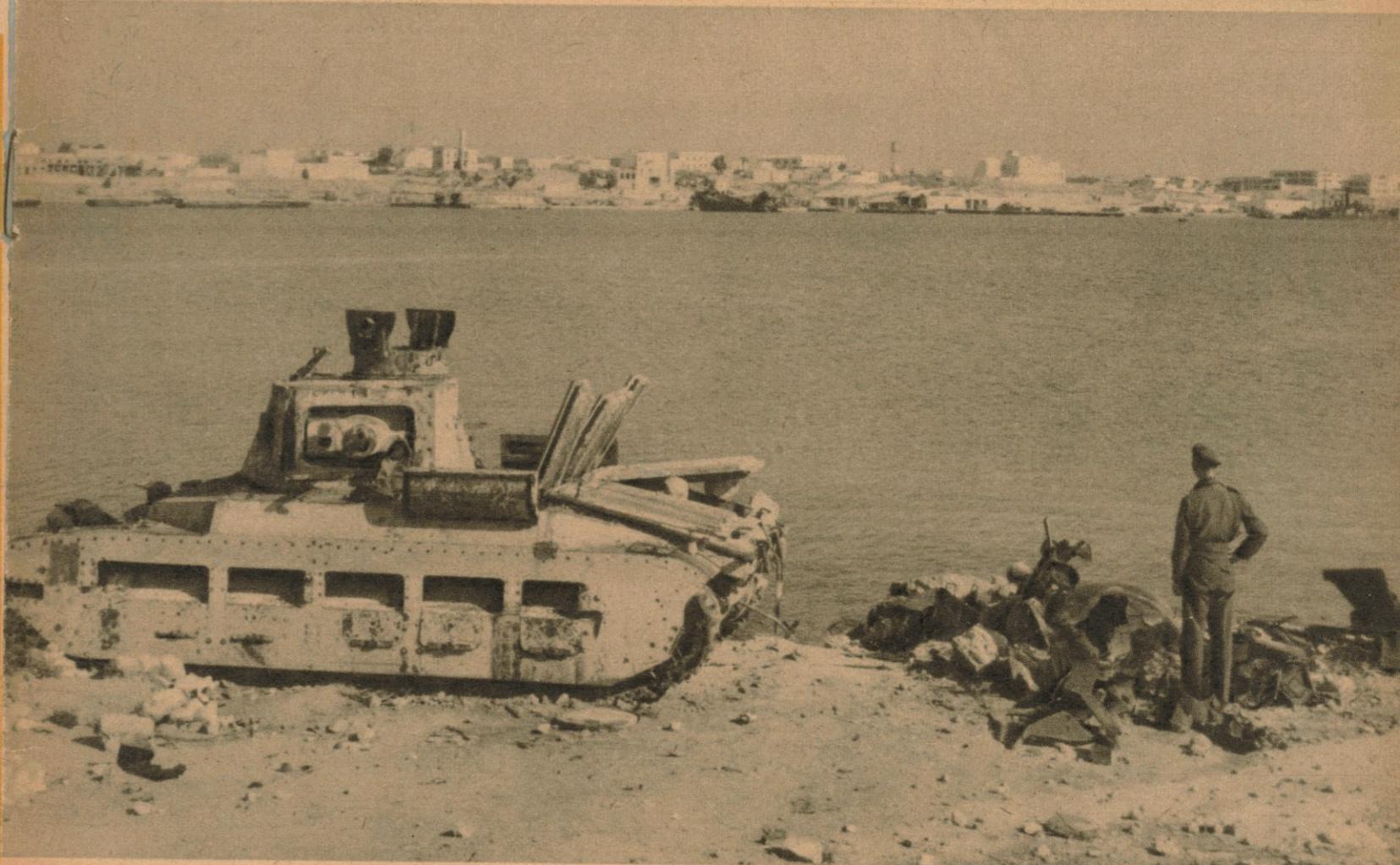
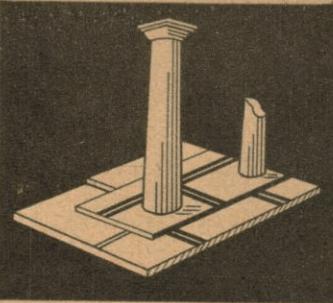
the Army or dealing with the men and families going to the far side of Cyrenaica. For Benghazi harbour, on the other side of the fertile, 3000-feet high Jebel, is almost useless through lack of dredging. As a result, most Army administrators agree with the German General von Ravenstein that Cyrenaica, though it may be the strategist's dream, is still the quartermaster's nightmare.

When the day's work is over, the Tobruk soldier must still turn to the town for his entertainment. There is one cinema, a NAAFI club at Windy Corner and a Salvation Army canteen ("We still hear from the Brigadier," they say, meaning the Salvation Army's Brigadier McIlveen who played his wheezy gramophone to troops during the siege). In summer there is bathing — and very good bathing, too — at the little coves near the harbour entrance, but even these facilities do not warrant the title of "The Tommy's Riviera" bestowed on Tobruk by a London newspaper.

One of the few good things about Tobruk, which the soldier will admit, is that it is probably the healthiest place on the long

THE TWO PILLARS

The flash of Cyrenaica District.



Above: Wrecks on land and wrecks in the water: a view of Tobruk across the harbour.

Left: Captain D. L. Pounds, Royal Signals, was in Tobruk during the siege with the Royal Horse Artillery. He still serves in Cyrenaica.

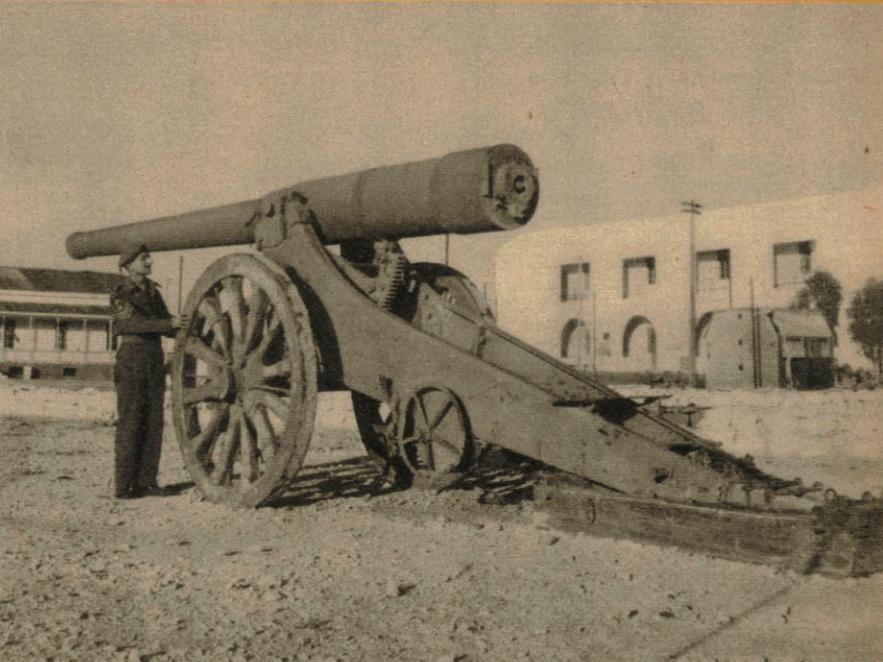
Right: The entrance to General Sir Leslie Morshead's underground headquarters in the eastern sector of the siege defences outside Tobruk.

pensive. I have just paid 2s. 3d. for a cabbage."

Apart from the mosque, which the Arabs have rebuilt, the only buildings repaired in Tobruk are those used by the Army and civil administration. Having just renovated houses for families and troops, the Army is trying to tidy up the barren spaces round Garrison Headquarters which were once gardens. For before the war when 10,000 Italians and 9000 Arabs occupied the place, Tobruk was indeed near being a Riviera. Today there are no Italians (except a few divers working on the wrecks) and the Arabs number about



Arabs collect the explosive from Tobruk's left-over ammunition and store it in underground tunnels dug by the Italians. It is used by divers working on harbour wrecks.



SQMS C. Darby, Royal Signals, examines a big Italian gun which the Australians captured and used during the siege. Behind is Garrison Headquarters.

SIGN OF THE TWO PILLARS (Continued)

2100. It is said that if the British walked out tomorrow the Arabs would not trouble to stay. If ever there was a town which the Army keeps going, it is Tobruk.

The town is garrisoned mainly by National Servicemen but there are a few men who knew it in wartime. In his office in REME workshops Captain Frederick Mantle can recall the night in September 1941 when he was brought by destroyer to join the 305th Advance Ordnance Workshops. The siege was then a little more than halfway through and he remained until after it ended.

Today the Ordnance workshop is just a shell but near it still stands the captured German tank which was manned at stand-to each night and morning in case the Germans tried an airborne assault.

Captain Mantle remembers "Bardia Bill." This was the collective name given to the 155 mm siege guns fired from Wadi Bel-gassem on the way to Bardia. Another man who remembers them is Captain D. L. Pounds, Royal Signals, whose work takes him between Benghazi and Tobruk. As a serjeant with the Royal Horse Artillery he came ashore from a destroyer in July 1941.

He said: "We wore plimsolls on deck and marched in them through Tobruk to the guns in the eastern sector. Sometimes we manned captured enemy guns for which we got danger pay of six-

pence a day. I remember beer being on a very tight ration."

The men holding Tobruk saw few luxuries and it has been recorded that only one of the 25,000 defenders experienced a hang-over. Because of the beer shortage many Australian units pooled the battalion ration and the men drew lots. This man drew the complete battalion supply.

The siege lifted in December 1941, but in June 1942 Tobruk fell to the Germans. Captain R. A. Morrell, now Movements Officer at Tobruk, was taken prisoner outside the perimeter. At that time he had had no more than a glimpse of the port.

In November the same year Captain M. A. Forrester arrived with the RASC in 51st Highland Division and for two days he was stationed overlooking the harbour. "I remember an oil ship was burning and filling the air with thick, black smoke," he said. Today he again overlooks the harbour from his office in Admiralty House, where he is a Civil Affairs officer.

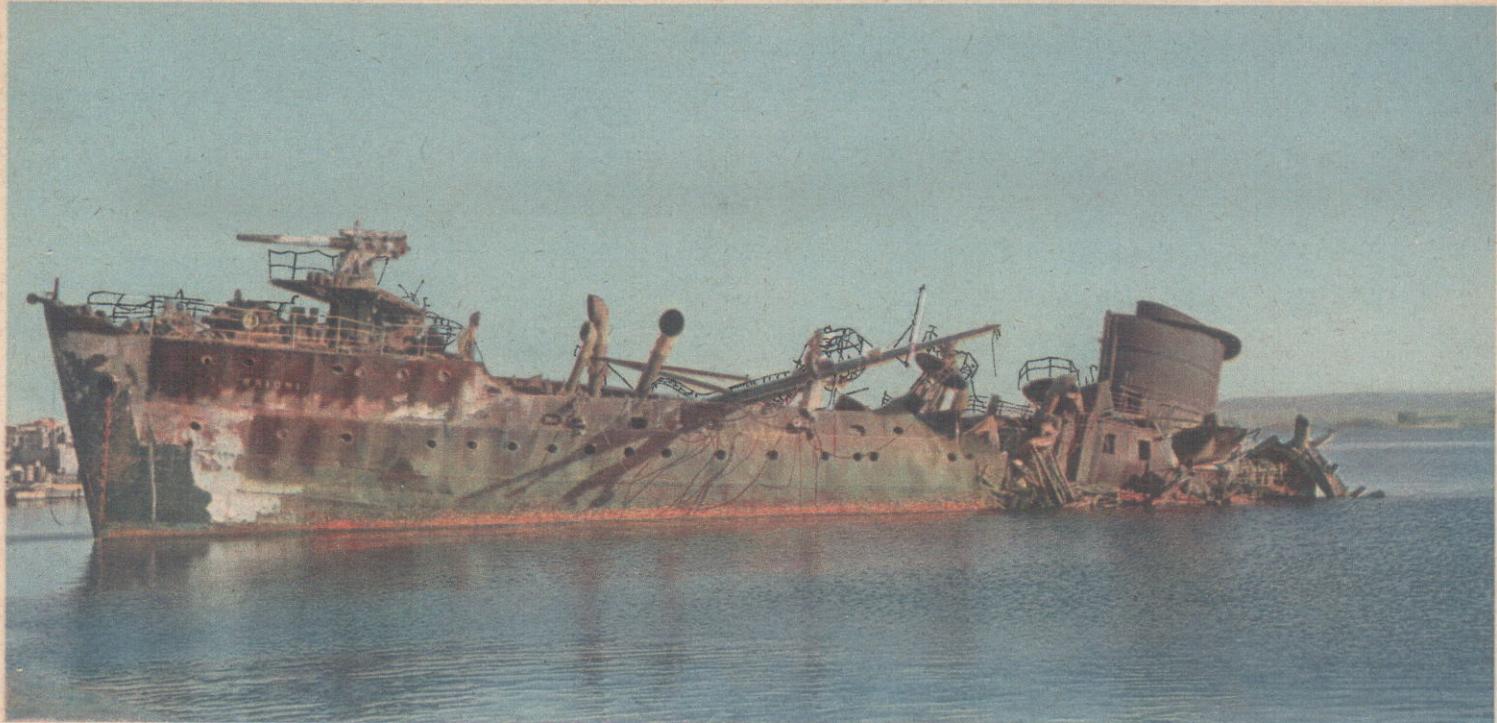
At the police station Captain C. D. J. Wythes of the Cyrenaican Defence Force (the local police) recalls his first visit to Tobruk in December 1941, a week after the siege lifted. He was then with the Libyan Arab Force. "The place was a shambles and after taking over some broken-down billets we moved into caves," he said.

