

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

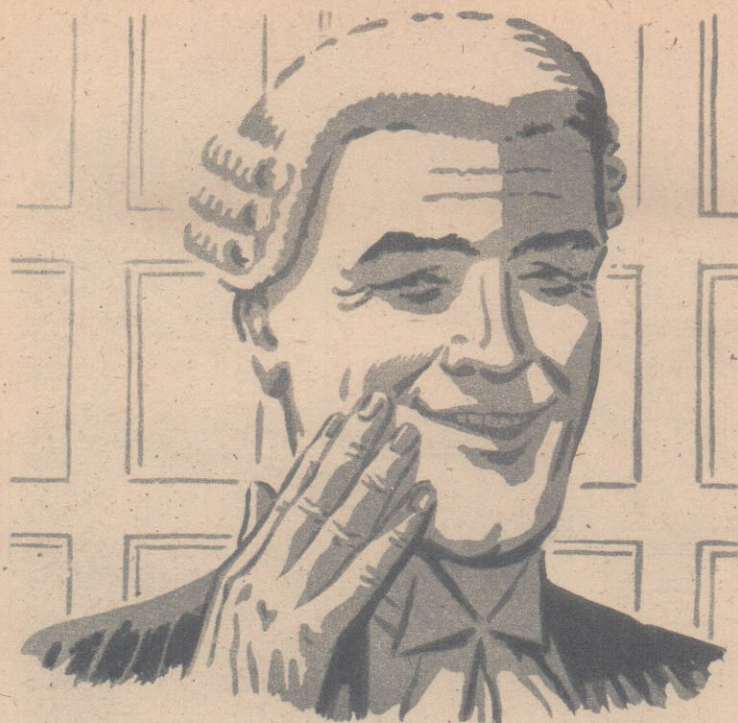
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ARMY MAGAZINE

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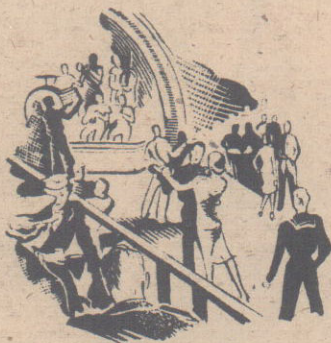
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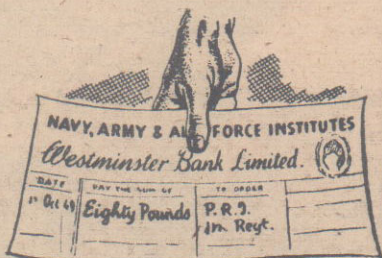
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Rothmans Pall Mall





REPORT FROM THE ROCK

FROM the deck of a trooper, Gibraltar is formidable. The Rock looks naked and unfriendly; the buildings of the town seem to pile higgledy-piggledy on each other, below the west face.

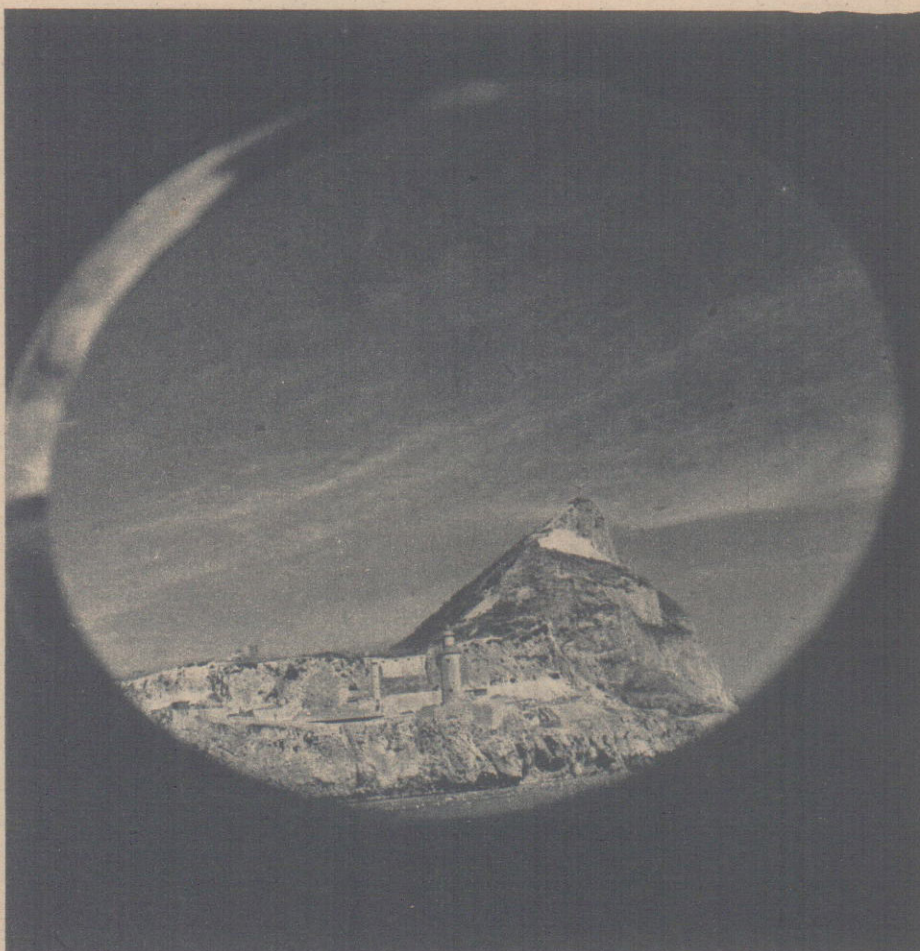
From its narrow, hilly streets Gibraltar is bewildering. It is so small — three and a half miles from end to end, a mile across — and yet there seems so much of it. After a few days the reinforcement stops disbelieving the veterans who say "You have to be on the Rock two years before you can say you really know it."

Meanwhile the newcomer starts learning the immediate facts about life in Gibraltar, and the first is that although nothing is more than three and a half miles away in a straight line, he will have to go over, through or round a hill — and probably all three — to get anywhere and that distances measured on a map can be deceptive.

And so Gibraltar has a lot more motor-vehicles than you would expect in a place of its size. Most of their work is done in low gear and petrol consumption is high. There are taxis of all shapes and sizes, mostly very old and dilapidated in looks but efficient — they must be efficient if their engines and brakes are to cope with Gibraltar's hills. There are also some ancient, high-built gharries, some of which are powered by mules.

Only one bus company in Gibraltar runs a scheduled service with modern vehicles. Most other buses are ancient Americans, though one shows signs of being a converted British Army three-tonner, and they keep no time-table at all. They simply wait until there are enough passengers on board and then start. Sometimes soldiers going from barracks to entertainments find it quicker to walk.

In the town, where houses crowd three or more stories high over narrow streets, no motor-hooters are allowed to sound. As the pavements are narrow and most people walk in the roadway, drivers keep their windows down and thump the doors of their cars to try to clear the way. Bicycles are allowed bells and some motor-drivers have tried fitting bicycle bells to their steering wheels, but it hasn't done them much good.



What the passer-by sees of Gibraltar. From the Straits, Europa Point is a foreground as rugged as the Rock itself.

Nobody believes that a bicycle bell behind him heralds a three-tonner.

Other unusual laws concern animals. Dogs must be kept muzzled; Gibraltar is free from rabies and dogs are allowed in only direct from the United Kingdom or Eire and none are allowed over the border from Spain. If you keep pigeons in Gibraltar they must not be allowed free because they would foul the rain-water catchments on which Gibraltar depends for nearly all its water.

The Gibraltarians, in whom there is Genoese, Moorish, Spanish and British blood, are a friendly lot with a high moral standard and only one house in Gibraltar is out of bounds to troops. A soldier who wants to take a Gibraltarian girl to the pictures will have to take a chaperone too, and if he does it two or three times he will have to answer questions about his intentions.

They have only one notably picturesque custom and that is on New Year's Eve. At midnight everyone finishes the bottle from which he or she is drinking and throw's it (and with it, according to tradition, evil spirits) out of the window. It is a tribute to the efficiency of the City Council that the streets are cleared of broken glass by working hours of 1 January.

Another method of warding off evil spirits used to be to nail a live cat over the doorway of one's house. That custom has gone, but Gibraltar still has an enormous cat population and Fortress



SOLDIER staff-writer RICHARDELLEY (right) and photographer DESMOND O'NEILL (left) have just been to Gibraltar. This article gives their first impressions. Later stories will deal with the Army's activities on the Rock



The Fortress Gibraltar flash. The golden key on the red field is part of the ancient arms of Gibraltar granted by Queen Isabella of Spain nearly 450 years ago.



How Gibraltar gets its drinking-water: catchments on the east side of the Rock. The weapon-pit in the foreground was made by the Black Watch in World War Two.

The German barque, *Carl Vinnen* of Bremen, captured early in World War Two, lies in Gibraltar harbour. In front of her is the *Hayle*, the Governor's 21-knot barge.



Continuing

REPORT FROM THE ROCK

Headquarters Local Regulations for Allowances formally records that "An allowance of 3d per day has been approved for the maintenance of three cats in the Supply Reserve Store. An allowance of 1d per day has been approved for the maintenance of one cat in the Grand Stores and Sandpits Ordnance Stores."

But those are military cats. Civilian cats are rounded up in "Cat Week" once a year and destroyed, unless they have a red ribbon round their necks to indicate that they are somebody's domestic cats. So few ribbonless cats are found that rumour has it they tie ribbons round each others' necks. But life is not all cream for beribboned cats; Gibraltar, having no pasturage for cows, has no fresh milk, and none is imported from Spain because Spain is short of milk too. There are no goats, either; the authorities are afraid of the "Malta fever" they might bring with them.

You can meet almost anyone in Gibraltar simply by walking down Main Street. There in the day-time you can buy almost anything, from cigarettes at 1s 1d for 20 to nylons at 7s or 8s a pair; the only thing rationed in Gibraltar's shops is food, but rations are generous and housewives don't have to worry much.

In the evening, Main Street is still full, with strollers who stop now and again for a drink in one of the cafes which sell nearly any kind of drink at reasonable prices. Some cafes try to attract custom with bands, mostly composed of Spanish women, and Spanish dancers, but these honky-tonks are pretty drab

A bull-fight or CSEU concert-party? Both kinds of entertainment are advertised on Gibraltar's bill-posting sites.





Miss Helen Ebsworth, daughter of the Senior Combatant Military Officer, announces on Gibraltar's Radio Distribution Service.



Brigadier W. A. Ebsworth and Lieut-Col. E. Brickman, (2nd Bn The Cameronians) with the Neuve-Chapelle sword which is said to have cut German barbed wire in 1915.



Three RE tunnellers wash the Rock's dust away in NAAFI's open-air beer-garden. Troops may wear civilian clothes off-duty in Gibraltar.

places, like similar so-called cabarets anywhere else along the Mediterranean coast.

There are two night-clubs servicemen can visit in plain clothes; they are more expensive, furniture is better and lights are lower, but the floor-show is given by people who have been entertaining in honky-tonks on the ground floors of the same buildings.

Patronage of Gibraltar's night-life varies according to the number of warships in harbour. Sometimes you may see parties of British, American, French and Greek sailors, as well as British soldiers and airmen, painting the town a mild pink at the same time. But whoever is in, Gibraltarian girls smile and pass sedately on and at closing time the Spanish dancers and bandswomen are packed into special buses and driven over the frontier. There are no late dates in Gibraltar.

Two Services cinemas and two civilian cinemas, one of which shows Spanish films, are open every evening. Sometimes a Combined Services Entertainment show drops in to play for a few days; sometimes there is British, American or Spanish variety and occasionally Spanish opera at one of the civilian cinemas; and always there are amateur theatricals, concerts and debates run by Services and civilian organisations, among them the British Council's Calpe Institute. There are plenty of Services clubs, too.

For stay-at-homes there is the Gibraltar Radio Distribution Service, run by Army Welfare. It relays BBC programmes by wire to loudspeakers in nearly every barrack-room and billet and supplements them with an increasing number of "live" programmes by troops and civilians from its own studios.

To young soldiers trying to expand an education that was retarded by war conditions, one of the most useful places is the Royal Army Education Corps centre, which carries on 43 classes in 28 subjects, from shorthand to clay modelling and building construction to harmony. One member of the RAEC, Sgt. J. A. Roberts, has one of the Rock's oddest jobs.

He is attached to the Gibraltar Defence Force, which consists of Gibraltarian conscripts who are trained by the Royal Artillery. Most of its present soldiers are youngsters who were evacuated from Gibraltar to Britain during the war, interrupting a Spanish education and getting only part of an English education to replace it. The result is that they

are not able to read or write either language very well and Sgt. Roberts, who is bilingual, teaches them Spanish and English simultaneously.

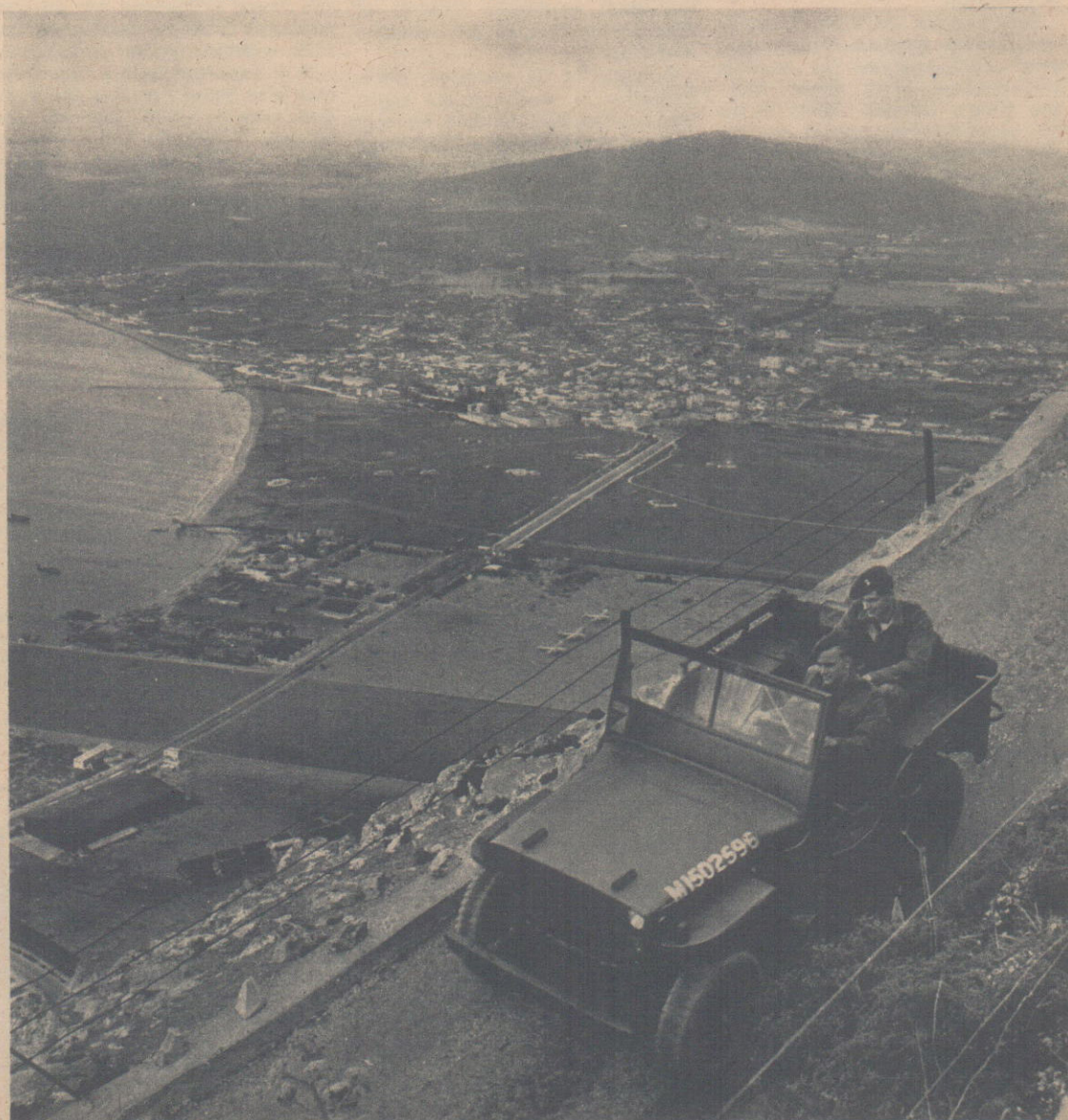
British soldiers learning Spanish or who just want to go rubbernecking, can get into Spain from time to time. It costs nothing to walk over the border into La Linea and mooch around the

shops; the more adventurous can take a ferry across the Bay to Algeciras for the day, or there are bus trips to Malaga. Army Welfare organise three and four-day trips to places like Jerez (where sherry comes from), Seville, Granada and Cadiz.

One of the attractions across the border is the bull-fight. Some of the best matadors ply their

OVER

Spain from the Rock. The only road linking Gibraltar with the mainland runs (left) across the RAF's runway. The town in the background is La Linea.



Concluding

REPORT FROM THE ROCK

trade in La Linea and most soldiers go to a bull-fight just once, out of curiosity. Some of them become bull-fight fans, others find it a repulsive pastime and the skill and morality of bull-fighting make a constant and hotly-debated talking-point in canteens and barracks.

For troops who have never been to Africa, a day-trip to Tangier is a big attraction. The place is interesting, there is some good shopping in the Moorish bazaars and the fare is reasonably cheap — you can fly there in 20 minutes for £2 15s, the fare including the return trip.

But trips to Spain and to Tangier mean changing Gibraltar pounds into Spanish pesetas and that is a problem because there are four different rates at which they can be changed. There are also restrictions about carrying pesetas in and out of the three countries. The commercial rate of exchange is 44 pesetas to the pound; there is a Spanish tourist rate of 66 to the pound; on the "free market" you can get 100 to 110 to the pound; and in Tangier you can get an official rate of 110 to 125. Only at the highest rates are prices in Spain and Tangier comparable with those in Gibraltar.

Each Sunday the King's Chapel, which is the garrison church, gets good congregations of willing church-goers. Built about 1531, the King's Chapel claims to be the second-oldest owned by the War Department—the oldest is in Dover Castle. It has some priceless Queen Anne communion plate taken there when the British captured the Rock in 1704 and the scared Franciscans fled to Spain from the convent of which the chapel formed part.

In the last few months, a scheme has been started to turn the King's Chapel into a shrine for regiments which fought either at

the capture of Gibraltar or in the Great Siege of 1779—83. Those who were at the capture have been asked to lay up stands of Colours in the chapel and the Grenadier Guards and Coldstream Guards have already done so. The other regiments are still considering ways and means and some of those which were in the Great Siege are to present Seville lanterns.

The King's Chapel runs its own social club, which has been going for seven or eight months. It has 50 members and makes a point of keeping in touch with members who have been posted away from Gibraltar or released from the Army. The ex-members are sent a monthly news-sheet and already about a hundred copies are being posted to Great Britain.

On Europa Point, at the southern end of Gibraltar, is a small Royal Artillery chapel which has the distinction of being the most southerly Church of England building on the mainland of Europe.

In spite of its confined space, Gibraltar is well off for sport. Besides football, cricket, hockey, boxing, it has basket-ball, rowing, sailing, small-bore shooting and good beaches for swimming and sun-bathing. The Army Welfare office also has a stock of golf clubs which soldiers can borrow if they want to go golfing in Spain.

Until World War Two, Gibraltar had a racecourse, which was a link between the garrison and the horse-loving Andalusians across the border, who used to send their horses and jockeys to race there. But the racecourse had to give way to an airport in World War Two and the half-crown grandstand became, for a while, the operations room.

Another World War Two casualty was the Royal Calpe Hunt, formed of two hunts, one of which was started in Spain by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular war. Because there

is no room for hunting in Gibraltar (though there are foxes on the Rock) the Calpe's meets were in Spain and, like the racecourse, the hunt made for good relations with the local Spaniards.

On the Rock itself there are some good walks, but security is strict; no soldier can get by the Gibraltar Security Police posts without showing his pay-book and there is trouble for anyone who tries to take a camera on the rock without special permission.

It is reported that a unit road race was being run over the Rock and nobody had warned the Security Police, so that when the field reached a security gate, without pay-books in their running-shorts, they were all turned back.

Gibraltar is keen on road-racing and once a year the garrison competes for a cup presented in 1912 by Mr. W. H. Hoare, a former racquets professional who is 68 but still turns up annually to present the cup to the winners.

Gibraltar's Mediterranean weather is usually good for sport, but when the east wind blows, a low dense cloud called the Levanter forms over the Rock, the air becomes stuffy and sticky and you get what troops call the *mañana* (Spanish for "tomorrow") feeling.

Domestic life in Gibraltar is passing through much the same difficult phase as it is in Britain. Besides a shortage of married

quarters, the Army has a lot of out-of-date barracks. Everything possible is being done to modernise them, but Gibraltar, with its civilian housing shortage, is short of building materials and the Army just has to make the best of things.

One unit is trying to brighten its quarters with some smart barrack lockers made out of packing-case wood and tea-chests. But it will be a long time before there is enough material to make a locker for everyone and SOLDIER found the CO trying to work out how best to allocate the first two. Someone had suggested the drivers of the two best-maintained vehicles; someone else advanced the claims of two men who had boxed well for the unit. The CO was perplexed.

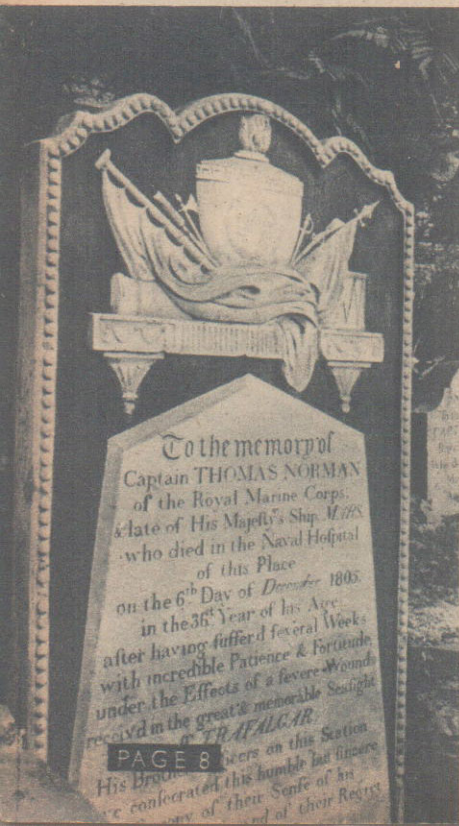
Because of Gibraltar's unusual topography there is a water-shortage, so that there is only flat-tasting rain-water to drink and bath-taps and most wash-basin taps produce salt water. This makes taking a bath rather complicated and the salt gums up the plumbing. But generally there is enough rain-water available to wash the salt off one's body and a rain-water shave gets you near enough to the razor to please the most fastidious inspecting officer.

