

# SOLDIER

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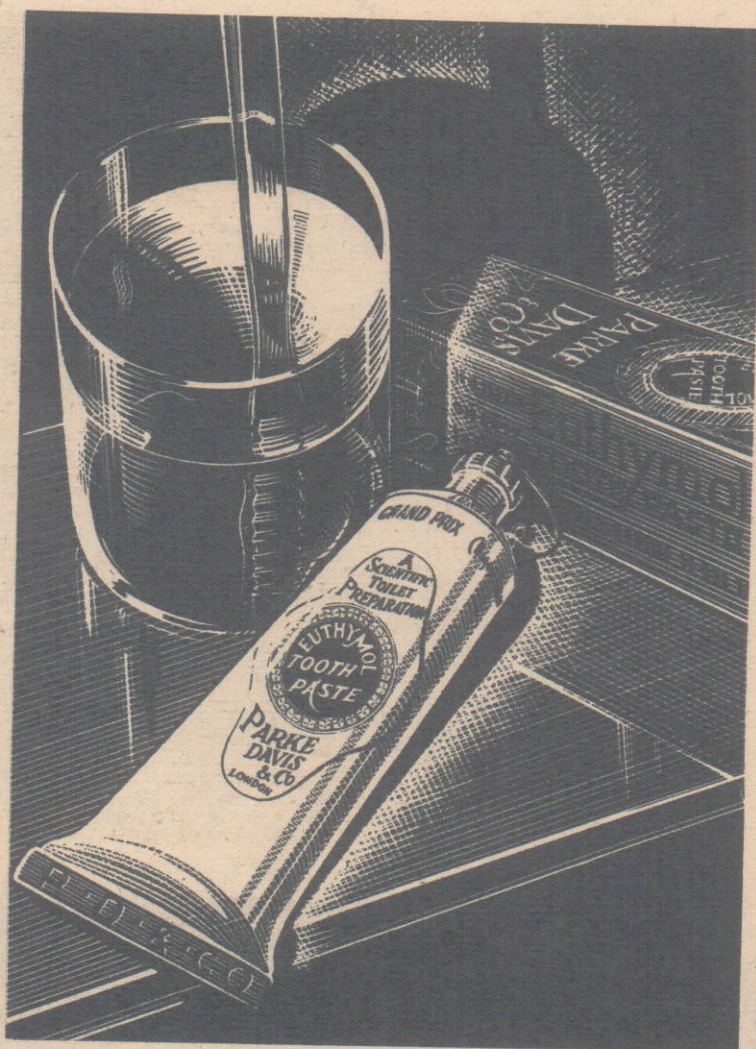
**SOLDIERS WHO SAY "AYE, AYE"**  
(See Page 29)



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# NAAFI

**BELONGS TO THE FORCES**

If you know of anyone seeking an interesting career, Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.





# SLEEVE!



**N**OBODY will ever know how many million miles the pilots of the Royal Air Force have flown for benefit of the Army's anti-aircraft gunners.

Right through the war, there was hardly a day when co-operation aircraft did not take off in most parts of Britain to fly on prescribed courses at prescribed heights, while predictor numbers, radar operators and gunners practised their drill below.



Below, the girl spotter in the practice camp scans the sky through dark glasses for the first glimpse of the target.

**A well-riddled sleeve is a popular trophy among anti-aircraft gunners. Here is the story of the men who tow the targets monotonously through the skies**

Today the RAF still fly target aircraft for the gunners in practice camps on the coasts of Britain.

Gunners know little about the pilot's end of the job. Some of them have had the curiously mistaken idea that the pilots who fly these aircraft are "on jankers".

Although accepted as part of the day's work by the RAF, target-towing is quite a specialised art. A plane with a 20-foot canvas bag dragging behind it at the end of some 6000 ft of wire cable takes a bit of handling. Controls are sloppy and there is no question of the aircraft "flying itself". It has to be nursed along all the way.

In theory only a mad gunner, or a murderous one, could hit the 'plane instead of the target. Down below safety officers ensure that the guns

are never pointing, by inadvertence, at the aircraft.

In the plane, besides the pilot, there is the tow-target-operator who sits in the rear cockpit working the winding apparatus. This consists of a winch and cable-drum, operated by a wooden propeller on a bracket outside the plane. This propeller is normally kept side-on to the wind, but when turned into the slipstream it winds in the target cable.

At the start of the flight the drogue (usually called "sleeve" by the Army) is rolled up in the rear cockpit, attached to the cable by a "link" of thin cord.

When the moment of release comes, the drogue is merely pushed through a hatch in the bottom of the plane and the wind swishes it away, streaking the cable from the drum.

How is a drogue brought on board again? It isn't. To get it back in the cockpit would be like landing a 20-foot shark into a rowing boat. After the towing run is finished the drogue is wound up close and the plane heads for home. It flies low over the 'drome, then the operator puts his arm through the hatch to cut the link,

Over the North Wales coast this Martinet has just released a sleeve. (Picture taken from accompanying aircraft by SOLDIER photographer, Desmond O'Neill).

letting the drogue sink to the ground for collection.

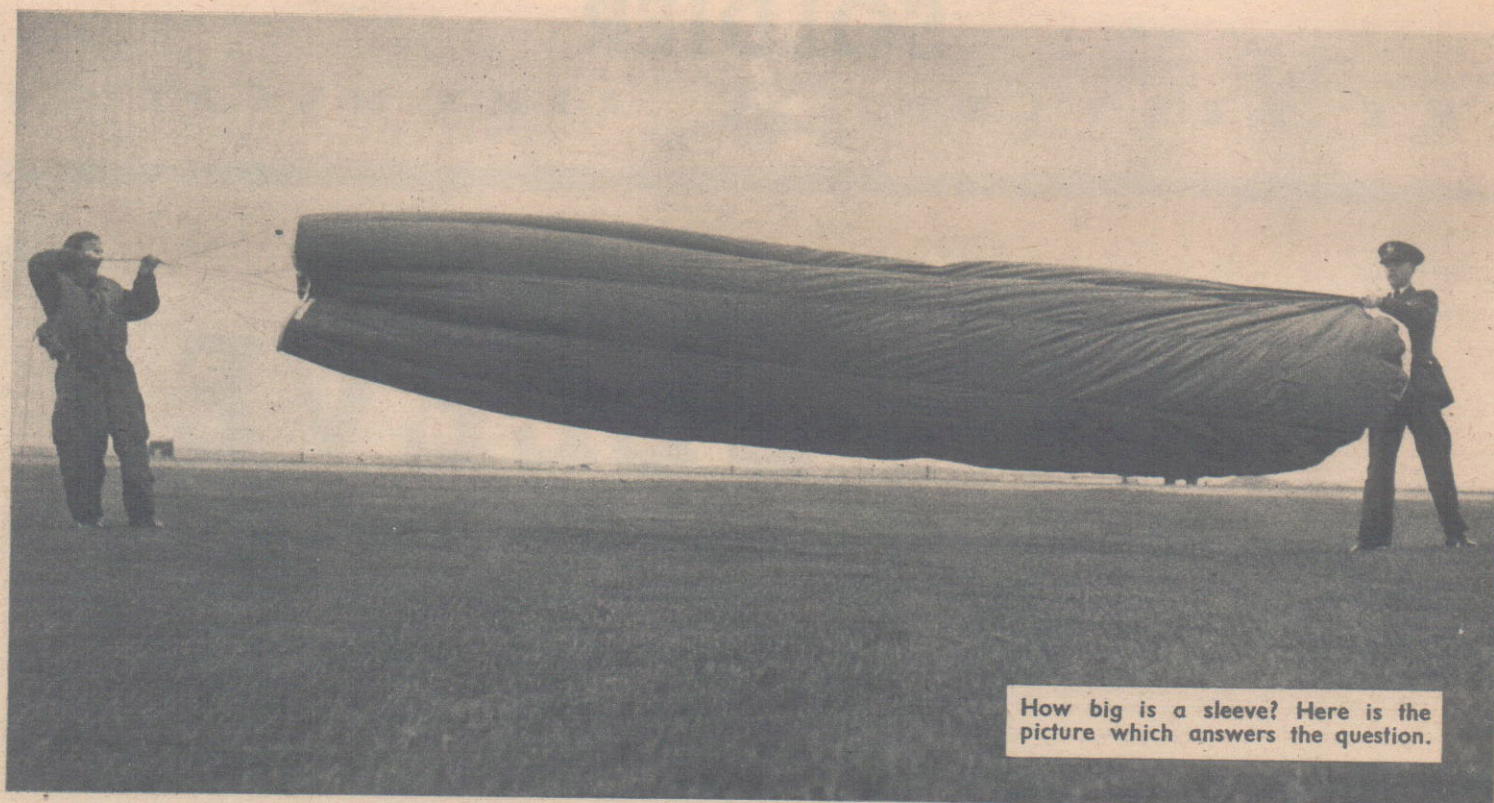
If the ack-ack gunners hit it, the drogue may be dropped near the guns for examination, but a variety of other things may happen. The target may be shot clean away, or the cable severed, in which case the 'plane merely jerks ahead at increased speed, but if the end of the drogue is shot off and the air inside escapes, the drogue collapses and flaps around like a wet shirt on a clothes-line, flapping the plane with it — a striking example of the tail wagging the dog.

While the pilot fights his controls, the operator quickly winds in the drogue and cuts the link. He then hauls the free cable-end up through the hatch, attaches a new target and off they go again.

In touch with the gunners by radio, the pilots have been known to carry on unofficial conversations to while away the tedious hours of target-towing. When ATS units go to practice camp these conversations tend to brighten considerably. Before now dates for the evening have been arranged by radio, but there is no record of any marriage having resulted.

There is the story, though, of a winch operator who, when detailed for duty said, "Please, sir, can I be excused to-day? I quar-





How big is a sleeve? Here is the picture which answers the question.

## Sleeve! (continued)

relled with my fiancée last night."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?"

"She's on one of the guns, sir!"

The classic target-towing story is, of course, that of the pilot who, finding rounds bursting uncomfortably close, radioed back to the guns: "Listen, chum, I'm pulling this thing, not pushing it."

One of the main RAF Army

co-operation stations to-day is at Llanbedr in the wilds of North Wales. There the veteran pilots and winch operators of 631 Fighter Squadron spend hours and days cruising along the coast with guns popping off at them from a nearby ack-ack practice camp. They fly for the benefit of Regulars, Territorials, ATS and Cadets.

An operator with plenty of experience of target-towing is Leading Aircraftman T. H. John, from St. David's, South Wales. In the

last 13 months he has put in 250 flying hours. His comment on the job: "Well, you've got to keep your wits about you."

Behind that terse summing-up lies one nerve-shaking experience. The aircraft used for target-towing are Martinets, specially converted for the job. They are obsolete types and spares are hard to come by.

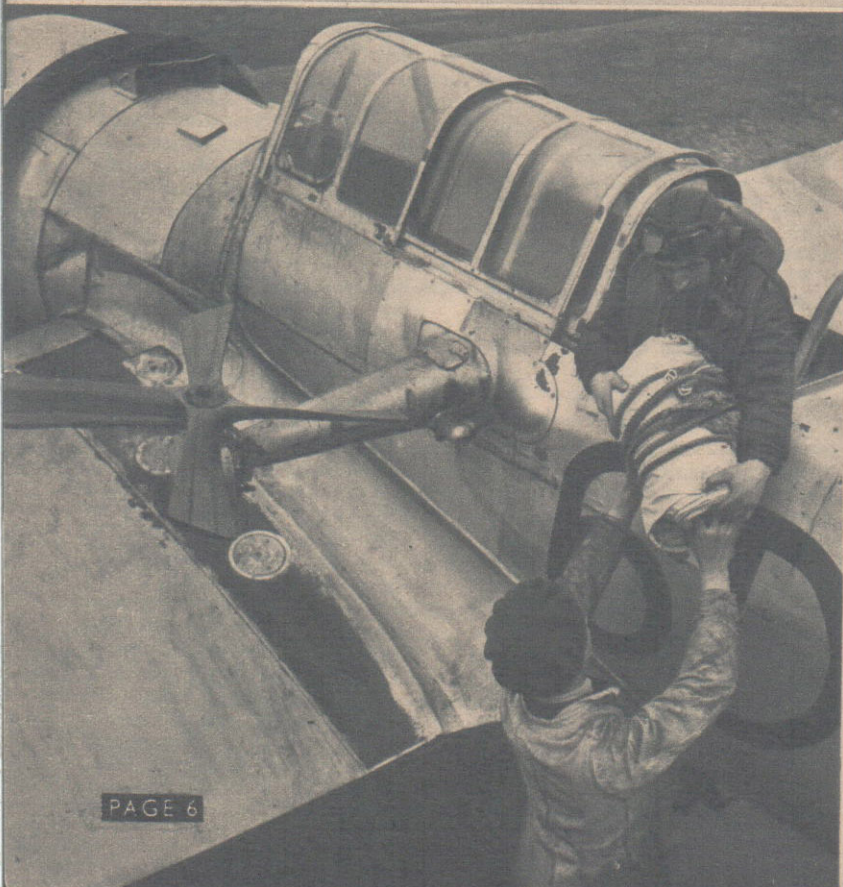
While LAC John was cruising as usual along the coast one day with the drogue trailing behind,

the propeller of his plane dropped quietly off and fell into the sea.

With the drag of the target behind it the aircraft would have dropped like a brick. Whipping out his wire-cutters, LAC John snipped through the cable and the plane went into its long last glide.

Without the propeller the engine seized and spurts of oil smothered the pilot's windscreen. He managed to clear a little

Once upon a time winch operators wound the sleeve in by hand. Now a propeller does the job.



Here's the hole through which the bundled-up sleeve is thrown. That's LAC T. H. John looking down.







In order that radar operators may pick up the sleeve, metal mesh is incorporated in the fabric.



A sleeve is a slow target, but gunners also practise on fast aircraft. Here a Spitfire pilot is briefed before setting off. Below: Two "Spits" over the Welsh hills.

window at the side by putting his arm out and wiping the oil off, just enough to glimpse a likely looking field near the coast. It was dotted with grazing sheep and probably water-logged as well, but it would have to do.

The pilot nosed down, and sheep scattered in all directions as he hit the ground. For a split second the wheels bogged down, then jerked clear again. Missing bleating ewes by inches, the plane careered across the field, bumping to a standstill just short of the far fence. Hardly believing their luck, LAC John and the pilot clambered out, to be greeted by a protesting Welsh farmer. "Frightened my sheep to death almost you haf, man. Land here you cannot."

With admirable self-restraint the pilot explained what had happened. Scratching his head, the farmer regarded the plane for some five minutes. "You'll haf to get a new one, will you not now?" was his slightly mollified comment.

Drogue towing takes up only a small proportion of 631 Squadron's time. Half their flying hours are spent on normal fighter training and the other half on different types of Army co-operation.

Of these, flying for the benefit of radar operators is one of the most important. Ordinary Spitfires are used, and firing is done by the "180 degrees out" method; that is, the guns fire in precisely the opposite direction to where the target planes are. There are ways of computing whether the rounds would have been on target.

Radar-controlled firing can also be done with drogues. A special type of cloth with copper strands running through it is fixed inside the sleeve so that the radar sets can pick it up. Two traces are visible on the radar screen; the first is the plane and the rear one the target.

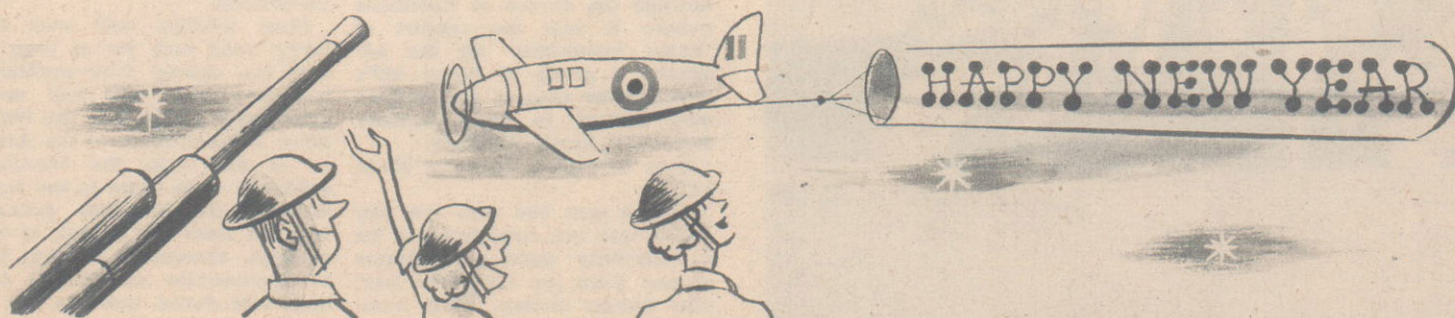
Co-operation technique has advanced with the years. At one time during the war, pilots of Lysanders were called on to imitate Stukas and "dive-bomb" gun sites at close quarters.

In the days when anti-aircraft gunnery was not the exact science it is to-day, guns sometimes practised on "Queen Bees," unpowered aircraft controlled from the ground by an operator who pitted his cunning against the skill of the gunners. This was a spectacular, but over-expensive, form of training.

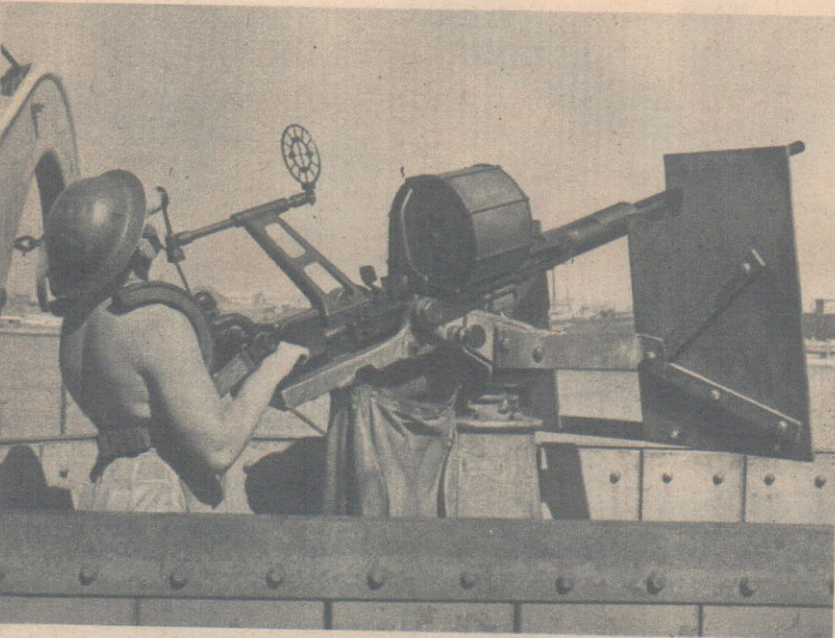
TED JONES



Relations between pilots and gunners are cordial. Below our artist reconstructs an exchange of courtesies from a practice camp.







Here are the men who found themselves championed in the House of Commons: the gunners of the Maritime Regiment, Royal Artillery, who served on war-time convoys. (See *SOLDIER to Soldier*). Above: a light ack-ack gunner on an invasion ship bound for Sicily. Below: a Bofors detachment ready for action.



**T**HE New Year is the traditional time for stocktaking. Historians will rate 1948 as a milestone for the British Army, if only because it saw the evacuation of India after 200 years, and of Palestine after 30 years.

These withdrawals came on top of the other post-war withdrawals from temporarily occupied lands: Syria, Indonesia, the Dodecanese, Italy, the Nile Delta, and the Western European countries.

What remains? A caretaker force in the ex-Italian colonies, steadying forces in Greece and Trieste, occupation forces in Germany and Austria, and a token occupation force in Japan. The Army is, of course, firmly installed in all its traditional peacetime stations, such as Aden, Gibraltar, Cyprus, Malta, Hong Kong, the Sudan and the Caribbean. And in East Africa a great depot is being set up in the bush to take the stores once held in India and Egypt.

Nineteen-forty-eight produced an unforeseen crisis in Malaya, which had to be strongly reinforced against an unexpected guerrilla menace. The Army, no longer worried by Waziris, had the job of flushing bandits from the jungle. Where the next trouble spot will prove to be is anybody's guess. Something unexpected always turns up, even if it is only a smallscale threat like that which arose last Spring in British Honduras, where a show of strength seems to have served its purpose.

It was the sudden emergency in Malaya, coupled with such commitments as the Berlin airlift, and of course the failure of the Powers to agree on peace treaties, which influenced the Government's decision to extend the National Serviceman's period of service to 18 months (the period at which it had originally been set). Even with a six months extension, the future efficiency of the British Army is tied up with another big factor: the success of the Territorial Army drive which was one of the features of 1948.

This time last year nobody imagined that Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery would be installing himself in the Palace of Fontainebleau as military chairman of Western Union. This is a job which he will have to build up from scratch: a job of monumental difficulties, military as well as national and political. Nor, a year ago, would anyone have dared to prophesy that General Sir William Slim would be back from the railways as CIGS.

The only safe prophesy for 1949 is that there will be more surprises. There is no harm in hoping for pleasant ones. At least the Army has had a small rise and the gift (or promise) of a new beret to start the New Year.

\* \* \*

**I**T was good to see that when the Navy's Prize Bill went through the House of Commons (where it was the subject of "noisy broadsides" by the admirals) a group of Army MP's took up the case of the soldiers who served in the Maritime Regiment, Royal Artillery.

Said Brigadier Anthony Head MC:

"These men had very low pay and it was not considered to be a frightfully good job. Others around them got far better pay, plus danger money. Their numbers are not large. They had a

## SOLDIER to Soldier

thankless job, and to give them a share now would mean a little surprise to cheer them up."

He and other MP's (including some ex-Navy MP's) argued, and argued strongly, that it would not put much of an extra strain on the Prize Fund to include these gunners, many of whom shared the perils of the Russia and Malta convoys and some of whom were even put aboard prize ships to see them safely to port.

The gunners' case is strengthened by the fact that for the first time RAF institutions are being given a cut at the booty, in recognition of the part played by Coastal Command.

Brigadier Head also declared: "If we are to be realistic in this matter, then I would ask whether it was not the Army that captured many of the ships in the ports. The amount of captured shipping in Taranto must have been immense." A Government spokesman pointed out, however, that the value of ships captured in port was not included in the Prize Fund.

Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke said: "I think I shall be summing up correctly the Army point of view by saying that the Army probably does not care two hoots about the Bill." Which is probably so. There is, of course, no logical reason why the Navy should get a fighting bonus and not the Army: all three arms fought the same war. But the truth is that there is not enough money in the kitty to warrant a distribution to some five million Servicemen.

Most soldiers will wish the Navy good luck for as long as they can uphold their profitable tradition; they will feel more generously about it if the Navy allow a token force of the Army — in this case, the Maritime Regiment — to share in the fund. Whether the Maritime gunners will get their cut is not, at the moment, absolutely certain; but an appropriate amendment has been introduced into the Bill in the House of Lords.



**I**N the proud days of 1945 there was probably no organisation occupying so many palaces, castles, country clubs, profiteers' mansions, luxury hotels and embassies as NAAFI. It is also fair to say that NAAFI occupied a great many Nissen huts.

Nobody grudged NAAFI temporary ownership of its overseas palaces, in enemy or occupied countries. The British soldier had done a good job of work and had earned his comforts.

In Britain, palaces could not be collected so freely, but the decision was nevertheless taken to open NAAFI clubs, as generously equipped as possible, in various garrison towns. Since then permanent clubs have been built in several traditionally Forces towns, at Colchester, Oswestry, Chatham and Aldershot, with Catterick and Plymouth to follow.

If these clubs are not palaces they are beginning to look uncommonly like them. **SOLDIER** went along to see the latest one at Aldershot. It is a splendidly conceived club, designed on clean, modern lines, with public rooms which would flatter many an Atlantic liner; the television set alone would be coveted in any fashionable suburb. As for the toilet department, it undoubtedly sets a higher standard than is to be found in many West-end hotels, restaurants and theatres. The barber's shop is notably more hygienic than so many of the dirty dens in Civvy Street. **SOLDIER** saw the club banked with flowers at the opening, but it was clear enough that its normal appearance is one of well-being.

No, **SOLDIER** is not going to couple this with an appeal to the troops to take care of their property. Experience in the other clubs shows that they do. What **SOLDIER** is going to do is to compliment NAAFI in the warmest terms on the post-war standards it has set. This must not cause invidious comparisons to be made by troops overseas. NAAFI can hardly be expected to build permanent clubs on the Aldershot scale in Cyrenaica or Japan; but some of the lads overseas have not done so badly in the clubs NAAFI has requisitioned for them.