In 1943 he was back again and



Like a monstrous sundial marking the desert hours lies this tail unit on an Axis airfield near Derna. Below: In a wadi five miles from Tobruk lies a burned-out column of British vehicles, surprised from the air.





has been in the town on and off ever since. One of his former men, RSM Fahim Mohamed el Kheir, was in Tobruk for part of the siege. More recently he has been a police inspector but resigned to run his own haulage business in the town. He says of the siege days, "Although the Germans were on three sides they never closed the harbour. Sometimes there were two destroyers making midnight calls with men and supplies from Alexandria."

For the people of Tobruk visiting ships are still the link with the outside world. As the wells supply only saline water and the Italian underground distillation plant no longer works, fresh water has to come by boat from Port Said, which costs from £4 to £9 a ton. Each soldier is rationed to three gallons a day.

Much of Tobruk is underground, for the Italians built a vast system of stores and passages, some of which linked coastal guns. Some passages are now blocked up, including one running under the harbour, but anyone who cares can spend an

afternoon exploring those in the hillsides with the help of a torch. Some had concrete walls and ceilings built inside the original caves. Others, equipped with tiled showers, were probably designed as hospitals.

In the eastern escarpment are caves used by Major-General Sir Leslie Morshead, the Australian Commander, as his headquarters. Originally Italian stores, they consisted of rooms 50 yards deep in the ground, and lined with cement.

Between the escarpment and the town lies the siege cemetery where 2800 British, Australian, New Zealand, Indian, Mauritian, Cypriot, Polish, Czechoslovakian and Greek soldiers, sailors, airmen and merchant sailors were buried. The cemetery was started in the siege and will have cost £60,000 by the time the surrounding wall, with its shelters and oak seats is complete, and an avenue of trees planted. There will be oak entrance doors by the caretaker's gatehouse and near them the bell from HMS Liverpool.

OVER

Divers will be busy for many a long day on wrecks like this in Tobruk Harbour. Below: Captain C. D. J. Wythes, Assistant District Commissioner of the Cyrenaican Defence Force, formerly served with the Libyan Arab Force in Eighth Army. Behind is the Tobruk mosque, one of the first non-military buildings to be rebuilt.



Outside the ruins of what was his RAOC office during the siege stands Captain F. Mantle with his wife and small daughter. His Volkswagen was salvaged from the desert; the one in foreground is beyond salvage.





In the siege cemetery outside Tobruk is this Australian memorial to the men who fell.



Fahim Mohamed el Kheir, former RSM of the Libyan Arab Force and inspector of the Cyrenaican Defence Force, now runs a second-hand car business in Tobruk. Right: In the Italian marine barracks, as in many of the ruined buildings, Arab squatters now dwell.

SIGN OF THE TWO PILLARS (Continued)

A large Australian memorial has been unveiled and there will be others to Allied troops.

Outside the perimeter is the Acroma cemetery for men who died in the Western Desert, and in the minefields are thousands of Allied and enemy graves. Attempts to recover the bodies threatened to cost so many lives that it was decided to leave them.

The harbour is still cluttered with wrecked ships, including the Italian cruiser *San Giorgio*, sunk on the third day of the war with Italy, the *Liguria*, former Italian liner, and HMS *Ladybird*, immortal Tobruk gunboat whose guns still brought down planes after she had sunk in a shallow part of the harbour. She has given her name to the officers' club, and visitors to the staff captain, Captain S. R. Hunwick, find her name on the large plate which lies on the floor in front of his desk.

In Admiralty House, Captain W. Cant, harbour master, has a mural of the ship painted on his wall. The work was done by a siege artist and the Germans, instead of destroying it, added pictures of their own E-boats. Part of Captain Cant's responsibilities cover the salvaging of sunken craft. He hopes that most of the work will be finished within a year.

Another kind of salvage will go on longer: from the desert beyond the perimeter, Arabs are slowly bringing in the remains of tanks and vehicles.

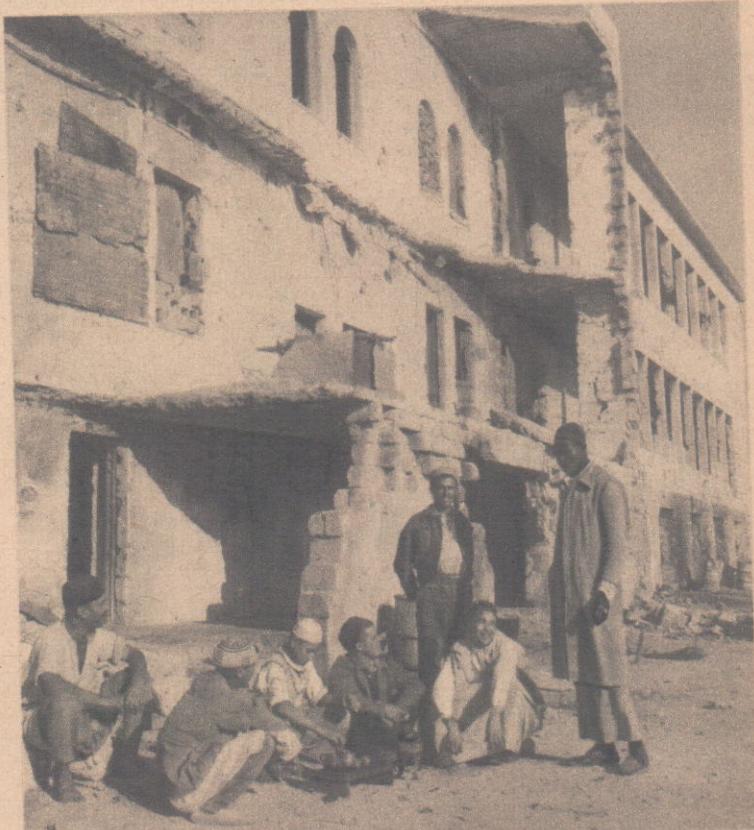
A man with a tough job is Serjeant C. Keary, who sits behind a large desk in an office marked "Garrison Engineer." He has to keep the works going and try to brighten the place up. He said: "I used to have German prisoners.

Now I have one Sapper and 44 Mauritians who are repairing the bombed Italian drainage system, distempering buildings and replacing windowlite with glass."

Newly-arrived families do not get much time to see Tobruk unless they are joining the garrison. They are put aboard civilian coaches and go straight to Derna. Those for Benghazi continue the journey the next day. This is a recent improvement, for at one time Army lorries were used and the Benghazi trip was undertaken from Tobruk in one day.

Derna, with plenty of trees and greenery, is perhaps the best-looking town in Cyrenaica. The road to the west winds up the steep pass on to the fertile Jebel and then falls to the far plains that reach to Benghazi, capital of Cyrenaica. Benghazi was extensively damaged by the end of the war, since when most of the debris has been cleared and some of the buildings have been repaired. But despite its hotels, blocks of flats, and shops built by the Italians, it is still drab and unimposing compared with Tripoli. Besides two cinemas, the troops have a theatre, but transport costs and poor box-office returns involve any visiting Service concert parties in a financial loss.

Mails by air take about seven days and sea mails about five weeks. London daily newspapers are usually nine or more days old, although they are flown out. The geographical position of the country makes it difficult for men to get far for their leave. Apart from occasional indulgence trips to Malta and — on a more expensive scale — the monthly charter leave plane to Britain at £50 for a 30-days return visit





Gates of Benghazi: a landmark in the "Benghazi handicap" of old

usea by 60 officers and 130 men during the past year), most men use the Apollonia leave camp about 14 miles from the famous Greek city of Cyrene. Attempts were made to run a civilian leave bus to Tripoli, but there was not enough response; soldiers did not care for the idea of travelling 600 miles each way on North African roads.

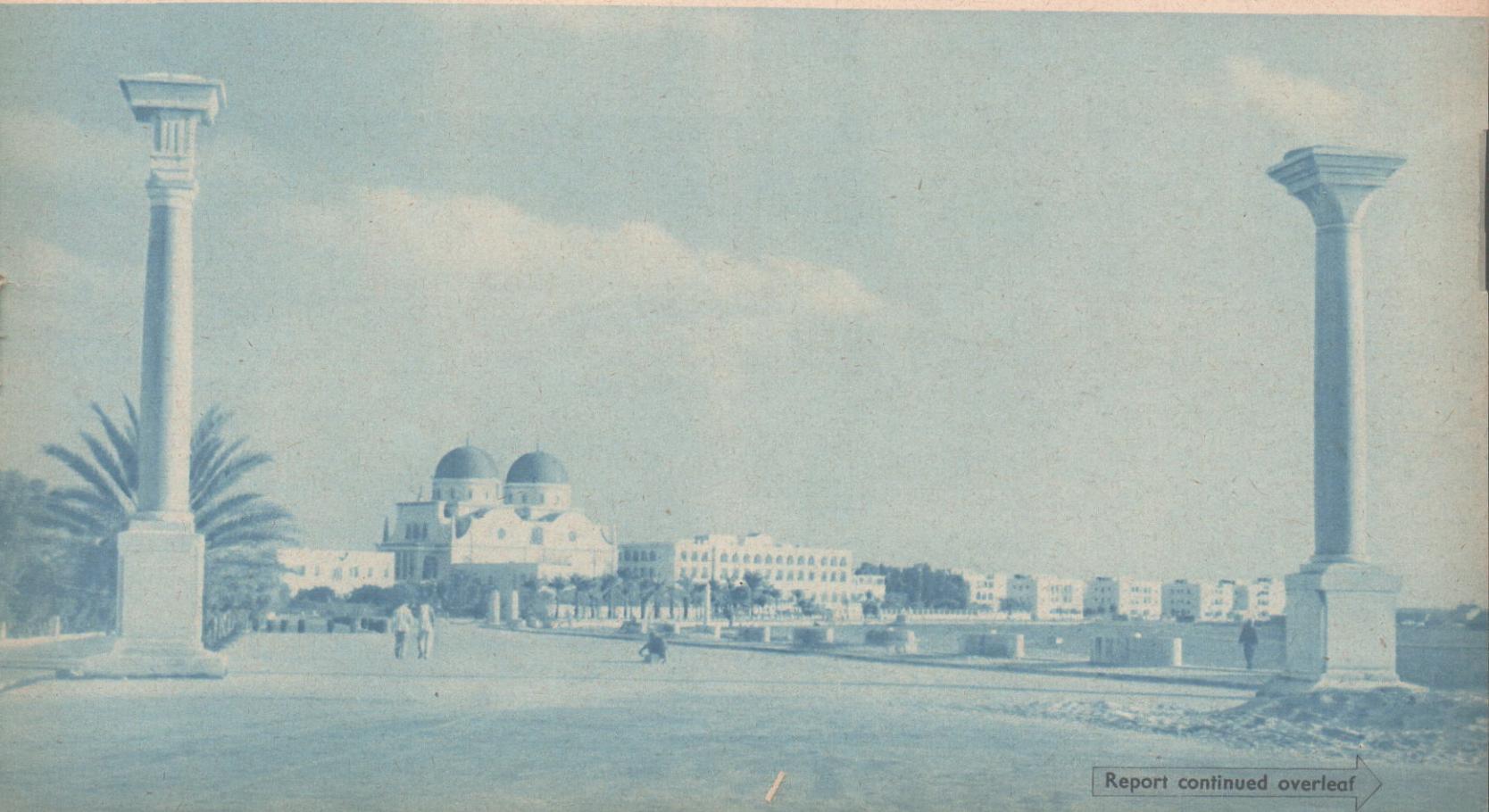
In Cyrenaica there is only a sprinkling of European women. Besides the wives of Servicemen, there are a few connected with the Residency, the Cyrenaican

Government, British business firms in the country and Army hospitals and canteens. There are no WRAC. To help on the social life in Benghazi the Wavell Arms men's club has a monthly dance to which all the women on the station are invited. Officers and non-commissioned officers, who are not allowed in the club, can escort their wives to the door and call for them when the dance is over. The men appreciate the way the families and club workers help to brighten life in a desolate country.

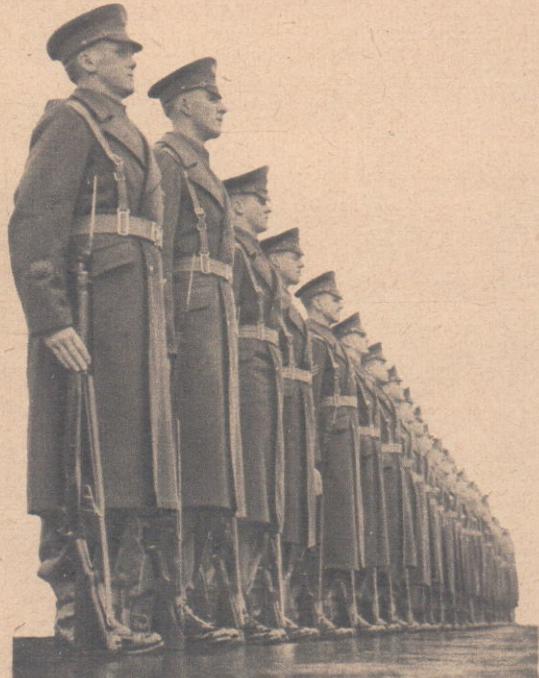
Between the pillars of the Second Roman Empire: Benghazi. The twin-domed building is the Roman Catholic Cathedral; beside it is Cyrenaica District Headquarters.