With a twice-weekly air service and surface mail, Gibraltar's post from home is quick and regular. Soldiers who need to be rushed home on compassionate leave go on the first available plane or ship, whether it is a VIP's personal aircraft or a destroyer; more usually they go on the nine-hour British European Airways flight to Northolt and in some cases have been in their own homes within 16 hours of hearing that a near relative was dangerously ill.

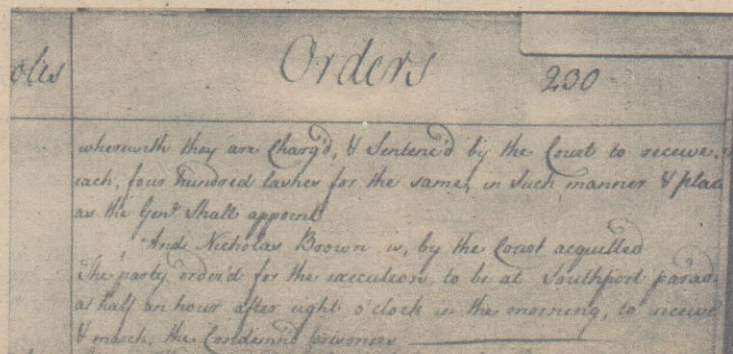
This nearness to home, the sunshine and the amenities have made Gibraltar popular as overseas stations go. Not every soldier likes it, of course, but there are some who have been there well over ten years and still want to stay. The normal tour is three years and, except for a few specialists, the Army will not give extensions now. As far as possible, everyone gets a chance to serve on the good stations.



Fresh fish in Gibraltar's Main Street. The picturesque vendor crosses from Spain every day.



Left: A tombstone in Trafalgar Cemetery. Many of the graves are older than Trafalgar. Below: The files of Fortress Orders go back to 1720.



A saluting battery of 25-pounders fires a sunset gun each day.

To the memory of
Captain THOMAS NORMAN
of the Royal Marine Corps
late of His Majesty's Ship *M188*
who died in the Naval Hospital
of this Place
on the 6th Day of December 1805
in the 36th Year of his Age
after having suffered several Weeks
with incredible Patience & Fortitude
under the Effects of a severe Wound
received in the great & memorable Sea-fight
at TRAFALGAR.



"Is Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery allowed to speak in the House of Lords if he wants to?" asks a reader of **SOLDIER**.

The answer is yes — but it is not customary for serving Servicemen to take part in debates on Army policy. This tradition was broken recently, however, by Admiral Lord Fraser, who rose in uniform to discuss naval matters.

As Chief of the Imperial General Staff Field-Marshal Montgomery has a seat on the Army Council, which gives him an opportunity to put forward his views in the quarter where policy is decided.



One of the original members of the Territorial Army—and a volunteer officer before 1908—Colonel Lord Nathan was appointed, in 1945, Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War and Vice-President of the Army Council. In World War One he was a Major in the 1st London Regt. and soldiered at Gallipoli, in Egypt and France. He has been Minister of Civil Aviation since 1946.



One of the younger peers with a fine fighting record in World War Two is the 17th Baron Lovat, whose family Territorial regiment is the Lovat Scouts. Early on he joined the Commandos, reaching the rank of brigadier in 1943. As a lieutenant-colonel in command of No. 4 Commando he led an assault on one of the coastal batteries at Dieppe. He has the DSO, MC and Croix de Guerre.



A Territorial Gunner officer who served on "Monty's" staff in 21 Army Group, Lord Mancroft once regaled the House with his experiences as a sergeant-major — "I am afraid I must have bawled at people in a way which nowadays would be considered most undemocratic". Widely quoted was his description of ATS uniform "a humiliating combination of sackcloth and sandbag".

SOLDIER PEERS DISCUSS THE ARMY

When the House of Lords discusses the Army it can draw on the brains and experience of field-m Marshals and ex-Ministers, serving Territorials and ex-Regulars. Their discussions run from rations to recruiting, pay to paint, training to transport. And the other day one of them talked about **SOLDIER**

IT is doubtful whether there is any legislative body in the world which contains more soldiers than the House of Lords.

They range, these soldier-peers, from the grey-haired field-m Marshals — like Lord Birdwood and Lord Chetwode—who fought in the South African War to the newly ennobled field-m Marshals of World War Two: Alanbrooke, Alexander, Montgomery, Wavell and Wilson.

They range from the distinguished fighting men of World War Two, like Lord de L'Isle and Dudley who won the VC at Anzio, and Lord Lovat, who was a Commando brigadier, to the men who have borne the worries of the War Office—former Secretaries for War like Lord Hailsham and Lord Margesson, and several former Under-Secretaries.

Take a look through *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*—the *Who's Who* of Parliament—and you will find that the peer with

no service record is a rarity (there are, of course, a handful of peers who are still school-boys). Soldiers outnumber sailors and airmen, though there is a small but powerful group of admirals. Even the "specialist" peers—like the Law Lords—often have their Army links and loyalties. There are also non-military peers who show what might be called a professional interest in the Army, like the Lord Bishop of Truro, who said in an Army debate: "I am one hundred per cent in favour of freedom of worship . . . (but) I do not think it is unreasonable that men who have put themselves down as C. of E. should be called upon from time to time to unite in the worship of Almighty God."

No matter what the subject under discussion, the House of Lords can usually produce a select group of peers who can speak from personal experience,



Lord de L'Isle and Dudley earned the VC as Major William Philip Sidney, Grenadier Guards, in the Anzio beach-head. The Germans, with six divisions against one British division, had penetrated the forward rifle companies of the Guards, and Major Sidney immediately led a Tommy-gun attack, repulsing the enemy. The Germans counter-attacked and closed in to about 20 yards; a grenade hit Sidney's face, bouncing off and exploding by him. Injured in the thigh, he nevertheless dragged himself forward and performed more execution with his Tommy-gun. Before his wounds could be dressed, he helped to repulse a second counter-attack. Lord Dudley's father-in-law (Lord Gort) was also a VC.

constructively and responsibly, often wittily and always urbanely. An Army debate is no exception. The chances are that Lords Bridgeman, Nathan and Pakenham—all of whom have a War Office insight into the Army's workings—will be taking part. Other probable speakers are peers who have had recent staff experience on active service, notably Lord Mancroft and Lord Reading. If it is a Territorial Army debate Lord Long and Lord Moynihan will probably be on their feet; the latter recently reminded his fellow-peers: "This is the fifth time I have raised men for the Territorial Army."

In these debates it is a matter

of regret to some of the younger members that the more venerable soldiers—the generals who fought fuzzy-wuzzies—often remain silent, for fear, possibly, of being branded as out-of-date.

The House of Lords has an Army Committee under the chairmanship of Lord Bridgeman. Of the seven members—Lords Long (secretary), Mancroft, Rochdale, Moynihan, Reading, Llewellyn and Nathan—the first four are serving Territorial officers. Although Regular officers do not ordinarily speak in the House the Territorials suffer from no inhibitions.

Strictly speaking, the House of Lords cannot debate the Army

Estimates as financial questions are involved, nor can they reject the Estimates. The peers steer round this obstacle by introducing a general motion and then gathering up any loose ends which may have been left from the Commons debate. Often there is no War Office representative on the Government Front Bench, so another Government peer has to be briefed in order to reply to the debate.

SOLDIER went to the House of Lords when Lord Mancroft moved "to call attention to the problems connected with the Army and especially with the Territorial Army; and to Move for Papers." Moving for Papers is the way the Peers ask for a discussion; at the end of the debate the motion is withdrawn.

Lord Mancroft said the taxpayer was entitled to ask if he was getting full value for the money spent on the Army and the soldier was entitled to ask if he was getting adequate money for the value he was giving.

He was concerned with the slow recruiting for the Territorial Army and its equipment and accommodation. He was also worried because so many battle-trained soldiers who had been released were cut off from the Army. He thought SOLDIER ("a most admirable paper which I doubt if many of Your Lordships have seen") could meet both the needs of the serving soldier and of the ex-soldier who wanted to keep in touch.

Making his maiden speech, Field-Marshal Lord Wilson sounded nervous; but before the debate was over he had received several graceful compliments.

Another field-marshal, Lord Wavell spoke as Colonel of an Infantry Regiment—the Black Watch. He was afraid the Group System, mishandled, might interfere with the regimental spirit.

Lord Listowel, who replied to the debate, confirmed that the Government were worried about the Territorial Army recruiting figures and announced a big recruiting campaign in the autumn. He promised that Mr. Shinwell would be told of the points raised by their Lordships.

The debate lasted four-and-a-half hours but the Army was not dropped as a topic for the House. In a week's time their Lordships would be talking about the Army again in a debate on the Army and Air Force Bill.



Descendant of the Iron Duke, the seventh Duke of Wellington inherits such proud titles—as Marquis de Torres Vedras, Duque de Ciudad Rodrigo and Prince of Waterloo. In World War Two he served with the BEF, and later in the Middle East and Sicily. Recently in London's County Hall he partnered Mr. Emanuel Shinwell in receiving guests at a Territorial Army rally.



Outstanding among many peers who have served in two world wars is Major-General Lord Bridgeman, CB, DSO, MC, of the Rifle Brigade, who was Director-General of the Home Guard from 1941–1944, and later Deputy Adjutant-General. He helped to prepare the way for the bill which turned the ATS into the WRAC. He brings an authoritative voice to Army debates.

WERE THERE (H.O.T.) IN YOUR BILLET ?

WERE you ever feted, by mistake, as a field-marshal? Did your military duties ever include being midwife to an elephant? Were you ever billeted in a haunted house?

Have you, in fact, had any Army experience that you think is worth telling your friends?

If so, SOLDIER wants to hear about it—and will pay for it. For the best story under the heading "My Strangest Experience in the Army" SOLDIER will pay £20, with a

second prize of £5, a third of £3 and a fourth of £2. Any other entries published by SOLDIER will be paid for at professional rates.

These are the rules:

1. The competition is open to all ranks up to Warrant Officer Class I of the Army and WRAC.
2. Stories should not be more than 300 words long. They must be about experiences in the Army, in peace or war. You may submit more than one story, but each should be on a separate sheet of paper.

3. Photographs, either illustrating the story or of the writer, may be sent with entries. Negatives should be sent with prints, if possible.
4. SOLDIER hopes to publish prize-winning entries and selection of other stories. The stories may also be published by provincial newspapers.
5. Each entry must bear the writer's full name, unit address and also home address in the United Kingdom in block letters.
6. Entries should be addressed to
The Editor,
SOLDIER,
The War Office (AWS 3),
60, Eaton Square,
London, SW 1.

Envelopes should be marked "Competition".

7. Entries must be received in SOLDIER office by 15 July 1948.
8. The Editor's decision is final.

£20
FOR YOUR STRANGEST
ARMY EXPERIENCE

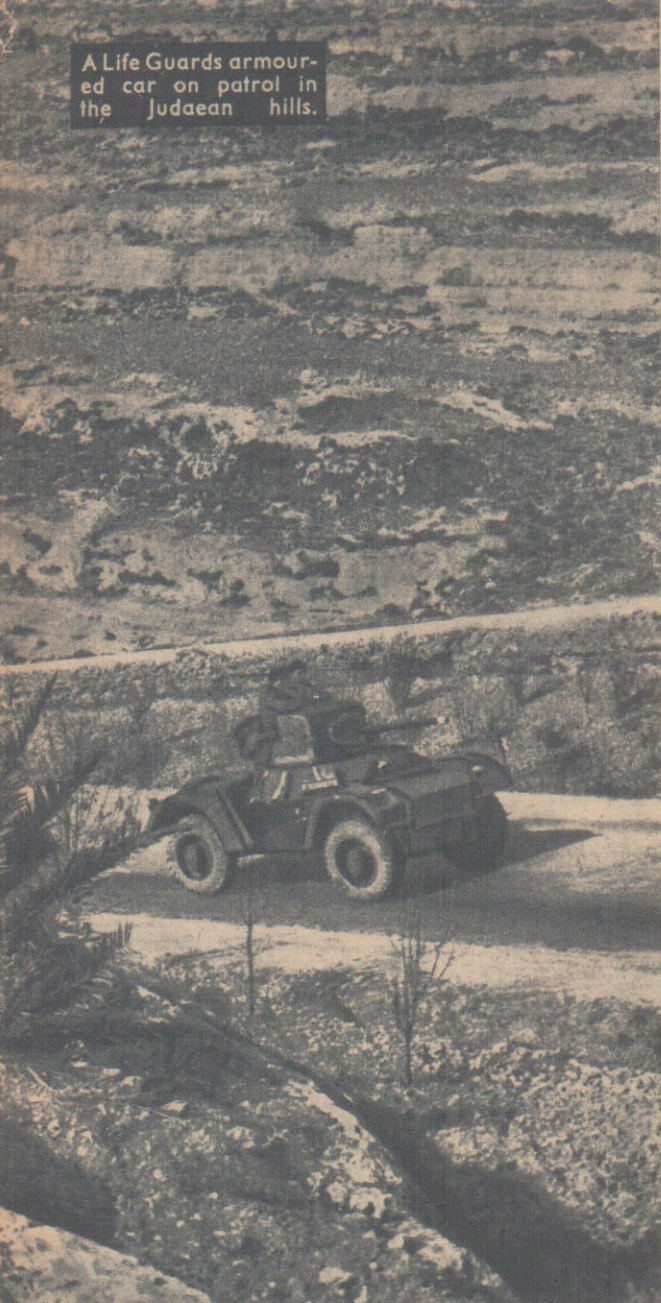
THE 33 WHO FELL

THE Parliamentary War Memorial will shortly be inscribed with the names of 33 members of the House of Lords and 22 members of the House of Commons who fell in World War Two.

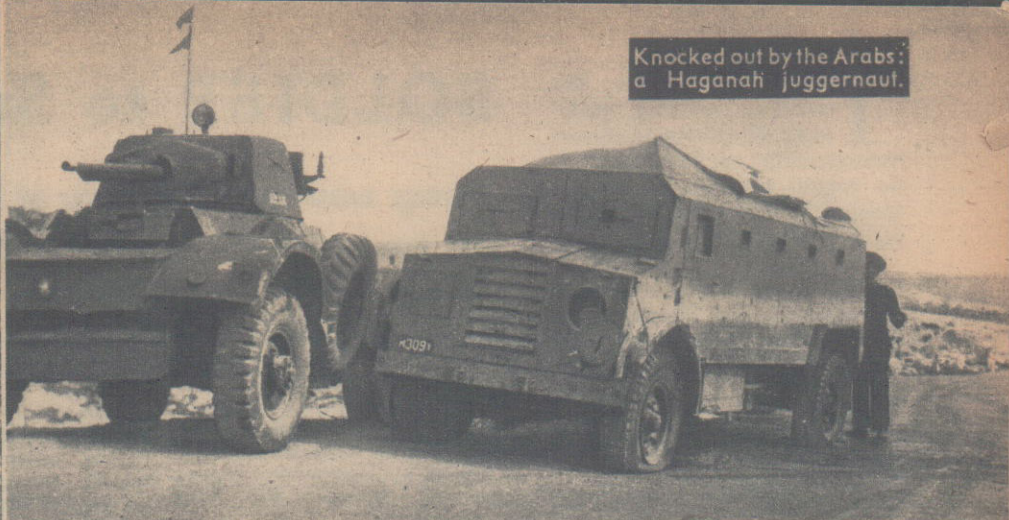
Among the peers who died in action was Lord Lyell, VC.

The badges of their units will be contained in a new stained glass window.

A Life Guards armoured car on patrol in the Judaeen hills.



Knocked out by the Arabs: a Haganah juggernaut.



A Poem for Palestine

The snaking wire; the cold eyes at the casement;
The torn-up tracks beneath the heartless sky;
The sniper's crack; the bomb thrown in the basement;
The young who murder and the old who lie;
The vile who prosper and the just who die
To save the thankless who will die tomorrow;
The manger an unholy armoury;
The bullets peddled in the Way of Sorrow . . .
Hate boils the crucible, and as it spills,
Cockneys and Celts in the Judaeen hills,
Men from cool shires where life is dearly priced,
Contain the slaughter . . . even as they wait
To mount the last guard at the Jaffa Gate,
To look the last time on the tomb of Christ.

E. S. T.



The watch in Jerusalem.

"I could not have the soldiers getting soft," says Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery, explaining why he would not let his desert troops take up quarters in the villas and palaces of Tripoli.

It is an ancient problem: the Roman historian Tacitus grumbled about "a soldiery dull, slothful and corrupted by the circus and theatre."

Some people accuse Welfare of having a softening effect on the soldier. Field-Marshal Montgomery is not one of them; nor was Major-General J. M. L. Grover CB, MC who has retired from the direction of the Army Welfare Service, a post to which he succeeded after leading 2nd Infantry Division in the battles round Imphal. He looked on welfare as a strengthening force in men's morale, not as a way of cosseting those too fond of their creature comforts. And he regarded soldiers as human entities rather than cogs in a giant machine. For their benefit he ran newspapers and radio stations in distant parts of the world, and sent top-ranking "live" shows overseas. He helped them with their personal problems and directed a legal aid department which put experienced lawyers at the disposal of men with domestic worries, and such services as DILFOR (the flying of relatives to seriously ill Servicemen anywhere in the world — SOLDIER, February).

The modern soldier can hardly be expected to live like a happy savage, cut off from the world, during his army service. Keeping him in touch with his civilised background goes to preserve his fibre rather than soften it. If there is a case for thinking

SOLDIER to Soldier

"Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier." — Dr. Johnson

that soldiers of World War Two were less tough than those of World War One — SOLDIER does not think so, but Captain Cyril Falls, military critic of *The Times* does — the blame can hardly be laid at the door of Welfare, which has never stood for feather beds and 10 am reveille.

A planner can be too pre-occupied with detail.

But it is astonishing how somebody usually does think of the details, even in the midst of Homeric schemes. Ask the troops who were issued with "Bags, vomit, mark one" as they embarked on the Normandy assault craft. (If a detail is overlooked, rest assured Parliament will hear of it: the other day an MP complained that heating lamps issued to soldiers on guard duty in Cyprus had no spare wicks).

Here is a story to illustrate Planning with a capital P. Mr. George Rance, custodian of the War Cabinet's underground headquarters (see page 21), had the job of burning top secret papers. He carried them carefully to the furnace, raked red coals over them. One day it occurred to Mr. Rance that the powerful draught on the furnace might have blown odd sheets out into the streets of Westminster. It was a worrying thought. But Mr. Rance discovered that an unknown and unsung Planner had erected a

grille in the chimney for just this reason.

AS SOLDIER goes to press, there is no firm statement whether the underground headquarters of the War Cabinet is to be opened to the public, though the principle seems to be agreed that it should be preserved as a historic relic.

SOLDIER strongly urges that the headquarters should be thrown open; not indiscriminately to all comers, since the rooms and passages are small, but at least to organised parties of Servicemen and ex-Servicemen.

For, after all, what is this place? It is the headquarters of the winning side in the greatest war for freedom ever waged.

THERE are many definitions of a Good Citizen. The latest is: one who joins the Cadet Force in his teens, serves his spell as a National Serviceman, goes on the Territorial reserve for the statutory period (continuing, preferably, as a volunteer), and then, in middle life, devotes his spare time to Civil Defence or Home Guard.

Put like that it sounds a tall order, but that's the kind of world we live in.

In January 1950 the first of the National Servicemen go into the Territorial Army. The question has been asked: Will the volunteers and the conscripted pull together in peace

as they did in war? To which the answer is, "Why not?" The volunteers between the wars prided themselves on their easy blend of camaraderie and formal discipline. They do not want to say goodbye to it. But the pessimism some of them are expressing is surely ill-founded. The National Servicemen they are to welcome are, after all, only the lads from the neighbouring streets — in many cases their own workmates.

HITLER was undone because he believed war was a romantic undertaking which could be won by great strokes of inspiration. So say the authors of "Science At War" (the official publication reviewed on page 34).

Today, they declare, war needs the cold, rational, scientific approach; though they admit — happily — that "the mystic qualities of leadership and initiative" must not be overlooked. Cold reason may go a long way to win wars; so may cold courage.

But are the scientists being fair to themselves — let alone to the soldiers — when they pooch the idea of wars being won "by great strokes of inspiration"? What was Mulberry Harbour, if it was not a great stroke of inspiration? Was not PLUTO — pipe-line-under-the-ocean — the most audacious method of fuelling overseas armies ever conceived? What about Habbakuk — the idea of frozen landing-fields in mid-Atlantic — which would probably have gone far beyond the prototype built on a Canadian lake if the U-boat menace had not been broken by other means? All these projects called for infinite labours on the part of the scientists, but somebody had to have the stroke of inspiration in the first place.

Incidentally, it is odd to see the scientists forecasting that future wars "will tend more and more to be conducted in a civilian spirit" when, today, the demand goes up that this and that much-needed project in Civvy Street "should be tackled as a military operation."

ALAS, SOLDIER is accused by a WRAC girl — on goodness knows what grounds — of favouring Anglo-German marriages rather than all-British marriages. And this after we wrote, some while ago, commending the hundred men of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers who were "sufficiently old-fashioned to wish to marry English girls."

Apart from this wistful observation SOLDIER has expressed no views on marriage except to say (exactly a year ago): "The soldier, who, over-susceptible to a friendly atmosphere abroad, goes into marriage in a sort of romantic mist is taking on a risky proposition indeed. It is perhaps not a bad thing that the business of marrying a foreigner is tied up heavily in red tape; at least that gives a man a chance to sort his ideas out . . ."

That still goes.

PAKISTAN to PERTH

FIELD-MARSHAL Lord Wavell, wearing eight rows of ribbons, was there to welcome the 2nd Battalion The Black Watch (RHR) when they reached Perth after 11 years overseas. The Black Watch were the last British troops out of Pakistan. On their last parade through Karachi they marched with bayonets fixed and Colours flying.