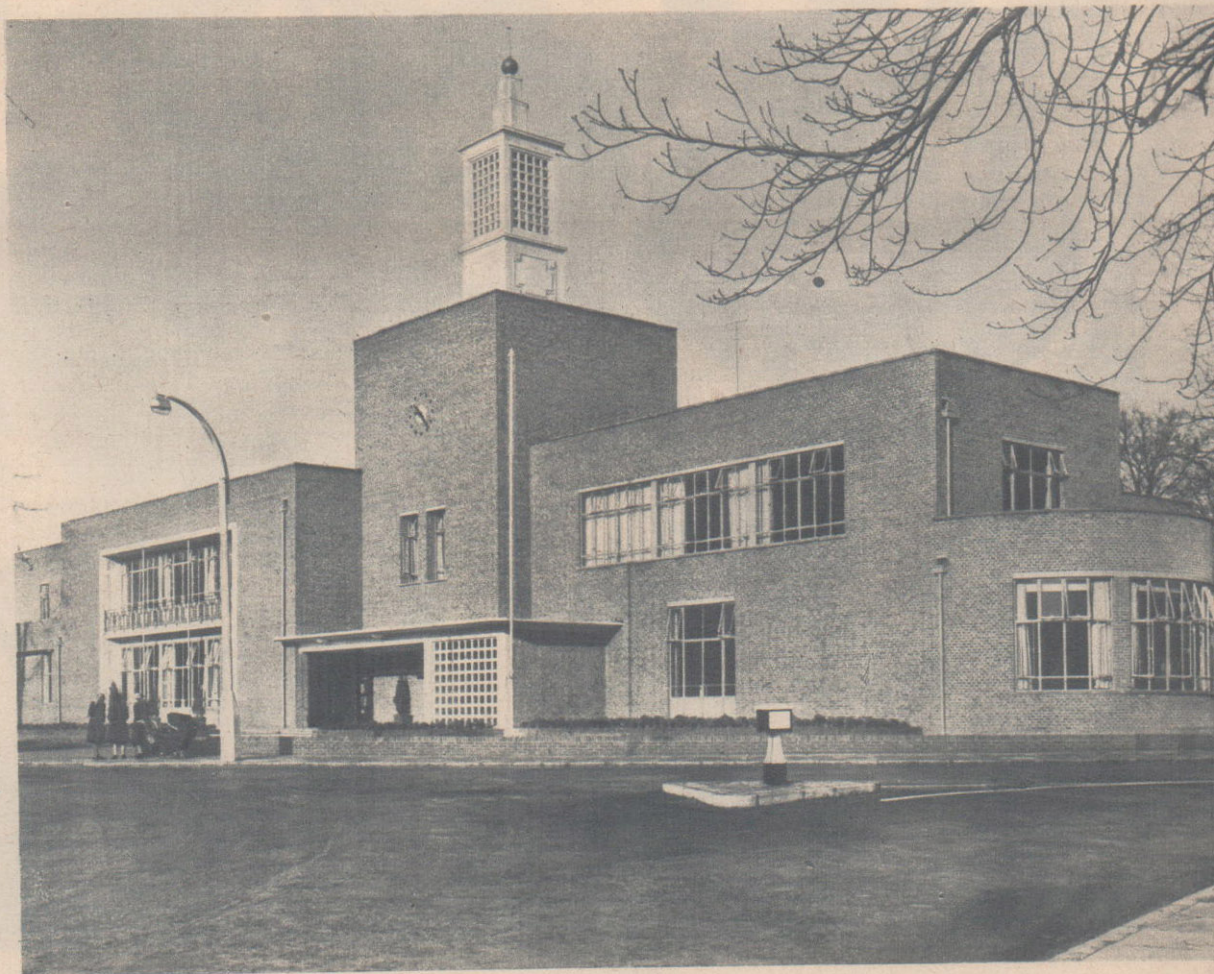
\* \* \*

**T**HESE are changed days indeed.

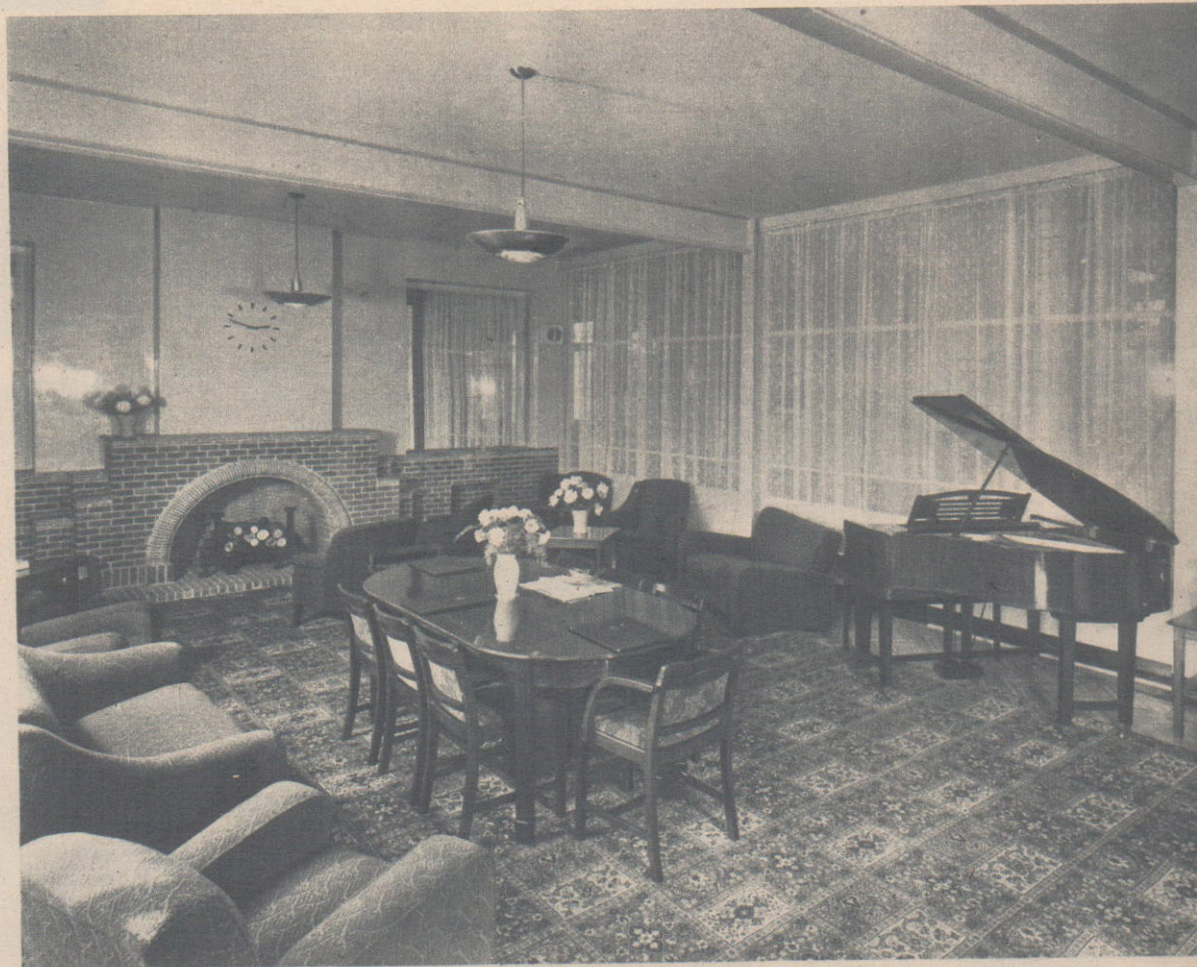
In his own canteen a soldier can drink a cup of tea in clean and cheerful surroundings.

Going home on leave, if he wants a cup of tea, he will probably have to jostle with civilians at a station buffet, there to be given a chipped and lipstickied cup (handled by an unkempt woman with her fingers on the cup's drinking surface) containing an unsugared, unrecognisable liquid which has to be stirred by a communal, *chained* spoon — probably at twice the price charged by NAAFI.

Today the Services are beginning to set the standard. One of these days Civvy Street will catch up.



The fine new NAAFI Club which was recently opened in Aldershot has "public rooms which would flatter many an Atlantic liner." (See this page). Note grand piano in the lounge seen below. Another lounge contains a television set.







Trussed to a bamboo pole, a suspect captured in the Johore jungle is led away for interrogation.

## ONE OF OUR CAMPS —

Here are the Guards under canvas near a tin mine some eight miles from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya.





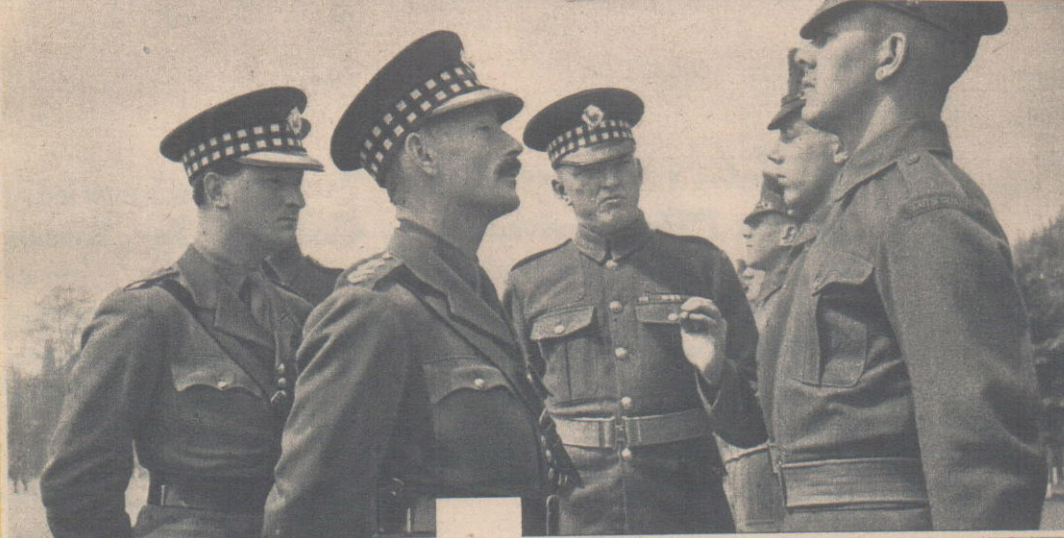
# MALAYAN ROUND-UP

**H**ERE are some pictures which tell better than words the kind of campaign which is being waged in Malaya.

As a result of deep, Ferret-style drives in the jungle, many bandit camps have been burned down and organised bands of marauders have been split into very small units, cut off from central direction. But as long as these still-desperate killers are at large the Army's task will be incomplete.

Fresh drives are planned up-country, and in preparation for them British troops have been training hard in the arts of silent jungle movement, of snapshooting, of wading streams, of building shelters out of jungle vegetation. As they become proficient in a new fighting technique, the troops gain a new pride and confidence.

A notable encounter, reported as **SOLDIER** went to press, was that between a patrol of the Scots Guards and a group of bandits in a jungle hut in the Batang Kali area of Selangor. The first bandit who tried to escape was shot dead; 25 others who afterwards attempted a breakaway ran into the rifle fire of the Guards. All were killed.



Remember the picture above? It appeared in **SOLDIER** for August 1948, and showed Colonel (as he then was) M. D. Erskine DSO inspecting recruits to the Scots Guards at Caterham.

Below: Brigadier (as he now is) Erskine, commanding 2nd Guards Brigade, at his headquarters in Malaya. In 1947 he commanded 24 Guards Brigade, Trieste.



## — ONE OF THEIRS

A terrorist hide-out goes up in flames during operations in the Muar-Lenga area of Johore.





*I John Farmer Drum* do acknowledge that I have received all my Cloathing, Pay, Arrears of Pay, and all Demands whatsoever, from the Time of my enlisting in the Regiment and Company mentioned on the other Side, to this present Day of my Discharge, as Witness my Hand this 24 Day of *July* 1787.

*John Farmer*

SOLDIER sought out some collectors' pieces among the discharge documents at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. This was on the back of the "release certificate" of 1787.

An Army form with a printer's error; if it was a stamp it would be worth thousands of pounds. When this one was used (1816) Hanoverians served in the British Army, not the British Army in Hanover.

## WHAT'S THE FORM?

**L**AST month SOLDIER reproduced a collector's piece—one of the correspondence slips marked "Action This Day" used by Mr. Churchill to speed results from his famous war-time minutes.

It was a collector's piece only in the sense that it was a relic of a great leader, because nobody, so far as SOLDIER knows, makes a point of collecting correspondence slips, or any other of the thousands of forms issued by Government departments.

But it could be a rich field—as rich and rewarding, say, as match-box tops or stamps, beer-bottle

Interesting point about this man's statement of service is that he had two years added, for pension purposes, because he had fought at Waterloo, (see entry under cross).

You'd think the Classified List of Army Forms would be one of the world's dullest documents. But it has some very bright moments

labels or autographs, for which collectors pay quite large sums of money. The Army alone is currently publishing 8000 or 10,000 different forms, a collector's field in themselves.

What could be more gratifying, for instance, than to possess a First Edition of Army Form B 252 (Charge Report, as if you didn't know)? Or of having one with a spelling error or a letter turned upside down?

In the correspondence slip field, the Army can out-do Mr. Churchill. It publishes its slips in no fewer than eight colours: Oxford Blue, Red, Cambridge Blue, Royal Purple, Brown, Orange, Black and Green.

What is more, the Army classifies the forms to make the collector's work easier. Correspondence slips, for instance, come in Class A General and are No. 50.

In the same class come such masterpieces as *Avoid Damage—Training Gallops (Mounted)*, and

*Shut This Gate (Poster)*, *This Bridge is held to be destroyed for Military Purposes (Poster)*, *Notification that Soldiers' Addresses cannot be furnished*, and *Valve Life Label*. This last is probably a moderate rarity since the Classified List of Army Forms says it "Will be demanded initially and completed only by units concerned with Radar Equipment containing valves listed in War Office (DME) Technical Instruction (AA Radar) T/RA 114 A and 114 B."

Another distinguished member of Class A is No. 3996, *Communication to an Accused Person upon whom Sentence of Death has been passed by Court-Martial*, and one which is likely to be heading for rarity value is No. 5108, *Notice Calling up Boarded-out Army Horses and Mules*.

This could be an instructive hobby, too. What enthusiast, especially if he had decided to specialise in Class B—Regiments

and Corps, as stamp-collectors specialise in British Colonies or Lichtenstein air mails, could resist running for a dictionary if he came into possession of a B 179 F, *Report on a Case of Suspected Cystercercosis*, or a W 3738, *Report on a Case of Epizootic Lymphangitis*?

Whose knowledge of criminology could fail to be broadened by a scrutiny of B 124, *Descriptive report of Deserter or Absentee for Police Gazette*? And as for teaching one things one didn't know about the Army, B 5054, *Certificate of Competency in Cooking; Sergt.-Cook qualified to act as Ship's Cook*, shows such people are common enough to warrant having their certificates issued in pads of 50.

This is the sort of hobby to baffle and impress the layman. Thus, a form collector and a non-collector friend are chatting quietly over their morning cup of coffee:—

FC: I picked up a very clean G 1082-1 and an H 1118 pretty cheap yesterday, old boy.

NFC: Sorry, I didn't quite catch....  
FC: Oh, a G 1082-1, you know. List of Lubricating Holes and Lubricators, Ordnance B.L. 6-in, Mk VII and

### STATEMENT OF SERVICE.

In what Corps.	Period.		Serjeant Major.		Quarter Master Serjeant.		Serjeant.		Corporal.		Bugleman		Private.		On account of being a Waterloo Man.	Total Service.		In East or West Indies included in the afore going total.	
	From.	To.	Yrs	Ds.	Yrs	Ds.	Yrs	Ds.	Yrs	Ds.	Yrs	Ds.	Yrs.	Ds.		Yrs.	Ds.	Years.	Days.
<i>1st Light</i>	<i>24</i>	<i>24</i>																	
<i>Oct 44</i>	<i>Sept 46</i>	<i>Feb 47</i>																	
<i>1st Light</i>	<i>1803</i>	<i>1816</i>																	
Total ..																			





# HIS MAJESTY'S SECOND LIGHT BATTALION KING'S GERMAN LEGION.

*General*  
Whereof Major *Sir* Colin Halkett K. C. B. is Colonel.

THESE are to certify that *Georg Wippling, Sergeant Major in Captain*  
Company in the Battalion aforesaid, born in the Parish of *Hohlfeld*  
Town of *Hannover* in the County of *Hannover*  
in the said Battalion for the space of *Twelve* Years and *Four* Days,  
but in consequence of the disbanding of the King's German Legion and in conformity to an order  
of Field Marshal His Royal Highness the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, is hereby discharged; having first  
received all just Demands of Pay, Clothing etc. from his entry into the said Battalion to the date of  
this discharge, as appears by the receipt on the back hereof.

in or near the  
hath served

Days,

And to prevent any improper use being made of this discharge, should it fall into other Hands,  
the following is a description of the said *Georg Wippling* He is about *Thirty Nine*  
Years of age, is *Five* Feet *Six* Inches in height, *Brown* Hair, *Dark*  
Eyes, *Fair* Complexion, by Trade a

VII on Mountings B.L. 6-in, Mks II, IIA, IV and V.

NCF: Really. And what was the other?  
FC: An H 1118. - Special Size Roll for  
ATS Corsetry Garments.

NCF: Oh! I -- er, let me pay for the  
coffee ...

But you'd have to be careful  
about that sort of thing. Even a  
non-collector is likely to know  
that a G 1098 means War Equip-  
ment Tables (Mobilization Stores  
Tables).

Some of the forms might be  
useful around the house. There's  
no telling when you might not  
want to produce a K 3550, Sweep-  
ing Chimneys -- General, or an  
I 1221, Maternity Chart, or an  
L 1232, Animals, Sick, Records of  
Temperature, Pulse and Respi-  
ration, or a K 1293, Perambu-  
lation Report (Inside Sheet) Issu-  
ed to CRE's, or a K 1250, Meter  
Readings: Reader's Record (Os i/c  
Barracks), or a B 264, Time-table  
for cooking.

The language student collector  
will revel in K 1277 A (French),  
Travaux de Toute Nature, and  
K 1277 A (Italian), Lavori di Ogni  
Generi. He may extend his collec-  
tion to Army Books (of which more  
in a moment), so that he can  
enjoy 494 B (English-French-Ger-  
man), 50 pages of glorious tri-  
lingual General Railway Warrants.

Is he a businessman? Let him  
take his cue from forms like  
K 1297, Tenancy Agreement for

an Allotment, K 1309, Proposal to  
(i) Construct a New Small Arms  
Range, (ii) Reconstruct, enlarge or  
materially alter an existing Small  
Arms Range, K 1323 c, Dry  
Cleaning of Overcoats; Tender  
for (Abroad), K 2402, Clocks;  
Tender for Winding etc, or  
N 7535, Water Pumping System  
Accounts.

Is he a student of social cus-  
toms? Then B 261 and B 262, Sol-  
dier who is a Dangerous Person of  
Unsound Mind; Order for  
Reception (England) and Nor-  
thern Ireland) respectively, would

doubtless repay comparison with  
the terser-titled B 263, Dangerous  
Lunatic Soldier; Order for Re-  
ception (Scotland).

There are charmers like W 3116,  
Clinometer Calibration Table; and  
W 4086, Prepayment ATS Hair-  
dressing Ticket (Pads of 100), and  
K 3537, Stable Manure -- Purchase  
and Removal of; and the famous  
W 5156 series of War Department  
Wagon Labels with vertical  
stripes in more colours than there  
are in the rainbow. And there is  
the cryptically-titled W 5256, Of-  
ficers' Validity Card (To regulate

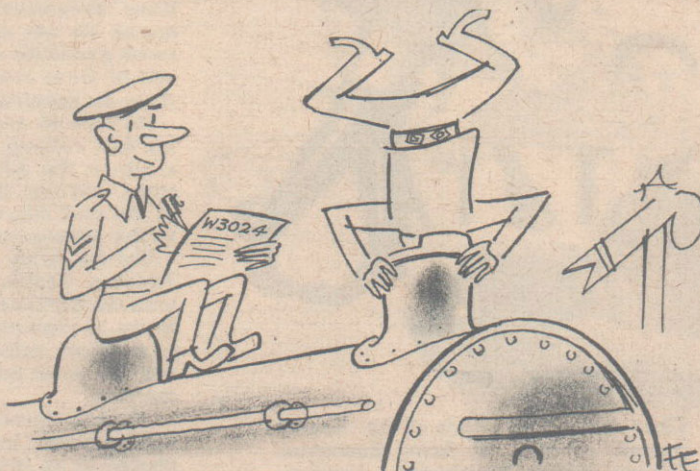
purchase of officers' clothing  
through officers' shops in over-  
seas theatres).

Because of their relatively  
small numbers Army books could  
conveniently make a specialised  
corner of the enthusiast's col-  
lection. One or two that would  
grace a bibliophile's shelves, are  
No. 14, the Ready Reckoner, Field  
Rations; No. 341, Tacheometer  
Book; No. 427, Subsidiary Classi-  
fied Abstract Book or Acquittance  
Roll, Paymasters Advances; and  
that great work No. 536, Unit  
Record of Distribution Stores in  
Inventory.

"No thrill of the chase in Army  
forms," grumbles a hardened  
sticker of stamps into albums.  
We can soon fix him. What about  
forms that are out of print? What  
about the monthly amendments to  
the Classified List? What about  
those marked \* in the Clas-  
sified List which means Suspended  
until further notice? Above all,  
what about those marked + mean-  
ing Distributed to all concerned  
without indent when you are not  
one of those concerned?

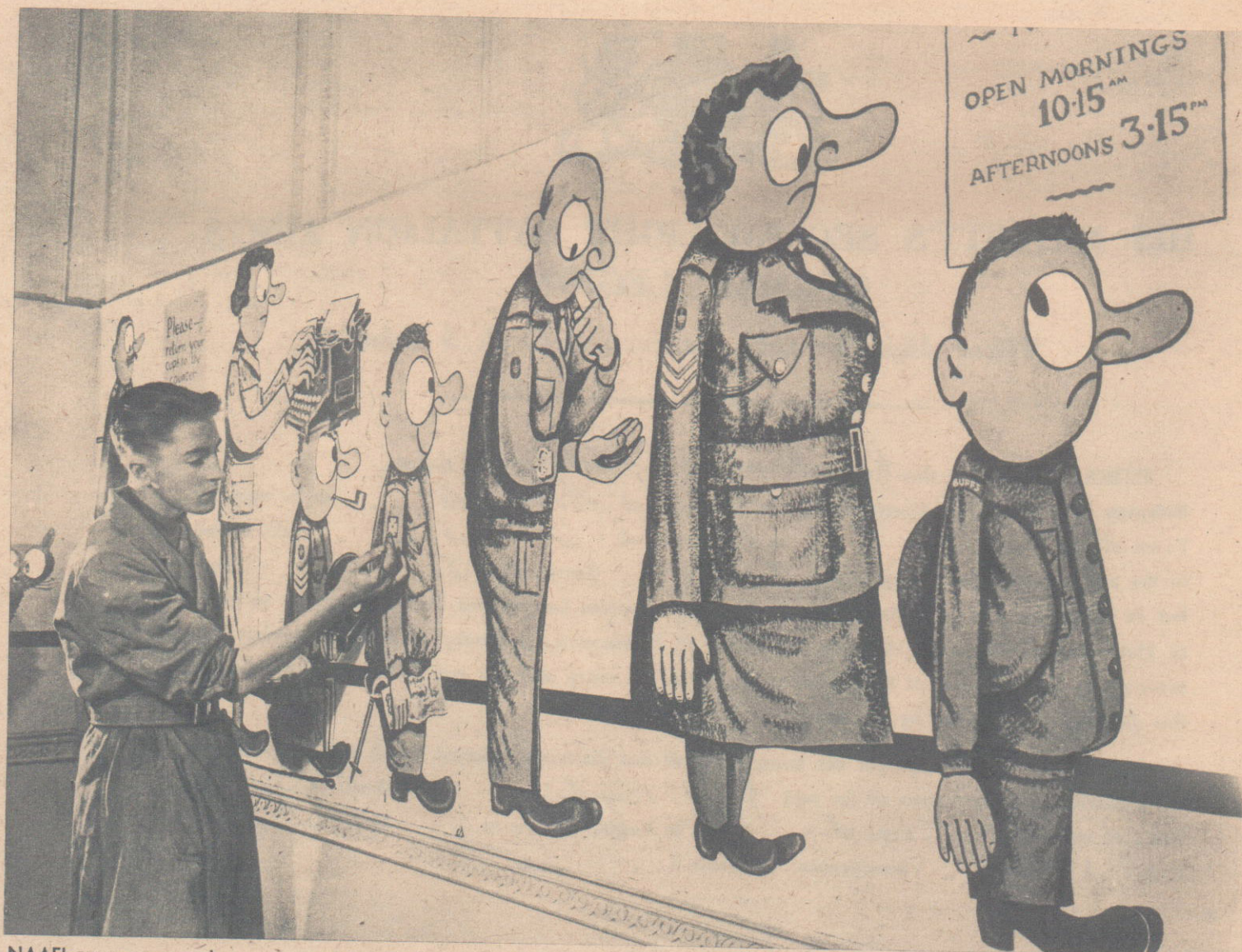
Bah! We'd swap a dozen penny  
blacks for an issue of W 4098. You  
don't know what that is? Well, it's  
Combined Leave Pass and Third  
Class Railway Ticket for Certain  
Journeys at Home. And it's issu-  
ed in pads of 100.

RICHARD LASCELLES



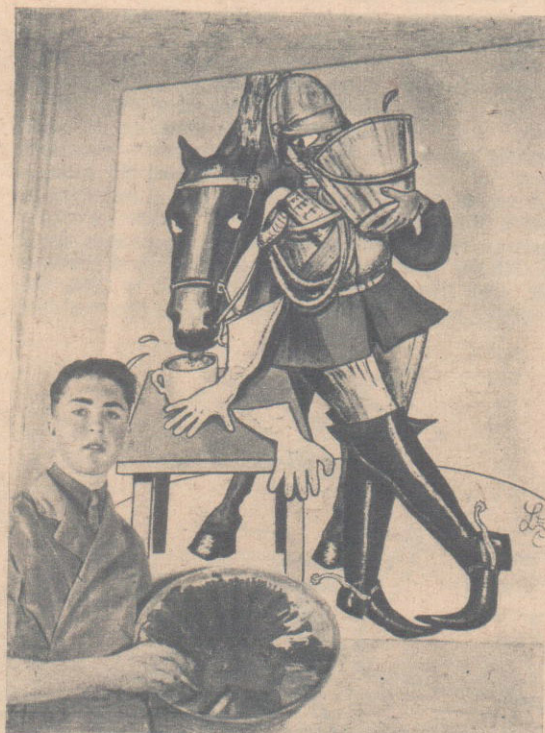
"Military Railway Examination of Boiler by Examiner."





NAAFI queue—as seen by Sjt. Leslie Cecil, RAEC.

## SERJEANT CECIL — his mark



Char time: two more of Sjt. Cecil's murals at No. 30 Army Education Centre, South Kensington, London.

**W**HEN an artist arrives in an Army unit, everybody is happy.

The artist's room-mates are happy, because they can get their portraits drawn for nothing.

The serjeant-major is happy, because he can now get some decent "ablutions" signs painted. The adjutant is happy, because he can get a nicely-lettered "Knock and Wait" sign for his door. And finally the OC is happy, because he now has somebody to execute about 30 yards of murals for the NAAFI.

Nineteen-year-old Leslie Cecil has had his fill of these assignments (and will doubtless get plenty more). He has also found time to turn out voluminous portfolios of cartoons for *SOLDIER*. He is not one of those artists who submit drawings one at a time; he submits them an album at a time.

He was 16 and still at art school when he sold his first cartoon for ten-and-sixpence. Then he got a job in the advertising department of a London store, and had 30 drawings published in one issue of the staff magazine. He also contributed cartoons to the *Scouter* and elsewhere.