Black-out night in Benghazi: once a week each district does without electricity. Below: best-known troops' club in Benghazi is the Wavell Arms.



TALLEST SOLDIERS AT "WAR"



Flashback: men of the King's Company on parade at Windsor in 1947.



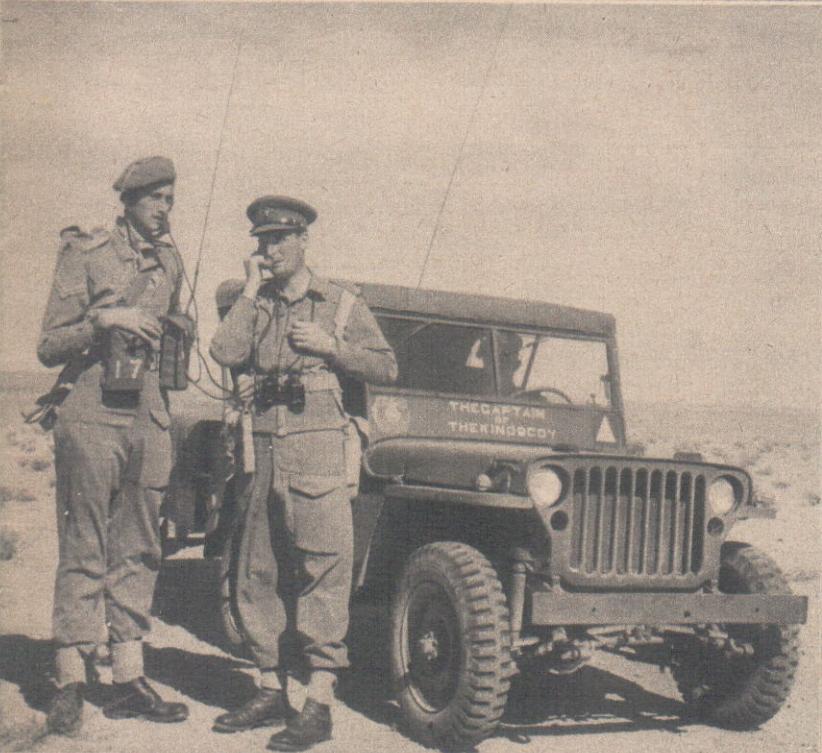
Masked by a convenient sandstorm, the anti-tank gun is moved up to a fresh position. Below: Grenadier Guards in forward position prepare to advance under cover of a low hill.



MANY readers of SOLDIER will remember the feature, in January 1948, showing the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards mounting ceremonial guard at Windsor Castle.

Today the Army's tallest soldiers (they must be at least 6ft 2ins) are a long way from their Sovereign. SOLDIER met them recently out "in the blue"—bumping along a dusty desert track, in Tripolitania. Here were no tourists to appraise their turnout; the only spectators were a handful of uncaring Arabs. But it was still the King's Company.

A mock war was in progress. It raged around twin peaks which, inevitably, had been



Top: Over an Eighth Army track, a Bren carrier starts the pursuit. Below: Major H. C. Hanbury, MC, Captain of the King's Company, and his signal corporal in touch with a platoon.



In the tactician's paradise: a 25-pounder of 6th Field Regiment moves up to support the attacking Grenadiers.

named after one of Hollywood's best-equipped young actresses. For the day, Tripolitania had become Tombola, a peace-loving country overlooked, to the south, by the aggressive, dictator state of Pervidia, which had secretly built up a big army (stiffened by the Coldstream Guards) and was demanding an outlet to the sea.

The Grenadier Guards, as part of the Tombola Force, had withdrawn to the desert station of Tarhuna (being a democracy, Tombola had allowed her forces to dwindle and had to start operations with the usual withdrawal to prepared positions). But during that withdrawal, a dump had inadvertently been left undestroyed, at R 0173. To the Grenadiers was awarded the job of blowing it up and then retiring.

On the map R 0173 did not look very much, a pinpoint lying

behind the twin-hill feature called (officially) Garet el Farafit. It later turned out to be the site of an ancient Arab stone-built fort, long abandoned. Between the peaks and Tarhuna lay 40 miles of desert track, passing periodically between low, rocky hills that provided ideal cover for small parties of enemy sent out to delay the advance. It was at these points that the carriers racing ahead of the King's Company were brought to a halt by bursts of explosives (previously laid by Sappers) on the hill-sides.

Almost immediately the 25-pounder pistol gun came into action, mortar smoke came down and the leading Infantry prepared to work its way round to a flank. After half an hour most of these actions were over, and the Captain of the King's Company,

Major H. C. Hanbury, MC, was able to radio to the main column two and a half miles back that the route was clear.

It was not until the afternoon, when the last of the hills before Farafit was reached, that the advance was seriously hampered. It was here that an umpire of the Cameron Highlanders told the men of the leading carrier that they had been knocked out. Dust-covered Infantry of the leading platoons found themselves pinned down. There was much "stonking" and spreading of (imaginary) smoke, then an assault plan was worked out.

Soon, from the high plateau, could be seen a row of tiny dots raising a column of dust in the desert that stretched away to the horizon: a flanking movement was being made on to the dump, leaving the twin peaks to be

seized by a third company. As the vehicles came in from their wide sweep they looked like destroyers at sea turning in line astern. Near the top of the plateau they stopped and the Infantry attacked down the *wadi* that surrounded three sides of the dump. The action was as good as over; the post-mortem was still to come.

The sun went down in Technicolor, and against it the old fort was silhouetted. During the night it would be prepared for "blowing," and next morning the retreat to Tarhuna would start.

Next month the exercise would start all over again — with the Coldstream Guards as the Tombola Army, and the Grenadiers as the enemy.

(*North Africa Report will be continued next month.*)



Troops stand by as the Riot Act is read at Rugby School. The mutinous schoolboys have retired defiant, to an island in the Close. Unknown to them, a party of troops is about to assault them from the rear. (Drawings by DAVID KNIGHT).

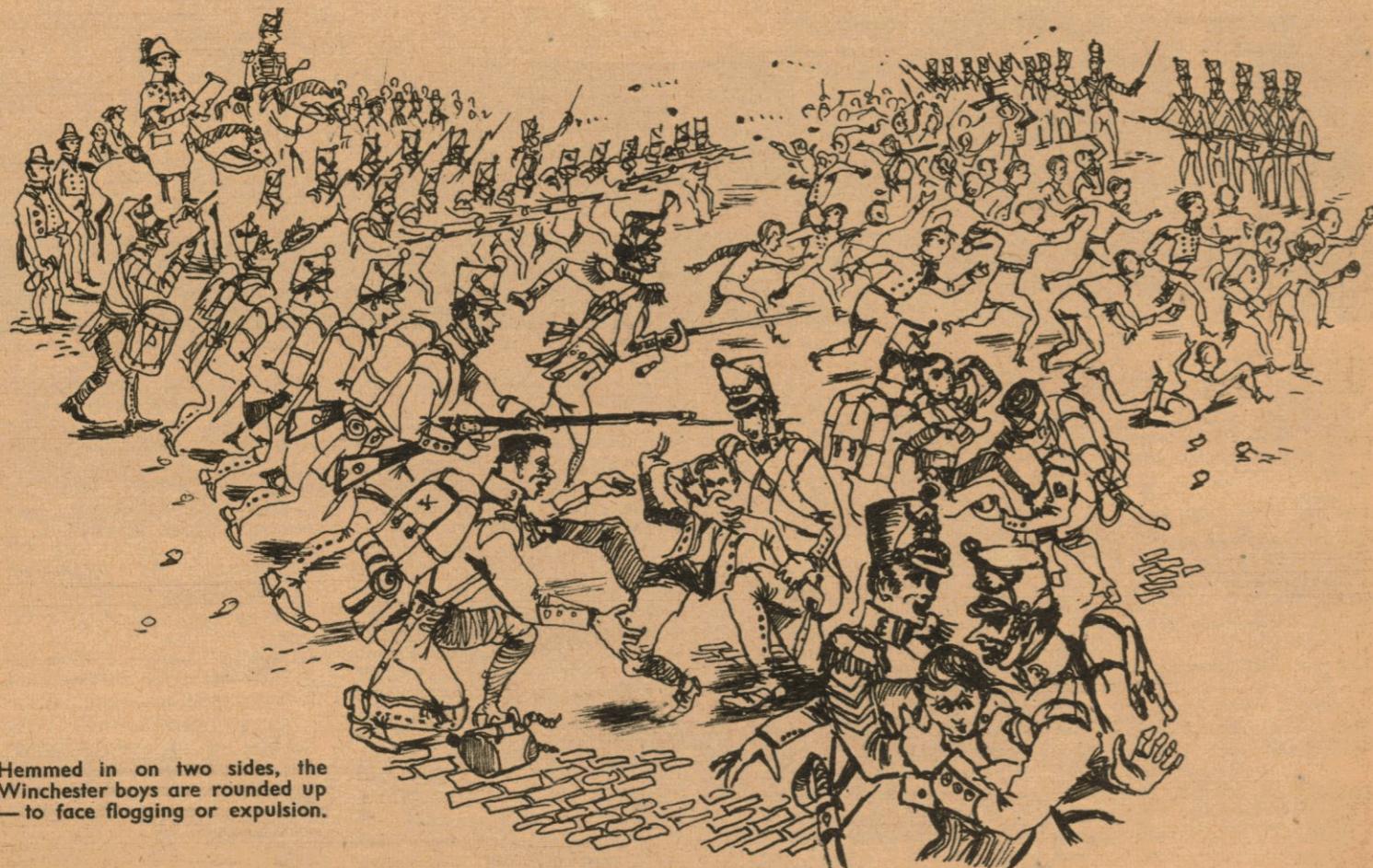
The British Army's queerest SOLDIERS

WHEN a group of Southampton schoolboys "struck" a few months ago, at a time when soldiers were carrying out vital work during an industrial strike, it did not take a cartoonist long to link up the two (see opposite page).

It was only in the cartoon, however, that the Army was required to settle the school dispute. In fact, the idea was not so fantastic. In days gone by soldiers were called in to deal with school "rebellions."

The most famous case, probably, was at Winchester College in 1818. Winchester had had several previous rebellions, in 1770, 1774, 1778 and 1793, in none of which soldiers were involved. Eton, Harrow and Rugby had similar outbreaks about the same time. Historians blamed the spirit of the French Revolution.

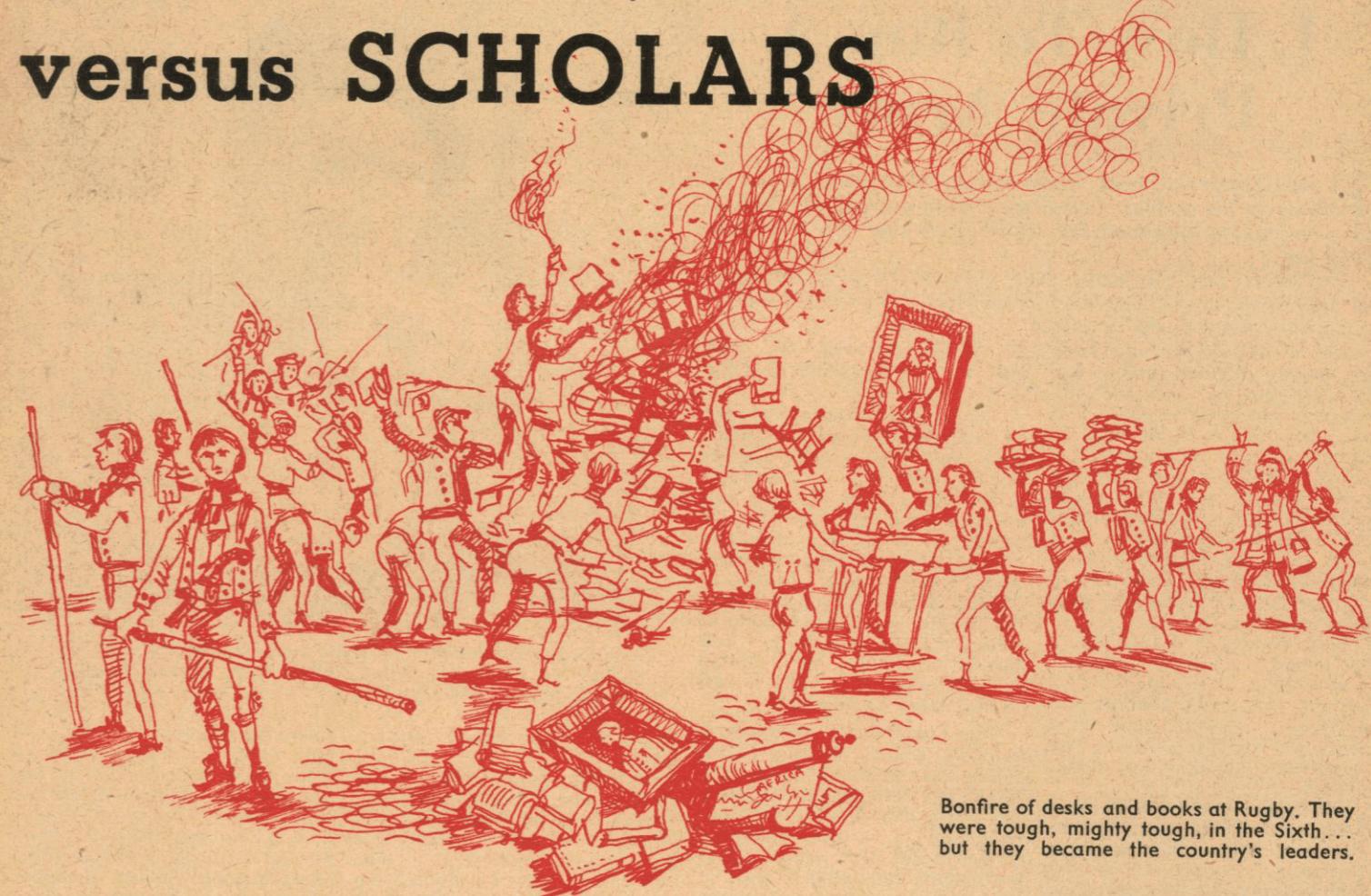
The cause of the 1818 rebellion was a tightening up of



Hemmmed in on two sides, the Winchester boys are rounded up — to face flogging or expulsion.

job was putting down rebellions in public schools

versus SCHOLARS



Bonfire of desks and books at Rugby. They were tough, mighty tough, in the Sixth... but they became the country's leaders.

school discipline. Boys seized the school keys, locked the gates and turned out all the school servants, except the cook who was to keep working for them. Then they fastened the door of the Warden's house with the Warden inside.