Left: The townsfolk of Perth turn out to welcome the regiment. Above: RSM G. A. Strachan with the garlands presented by Major-General Akbar Khan, C-in-C Pakistan Forces.



"Morning, comrades..." — Reynolds News.

THE JOKE'S ON M.I.5 —



"Ah, RED tape, huh?"



"Anybody here from MI5... Anybody here from MI5..." — Osbert Lancaster in The Daily Express.

THE only War Office department to be known to the man-in-the-street by its official abbreviation — MI 5 — has always been game for the humorous artists; especially so since the check-up began on Communists and Fascists in the Civil Service.

Inevitably, the "Special Branch" of Military Intelligence must operate in secret. Since little is known of the activities of MI 5 the jokesmiths have a free field. On the whole the whimsies of the cartoonists are mild compared with some of the stories told by knowing types in bar parlours.

MI 5 cannot answer back, and probably does not want to. For years it has been accustomed to an extravagant press. The Sunday papers did much to build it up into a legend of infallibility and omniscience; now the cartoonists are eager to prick the bubble reputation. According to the Communist press, the Government is very cross with the cartoonists. Nobody knows what MI 5 thinks about it all. But that hollow wuffling noise you hear is probably MI 5 chuckling in its false beard...

OR IS IT?



"A bit too obvious. I think it's just a trick to get transferred to an easier job!" — The Evening Standard.



"Ex-Service men? Certainly not — that's the regimental band of MI5." — Osbert Lancaster in The Daily Express.



"I don't care if you are in MI5. You submit your reports through the proper channels."



THE ARMY BROUGHT

An Army truck pulled up at Bonn Museum and the driver asked the Curator to sign for a few boxes. One of them contained the skull of the Neanderthal Man, who roamed Europe long centuries before History began



Neanderthal Man — here reconstructed on the strength of the skull (seen above) and a few bits and pieces — was not, say the scientists, an ancestor of modern man, but a member of a separate race of ancient man. "In size of brain," says one authority, "he equalled, if he did not surpass, modern Europeans." Very pronounced were his superciliary (eyebrow) ridges; a trait which is evident, even to the layman, in the skull.



A piece of fossilised brown bone, something like a mis-shapen coconut shell, rests in a cardboard box in a small villa of the German University town of Bonn.

It is the Neanderthal Skull, two pounds of bone without price, which the Army recovered from its war-time hiding-place.

The skull was found by a German professor in 1856 in a chalk pit near the hamlet of Neanderthal. Its discovery opened the door to a new scientific examination of the development of man and is the basis on which much of our knowledge of pre-history rests.

Other skulls — the Pekin Man, the Java Man, the Piltdown Man — found at later dates added to the store of knowledge, but Pithecanthropus Neanderthalensis was the oldest of them all.

Science probed the ground around the chalk pit and added chapter after chapter to the story. Pith Nean had a museum built for him and was housed in splendour.

Then he disappeared from his old haunts and eventually turned up at Bonn, where he remained until 1939 when he was evacuated. First he went to live in an ancient Westphalian castle. From there, carefully packed in a wooden crate, he went to another German castle. Three or four more transfers followed until, towards the end of the war, he was buried in a deep bunker at Siege, in the Rhineland.

While battles raged, the skull, more than 60,000 years old, remained undisturbed — and forgotten.

With the surrender of Germany, men had time to think again about Pith Nean, but no-one knew

BACK THE SKULL —

where he was. Army Intelligence were told that he had been sold during the war for an astronomical sum to a collector who was gloating over him in secret.

Then one fine day, recently, an Army truck drew up at the Bonn Museum and a bored driver asked for a signature for a "few boxes" he had collected from the Americans for delivery to the Curator.

The Curator, Dr. Edward Neuffer, signed and took the boxes into his office. Inside one he found Pith Nean, safe and sound.

"So I put him in my cupboard," he told SOLDIER. "He's safe enough there. He can't be sold on the Black Market."

It is hoped this summer to restore Bonn Museum sufficiently for troops in BAOR to inspect Pith Nean and other pre-historic relics.

At Neanderthal, Pith Nean's

original home, the museum is visited by numbers of troops who also inspect the two "ice-age" horses and the herd of bison which roam the valley.

The horses, direct descendants of those which roamed Europe and Asia more than 60,000 years ago, are pot-bellied, shaggy-coated, long-tailed beasts with massive heads. They crop contentedly in the valley, utterly indifferent to visitors. There are only 19 others left in the world — mostly in Russia.

Around them mills a herd of wild bison, from whose ancestors all the world's cattle developed. They are fierce, untamed and ready to attack at the drop of a hat. The valley in which they live is wild, gloomy, hemmed in by lowering hills, watered by a roaring river which races to join the Rhine.



Once bison ranged the whole of Europe. Today soldiers can watch a few of the privileged survivors in the Neanderthal valley — a glooming Gothic valley which even the prosaic encyclopedia describes as "wildly romantic."

— AND 1800 TONS OF TREASURES

IN the wake of the British armies, from the first campaigns in North Africa to the last battles in Germany, went anxious experts on fine arts, monuments and archives, striving to safeguard the treasures of History: the ancient pillars and mosaics of Libya, the galleries and monasteries of Italy, the museums and church relics of Germany. In Italy and Germany art treasures were dispersed and hidden as the war neared. This article tells how a British team in Germany sought out the hidden valuables to prevent their deterioration, loss by smuggling or unauthorised sale

These statues represent Saint Ursula and some of the "11,000" virgins. Ursula was an Englishwoman who was massacred by Huns while on the way to Rome many centuries ago.

THE Neanderthal Skull has no market value; it belongs to Mankind.

In the same class are some of the items in the vast array of art treasures which the Army has been recovering, for the last two years, from German castles, mines, deep air-raid shelters and remote dwellings in the forests. Unofficially and irreverently, this project (now in its last stages) has been known as Operation Rattle.

If art can be measured by the ton it is correct to say that 1800 tons of the most prized paintings, statues, church relics and holy images have now been tracked down, collected and stored until the churches, art galleries and museums from which they came

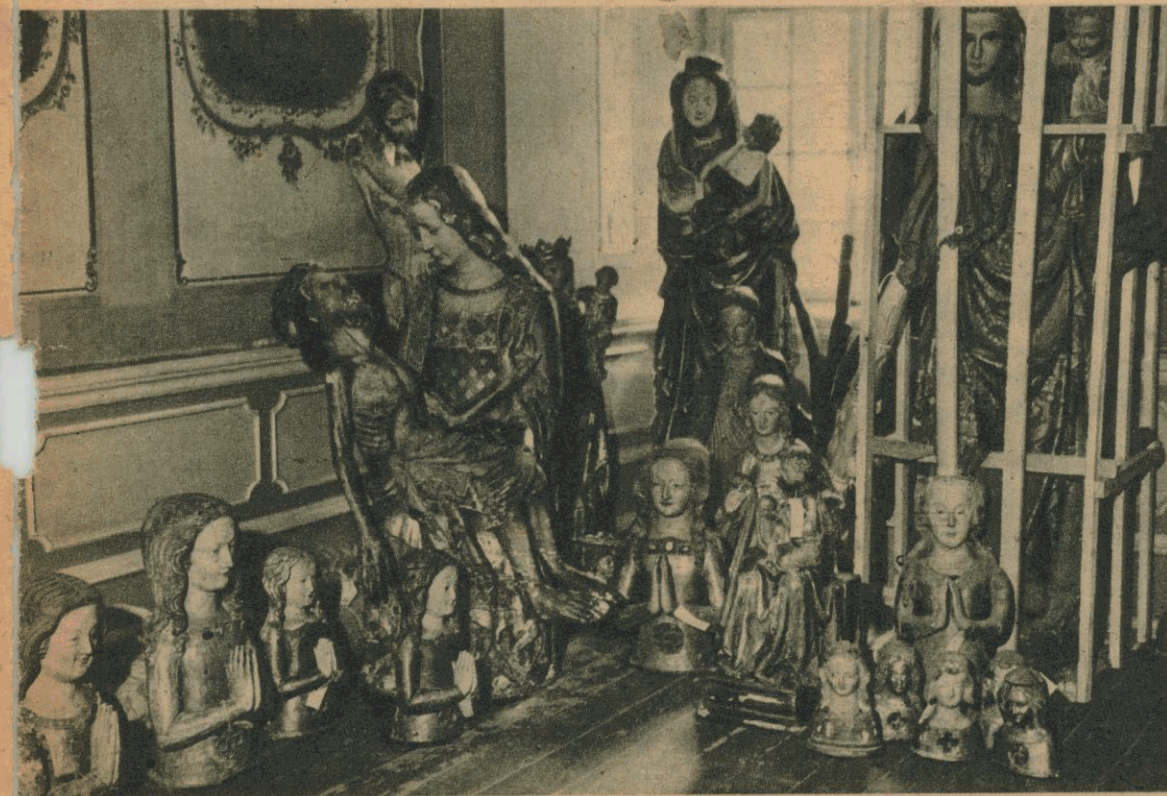
can house them again.

The job began when Major H. Murray-Baillie of the Intelligence Corps and Majors L. G. Perry and K. E. Steer, all peace-time art experts, were ordered to trace the treasures which the Germans removed for safety from the big towns.

With a dozen trucks from 36 Transport Coy, RASC and about 20 men at his disposal, Major Murray-Baillie got to work sifting masses of information, checking rumours, questioning hundreds of Germans, and maintaining contact with the Americans, who had huge dumps of recovered art treasures in Bavaria.

Officials of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Division of the Control Commission, with Mr. S. F. C. Hartley — one of the foremost experts on German church treasures — at their head, worked with Major Murray-Baillie establishing exactly what had come from where. Sometimes the hiding-places were well-nigh inaccessible, as when a convoy had to be backed three miles up a steep cart track barely wide enough to take the trucks, to reach the castle in which pictures and ancient manuscripts had been stored.

Another time a bunker dug into a hill and facing an ideal parking site was found to contain some long-sought examples of French painting. When Major L. G. Perry arrived to collect them he found that the American Army had cleared the site and





Major L. G. Perry directs loading of church statues and paintings. The Army restored millions of pounds worth of treasures without damage.



Historical relics included the seals of King Henry VIII's marriage to Anne of Cleves.



Continuing 1800 TONS OF TREASURES

established a gun park. The American battery commander took quite a lot of persuading before he agreed to move out his 155's and allowed the pictures to be taken to the main collecting castle at Grevenbroich, in the Rhineland.

In this castle, until recently guarded by a company of the Black Watch, are housed such famous pictures as Rembrandt's "Self-Portrait," Renoir's "Mr. and Mrs. Sisley," and works by Rubens, Gauguin and Van Gogh.

The castle is also the temporary home of Essen Cathedral's 11th Century Madonna. This figure of wood, plated with gold, is perhaps the finest example of church statuary of that period in existence. "No value can be placed on

it or other relics of a past age," said Mr. Hartley. "It might be worth £500,000 or £50; it all depends on one's sense of artistic values."

Among the other treasures recovered are statuettes of St. Ursula and the "11,000 virgins" from the Church of St. Ursula in Cologne.

St. Ursula was an Englishwoman who in the seventh or eighth century set out from Britain on a pilgrimage to Rome with 11 virgins. She was killed at Cologne by the Huns and her companions massacred. By a monk's error the number of the virgins grew from

11 to 11,000 — possibly an early Goebbels thought that a thousand-fold exaggeration had greater propaganda value.

A curious confirmation of the story came to light recently when workmen clearing the site of blitzed St. Ursula's Church found 12 graves in the foundations. Opened by officials of the Monuments, Fine Arts and Archives Division, they were found to contain the bones of 12 women, dead these many hundred years.

Apart from art treasures Major Murray-Bailie and his assistants have recovered the archives and registers of many German prov-

inces and towns. Also discovered were valuable old Biblical manuscripts, including a beautiful Codex of the Gospels, written in the 10th century. Its gold leaf decorations and its Imperial purple borders are as fresh today as when they were limned by a devoted band of monks more than 1000 years ago.

Of all these things, only two pieces were damaged in transit, although the only packing used was Army blankets.

Many of the paintings require restoration because the Germans had stored them badly.

"Now that we have recovered the treasures it is up to the Germans to restore them to condition," says Mr. Hartley.

JOHN HUGHES

Left: Rembrandt's self-portrait goes home... in custody of Fusiliers H. Middleton and S. Birch. Right: the gold-plated Madonna from Essen Cathedral, now kept in a German castle.



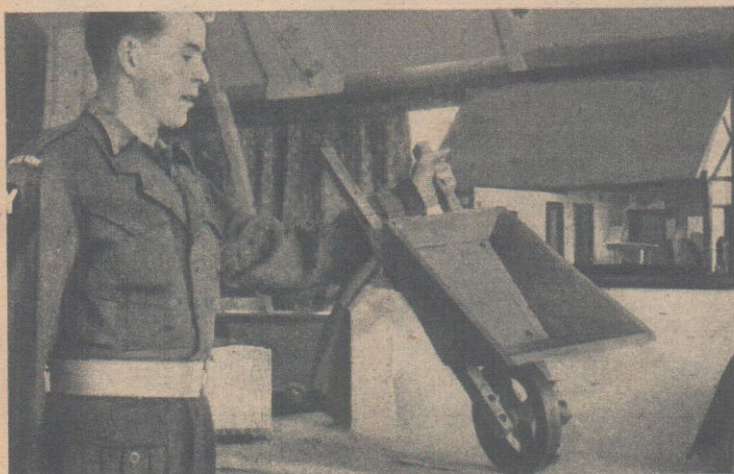
The General had an idea — and the result was the first Hobbies Exhibition to be held in Rhine Army. Entries came from private soldiers, from generals, and from the children of both

HOBBIES ON PARADE



General Sir Richard McCreery inspects the model Sunbeam-Talbot (scale 1/23) executed in wood by Aircraftman John Goacher, who plans his models from motor firms' brochures.

Highly commended was Signalman F. Whiteman for his wheelbarrow, here being admired by Private F. Hudson.



First prize in dress design went to Serjeant-Major P. Danin, 11th Hussars. He favours the New Look; WRAC girls and wives demurred.

This wooden jeep won a second prize for Sapper A. Johns, 1st Engineer Training Establishment. Jeeps always fascinate model-makers.



CORPORAL C. White, of the Police School, Gutersloh sent in a painting to Rhine Army's first Hobbies Exhibition. So did Major-General E. M. Bastyan, who is the Rhine Army Commander's right-hand administrator.

The two pictures were ranged almost side by side in the show-room. But it was Corporal White's painting which bore the "First Prize" label — a label worth £5.

There were nearly a thousand exhibits, ranging from paintings to toys, from weaving to book-binding — the result of many hours of winter leisure by Rhine Army soldiers, airmen, Control Commission workers, British families, civilian organisations and members of the Danish and Belgian forces (there were a hundred Belgian entries). The display was organised by the RAEC.

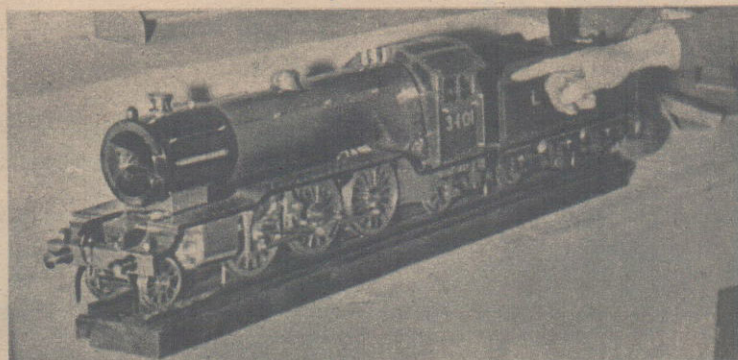
Among the more ambitious exhibits was a wooden model of a Bailey bridge containing more than 2000 pieces which took Major Julius Caesar, late of Rhine Army HQ and now a civil engineer with CCG at Hamburg's docks, several months to complete. Major Caesar, like his illustrious namesake, was a

bridge-builder. He first had the idea of making the model as a toy for his small son when he was designing the real thing over the Rhine. He hopes to patent it and thinks it has great possibilities as a constructional toy. The only tools he used were a stiff-backed razor blade, a drill and a fretsaw.

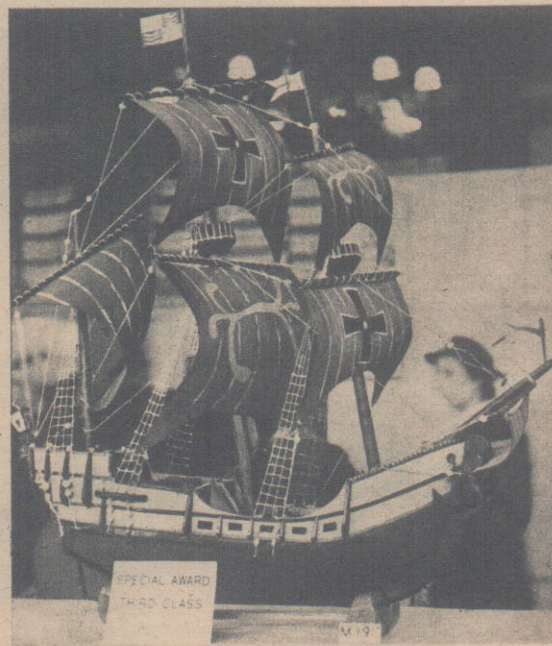
Among the more modest entries were those in the children's section, which featured entries from the six-years-old son of Major-General G. P. B. Roberts, Commander Hanover District and the small daughter of Major-General van der Donk of the Belgian forces.

General Sir Richard McCreery suggested the exhibition with the idea of encouraging troops to spend their leisure usefully. He hopes that next year the exhibits will be numbered in thousands. Most units in Rhine Army have the tools; some have already planned their next year's exhibits.

The colonel's hobby: this working model of the "Bantam Cock" locomotive was made by Lieut-Col. J. T. Gough, RTR.



Serjeant-Major Fred King made this galleon from a cherry wood log, a pot of paint, some three-ply and string.





An underground ammunition district, showing the electric conveyor belt running through the centre of the tunnel. There are ten districts in the subterranean depot.

Underground in WILTSHIRE

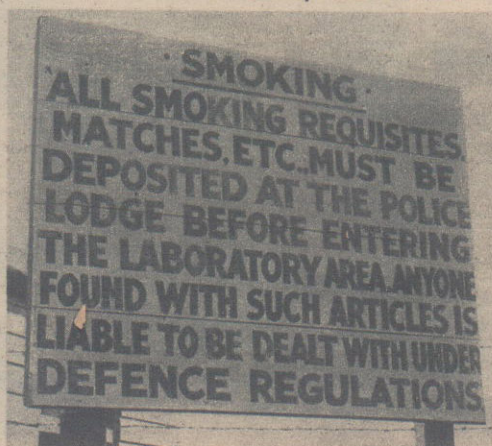
THE GREAT HOARD BELOW THE HILL



In the depot's laboratories a storeman records the details of a 40 mm round. Every new batch is checked for faults.



Ammunition moves along a conveyor belt which leads down a sloping shaft to join the main conveyor belt below. Below: a notice which speaks for itself.



The Army's biggest ammunition dump lies under an innocent-looking hillside in Wiltshire. Started in 1936, the depot has underground railways, barrack blocks and canteens. Today it receives ammunition from open-air dumps throughout Britain

A light wind stirs the washing hanging in the gardens of the cream Bath Stone cottages lying on the softly sloping Wiltshire hillside. Cows in the fields below crop contentedly and nuzzle their way towards a barbed-wire fence.

Occasionally they pause in their cud-chewing to stare moodily across the fence at large notices displayed on the side of an unimposing corrugated-iron shed: "SMOKING" — "Have you searched yourself?" The cows shrug and return placidly to their feeding.

The only disquieting factor in this peaceful rural scene is the presence, a hundred feet below the hill's surface, of enough explosive to make an atom bomb look silly. It belongs to the underground Tunnel Sub-Depot, part of the RAOC Central Ammunition Depot, Corsham, the largest ammunition centre in the United Kingdom.

But even the explosive — ammunition ranging from .22 ball to 18-inch shell — looks placid and reassuring enough as it lies, stack upon stack, ton upon ton, in its cool, underground seclusion. And, in case you are worrying about atom bombs, a depot poem declares:

Fret not while here, most honoured guest!

*To ease thy mind, we think it best
To state and thus allay all fear —
No atom bombs are stored down here.*

Thus assured, and having passed a security check-up, the visitor is ready to go underground.

You climb a few wooden steps into a shed which looks more like an old barn than a shaft-head, and hand over your matches, cigarettes, lighters, knives and other contraband to a firm but polite WD constable. You enter a lift and are dropped swiftly and silently a hundred feet.

Immediately below you notice the change of air. It is cool and pleasantly buoyant. You look around in surprise. Instead of the expected darkness and gloom everything is clean and dazzling white. Facing you is a long white tunnel. The walls are smooth and painted white, but looking at the roof a few feet above your head you see the cream, powdery-looking Bath Stone roof formation lit up by electric lights set flush in the roof.

Running along the tunnel are steel ropes and pulleys for hauling the small wooden quarry trucks clustered at the tunnel

entrance. As you peer along the tunnel in a vain attempt to see its end, you estimate it must be 800 to 900 yards long. On your way you pass other tunnels twisting serpent-like away from the main tunnel and from them you hear echoes of railway trucks rattling over points.

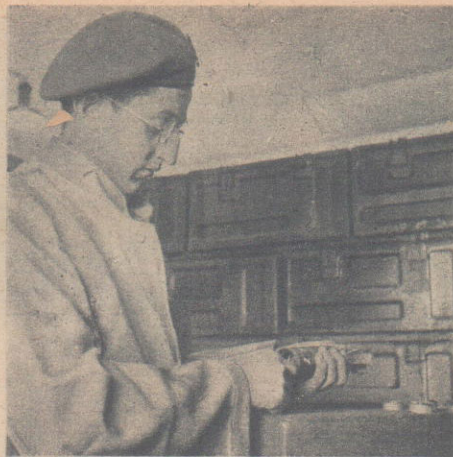
Suddenly you branch off from the tunnel into a short passage closed by two steel doors leading into an Ammunition District. There are ten of these districts in the Tunnel Depot, each separated by thick walls and steel doors. Here lies the ammunition, mass upon mass of it, as neatly stored, bayed and docketed as a well-provisioned grocery shop. Piles of metal-boxed small arms ammunition, stacks of loose shell, extend in a bewildering maze. Through the centre of the District an electric conveyor belt, some 300 yards long, moves incoming ammunition towards the bays, and as the ammunition moves silently along, men offload it into barrows and disappear with it into the maze of stacks and pillars.