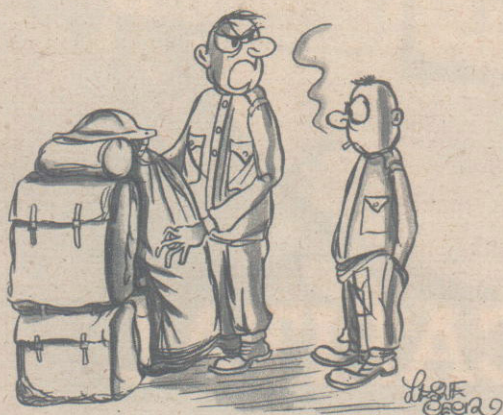
Did the Army slow his output? Well, at Primary Training Centre he was only able to fill a book with 80 cartoons. Then came such routine assignments as roaming round a darkened Scottish castle at midnight with a pot of blood-red paint, completing fire point notices in time for inspection in the morning.

He has decorated two education centres with wall cartoons (see this page). At present he is in charge of an art studio at No. 30 Army Education Centre, but he still finds time to draw for *SOLDIER* — not to mention a magazine in Ceylon.

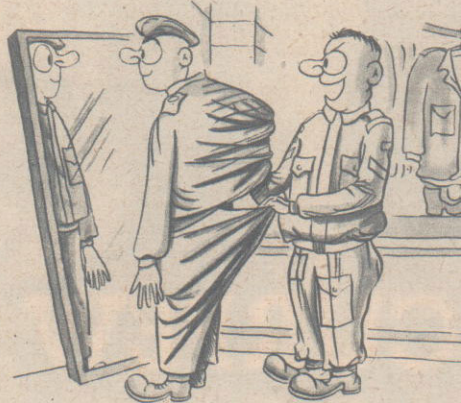




"When I said to the prisoner, 'You're in the NCO's bath-house,' he replied, 'Okay chum, I'm not fussy.'"



"What's the big idea? I thought you were inside."



"You're a lucky guy—you've got one that fits."



"Tell the men next door they're wrong. We don't keep a dog in our barrack-room."

## How Much Do You Know?

1. What legendary reptile is hatched by a snake from a cock's egg, and has bad breath?
2. Dotheboys Hall was:
  - (a) A Quaker who founded Philadelphia;
  - (b) A notorious private school in Dickens;
  - (c) The meeting place of Glasgow's Tobacco Lords;
  - (d) A famous negro evangelist. Which?
3. Mukden is in Manchuria, Korea, Mongolia, China—which?
4. Which well-known actor was recently elected Rector of Edinburgh University?
5. Which two "classic" horse races are known as the "Autumn Double"?
6. What was the Mafia?
7. Which well-known motor manufacturers put out models known as (a) Minx; (b) Anglia; (c) Jaguar; (d) Vanguard; (e) Hawk; (f) Velox?
8. Who was born first: Wellington or Marlborough; Scott or Dickens; Eisenhower or Montgomery?
9. If told that your wife was in the arms of Morpheus, the thing to do would be to—
  - (a) get a gun and shoot him;
  - (b) let her sleep;
  - (c) find someone to cure her of drug-taking. Which?
10. You've heard of the film "Mrs. Miniver". What is miniver?
11. You've seen this girl somewhere, prominently, quite recently. Who is she?



(Answers on Page 45)



## REPORT FROM

BERLIN

Thousands of words have been written about Berlin under blockade, but few of them have been about what the ordinary British soldier has been doing there. SOLDIER sent a staff writer and a photographer to the ruined capital. They found that isolation had bred a new spirit of comradeship in the garrison

AS the aircraft glided gently down to earth, the pilot grinned and said, "Well here it is... Berlin. You can have it for all I care."

The last time he had been to Berlin was to drop bombs on it. Now he was carrying as many tons of flour as then he had of explosives.

"Three years and what a hell of a difference!" he snorted and walked away for a cup of tea.

In the pilot's rest room one got a quick cross-section of the immensity of the airlift. South Africans in khaki, British, New Zealand, Australian, American and French pilots chatted together with pilots in grey flannels and leather-patched sports jackets—civilians flying on charter for impressive fees.

There was no obvious change to be seen as one drove from the airport. Ruins still lined the road; thin curls of smoke twisted from the rusty chimneys of tar-paper shacks; Germans shuffled by, eyes bent on the ground. A few women clustered around a fish shop. It was all so much like the Western Zone before currency reform; so much as it was a year ago.

The hum of aircraft over the city, a constant droning that went on all day and through the hours of darkness, was the background to their daily lives.

Then into a headquarters office. Although the winter afternoon was dying and the lights were going on in Hamburg, Cologne, Bad Oeynhausen and Hanover, the staff officer sat behind his desk in gathering darkness. "Lights go on in 10 minutes and I'll be able to see you then—in both senses," he said with a chuckle.

Suddenly the room was flooded with light and the necessary business could be done. Out in the Reichskanzlerplatz, the NAAFI Club's windows threw pools of light on the wet pavements. A group of soldiers pushed through the doors and were swallowed up. Half a dozen men and girls entered the Jerboa Cinema round the corner, then the great square was empty.

That turned out to be a fair



## CURFEW CAPITAL

The locomotive that isn't allowed to run. But it's all ready and it will pull the first train out of Berlin when the blockade is lifted.

picture of Berlin after dark. Empty streets most often; infrequently a few furtive civilians. And after 9.30 when the clubs and canteens closed, a small bustle of people queueing for buses and emptiness again.

The East wind swept straight from the steppes, cutting with stiletto stealth through even the warmest clothing.

In no place was there warmth, except the heat of bodies crowded together. Heat and light dominated the thoughts of Britons in the city. Visits at night were timed to coincide with lighting-up.

To the troops it had become so much a part of their existence that they accepted it with only so much grumbling as is con-

sidered good and proper by a British soldier.

There was Pte. Tom Evans of the RASC, a Welshman from the mining valleys. His views: "I grew up among coal, you might say. I never remember the time when there wasn't a good fire in the house. Now, dammo, I'd give

anything to see a good Welsh coal fire burning in that stove. Aye man, I'd give up smoking." Then with a quick grin, "Don't think I'm grumbling. Duw annwyl, there's plenty worse off than me."

He was thinking of the military police patrolling the city in their jeeps, the Royal Norfolks' Tier-

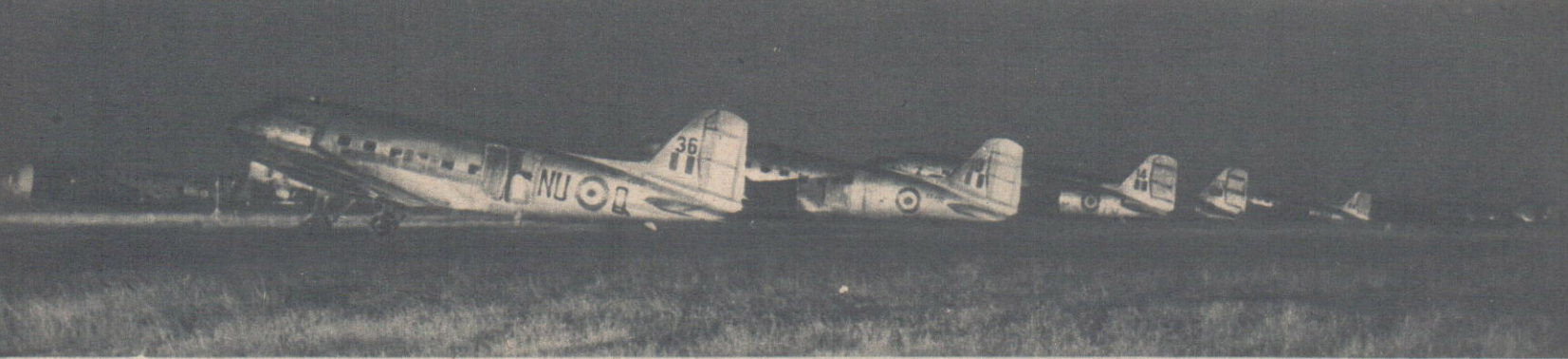
Guard-mounting on the Tiergarten: L/Cpl. T. Grey of the Royal Norfolks reads out the orders at Company headquarters.



КРАСНОЙ АРМИИ  
—СЛАВА!

"Long Live The Red Army!" Or if you prefer it, "Krasnoi Armii—Slava!" You can see this notice anywhere in the Russian Sector.





Ration-wagons when they go in, leave-trains when they go out: Dakotas of the airlift, waiting to be loaded at Wunstorf.

garten Guard, the young soldiers living hard in the Grunewald, of all those whose business took them out into the bitter, black winter night while he sat at ease in the NAAFI having "a glass or two to keep me warm like, *bachgen*."

There was SQMS. Sidney Grant of Ordnance, who has been in the city since July 1945 and doesn't want to leave. "All this business has meant a lot of work for everyone but there are compensations," he said. "Before the blockade quite a lot of us never really got together but now we've come to know each other. There's more real friendliness about. You'd think that after all these months people would be feeling the strain a bit. Funny though, they aren't. There's too much work to be done to give time to worry. Anyway leave gives us all a break in turn. All in all we haven't much to grumble about."

The woman's view was given by Pte. Elizabeth McGowan, who has been in Berlin six months. She thought it was a shame the way the papers frightened her family.

"You'd think we were all going to be murdered in our beds," she said indignantly. "I've not seen anything exciting at all since I've been here. I read about it in the papers and see it on the news-reels."

Pte. Edith Thomas, buying lipstick in the NAAFI gift shop was not altogether sure that she cared a great deal for Berlin. The blockade had nothing to do with her view. She thought the city depressing and above all, ugly.

"You'd never think of it as a capital," she said.

Over in the Tiergarten, D Company of the Royal Norfolks were standing by in case anything happened. They had been doing it for months. Nothing had happened.

Their job was to mount guards over a petrol dump, keep an eye on a canal which runs into the Russian Sector and be ready for trouble. Here, possibly, the difficulties of lighting and heating were more acutely felt. After a 24-hour guard, a man likes to get warm. "Still," said L/Cpl. T. Grey, "we could be worse off. We could be back in barracks training all the time." That summed up the average soldier's liking for duties on detachment, even if it means doing a 24-hour guard every other day.

Equally Capt. T. Fisher and his demonstration squad liked their job. With so many National Servicemen in Berlin's three Infantry battalions, the emphasis is on training, and rigorous training it is too. Companies have been going out into the woods around the city and living hard for two or three nights at a time, sleeping in the open, cooking their own meals, learning the fundamentals of the Infantryman's highly complicated trade. And it is here that Captain Fisher's demonstration squad comes into the Berlin picture.

Their job, practised day in and day out, is to teach the young soldier the elements of street fighting. They are the actors

OVER

## They Darn your Socks in Berlin

ONE of the compensations of living in blockaded Berlin is that you can get your socks darned for you.

The fairy godmother is the Royal Army Ordnance Corps' No. 49 Static Laundry, which caters for British residents in the city.

Formed as a mobile laundry in 1943, it washed its way through France, Belgium, Holland and Germany and finally settled at Spandau, a Berlin suburb, in 1945, taking over a bomb-damaged laundry.

Most of the men went on release, to be replaced by German civilians, and now four British Servicemen supervise 50 German men and 130 women workers. They dry-clean 1500 "pieces" a week and wash more than 50,000. A full-sized repair section darns more than 3000 socks a week. These services are free to NCO's and men; officers and civilians pay.

There is only one man left of the laundry's original complement, Staff Quarter-master-Serjeant C. Constantine, who joined as a private in 1943 and is now in charge of the unit. He was managing director of a family laundry in Lancashire.

The blockade does not make his job any easier. Jobs must be done in four days, so that unit vehicles don't waste



Somebody forgot about the stitch in time. This sock will take 99 ...

petrol on a useless journey to collect. Fuel must be conserved and sometimes cut down. Faults in the machinery must be repaired on the spot if possible — there are workshops with German mechanics and REME craftsmen to cope with that.

Watching for anyone who might try to sneak into the British Sector illegally, troops man a sandbagged strongpoint.



"Well, blockade or not, you can still get lipstick at the NAAFI," says Private Edith Thomas.





# CURFEW CAPITAL (Continued)

Capt. Fisher directs as he lectures to young soldiers about the ways of winking an enemy out of houses. Berlin has more ruins than enough and a ready-made "theatre" has been found on the slope that leads to the Olympic Stadium.

Two bombed houses, with cover, open country, sites for supporting fire and so on, they suit Capt. Fisher's purpose admirably. While the squad, led by Cpl. E. Turner, go through the drill the recruits watch from a convenient open space. It is all very real, with bangs and rattles and men falling most realistically "dead," screams and the thud of "grenades".

In these histrionics Pte. Harry Geddins plays a most important part. Downgraded, he has been excused most duties but has found his niche at last. He is Permanent Enemy No. 1. It is his business to fire the blanks which cause such convincing "deaths", to utter the horrifying screams which lend realism to the exercise. And he enjoys his work. It is a serious business, but Capt. Fisher feels that a little humour can impress a lesson firmly on the mind of a recruit. A joke sticks in his memory.

There was a time, before the blockade, when the Grunewald railway marshalling yard was one of the busiest places in Prussia and two of the busiest men in it were Sjt. Bill Russell and Sjt. Jock Bell.

Members of a railway operating company of the Sappers, their

Battle of Berlin, 1948—by the demonstration squad of the Royal Norfolk Regiment.



jobs were respectively chief controller and line inspector. They helped to keep the wheels turning into Berlin and dealt with 26 trains a day of all types, in intervals of settling disputes with their Russian opposite numbers about the ownership of engines and trucks.

It was a job that kept them and the other members of the section like Sapper Jack Temmie (shed foreman) and Sapper Harry Taylor (running shed foreman) on their toes.

"Bags of work," said Sjt. Russell, who has kept railways running for the Army in Eritrea, Palestine, Syria, Iraq, the Western Desert, France and Germany. "We don't operate the trains any more. The German crews do that but we are there to keep an eye on them, see they do their job and smooth things out generally. That is, we used to. There aren't any trains now. We still run a shift system round the clock and we're ready to get into action right away. We'd have a train in three hours once the Russians give the word."

Was it boring, sitting and waiting? "Sitting and waiting?" he replied. "Bless you, we've had more to do than ever. We've been catching up with our paper work. Give me operating a train schedule every time."

Sapper Jack Temmie remembers a notable meeting with the Russians. It was when Mr. Ernest Bevin went to Moscow. Half an hour ahead of the official train came a pilot engine clearing the line and, says Sapper Temmie, "The driver was a major in the Red Army. His fireman was a lieutenant. My eyes nearly popped out of my head." Nowadays there was nothing like that; only the empty yards. "Never mind, it'll all come back," said Sapper Taylor. "Meanwhile we bash on."

For the 5000 soldiers of the garrison there is normal leave again, with the air trip to and from Buckeburg. Soldiers who had never been near an aeroplane now take flying as a matter of course.

In the vast Olympic Stadium (SOLDIER, November 1947) there are all kinds of sports and on a Saturday afternoon there are at least eight games of Rugby, many more Soccer matches, hockey and occasionally a gymkhana. S/Sjt. George McDowell who had been in Berlin only a week or two, said that for a rugby player he thought it the best station in BAOR. "I have never seen so much rugby," he said. "I have already been asked to turn out for three teams. I've been in BAOR two years and I've never had a chance of a game before. This place suits me fine."

So there it is: the British Army carrying on as usual, reading about it afterwards, in the papers and being surprised to learn what it has been doing...

JOHN HUGHES



"Yes, I've been to quite a lot of places since I first enlisted," says WO II C. Salisbury, chief clerk of his unit.

## "ON PARADE"



"Now one of the funniest things that ever happened to me..." Sjt. H. Gayler tells one.



Above: "I've 37 years service..." Capt. W. F. Jennings, MM, who has two grandsons in BAOR. Below: "When I was back in England..." Cpl. A. Killon.



EARLY this year "On Parade" — the popular feature in which interviewers of British Forces Network in Germany take the microphone out to units — will celebrate its hundredth broadcast.

It was on 17 February 1947 that BFN visited its first unit: the 1st Middlesex. Since then the wandering mike-men (including Flt-Sjt. Steve Palmer, Sjt. Bob Boyle and Sjt. Derek Jones) have gone to sea in a destroyer, visited Operation Woodpecker, toured the Harz Mountains, called in at Ehrwald (Austria), visited Wunstorf for Operation Plain Fare, and penetrated into the C-in-C's residence, not to mention a couple of ATS camps (unescorted).

Each broadcast introduces someone not normally in the limelight. The idea is to show what the other fellow is doing.

These pictures were taken when BFN visited 302 District Engineer Stores Depot, RE, Hamburg.

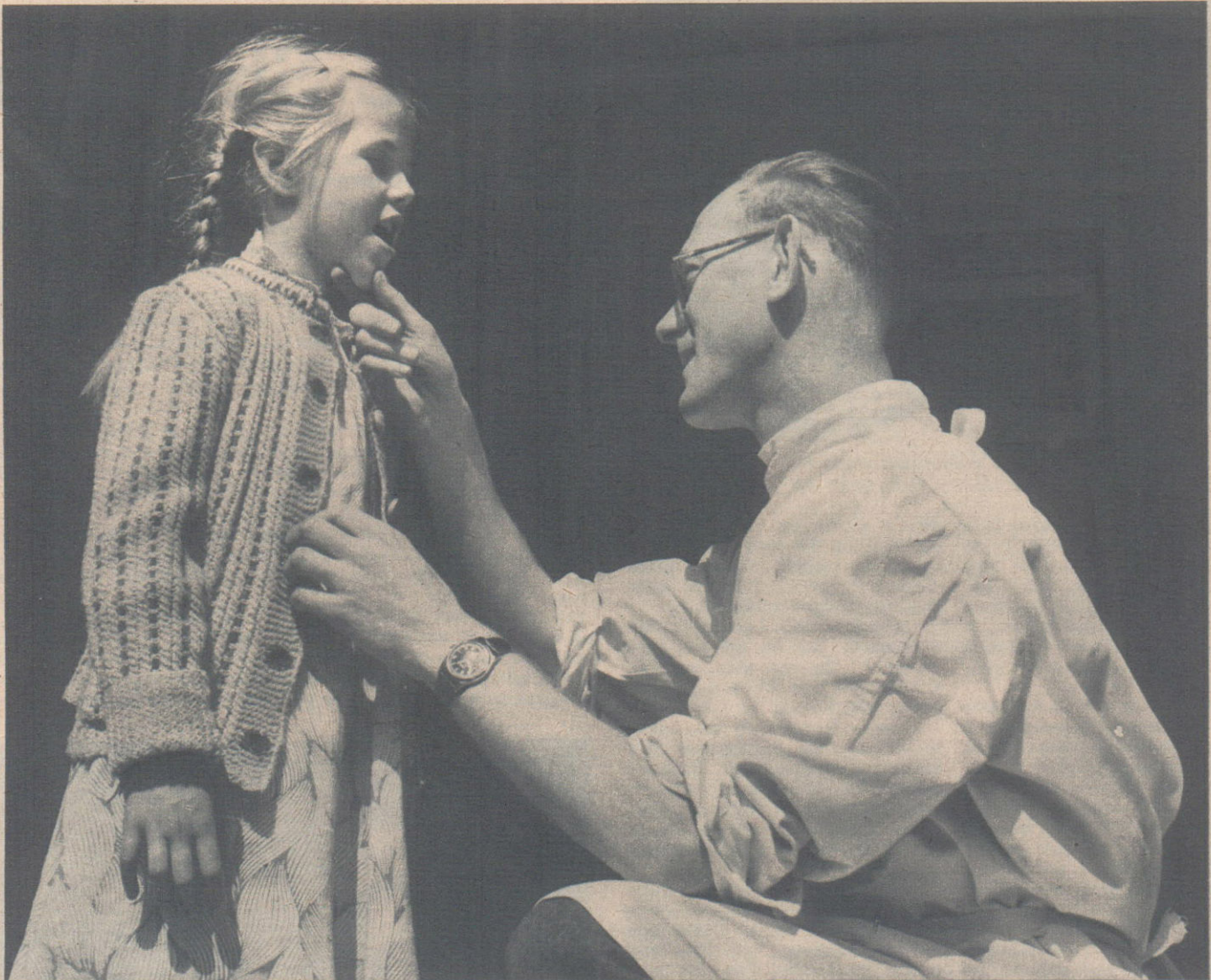
"Quiet everybody. We shall be on the air in 30 seconds... 25... 20..." Capt. Kenneth Mitchell-Taylor is an expert ad-libber.





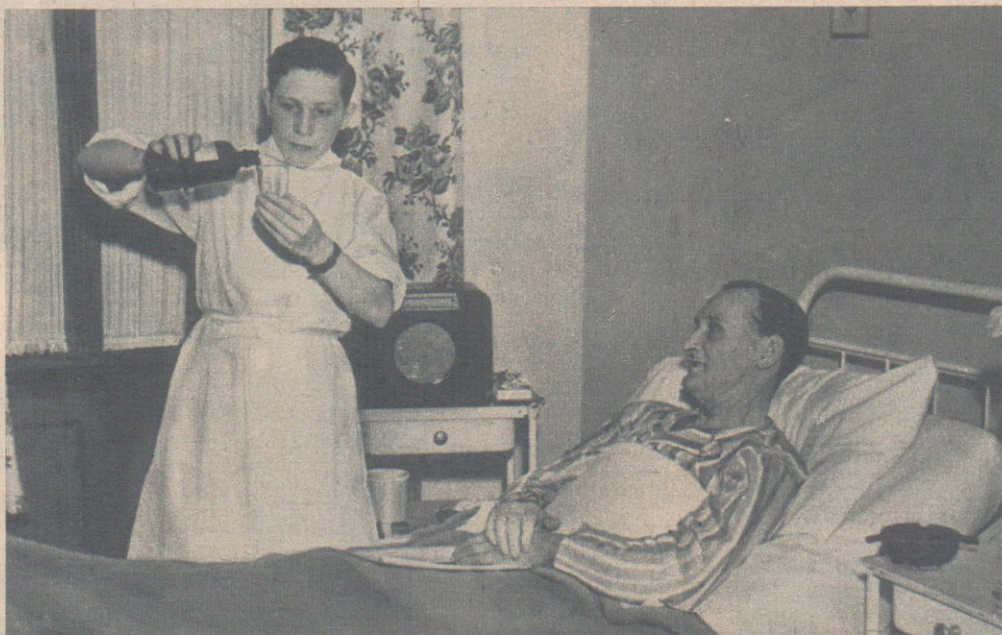
A small island of British soldiers in the heart of the American Zone of Germany help to operate the ———

## BEVAN SCHEME IN BIZONIA



"Push it right out." S/Sgt. J. C. Plumridge looks at little Joan's tongue. Her father is a Control Commission official.

## RAMC has a Civilian Practice



"This doesn't taste too bad, really." Private H. Berry pours medicine for Mr. J. M. Adams.

**H**UNDREDS of British civilians working in Frankfurt, capital of the American Zone, look to the RAMC to restore them to health if they fall ill.

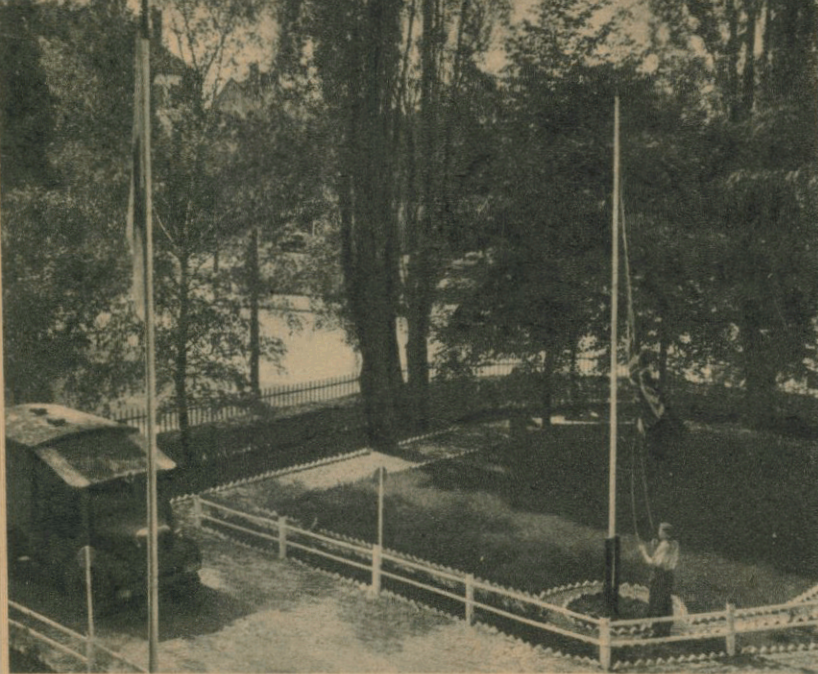
In fact, Capt. F. L. Holroyd, commanding the British Reception Station in this thoroughly Americanised German city, is fairly certain that his must be about the only "civilian" practice that the Army runs.

When "Bizonia" was established, a large body of CCG officials was posted to Frankfurt to look after British interests. Welfare, messing, accommodation and similar problems were solved within the framework of the existing Control Commission, but who was to look after the officials if they were ill?

That difficulty was solved by posting Capt. Holroyd, two other medical officers, a nursing sister and 24 NCO's and men to Frank-

OVER





In the neat garden, a wilderness when the unit took over, the Union Jack goes up.

furt. It was an easier course than recruiting medical officers in Britain, especially as at that time Government officials were entitled to free medical services. Now, with the introduction of the National Health Scheme, they must all pay the appropriate contribution, as in Britain.

A building which had formerly been a big German nursing home was requisitioned and re-equipped up to British standards.

It was an enclave of Britain in the heart of America. Across the road, American cars queued up for petrol; military police jeeps stood outside a police post with engines ticking over; next door the Stars and Stripes flew over an American hospital.

"We'll show them something," said the officers and men of the Reception Station. While the normal working of a medical centre continued, men off duty painted fences, put up signs, polished door handles and cleaned up generally.

The garden was a sorry mess. Years of neglect had turned it

into a wilderness. Soil was imported from the country, laid and carefully tended. Gravel paths were put down. Flowers were planted, hedges trimmed.

"It took time," said Sgt. J. W. Blanchard, "but, by golly, it was worth it. By the time we had finished we had the best looking Reception Station in Germany."

Indoors everything was done to preserve the atmosphere of a first class nursing home. Flowers brightened the wards; carpets appeared in the waiting room, where there were already cheerful chintz curtains and comfortable chairs.

A plan for preserving fruits and vegetables was introduced to 'vary patients' diets. Glass jars full of chutney, tomatoes and fruits, all bottled "on the premises," soon lined the stores — and the patients benefited.

A canteen was built in the basement of the Reception Station and the rest rooms were made as cheerful as possible.

Said Pte. D. Curtis: "One of the best billets I've ever had."

"Mother didn't do it better," says the cook, Corporal Arthur Farrand, inspecting the fruit the unit bottled for the winter.