A tutor was sent to tell the boys that the Riot Act had been read, and that soldiers were on the way. If they would surrender the keys, the tutor said, all the boys could go home for a fortnight.

The boys rashly accepted the terms and rushed off towards the town. But the authorities had no intention of keeping their side of the bargain. As the boys passed through a narrow part of the Close called the Slype (slipway) they met soldiers with fixed bayonets, headed by an officer.

The officer was knocked down, but the bayonets were too much for the boys, who turned and ran. They were chased by the soldiers who enjoyed the job the more because they had recently had a quarrel with the boys over a bathing place. The officer picked himself up and joined in the chase, too, pricking with his sabre one of the big college boys who afterwards became a distinguished clergyman.

The rebel boys raced past the College, only to come face to face with another company of soldiers with fixed bayonets. They were hemmed in. There was

nothing for it but to go back to College and surrender. Punishment meted out included expulsion for 20 boys.

There was irony, perhaps, in the fact that soldiers should have been brought in to quell this rebellion when troops had been partly the cause of the 1793 trouble.

On that occasion the headmaster had stopped the boys from attending performances by a militia band in the cathedral close, a hundred yards from the College, and the boys had barricaded themselves in the school. Another Winchester rebellion started with pistol shots in the town when a publican asked

some of the boys to stop drinking.

It was no easy job, putting down a school rebellion in those days, either for schoolmasters or soldiers. Some boys had pistols, the others swords and bludgeons. One usher at Winchester was well pelted with "shrapnel" in the form of marbles.

It was a pistol shot, fired in the yard of his boarding house by a schoolboy, that started a rebellion at Rugby in which soldiers were involved in 1797. The offender was flogged and in the riot which followed windows were broken.

The headmaster, Henry Ingles, who was known as Black Tiger, ordered the fifth and sixth forms to pay for the damage.

Outraged, the victims goaded the whole school to pile up desks and benches in the Close and set them on fire. The headmaster's books were thrown on to the bonfire for good measure.

As it happened, there was a recruiting party of soldiers in the town and they were called in. The boys retreated to an island in the Close, which had a moat round it. There the Riot Act was read and the boys were summoned to surrender. While this was going on, the soldiers crept round behind the



"I say — the Head wasn't long calling in the troops, was he?" This Daily Mail jest was inspired last December by a school revolt at Southampton. But only in the cartoon was the Army called in.

boys and they were all taken prisoner.

Many expulsions and floggings followed this rebellion. History records that some of the ring-leaders distinguished themselves as officers under Wellington.

SOLDIER's older readers will recall that strikes and lock-outs frequently occurred in the school stories published in the *Magnet* (which featured Billy Bunter) and the *Gem*. Perhaps this is where the authors got their inspiration.



I. How To Run A Private Army

IT was December 1943. In an Italian olive grove stood an officer in his middle forties, addressing a group of 130 men who had volunteered for "special service" in his hush-hush unit.

"A few of you," he said, "may have heard rumours about us: before we go any further I want them to know that everything they have heard is untrue."

"We do not go dashing about the streets of Rome kidnapping German generals right and left, we have not been parachuted in our jeeps into a POW camp in Germany, I am not an eccentric Polish millionaire, we don't get treble pay, in fact the men who join us drop their rank and their pay suffers accordingly; our other ranks are not privileged to dress up as officers when they go on leave, they are not even allowed a tie."

"Our service is mainly behind the enemy lines; it is not too uncomfortable, but very, very tedious. Most of the time we wait and hide — often we have to run away. The virtue we require most is patience, patience and steady nerves..."

The officer was "Popski," otherwise Lieut-Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, DSO, MC, one of the legendary characters of the Eighth Army. He was recruiting for his "private army," a raiding and reconnaissance unit whose members wore the letters "PPA" on their shoulders and the badge of the astrolabe (a navigational instrument) on their black berets.

The story of this astonishing unit was outlined in *SOLDIER* for 11 May 1946. Now the full story is brilliantly and intimately described by "Popski" himself in "Private Army" (*Jonathan Cape 16s*).

Colonel Peniakoff was born in Belgium to Russian parents "of an intellectual type now extinct." In 1924 he settled in Egypt where he became a sugar manufacturer. He began to make lone expeditions in the desert in a "Model A" Ford, and learned very thoroughly the arts of desert navigation.

When World War Two broke out, Colonel Peniakoff did not rate very highly his chances of a brilliant military career. He was 42, he weighed nearly 15 stone, he was rather short of breath, his blood pressure was a little too high and he had failed his medical examination for renewal of his pilot's licence. His assets were a good deal of technical and administrative experience, a few languages, knowledge of the Middle East and the ability to navigate by air, sea or land.

His first military appointment was with the Libyan Arab Force. Very soon he had formed an Arab Commando which carried out audacious reconnaissance behind the German lines, counting and classifying the German vehicles as they streamed over

the desert highways. The highlight was the demolition of a huge Italian petrol dump at El Qubba.

"Popski," as he was now known to everyone, worked in concert with the Long Range Desert Group, operating from Kufra Oasis. His column crossed and re-crossed the Sand Sea. He was one of the select few (Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean was another) who walked about towns of Cyrenaica occupied by the Axis. He strolled round the outside of prison camps in Derna and worked out plans for enabling the occupants to escape — as, in fact, some of them did.

"The apprehension of personal danger," writes "Popski," "can easily be mastered once the lesson has been learnt that nothing worse than death can be expected, and the prospect of death, though it can be a bother, is not particularly terrifying to most of us. Thus the stage is reached where danger loses its awesome horror, and it becomes easy to overcome the urge to run away. Each time a man *has not run away* he becomes less liable to be afraid in the future."

For the Arabs who helped British raiders, a more unpleasant fate than sudden death was waiting. The Italians hung them up by a hook through the jaw and left them to die of shock. At one stage "Popski" wrote a letter to the Italian commander in Barce threatening to shoot one Italian officer for every Senussi executed. The letter, delivered surreptitiously by an Arab sweeper,



Lieut-Colonel Vladimir Peniakoff, better known as "Popski." Today he lives in London (next door to Mr. Aneurin Bevan) and is writing a history of resistance movements.

seems to have had a salutary effect.

Back in Cairo, after many months behind the enemy lines, "Popski" found that his unit, officially, no longer existed, and no one was interested in him. Other behind-the-lines raids were being gaily discussed but as a result of bad planning and worse security many of them came to grief. "Popski" is scathing in his references to these ill-starred operations. He always set his face against minor raids which were not likely to do the enemy much harm, but which might have unpleasant results for native populations.

It was not long before "Popski" found active employment again. He became the commander of the smallest independent unit in the British Army — five officers, 18 men and six vehicles. It was an Eighth Army Staff Officer who, in desperation, suggested the name "Popski's Private Army," and it was the Director of Military Operations, Brigadier G. M. O. Davy, who cheerfully agreed to the name and undertook to pacify the War Office. Incidentally, the Private Army punctiliously rendered all returns called for; its administration was not easy to fault.

"Popski's" men continued to harass the enemy until the great surrender at Cape Bon. Then, with the assault on the "soft underbelly," it became necessary to work out new raiding techniques. The men who wore the astrolabe were a thorn in the Germans right from Sicily to the plains of Lombardy. They eventually linked up with the Russians in Austria.

There was nothing reckless or flamboyant about "Popski" — he had often to hold back his more

ambitious followers. At the same time he had some breath-taking ideas; thus he was able on one occasion to gather information about enemy units by ringing them up on the telephone. Once he and Corporal Jock Cameron, impersonating Italians, smuggled cognac to a German quartermaster, overpowered him and found on his desk the ration strengths of the Axis units in the vicinity.

"Popski's" story is a candid one. The Guards will not like many of his references to them; nor will the staff officers of First Army or of the milling headquarters at Caserta relish his pungencies (though the officers of Eighth Army will). If he has his strong dislikes, he also has his strong likes — "I consider the New Zealanders to be a superior kind of humanity." Those of his recruits who made the grade — only three and a half per cent of those interviewed — had something to be proud of.

"It was an endless conflict between my companions' longing for carefree adventure and my own determination to avoid disaster," writes "Popski."

Successful adventures in our line of business depended on a rigorous attention to detail, as seamen know well enough, but soldiers will not readily admit. I wanted my adventurers to be tidy and thrifty... they had to have minds like ants, stamp collectors, watchmakers and accountants; orderly, precise, unhurried — at the same time I expected them to risk sudden loss of everything they had, to take chances, to make quick decisions, to keep their heart when fortune changed and to carry out unexpected orders vigorously."

"Private Army" is a "must" book for any officer over 40 who has begun to suspect that life has passed him by.



"Excellent floors, if I may say so, Sister."

— from the Army Medical Services Magazine.

2. How To Kidnap an Enemy General

ON an April evening in 1944, Major-General Karl Kreipe, commander of the German division in Crete, dropped out of a game of cards he had been playing with some of his staff officers. He marched from his headquarters and drove off to his billet for dinner.

On the way, he passed a T-junction where, following up a premonition that something unpleasant might happen to him, he had given orders that a guard-post should be mounted.

As the car got there, two figures in the uniforms of German military policemen walked into the headlights of the car and signalled it to stop. The car pulled up and one of the men enquired if it was the General's car. He was told it was. Then there was a rush from all sides.

The chauffeur reached for a pistol and was hit over the head with a cosh. The struggling General was dragged out of the front seat and bundled into the back. The car moved off again.

In the middle of his own domain, the General had been kidnapped by two British officers, abetted by Cretan guerillas. The officers, Major Paddy Leigh-Fermor (ex-Irish Guards, later Intelligence Corps) and Captain W. Stanley Moss (Coldstream Guards), were the two men in military police uniform.

Captain Moss wrote a book about the adventure, but in 1945 the War Office refused permission for it to be published. Now, after five years, censorship has been relaxed and the book, "I'll Met By Moonlight" (Harrap, 10s 6d), has made its appearance, 60 pages shorter but still mostly straight from the diary the author kept at the time.

There had been months of planning, preparation, frustration and postponement before the operation. Originally it was intended to kidnap Kreipe's predecessor Muller, but he was posted. Muller was much-hated (he was afterwards sentenced to death by a war crimes tribunal), whereas Kreipe was new to Crete; he had been sent there for a "rest cure" after two years on the Russian front. However, for the purpose of the operation, one general was much the same as another; it would shake the German Army to find that its own high-ups were not safe even in the middle of their own troops.

And so, with a Cretan holding a knife at his throat, the General was driven off in his own car, Captain Moss at the wheel. The General's main plaint was, "Where is my hat?" It was on Major Leigh-Fermor's head, as he sat beside the driver, and the hat,



Captive on Crete: General Kreipe, with his kidnappers. Captain W. Stanley Moss is on left of picture, Major Paddy Leigh-Fermor on right.

with the General's pennants on the car, was the party's passport through the town of Heraklion and 22 German control posts.

Eventually, the car was ditched and the General, dismayed because he had lost one of his Iron Crosses in the struggle at the ambush, was taken into the hills.

For two and a half weeks the party lived and travelled in the hills, passing through a cordon of German troops hunting for them and making their way to a beach where they could be picked up by a Royal Navy vessel. The BBC did not help matters by announcing that the General was being taken off the island, instead of saying he was already on his way to Cairo, which was the announcement planned to give the Germans the impression that the party was already off the island.