You follow the belt through to the other end of the District where through another steel door it meets the main three-quarter-mile conveyor belt which feeds the different Districts. Here is the main artery of the underground depot. Outgoing ammunition moves along the main belt and branches to a sloping shaft leading slowly upwards to a tunnel exit where it is loaded on lorries. Other ammunition travels along another long sloping shaft leading to the Depot's underground railway platform, where a squat diesel locomotive carries it away to a railway tunnel exit leading to the main Bath-London line and the depot's marshalling yard.

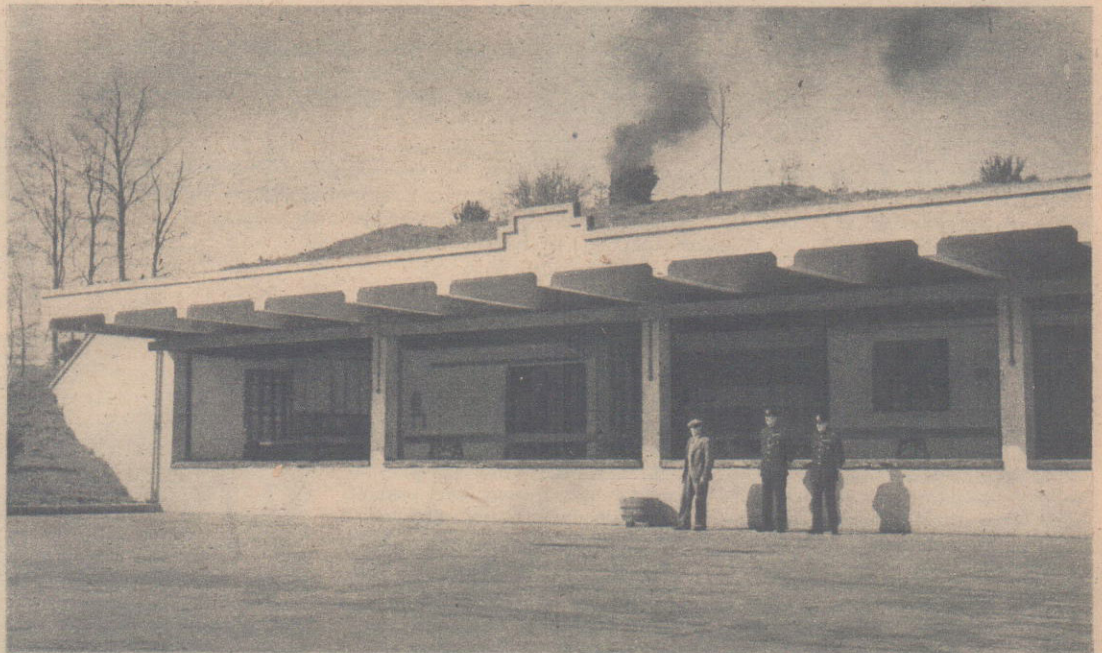
Underground, the depot spreads out like a town. By the time you have walked through its many tunnels and districts, looked in at the power station and telephone exchange, seen the tropical chamber where ammunition is given a storage test under artificially produced tropical temperatures and humidities, visited the place where the Kitty Hawk (the plane in which the Wright Brothers were the first men in the world to fly) was held in wartime storage for the Science Museum, and inspected the now deserted underground barrack block which housed and fed 300 men (and ATS) during the war, you have completely lost your sense of direction. The sound of your feet reflects hollowly against the white walls.

For the men who started constructing the Tunnel Depot in 1936, the project was more of a nightmare than a dream. In 1935, the War Office decided that an underground shelter, safe from bombing, was required to guard the Army's ammunition stocks. Quarries and mines throughout the country were searched.

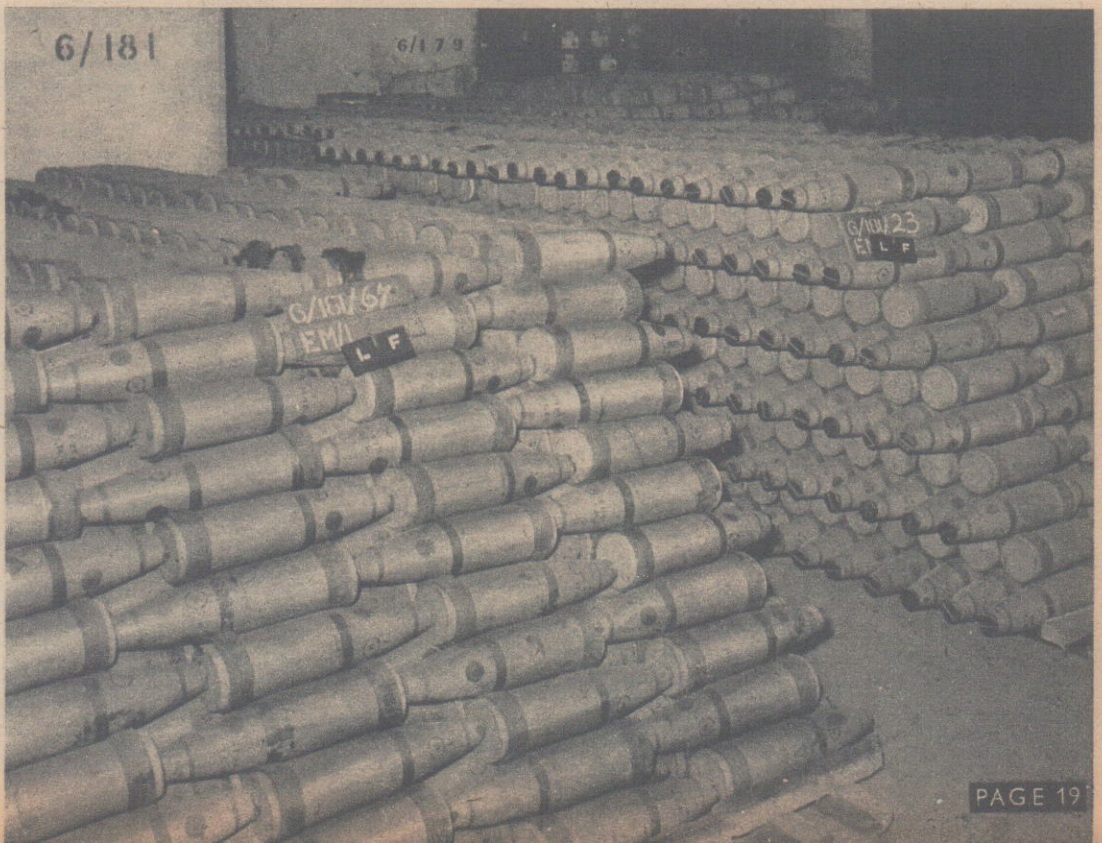
The Bath Stone quarry used by the Tunnel Depot was almost in disuse when the Sappers started construction in 1936. In one part mushrooms were being grown, but in the main the tunnels and passages were blocked with rubble. Sappers started from the

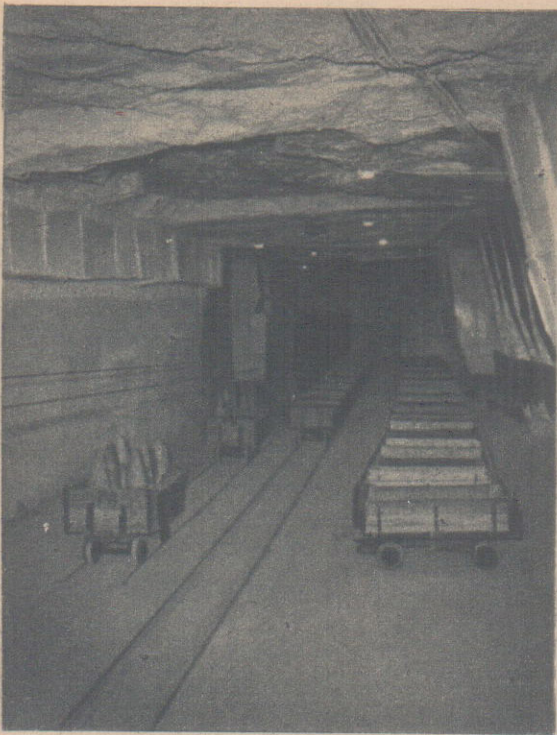


Left: Removing a suspect fuze from a mortar bomb — one of a batch giving prematures. The bomb is then passed through an aperture in the wall of boxes to the storemen (right) who plug the bombs. The wall acts as a rough shield against explosion.



On conveyor belts, from the depths of the old quarry, come crates of ammunition for loading on to lorries. War Department police guard all exits and entrances. Just a small corner of a bay in one of the ammunition districts. There is enough ammunition stored "to make an atom bomb look silly."





Lieut-Col. H. Cripps, RAOC (left), in charge of the Tunnel Depot, has been there from the first day. He has had 35 years in the Army. Both he and Lieut-Col. F. M. Moore, RAOC (right) were Master Gunners.

Left: Although conveyor belts are installed in most galleries, trucks are still used to carry the heavier shells.

Right: This sign figures frequently in the galleries.



Continuing **THE GREAT HOARD BELOW THE HILL**

centre of the quarry, working east and west to the ends. They fixed temporary lighting from the Grid and started clearing operations, working like coalminers in cramped positions and using mostly coalmining equipment. In this way they cleared over a million tons of rubble.

The Sappers estimated four years to complete the work, but events in Europe upset plans. In May 1938 the Depot was ordered to start receiving ammunition on 1 July. By this time one District in the centre was nearly completed but there was no means of bringing the ammunition to it. One of the original vertical quarry shafts, Hudswell Shaft, was therefore hurriedly constructed, a steam winch obtained and cages manufactured locally. By 13 July, 1938, the first consignment of ammunition was on its way down Hudswell Shaft and into No. 10 District, Tunnel Sub-Depot.

Working below was dangerous and uncomfortable. As fast as the Sappers tunnelled Ordnance had to follow up, packing the ammunition in every nook and corner. The noise of drills and concrete mixers, and the quarry trucks loaded with bombs grinding over temporary tracks and points was terrific. There was no air conditioning below; water turned the quarry floor into mud.

With the outbreak of war, construction speeded up. Air conditioning was installed to provide proper storage conditions for the ammunition and prevent deterioration. Conveyor belts were put in to replace truck haulage and relieved much strain and labour below. It had been no laughing matter when trucks, sometimes filled with ammunition, detached themselves from the steel ropes and sped down the sloping shafts.

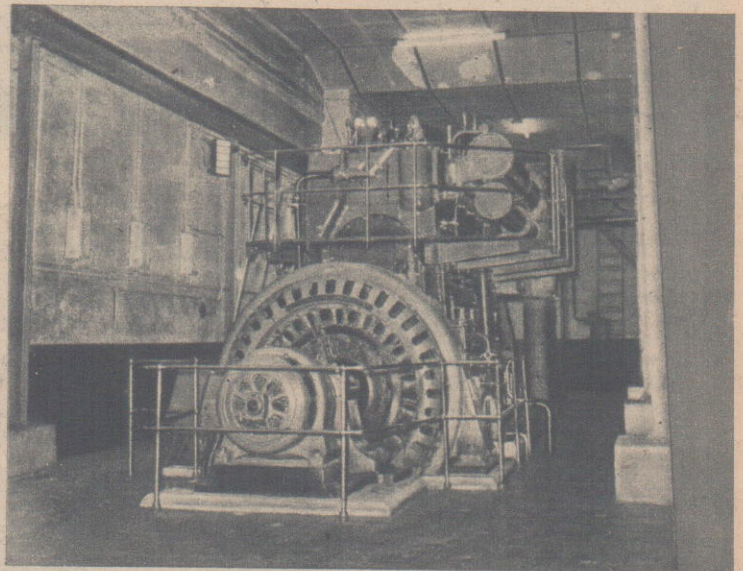
By the end of 1942 the Sappers had completed the work, putting in railway platforms, a telephone exchange, a sewage system, canteens and barrack blocks. Their work enabled the Depot to function throughout the war in round-the-clock shifts without a pause even on Christmas Day. In one day alone, 28 March 1942, the Depot handled 1542 tons of ammunition. Today, with economies in manpower and transport, the Depot works only one shift a day, employs mainly local civilians.

In laboratory sheds on the ground a proportion of every batch of ammunition coming in is tested by teams of storemen working in special magazine clothing and boots. Throughout the year, too, part of every batch of ammunition stored underground is brought up for inspection. Typical of the laboratory work was a recent batch of faulty mortar bombs. The Army had found the mortars were giving prematures and the fuzes were sent back to the factory for X-Ray examination. All the mortars in the faulty batch had therefore to be brought out from underground storage, their fuzes taken out and plugs inserted.

With thousands of tons of high explosive lying underground the depot take no chances and fire precautions are more than strict. The story goes that during a fire practice a joker with a warped sense of humour set off a smoke bomb on the surface. A few minutes later a perspiring villager tore up to the camp on a bicycle asking, "Shall we evacuate?"

Every precaution humanly possible is taken. For the men of the depot, as well as for the cows grazing in the fields, there cannot be too much peace on the quiet Wiltshire hillside.

WARREN SMITH



Power for the depot's lighting and conveyor belts comes from the underground power station. Below: Close beside the railway line to Bath (left) is the depot's own railway entrance. Too bad if an express took the wrong turning ...



Underground in WESTMINSTER

THE SECRET OF MR. RANCE

FIFTY feet below Westminster — about the level of the Thames' bed — Mr. George Rance, ex-serjeant of the Rifle Brigade in World War One, walks the mile of corridors which wind through the wartime headquarters of the War Cabinet.

Now and again he stops to look into one of the rooms, but all is now peaceful. The calendars have not been changed since 17 August 1945 — the last day on which this secret subterranean HQ was used.

This was the war's nerve centre. Here tremendous decisions were made. Here Winston Churchill would sweep from one office to another smoking his cigar, followed by generals, admirals and Cabinet ministers. Here sentries stood with Tommy guns, and typists and secretaries sworn to secrecy handled front-line reports.

This wartime meeting-place — which is to be preserved as an historic "monument" — might also be called Mr. Rance's secret HQ. For when he left home in the morning not even his family knew his destination or his exact job. They only knew that he, a Civil Servant with 40 years' experience, was taken off the ARP staff at the Ministry of Works in 1937 for "other duties." They did not know that his name was the code word for the

George Rance, who was on guard duty on a remote island of murderers in World War One, spent World War Two at the very heart of things — as custodian of the War Cabinet's secret underground headquarters in Whitehall

meeting-place of the country's highest officials, that the guard provided by the Grenadiers was called "Rance's Guard," that correspondence sent to this underground HQ was addressed "Mr. Rance, Whitehall, London."

Only once did his name come into the public eye. That was after the war when a passing reference to him was made in the House of Commons.

The story of Mr. Rance goes back to two years before the war, when it was decided that there should be a place within easy reach of the Cabinet Offices where conferences could be held undisturbed by bombs. Work started directly underneath and Mr. Rance was chosen as custodian. When the Munich crisis came a staff of retired officers from World War One arrived to turn one of the three rooms then completed into a map room.

In 1939 five conference rooms were available but there was no living accommodation or canteen. During the summer the Chiefs of Staff met below ground in order to get used to the surroundings, and in fact were in conference in the War Cabinet room when war

was declared. At that depth the chimes of Big Ben could not be heard, but General (now Lord) Ismay, Military Adviser, glanced at his watch and remarked, "Gentlemen, we are now at war with Germany." The first wartime meeting broke up and by the time the officers reached the street the sirens were wailing.

From that day Mr. Rance was always on the go. For the first six weeks of the war he never went home. Building continued until there were 150 rooms, covering six acres, and beds for 270. Seven days' reserve rations were stored for an emergency.

The entrance near Storey's Gate, Westminster, was protected by the Home Guard, the inside entrance and stairs by "Rance's Guard" of the Grenadiers and the checking of passes and orderly duties fell on Royal Marines.

The headquarters were not used as a permanent home for the War Cabinet. Whenever possible meetings were held in the Cabinet Offices above. But, says Mr. Rance, during the 1940 blitz the underground room was used almost daily. He remembers when the building shook from a 1000-pounder which dropped 50 yards away. Mr. Churchill's remark was, "What a pity it was not closer! It would have tested our defences."

Like all the others, the Cabinet conference room is austere designed. Its walls have no plaster. The bare bricks are discoloured a light cream but to give a touch of brightness the great steel girders supporting the ceiling are a brilliant red.

Nearly all the space is taken up by tables placed end to end to form four sides of a square and covered in a dark blue cloth. Beside each of the 24 chairs is a card giving the name of the occupier. On the left of the Prime Minister was Mr. Attlee, on his right Sir Edward Bridges. At one corner Sir James Grigg and the CIGS sat side by side.

Two glass water jugs with

OVER



Down below the temperature was constant and the air was always fresh. But what was it like up above? For the benefit of departing VIP's this indicator (demonstrated by Mr. Rance) was installed. The political climate was never windy...



White rectangle shows the rough position of the wartime HQ under the Cabinet offices. White arrows point to Mr. Churchill's wartime flat (he slept underground). This picture is taken from St. James's Park; note Big Ben on right.

Continuing THE SECRET OF MR. RANCE

tumblers over the necks face the Premier's chair. Near his blotter pad are some of the famous red slips marked "Action this day." A notice quotes Queen Victoria as saying: "Please understand there is no depression in this house and we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. They do not exist." Mr. Rance had it put there.

Down the passage goes Mr. Rance and into the map room. Today the coloured pins and the strips of wool stand as they stood in 1945; the Battle of Britain

score-board still holds the figures registered during that famous day when 183 planes were claimed. Recent reports showed this claim to have been an exaggeration, but Mr. Rance just smiles and says, "Well, that's how it stood on the day in question."

At a table in the centre sat the staff. Today the chairs are vacant and the row of coloured telephones to the Prime Minister, the Service Ministries and the Home Security office are silent. But on the report sheets are scribbled messages and times

that suggest that after lunch the writer will be back.

Every day just after ten o'clock the duty officer — usually a lieutenant-colonel — took a last gaze at the maps and went off to Buckingham Palace to report personally to the King.

The King himself sometimes visited Mr. Rance's HQ, and other visitors were Generals Smuts, Eisenhower and de Gaulle, and the High Commissioners of the Dominions.

Into Mr. Churchill's bedroom walks Mr. Rance. Beside the bed is a small table on which stands an electric lamp, a torch (Mr. Rance switches it on to show that it still works) and a candle. Three bell pushes are marked Inspector Thomson (the detective), Butler and Private Secretary. On occasions the former Premier slept there, but if there was a blitz he liked to leave his bed for the Air Ministry roof near by.

This room was also his office, and contains the desk from which he broadcast his famous war speeches. Mrs. Churchill also broadcast her "Aid for Russia" appeals from this desk. On one wall hang long curtains. Mr. Rance draws them back. They show the most secret maps of all — Britain's defences against invasion — the only ones of their kind in the HQ.

Mrs. Churchill had her own bedroom, and so did all the War Cabinet Ministers and Chiefs of Staff. Their names are printed on little notices pinned to the doors.

Nowhere is there any hint of luxury — a notable contrast to Hitler's bunker in Berlin. Even Mr. Churchill's dining-room has only a plain circular table, four chairs and two small paintings on the distempered brick walls.

Mr. Rance still treasures the

typewritten guard orders in their folder. They are headed "Grenadier Guards — Rance's Guard" and below the posts are listed. Daily the men had to be visited by the OC of the Whitehall Defences, Major the Hon. P. P. Cory. Every man carried an identification tag for use in an emergency. If he had to leave the headquarters during his 48 hours duty he was given a wooden disc bearing the words "Rance's Guard." One serjeant, one corporal and nine men made up this guard.

Mr. Rance and the other officials were always ready to repel attackers. Rifles and ammunition were kept in a rack at the bottom of the stairs.

It was a strange war for Mr. Rance ... a harassing one too, at times. His previous war had seemed strange enough by any standards; it involved among other things being on watch on the notorious Nicobar Islands, where convicted murderers were numbered in hundreds, where ships still entered harbour with the aid of maps prepared by Captain Kidd.

What did Mr. Churchill say to Mr. Rance? Very little. But Mr. Rance smiles as he remembers one incident. "When he first came he gave instructions that the clocks were to be kept at Post Office time. Every morning I dialled TIM. Three years later the clock in the War Cabinet room stopped. The Prime Minister promptly reminded me of his order of three years ago."

But before he left for the last time, Mr. Churchill said to Mr. Rance (who now has the MBE): "I suppose you think I don't know all you have done for us, but I do and I appreciate it very much." With that he strode out of the secret HQ and to this day he has not returned.

PETER LAWRENCE



In the map room location of all forces was meticulously logged. Here General Lord Ismay points to the naval map. Coloured telephones (some of them "scramblers") all had special significance. One was a direct line to the Premier, others led to Service Ministries.

The Cabinet room—with school-type wall maps. Overhead are bright red girders. At places nearest camera sat CIGS and War Minister.



Curtained maps showing invasion defences were kept in Mr. Churchill's room. Note candles for emergencies. A bedside bell push summoned detective, butler or secretary.



Heat.



Sight-seeing.



Rest-camp.