## AND IN THE MIDDLE EAST-

# REME Sharpens

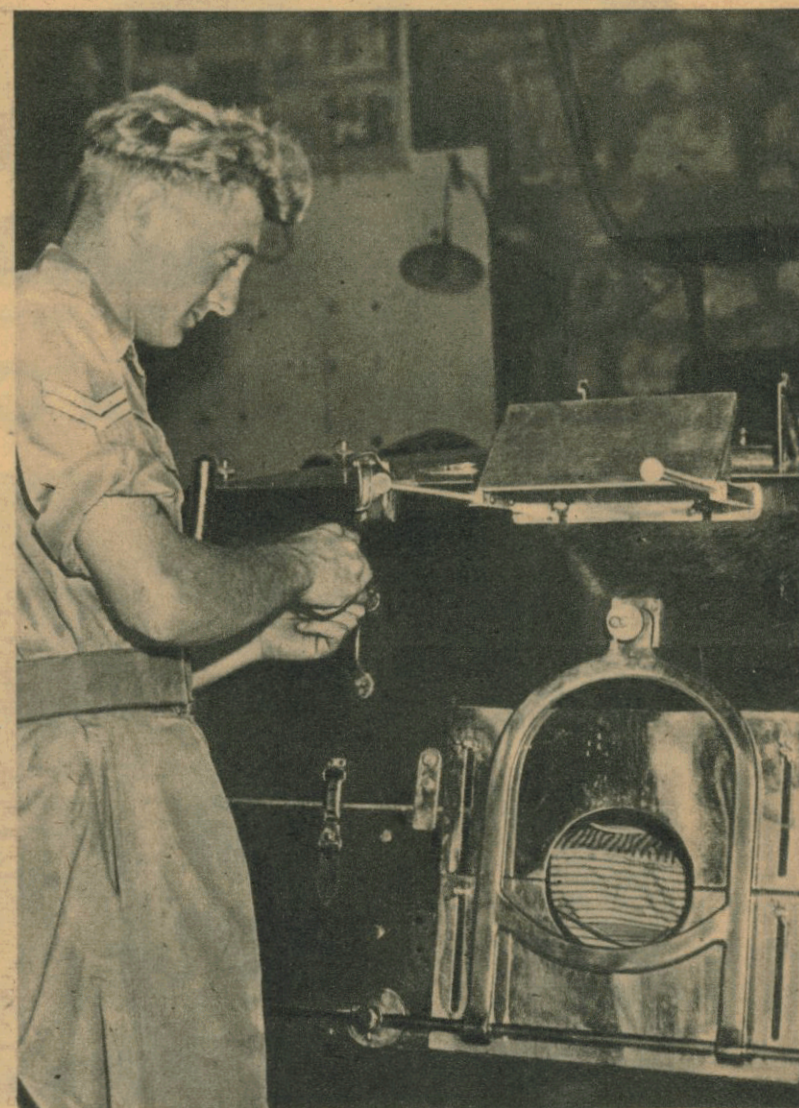
**A**T Ataka, near Suez in the Canal Zone of Egypt, 50 Army craftsmen are helping to fight disease, injury, and sickness by their labours in the workshops of the Surgical Repair Section, REME — the only unit of its kind in the Middle East, and probably in the British Army.

Surgical instruments wear out or are damaged in the course of difficult operations. This Section takes on the full range of maintenance and repair work which, in Britain, is normally done by highly skilled civilian technicians or even by the manufacturers. Without this unit, the doctors and surgeons of 18 hospitals in 14 countries would have difficulty in carrying on.

From the sharpening and electro-plating of surgical scissors and scalpels to the repair and testing of anaesthetic and oxygen apparatus it all comes the same to craftsmen whose qualifications embrace fifty percent of all REME trades, a record for so small a unit. They are ready to work in metal, wood or leather.

Not all the work is done at Ataka, for the Section also provides mobile X-Ray repair teams which have travelled by air, land, and sea to hospitals in Tripoli, Benghazi, Khartoum, Aden, Asmara, Cyprus, and Iraq.

But for the tact and diplomacy of the team concerned, one such trip might well have ended in disaster. Sent to the Dodecanese to assist the Greeks in transferring an X-Ray equipment from one island hospital to another, two men found themselves up against the understandable but misguided possessiveness of the resident phys-



Iron lungs are intricate machines, but REME has tackled trickier problems than an iron lung's troubles.

Whether it is a question of building an iron lung, or flying a team 1000 miles to repair an X-ray apparatus, 50 Craftsmen are always ready to help the sick

# the Scalpels

ian who, owing to the language difficulty, completely misunderstood their intentions. Convinced that the soldiers were trying to steal the apparatus, he enlisted the support of the local mayor (who happened to be his brother), who in turn raised the populace against the unfortunate pair. The irate islanders had got to the stone-throwing stage before the craftsmen's good humoured persuasion and inspired sign-language saved the day. Even then, the REME men did not get the X-Ray — but at least they got away with whole skins.

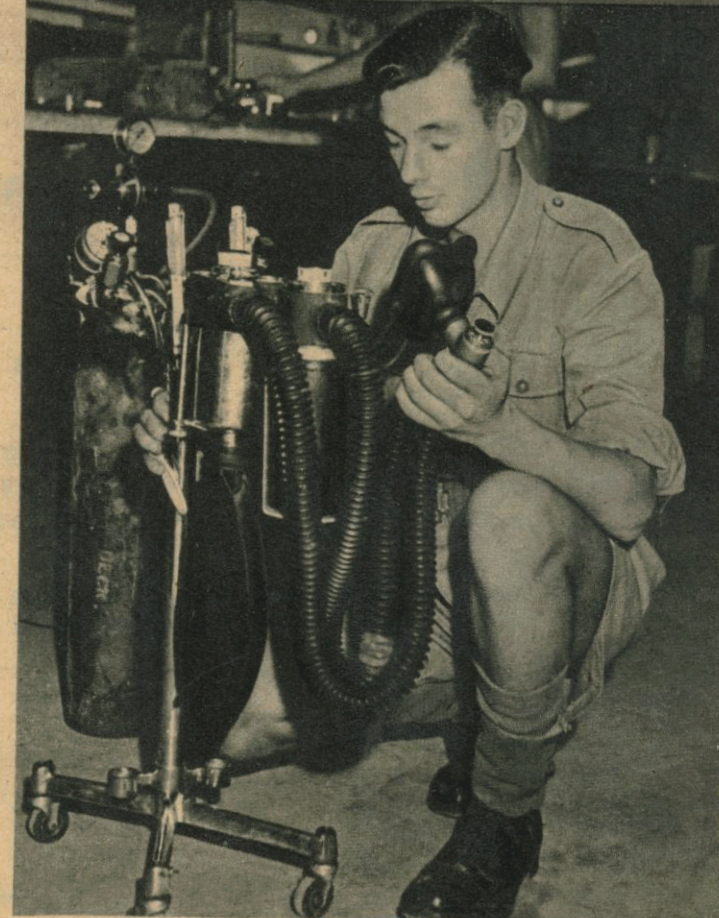
Inevitably, the nature of their work has brought the men of the Surgical Repair Section into direct contact with sickness and suffering. A recent case was when an iron lung had to be fitted aboard the hospital ship *Dorsetshire* to accommodate a 19-year-old girl stricken by infantile paralysis. There were many technical obstacles, but nevertheless the iron lung was successfully installed. On arrival at Port Said, the REME officer in charge remained to ensure that everything was working correctly. Such occasions serve to remind the craftsmen that, in the Middle East, they are indeed the surgeon's second line of defence.

On the lighter side, the unit has had many amusing "off the record" requests. One of these was when the Royal Navy called for a spot of "combined ops" engineering in the form of emergency repairs to a dropped chronometer. The job was given top priority, and the Senior Service sailed on its way with an appropriately increased regard for the Army in general and REME in particular.

In addition to repairs and maintenance, the Section has manufactured such items as iron lungs, forceps for a Caesarean operation, and an incubator cot and oxygen tent for premature babies.



Surgical instruments must have a finish as perfect as man can make it; this is how they are polished.



This fearsome-looking apparatus is a McKesson portable anaesthetic unit, as good as new and ready for testing.

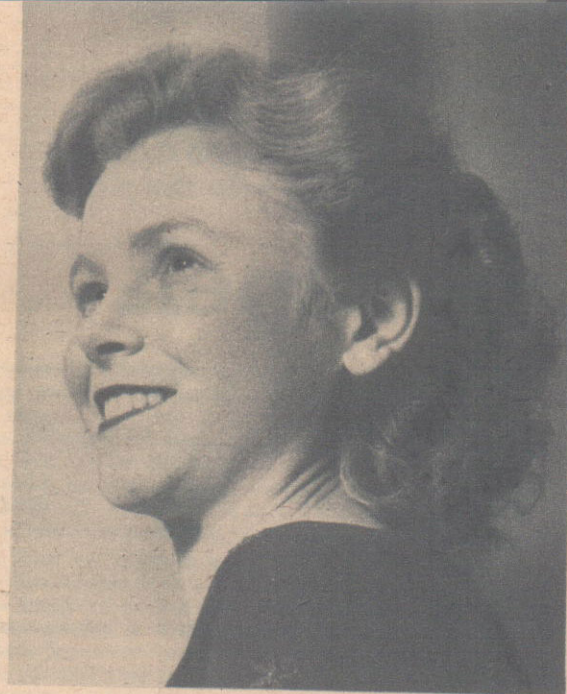


This operating table came in for repair. Maybe the patient became obstreperous?



# SOLDIER interviews a KENTUCKY COLONEL

An English school-mistress has joined Shirley Temple and other notables on the list of Kentucky Colonels. It's a rank which carries no uniform



Colonel Alice Robinson. She worked in an American Fleet Club.

**I**N Britain, in recognition of good service, a city or town can make you a freeman. In the American state of Kentucky, they make you a Colonel.

You have no troops to command and you wear no uniform. But you do receive an impressive parchment signed by the Governor, bearing the Kentucky seal, and you are treated as a person of importance in the State.

Many Americans, ranging from film stars like Shirley Temple down to small-town citizens, have been made Kentucky Colonels, but it is not often that the honour is bestowed on people in Britain. One of the few is Miss Alice Robinson, teacher of geometry and ballroom dancing at Neyland

House School for girls at Riverhead, Sevenoaks. But Miss Robinson can claim connection with Kentucky, for she was born there 24 years ago of an English father

and American mother. Her father, Captain N. V. Robinson, MC (he was with the Rifle Brigade in World War One) now works with the Ministry of Supply. Miss Robinson came to England to attend Cheltenham Ladies' College and after she left worked with the American Red Cross as an assistant in the American Fleet club at Pembroke Docks (her home is at Milford Haven).

The war ended, the club closed and Miss Robinson went to Kentucky to visit her grandmother. While there she met the then Governor, Mr. Simeon Willis, Kentucky's first Republican Governor for many years. He was quite a man for observing the old traditions.

"He asked me a good deal about my work with the American Red Cross," said Miss Robinson. "Afterwards I returned to England and forgot all about it."

One day a mysterious parcel arrived at her home in Wales. It was the scroll appointing her a Kentucky Colonel.

At first she thought there must be some mistake but on making enquiries she found the award was granted for her war work in the Fleet club. Originally one of the duties of a Colonel was to ride behind the Governor in his inaugural procession. Today a Colonel is still an aide de camp but the most he (or she) is asked to do is to speak at official dinners.

"This can be rather an ordeal," said Miss Robinson. So far the task has not come her way, for she has not been back to Kentucky since her appointment, which means, incidentally, that she has missed the official welcome given to other Colonels appointed at the same time as she was.

In the near future, however, she hopes to be paying a visit to America. "Then at some function or other I shall probably be called upon to speak. I am sure I will not know what to say."

There is, as far as she can tell, no citation in connection with her "award," but the appointment is for life.

A Kentucky Colonel's parchment. Its British equivalent would be the freedom of a town.



**SIMEON WILLIS**

GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY

To all to Whom These Presents Shall Come, Greeting:

*Know Ye That*

Miss Alice M. Robinson, Milford Haven, Penryn R. Ad., England, having been duly appointed as an aide-de-camp on the staff of the Governor with the rank and grade of Colonel,

*I hereby invest him with full power and authority to execute and discharge the duties of the said office according to law. And to have and to hold the same with all the rights and emoluments thereunto legally appertaining, for and during the term prescribed by law.*

*In testimony whereof, I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the seal of the Commonwealth to be hereunto affixed. Done at Frankfort, the 6th day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and 47, and in the one hundred and 56th year of the Commonwealth.*



*Simeon Willis*  
by the Governor

*Charles R. Connelley*  
Secretary of State

By

*Assistant Secretary of State*



Don't assume the Ammunition Examiner is mad — it may only be a slight touch of genius, says the author of this article (himself an Ammunition Examiner)

# A LEGEND FADES

**T**HERE is an Army legend which, in its persistence, ranks almost with that of the King's Corporal; namely, the belief that all Ammunition Examiners are mad.

Perhaps the legend arose (though modesty permits this with difficulty) because genius is so notoriously akin to madness.

There is no doubt, though, that the war-time Ammunition Examiner was an eccentric individual. A drawing of him in a pamphlet called *Notes on Demolitions* depicts him as an earnest, bespectacled person equipped with a large sheaf of Technical Ammunition Letters — a man whose state of mind is obviously affected by his state of scholarship. The war-time AE was generally of that type — obstinately studious and therefore slightly "touch-

ed" by barrack-room standards. Certainly the actions of some of them lent colour to the legend.

There was one serving at a large ammunition depot in the South of England who had the unfortunate habit of bringing back bits and pieces of ammunition to the billet. His speciality was pyrotechnics and he would bring a multitude of coloured flares from the depot and burn them in the stove, thus providing a series of brilliant,

but frightening displays. He overstepped himself, however, when he included a couple of tear gas generators in the night's entertainment.

At a small Command Ammunition Depot, they still remember a Corporal AE who was discovered sitting on a stack of 155 mm shells, his feet in a pile of nitro-cellulose powder, engrossed in the *News-Chronicle* crossword and smoking a ragged, home-made cigarette. Later this man devised a method of killing time by trying to kill rabbits. His method was not orthodox and consisted of firing a Rocket Flash

and Sound down any likely looking hole. He was not successful from a material point of view but the results were spectacular.

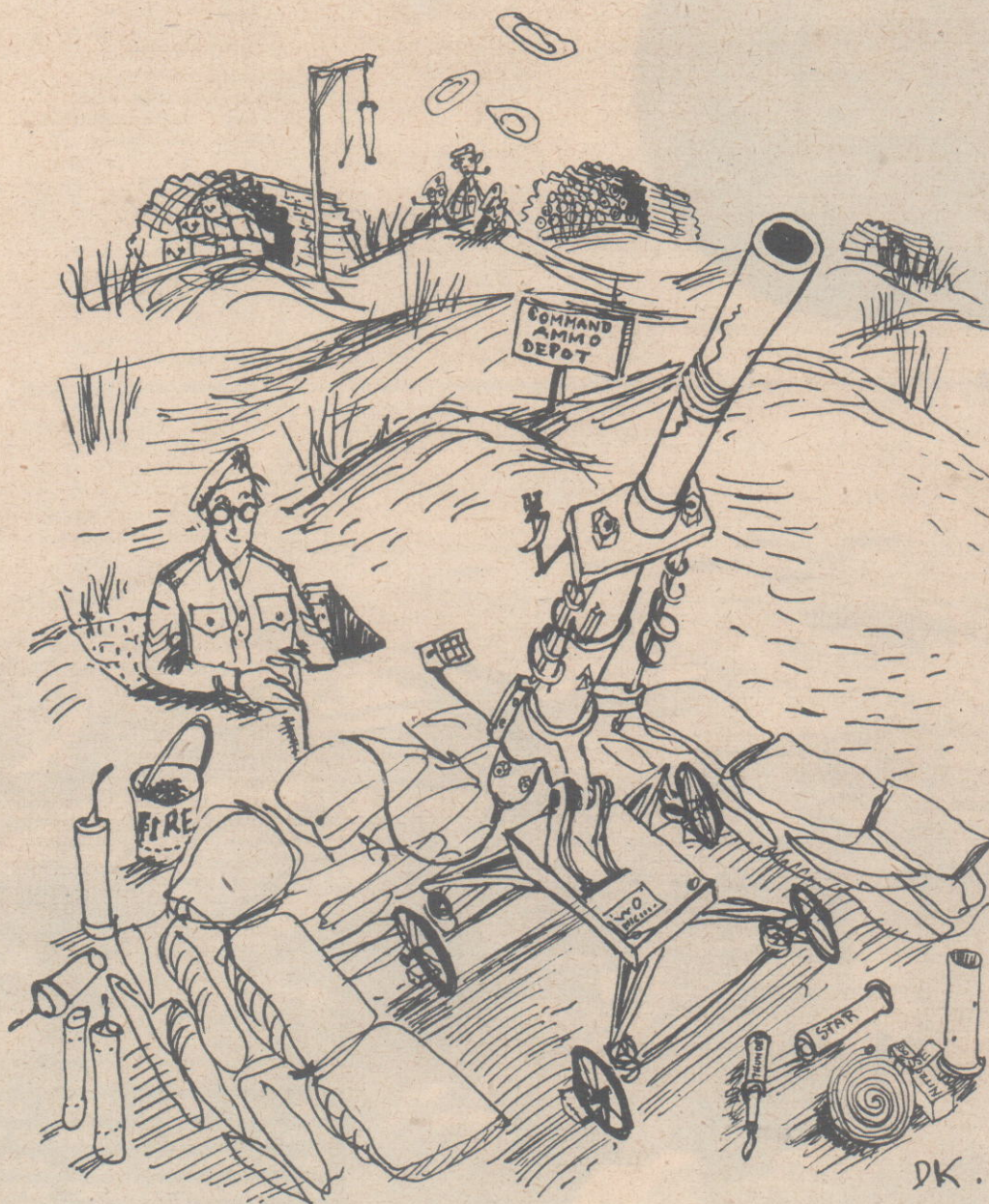
Soon his leaning towards gunnery became apparent and he constructed a small mortar from an empty bangalore torpedo tube by blocking one end with cement and drilling a small touch hole near the base. He mounted this on a heavy piece of dunnage, equipping it with a recoil system fashioned out of three perambulator springs. His method of firing was to stuff as much gunpowder as he dare down the muzzle, insert a piece of safety fuze in the touch hole and retire to safety.

He designed weird and wonderful projectiles from bits of cardboard and adhesive tape, filling them with gunpowder or flare composition and fitting safety fuze. There were shells which exploded in mid-air, flare shells and shells which threw out coloured stars and then exploded on the target. But his great ambition was to score a direct hit on an old caravan which stood in a field some 200 yards away. He found this rather difficult, as his friend waged chemical warfare on him from a small copse which lay upwind and his experiments were often obscured by clouds of CAP and the other tear gases. However, he persevered until at last he committed the folly of increasing his propellant charge without strengthening his equipment. The mortar blew up. The AE was unhurt but his work was undone.

These and other incidents have kept alive the theory that all AE's are mad. It isn't true, of course. Some were high-spirited, some were foolish; in other cases familiarity bred contempt (a dangerous thing where ammunition is concerned). Most of them did a useful job efficiently, and as for the foolhardy experiments, one could cite hundreds of similar deeds committed by men in other arms.

The eccentric AE is fast disappearing as the groups disperse. Life becomes less exciting but infinitely more secure. Now there remain the regular tradesmen who do not appear to differ from any others except that they seem to be full of praise for the Master Gunners of the Royal Artillery. And so perhaps, the legend will die and AE's can walk abroad again without spreading alarm among the soldiers of the King.

K. HOLDWORTH





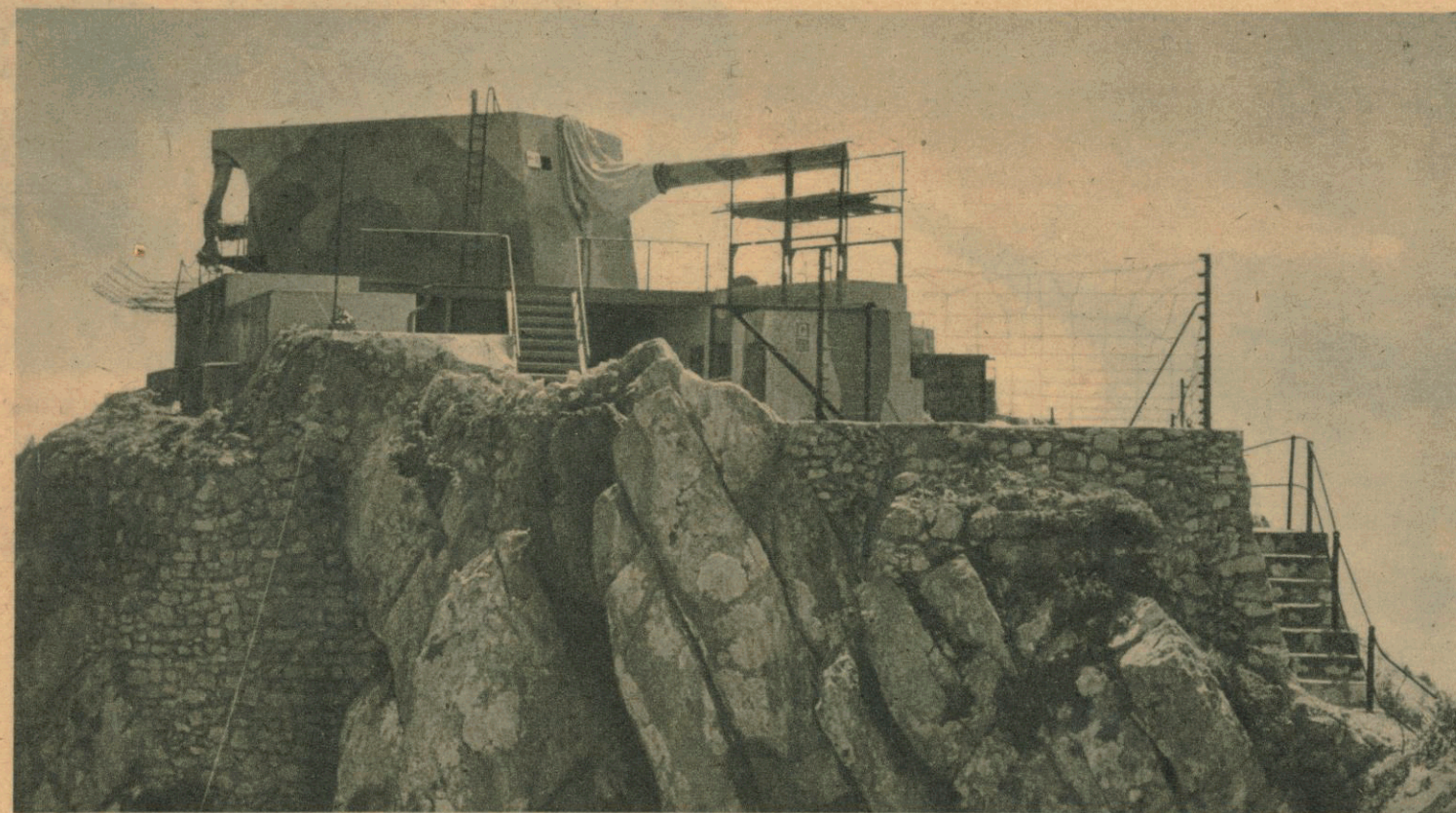


For nearly 245 years British Army Gunners have been stationed on the great rock which overlooks the entrance to the Mediterranean. Like a porcupine, the Rock has defences in all directions

# THE GUNS OF GIBRALTAR



THE OLD MUZZLE-LOADER STILL POINTS ACROSS THE TOWN TO THE BAY OF GIBRALTAR. GUNS LIKE THIS SET SPANISH FLOATING BATTERIES ON FIRE IN THE GREAT SIEGE. (PICTURES by DESMOND O'NEILL).



**W**HILE Infantrymen may grouse at having their style cramped in the confined area of a fortress and while the crews of tanks and armoured cars may suffer from claustrophobia, Gunners settle on ramparts and bastions with joy in their hearts.

Before long, guns of all sorts are pointing in all directions and the Gunners have collected enough information to turn their job into an exact science.

They know every geographical feature that can help them to range; they have all the heights worked out in relation to their gunsites; instruments give them such weather data as may affect ballistics. They will assure you no enemy can come within range and live.

So it is with Gibraltar. There, of course, the Royal Artillery has had nearly 245 years to settle in. Sites have been altered as guns and ideas have changed, and a wanderer over the Rock is always likely to walk into a disused battery position or to trip over a cannon-ball rusting among the bushes.

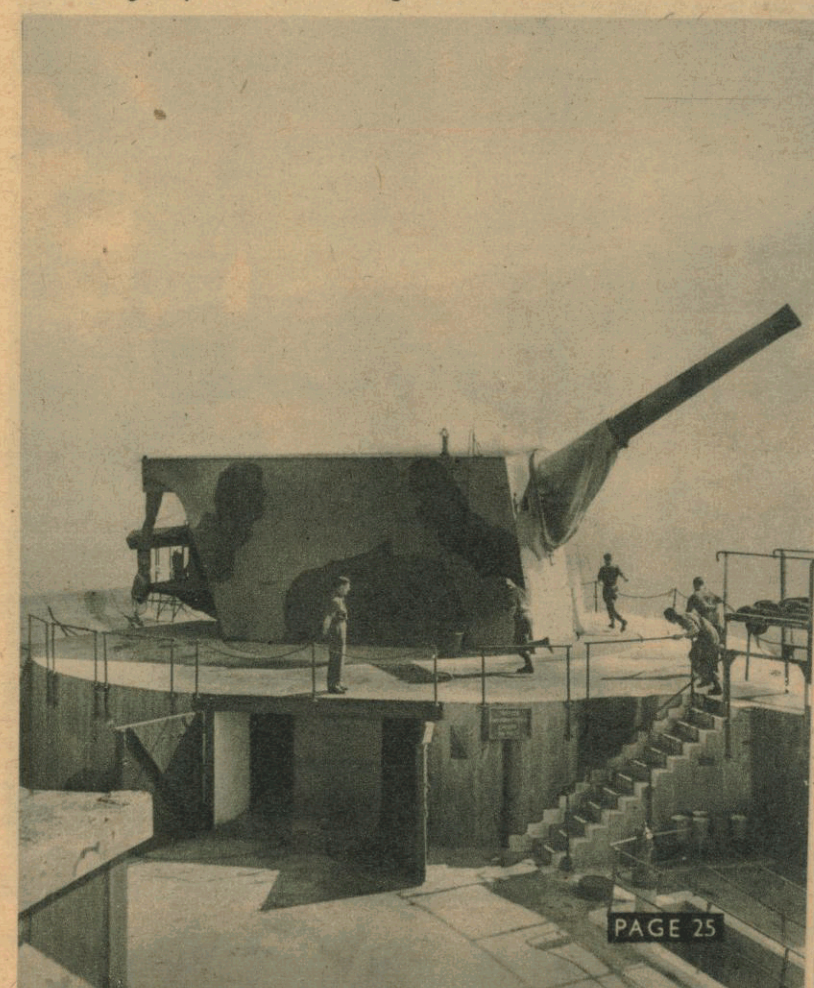
Coast Artillery naturally has the biggest number of guns on the Rock. They extend from the moles, where one gun has a two-degree list that was caused by an aerial torpedo in World War Two and makes no difference to its efficiency, to the very top of the Rock where, for all to see, giant guns stand on the summit. How one or two of them got up

there originally nobody in Gibraltar now seems to know. But everyone agrees that raising them the last 100 feet or so, beyond the end of the road, must have been pretty sticky as siting Gibraltar's guns always has been.