During this time, the attitude of the General was interesting. Mostly he was co-operative; often he was in a dream-world. He was upset to hear that his captors were not Regular soldiers; he was upset that his own career had ceased so suddenly (it turned out later that his promotion to lieutenant-general had come through the day after his abduction). When he heard his ADC had been arrested by the Gestapo, he said he did not mind because the man was an idiot and was due for the sack, but he was sorry the Gestapo had also arrested the sentries at his billet.

The General's leg was hurt in the ambush and he had to ride a mule most of the time in the hills. He fell off it once, when the saddlestrap broke, and hurt his shoulder. Another time he fell 20 feet down a rock fissure. Towards the end of the trip he was in a whimpering state of self-pity, shortages of food, bedding and dry clothing probably contributed to his condition, though he was no worse off than his captors — indeed they coddled him to some extent, for he was a precious prisoner and if he had decided to be obstinate

news appeared to cause the Brigadier a certain amount of worry. He assured the General that he would issue a five-pound reward for its return, and he shook his head and looked most distressed.

Next day the General was flown to Cairo across the desert and took great interest in the battlefield landmarks, especially at El Alamein, where he wanted to know which division had held each sector and where each attack had been made.

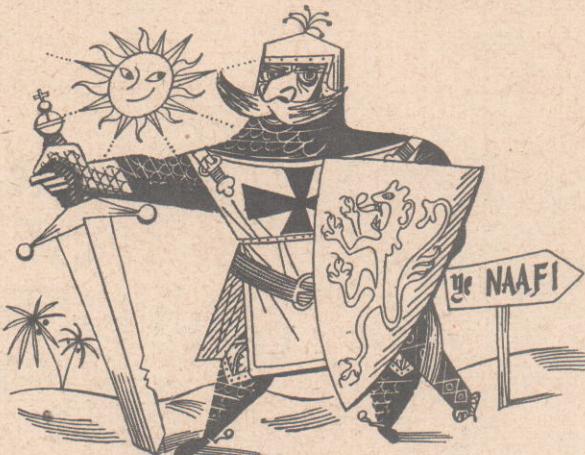
It appeared that he had known intimately most of the German commanders in the Afrika Korps, and it tickled him no end to see where old so-and-so had gone wrong or some other old crony had made a successful sortie.

In return, his own fate no doubt tickled his old cronies, if they had a sense of humour. He lives today at Hanover, and will probably find a morbid interest in reading this book. (Captain Moss is one author who cannot be accused of flattering German generals.)

Footnote: — Captain Moss went back to Crete to try to carry out a repeat performance, at the expense of General Kreipe's successor. But this time he was betrayed to the Germans by ELAS, the Greek Communist guerillas, and had to call the operation off.

Bookshelf continued overleaf

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How Much Do You Know?

1. What's the difference between a casement and a casemate?

2. Corporal Smith arrives with his platoon at a river. The only boat is one in which two children are playing; it will hold two children or one man, no more. How does the platoon cross?

3. American doctors have been debating again whether or not euthanasia should be allowed. This involves: (a) Making women sterile; (b) Killing off hopelessly ill patients; (c) Curing a delinquent by removing part of his brain; (d) Shock treatment to make a man recover his memory. Which?

4. What have these places in common: Ealing, Denham, Shepherd's Bush?

5. When you get a sudden spasm of the diaphragm, and at the same time your glottis closes, what happens to you?

6. Where would you expect to find the famous "Black Museum," and what would you find in it?

7. What do the letters QWERTYUIOP mean to you?

8. Any mistakes here: (a) The city of Columbo is in Ceylon; (b) British Colombia is in Canada; (c) Columbia is a South American state.

(Answers on Page 46)

BOOKSHELF (Cont'd)

The Men of Tyne and Tees

BETWEEN the World Wars one Territorial Division remained almost at full strength. When, late in 1938, Britain seriously began to overhaul her military machine, this division required less attention than many others.

It was the 50th (Northumbrian) Division, which bore the famous "TT" flash symbolising Tyne and Tees.

Today there are memorials to men of the 50th in many of the near-score of lands in which they fought: in Sicily, near the pleasant-sounding Primosole Bridge, where the Durham Light Infantry fought their big battle against German paratroops; in the church at Taormina, where the Division rested after the Sicilian campaign; at Bayeux, in the heart of the bridgehead which the Division helped to capture; at Vimy, and at several other places.

The story of this Division in World War Two has now been told by Major Ewart W. Clay, MBE, in "The Path of the 50th," published by Gale and Polden at 25s.

The 50th was motorised before the outset of the war, and formed part of the British Expeditionary Force. Under Major-General Sir G. le Q. Martel, the Division "had hopes of forming part of a great mechanised striking force in France, driving deep into the enemy's positions, cutting his communications and carrying on the type of armoured warfare which many of those in the Division had cherished for a long time."

The Division was to have its share of cut and thrust, but not in France this time. It was one of the last divisions to leave the Dunkirk beaches, after the first of many clashes with Rommel.

In the early desert campaigns, fire and damaging a light gun. the 50th suffered many of the frustrations of inadequate equipment. Many vehicles had to be kept permanently jacked up while their wheels were used by patrol vehicles. Only ingenious "cannibalising" from desert scrap kept the equipment functioning.

In June 1942 a soldier of the Division earned the first Victoria Cross: Private Adam Wakenshaw, of the Durham Light Infantry. He was serving a two-pounder anti-tank gun on a forward slope when his position came under enemy fire. All the men on the two-pounder became casualties, including Private Wakenshaw, and the gun was temporarily silenced. The enemy vehicles began to move up. Private Wakenshaw crawled back to the gun under intense mortar and artillery fire and, although his left arm had been blown off at the shoulder, he loaded the gun and fired five more rounds, setting one enemy vehicle on

A near miss then killed the gun aimer, who had been helping Private Wakenshaw, and blew the latter away from the gun, inflicting further severe wounds. Again he dragged himself back, placed a round in the breech and was about to fire when a direct hit on the ammunition destroyed the gun and the man still fighting it. After the action, the body of Private Wakenshaw was found stretched out alongside the ammunition box.

Other VC's in the Division were those of Lieut-Colonel Derek Seagrim, Green Howards; CSM S. E. Hollis, Green Howards; and Private Eric Anderson, East Yorks.

The full story of the Division is very nearly the story of the war. Just before VE-Day it was pulled back to Britain to become a training division, though some units remained in 21st Army Group. This was one time when no one could say that the weakest division had been sent home.

'Who's that?' said the sentry

THE patrol was returning on a freezing night. Whispered a shivering sentry in a slit trench: "Who's that?"

Patrol Leader (whispering): "Who's that who said 'who's that'?"

Shivering sentry: "Who's that who said 'who's that' when I said 'Who's that'?"

This choice piece of cross-talk occurred, allegedly, on the Maas early in 1945. It is recounted in "The Scottish Lion on Patrol," a history of 15th Scottish Reconnaissance Regiment by Captains W. Kemsley and M. R. Riesco.

In its three years, six weeks and three days of existence this regiment could not complain of



Men of 50th Division left many monuments (this one beside the Rhine). But they had something to boast about.



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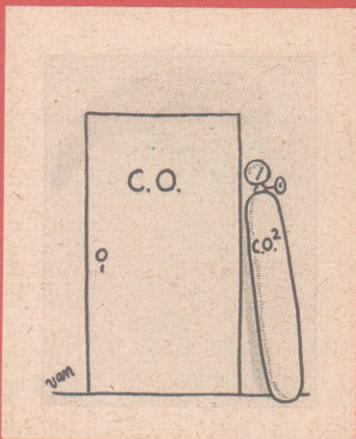
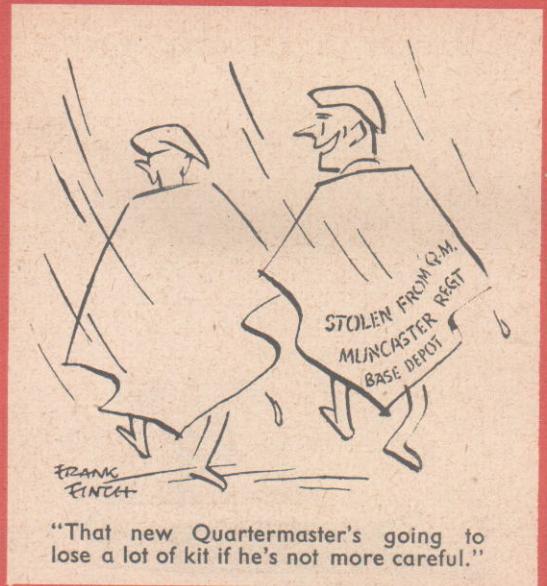
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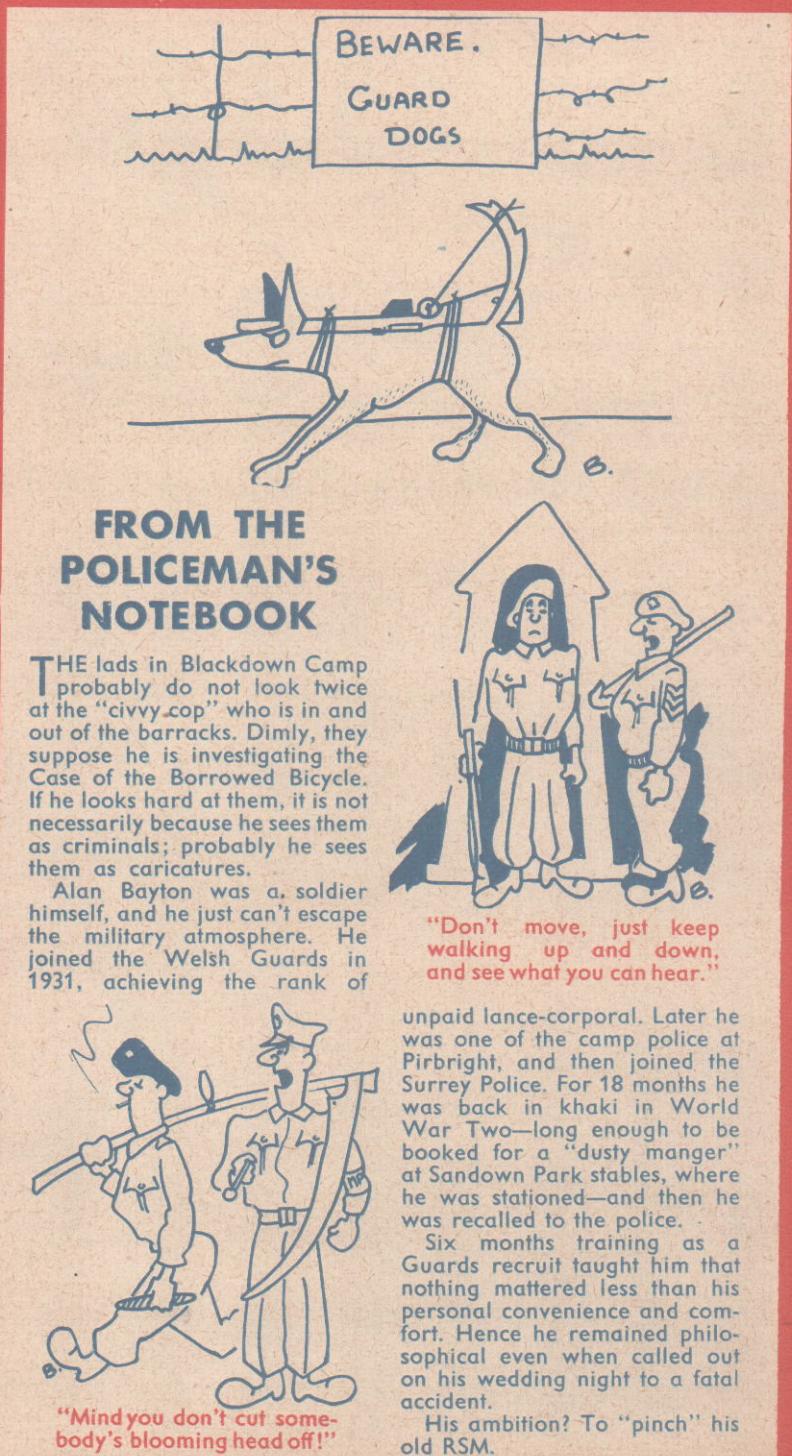
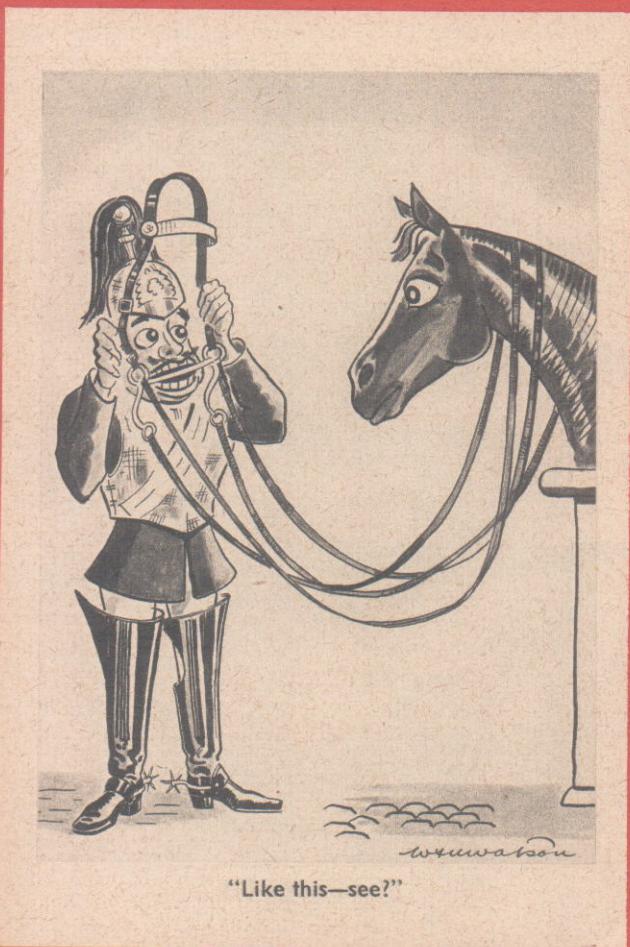
lack of action. It fought from Normandy to Elmenhorst, near Lubeck. Except for a brief spell under 6th Airborne Division, it was the "eyes" of 15th Scottish Division.