Life in the Far East

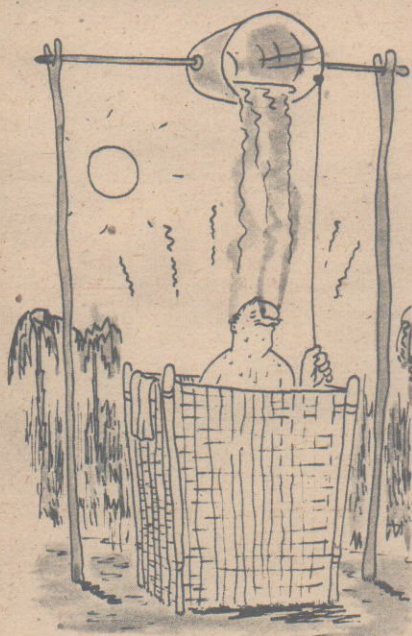
by
PHELIX



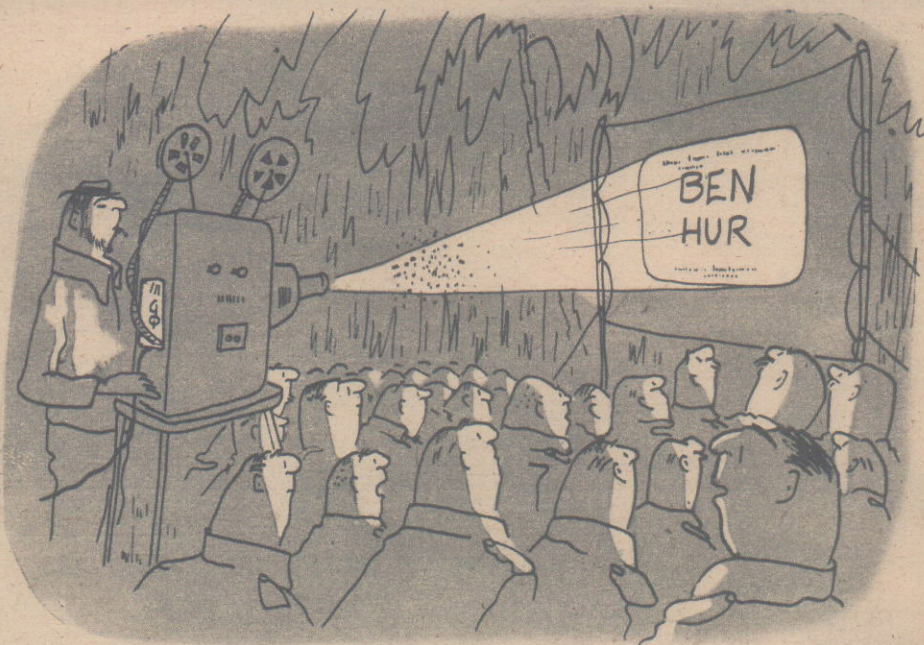
Shopping.



Yachting.



Plumbing.



Cinema.



The VC Writes Thrillers

THIS is a double success story. It starts with a bored insurance clerk who became a temporary soldier and achieved the highest possible honours for valour. Then it starts again, with a young ex-officer, restless in a humdrum peace job, who finally built himself a career in a jealous and competitive profession.

The clerk, Alfred Oliver Pollard, was 21 when war broke out on August Bank Holiday in 1914. For three days he watched the red-coated guardsmen at St. James's Palace from his office window, then he asked for leave to join the Army. It was refused, but by noon of the fourth day he was an Infantry private in the Honourable Artillery Company.

In time he became a bombing specialist and platoon-serjeant of the bombing platoon, 1st Battalion, HAC. As such, he took 21 men into an attack on a mine crater in Sanctuary Wood and overwhelmed two German barricades. "Although severely wounded, Serjeant Pollard continued to throw bombs, at the

Here is another story about a VC who has made his mark in Civvy Street: **Captain A. O. Pollard, one-time Infantryman in the Honourable Artillery Company, author of 40 brisk-selling books**

same time issuing orders to and encouraging his men," said an official citation. "He did not give up until he fell, severely wounded for the second time." That citation accompanied a recommendation for the Victoria Cross. Serjeant Pollard was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Out of hospital, Serjeant Pollard became Second-Lieutenant Pollard. Two fingers of his right hand were useless, and he could not fire his revolver; but every night he took his revolver in his left hand and pressed the trigger 200 times, until using his left arm was second nature.

In February 1917 Second-Lieutenant Pollard put up the ribbon of the Military Cross. The citation merely said he "led a patrol and carried out a dangerous reconnaissance. Later, he assumed command of a Company and repulsed two strong enemy counter-attacks." Those cold words covered a night attack,

the capture of a sunken road and some hand-to-hand fighting.

Two months later another citation told of a "dangerous reconnaissance of the enemy's front line under very heavy fire" and a Bar was added to the MC.

Another two months and Pollard was commanding a company on the Hindenburg Line in support of an attack when the battalion on his left was disorganized. He improvised a defence with his own company and some stragglers, then, with his runner and a lance-corporal, armed with bombs, he set off to see how far the enemy counter-attack had been successful. A Royal Fusilier joined the party.

Dodging round traverse after traverse, they got well ahead of all the British troops until they saw a German. Pollard fired his revolver and the man dropped; another appeared and he dropped too; a third tried to turn back. Meanwhile the men following Pollard were throwing their bombs. Then the Germans were in full retreat.

"We followed as fast as we could," wrote Pollard later. "Discretion had gone to the winds or I should have realised the utter foolishness of running as fast as I could into the enemy's territory with only three men to support me. But my blood was up. I felt a thrill only comparable to running through the opposition at Rugby to score a try."

At last they came to a place where a shell had blown the parapet across the trench, making a barricade, and there Pollard stopped and organized his three men for a counter-attack. The

Fusilier was provided with seven loaded rifles; the rest collected all the German bombs they could find. Ten minutes later the Germans attacked with a hail of bombs and those that fell into the trench the four threw over the parapet before they could explode. The Fusilier protected the front while Pollard and the other two threw their bombs.

The German counter-attack ceased when Pollard and his men had only six bombs left. Soon afterwards his company caught up with him and repelling the second counter-attack was relatively easy. The four men had recovered the lost ground and won some more as well. They had cleared 300 yards of trench that a whole brigade had not been able to take by frontal assault.

For this, Pollard got the Victoria Cross, and his three men the Distinguished Conduct Medal. "By his force of will, dash and splendid example, coupled with an utter contempt of danger," said the citation, "this officer... infused courage into every man who saw him."

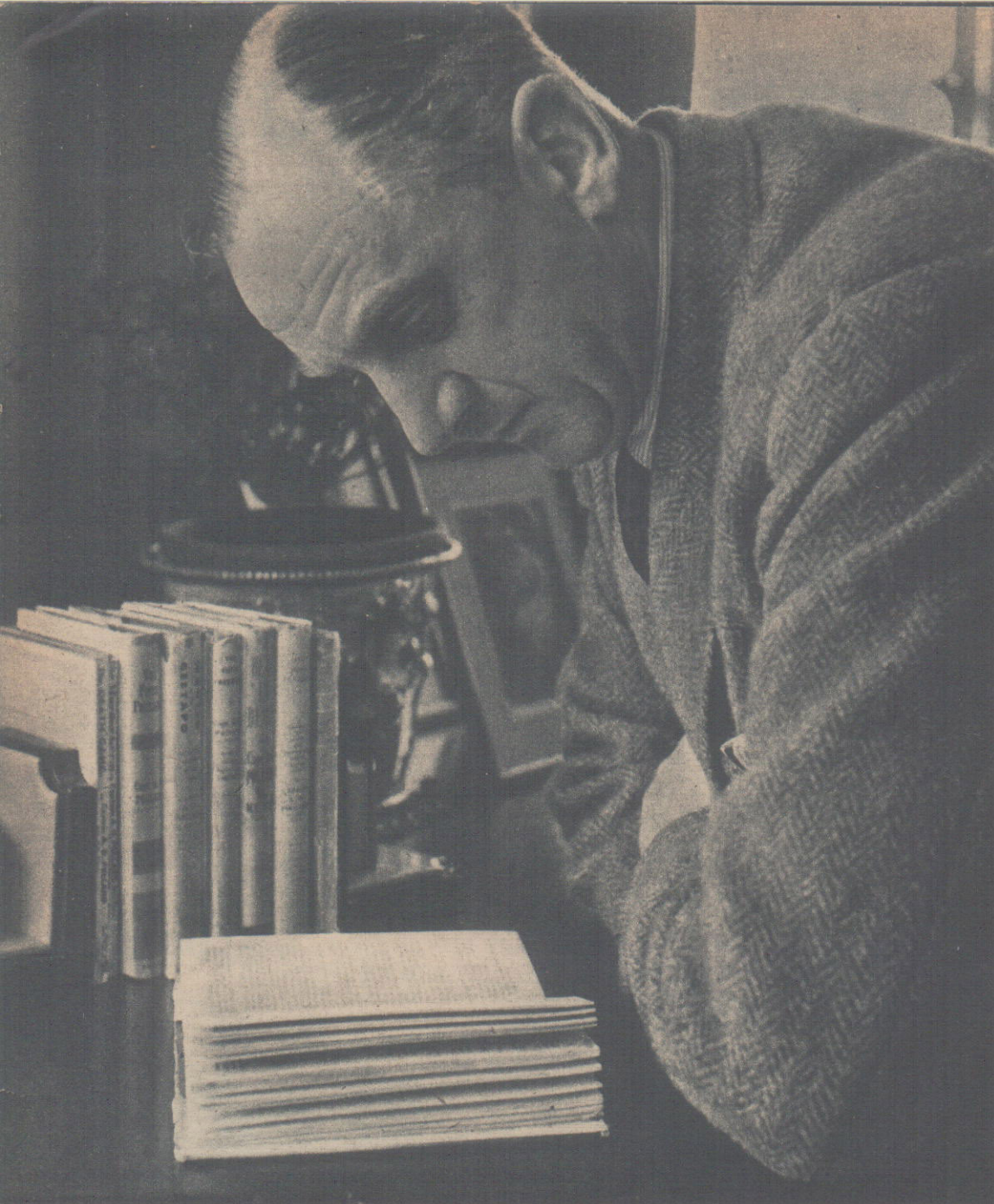
Then came an anti-climax. Pollard's division was relieved that night and on the way out of the line he was too tired to put on his gas-mask when the Germans were sending over gas-shells; when he got to the spot where cooks had come to meet the battalion with hot tea, he ended a glorious episode by being violently sick.

When he wrote a book of war memoirs in the early 1930's he called it "Fire Eater" because, he said, "that aptly expresses my attitude throughout the campaign. I enjoyed the War, both in and out of the line. Despite the discomfort and hardships of life in the trenches, I found pleasure in wandering about No-Man's-Land at night. 'Going over the top' struck some chord in my nature which vibrated strongly to the thrill of the attack. Men called me mad. Perhaps I was."



Left: The dust-jacket of Captain Pollard's latest thriller. Below: Captain and Mrs. Pollard crack a jest with their Sealyham, *Soldier*.





Captain Pollard re-reads one of his novels. He takes four months to write a book, produces two a year.

Pollard books have been bought.

Capt. Pollard has written nearly 40 books now. One was his autobiography, four were about the RAF, one or two were for boys. The rest have been novels, unashamed thrillers, well filled with action, plenty of corpses and mystery. His latest is "The Death Curse." He tries to make his books topical and some of his titles will suggest the periods at which the books were published: "Flanders Spy," "Black Out," "Air Reprisal," "ARP Spy," "The Secret Weapon," "Wanted By The Gestapo," "The Fifth Freedom," "The Iron Curtain."

Capt. and Mrs. Pollard live quietly at Keyhaven, on the Solent, where Captain Pollard does his writing (either with a pencil on to a block of plain paper or by dictating to a secretary) from ten in the morning to one o'clock and from eight until eleven at night. He takes about four months to write a book and produces two a year.

In his spare time over the last six years he has built an immaculate garden out of virgin field. But he also likes to work with carpenter's tools.

At the beginning of 1940 Capt. Pollard, being on the Reserve, was told by the War Office that he would be called up within three months. Since then he has heard nothing more about it. As it happened, he had a serious illness soon afterwards and was ill most of the war; he is not entirely fit yet, but his upright six feet two inches look healthy enough. He still has two useless fingers, but otherwise his war-wounds do not trouble him.

He has only two boasts. One is that he has never had a book rejected. The other is that he is one of the few authors to build up a career without a private income or some other financial backing. "And that," he says, "is entirely due to my wife."

RICHARD LASCELLES

Early in 1919 he left the Army, shook his head at the stool he had once occupied in an insurance office and got a job with a firm of flour-merchants. But selling flour palled, and after four years Capt. Pollard became Pilot-Officer Pollard, RAF, a pilot in an Army Co-operation Squadron, on a short-service RAF commission.

During the General Strike of 1926 P/O Pollard and his wife were living in an hotel, bored with the restrictions, when he said, "Damn it, I think I shall write a book."

"A year before I'd met an old friend who had been rum-running to America," he said. "He wanted me to go in with him, but I turned it down. This chap told me his experiences—how he'd taken a cargo of liquor across the Atlantic, how the crew had got at the cargo and so on. So I decided to use that as the plot for my book. I called it 'Rum Alley'."

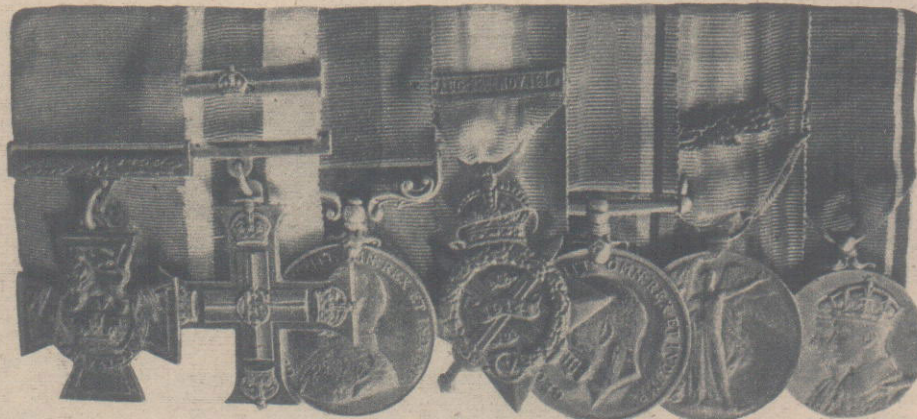
Although 'Rum Alley' was Pollard's first book, it was not the first to see the market. Publishers dickered over it, and another one came out first.

"About 1929 I decided to take up writing seriously," he said.

"The first year I made £65. My wife took a job selling things to pay the housekeeping bills and she did wonderfully."

And so "By Capt. A. O. Pollard, VC, MC, DCM" began appearing on dust-jackets on the bookstalls. Sales built up gradually; the ad-

vance of royalties Capt. Pollard gets from his publishers when he delivers his manuscripts today is exactly ten times what it was for his first book. The publisher proudly advertises that one Pollard novel has sold 54,000 copies and that nearly 500,000 copies of



The "gongs" of a best-selling author: VC, MC (with bar), DCM, 1914 Star, War Medal 1914-20. Victory Medal and the Coronation Medal.

A SHOW FOR SANDHURST



Sikorski helicopter piloted by Major "Nick" Gow, RA prepares to descend after directing a shoot. Guns seen here are self-propelled 25-pounders — "Sextons."

THE guns were barking on Salisbury Plain.

And helicopters were hovering, Austers circling, fighters swooping down to strafe areas where the guns had fired coloured smoke.

It was a demonstration of modern fire support by the School of Artillery, Larkhill. Spectators were cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

There was much curiosity about the helicopter. During the war Austers directed the fire of guns. Since then Royal Artillery officers have been trying out Sikorski helicopters (SOLDIER, February 1947) and have acquired a notable skill at the controls. This was seen in the demonstration when the pilot

TERRITORIALS HAVE THIS HOWITZER

ANYONE who has the idea that the new Territorial Army will be handling nothing bigger than Sten guns should take a trip to Yeovil, Somerset. There he will find that the 663 Super Heavy Regiment RA (TA) has taken delivery of a 240 mm field howitzer of the type shown in the picture below.

During the war a few of our super heavy batteries had this American howitzer, which was used in Italy and North-West Europe. Moving it was a considerable feat, calling for a special transporter and a crew of not fewer than 18 men. The transporter is a two-part affair, one part of which takes the trail and the other the piece and firing mechanism. A mobile crane is also used in the assembling. The howitzer can be brought into action by a trained crew in half an hour.

The range of this howitzer is 25,000 yards (approximately 15 miles). It can fire a 360-lb shell every 90 seconds, or more rapidly if required. To reassure anyone living within 15 miles from Yeovil, it may be stated that the Territorials will not be firing it from their depot. When practice time comes round they will require to go to the artillery ranges at Larkhill on Salisbury Plain — and even there the howitzer is fired with the minimum charge.

The 663 Super Heavy Regiment is the only Territorial unit so far to be equipped with this howitzer.



Day out for Sandhurst: cadets watch a demonstration of fire power and fire support. Below: the biggest howitzer in use in the field — a 240 mm — can fire a 360-pound shell over a range of 25,000 yards. "The quick-eyed caught a glimpse of the shell in the air," recorded *The Times*.

descended in a stiff wind to a marked spot about the size of a large dining-table.

Other features of the display were these:

A regiment of 25-pounders was concentrated on a target chosen by a spectator, to show radio-telephony drill and adjustment of fire.

A concentration was fired by a battery of 3.7 anti-aircraft guns in a ground role, to show the rapidity of fire which can be achieved.

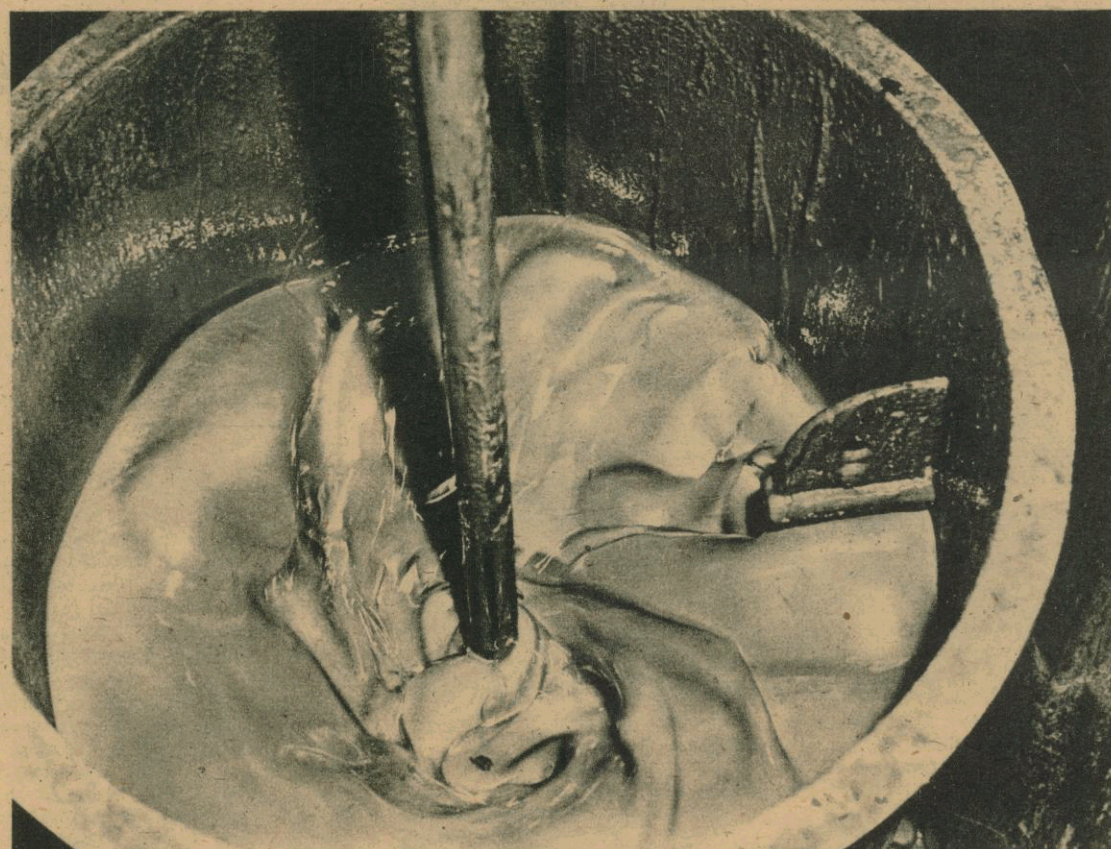
A Royal Horse Artillery troop showed how quickly they could bring their guns into action.

A "pepperpot" was produced by 17-pounder anti-tank and 40 mm guns.

A salvo of rocket projectiles was fired, to show the synchronisation of fire power.

The first moments of a fire plan were shown, with 72 guns in action at once. Just enough to give the more imaginative a dim idea of the Alamein barrage.





The Army Makes Its Own Paint

AT Tel el Kebir (locally known as TEK) in the Canal Zone of Egypt is the British Army's one and only paint factory.

There used to be one in Italy but it was closed down in 1944 and its machinery transferred to Alexandria where the present factory had been operating since 1942.

The Alexandria plant spent the first six months of its life manufacturing waterproofing materials for the Sicily-Italy invasion.

When the waterproofing operation was finished the factory turned over to the production of paint, and since then it has supplied the Middle East and, until recently, India and the Far East.

Moving from Alexandria late in 1946, the RAOC factory now at Tel el Kebir has produced some 25,000 tons of paint, current output being about 100 tons a week. There are 300 native labourers, under a British technical and advisory staff of about 25. The factory has its own laboratory where paints are tested and prescriptions for new types and colours produced.

To counter possible ill-effects from paint fumes, there is an extra ration of milk.

Indirectly the Middle East's paint factory helps Britain's housing and export drives. Every pound of paint produced here is a pound more for Britain.



The Army's thirst for paint is proverbial: here is a bowl of beauty in the mixing.

Left: One soldier adds paint to the mixer while another stands by to regulate the speed of rotation.

Experimenting with paints in the unit's laboratory is L/Cpl. D.T. Davies, RAOC.

First Burma Landing

(See Pages 24-25)

BORNE in beflagged lorries through the streets of Rangoon, the last official contingent of British troops to leave Burma embarked on the 7000-ton *Karoa* on 22 March, homeward-bound via Singapore—nearly a month after the last British battalion had left India.

Earlier this year the last British governor had sailed from Rangoon as Burma became a republic.

The old print reproduced on pages 24-25 shows the first landing of British troops in Burma. The British troops who went ashore under the flag of the East India Company were review order; not for them the task of manning the oars, which were handled by natives. Happily it was not a strongly contested landing and the invaders took the city without becoming unduly dishevelled.

The First Burmese War, which lasted from 1823 to 1826, began soon after the Burmese had entered Cachar, which was under British protection. Combined forces from Bengal and Madras, under Sir Archibald Campbell, took Rangoon and pursued weakly resisting Burmese forces up the Irrawaddy. Everywhere the British soldiers were victorious, but the climate decimated them as the Burmese could not.