In the middle of the roads leading up to the summit or in the rock at the sides, are great iron rings to which tackle was fixed for men and horses to haul up guns in the days before motor-tractors. Sometimes the Gunners were too impatient to wait for the road to be built. The original Rock Gun, a 24-pounder, was dragged, according to an historian of the Rock "up the steep, craggy face of the rock... with great difficulty and prodigious exertions" in 1779 while the engineers were still working on the beginnings of a road that was eventually to lead to its position.

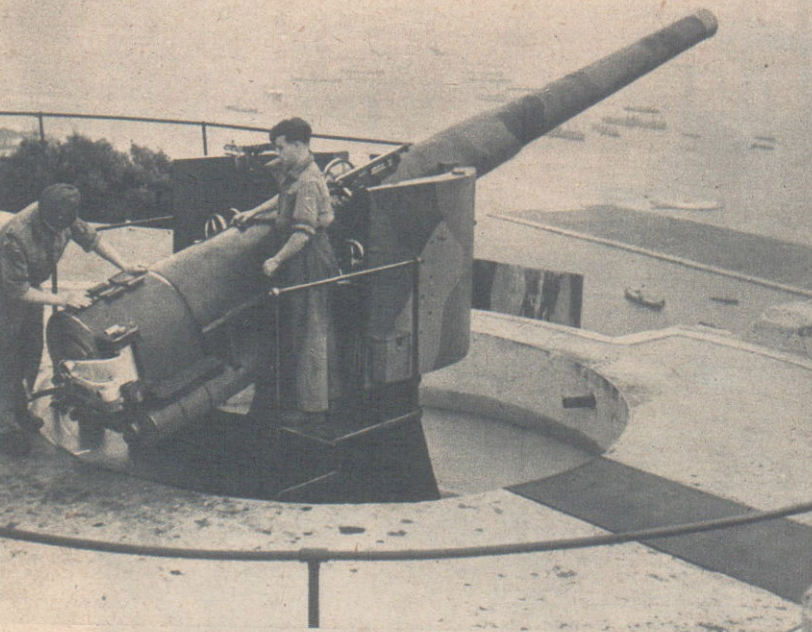
Getting guns into position in Gibraltar is still not a simple trick. The saluting battery of 25-pounders which fires 17 guns whenever the Governor enters or leaves the Colony, returns warships' salutes and fires a sunset gun every evening, took 54 men 11 days to get into position on the King's Bastion. The reason is that the rear of the bastion is

Above: One of the guns that closed the Straits: a 9.2 of O'Hara's Battery. Below: Another 9.2. Note the netting to prevent men falling down the cliff.





# THE GUNS OF GIBRALTAR (Cont'd)



Above: A 6-inch gun that covers the Bay. Below its muzzle is the Gibraltar airstrip, running out into the sea. Below: Gun-drill, for the crew of another 6-inch gun.



"Take post," was the order, and the gun-crew scramble to their stations.

now taken up by the local electricity works and the guns had to be hoisted in sections up a high, awkward wall with a wide, curved top.

But Coast Artillery on the Rock has its compensations. There is little fear of the central control getting knocked out or of the principal magazines being blown up by enemy action. They are all snugly dug-in inside the Rock.

While Coast Artillery's job in Gibraltar is mainly defensive, it also covers the Straits of Gibraltar, as Dover's batteries cover the English Channel. Its guns can send their shells clean across to Africa, making the Straits uncomfortable for any surface craft that might try to escape Gibraltar's Radar eyes.

The Garrison's anti-aircraft gunners are as happy as the coast artillerymen. Gibraltar's two-and-one-eighth square miles is a compact area to cover with a barrage — though the Rock itself may get in the way of some of the guns on the lower sites — and the sea gives them plenty of space for practice firing. The RAF at Four Corners has some Martinet planes which the second pilots of a Meteorological Flight stationed in Gibraltar, eager to get in flying hours, like to take up as target-towers.

While some of Gibraltar's AA guns are down near sea-level, others are nearly 1400 feet up on the top of the Rock. They were known to fire horizontally during World War Two. If it had been necessary, they could have fired downwards, too.

Getting to their guns — artistically camouflaged, some of them, in purple and black to tone with the irises that grow wild around them — helps to keep Gunners fit. Gibraltar's garrison, like the rest of the Army, economises as far as possible in petrol and motor transport, so many Gunners climb on foot at least part of the way up the Rock each day. They prefer taking haversack rations

to going home to lunch.

There are plenty of reminders of the Artillery's past on the Rock. Batteries, geographical features, roads and alleys are named after distinguished Gunners, several of whom have left solid evidence of their work. One of the oddest is Healy's Mortar, named after an officer who had the bright idea of cutting a mortar in the rock itself, to add to the beach defences against landing parties on the west side of the Rock.

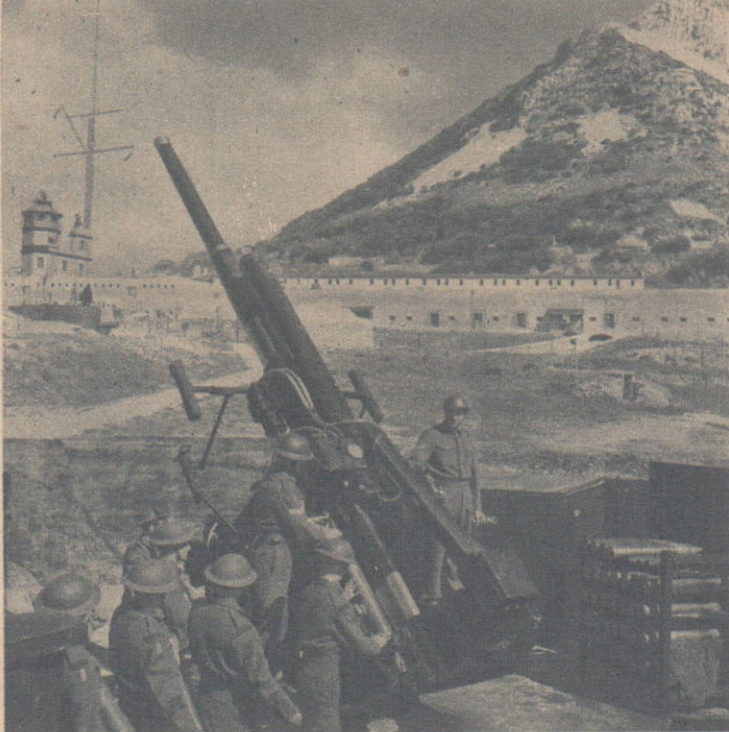
It was just a hole in the rock, with a copper tub filled with powder fitted into the base. Healy thought it should be fired with 50 lbs of powder, but a charge of 27 lbs fired 1470 stones weighing 1 lb to 1 1/4 lb and sent them into the sea. Then it was found that with 13 1/2 lbs of powder, the mortar would fire 1220 stones and scatter them along the beach, some going into the sea. The mortar would have given a landing-party a nasty reception, but 1220 stones must have meant a long job of reloading, though not so long as that of the fatigue party which had to find the stones.

The Great Siege stimulated the Gunners' inventiveness. A Captain Witham thought up a "light-ball" which, fired from a gun, would light up the enemy's working parties at night; it was the forerunner of the starshell. A Captain Mercier invented a shell with a time-fuse to make it burst over the heads of the enemy instead of sinking in the sand of the isthmus before exploding.

But even so, the Governor did not seem to place his trust entirely in his Gunners because he had a *ballista* (Roman catapult) built to supplement their cannon. Perhaps he remembered the 13th siege, 52 years earlier, when 78 out of Gibraltar's 126 guns blew up.

Historically-minded Naval Gunners sometimes try to prick the RA's vanity by reminding them of O'Hara's tower. It was erected by a Governor called O'Hara to watch the Spanish fleet at Cadiz,





Sometimes the Rock gets in the way, but Gibraltar's anti-aircraft gun crews know where not to fire.

but the home Government, afraid of provoking the Spaniards, disapproved and the tower was left unfinished. In 1887 it was to be destroyed to make way for what is now known as O'Hara's Battery, and a Naval officer took a bet that he could knock the tower down with a few rounds from his ship. As he put to sea, he fired at it with a 5-inch gun and got it with his sixth shot.

Another battery was named after an engineer, Lieut-Col. William Green in the Great Siege. From that battery, Green's Lodge Battery, Mrs. Green "formally opened the siege," as the local wits have it, by firing the first shot—two months after the siege had actually begun. History, perhaps out of chivalry, does not say if she hit anything.

RICHARD ELLEY

## What Would Patton Have Done?

IN November SOLDIER told how General George Patton fired a gun after two shells had exploded in it, killing one man and wounding another on a practice shoot. He felt it was his duty as senior officer present.

Another story of a temperamental gun is told by Lieut-Col. A. C. Alford, RA, in the *Services and Territorial Magazine*.

In Europa Barracks, Gibraltar, in 1902 he was in charge of a 100-ton muzzle loader which had the grandiose name of "Lord Napier of Magdala Battery". Its calibre was 17.72 inches, it fired a 2000 lb. shell up to three miles, and it took three-and-a-half minutes to load with a charge of 400 lbs. of black powder in four quarter charges.

On a still day its smoke blotted out everything for a long time, but the gun took so long to load that it didn't matter.

To Gibraltar came the Inspector-General of Artillery and the gun was prepared for five rounds, full charge. The order to fire was given and the lanyard was pulled but nothing happened.

In accordance with the drill two more tubes were inserted and the lanyard pulled but still there was silence. After half an hour the General asked for a volunteer to go down the muzzle and fasten the shell extractor to the shell so that the gun could be unloaded. It was not an inviting prospect and there was silence for several minutes.

Suddenly a man stepped forward, he was small and thin and wore one good conduct stripe. "I'll go, Sir," he said. "You understand there is no risk?" said the General. "Not if you say so, sir" was the reply.

The volunteer stripped to the waist, had a rope looped round him and armed with a grappling iron on a length of cord, dived into the barrel and wriggled down the 20 feet to the shell. After a time he gave a signal and there was a universal sigh when he was dragged out. A few minutes later the giant shell was drawn out by a winch.

Said the General: "I order that the promotion of Gunner Smith to Bombardier shall appear in battery orders tonight."

## GIBRALTARIANS ON THE GUNS



War-time anti-aircraft Gunners of the Gibraltar Defence Force had a visit from the Duke of Gloucester, who watched a practice shoot.

SINCE a Moorish general called Tarik landed somewhere near the Rock of Gibraltar in 711 and gave it his name (it became *Djebel Tarik*, "hill of Tarik," from which "Gibraltar" evolved) the place has known 14 sieges.

From 1940 to 1943 it was touch and go whether there would be a fifteenth, and Gibraltar was ready for it. So were the Gibraltarians. They had started preparing when conscription was announced in Britain; General Sir Edmund Ironside, then the Governor, a Gunner himself, had launched the Gibraltar Defence Force, made up of volunteers.

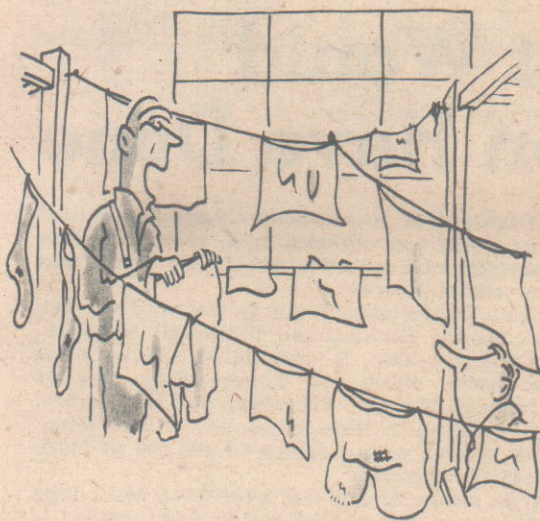
The Defence Force had its anti-aircraft guns on top of the Rock, and used them; it also had coastal guns. And its badge was worn by men serving with the Royal Corps of Signals, the Royal Army Service Corps and the Royal Army Medical Corps.

After the war the Gibraltar Defence Force became a national service unit. Youngsters evacuated from the Rock during the war were given battle-dress and six months' training as Gunners. Before many years, nearly every male civilian living on the Rock will be a trained Gunner, ready to take his place on the fortress's defences.

From the GDF's cookhouses comes a strong smell of garlic and Continental spices. In the barrack-rooms, English and Spanish are spoken impartially and sons of British officials stationed on the Rock who join the GDF soon learn that *la escoba* means the broom and *la cal* the white-wash. Sons of British residents in Spain join the GDF to do their military training, too.

The GDF want the unit to have a new name: the Gibraltar Artillery. They think it would be more appropriate to their function and would be justified by the fact that they are part of the 54th Anti-Aircraft Regiment, RA.

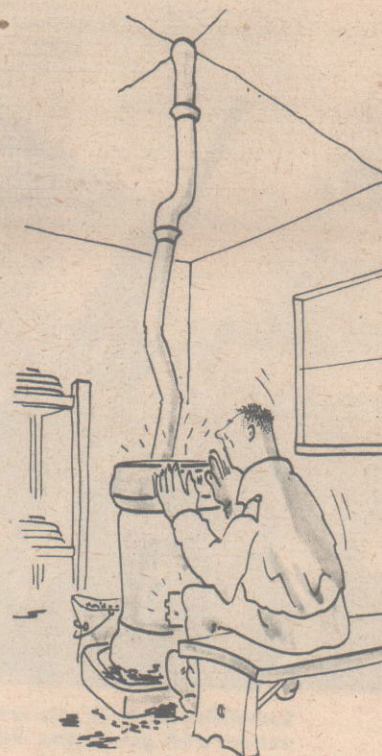




"Somebody isn't using Persil."



"What do you mean—my old man ought to sell the pig and buy me out?"



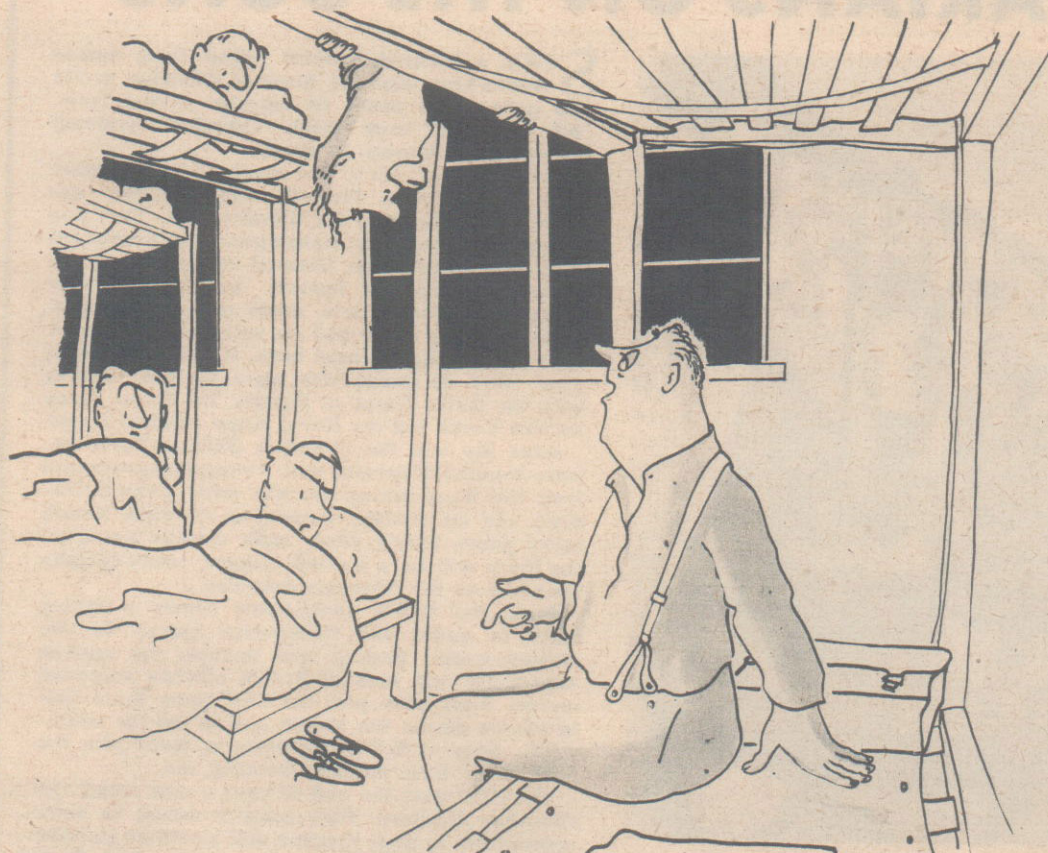
"That's Harry—he's never been the same since we threw him in the static water tank."



"It says here an NCO can't call you Tomkins—he must call you Private Tomkins."

## Barrack Room Types

by Phelix



"So Mr. Shinwell said to me, 'That's a good idea, Jenkins, I'll tell General Slim to lay it on at once.'"

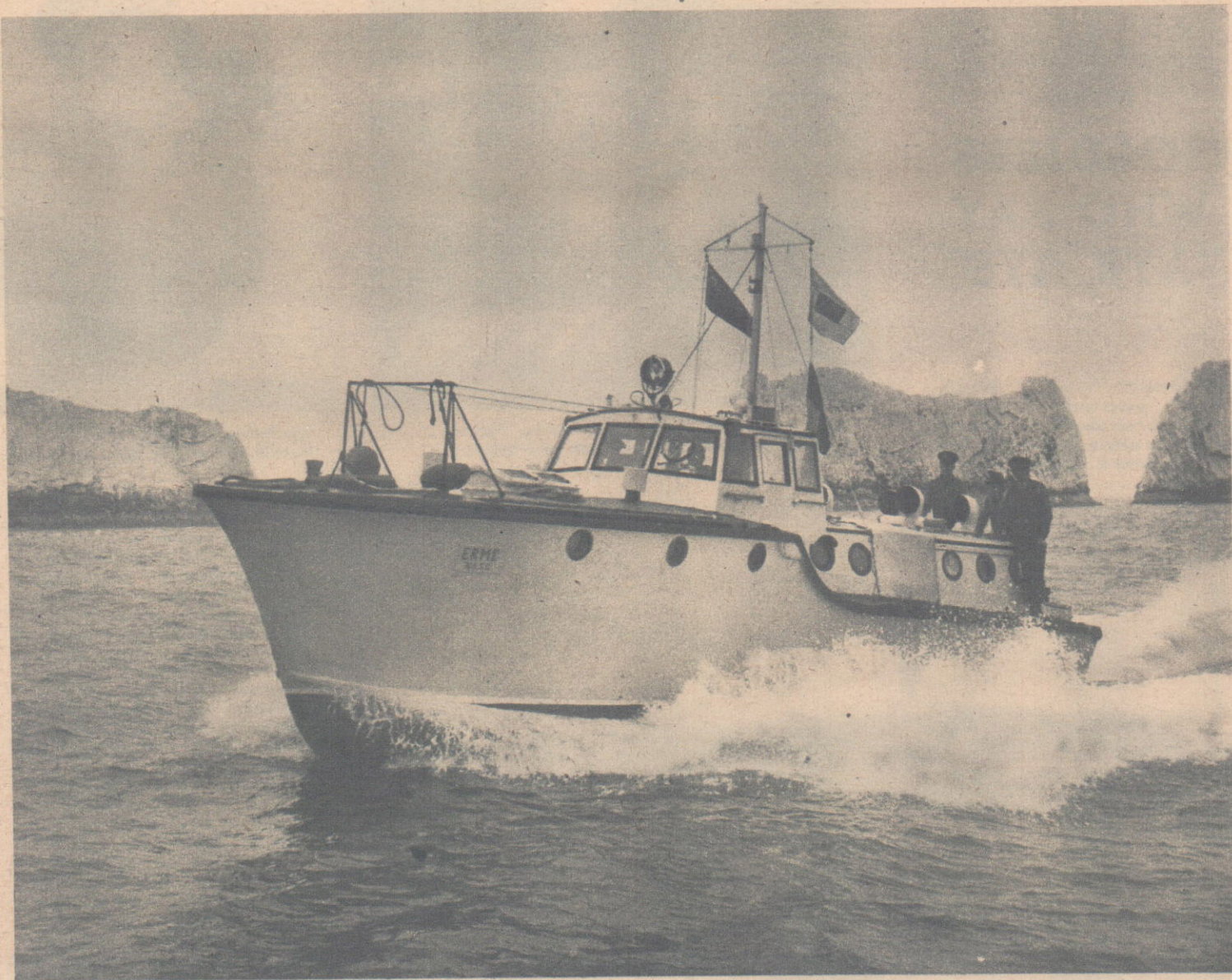


"... at that moment the coffin began to creak open, and a long skinny hand stretched out into the moonlight..."



"Now should I sign myself 'Fed-Up Fusilier' or 'Twenty-Five Indignant Privates'?"





Past the Needles speeds the high-powered launch *Erme*, pride of the training flotilla. She has a crew of four, under a corporal coxswain, and can do 20 knots.

## SOLDIERS WHO SAY "AYE, AYE"

**T**HE trooper lay at anchor in Southampton Water, loaded with soldiers bound for the Far East. From her bridge, the officer of the watch saw six small craft, in smart grey paint, coming up on his port bow.

An Aldis lamp flickered on the leader: "From Officer Commanding RASC vessels to Officer Commanding Troops. Please muster RASC on deck. We should like to say Hello."

While loudspeakers on the trooper's decks called passengers to the rails, the RASC craft ran up beyond her, turned smartly in formation and came back again in line astern. This time as they passed, the crews stood to attention, the RASC Fleet ensign was dipped and the officers saluted. Then, puny perhaps in volume since the men were few, but leaving no doubt of its sincerity, a cheer rose from the crews of the boats.

For the men on the trooper it was the last "good-bye" from home. They would remember it when they saw that blue RASC ensign, with the crossed swords, again on their journey — at Gibraltar, perhaps, or Malta; at

Port Said, Suez, Colombo and Singapore.

Those six little vessels have trained sailors in khaki for all corners of the world. They are part of the flotilla belonging to 985 Company, RASC (Water Transport) which, from its headquarters at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, teaches soldiers to be sailors.

The men from Freshwater go to man craft which, in war-time, form the operational RASC motor-boat companies and in peace form part of the RASC Water Transport Companies, which include RASC craft manned by civilians.

The Army went into the ship-owning business about 1850, when it first bought some brigs, but the RASC Fleet began when the Army Service Corps (as it was then) had motor-boats manned by soldiers operating on the Tigris and Euphrates in World War One.

Between the two wars the War

Department Fleet, manned by civilians but organised into companies commanded by RASC officers, came into being. The motor-boat companies were born in World War Two and later were fused with the civilian-manned Water Transport Companies.

During World Two, a big Waterborne Training Centre grew into being. With the run-down it was reduced to a wing and then a company, as it is today. One of the old training centre's boasts was that at a Royal Navy regatta at Rothesay in 1942, an RASC crew beat all the naval crews; the Navy gave the centre a cockerel, made from melted-down coins, to mark its becoming "Cock of the Fleet".

Today the biggest craft manned by soldiers are 350-ton ammunition dumping craft (once landing-craft, tanks) which are 187 feet long and have two 500-horsepower diesel engines giving them a speed of nine knots. The other

In harbours and on the seas across the world, wherever the British Army is stationed, seagoing soldiers man the RASC Fleet. They are trained for the job in the waters round the Isle of Wight



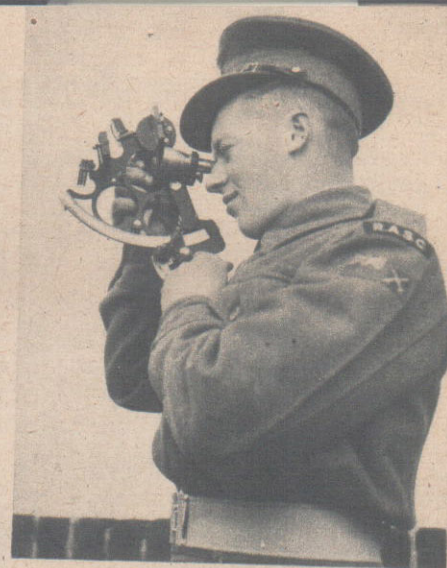
*Continuing*

# SOLDIERS WHO SAY "AYE, AYE"

In Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) harbour watermen get sculling practice in two dinghies. Moored to the *Minca* are a harbour launch and a general service launch.



Busy with rope and twine, Private L. Seward practices knots and splicing.



Operating this sextant is Private A. Ritchie, training to be a navigator.



craft manned by soldiers include 112-foot Fairmile motor-launches designed for ambulance work, load carriers and troop carriers for coastal and harbour work, motor fishing vessels, high-speed launches (equivalent to jeeps and staff-cars for convoy work in landing operations), oil barges used for refuelling diesel craft in harbours, and, in the Middle East, dhows (Arab sailing craft), caiques (Greek schooners) and trawlers.

On the Isle of Wight and the waters around it, soldiers, most of whom are volunteers for the job and three-quarters of whom are Regulars, are trained first to be watermen and later, if they show promise, to be navigators.

A waterman, Class III (the lowest category) is qualified to act as a deck-hand on any kind of RASC vessel; a navigator, Class I, has a qualification roughly equivalent to a Board of Trade mate's certificate, but the holder (who knows all about azimuths and amplitudes) would need to get in his watch-keeping hours to qualify for the civilian ticket.