All the thrills which come to those at the spearhead came to the men of 15th Reconnaissance Regiment — everything from machine-gun ambushes to Tiger tanks. Distractions by the way-side included the inevitable discovery of the woman about to give birth, and the uncovering of an ancient field-marshall living above a cellar with enough wine to debauch a whole division.

This book may be obtained from M. R. Riesco, 70, Coombe Road, Croydon, Surrey; price 15s.



Soldier HUMOUR



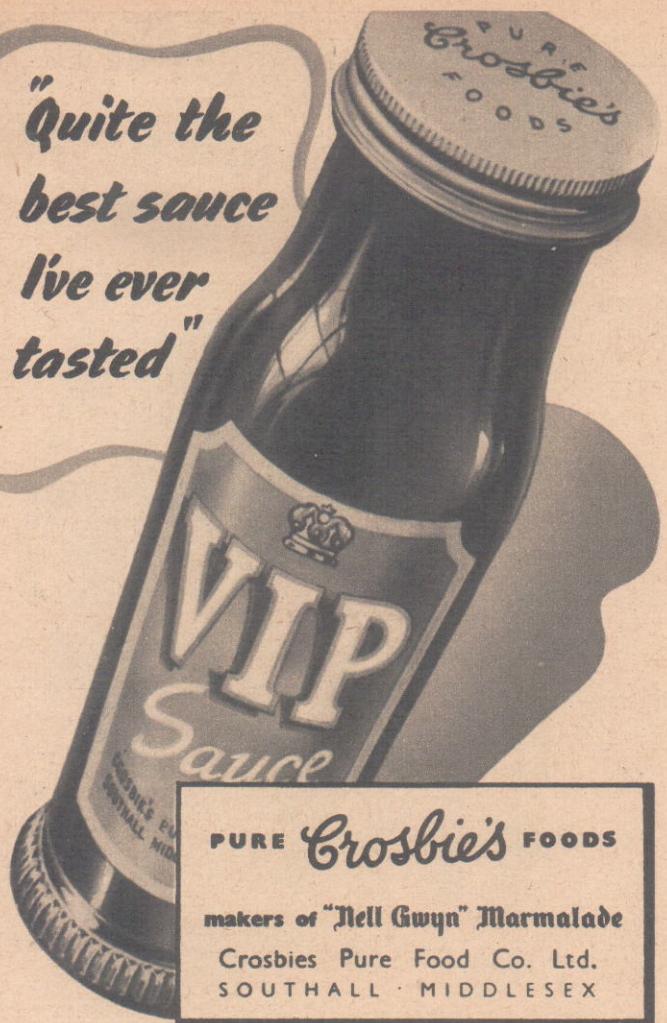


SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

SILK FROM THE SKIES: Workers are seen (above) disentangling a batch of 20,000 parachutes used to supply Fourteenth Army in the Burma jungle. Once salvaged, the canopies were used again. Below: In a "boudoir" luxuriously lined with parachute silk, men of Sixth Airborne establish a listening post beyond the Rhine.



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A few years ago someone digging in the ruins of ancient Greece was surprised to find a 514 BC *bas-relief* of six figures playing hockey. The shape of their sticks was somewhat different from those used today, but there was no mistaking the game.

It seems that the Greeks learned the game from the Persians and passed it on to the Romans, since when it has been played on and off through the centuries. In Britain it did not arouse much interest until the 1880's when the English Hockey Association was formed.

The Army took up the game, and in its usual fashion popularised it in other lands. In India hockey has become a national game.

The Army Hockey Association was formed early this century (the records go back to 1909). The English Hockey Association is divided into four divisions (north, south, east and west) and the Army, with the Navy and RAF, form a fifth division. Each year the Services play two divisions (this year eastern and southern) and from these games the English teams are chosen to meet Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

Since the war, inter-unit hockey in the Army has experienced a boom — and not only at home. There are active associations in Egypt, the Far East, Hong-Kong, Gibraltar, Mauritius, East Africa and Malta.

Rhine Army this year adds 47 teams to the 92 from Home commands. These hold their own knock-out competitions and the winners go to Aldershot for semi-finals and finals. (This year the finals will be fought on 26 April).

The winning team last year, out of 141 entries, was that of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment from Crookham. It is out now to equal the record of the 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, which scored a hat-trick in 1912, 1913 and 1914. But it has a long way to go before beating the 2nd Battalion King's Shropshire Light Infantry which got three winners in a row in 1929, 1930 and 1931 and between 1926 and 1938 carried off the cup eight times.

The Army has produced some well-known players. The present GOC-in-C of Southern Command, Lieut-General O. L. Roberts, who is president of both the Army Hockey Association and Combined Services, has played for Wales. Colonel R. A. Rusbridge (Deputy Director of Army Education), secretary of the Army Hockey Association from 1936 to 1945, played for Ireland in 1913 and 1924. His predecessor as secretary, Colonel M. H. Cork, RAEC, played for Ireland eight times between 1913 and 1933. Lieutenant-Colonel W. C. Cook, RAEC, who is now in Egypt, played nine times for Ireland between 1927 and 1935. Major Denis Coulson, of the 8th Royal Tanks, has also played for Ireland. He is one of the finest centre halves and has played in every position.

An Army cup game must

SPORT



BOOM IN ARMY HOCKEY

From Rhine Army and Home commands, 139 Army teams this year compete for hockey honours



Above: Puzzle—find the ball. Worried-looking keeper is the Army's Serjeant R. Byfield. Below: Hockey is one of the few team games both sexes play. Here a WRNS keeper is fending off a WRAC attack.



Combined Services play the East. That is CSM N. F. L. Ward on the ball.

always have at least three non-commissioned players in it. And teams against universities and civilian clubs are frequently drawn from all ranks. Private K. McNulty, of 1st Battalion Royal Warwickshire Regiment, is a well-known goalkeeper. Another keeper is RSM S. J. Moore, The Buffs, now at Shorncliffe. Serjeant D. Minihan, stationed at Bordon, is a reliable half-back. CSM N. F. L. Ward, of Colchester, who played for the Combined Services in India against the Indian Olympic team of 1947, is usually found at centre-forward. SQMS E. Webster of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment is another member of the forward line, together with England and Olympic left-winger Warrant Officer W. O. Greene, Royal Engineers.

Officers who frequently play for the Army today include Major F. C. Casement, RA, now at Larkhill, Irish international Major J. D. L. Dickson, RA, English international Lieutenant-Colonel R. J. Dickinson, RAOC, and Captain J. H. G. Deighton, Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, both Sandhurst instructors, Scottish international Major F. R. Lindsay, Royal Tank Regiment, an Olympic representative now at the War Office, and Captain J. Mills, Royal Lincolnshire Regiment.

Said Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Grimston, The Queen's Royal Regiment, honorary secretary of Army hockey: "The public schools and clubs inform us if one of their outstanding hockey players is coming into the Army. Unfortunately, hockey takes about three years to learn and so we do not get very many names. By the time a lad comes into the Army he often has not had a chance to become proficient. But it is one of the best games for leadership. It demands great concentration and quick thinking."

BOB O'BRIEN

Sport Continued Overleaf



Lance-Corporal Parnell, a Military Policeman, came from Western Union headquarters to compete.

ARMY SKI WINNERS



Douglas Fairbanks, the film actor, was among those who congratulated Lieutenant John Boyagis, the champion.



Major-General J. E. T. Younger, president of the Army Ski Association, inspects the patrol race team of the 1st Battalion, West Yorkshire Regiment. Right: Waiting for the word "go," Colour-Sergeant G. Broadman, best all-rounder.

ON the day that *The Times* published Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's now-famous letter attacking the decadence of modern ski-ing (he complained of the craze for "glorified tobogganing" on prepared slopes robbed of all natural snow), the Army opened its not-so-decadent ski championships at Bad Gastein, Austria.

In the 10-kilometre patrol race, teams of the Rifle Brigade and Royal Horse Guards (from Rhine Army) and the West Yorkshire Regiment (Austria) competed. The Yorkshiremen finished first, but the Rifle Brigade proved to be the crack shots. The Rifle Brigade, despite set-backs in other events won the team prize. The Slalom was won by Lieutenant J. Boyagis, Intelligence Corps, who retained the title of Army Ski Champion. Colour-Sergeant G. Broadman, West Yorkshires, was again the Army's best all-rounder. Another West Yorkshireman, Corporal France, won the *Langlauf* with 45 seconds in hand after losing one stick.



Captain D. W. C. Smith, RAMC, is down to tour with the British Rugby side "down under."

RUGBY NAMES MAKE NEWS

THE Army has high hopes of a record Rugby season. As SOLDIER goes to press the Army team has not lost a game. It has drawn with Ulster 3-3 and beaten the Civil Service 9-8, the Territorial Army 20-3, Gloucester 26-5, Oxford University 14-8, Cambridge University 20-3, Kent 22-3 and Royal Navy 16-6.

Picked to travel with the British Rugby team to New Zealand and Australia is a well-known Army player, Captain D. W. C. Smith, RAMC, who also plays wing three-quarter for Scotland. He captained the RAMC Depot team this year. With him are Jack Matthews, Welsh centre three-quarter who also captained the RAMC Depot team which won the Army Rugby Cup in 1948, and G. M. Budge, a former lieutenant in the Black Watch.

An Army Rugby recruit of unusual merit is Trooper John Hyde, 19 year-old Northampton wing three-quarter, who on his first day of National Service asked for leave to visit Paris — which was granted. He replaced Ian Bottling in the English side against France, the first schoolboy to be chosen since 1904. Just after being selected he was ordered to report to Catterick.

Two more young soldiers have been playing for their countries. Rifleman B. M. Scott of the 1st Battalion KRRC played for Scotland against Ireland and Private W. C. Major, Welch Regiment, for Wales against Scotland.

Trooper J. P. Hyde got special leave to play Rugby, on his first day in the Army.





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

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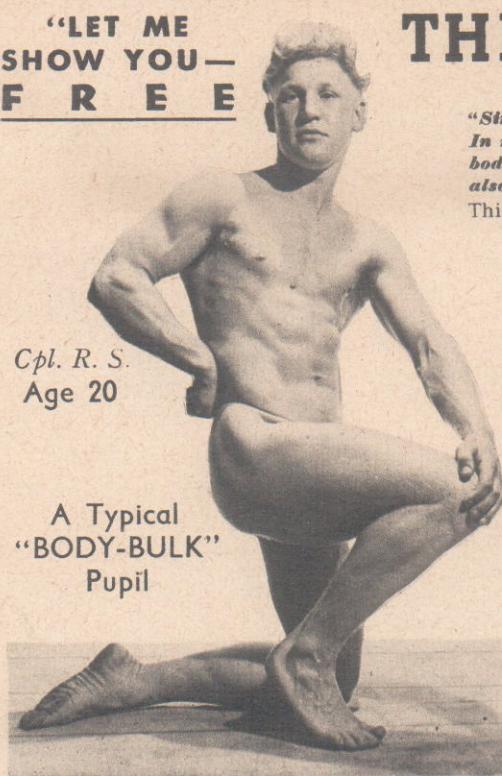
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PAGE 41

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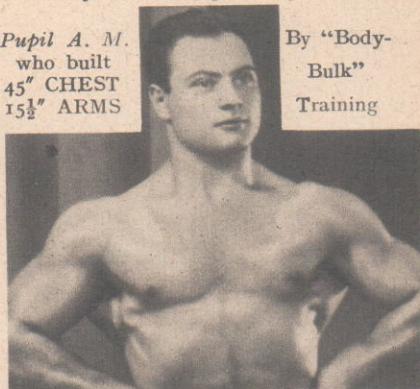
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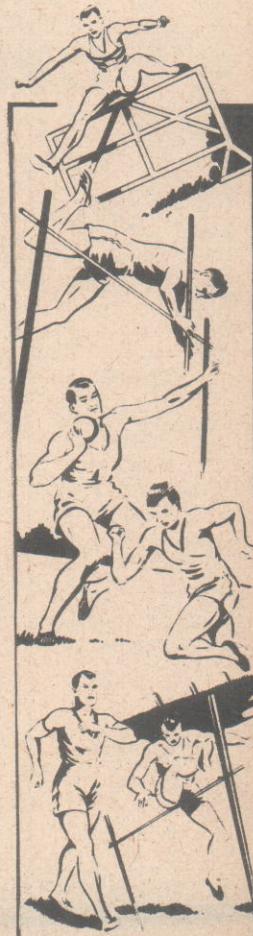


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SOON soldier-audiences all over the world will be seeing a film called "Health in Our Time." It is the latest in a series of health films made for the Army and issued by the Army Kinema Corporation.