The Cross of St. George

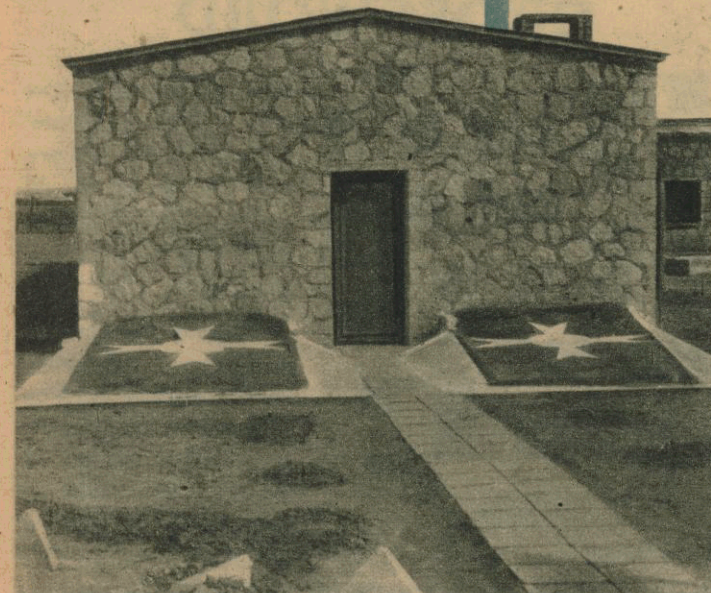
THE Crusader's Cross—the Cross of St. George which was hated and feared by the enemies of Christianity—flies in the desert breeze over a tiny hut at Fayid, in Egypt's Canal Zone.

Look more closely at the tiny hut and you will see engraved in the sand beside it another significant design—the Maltese Cross which is the crest of the Royal Army Chaplains' Department.

The tiny hut is the orderly room of Fayid's Army Christian Training Centre, which runs courses in religious education for leaders and potential leaders—both officers and men.

The Fayid Centre—there are similar centres in other commands—has received strong support from General Sir John Crocker, C-in-C MELF, who said: "A return to the Christian religion which is the source of the fundamental virtues of honesty, truth, humility, unselfishness, duty and service is the only possible solution to our present-day problems. The remedy therefore lies in confident, instructed Christian leadership. We must have leaders amongst the ranks of the Army and amongst all classes of people who, by example and precept, are able to show the way."

The eight-day courses consist mainly of lectures on the Christian approach to such subjects as sex, work, leisure, money and education.



Over this modest hut at Fayid flies the flag of an old crusade... calling for a new crusade.



Mobile Sports Shop

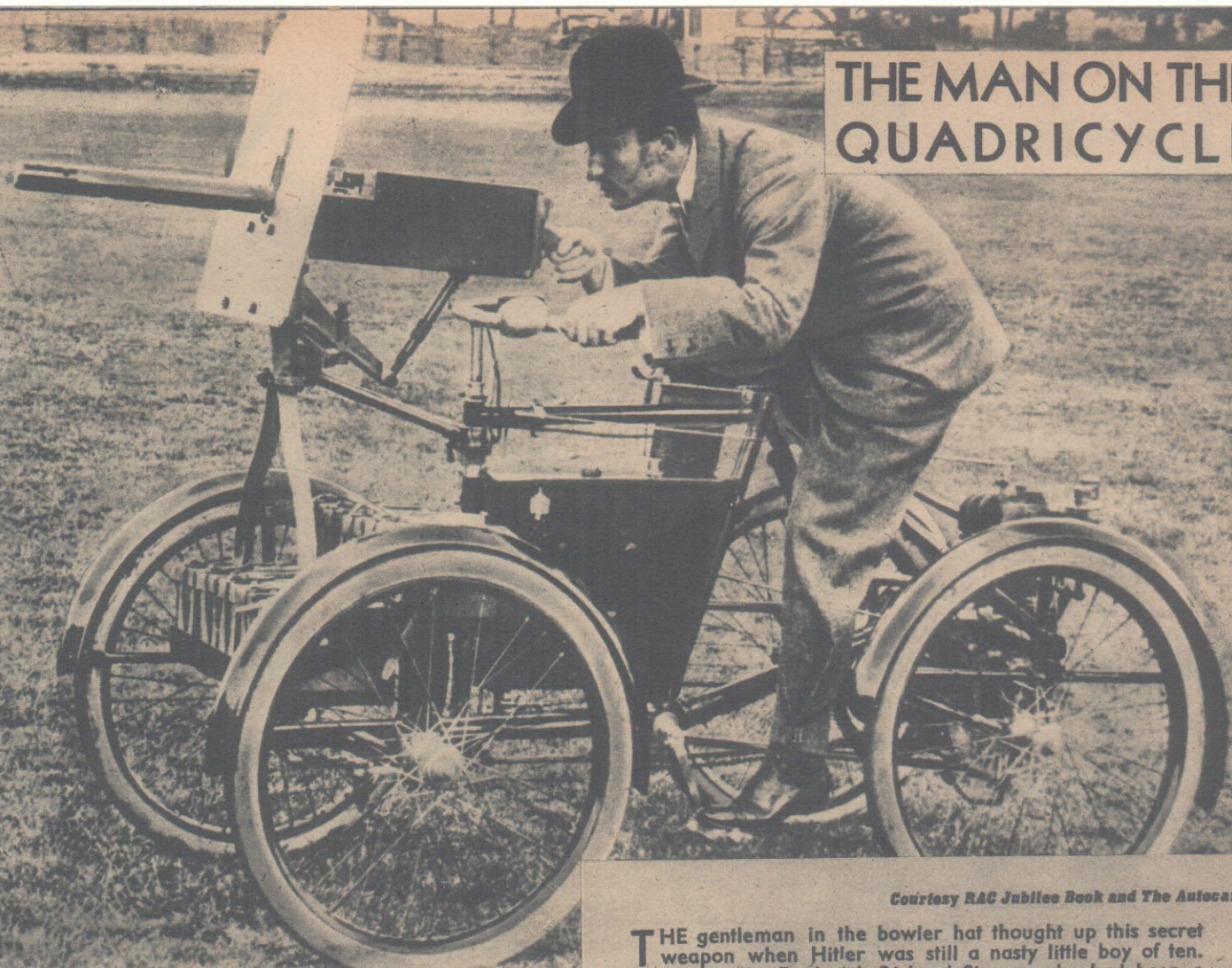
Lately introduced by NAAFI in the Far East is this mobile sports shop, bringing sports wear and equipment to units in scattered parts of Malaya. There are sports goods for almost all outdoor games, not to mention darts and table tennis. And—see back of door—there are even medallions for winners and runners-up.

Automatic RTO

There is an ingenious novelty at the Army feeding halt at Bentheim, on the Dutch-German border. If you want to know when a train leaves, you press the appropriate button, which lights a lamp in the RTO's office. The man on duty broadcasts the answer. The device was designed by Cpl. Bob Crocker to save labour—but there's always the man who likes to ask questions for the fun of it.



THE MAN ON THE QUADRICYCLE



Courtesy RAC Jubilee Book and The Autocar

THE gentleman in the bowler hat thought up this secret weapon when Hitler was still a nasty little boy of ten. He was Mr. Frederick Richard Simms, who had been a founder of the Royal Automobile Club two years earlier, in 1897, and who brought the first Daimler car to Britain.

Some made fun of Frederick Simms's quadricycle with its Maxim machine-gun. Did he ring the bell before he pressed the trigger? Could he go no-hands and fire the Maxim or must he cling grimly to the handlebars? What happened if he went into battle without wearing bicycle clips on his trousers?

But Frederick Simms's idea was worth more than a laugh. He had been one of the first to see that the motor age had come to stay; now he was among the first to see that the motor-car would revolutionise warfare—and to do something about it. Two years later he and other members of the Royal Automobile Club formed a Motor Volunteer Corps and took stiff-backed generals bone-shaking round the country lanes to show them what the motor-car could do.

How Much Do You Know?



1. Whose hat is this?
2. Omnipotent means all-powerful. What words, also beginning with "omni," mean (a) knowing everything; (b) eating everything; (c) present everywhere.

3. Say this in eight words:

"He gave it as his opinion that the majority of the members of the fair sex who had not yet attained the age of fifty were persons of a frivolous nature."

4. What part of a horse is its (a) fetlock; (b) pastern?

5. If you heard someone say, "Look at that caryatid," you would expect to see:



- (a) a one-eyed lizard; (b) an Arabian dancing-girl; (c) a carved figure of a woman used as a pillar; (d) the child of a negro and a Japanese.

6. Which country lends its name to a bath, a carpet and a towel?

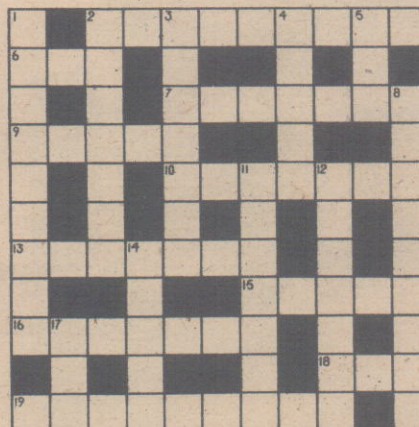
7. This is a dictionary description of — what?
"Atmospheric moisture condensed in liquid form upon objects cooler than the air, especially at night."

8. Henry Luce recently came into the news when he — (a) married Deanna Durbin; (b) took his own appendix out; (c) bought Mr. Churchill's memoirs; (d) shipped a Welsh castle to Boston.

9. Look at the girl in the picture. In that pose her arms can correctly be described as — what?

(Answers on Page 43)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

2. Wild flower. 6. Equality. 7. Drink wine for buttress? 9. North African town. 10. Does this describe a deed

from a sick-bed? (two words). 13. "Hit Rene" (anag). 15. An 8 down, perhaps. 16. Stamp. 18. Golfer's cup? 19. Collections of toffs?

DOWN:

1. "Tip the gas" (anag.). 2. Proving. 3. Bullet, could be. 4. Lassooed. 5. Wander. 8. Relic of a departed river (three words). 11. Famous Archbishop of Canterbury. 12. Exits. 14. Truly un-urban. 17. Feline noise.

(Answers on Page 43)



SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Here, for a change, are two pictures out of German war files. The one above is dated January 1944. It shows German civilians looking at a battle picture in an exhibition at Breslau. At this stage the German leaders must have had a good idea that they were losing the war . . . but the glorification of armed might went on.

Below: the Germans had their war artists too. Caption to this read: "Parachutists battling with an enemy reconnoitring group." It looks a bad moment for the man with the Bren.



THEY TRIED IT OUT ON THE CLEANERS

WHEN the jungle fighting began in World War Two, British soldiers were menaced by Japanese creeping up silently in the dark. Some kind of warning device was needed — say, a thin wire which, if snapped, would light a signal lamp.

The scientists were called in. They were told that the wire would have to be thin enough not to be noticed by the Japanese and strong enough not to break accidentally.

This was easy, said the scientists. What they did was to string wires across the routes traversed by the large army of women cleaners found in all Ministry of Supply establishments, either up-

right or on their knees with scrubbing brushes. These modes of motion were considered typical of Jap movement. Observers quietly noted which wires were broken by the cleaners.

This story is told in "Science At War" (HM Stationery Office, Kingsway, London 2s 6d), an admirably clear and engrossing description by J. G. Crowther and Professor R. Whiddington of the part played by the "boffins" in

the fields of operational research (which covered anything from hotting-up flame-throwers to lightening trigger loads), radar and the atomic bomb.

It will surprise many to know that radar interception of aircraft was sufficiently advanced, in 1938, for Mr. Chamberlain's aircraft to be followed from England on the first stage of its way to Munich. The early radar tech-

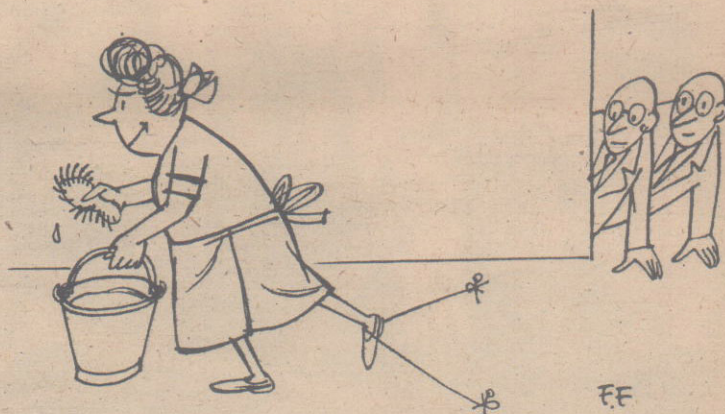
nicians used to practise on the German *Lufthansa* air-liners which made landfall close — suspiciously close — to the experimental station at Bawdsey, near Felixstowe. Even the Duce's forces were tracked by radar from Malta.

The book tells how the great science of radar was built up, and of its many wartime applications. The explanations it contains would have saved much feverish and inaccurate speculation, in the earlier days of the war, among householders whose upper windows overlooked gunsites in Great Britain. They would have known then that those huge flat areas of wire netting, stretched on stakes above the ground, were aimed to prevent radio waves being distorted by irregular reflections from uneven ground. Underneath these wire mats the grass grew luxuriantly; the authors record how one OC put geese under the mat and then indented for 12 ATS to look after the geese.

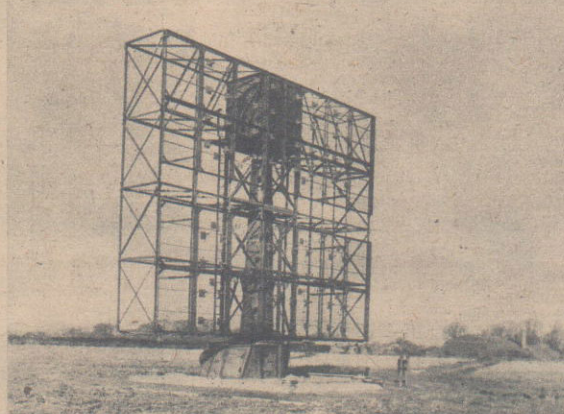
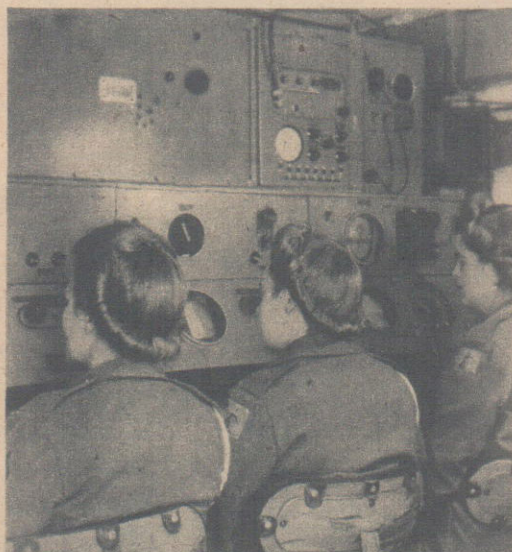
The Germans failed badly in radar research. Over-confident in 1940, the German General Staff ordered that no scientific research should be pursued which would not be of military use in four months. The *Luftwaffe* told electrical firms that they did not want radar and asked for slightly improved radio equipment. There was inadequate co-operation between scientists and operational chiefs. Electrical firms produced beautifully engineered equipments which were operationally of little use. Hitler, as usual, must take some of the blame. Crossly, he told General Martini of the *Luftwaffe* in 1942 that he saw no future in short-wave radio technique because once, when his plane had been navigated by this means, he had finished in North Germany, instead of South Germany.

By contrast the civilian experts in Britain were so well informed of the military needs that one eminent officer said: "Those boys won't even use a soldering iron until they know the whole of the policy of the Pacific War." But it was a policy which paid.

The romantic conception of war, as conceived by Hitler, is out-of-date, say the authors. "It is



Left: the girls who were never photographed until the war was over—radar operators on an ack-ack site. Below: the aerial array of a Ground Controlled Interception station which warned guns of "hostiles" and guided fighters to them.



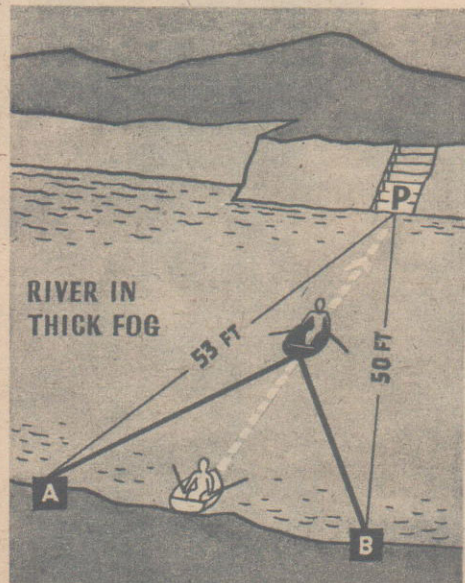
Could You Cross a River With Two Balls of String?

You are stranded on the bank of a river which is concealed in thick fog. It is necessary to reach a fixed point on the far bank. All you have is a large-scale map, a rowing boat and two balls of string. Could you cross the river to the desired objective?

This little exercise is propounded in the book, "Science At War" as an introduction to the story of "Gee," the RAF's blind-bombing radar device.

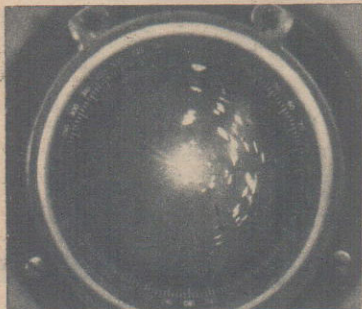
The method is: look at the map and mark your objective as Point P. Then select two features on your own bank, A and B. Your map will tell you that A to P is, say, 53 feet, and B to P 50 feet. Tie the end of one ball of string to Post A, and the end of the other to Post B. Start off in your boat paying out three feet more string to Post A than to Post B, and you will reach your objective P. (Note: there is no current in this river).

A bomber pilot cannot trail huge balls of string behind him. But the scientists arranged for radar pulses to be emitted simultaneously from A and B and received in the aircraft one just behind the other. The distance between the visual traces of the two signals was proportional to the difference in time taken by the two pulses to cover AP and BP. If the navigator directed his aircraft so that the visual traces merged, the plane would keep on its target path.



not consonant with the systematic, rational, scientific kind of warfare which is evolving from the inter-penetration of war and science... The traditional romanti-

Inside a GCI radar blobs of light on the screen of a cathode ray tube indicated presence of aircraft, their range and bearing.



cism of war is the contrary of the civilian scientific spirit, and it is therefore natural that when the scientist begins to join in the conduct of war, he enters into it as a civilian. That is why the directors of operational research are generally civilians, and one reason why war in the future will tend more and more to be conducted in a civilian spirit. One reason why Hitler failed is that he was out-of-date."

The authors have a spine-chilling paragraph which foresees a "completely automatic war — using generalised radio. The whole spectrum of electro-magnetic waves will be utilised in the various wave-lengths for the appropriate purposes — radio-waves, heat radiation, visible light, ultra-violet waves, X-rays." (See *SOLDIER* to *Soldier*, Page 12)

TO SETTLE ARGUMENTS

CUSTOMS die hard in the Army. A century ago the Grenadier Guards marched to attention when passing London's Hyde Park Corner, not because the Park entrance had any particular association but because there stood Apsley House, "Number One, London."

In Apsley House lived the Iron Duke. He would come out and take the salute as the men marched by, for he was their colonel.

Wellington died 96 years ago. The Grenadiers still march to attention when passing his home.

The story of these old traditions is told in "Military Customs" (Gale and Polden 10s 6d). The author, Major T. J. Edwards, Member of the Society for Army Historical Research, gives the facts to answer many a barrack-room argument — ranging from why Guardsmen wear buttons in groups ranging from one to five (this shows seniority of regiments — the Welsh wear the five) to why generals wear red tabs.

These gorget patches started life as pieces of armour which protected the throat (or gorge). The armour outlived its usefulness, but patches remained as

part of the officer's uniform; by 1768 these were usually hung round the neck from ribbons. In 1899 they were represented by red patches on the then new khaki dress of colonels and generals.

The author tells, too, why the Cameronians still put out picquets at open-air services. This regiment was formed of the descendants of the Presbyterians who were hunted down by Royal troops. Sentries were always put out whenever meetings were held.

Later they were "recognised" and their regiment formed but the early members carried bibles in their haversacks because of their Presbyterian association. Today the King's health is proposed in the mess but never drunk.

Major Edwards is quick to admit that the origin of some customs is difficult to trace.

Battles have welded together many regiments. The Worcesters and the Royal Lincolns served

at Sobraon and have since been termed cousin regiments. In official correspondence between the two it is customary to begin, "My dear Cousin —"

Why some regiments wear red patches behind their capbadges, why the Royal Welch Fusiliers wear a black flash — all these and many other idiosyncrasies are explained.

There is an interesting chapter on mascots — from "Tiral," the regimental ass that was always intoxicated, to "Muriel," the pig that came fourth in the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers cross-country runs.



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'Ovaltine' Tablets containing the sustaining and energising properties of 'Ovaltine' are the best emergency ration. They are packed in handy sizes for the pocket. Prices 4d and 1/3

ALL BUTTONED UP



"It's all very well for you."

"What is?"

"Well, for one thing you've got no wife and kids to bother about, and if the old roof leaks you couldn't care less."

"Ah, but one day I reckon to have all that and a mother-in-law, too."

"And when that day dawns, old lad, you'll see what I mean. You'll probably greet it with an outburst of no applause."

"That depends."

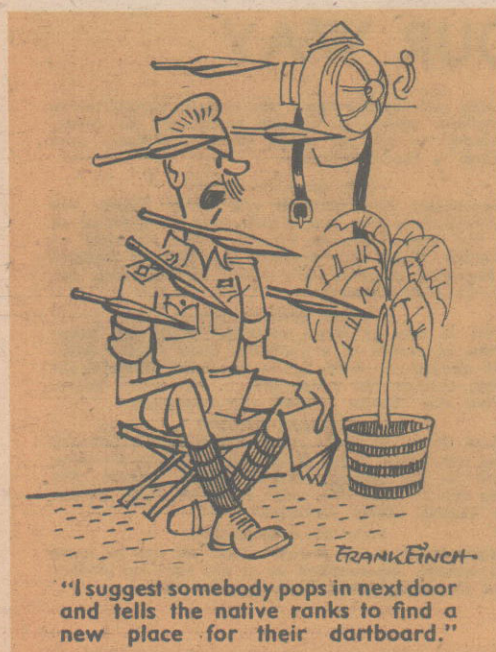
"Depends on what?"

"It depends on how many National Savings Certificates I can collect between now and the day I'm booked for Home."