Besides watermen and navigators, 985 Company trains marine engineers in three grades, the highest of which qualifies a man to take charge of the engine-room of any diesel or petrol-driven RASC craft (soldiers do not man steam craft at present).

The longest training for his grade is that of a Class III marine engineer who starts off with a 12-weeks vehicle mechanic's course at Aldershot before embarking on his nine-weeks course at Freshwater. There are also officers' courses.

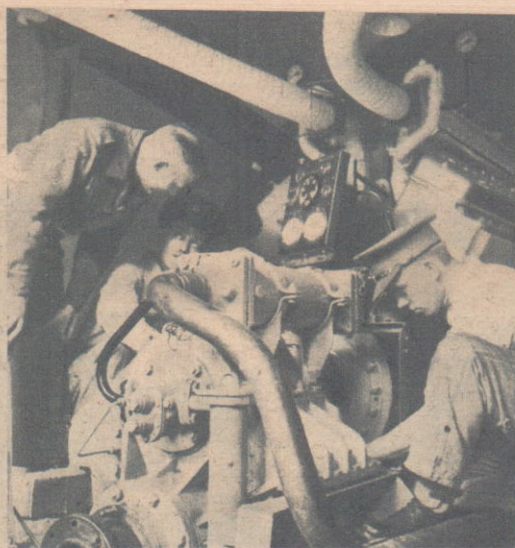
Trade tests in the RASC fleet qualify holders for star pay, and senior NCO's and Warrant officers get additional pay.

The instructors (and many of the pupils) are all men who have served at sea or have had the sea as a hobby. There is one Merchant Navy captain who conducts advanced navigational courses, and one retired Lieutenant (E), Royal Navy, who teaches marine engineers. He is not the only ex-Royal Navy officer in the RASC Fleet: at War Office is a retired Engineer Rear-Admiral who supervises the





Yo-ho-ho and a breaker of water. In the classroom, four trainees rehearse with cargo-hoisting gear.



It looks complicated and you have to be a Marine Engineer, Class I, to know all about it: a Paxman-Ricardo engine in the training school.



Seamanship in the Army doesn't stop at sunset. Above: The deck-hands stand ready, with instructors watching, as a launch comes alongside in the dark. Below: Night navigation in the *Erme's* wheel-house.

Fleet's engineering and ship-building.

Crews of RASC vessels wear flat, peaked caps — a distinction they share with the RASC men in horse transport — because they are better for shading the eyes from the sun and because the chinstraps make them stay on better in bad weather.

They also wear lanyards which, like their webbing, are treated with a special brown-khaki blanco. This is sea-resisting and merges with the khaki of battle-dress if it does run. The men get "heavy workers'" rations.

For deep-sea training, 985 Company has, among others, 90-foot and 61½-foot motor fishing vessels, 45-foot general service launches for watermen's training, a 44½-foot high-speed launch, a harbour launch and a dumb barge named *Minca*, on which there are workshops.

The Company is also being allotted an auxiliary-engined sailing ketch, so that trainees can have before-the-mast experience in sail which, as any old sailor will maintain, is the best possible training.

Courses are kept as small as possible, preferably ten or fewer, so that each man can get individual attention. The trainees go on a cruise, generally to the Channel Islands and the French coast. On these cruises, the craft carry as many as 15, so that the men learn to live in even more cramped quarters than they will find when they are posted to their own craft.

Besides the expected subjects, like signalling and the meaning of buoys, the soldier-sailors are given training in such domestic sides of life at sea as cooking in the tiny galley of a small boat. They visit the Royal Navy, various shipyards and manufacturers of nautical equipment.

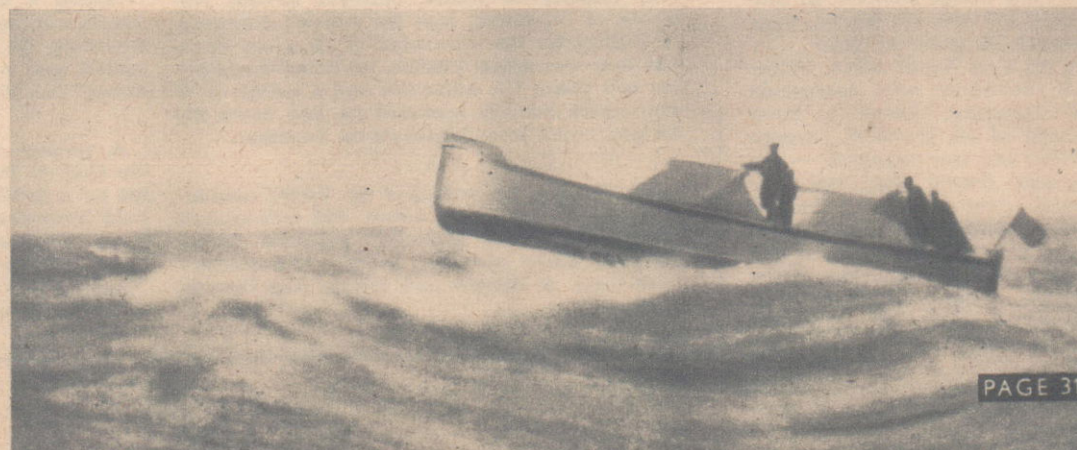
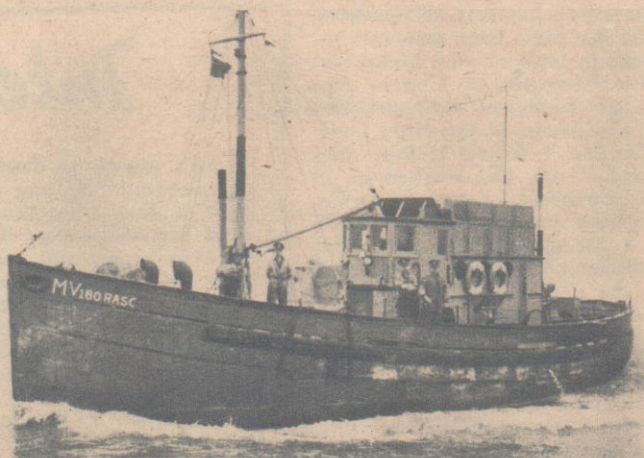
At sea they adopt nautical language. "Yes, serjeant!" becomes "Aye, Aye!" and even the latrines are the "heads".

The Territorial Army is nautically-minded, too. Two fast launch sections have been formed on the Clyde, as part of a Territorial Beach Brigade. Others are expected to follow.

*Continued overleaf*



Right: Motor Fishing Vessel 160, was coming into port after a trip to the Channel Islands when this picture was taken. She had been delayed and damaged by bad weather. Below: Harbour launches sometimes face rough weather, too — "normal winter training," the RASC Fleet calls it. Picture by Cpl. R. Williams, engineer of the *Erme*.





## THEIR BIGGEST TASK IS IN MIDDLE EAST

**I**N the Middle East, where supply lines may be 3000 miles long, where railways are few and roads bad, where great tracts of sand may lie between the consumer and his source of supply, the RASC Fleet is the answer to Q Movements' prayer.

Based at Port Fouad, 697 and 698 Water Transport Companies sail over the trade routes from Malta in the west to Cyprus in the east, from Salonika in the north to Mombasa in the south.

Their long-distance ships, some manned by soldiers, some by merchant seamen, range from 4000-ton LST's to 400-ton motor-launches. The craft may carry timber from East Africa to build huts in Egypt, and go back again with bulldozers and excavating machinery needed for work on Mackinnon Road. If water runs short in Tobruk, the Army's tanker *Spalake* will supply 800 tons of it at a time from Egypt.

Heaviest jobs fall to the LST's named after senior officers of the RASC. During the evacuation of Palestine, the *Humphrey Gale* and the *Evan Gibb* made 15 trips each between Haifa and Port Said and carried out of Palestine more than 26,000 tons of stores and vehicles.

When civil unrest in Palestine, after the end of the Mandate, upset mail deliveries to the troops, a fast launch belonging to 697 Company kept up the flow of letters from home, in all weathers.

At the same time ammunition-dumping craft carried motor-fuel from Palestine to Cyprus and brought back fruit and vegetables for the troops in the Holy Land.

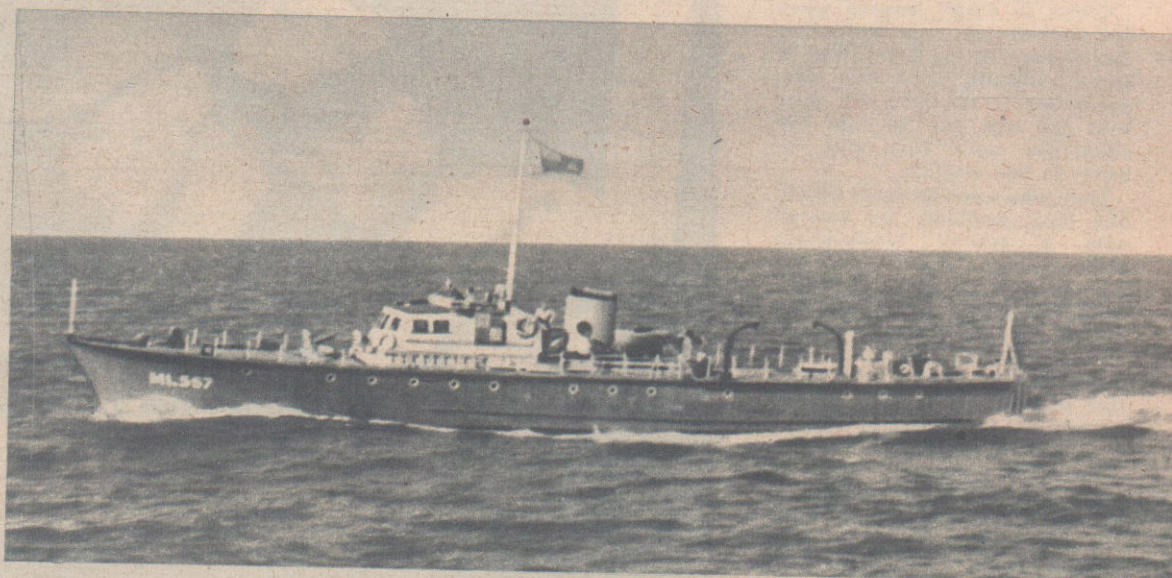
On No. 1 Island in Port Said Harbour are the workshops of 697 Company, ready to tackle anything from an overhaul job on a 500 hp diesel engine to the replacement of timbers ravaged by the Torado worm, from the packing of a stern gland to the swinging of a compass.

Periodically, craft are swung bodily from the water and put down on dry land for an inspection by specialists. Painters, carpenters, shipwrights, riggers and sheet metal workers go into action; the vessels report back for duty, as good as new.

In his Port Fouad office, Major C. L. Saunders, who commands 698 Company, keeps a strict account of all journeys, cargoes carried and the expenses — demurrage, crew's pay, fuel consumed, wear and tear. On the opposite page is a calculation of how much the same work would have cost if it had been carried out by commercial ships. The account is many thousands of pounds to the credit of the RASC.

Right: They're not singing a sea-shanty, but nobody would mind if they were. The capstan is pulling a vessel from the water at Port Said.

Below: In the Mediterranean, a 112-foot, 18-knot Fairmile motor-launch. Once it was in the Royal Navy's coastal forces; now it belongs to the RASC Fleet.



## Interval for Adventure

**L**AST March an Italian tanker, the *Olterba*, carrying 2000 tons of oil, caught fire in the Gulf of Suez. From the RASC Water Transport Boat Station at Port Tewfik, Corporal Pickett of Manchester and Corporal Rusling of Hull, saw the fire and went out to it in a tiny wooden fire-boat. With fire extinguishers they sailed through 50 yards of blazing oil, fought the flames for ten hours and gave up only when the heat damaged their tiny boat. They were commended for "outstanding conduct in the best tradition of the sea".

\* \* \*

A Serjeant-Navigator, Serjeant Arnold Anderson of Southend, was the second European to qualify for the command of an Arab dhow (the first was Allen Villiers, the sailor-novelist). For two years Sgt. Anderson and a native crew who spoke Swahili operated up and down the African coast from Massawa to Zanzibar.

\* \* \*

Six BEM's were awarded to RASC soldier-sailors for taking off about 140 anti-aircraft gunners from the Mulberry caissons during the great storm just after D-Day. The gunners' lives were in danger and rescue was thought impossible.

A naval vessel struck a mine off the Normandy beaches and began to sink, with her depth-charges exploding all round her. Sgt. A. Smith took his RASC vessel close to her, to rescue the survivors. He was awarded the George Medal.

\* \* \*

Sgt. T. G. French stationed at Freshwater, saw a motor-boat catch fire in the Solent and its owner and his daughter jump overboard. He took a small boat out to rescue them, and then put out the fire.

\* \* \*

Seeing a mine drifting towards a coaster which was anchored in the Solent and had no steam up, Sgt. A. P. Parry, in charge of a motor-vessel, put a rope round it and towed it to safety. The Royal Navy later blew it up.

\* \* \*

A serjeant in command of a vessel crossing the Gulf of Taranto during the war was signalled by a British destroyer to "stop engines and hold everything". He lay-to for a couple of hours, then saw a huge explosion a few miles away, followed by a signal from the destroyer: "Carry on, Coxswain. Have just removed a U-boat from your course."



# SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK of WORLD WAR TWO

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Right:

Pack horses descend a steep hill to a quarry during invasion exercises in Northern Command. Each horse carried 320 lbs, and a company could transport 27 tons.

Below:

Western Desert, 1943: a wrecked tank, rejuvenated, is put through its paces.





# THE TRIAL WHICH MADE HISTORY

**M**ANY readers of *SOLDIER* will remember the first of the War Crimes trials staged in Hamburg's Curio House in October 1945: the trial of five members of a U-boat crew sentenced for shooting the survivors of a ship they had torpedoed in mid-Atlantic.

To many soldiers (as to this reviewer) it was the first time they had heard the death sentence passed; to many, indeed, it was their first glimpse of court procedure of any kind.

Few who were present are likely to forget the stillness when the president of the court (Brigadier C. I. V. Jones) rose to announce the sentences, and in a loud, clear voice began:

Kapitanleutnant Heinz Eck, the Court sentences you to suffer death by shooting.

Leutnant-zur-See August Hoffman, the Court sentences you to suffer death by shooting.

Marine-Oberstabsarzt Walter Weisspfennig, the Court sentences you to suffer death by shooting.

The two other men, Kapitanleutnant Hans Lenz and Matrosen-Gefreiter Schwender, were sentenced to life imprisonment and 15 years imprisonment respectively. All the sentences were heard in complete quiet; the accused men showed none of

**Soldiers serving in Hamburg in October 1945 saw three of the men pictured below sentenced to death by shooting. Now a book has been published recording the proceedings in this—the first of the post-war trials heard by a British military war crimes court**

the usual "signs of emotion."

A full account of this trial has now been published in "The Peleus Trial" (William Hodge and Company 18s), which is No 1 of a series of war crimes trials to be put out in book form. The same publishers issue the "Notable British Trials Series," which covers many famous trials from those of Mary Queen of Scots and Jack Sheppard down to Dr. Buck Ruxton and William Joyce.

The Peleus was a Greek freighter which was stalked and sunk by Eck's U-boat just below the Equator in March 1944. Evidence showed that the U-boat, instead of making off, cruised amid the wreckage for five hours afterwards, aiming machine-guns and grenades at the shipwrecked crew. Even so, three men survived after tremendous hardships, and were able to tell this tale of infamy. The U-boat was bombed soon afterwards by our aircraft and beached itself in Somaliland, leaving its log intact.

Many and ingenious were the pleas advanced on behalf of the accused men, among them the

plea of "superior orders" (though Eck himself did not blame his superiors). As Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe KC, the Nuremberg prosecutor, points out, if such a plea were allowed a private soldier could put the blame on his superior and his superior could do likewise, thus initiating a chain of responsibility reaching to the head of the state, who would claim immunity on the ground that his position put him above the law.

It was noteworthy that the U-boat Command, while it banned the rescuing of survivors, did not authorise their massacre—though individual commanders may have felt such an action to be consistent with the general directive "Be harsh."

A German expert on international law, who spoke with what the editor of this book calls "a ponderous wealth of citation," tried to convince the court that in recent years the "psychology of the world" had changed. The Judge Advocate (Major A. Melford Stevenson KC) interrupted the professor's quotations from

Grotius and St. Augustine and a dozen others to say:

Professor Wegner, you have obviously taken a great deal of trouble about this, and of course the Court very much appreciates it; but if you have found any authority which justifies the killing of survivors of a sunken ship when they are in the water, will you try and come to it quickly, because that is what we want, you know.

Professor Wegner never came to it. He knew, no doubt, that the prosecution was familiar with the case of the *Llandovery Castle*, a hospital ship whose torpedoed survivors were gunned by a U-boat in World War One. The German court which tried members of the crew ruled that the plea of superior orders was no defence; yet only one man was convicted, and he escaped with a two years sentence. That trial, and others like it, was farcical, and it was essential that there should be no repetition of them after World War Two. That is why, from 1945 onwards, men charged with war atrocities were dealt with in British military courts under Royal Warrant.

The evidence in this well-documented book is of extraordinary interest. The Court remained unimpressed by the suggestion that the men at the machine-guns were seeking only to destroy wreckage (how can wood be sunk by gunfire?), or by the plea that the crew were in a state of nervous tension caused by weeks of service underwater. German members of the crew (whose names were suppressed) gave evidence that after the incident the captain addressed the crew over the loudspeaker and said that it was with a "heavy heart" that he had given the order to shoot. He had sensed that the mood of his ship was hostile.

But the curiosity of the case must remain the incident in which Lenz, the engineer-lieutenant, having declined to take part in the shooting, went below, but later emerged and saw the Marine Schwender operating a machine-gun. He at once took over from Schwender because Schwender was under a cloud and was judged not worthy to carry out such an order. The reason for the Marine's disgrace was that he was supposedly the father of an illegitimate child.

The justification for this book and for those to follow it (which will cover, among others, the Belsen, Hadamar and Natzweiler trials) is "to place on record a systematic course of crimes which must surpass in calculated savagery any outbreak of barbarism in the past" and to counter that "easy-going scepticism as to how much was truth and how much propaganda" which follows in the wake of an exhausting war. Those are the words of Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe.

The U-boat crew who shot the men they torpedoed: left to right—Eck, the captain; Hoffman, the lieutenant (injured when the U-boat was bombed off Somaliland); Weisspfennig, the doctor; Lenz, the engineer; and Schwender, the marine. The first three were shot; Lenz and Schwender were imprisoned for life and 15 years respectively.





# PERIWIGS, PIGTAILS & PUTTEES

**T**HE history of military uniform, says Mr. James Laver, is one long struggle: a struggle between the Seduction Principle and the Utility Principle.

In other words, during peace-time the tendency has been for uniforms to become more and more gorgeous, more form-fitting, more flattering to the masculine figure, more calculated to demoralise women.

But in war all too often gay uniforms have proved impossible. Choker collars and high stocks have prevented soldiers looking along rifle sights, tight trousers have rendered them unable to charge.

As for hats... well, there was the tricorné hat which a grenadier knocked off his head every time he threw a grenade (which is why grenadiers came to wear those high mitre-style hats); there was the same tricorné hat surmounting a wig as worn by (of all people) the cavalry, with the result that frequently in battle the whole affair fell off and senior officers rode at the enemy literally bald-headed; and in World War Two there was the fore-and-aft cap, which fell off a man's head every time he did a snappy eyes right. (Remember those intervals on the parade-ground when half the squad were ordered to fall out to recover their caps?).

A well-known authority on dress, Mr. Laver packs a good deal of common-sense into "British Military Uniforms" (published as a King Penguin with 24 coloured plates at the modest price of 2s 6d).

He is no respecter of dress traditions irrespective of utility. Nor does he set out to explain the reasons for all those little differences in regimental uniform. But he does show, in broad outline, how military dress has developed, and he does not omit the many absurdities which

checker the story. Of the cavalry he says: "Cavalry uniforms follow certain peculiar lines of their own. They strive always for gorgeousness and display, and frequently develop decorations which make it impossible for their wearers to function as cavalry."

It has usually happened that a successful army's ideas in dress have been copied by admiring rivals. Our Lancer regiments, for instance, borrowed the Polish-style helmet after the French and Germans had helped themselves to it. We also borrowed shakos from the French and baggy



"In peace-time... the soldier's uniform has tended to become more and more gorgeous... more flattering to the masculine figure, more calculated to demoralise women."

trousers from the Russians. After the Franco-Prussian War our Infantrymen were decked out in spiked helmets modelled on those of the Prussians. And in World War One our allies copied from us the "imbecile aberration of puttees." (Mr. Laver writes with feeling, since he served in the King's Own in World War One).

Each war, if it lasted long enough and cost enough casualties, produced some improvement in soldiers' dress — even if only a temporary one. In 1808 the order was at last given that soldiers' pigtails should be cut

off. True to form, next day the order was countermanded, but by then the damage (if damage it was) had been done. The South African War brought the abolition of the red tunic in the field: it was too good an aid to Boer marksmen.

Probably the battle-dress of World War Two was the most sensible uniform in which the British soldier has yet gone to war. But he probably still does not realise what a tremendous victory was won when, at the end of the war, he received permission to wear a collar and tie.

## "HA! A COBWEB!" SAID THE GENERAL

**T**HE General, after an exhaustive search of the barrack-room for dirt and neglect, peered hard at a corner of the ceiling.

"Ha! A cobweb!" he said delightedly, pointing with his cane. "Yes, sir," said the CSM promptly. "We always keep a big one in case a man cuts his finger."

The General left the room defeated, but in the next room, which was beyond reproach, he won on the swings what he had lost on the roundabouts. "Where's your cobweb?" he demanded angrily.

This story is one of many amusing ones told by Major C. S. Jarvis in his book "Happy Yesterdays" (Country Life Ltd 10s 6d). Well-known as a writer on country topics, and in an earlier day as Governor of the Sinai Peninsula, Major Jarvis has written an engaging book of reminiscences.

The CSM mentioned above figured in a battle of wits with another inspecting general, whose speciality was to ask a soldier to show a spare pair of bootlaces. One day the General pounced on a soldier whose pack was suspiciously neat and symmetrical, and told him to turn it out. Instead of the cardboard boxes he expected the General saw only a very well packed kit. But there was no spare pair of laces. The man was therefore "an unsatisfactory half-naked soldier."

A month later, inspecting the same unit, the General repeated his tactics. This time a man who was asked, "Where are your bootlaces?" pulled out a pair from an artfully contrived compartment in his pack, another from his breast pocket, a third from his cap lining and was about to produce a fourth from the lining of his puttees when the General walked away, "his face working."

"It was a pity," says Major Jarvis, "he did not stay to see the act through to the end, as I was informed later that every man had six pairs concealed on his person, for my CSM had the reputation of defeating many generals on the field of inspection."

Major Jarvis has some remarkable spy stories of World War One, including one of the German spy "Carl Lody" whom he let through his fingers. But it is the author's peculiar distinction that he can write just as entertainingly about his poultry and his fishing exploits as he can about spies.

He has already written widely about his service in the East, but this book contains some interesting sidelights on the period when he was concerned with the running of the Light Car Patrols in the Sinai Desert after World War One.

"Incidentally, it was these redoubtable Arab, Egyptian and Sudanese drivers, of whom my Sinaitic contingent was only a part, who, under the control of two British officers in our Cairo headquarters, kept mechanisation in the deserts of Egypt alive during the years—the locust-eaten years—when the British Army deserted it."

The cars used were the famous T-Model Fords, equipped with soft "camel-foot" tyres. Major Jarvis alleges that

"a marked drawback to the Model T was the manner in which the whole engine became glued up in lubricating oil thickened with iron filings, the consistency of which in a low temperature was similar to that of cold bitumen. It required a man of something more than ordinary strength to move the handle at all, and only a giant could swing it sufficiently to create a spark. One solution... was to jack up the back wheels and obviate the loosening up of the engine in its gluey setting by turning over everything — pistons, crankshaft and wheels."

But the easiest way to ensure that engines could be started in the morning was the method which soon came to be regularly adopted: to pitch camp at the top of a steep hill.

(Bookshelf continued overleaf)



## MAN STILL THE FIRST WEAPON

**“WHATEVER** Field-Marshal Montgomery writes about the structure of our new Army deserves the careful study of all concerned with its welfare and efficiency”, writes Mr. Winston Churchill in a brief foreword to Field-Marshal Montgomery’s new book.

“His profound knowledge of the art of war, and the historic battles in which he played a leading part invest his words with special significance.”

The book, “Forward from Victory” (Hutchinson 15s), contains much that Field-Marshal Montgomery has said publicly on the subject of the Army since the war and some addresses he gave during the war. It also contains his views on post-war reconstruction, on the youth of Britain, on the Dominions and various other subjects.

The section devoted to the Army is full of ideas worth the attention of military students. There is, for instance, Field-Marshal Montgomery’s analysis of morale, addressed to Rhine Army commanders in 1946.

“...Morale is a mental and moral quality. It is a quality peculiar to human beings because it is essentially the product of a mind with a conscience. It is that which in battle keeps men up on humanity’s level. But humanity’s level is not enough because the

strongest human instinct is the instinct for survival. Morale is also that which develops man’s latent heroism so that he will overcome his desire to take the easy way out and surrender to fear...”

Morale, he goes on, is not contentment or satisfaction bred from ease or comfort of living; it implies essentially the ability to triumph over discomforts and dangers. It is not achieved through fitness or healthiness alone, it is not happiness.

“High morale is not toughness. Some very tough men in this war have turned out to be very disappointing in action. Toughness is a physical and not a mental asset. Tough men will occasionally perform an isolated act of bravery. Morale... influences behaviour at all times.

“In brief, high morale is a quality which is good in itself

and is latent in all men. It maintains human dignity. It enables fear and fatigue to be overcome. It is involved with the idea of conscience...

“Certain factors may be described as essential conditions without which high morale cannot exist. These four basic factors are: leadership, discipline, comradeship, self-respect. A fifth factor, devotion to a cause, must

exist but need not necessarily influence all the soldiers. Finally, there are numerous contributory factors which are of great importance but are not essential conditions.”

Field-Marshal Montgomery lists a few of these contributory factors: success, regimental tradition, personal happiness, administration (including welfare) and propaganda.

“Man is still the first weapon of war. His training is the most important consideration in the fashioning of an army. All modern science is directed towards his assistance but on his efforts depends the outcome of the battle. The morale of the soldier is the most important single factor in war.”

## THE HAVILDAR WHO SIGNED HIMSELF M. D.

**ANYONE** who has served with an Indian division will find a great deal to hold his attention in Antony Brett-James’s “Report My Signals” (Hennel Locke 15s).