"Health in Our Time" is meant to fit into a soldier's training somewhere near another film "Personal Hygiene," which was made a year ago.

"Personal Hygiene" breezily demonstrated how a man could guard his own health. "Health in Our Time" demonstrates what is done by the Army to keep him fit.

It starts off by recalling the health services, mostly taken for granted, which benefit a man in private life. The Radio Doctor gives a commentary. Then the Royal Army Medical Corps takes over, to explain why there are special health precautions in the Army and the part the Army health organisation plays. Finally, the lesson is rammed home with an account of the part played by the Army's health services in the Burma campaign and its effect on the fortunes of the campaign. There could be no better example.

These two films treat their subjects in a general way. They are designed to show a recruit why the Army takes an interest in aspects of his life which, outside the Army, would be just his own private business.

Most of the other health films in the Army Kinema Corporation's library — and there are 65, of which 30 were made specially for the Army — are more specialised. Their subjects range from venereal disease to brushing of teeth, from the care of the feet (on which there is a special film for the Women's Royal Army Corps) to the work of hospital teams.

"Borne on Two Wings," a coloured cartoon film, tells all about malaria in 18 minutes; "You too can get Malaria" is a straight film which follows it up. Two nine-minute animated black-and-white cartoon films remind troops about general health precautions in the tropics.

There is a whole series of Hygiene Flashes, lasting three to five minutes each and designed to fit into normal film programmes and bring home one

lesson. In one of them, Stanley Holloway's Sam ("Pick Oop Tha Moosket") copes with water purification.

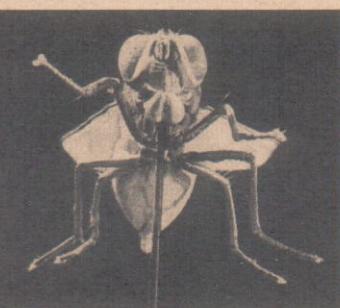
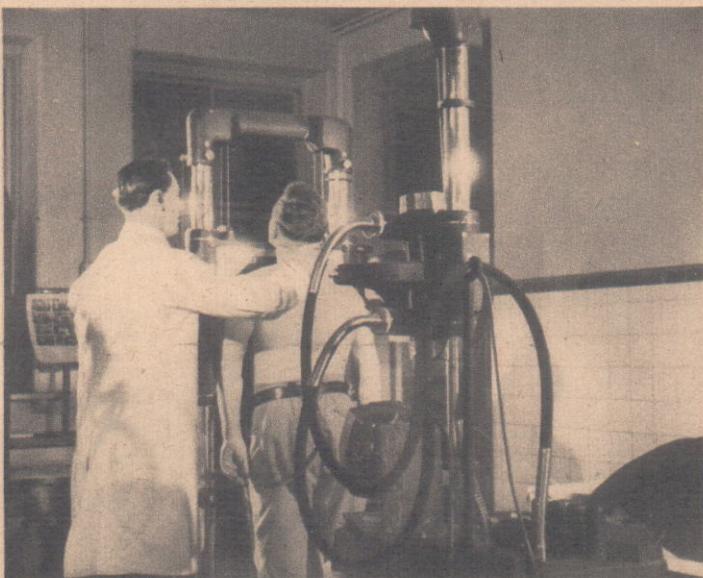
This again is the subject — and title — of another film in a more technical class. It shows the whole process of supplying water to troops in the field. In the same class is "Sanitation in the Field," which covers the sanitary arrangements needed for a short halt, a longer halt, a temporary camp and for supplementing the amenities of a village. Films like this are designed mainly as parts of courses on health subjects for specialists, but they are also available for specialists who want them to help train non-specialists.

And finally there are highly technical films, like "Field Psychiatry for the Medical Officer," which takes 45 minutes, and "The Treatment of Jaw Injuries in the Field," which takes 65 minutes. They are both intended for medical audiences only.

Three villains of the piece. Left to right: The soft tick, a typhus carrier; the rat; the fly. "Actors" were models at the School of Army Health, Mytchett.



Not an atrocity picture — just a student receiving a sample of a DDT spray. Below: an X-ray chest check-up. These scenes are from the film "Health in our Time."



COMING YOUR WAY

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

FRANCIS

THE trouble with having a talking mule which will talk to nobody but his owner is that nobody will believe the owner. Anyway that is what happens to an American lieutenant (Donald O'Connor) who happens to meet Francis under Japanese fire in Burma. And the poor lieutenant is whisked away to a psychopathic ward where Nurse Zasu Pitts makes him weave ever bigger and better baskets. But Francis the mule is undeterred: he plans bigger and better operations against the Japanese and discovers a beautiful spy (Patricia Medina). Finally, he even talks to a general, which is one thing most Army mules would no doubt give their off fore-legs to do.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

It may sound far-fetched, but this story, say the producers, is a true one from the archives of the Paris Sûreté (the French "Yard"). It is about a Parisian bank robber and a policeman who are friends and in love with the same girl. War comes, and the two men work together

in a dangerous counter-espionage exploit, which they bring off, only to have their triumph ruined. Eric Portman plays the Sûreté man, Nadia Gray the girl and Guy Rolfe the crook.

EAST OF JAVA

As its name suggests, this is a sultry South Sea island affair with whisky under the mosquito nets, sex under the punkah and death under the rattan roof. Stars: Macdonald Carey, Shelley Winters and Helena Carver.

SOUTH OF SAINT LOUIS

The complications of gun-running in the American Civil War, added to love tangles and twisted loyalties, create plenty of action for Joel McCrea, Alexis Smith, Zachary Scott and Dorothy Malone.

WHEN MY BABY SMILES AT ME

Show business, with the Grable legs involved in what the studio calls "a heavy dramatic assignment." But they get plenty of music for dancing. With Betty Grable are Dan Dailey, Jack Oakie and June Havoc.

LETTERS

FIRST-CLASS, BUT...

SOLDIER is a first-class magazine, but I wonder if it could be made even more interesting by the inclusion of more pictures of the people and their way of life in the lands occupied by British troops. It would help the British soldier to realise he was serving to maintain a very high standard of living in his home country, a standard which is not valued by the majority of the British public simply because they do not realise how other nations live.

I would also like to see notes and pictures of Dominion Forces and some general articles on foreign armies. — Sjt. F. Booth, 50 Supply Depot, RASC, BTA.

★ What do other readers think?

PERSONAL PRIDE

As a Regular with my heart and soul in the Army, I deplore the indifference shown by many senior ranks (including officers) to soldiers' turnouts. Apparently this indiscipline is condoned because it is no longer considered democratic to tell somebody to do a thing and expect him to do it at once, without backchat. Or is this stock use of the word "democracy" a cloak under which weaklings hide because they haven't the guts to get things done as they ought to be done? I have no desire to return to the "good old days" but I feel sure that the present-day recruit would, on the whole, learn to appreciate the kind of training

which I had far better than the namby-pambyism that has become the rule today.

This is not the petty cry of a Blimp, but an appeal to all ranks to co-operate in the cultivation of personal pride. — Self-Respecting CSM (name and address supplied).

UNDER THE KILT

I read with interest the two letters in your March edition on what a Scotsman does not wear under his kilt. May I add my own small experience?

At a boxing match organised by the Army in an Italian town shortly after the war, the London Scottish provided a piper to amuse the crowd between bouts. He certainly succeeded. When he swung his leg up to duck through the ropes into the ring there were guffaws from the boys and squeals from their Italian lady friends. The piper, however, gave no sign of embarrassment. When he had finished playing, an expectant hush fell on the hall as he approached the ropes again. Getting down on hands and knees, he crawled carefully between the two bottom ropes. Then he looked calmly round the hall, said "Ha! That fooled you," and marched out. — "Tartan Trouble" (name and address supplied).

During my Army service I served with the Pipes and Drums of the 1st, 5th, and 10th Battalions and the Depot of the Black Watch and I can safely inform your readers that it was most strictly forbidden to wear any trunks or underwear of any description beneath the kilt. An ex-

ception was made to this rule when a Highlander was "on the boards," performing Highland dances in a team, when members of the opposite sex were always present. Then the order was trunks, which were supposed to be of the same tartan as the kilt.

As none of us had these trunks we had to make do with dark coloured swimming trunks and I believe it was also compulsory to wear these. Thus the rule was: at normal times, trunks forbidden; when dancing, definitely to be worn.

There are stories that the men of kilted regiments are forbidden to stoop to retrieve a fallen article in the street or to climb to the upper deck of a tram or bus. I do not know whether these are true, but I do know that I had no illusions whatever about what would have happened to me had I been caught wearing anything under my kilt. — Mr. E. G. Hodkinson, c/o The Staff, The Bolton Royal Infirmary, Bolton, Lancs.

FORCED MARCH

I believe that the Royal Irish Rifles established the record for a forced march at the beginning of the last century. They marched from Suez to Cairo to join the Anglo-Turkish force advancing on Cairo, then held by the French. Can you give me more details, please? — Capt. R. A. Duncan, Royal Pioneer Corps, Fayid, MEFL 15.

★ Although the march was not claimed as a record, it was certainly an outstanding feat of endurance. "The History of the Royal Irish Rifles 1793—1912" says that on 6 June 1801, at 6 pm, three companies of the 86th Regiment began their march on Cairo. Three pints of water per man were carried on camels and each man was issued with a ration of salt



● SOLDIER welcomes letters.

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

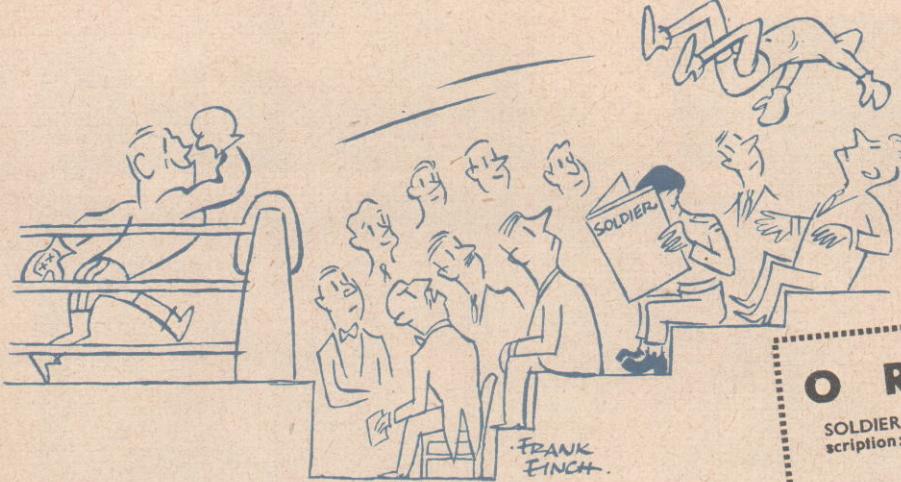
Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

pork which, sensibly, he threw away.

By seven next morning, when tents were pitched, the column had covered 26 miles. The Arab guides then pointed out that the heat was so great that if the camels were allowed to rest they could not be moved again without water, so at 11 am the march was resumed. The heat, which had dropped to 86 degrees during the night, was now 109 degrees. By one o'clock the men were straggling so badly that officers cut their baggage off the camels and put as many men as possible on them.

The Khamseen, or south wind, began to blow at two o'clock and the temperature rose to 116 degrees, but the column struggled on until four. Officers and men suffered from giddiness and loss of sight, others fell down gasping for water. Some water skins were now found to be cracked and the water had become



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That Territorial Decoration

IN December, under the heading "Cheapened," SOLDIER published a letter from "Territorial Adjutant" who complained that the new rules governing the award of the Territorial Efficiency Decoration had cheapened it almost to the status of a campaign star. He also asked why officers holding the Territorial Decoration were allowed to put the letters "TD" after their names, while Other Ranks who held the Territorial Medal had no right to use the letters "TM."

Below is a reply from an authoritative quarter:

THE new rules aim to make the Territorial Decoration more truly an award for efficient voluntary service in the Territorial Army. Previously, the qualifying period was 20 years (not necessarily continuous), with war service counting double. So long as an officer was on the active Territorial list it was not necessary for him to attend camps or drills, but he had to be certified efficient and deserving of the award.

As from 8 April, 1949, qualifying service has been reduced to 12 years, and must be continuous. "Double service" is abolished and an officer must attend at least 10 annual camps and at least 25 training periods yearly.

It was realised that abolition of "double service" would have repercussions; if strictly enforced, it would penalise those who hoped to reckon their 1939-45 service as

double. The risk of greatly increasing the numbers eligible for the Decoration was accepted on the principle that no individual should be allowed to suffer because of the new regulations. The change-over period will be brief; then the full effect of the new rules will be felt.

It is not correct that the new terms initiate the privilege of putting TD after an officer's name. This right was granted in 1908; before that, officers awarded the Volunteer Officers Decoration could put the letters VD after their names.