"If I know you, old boy, you're not going to collect many."

"Don't worry! The thing was all buttoned up with the Savings bloke some time ago. And I don't feel the draught at all on pay days."

See your **UNIT SAVINGS OFFICER** about it **NOW!**



FILMS

This is a film page without superlatives, and without studio gossip. It will tell you in a nutshell the kind of films you may expect to see in the immediate future at your AKC cinema, without hailing them all as masterpieces.

Since the Army Kinema Corporation today runs all Army cinemas and is responsible for Army film-making, this page will also feature background stories, like the one below on the controversial question of Army news-shorts. It will also give the Army Kinema Corporation a chance to explain why such a thing can be done and such a thing cannot. And it will give readers a chance to say what

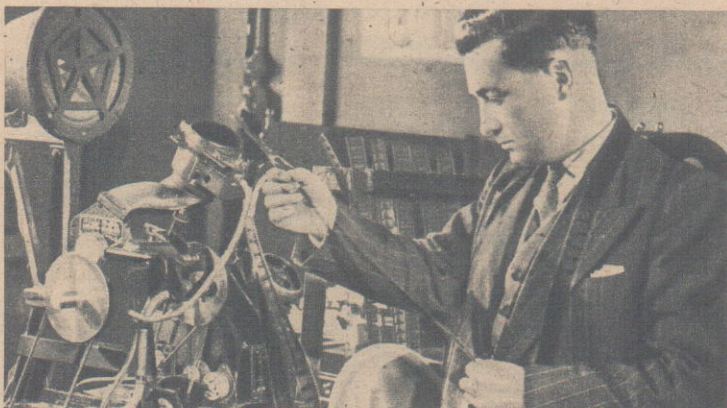
they like or dislike about the films which come their way.

Note: The Army Kinema Corporation is a civilian organisation answerable to the Army Council. It is non-profit-making and also non-loss-making; that is, it must—as far as can be calculated—break even. All prices of admission have to be fixed with this in mind, since the Treasury no longer subsidises Forces' entertainment; the number of copies of films must also be limited to avoid waste.

The AKC took over the film commitments of the wartime Army Kinema Service and ENSA in 1946. It runs cinemas from Japan to the Gold Coast, from Scotland to Singapore, and maintains hundreds of mobile road shows.



"Long Tom" is the nickname for the giant 56 inch lens which brings in long shots of Royalty on the Palace balcony. Below: Lionel Hoare, chief cutter, at the Moviola, in which he selects the best shots from thousands of feet of film.



THE ARMY'S OWN NEWS MAGAZINE

NO kind of film has a shorter life than the news reel. In London it is off the screen in a week; elsewhere it may survive for a fortnight or even three weeks.

How to provide news reels for the scattered British Army was the problem facing the Army Kinema Corporation. Just over a year ago they introduced a specially designed news maga-

zine. Ordinary news reels "dated" so quickly and often included material of purely local interest; the idea behind "News Parade" was that the best of the news reel items and the best of the screen magazine items should be combined, with a special commentary, to form a news magazine of particular appeal to the soldier.

"News Parade" is produced weekly by Pathé Pictures. It is made up on Monday or Tuesday of each week and the first copies are usually received from the laboratories on the Friday. About 70 35mm and 16mm prints are sent to AKC districts in Britain, BAOR, MELF, FARELF, East and West Africa and so on. These copies are then routed to all AKC cinemas and mobile shows. A special train and boat courier service for Germany, and air lifts to other parts of the world, ensure that "News Parade" is screened as soon as possible.

As Bob Danvers-Walker (left) speaks into the "mike" the sound engineer (framed in his sound-proof box) "mixes" his voice with music and effects previously recorded.



Letter

LOLLIPOPS?

SURELY something could be done about the mad scramble, towards the end of any film, by young soldiers who are interested only in being first at the nearest canteen, much to the inconvenience of the remainder of the audience?

When I was a soldier on boy service we were made to keep in our seats until the end of the performance and the National Anthem was played.

May I suggest either that we revert to the old peace-time practice of having MP's in attendance at each performance, or provide each member of the audience with a nice big lollipop which will see him through until he is able to get his nightly "tea and wad."—R. C. Jones, 11 CCG Car Unit, BAOR 15.

COMING YOUR WAY

This is a selection of films to be screened by the Army Kinema Corporation in home and overseas commands within the next few weeks:

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR

Based on an Ernest Hemingway story, this film stars Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett and Robert Preston in a sophisticated version of the eternal triangle played against authentic bush backgrounds near Nairobi. Many exciting shots of big-game hunting.

THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS

Suggested by the H. G. Wells classic this re-presentation stars Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Vincent Price and Nan Grey. A condemned man escapes from the death cell in a state of invisibility, extracts a confession from the real murderer. A blood transfusion brings him back to normal.

FLYING DEUCES

Starring Laurel and Hardy in the Foreign Legion, from which they desert... then follows a lot of nonsense in a runaway aeroplane. Co-featured is a re-presentation of ESCAPE TO HAPPINESS, with Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman and the young Ann Todd; not forgetting the violin solo "Intermezzo."

IT ALWAYS RAINS ON SUNDAY

Michael Balcon's portrayal of life in the East-end of London features spirited characters you might find

on any wet Sunday there. An escaped convict (John Macculum) returns to his old haunts, to the embarrassment of his old flame, Google Withers. Jack Warner is the detective.

TEN DAYS IN PARIS

Co-starring Rex Harrison and Karen Verne, this re-presentation tells how a man tries to check up on the ten blank days in his life which followed an aeroplane crash. This involves the doubtful hardship of becoming chauffeur to a young Frenchwoman. Spy plot for good measure.

LOVE AND LEARN

This is one of those comedies about two song-writers in search of a publisher. Jack Carson hopefully decides to make up to the band leader's girl friend, chooses the wrong girl... you know. Robert Hutton and Martha Vickers are co-starred.

BACHELOR KNIGHT

Cary Grant, to avoid court proceedings which will bring him before Judge Myrna Loy, acts the unwilling swain to her teen-age sister, Shirley Temple. The press fell for this one. Also featured: Rudy Vallee, Ray Collins, Harry Davenport.

FUN ON A WEEKEND

Eddie Bracken and Priscilla Lane set out to crash into society, handicapped by a pet dog and Eddie's habit of getting involved in financial deals.



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- ★ Free uniform and boots.
- ★ Training with full pay.
- ★ 1 rest day in seven; 18 days' annual leave with full pay, plus public holidays.
- ★ Pay as a constable £5.5.0 a week rising to £6.12.0 in 10 years.
- ★ Good opportunities for promotion. Highest ranks open to all.
- ★ Plus the excellent pension scheme with protection for your dependants.

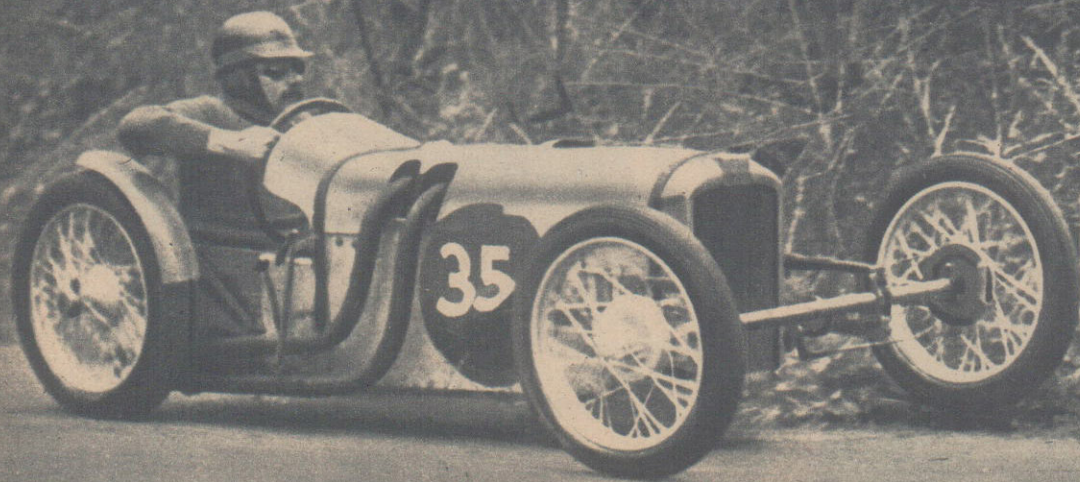
Name
Address

Send this coupon today to the Home Office (Police Recruiting Dept. S.F.4), Whitehall, London, S.W.1, for a leaflet that gives full details.



According to the enthusiasts, sports cars, like wines, have their vintage years. And so they formed a club for the glorification and perpetuation of the vintage car

"BLOODY MARY" SET THE PACE



IT took real enthusiasm to run a motor sports meeting at a time when nobody was allowed petrol for private motoring. But enthusiasm is one of the things that the Vintage Sports Car Club can produce in large quantities.

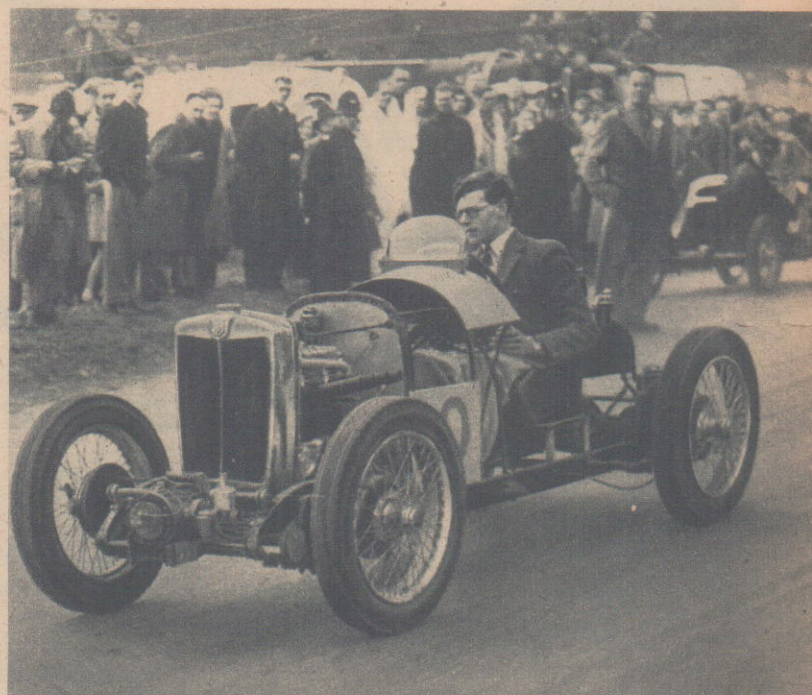
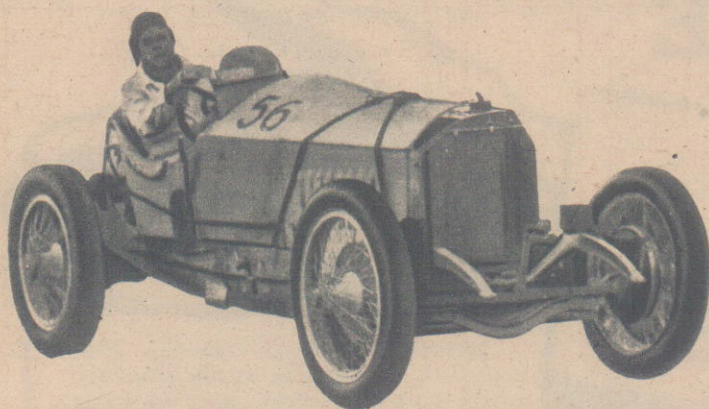
No petrol? Well, racing cars can run on unrationed alcoholic fuels. So the Vintagants, as the club members call themselves, were still able to organise speed trials at Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire.

There were 130 would-be entries but the meeting had to be kept within the hours of daylight, and half of them were disappointed. With no basic to bring them, 12,000 spectators turned up to watch, and the National Institute for the Blind, in aid of which the meeting was run, benefited by a four-figure profit.

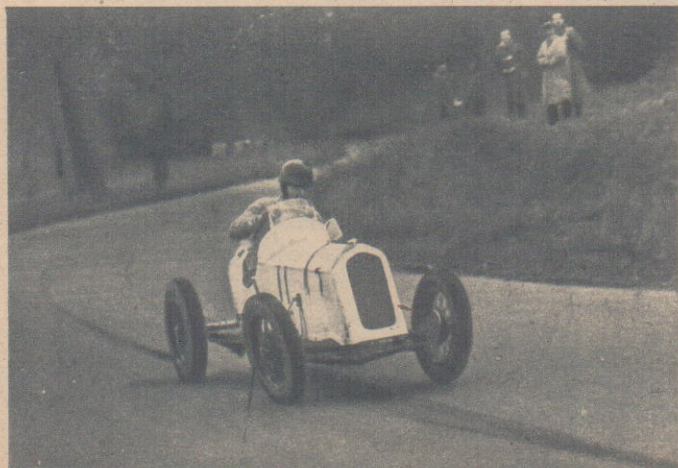
Typical of the enthusiasts who entertained the crowd was John Bolster, whose Bloody Mary won her class as the fastest Vintage car. Bloody Mary was built in 1929 and like all the "specials" built and run by enthusiasts, she is a bit of a hybrid: her power is provided by two motor-cycle engines. She covered the course in 81.52 seconds, only 7.12 seconds behind the fastest car of the day, a supercharged ERA.

But specials are not the Vintage car club's only, or even its main interest. It was formed in 1935 by about a dozen enthusiasts who deplored the decline in the quality of new motor-cars caused by the economic depression and whose intention was to foster the cult of what they considered the Vintage sports cars — those built between World War One and 1931.

Above: Bloody Mary takes a hairpin. Born 1929, she qualifies as a vintage car, but the club would accept her as a "special" anyway. Left: P. C. T. Clarke's 1914 Mercedes won the vintage class for cars over 3000 cc.



Two post-vintage cars that win the connoisseurs' approval: J. G. Martin's 748 cc supercharged MG (above) and G. H. S. Symonds's 747 cc supercharged Austin (left).



It was not a rich man's hobby—in those days speed was fairly cheap and for £50 or £100 you could buy a good second-hand car capable of 90 to 100 miles an hour. In the early days, modifications and improvements in performances of standard cars formed the club's main preoccupation. Later members began to realise that their favourite "Vintage" cars were likely to become rarer and rarer and they felt the cars were worth preserving for their own sake; so they turned their attention to maintenance and their events now have awards for cars kept as the manufacturers produced them.

Then one of the club's members, Sam Clutton, acquired an Itala, built for the 1908 Grand Prix—an enormous motor-car with a fine performance—and astonished the motoring world by entering it in the 1936 Shelsley Walsh hill-climb and putting up a very good time. When the Crystal Palace road-racing circuit was opened, he drove this car in a demonstration run with a 1912 Lorraine-Dietrich, driven by another Vintagent, R.J.G. Nash, a demonstration that soon developed into an unofficial race.

The virtues of these two venerable cars fostered a bug which bit a number of Vintagents and soon the club had formed an "Edwardian" section, for members who owned cars made between 1905 and 1915.

Membership is not entirely confined to owners of vintage and Edwardian cars. There is another class for owners of post-1930 sports cars of quality—and the committee has strict ideas about quality—and a class for people with the right ideas but the wrong cars. The club does not consider that people with expensive, souped-up V8 specials

who have never owned anything like a Vintage car are people with the right ideas. And the members do not want to make the club expensive; they want to cater, among others for the impecunious enthusiast, so membership costs only 10s entry fee and £1 a year subscription.

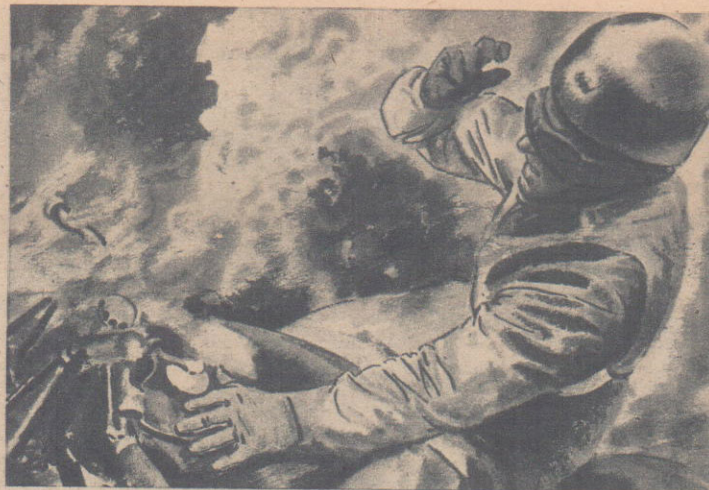
They have no headquarters but plenty of places to meet, and they keep in touch by an irregularly-published club bulletin in which they write of their cars with all the enthusiasm of young doctors discussing their first patients. One owner tells the story of his 1924 30/98 Vauxhall which was stranded in France in 1940 with a breakdown and which a supercilious motoring organisation valued at 50s and advised him to dump in the sea. Instead he paid duty on it, paid garage for eight years and got it back to England just as basic petrol stopped. Crazy? But the chassis once won the Gold Star at Brooklands at 114 miles an hour.

Another enthusiast takes three pages to describe how he bought a former works team racing Riley, in pieces, reconstructed it, reduced its weight by three hundredweight to get a speed of about 94 miles an hour.

There are offers of cars, too. A 1908, four-cylinder, 11 hp de Dion is advertised "mechanically sound"; another member would like to give an ancient Austro-Daimler to someone who would "cosset it with solicitude, to which it is accustomed"—but the garage bill since 1939 must be paid; a third is willing to dispose of his 1914 Bebe Peugeot (beside which an Austin Seven looks big) which won a prize for the oldest car arriving under its own power at the club's first post-war rally.

BOB O'BRIEN

A "Bug" is any enthusiast's car and this one, which came from the Bugatti works in 1926, gave spectators a thrill when it hit the bank on the hairpin bend.



THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED . . .

Exhibition motor-cycle rider crashed while making a blindfold dash through flames, badly cut and burnt one hand. Ambulance attendant applied T.C.P., which promptly relieved pain. Healing proved clean and rapid, and he did not have to miss a performance. (Report on files at T.C.P. Laboratories.)

Hand badly cut and burnt in crash

—but he was able to carry on next day

HE was lucky! T.C.P., promptly applied whenever the skin is broken, does just what is needed. It relieves pain promptly. It destroys any harmful germs swiftly, and gives real protection against infection. It helps to prevent or reduce swelling and inflammation. It actually speeds up healing. Isn't this the kind of antiseptic that you would find really useful to have at hand? And not only for dealing with everyday accidents. 'Because

T.C.P. is really safe and beneficial you can use it on any part of the body where its antiseptic, soothing, healing properties are required. The booklet with each bottle gives treatment directions for no less than 44 common ailments, hurts and skin troubles. You can get T.C.P. from Forces' Canteens and any Chemist.

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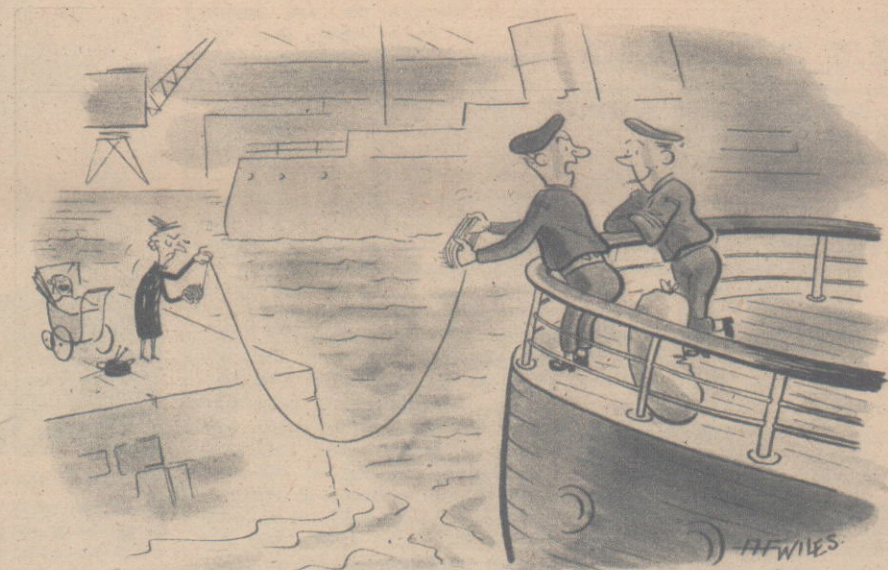
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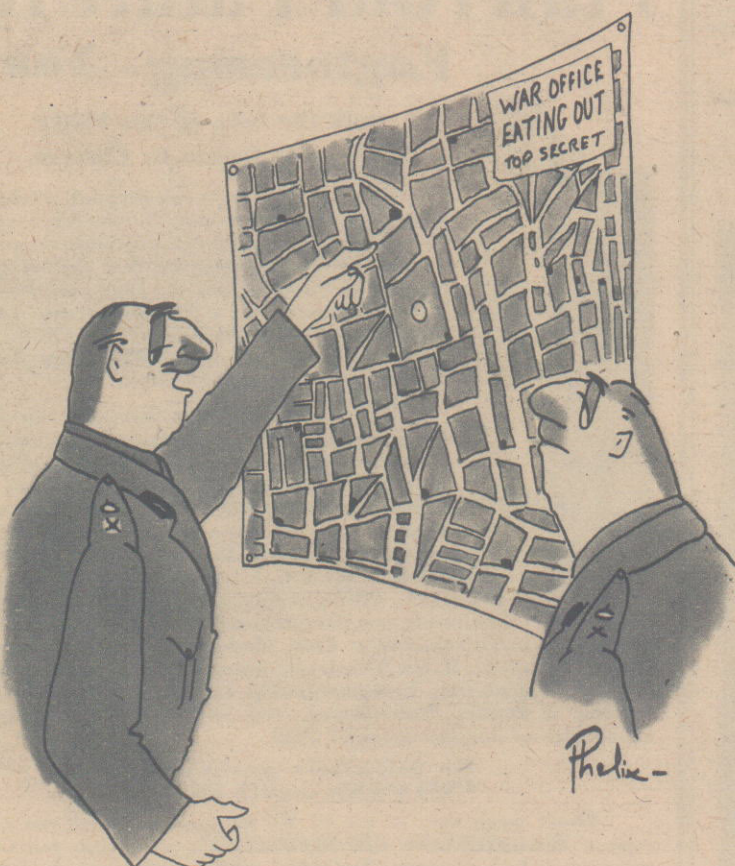
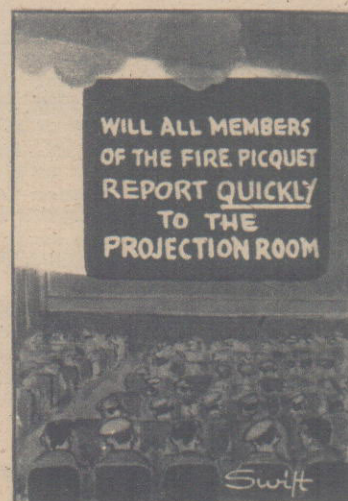
"And furthermore, I don't like that look in your eyes."