So will anyone who served in the Arakan campaign at Imphal or on the Tiddim Road. And so will anyone who has served in the Royal Signals.

Antony Brett-James soldiered for three years with the Fifth Indian Division, joining them in the Alamein Line, accompanying them to Bagdad, thence to Burma. When he first arrived he had only a smattering of Urdu, but he had the urge to understand not only the language but the Indians to whom his book is dedicated: the proud, the valiant, the incompetent, the touchy, the arrogant, the loyal and the subservient. They, for their part, seem to have warmly appreciated his attitude, which was more sympathetic than that of many British officers and men.

Curious personal problems used to arise to vex the regimental officer. There was the haughty havildar who had distinguished himself on the North-West Frontier and in Eritrea. He used to sign papers “J. Deva Raj, IDSM, MD.” The first letters stood for Indian Distinguished Service Medal, but what was MD? Austere the havildar replied, “Mentioned in Despatches,” and when told that it was not customary to sign a note in that way he “acquiesced without grace.”

There were the long, flowery, pathetic letters (concocted by village scribes) from soldiers’ parents back in Madras and the Punjab, requesting repatriation of their sons. “Honoured Sir,” they would begin, and then continue on these lines:

“My son working in the forces of His Majesty’s Military service had joined service 6 years back. As long as he was

working in India he used to come and see me now and then, and make my old soul happy. Now, as he has been sent overseas service, he has not seen me for a long time and I have grown absent-minded and sorrowful with sore feeling. My old age reduced my body to a skeleton and in addition to this my mental anxiety takes me nearer and nearer to death... I pray your honour to send him into my presence and thus enable this old soul of mine to embrace the dearly beloved son before breathing my last.”



A Madrassi signalman.

These heart-cries piled up on top of the day’s work, which in itself was sufficiently wearing. Laying cables which — advance or retreat — usually had to be rolled up and relaid a few days later; checking for faults in Jap-infested jungle; training raw Punjabis with the most primitive conception of English to handle an operational switch-

board and not to get flustered when the brigadier’s light came on; arranging country-wide hook-ups so that the commander could talk to all his colonels at once — these were the day-to-day headaches of the Signals officer. The compensation was that the signaller, by the very nature of his calling, had a clearer conception of the operation in hand than most soldiers taking part.

Brett-James was at Cambridge when he joined the Royal Signals in 1939; he went back there to complete his degree course in 1945. His character and ideals give strength to his book; and his war experience will undoubtedly give strength to his character and ideals.

### BOOKWORM TYPES

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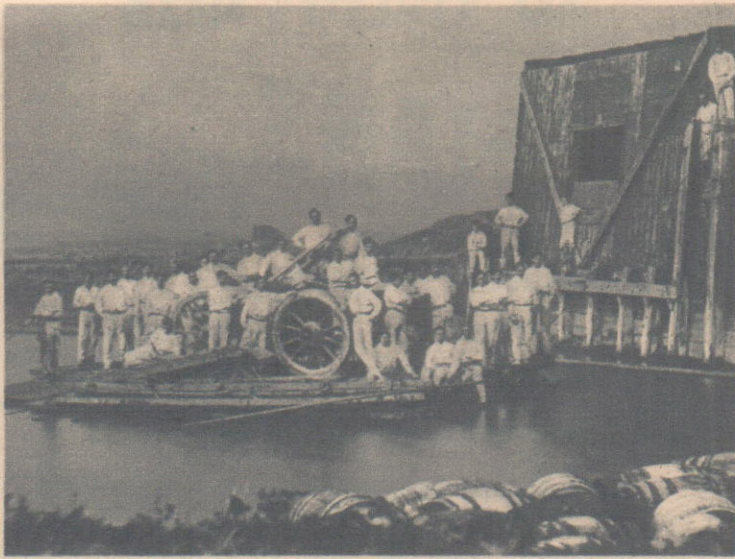
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Waterborne artillery, 1880. Gunners at Shoebury were trained to build cask rafts.

## A TOWN PROUD OF ITS GUNNERS

**A** century ago next July, a subaltern, a serjeant and nine soldiers hustled around the old coast-guard station at Shoebury.

They were Sappers and the work they had come to do was the start of the gunnery school and experimental establishment which was to play a big part in the development of artillery.

The Gunners had known about Shoebury's Ness for some time: in 1805 a Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Shrapnel had taken an artillery detachment there to test the shell charged with small bullets he had invented. The detachment fired 2,336 rounds at three targets, perforating the targets 84 times and getting ten direct hits. Not a very impressive record, but good enough to make the War Office see possibilities.

The ranges and experimental establishment turned Shoebury from a village of 100 inhabitants into a full-blown town in ten years. It made both Shoebury and Southend Gunner-minded and that is why Donald Glennie calls his story of the Royal Ar-

tillery in Southend and Shoebury "Gunner' Town" (*Civic Publications, Southend-on-Sea, 2s*).

Gunners from Shoeburyness entered into the life of the towns; their orchestras and amateur dramatic societies played in the public halls; they invited residents to see their work; sent men to quell a battle between holiday-makers in Southend. In return, Shoebury and Southend sent to World War Two Territorial searchlight, heavy and light and coast artillery units.

Shoeburyness brought to the area the great, in two senses. In one sense there was the "Woolwich Infant", a gun of 81 tons (120 tons with its carriage). In the other sense, there were plenty of VIP's, including the Duke of Cambridge.

Long before the Nazis, Shoeburyness was trying out rockets and in 1874 the Prince Imperial (son of Napoleon III and an officer in the British Army) fired a nine-pound steel rocket which came back like a boomerang towards his squad, which it missed, and chased a stout major who was trying croquet shots on the tennis courts before burning it-

self out in some bushes.

Among those who went to Shoeburyness for gunnery courses were policemen in 1893. ("It was perhaps fortunate that Mr. Winston Churchill did not know that when, as Home Secretary, he directed the famous Sidney Street 'siege' in 1910!")

Members of the National Artillery Association, formed on the lines of the National Rifle Association to organise batteries for the Militia, competed there annually. Some of them grumbled that Shoeburyness was so far in the wilderness that they missed the admiring crowds of ladies who normally watched them firing. Others complained of a slight because Regulars fired at the targets first to help the amateurs gauge the wind. And once the meeting ran out of ammunition.

Shoeburyness can claim many records. One is that it boasted probably the only amateur dramatic society ever to change a railway time-table. It happened in 1888 when the London, Tilbury and Southend Railway altered its 10.40 pm train to 11 o'clock to "accommodate visitors to the Royal Artillery Theatre, Shoeburyness".

## THIS WAS A "VERY ENGLISH GESTAPO"

**F**IELD Security, Middle East, was always a bit of a mystery during World War Two — and not only to those outside it.

Its jobs were so many and so varied, much of the work was "not in the book" (no book could have described it all) that while many people could point with certainty to some of the things it did, few people could say exactly what it did not do.

The work fell generally into two categories, military and civil security. Military security was fairly straightforward; civil security was not.

It took its men, generally in civilian clothes, out among the people of allied, neutral and sometimes enemy nations who swarmed in the cities of the Middle East. The security men went to listen and observe, to uncover intrigue and political

manoeuvre, to seek out espionage and dangerous trends of thought.

This was fascinating work. It attracted dons and travel agency couriers, journalists and commercial travellers, men who had chafed at office desks in London and men who had spent so much of their lives abroad that they knew little of their own language.

Among others, it attracted Geoffrey Household, who had established a reputation as a writer with a brilliant thriller called "Rogue Male." He had already had one war-time assignment in the Balkans; now he was to serve as a Field Security Officer in Greece, Egypt, Palestine and the Lebanon. Some of the fruit of his experiences in Field Security has now matured in a novel "Arabesque" (*Chatto and Windus, 10s 6d*).

This is how he sums up the Corps he joined: "They knew themselves to be few and trusted. Between the sections, the officers and NCO's there was the unconscious confidence of a first-class club. Their mutual loyalty was far beyond that of a secret service; it was that of a secret society. Corps, divisional and area commanders were divided between admiration of Field Security morale, and disgust that it in no way depended on their own orders and personalities."

He describes them off-duty, in a section bar: "This very English Gestapo, with its picked men and a degree of good taste in all ranks, had evolved a social code of its own for the bar. Officers were unhesitatingly allowed the conventional address of sir' and were treated with deference just in so far as awkward subjects were avoided; rank, otherwise, did not exist, and mixing was so effortless that guests, whether majors or privates, could conform easily to the standards which they found in force." This reviewer, who also served in Field Security in Middle East, endorses the accuracy of this description.

The story is one of beautiful women and mysterious agents, of Jewish Agency gun-runners (for they were active right through the war) and of honest Christian Arabs. From time to time it stops to paint an authentic picture of the forces at work against each other among the Zionists or of life in Cairo as few soldiers saw it — but as many would have liked to see it.

Through it all shrewdly and tersely wanders Serjeant (later Captain) Prayle, who is introduced wearing borrowed civilian clothes and looking like "one of those seedy and indefinite Englishmen who might be living precariously on language lessons or the dowry of a foreign wife."

## SWEET FANNY

## BOOKS

### IN BRIEF

**A** girl whose name is often on the lips of Service men is Fanny Adams. Who was she?

According to the recently-published "Dictionary of Forces' Slang 1939-1945," edited by Eric Partridge (*Secker & Warburg, 12s 6d*) she was a young girl murdered by a solicitor's clerk named Baker, at Alton, Hants, who cut her body up and flung the pieces into the river.

Seamen adopted her name to describe pieces of salt meat and the name was transferred when salt meat gave way to tinned meat. The dictionary goes on:

"F. A., a rude term for 'nothing', having the same initials was bowdlerised into Fanny Adams, often preceded by 'Sweet'."

The dictionary gives the date of Fanny's murder as about 1812, but a daily paper has since published a photograph of a tombstone in Alton erected "To the memory of Fanny Adams, aged 8 years and 4 months, who was cruelly murdered on Saturday August 24th 1867."

**I**T is not 'eyewash' to wash and polish a good car. It is 'eyewash' to wash and polish a crock you are trying to sell," says Lieut-Col. F. Jebens OBE, late South Lancashires, in "Not In The Book" (*Gale & Polden, Aldershot 2s*). The author of this slim book of advice to junior officers says any officer should be able to learn the names of 50 men in 48 hours. Another point: NEVER end Army letters with "yours truly."

\* \* \*

How and when should a debt be written off? How do you credit the ten per-cent rake-off from "Housey-Housey"? How do you prepare for an audit board? The answers to these and many more are in "The Keeping of Regimental Accounts" (*Gale & Polden, Aldershot 3s 6d*). The author, Major J. A. D. Richey, late Parachute Regiment, gives the facts of bookkeeping without frills.





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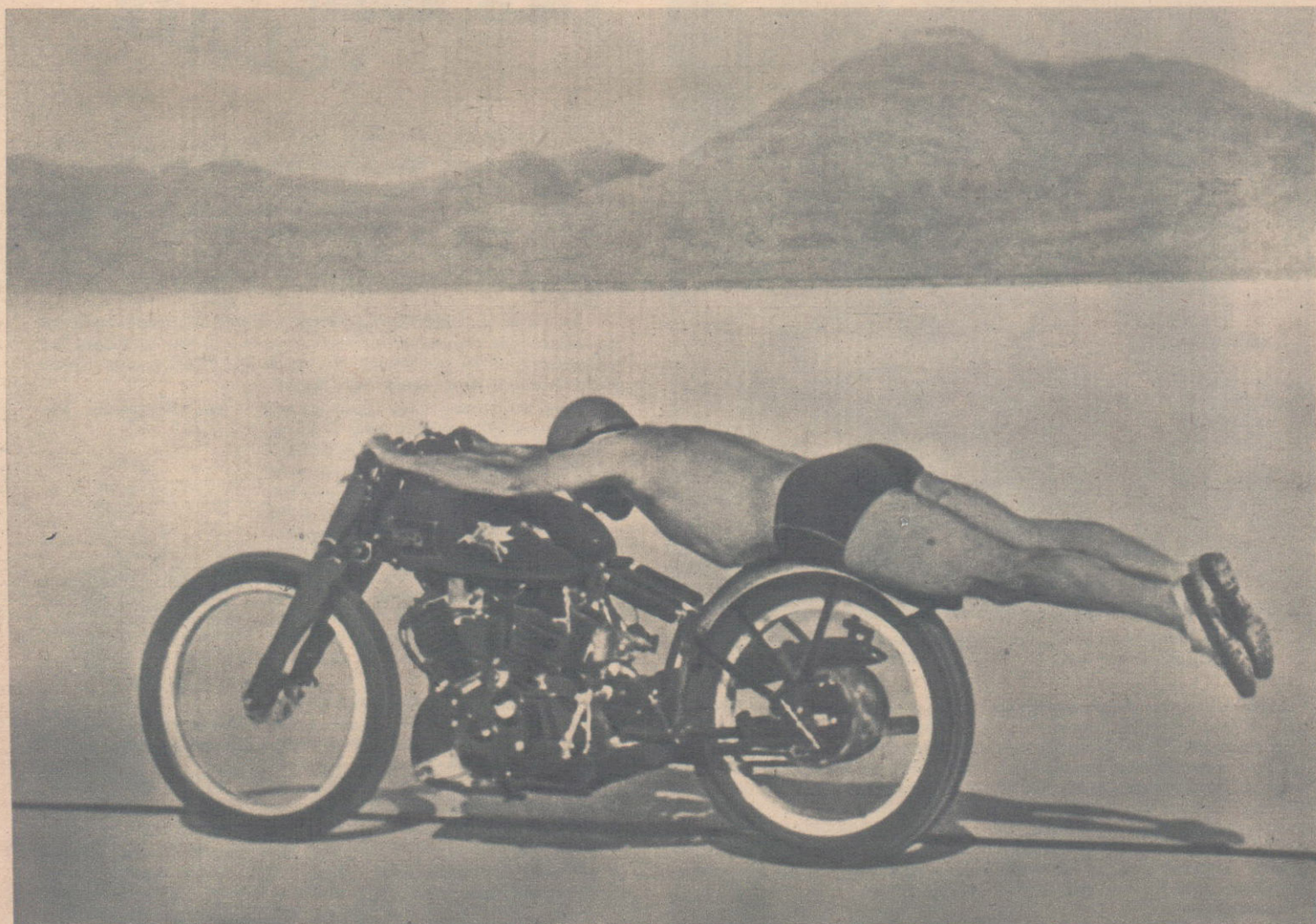
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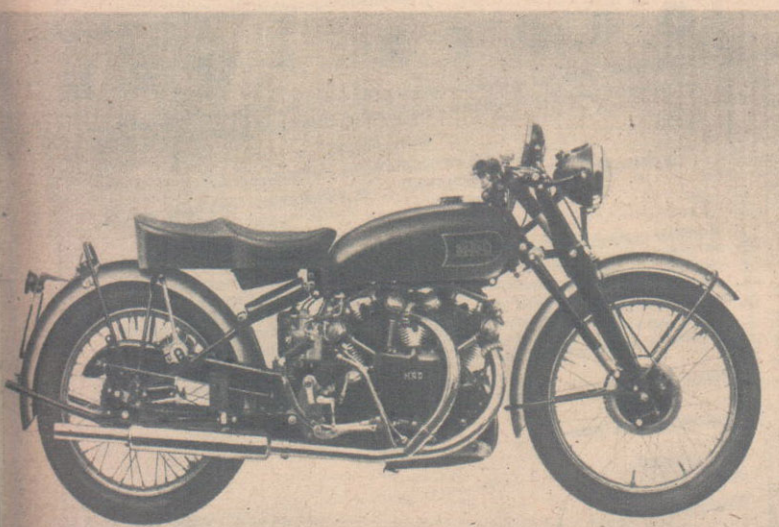
# ONE MAN'S SPORT

Stripped to bathing trunks, an American motor-cyclist drove an unsupercharged British motor-cycle at more than 150 miles an hour



Not a stunt ride, but an 80-mile-an-hour pose for a photographer by "Rollie" Free in his record-breaking attitude. The black line marks Black Lightning's course. (Picture by *Life*).

## DESPATCH RIDER'S NIGHTMARE



The Black Shadow, the road version of Black Lightning, is now appearing among the motor-cycle clubs.

A thickly-built man in a crash-helmet, bathing trunks and shoes lay prone over the rear wheel of a motor-cycle. His arms stretched forward to the handle-bars, his legs protruded over the machine's tail. His gaze was fixed on a black line, painted on the ground, and the speedometer needle, unwatched, crept up to more than 150 miles an hour.

At the London motor-cycle show, the knowledgeable enthusiasts crowded round a similar machine. This was the first time it had been on show to them. Reverently they spoke of it as the world's fastest unsupercharged motor-cycle; it was also the world's fastest standard racing motor-cycle, for it was in the catalogue at £508, including purchase tax, and on sale freely, or at least as freely as export quotas would allow.

It was made by a British firm, HRD, and it was called Black Lightning. By its side was a road version of the same machine, called Black Shadow, which has begun to make its appearance among clubmen all over the world. It boasted a 1000 cc engine (roughly the same size as that of a 10 hp car), with V-twin cylinders and overhead valves.

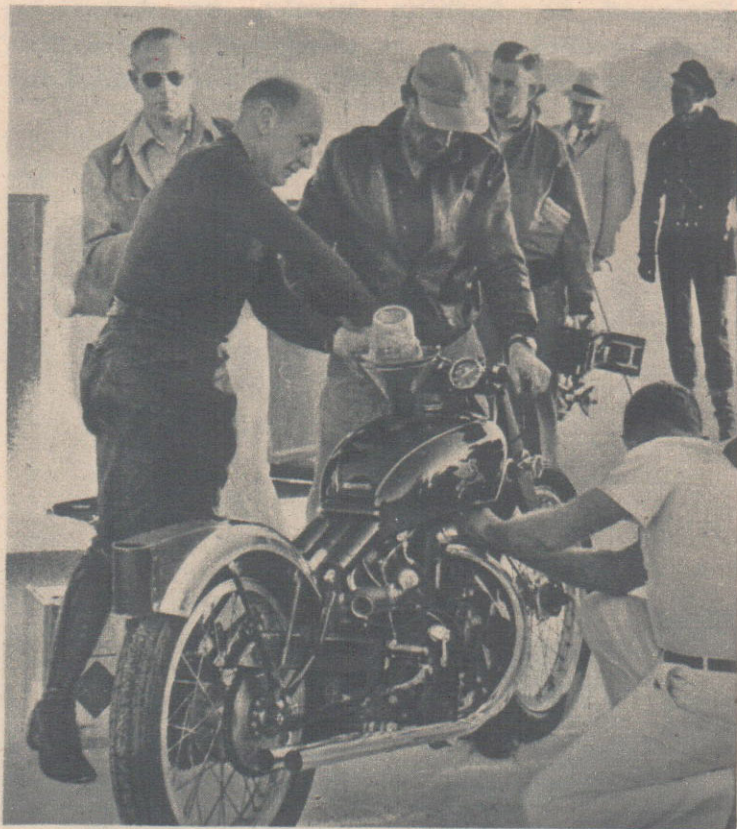
The record-breaking Black Lightning had been sent to America for a Hollywood enthusiast who uses it for his own purposes on the roads. He lent it to "Rollie" Free, a Californian racing motor-cyclist, for the record attempt.

The machine had been tuned by the HRD company before it was shipped and recorded 140 mph from a standing start over a mile on a British aerodrome. It needed very little preparation for the record runs.

"We ran the job as received, except for the removal of some of the road accessories — front fender, saddle, lighting equipment, front brakes and so on.

"The transmission wasn't touched, but the engine had alcohol carburetors instead of the ordinary twin Black Shadow type as used for road work."





That little wedge on the back mudguard was all the "saddle" there was for "Rollie" Free (left, in black).

Slight changes were made to the gearing, after the initial runs, then very early one morning the machine streaked across the Salt Flats at Bonneville, Utah, scene of many historic speed-record attempts, and covered the mile in 24.10 seconds. Then came trouble. "Rollie" was careless in slowing down and turning for the return run and he fouled a plug. It held him up too long for him to be able to make the return run within the 20 minutes rule.

He started again and did a north run in 24.37 seconds and the return in 24.27, which gave him an average speed of just over 148 miles an hour — a record, but not the best the machine could do. On these runs, "Rollie" tore his leather breeches, so on the next two runs he wore only bathing trunks and

shoes. These runs topped 150 mph, which was what he had aimed at.

"Everybody asks me what it feels like to travel at more than 150 miles an hour on a motorcycle," Rollie said afterwards. "The chief sensation was in the acceleration and Black Lightning is unbelievable when it comes to acceleration."

"She did 90 in low gear, 110 in second, 130 in third, and, of course, 150-plus in top."

"I used the back corner of the gas tank as a sight and held the machine on to the painted line. The broad cross stripes painted at the end of the trap told me when I had entered and left it."

"The engine was so smooth and the machine so stable that I could have slept on the job."

BOB O'BRIEN

## Small Talk

WHY cannot barracks be looked after in the same way as Ministry of Health offices are looked after? Why not have an army of charwomen and pensioners to do various chores as civilians, so that the soldier can devote the whole of his time to training or sport or recreation? — Brigadier O. L. Prior-Palmer, MP.

\* \* \*

I think I am right in saying that of every two cadets who go to Sandhurst one will reach the rank of lieutenant-colonel... No one can say the Army is a bad career when officers can rise to the rank of lieutenant-colonel within about 20 years and receive the pay and pension

that go with it. — Mr. F. J. Bellenger, MP.

\* \* \*

Recent leading article in *Catterick Express* attacked troops who indulge in "wolf whistles" and similar bad manners at cinemas, to the annoyance of those cinema-goers who have grown up. If they did this in their home-town cinemas, says the article, they would be thrown out.

\* \* \*

On a lamp-post at Claygate, Surrey was an arrow bearing the words: "To NAAFI Headquarters." Below was a Safety First notice reading: "Think—This step could be your last."

## Facts About SOLDIER

IN September, 1945, when **SOLDIER** first began to print in Germany, copies could be produced at a very low cost—a lower figure than had been possible in Belgium during the previous six months.

Since then, the economic situation in Germany has changed and production costs of **SOLDIER** have steadily risen.

In order to keep the purchase price at sixpence—and no comparable magazine printed in colour gives 48 pages for sixpence—it is necessary to raise **SOLDIER**'s circulation even above its present high figure.

The magazine now goes to all Army commands, but there are still soldiers who write to say that they "never see **SOLDIER**." It is quite easy for them to make sure of receiving a copy by filling in the order form below. It is also quite easy for presidents of regimental institutes, or welfare officers to order **SOLDIER** in bulk for re-sale to their men, as many units do; in this case unit funds benefit by the 15 per cent rebate—and some large units order many hundreds of copies a month.



**SOLDIER** isn't just a magazine to put in the unit reading room, for a soldier ought to have for himself. If you have a friend in the Army who doesn't know how to get **SOLDIER**, tell him.

Civilians cannot subscribe to **SOLDIER** (though thousands of them want to), but there is no reason why you should not send your copy home when you have read it; in fact, there is every reason why you should. **SOLDIER**'s mailbag shows that there is tremendous interest in the magazine by the parents of serving soldiers. And most fathers were soldiers once.

Even though **SOLDIER** is not on sale to civilians, you may continue to take it after release.

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**SOLDIER** may be ordered individually or in bulk on 6 or 12 months subscription: payment by British Postal Order, cheque on a UK bank, or BAFSV.

### RATES

- 1 copy for next 12 issues (12 copies) 6s.
- Stamps cannot be accepted.
- Subscription enquiries should quote receipt number.

Readers in BAOR, BTA, BETFOR and Low Countries should mail their order form to Distribution Manager, No. 1 British Army News Unit Detachment, BAOR 3, making remittance payable to "District Cashier, a/c **SOLDIER**." Readers in other overseas theatres and in Home Commands should send their order forms to Circulation Dept, **SOLDIER**, No. 1 British Army News Unit, The War Office, 60 Eaton Square, London SW 1. In this case cheques and postal orders should be made payable to "The Under-Secretary for War (No. 1 BANU)."

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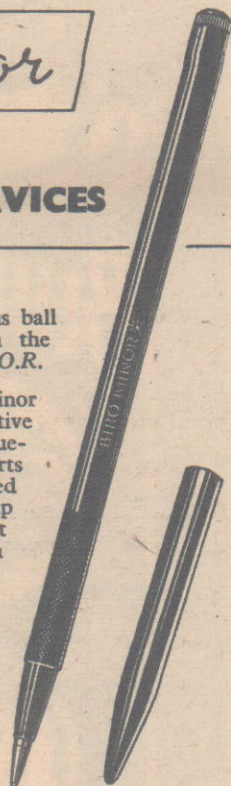
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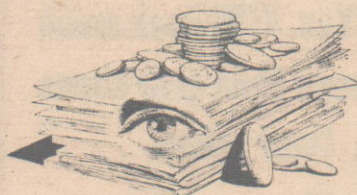
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to tackle the infection in the throat and nose—clear the head, relieve throat soreness.

**TAKE SMALL DOSES OF T.C.P.**  
to help the system to throw out the Cold toxins (poisons) that cause feverishness and headache.

**O**BVIOUSLY, if you feel a Cold coming on, the first place to tackle it is where the germs lodge and multiply—in the nose and throat membranes. But don't forget that the general symptoms of a heavy Cold—feverishness and headache—are due to toxins (poisons) escaping from the nose and throat into the system. So, to make reasonably certain of stopping a Cold quickly, you need to tackle it internally, as well as by gargling.

That's just what the T.C.P. "Two-Way" Treatment enables you to do. For T.C.P. is a really safe antiseptic that you can use as

a gargle and take internally as well. And it's the internal antiseptic action of T.C.P. that gives your system just the help needed to throw off the Cold toxins, before they can get a hold.