Since officers accept higher responsibilities than their men, they are granted a decoration, which may carry with it the privilege of using letters after the name, instead of a medal. If this privilege were widened to holders of the many medals for long and efficient service the use of post-nominal letters would become valueless.

evil-smelling and thick. Those who drank it vomited. A little Madeira wine was distributed, with the rest of the water mixed with rum.

Between six and seven o'clock that evening the wind died and the column moved off again. Breaking their march between eleven o'clock and four next morning they kept going until the springs of El Hanka, 12 miles from Cairo, were reached on the afternoon of 8 June.

They had marched 78 miles in less than 48 hours, with only three pints of water per man and no food. Seventeen men had been left behind in the desert. Of these eight got through to El Hanka, the others died.

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

I am a Regular serving on a normal engagement, but because I enlisted and re-enlisted outside Britain I and my family, who are in Burma with me, do not qualify for special family allowance or cost of living allowance. This reduces my emoluments by some fifteen shillings a week. Why should I be in a disadvantageous position compared with my comrades who enlisted in Britain? — SQMS R. Penfold, No. 1 Base Supply Depot RASC, c/o BAPO 1.

★ The issue of special family allowance and cost of living allowance to soldiers who enlisted outside Britain on regular engagements is at present under consideration. A decision is expected soon.

FROM A WIFE

It seems nowadays that a soldier's wife catches up with her husband only to see him disappearing to some other part of the world. At least that has been my fate for the last 12 years. Now my husband has gone to Hong-Kong on a three-year posting and, with the chance of getting married quarters apparently very slight, this means we shall have practically no married life at all. Why cannot family men have a break of a couple of months in the middle of their three years overseas tour? Eighteen months wouldn't seem quite so bad; three years seem endless. Someone will say that I shouldn't have married a soldier, but I really do not see why we should not have a year or two to

gether. Failing that, let's have a bit of leave from overseas if only to show the children they really have got a father. — Mrs. M. Yeats, No. 17, W. Block, Fenham Bks., Newcastle.

DISTURBING

Men who return with their families from overseas, and are accommodated in families camps, are not granted disturbance allowance. When the soldier is posted overseas again and the wife follows him he does get disturbance allowance, but this is only one allowance for two disturbances. Could not families camps be regarded as married quarters for the purpose of disturbance allowance? — Cpl. I. M. Aitchison, No 1 Trng. Bn., REME, Blandford Camp, Dorset.

★ Families camps are classed as furnished Government quarters, but under Para 19 of ACI 1076/1948, disturbance allowance ceased to be payable to Other Ranks from 1 October 1949, if furnished Government quarters were occupied.

FAIR'S FAIR

In answer to Sjt. A. G. Croucher, whose letter on the subject of Educational Certificates appeared in the January issue of SOLDIER under the title of "Is it Fair?" we would heartily endorse the opinion expressed by SOLDIER.

Sjt. Croucher's remarks on the omission of citizenship, current affairs and map-reading in civilian schools proves that he is not acquainted with the curriculum of the majority of our modern secondary schools. While these subjects may not be taught as such, they enter into the advanced stages of several other subjects.

Presumably, when Sjt. Croucher leaves the Army, he will expect civilian employers to recognise his Army qualifications, as they will do. Why is he prejudiced, therefore, against the Army's acknowledgement of the examinations of our universities which are the seats of learning recognised throughout the world? — Two Matrics (names supplied), Serjeants' Mess RAOC, Austria.

(More Letters on Page 46)



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MORE LETTERS

LEFT HIS LEAVE

In your January issue "Veteran" says he has done 15 years unbroken overseas service since he went to India in 1932. I would point out that he must have been due for home leave or free furlough from India before the war started. If he prefers to stay overseas, all well and good, but I do not think that is any reason for criticising the present-day soldier who does want his leave. — Ex-Sjt. RASC (name and address supplied).

SIX MONTHS

When I re-enlisted on a short-service engagement, one of the main inducements which influenced me was the Press recruiting campaign statement that it was War Office policy to permit all short-service men to serve the last six months in Britain. Now I am given to understand that the exigencies of the service are, and always have been, such that it is impossible to put this into practice.

I am also given to understand that if I am not posted home until due for release I will get no disembarkation leave and that this being so I cannot add to it the 21 days local leave which I have accumulated with the idea of taking it in Britain. If War Office policy were carried out, in addition to serving my last six months in Britain I would get some 53 days leave. I have lost all this through no fault of my own.

Would it not be possible to grant the leave after the engagement has ended? This would be some compensation for losing the last six months in Britain and would be of great assistance in resettlement. — Sjt. R. Glén, RAPC, HQ Singapore Dist.

★ **SOLDIER** is informed that regulations have in no way been tightened up since Serjeant Glen re-enlisted; in fact he is now eligible for more leave annually than he was then. Disembarkation leave, has never been admissible for men returning to Britain on release and therefore no accumulated privilege leave can be added to it. The terms of the short-service engagement are that the last six months may be done in Britain subject to the exigencies of the service. So far, unfortunately, the exigencies have been such that short-service men cannot be posted home until they are due for release. Men with longer periods of service to their credit may be posted home because they are more in need of a "look around" before returning to civilian life.

PAYING HIS WAY

After completing 19 years of my 21 years engagement I wish to claim a free discharge from the Army. According to ACI 768/48 a soldier who is granted free discharge on War Office authority is entitled to a passage home at public expense if he is serving overseas. Yet I am told I have to pay my own fare. Can you explain this please? — Sjt. E. S. Taylor, "C" Sqn., 3rd Royal Tanks, c/o BAPO 1.

★ The clause in ACI 768/48 refers to those men whose purchase price has been fully remitted on compassionate grounds. A soldier who claims free discharge after 16 years service without any compassionate grounds is held to have broken his contract in the same way as a man who buys his discharge. He must therefore pay his own fare back to Britain.

NO SENIORITY

In January 1946 I completed my engagement and was transferred to the Reserve. In November 1948 I re-enlisted to complete 22 years with the Colours. I was told that I would have to start again as a private, which I did. If and when I am promoted to serjeant again can I claim my previous period in the rank as service for seniority? — A/Sjt. H. M. Sawyer, 1st Bn., The King's Regt., BAOR 24.

★ No. When re-enlistment is permitted after an absence of more than 12 months from the Colours a man loses any entitlement to previous rank and seniority.

IN THE BAND

ACI 889 of 1949, which deals with time promotion for band serjeants, states that only substantive rank counts towards time promotion to either staff-serjeant or WO II. I was promoted war substantive serjeant (and appointed band serjeant) in Sept 1941 and have held this rank and appointment ever since. Does the ACI mean that none of this service counts towards time promotion? — Band Sjt. B. W. Brown, The North Staffs., Whittington Bks., Lichfield.

★ An amendment to this ACI is being issued. Providing service was rendered in an appointment in an approved band establishment, previous service as a substantive, war substantive, or acting serjeant in the appointment of band serjeant or trumpet major may be reckoned towards the first step in promotion (from serjeant to staff-serjeant).

2 minute sermon

THE only guarantee of hope in a hopeless world is the fact to which Easter bears witness. The Resurrection means far more than that someone rose from the dead two thousand years ago: it means far more than the belief in human immortality. Immortality is concerned with life after death. Resurrection is linked with life here and now; its subject matter is human history and it means that new life can come into this world.

The Christian has no warrant to believe that any nation or civilisation is indestructible, or that the purpose of God is tied to any human institution or any particular culture. We shall deceive ourselves if we imagine that we can cling to the old order of things. But if our ideals and desires are based on faith in the Resurrection we shall not make that mistake; we shall be ready to abandon much and to risk much. For we shall know that to accept death is to find a life which is more complete. The tragedy is not in the death of an old world, however lovely and however glorious it may have been. The real tragedy is in the futile effort to keep alive a world that is dying. The true glory of Easter is discovered when we stand on the threshold of a world that is new.

NO SHORTHAND PAY

Over the past year I have taught myself Pitman's Shorthand in my own time. Article 1066 of the Pay Warrant states that officers and soldiers attaining a certain standard in shorthand may be entitled to a reward of £7. Shall I be eligible for this? — S/Sjt. T. B. Baldwin, HQ North Malaya Sub District, c/o GPO Taiping.

★ Army Order 125 of 1946 blocked the award for shorthand proficiency, along with many other forms of addition to pay.

CERTIFICATE "A"

While in a cadet unit I passed the examination for Certificate "A". Am I entitled to wear the badge in the Army and if so where should it be worn? — Tpr. J. Caine, Scout Car Tp., HQ Sqn., HQ 7th Armd. Div., BAOR 23.

★ When they join the Army, holders of Certificate "A" should continue to wear the badge while they are at basic training units and training regiments. It is discarded when they are posted to units or when they have done three months service. The badge is worn on the right sleeve six inches from the top of the sleeve and above badges of rank.

The idea of the badge is to give the wearer some visible reward for the work put in to gain it and to help instructors to pick out the recruits who have had some previous military training.

OLD SOLDIERS

Can you please tell me the four oldest Regiments now existing in the Regular Army? Which is older, the Queen's Royal Regiment or the Royal Regiment of Artillery? — Gnr. W. Benham, 64th Trng. Regt., RA, Milne Lines, Park Hall Camp, Oswestry.

★ The Royal Scots, raised in 1633 for French service, are the oldest Regiment. Next come the Coldstream Guards in 1650. A battalion of the Grenadier Guards was raised in Flanders in the spring of 1656, while Charles II was in exile, but the date given in the old Army lists for the official raising of the Regiment is August 1660. The Royal Horse Guards were raised on 26 January 1661 and the Queen's Royal Regiment on 30 September of the same year. The Royal Regiment of Artillery was not raised until 1716.

One of the original troops of the Life Guards was raised in 1658, but the regiment was not organised until 1788. The Honourable Artillery Company is the oldest of all, having been raised in 1537, but as it is now a Territorial unit it cannot be counted as an existing regiment of the Regular Army.

MACHINE-GUN GUARDS

When, during World War One, was the Guards Machine-Gun Regiment formed and when was it disbanded? What regiments in the Household Brigade helped to form it? How many battalions were in it and what national emblems were included in the cap badge? — Arm/Sjt. A. J. Parsons, 1st Bn. Grenadier Gds., MELF 1.

★ When the Guards Division was formed in September 1915, it included Brigade Machine-Gun Companies. On 1 February 1917 these companies were welded into the Guards Machine-Gun Battalion, which in turn became known as the Machine-Gun Guards later that year or early in 1918. The cap badge of the Machine-Gun Guards was a five-pointed star in white metal, each point being a bullet, and between the points were a grenade, rose, thistle, shamrock and leek.

On 10 May 1918 the Machine-Gun Guards became the Guards Machine-



SOLDIER ARTISTS

EVERY year the Army Art Society holds an exhibition in London. The pictures reflect scenes in almost all countries where the British soldier finds himself.

Last year the display at the Imperial Institute contained 388 exhibits, including oils, water colours, drawings, pastels and sculpture. A fair number of exhibits were bought and the full purchase price was paid to the artists.

All ranks of the Army, the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Marines, men or women, may submit works. The next exhibition will be held in the Autumn.

Rules and details from the Hon. Secretary: Lieut-Col. A. G. Armstrong, 19 Knightsbridge Court, Sloane Street, London SW 1.

Gun Regiment, consisting of five battalions — the 1st and 2nd Life Guards Battalions, the Royal Horse Guards, the Foot Guards and the reserve battalion. The badge was then changed to crossed machine-guns on which was the Garter surmounted by a crown (not to be confused with the badge of the Machine-Gun Corps, which had no garter). The Guards Machine-Gun Regiment was disbanded on 31 March 1920.

FOURTH OF FOOT

I read with interest the article headed "A Show-Place In A Show-Place" in your February issue. You refer to The King's Own Royal Regiment as the 34th of Foot. This is wrong, of course. The 34th of Foot is The Border Regiment and The King's Own Royal Regiment is the 4th of Foot. — Maj. J. B. Underwood, Commanding, Depot, The King's Own Royal Regt.

Answers

(from Page 34)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Casement: hinged window; casemate: vaulted chamber in the thickness of a fortress wall.
2. Corporal Smith sends the two children to the far side. One of them brings back the boat, gets out, and a soldier ferries across. The second child then returns with the boat. This operation is repeated until all are across.
3. (b).
4. All are, or have been, film-making centres.
5. You hiccup.
6. At Scotland Yard: relics of famous crimes.
7. They are the letters in the upper row of typewriter keys, reading from left to right.
8. (a) Colombo is in Ceylon; (b) British Columbia is in Canada; (c) Colombia is a South American state.

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Medicines—like people—are judged first and foremost by what they do. Above, we stress a few of the many things that 'ASPRO' does—and does quickly. These claims are proved and demonstrated every minute of the day. For there is always somebody, somewhere, who is taking 'ASPRO' and experiencing the great relief it brings. 'ASPRO' is safe and effective because it helps Nature to put you right. It leaves a feeling of well-being—has no harmful after-effects whatever. The purity of 'ASPRO' is unrivalled; each tablet comes to you separately sealed—untouched by hand, unharmed by the moisture of the air. 'ASPRO' uses are legion—its results are sure.

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NOW!**

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Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, $\frac{1}{2}$ tablet. 'ASPRO', like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



CAROL MARSH

— J. Arthur Rank

Serene is the mien
Of the queen of this scene.
(To sing of her hair-do
Is more than we dare do).