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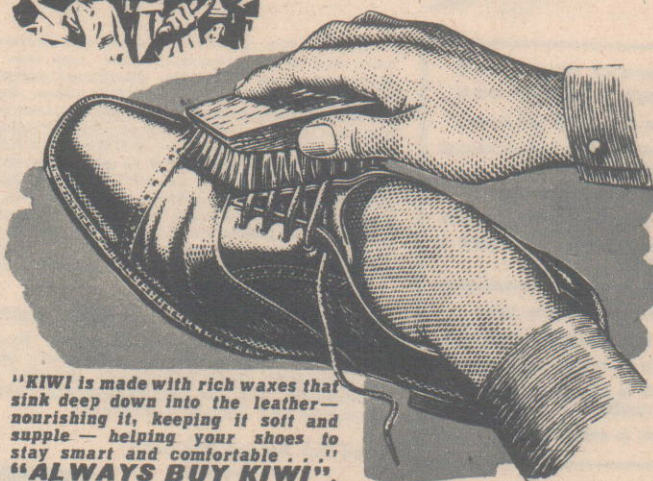


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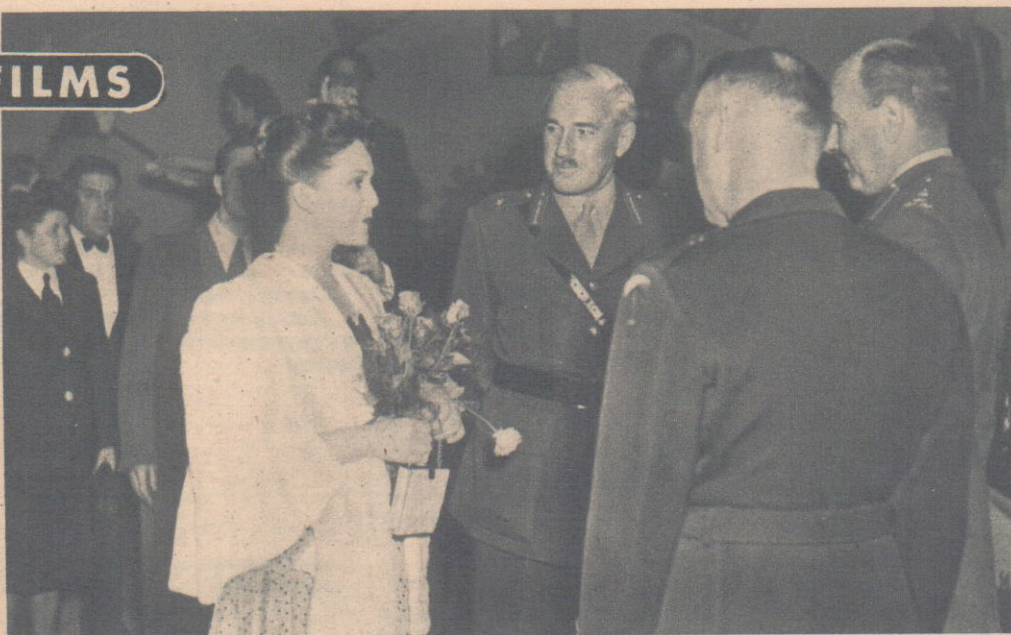


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## FILMS



Left: Beautiful spy among the commanders is Jean Kent, on her German tour. Above: "Split" Waterman, star of "Speedway," gave talks on the dirt track to Aldershot troops. Below: Bonar Colleano, who gave an amusing one-man show in the Jerboa Cinema, Berlin.

## PERSONAL APPEARANCE

A FILM star's contract does not merely bind him or her to appear in so many films; it also calls on the star to make personal appearances as required, spreading goodwill and charm over as wide a radius as possible.

The Army Kinema Corporation has recently persuaded stars to radiate their charm a little further afield than London's Leicester Square. First there was Jean Kent, whose triumphal progress through Rhine Army was a publicity man's dream; then came Bonar Colleano, also by permission of Mr. Rank, who gave a 45-minute one-man show in the Jerboa Cinema, Berlin; and Yvonne de Carlo (Universal), whose signature appears illegally on quite a number of AB 64's.

In the Aldershot area "Split" Waterman, the Wembley Lions speedway rider, made personal appearances in connection with his film "Speedway".

"But the man I'm waiting for," said one man with a Burma Star, "is Errol Flynn."



Below: "Sign my AB 64, Miss?" Rhine Army soldiers compete for the autograph of Yvonne de Carlo.

## Coming Your Way

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

### LOVE FROM A STRANGER

John Hodiak has played so many villains he says, "I'm tired of shuddering when I look at myself in the mirror." He shuddered some more after making this picture, which was based on a play by Frank Vosper based on a story by Agatha Christie. He plays a Bluebeard whose last wife is Sylvia Sidney, a pleasant enough end to a career of matrimony.

### THE NOOSE HANGS HIGH

Abbott and Costello mixed up with the gunmen again and emerging victorious and virtuous. The virtue, they claim, is an ingredient of success in film funny men: neither has ever had a "wolf" scene, though there are always pretty girls in their pictures, and neither has been shown breaking a law.

### RELENTLESS

An old-fashioned melodrama, about murdered prospectors, a torn map of a goldmine and a last-minute, dying confession in the Sheriff's ear. This time it's dressed up in colour and has Robert Young and Marguerite Chapman.

### ALIAS A GENTLEMAN

Coming out of prison after ten years, to an honestly-achieved fortune, old lag Wallace Beery decides to go straight. But, oddly enough, his old partner-in-crime doesn't believe it. There's a bogus daughter and kidnappings and shootings, but dry your tears: it all comes right in the end.

### BODY AND SOUL

Boxer John Garfield shows plenty of the body in the ring. He wrestles with his soul between-times, and even when he's boxing. Lilli Palmer and Hazel Brooks provide soul-mates.





# 'ASPRO' is EVERYONE'S STAND-BY against WINTER ILLS

'ASPRO' is the medicine of many uses instead of one—that is why it is a stand-by for all against winter ills. Its action is rapid; its results sure; it contains no irritating impurities, produces no harmful after-effects.

**FOR COLDS & INFLUENZA** take two 'ASPRO' tablets, with a hot drink if possible, directly you feel the first symptoms coming on, and follow this up by taking two more with a hot drink at bedtime. In most cases you will find the cold has disappeared by morning.

**FEVERISHNESS** As an anti-pyretic or fever reducer 'ASPRO' is known and used all over the world. It reduces the temperature without any depressing effect. Two tablets every two hours can be taken without the slightest harm.

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**NEURITIS & LUMBAGO** For these depressing complaints the best result is obtained by taking two 'ASPRO' tablets four times a day, after meals for preference.

**SORE THROAT** Put two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a tumbler of water, stir, and gargle with the mixture. The soreness is rapidly soothed away and myriads of tiny 'ASPRO' particles adhere to the lining of the throat, exerting a lasting, healing influence.

Remember, during the cold season most of these troubles show themselves, so

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# LETTERS

## AMERICA CALLING

What are the chances (and necessary qualifications) for an American to enter your Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst? —Cpl. John D. Driesbach, Secretary General Staff, HQ European Command, US Army.

★ An American is not eligible for admission as a candidate for a commission in the British Army. His only possibility of attending the Academy is to be nominated by the US Army authorities, but they have never yet asked for a vacancy. Candidates must also be between seventeen-and-a-half and eighteen-and-a-half years old.

## WHY?

1. Why do not National Servicemen (fixed or interim) receive the same release benefits as National Servicemen (emergency)? In some cases the interim man serves longer than the emergency man.

2. Why is it that single Servicemen who are living at home, and thereby not consuming Army rations, are not allowed to receive ration allowance, while married Servicemen receive it?

3. Why are conscripts not given the same opportunity of promotion as Regulars? —Bdr. J. P. Manerheim (address supplied).

1. The benefits laid down in Regulations for Release 1945, were originally framed for men who had served through the war. It was never intended that they should continue in peacetime. Inevitably there has been some overlapping, and some men who did not serve very long and who had no war service have been lucky enough to get war-time release benefits.

2. If a single man is living out of barracks and there are no Army rations for him, he does get ration allowance. If, however, his barracks are nearby and he merely has a sleeping-out pass, there are three meals a day for him in barracks and if he does not choose to eat them, that is his own concern.

3. There is no rule barring National Servicemen from promotion. But a CO must not leave himself without senior NCO's. If all Corporals and

● **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.

Lance-Corporals were National Servicemen, where would the Sergeants and WO's come from?

## MOTHER'S VIEWS

As the mother of a young soldier just finishing his two years' service, may I point out how unfair is the decision not to issue the "fixed term Serviceman" with a civilian suit or cash in lieu. In two years my son has outgrown all his clothes and worn out his shoes. It will cost me at least £20 to fit him out for civilian life, apart from the amount I have lost because of the interruption of his studies.

I am seriously worried that he will not go back to studying. If so, it will be a bit too much for me to have to find the money for a complete new clothing outfit into the bargain. On behalf of all mothers in similar circumstances I suggest that these boys ought to have a cash grant of £20 or £25 to refit them for civilian life as many of them have outgrown everything they had. —"Mother" (name and address supplied).

★ **SOLDIER** gladly prints a mother's view. But if this young soldier had not been called up, would he not have grown out of his clothes just the same—as a student?

## BATTLE HONOURS

Which regiment has most battle honours? —Pte. W. Hesketh, 49 Supply Depot, RASC, BTA.

★ As the Brains Trusters would say, "It all depends what you mean by battle honours." Honours are

## IN WHICH SQUARE ARE YOU?

### 1 IS YOUR PERSONALITY GOOD?

COULD YOU address a public meeting to-night without notes?  
Have you personal courage?  
Can you "create" will-power?  
Are you a good mixer?  
Can you think and talk "on your feet"?

### DO YOU HAVE PERSONAL DEFECTS?

ARE YOU a "shut-in" personality?  
Are you handicapped by marked shyness, inability to "mix"?  
Are you a prey to fears, worry, weariness or depressions?  
Do you suffer from inferiority complex?

2

### 3 IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS?

DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory?  
Are you always "mentally alert"?  
Can you plan and organise?  
Can you write and talk convincingly?  
Can you conduct interviews?

### ARE THERE MENTAL WEAKNESSES?

DOES YOUR mind wander?  
Do you lack mental energy?  
Do you put off important decisions?  
Are you overlooked in the race for promotion?  
Do you day-dream?  
Do you require a mental tonic?

4

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## 2 minute sermon

**R**IGHTNESS and wrongness are not things that depend upon me or you or any one of us. They are standards that exist outside us. We either recognise them or we don't.

Our trouble today is that we have no standards by which to measure ourselves, hence the confusion about living. We think a certain thing may be right but we are not quite sure.

We need a Guide—someone who will tell us whether this is right and that is wrong; a Guide we can trust, someone who has made a good job of living and who knows all the answers; someone who can say, "This is the way to live. Watch me."

No one really wants to drift through life without a purpose. As we face another year we want more than anything else an objective which can satisfy the best that is in us. We really need someone who can bring out our best qualities, someone to whom we can give the best that is in us. We shall never understand ourselves unless we realise that our happiness lies in giving rather than in getting.

It is true that some things which are right for me are wrong for you, but we cannot give the answer by ourselves and there is no book of rules to give the answers to us.

The only way to get the answer is from a Person whom we serve and whom we worship.



given to regiments in various forms and for various reasons.

In some campaigns, honours were given for individual battles such as "Salamanca" and "Loos" and the at end of the campaign a further honour was given covering the whole of it, like "Peninsula" and "France and Flanders". In other campaigns, such as the Crimea, honours were given for individual battles but not for the campaign as a whole.

Forms of battle honours vary from the inclusion of new insignia in the regimental badge, to changing the status of the regiment — the DCLI were converted to Light Infantry in honour of their defence of the Residency at Lucknow.

A perusal of the Army list will show which regiment has most "names" credited to it—but that is not a fair computation of battle honours.

## CAMERAS

Are cameras of German origin allowed to be taken out of Germany? We are told to declare them to the Customs or they will be confiscated; but will they be confiscated in any case, or can we pay duty on them and bring them to Britain? — **Bdsn. D. Mucklow, Regimental Band, 1st. Bn. RSF, BAOR 14.**

★ All cameras brought into Britain are subject to Customs Duty and must be declared. Providing it is not ex-



"If you can convince the Customs..."

German Army equipment, there is no reason why a German camera should not be taken into Britain. If the owner has a certificate signed by his OC saying that he has had the camera for some time and has used it regularly, and if he can persuade the Customs officer that the camera is for his own personal use, not for re-sale or intended as a gift, it will be allowed through duty-free.

## NOT SO CUSHY

I disagree whole-heartedly with S/Sgt. Cranston's suggestion in your November issue that a general overseas medal should be awarded during peace-time. Surely a limit must be reached somewhere or the country will run short of metal.

I have been in what he calls a "cushy" home billet for two years, but I spent four years in BNAF, CMF and Palestine and wear six medal ribbons. If I and a good many more like me are not entitled to a "cushy" billet for a while, may I ask who is? — **A Civvy-Attached Gunner (name and address supplied).**

## Answers

(from Page 15)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Cockatrice. 2. Notorious private school in Dickens. 3. Manchuria. 4. Alastair Sim. 5. Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. 6. A Sicilian terrorist society of last century. 7. (a) Hillman; (b) Ford; (c) SS; (d) Standard; (e) Humber; (f) Vauxhall. 8. Marlborough; Scott; Montgomery. 9. Let her sleep (Morpheus was the god of slumber). 10. A kind of fur used in dress-making. 11. She's Sally Ann Howes, who is on the back cover of this issue.

## TWO STRIPES

Accompanying your article on the Guards Depot (SOLDIER, August) is a picture captioned, "L/Cpl. D. Williams on gate duty." This is hardly correct, as the NCO wears two stripes.—**Rfn. D. Field, Rifle Brigade, 2nd Echelon, MELF.**

★ The caption is correct, because in the Brigade of Guards lance-corporals wear two stripes. This is believed to have originated with an order from Queen Victoria who wished to have Palace guard reliefs posted by a full corporal instead of a lance-corporal, on the grounds that a lance-corporal can be made to do sentry duty and a full corporal cannot. In order that there should be no possibility of the NCO's who marched the sentries to their posts having to do sentry duty themselves, it became the rule for lance-corporals to wear two stripes. To avoid confusion nearly all full corporals have always been promoted acting-serjeant and given three stripes, but there are isolated cases in the Guards where corporals are found with only two stripes. To distinguish between these and lance-corporals is not easy when they wear battle-dress, but in ceremonial dress lance-corporals, like Guardsmen, wear only one brass band round the cap peaks, while corporals and acting-serjeants wear two. Full serjeants wear three, and in addition have gold braid to their uniforms, whereas lance-serjeants wear white braid.

## TRY AGAIN

Six times I have applied for a rehabilitation course, so that I shall not be completely rusty when I return to my civilian trade. Each time the application has been rejected and I am told "try again later". Do they think my name is Robert Bruce or something? — **Pte. V. E. Barnard, Pembroke Arms Hotel, Wilton, Wilts.**

★ Whether the Army runs a rehabilitation course on any particular subject depends on the number of men who wish to take that type of course and on the equipment and instructors available. If for one or both of these reasons, the course is not available, an applicant is told to apply later, when a suitable course may be on the syllabus.

## STORM OVER MQ'S

According to a national newspaper, vacant married quarters for 17 families at Colchester are to be handed over to Colchester Corporation. I know quite a number of soldiers' wives in that area who are encamped in huts in the country and who would be very glad of those quarters. The whole question is a very sore one with many Regulars who have to find civilian accommodation for their families, or live in Army hostels, while Army quarters are occupied by civilians. Why are these quarters being handed over when there is a long waiting list of service families? — **Mrs. E. M. Aldridge, 12A Chadbury Court, Watford Way, Mill Hill, London.**

★ This press report seems to have caused a stir in Colchester too.

The GOC Eastern Command has approved the issue of an explanatory letter to the newspapers there. It says that the block in question was condemned as unfit for habitation in 1938 and has not been used since. It is some distance from the areas which are being developed for soldiers' families

and lacks bathrooms and the simplest modern conveniences.

The possibility of modernising the block was rejected owing to the high cost and to the fact that it would divert labour and materials from the new families estate, where 130 houses have already been built, and more are under construction. As the block is near the centre of the town, it was thought that Colchester Corporation might find some use for it. No final decision has yet been made, however.

## GOING PLACES

Can a soldier serving overseas spend his 19 days home leave in some other country? I wish to visit relatives in Norway.—**Sigmn. L. P. Lohan, Hildebrand Barracks, Harrogate, Yorks.**

★ A soldier can spend his 19 days leave anywhere he likes, but must make all his own arrangements. He must fix up his own journey, with an assurance that he can return within the leave period; obtain his passport and/or visa and arrange provision of the necessary currency. If serving overseas he must also be prepared to pay the difference between the cost of his journey and the cost of a journey to Britain and back.

## SHORT LEAVE

Can one claim ration allowance for 72 hours leave? — **"Room 25 E", A. & E. Trade School, Bordon.**

★ Officially there is no 72 hours short leave. A CO can grant 48 hours for which ration allowance is not allowed. If a man gets 72 hours it means he is taking part of his privilege leave, for which ration allowance is permitted. Exceptions are at Bank Holiday when short leave, including the Monday, may total 72 hours but

no ration allowance is allowed. The reason is that the leave is still officially a 48-hour one, but the Monday is an additional free day.

## THE FIRST BOMBS

Can you please tell me the date on which British aircraft first bombed Berlin, also the date of the first German bombing of Britain and when the first British civilian was killed?—**Gar. S. G. Lambeth, HQ, RASO, RAF, Fassberg, BAOR.**

★ A power station and a factory in Berlin were attacked by Hampden aircraft on the night of 3-4 September 1940. The first bomb dropped by German aircraft in Britain landed on Hoy, Orkney Islands, on 17 October 1939, and the first civilian was killed at Bridge of Waith, Orkney, on 16 March 40. The first German bombs dropped on the British mainland fell at Canterbury on the night of 9 May 1940.

## CLAIM FOR INJURY

About two years ago I was injured by a civilian truck while I was on duty training as a Despatch Rider and my face was disfigured. The driver of the truck was found guilty of dangerous driving. Can I make a claim for insurance from him? — **(name and address supplied.)**

★ If the civilian driver was employed by some municipal or Government department, any claim would be barred after six months from the accident. In any case, the Court would want to know why there had been so long a delay in claiming. You are advised to consult your nearest Army Legal Aid Section.

(More Letters on Page 46)

# Shorthand in 24 hrs

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\* Original letter and Student Record Card available for inspection.

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# MORE LETTERS

## LATEST DATES

We hear that release for the 'fixed term' men is re-starting early in the New Year. Can you give us any official griff? **Four "Fixed" Fusiliers (names and addresses supplied).**

★ Here is the first release table that has been issued since the announcement of the three-months release hold-up:

101 Group — 10 Feb to 17 Feb 1949;  
102 Group — 18 Feb to 26 Feb;  
103 Group — 27 Feb to 5 March;  
104 Group — 6 March to 18 March;  
105 Group — Begins 19 March, closing date not yet announced.

## PAYS TO VOLUNTEER

The original release date announced for Age and Service Group 77 was from 1 to 26 October 1948. A further three months have now been added, making the dates 1 to 26 January 1949.

Before the three-months hold-up, however, a soldier could defer his release voluntarily until 31 December 1948 (DV/GD/E). He then became a "fixed term of service" soldier and the new compulsory deferment did not affect him.

It would therefore appear that the soldier who is Group 77 DV/GD/E will, in fact, be released before the soldier who did not voluntarily defer his release. **Sgt. J. R. Redfern, 25 Coy. RASC, BTA.**

★ That is quite correct. Although the voluntarily deferred soldier may, if he wishes, defer again another three months, he is not compelled to do so; which goes to show that it does pay to volunteer in the Army sometimes.

## RELEASE WRINKLE

I end my service with the Colours on 24 April 1949 after completing 22 years pensionable service. Since the Age and Service Group release programme ends on 31 March I shall not get 56 days paid release leave, together with overseas service leave. As a married man, this means I shall be losing £114. If I apply for free discharge now would I be eligible for 56 days release leave, overseas service leave and a pension for 21 years service?—**WO II J. Newton, Royal Sussex Regt, Corsham, Wilts.**

★ Regulars going on discharge after 31 March 1949 will get 28 days terminal leave. A man who applies for free discharge now will get no terminal leave but will receive a grant in lieu of overseas leave, if admissible. Providing a man signed on before 19 December 1945 to complete 21 years he will also be considered for a modified pension, that is, pension on Colour

service performed, less ten per cent, so there is really nothing to be gained by going out now in an effort to gain increased release benefits. See "Let's Get This Straight."

## GETTING AIRBORNE

Can you tell me if volunteers are still required for the Parachute Regiment and the Glider Pilot Regiment? I am a Regular serving in the Royal Armoured Corps.—**Tpr. D. T. Bone, 14/20 King's Hussars, Cambrai Lines, Catterick, Yorks.**

★ Yes. Volunteers are still urgently needed both for parachute duties and for the Glider Pilot Regiment. Members of RAC units cannot volunteer for the Parachute Regiment, which is confined to Infantry, but can volunteer under ACI 329/47 for a parachute course which would be followed by a three-years tour of duty with an RAC Airborne Unit. Alternatively they can apply under ACI 783/48 to qualify as parachutists and then return to their units.

A volunteer for the Glider Pilot Regiment must have at least three-and-a-half years Colours service still to do when he sends in his application. Full details in ACI 72/48.

## RE-JOINING

I intend taking my release in March 1949, having completed 12 years with the Colours. If I want to re-join after a few months, can I do so? Will my previous service count towards pension? Can I come back in my previous rank? Will I be able to re-engage to complete 22 years for a pension?—**Sgt. R. J. Williams, No. 1 Trng Regt RE, Malvern, Worcs.**

★ Once a soldier has left his unit for release he will not be allowed to re-join to serve on his previous engagement (see King's Regs. 509(a)). Exceptions are sometimes made, however, and men may be allowed to return to the Colours and count qualifying service on previous engagements towards a pension.

If they are permitted to re-join, they will be re-granted their rank in accordance with the terms of ACI 627/48 paras 11—14.

Thus there is no guarantee that the released soldier will be allowed to re-join or, if he is, that he will be re-granted his rank.

The only safe way is to re-engage to complete 22 years before the end of the present engagement, without taking release.

## Let's Get This Straight New Codes for Old

A change-over from one system to another always gives rise to complications and misunderstandings and the post-war code of pay is no exception.

It was introduced in order to bring pension regulations of all three Services into line. Before the war, a sailor, a soldier and an airman, all with the same service in equivalent ranks, might leave the Forces with quite different bonuses and pensions. The new system aims at equal treatment for all.

But what of the soldier who engaged to serve for 21 years before the introduction of the New Code? Is he forced to accept the new terms even if they are less beneficial to him?

The answer is no. A man who signed on before 19 December 1945 (when the New Code was introduced) for 21 years Colour service has the right, when the time comes for him to be discharged, to be dealt with under the Old Code.

Note that phrase "When the time comes for him to be discharged." It has caused much misunderstanding.

A man who has done 16 years continuous Colour service is eligible for free discharge. If he has done 18 years service he is, under the Old Code, also eligible for a modified pension; that is, full pension on the Colour service he has put in, less ten per cent. Under the New Code there is no such thing as a modified pension.

Many of the letters to SOLDIER run as follows:—

"I signed on before 19 December 1945 (or re-engaged or re-enlisted) to complete 21 years with the Colours. I therefore have the right to be dealt with under the old pay regulations. Can I apply for free discharge with a modified pension after 18 years service?"

This is where the clause "when the time comes for him to be discharged" crops up.

A soldier cannot apply for discharge with a modified pension, because under the new system there is no modified pension and he cannot exercise his right to treatment under the old one until he is discharged.

What he can do is to apply for free discharge (see ACI 768/48 para 13). Then, if it comes through, he will automatically be given special consideration for a modified pension under the Old Code.

## ANOTHER aspect of the New Code which bristles with complications is that of Service gratuities.

The White Paper on the subject simply states: "In future a soldier who is not eligible for a service pension will receive £50 after ten years service and a further £25 for each year in excess of ten, up to a maximum of £200."

The snag in this is that only service after 19 December 1945 counts for this gratuity. Yet it would be unfair to expect men who already have long periods of service to their credit to do a further ten years before earning any gratuity and special provision has been made for them.

Providing they eventually complete a total of ten years service they will receive £10 gratuity for each of their sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth and tenth years and for each completed year after that they will receive £25, up to the maximum of £200.

This rule has given rise to letters such as the following:—  
"I complete 13 years of my 22 years engagement in June 1951 and am therefore entitled to £125 gratuity (£10 for each year for the sixth to the tenth and £25 a year thereafter). Can I use this money to buy myself out?"

In point of fact this man is NOT entitled to £125 gratuity.

Don't forget that the new scheme started from 19 December 1945, so no gratuity is payable for service before that. In December 1945 the man quoted above was in his eighth year of Colour service. Therefore on 19 December 1946, having completed the first full year from the introduction of the New Code, he will become eligible for £10 gratuity, being then in his ninth year of service. On 19 December 1947 he gets a further £10. On 19 December 1948 he is in his 11th year and will get £25 and in December 1950 a final £25, making a total of £95, which he can, if he wishes, use towards buying his discharge.

A greater disappointment awaits the soldier who will have completed 16 years Colour service in May 1949 and thinks he can claim free discharge with the full £200 gratuity.

As he was in his 13th year of service on 19 December 1945, he will get £25 gratuity for each completed year after that date, totalling only £75.

All these wrinkles will iron themselves out in the course of time, as the old soldiers slowly fade away.

## PAY INCREASE

Chief feature of the Pay Increases announced by Mr. A. V. Alexander, Minister of Defence, is the new six-star system, allowing for finer gradations of Army pay.

Exact details of how the stars will be allotted have not yet been published but here is the new pay-table:

Recruit and one-star private... no change; Two-star... 5s 6d; Three-star (present two-star)... 6s 6d; Four-star... 7s 0d; Five-star (present three-star)... 7s 6d; Six-star... 8s 6d.

These figures are for Privates. Lance-corporals will continue to get 6d extra and corporals 2s 6d.

Serjeants, staff-serjeants, WO's I and II will all get an increase of 1s 6d.

The new rates of marriage allowance for Regular Other Ranks will range from 42s to 56s a week, an increase of from 7s to 11s. National Servicemen will not be included in this rise. Nor will they receive the pay increases until they have completed their first year of service.



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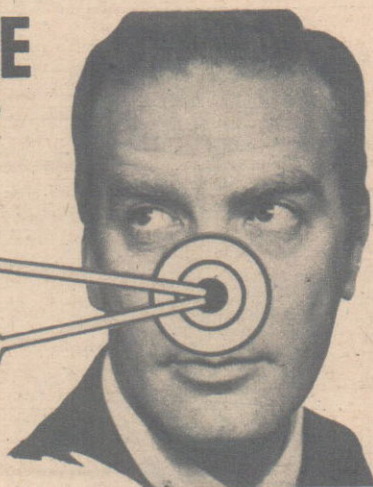
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# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



SALLY ANN HOWES  
— J. Arthur Rank

Sally Ann  
Began  
To be called Old Stager  
While still a teen-ager.