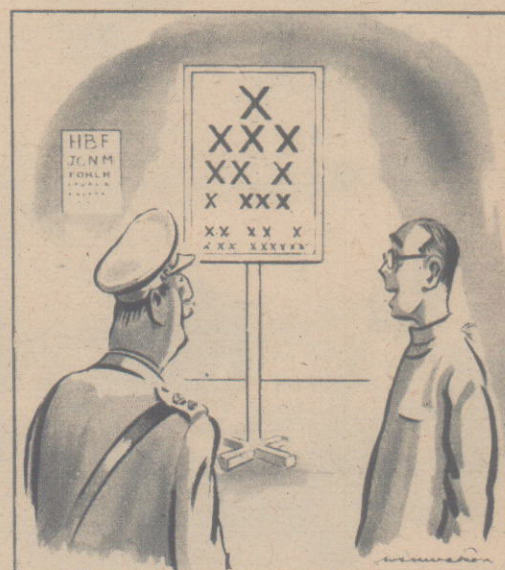
"Believe me, chum, I'll be glad to return to my unit for a rest."

SOLDIER

humour

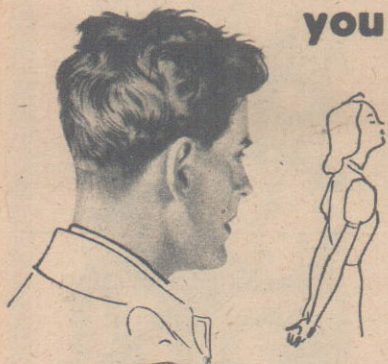


"Flash your Burma Star there, and you'll get two lumps of sugar in your tea."



"My own idea, sir — to test men who can't read."

Look what happens when you end Dry Scalp!



Two pictures of the same chap? Nonsense, she's not dumb enough to believe that! Just look at that Dry Scalp on the left! An untidy, lifeless head of hair, if ever there was one. There's dandruff showing at the parting, and quite a few bits on his tunic, too. His scalp is certainly short of natural oils.



Yes, it's the same fellow all right, but what a different girl! He's lost Dry Scalp and dandruff. Thanks to 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic his hair looks healthy, glossy, and well dressed. Someone's given him the tip—a gentle massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic every day, using only a little because a little goes a long way.

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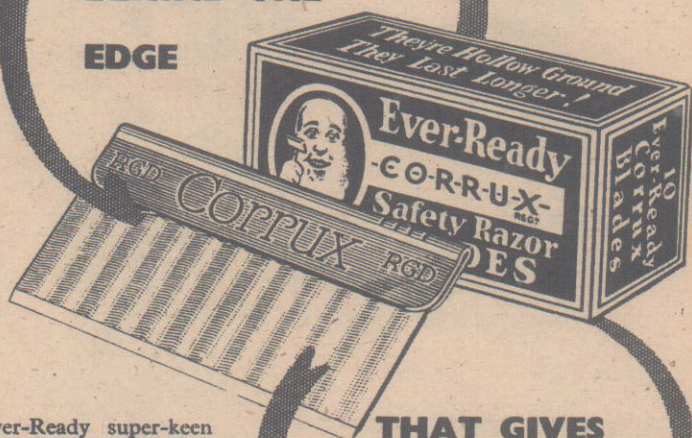
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EDGE



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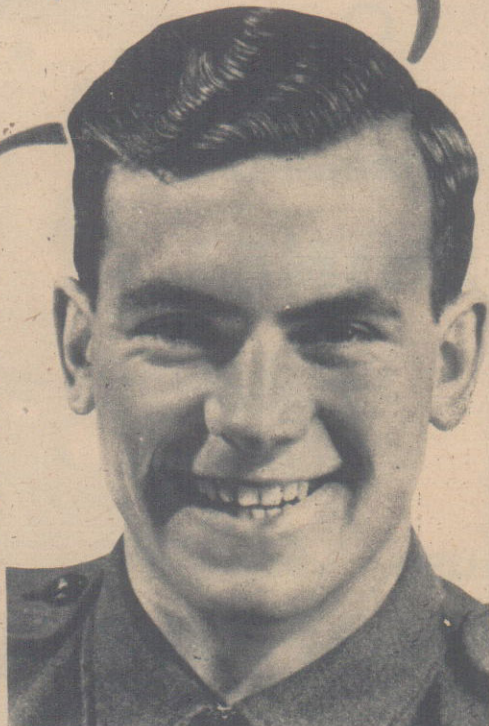
Ever-Ready **CORRU-X** **Blades**
THEY'RE HOLLOW GROUND — THEY LAST LONGER!

"BRYLCREEM

By Jove!..some chaps are lucky!"



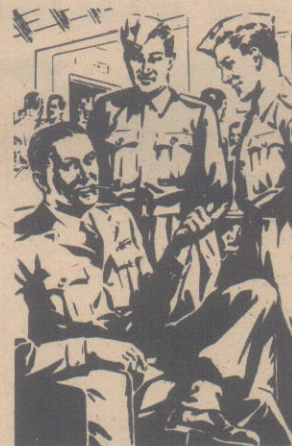
And men in B.A.O.R. are luckier than most fellows because supplies of Brylcreem for B.A.O.R. are still getting priority through N.A.A.F.I., Y.M.C.A., etc. But even this concession cannot satisfy the demand for Brylcreem so, when you get a bottle, please use it sparingly.



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Mrs. E. CHAD writes from London, N.15:—"I have been a great sufferer of rheumatic pain. My son advised me to try 'ASPRO' so I did and I have been taking them now for about three months. I might tell you that my rheumatic pains are completely gone and I see to it that I have always got some by me and thanks to 'ASPRO' which I shall be pleased to recommend to anyone who suffers as I did."

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RHEUMATIC
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WRAC SHARPSHOOTERS



A change from Palestine: Sjt. A. Robilliard coaches Sjt. Ishbel Milne on the miniature range. Left: the post-mortem.



EVERY man knows that a woman's aim is terrible ... but if you want to retain this comforting belief keep away from the miniature range at Kensington Barracks, London, and any other ranges where WRAC girls turn up, as volunteers, to learn the art of marksmanship. And if you do go along, don't tell the story about the dumb blonde who thought a magpie at nine o'clock was something to do with a new kind of cuckoo clock.

Kensington Barracks is the home of a RASC unit. On ladies' night, which is once a week, Private H. G. Morris, barrack armorer, brings out his No. 2 rifles, cartons of ammunition and a batch of targets. Two sergeants are on hand to talk learnedly about First and Second Pressure and the

Lower Central Portion of the Target. Sjt. A. Robilliard is back after two years in Palestine and this sort of thing is quite a change.

The most keenly awaited moment is when snap shooting targets are placed in the frames sideways, so that only thin cardboard edges are seen along the sights. "Hit that and you are crack shots," the girls are told.

When SOLDIER watched this operation two girls — Sjt. Ishbel Milne and Pte. Sheila Puddephatt — were successful. Their targets were shot in half as though bisected by a jagged knife blade.

Even in Dead Man's Gulch that would have been hailed as mighty fine shooting, pardner, mighty fine ...

BUYING OUT

DETAILS of the "buying out" scheme for Regular soldiers were given in Parliament recently by Mr. A. V. Alexander, Defence Minister. Rates are:

(1) Apprentice tradesmen and boys at Royal Military School of Music: First 3 months — £20; 3 months to 1 year — £50; 2nd year — £100; 3rd year — £150.

(2) Other boys: first 3 months — £20; 3 months to 1 year — £50; 2nd year to end of training — £80.

(3) Ex-apprentice tradesmen and bandmen trained at Royal Military School of Music: 1st year — £175; 2nd year — £175; 3rd year — £150; 4th year — £125; 5th year — £100; 6th year — £75; 7th to 16th year — £50; after 16th year — nil.

(4) Soldiers who do not receive trade training: first 3 months — £20; 3 months to 1 year — £75; 2nd year — £75; 3rd year — £70; 4th year — £65; 5th year — £60; 6th year — £55; 7th year to 16th year — £50; after 16th year — nil.

(5) All other categories: first 3 months — £20; 3 months to 1 year — £100; 2nd year — £100; 3rd year — £90; 4th year — £80; 5th year — £70; 6th year — £60; 7th to 16th year — £50; after 16th year — nil.

Notes: Rates may be reduced on compassionate grounds, or in extreme cases cancelled.

Purchase of discharge will have no effect on gratuities to which a man may be entitled on discharge.

Answers

(from Page 32)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. General Douglas MacArthur's.
2. (a) Omniscient; (b) omnivorous; (c) omnipresent.
3. He said most women under 50 were frivolous.
4. (a) Tuft of hair above hind part of foot; (b) that part of foot from the fetlock to the hoof.
5. A carved figure etc.
6. Turkey.
7. Dew.
8. Bought Mr. Churchill's memoirs.
9. Akimbo.

CROSSWORD

Across: 2. Pimpernel. 6. Pax. 7. Support. 9. Gabes. 10. Ill done. 13. Therein. 15. Gully. 16. Imprint. 18. Tee. 19. Swellings.

Down: 1. Spaghetti. 2. Probate. 3. Missile. 4. Roped. 5. Err. 8. The dry bed. 11. Langton. 12. Outlets. 14. Rural. 17. Mew.

Discharge by purchase does not affect liability under National Service Acts.

Position of men on short-service engagements is under consideration.

Officer-cadets may buy out only in very exceptional cases, at £200 or such lesser sum as the War Office may decide.

The scheme does not apply to women's services.

The new rates are being introduced at once, but applicants should wait until the necessary instructions telling them how to do so are issued.

Buying out is a privilege and not a right. Approval may be refused unless discharge can be granted without detriment to the Service.

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(Block capitals)

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Rank

Signed

Unit

"How do I keep clear of colds?"

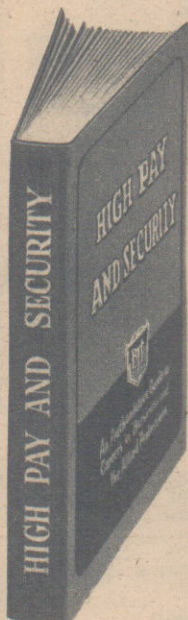


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LETTERS



THE GOOD SCOTSMAN

I am a soldier in the Black Watch. To convince some of my friends, please print the answer to this: Are Scots soldiers allowed, or are they not allowed, to wear pants or underwear of any description under their kilts? — **Pte. A. Hutchinson, Hamburg Garrison Unit.**

★ **SOLDIER** is reluctant to end a controversy which has raged for so long in so many lands. It is undoubtedly a tradition that no good Scots soldier wears anything under his kilt except when doing the Highland fling; then he can be ordered to do so. Recently the War Office were called on to consider the plight of a Cockney soldier stationed in Trieste who was transferred to a Scots regiment and put into a kilt. This soldier complained about the no-pants rule because in Trieste the bora (an icy gale) carries all before it. His letter ended: "When the bora blows it's not only my hat I hang on to."

SOLDIER is aware that the rule is sometimes broken by soldiers whose sense of modesty is stronger than their respect for tradition.

The good Scotsman is fearless: see cartoon in March issue of **SOLDIER** captioned—"He's the bravest man I know—he wore his kilt in Brussels on VE-Day."

ARMY SURPLUS

It is difficult to obtain adequate supplies of clothing and equipment for men in my company. This is because Britain is short of raw materials and because of the need for exporting as much clothing as we can. I therefore wonder how certain shops are able to display clothing for sale marked "Army Surplus". Is there any explanation I can give to men who question me on this point? — **"Coy. Commander" (Name and address supplied.)**

★ With the rapid run-down, the Army was left with stocks of odd-sized articles of clothing which would be surplus to its needs for a long time, and many of these stocks were disposed of. Also, in view of the great shortage of clothing on the civilian market, the Cabinet decided that the Services must not hold more than a very limited stock level if there was any possibility of Services' clothing helping the civilian. In this way some stocks suffered depletion. The Army, in general, has sufficient stocks of clothing in relation to its size, if current issues are carefully controlled and the greatest economy exercised.

CHEVRONS CLUB

We wanted to spend leave in London and as we were both NCO's (lance-corporals) we applied in advance for accommodation at the Chevrons Club. We understood from the name of the club that it was for the use of NCO's. We received a reply from the assistant manager of the club that it was for senior NCO's

only and lance-corporals were not eligible. We would suggest that the name of the club be altered to "The Three Chevrons" so that no other lance-corporals will be misled. — **L/Cpls. G. Welch-Rollason & M. G. Kenny, 15 T. B. (D) RASC.**

★ The Chevrons Club say that at one time lance-corporals were admitted but that, after representations by other members of the club, and as the title "lance-corporal" was an appointment and not a rank, it was decided that only full corporals and above were eligible. The club was advertised as an "NCO's club" and not a "Senior NCO's Club" to admit full corporals.

JOINING THE T.A.

I shall be out of the Army in September and am thinking of joining the Territorial Army. Can one join for two years, and will it interfere with my civilian work? — **Pte. R. C. Pilgrim, 175 T.V.P., RAOC.**

★ Normal engagement is for four years but you may be able to join for two. Training is planned so as not to interfere with civilian work, but to get the bounty you would have to attend eight days camp each year.

PATTON'S PISTOLS

You state in your article on the Military Pentathlon at St. Moritz (**SOLDIER**, March) that a famous past competitor at the 1912 Olympics at Stockholm was General George Patton, who, you say, did well in the cross-country running but had a low score at revolver shooting.

I believe I am right in saying that on this occasion the General beat his own world record for revolver shooting and was awarded a pair of Colt '45 revolvers in honour of the feat by the Colt firm of America. Is this correct? — **Pte. I. L/Cpl. W. Kear, 247 Provost Coy, Mackinnon, The Black Watch (RHR)**

★ In his book "George Patton Jr." James Wellard says of the Stockholm pistol contest in 1912: "The day before the actual contest Patton broke the world record with a perfect score ... but on the day itself he was extremely nervous, missing the target altogether with some shots and coming 21st out of 43 entrants. Stories that he hit the bull's eye 23 times out of 24 with the 24th shot passing right through a previous bullet hole are flattering but untrue."

MEDICAL AID

I am a Regular with nearly 20 years service, serving overseas. A short while ago my wife took my son to a military hospital in England for treatment. She was told that since she was not living in married quarters neither she nor my son was entitled to treatment and it was refused. Is this correct? Surely a soldier's family is entitled to free medical treatment? — **Sgt. R. E. Smith, 22 Heavy Workshops Coy.**

★ Medical treatment is granted as a privilege to the families of Regulars

●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.

when there is a medical officer at the family's station or when a civilian doctor sponsored by the Army medical authorities attends troops. Neither will be called on to visit a family residing beyond one mile from a fixed point. Families may be admitted to a military families' hospital or a hospital under the Emergency Medical Service when treatment is necessary and room available. Exceptions are cases of chronic disease which are ineligible except for operation or relief of acute condition. Eligibility for medical attendance and admission to hospital also depend on the family being (1) with the soldier; (2) separated from him by exigencies of the service; (3) certified to be medically unfit to live at his duty station. The condition that the soldier must be on the married quarters roll ceased to apply in 1939. He must, however, be eligible for marriage allowance.

AT OWN EXPENSE

Recently I returned to BAOR from leave in Britain with my wife. I am a serjeant, but we had to pay the same rate as all passengers, i.e. civilians, high-ranking officers and others. To quote some of the prices we had to pay: 2nd. class berth, £3. 15s. (single); dinner 6s., Breakfast 4s. 6d. I have travelled on the military boats and consider that the unused cabin space could well be filled by married Servicemen and their wives at a greatly reduced cost. — (Name and address supplied.)

★ Men fortunate enough to have their wives living with them in BAOR do not qualify for leave in Britain at public expense. They are allowed to go there on leave but at their own expense and under their own arrangements. Families are not conveyed on the military ships as all available and suitable accommodation is usually filled with normal leave and duty personnel. Men with families in BAOR are, of course, entitled to local leave.

HOW MUCH SLEEP?

I am in the Army Catering Corps, and I know only too well that as cooks we are expected to work longer hours than the rest of the Army. Is any regulation laid down as to the number of hours we should work at a time or can we be made to work till we drop? I have always been told that a soldier is on duty 24 hours a day, or is that an "old soldier's story"? Pte. R. (name and address supplied).

Is there an ACI which stipulates the number of hours that a WRAC girl is allowed for sleeping? For instance, if



a driver has been out on a detail until three o'clock in the morning is she still compelled to attend early morning parades the next day, or is she allowed any extra time in bed? — WRAC Private (name and address supplied).

★ There is no ACI specifying how long anyone in the Army shall be allowed to sleep. The WRAC, like the rest of the Army, is not a trade union and those overseas are on active service, which means being on duty at any time. However, the general policy is that when possible men or women shall be given sufficient rest to ensure that they are refreshed for their next detail.

RELEASE LATEST

The following release dates are announced by the Ministry of Labour:

All Arms except RAC, RA, Infantry (including Foot Guards and Army Air Corps) ACC and RAVC: May 1948 part group 70 and part 71; June part 71 and 72; July 73 and 74; Aug. 75 and part 76; Sept. part 76.

RAC, RA: May part 75 and part 76; June part 76 and part 77; July part 77; Aug. part 77; Sept. part 77 and part 78.

Infantry (including Foot Guards and Army Air Corps) and RAVC: May part 74 and part 75; June part 75 and part 76; July part 76 and part 77; Aug. part 77; Sept. part 77.

ACC: May part 73 and part 74; June part 74 and part 75; July part 75 and part 76; Aug. part 76 and part 77; Sept. part 77.

WRAC, VAD (Army): May part 72 and part 73; June part 73; July 74 and part 75; Aug. part 75 and part 76; Sept. part 76 and 77.

As previously pointed out releases have reached a stage when the high rate causes a disparity between the age and service groups freed from the Services and between the groups in the various branches, trades and arms within each Service, if operational efficiency is to be maintained.

THOSE WHO DEFERRED

The following are the release dates of those who voluntarily deferred until general demobilisation:

Men (other ranks): 1 to 14 July groups 1 to 12; 15 to 28 July, 13 to 20; 29 July to 11 Aug., 21 to 24; 12 to 25 Aug., 25 to 30; 26 Aug. to 8 Sept., 31 to 60; 9 to 15 Sept., 61 to 79.

Officers (including RAC, RADC and RAVC): 1 to 14 July groups 13 to 16; 15 to 28 July, 17 to 20; 29 July to 11 Aug., 21 to 24; 12 to 25 Aug., 25 to 30; 26 Aug. to 8 Sept., 31 to 60; 9 to 15 Sept., 61 to 79.

WRAC (officers and women) VAD: 1 to 31 July groups 1 to 13; 1 to 31 Aug., 14 to 27; 1 to 30 Sept., 28 to 30; 1 to 31 Oct., 39 to 52; 1 to 30 Nov., 53 to 75.

Nursing officers: 1 to 31 July group 1; 1 to 31 Aug., 2 to 9; 1 to 30 Sept., 10 to 14; 1 to 31 Oct., 15 to 19; 1 to 30 Nov., 20 to 39; 1 to 31 Dec., 40 to 59.

The above release dates do not apply to those serving with RASC/EFI and WRAC/EFI.

GI WANTS TO JOIN

Can Americans join the British Army? "GI," General Staff Section, HQ European Command, APO 757, United States Army.

★ Sorry, but present regulations do not allow men of foreign nationality to join the British Army on Regular engagements. Before World War Two, a two per cent vacancy was open for aliens; this has not been re-introduced as the quota has been filled by members of the Polish Resettlement Corps. There were, of course, Americans serving in the British Army during the late war but they were volunteers on an emergency engagement.

HOMING FIANCEES

Is there an ACI which says that a man released from the Forces can claim his fiancée from overseas to Home Service? My fiancée has been in MELF for two years and I am in BAOR. — WRAC (Name and address supplied.)

★ Reversion of WRAC's from overseas to Home establishment may be authorised on compassionate grounds only. In the case of fiancées this includes reversion "for the purpose of marriage," and evidence of such intention must be produced before authorisation. Applications for reversion should be made to your OC—ACI 1393/45 para 3(g) refers. Decision rests with the overseas commander.

(More Letters on Page 46)

P.O.W. IN SINGAPORE FOR 3½ YEARS, JOINS MINERS

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guaranteed week's work every week; training with pay, and as to wages, face-workers average £7 to £9 a week — some get considerably more; but above all, it means a secure job for the future for every man in the Mines! Over 100,000 volunteers joined the Miners in just over a year — how about making Mining YOUR future job?

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★ When you're next on leave, call at the nearest colliery or employment exchange and ask them all about the opportunities in Mining today.



Issued by the Ministry of Labour and National Service in conjunction with the National Coal Board



Coming Baldness

THE onset of baldness is often unsuspected. Just a few hairs disappear at the temples (or it may be at the crown of the head). Then a few more. And then a few more. The loss of hair is hardly noticeable at first. But the hair continues to fall, and then one day you begin to realise that you are becoming bald.

Alarming, however, as this discovery may be, there is an excellent prospect of remedying the condition provided scientific treatment is resorted to while the hair roots still remain alive.

These roots are extraordinarily vital, and in many cases where they have fallen into a kind of sleeping sickness the restoration of normal growth has been brought about by scientific treatment.

The whole subject is dealt with very fully in a book entitled "How to Treat Hair Troubles," by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist, of Blackpool.

A copy of this book and other literature, and particulars of treatments supplied, will be sent post free to any address out of the United Kingdom, on receipt of the form below or a copy. If for delivery in Great Britain, 6d in stamps must be enclosed towards the cost to comply with Govt. regulations.

FILL IN AND POST FORM

To ARTHUR J. PYE,
5, Queen Street,
Blackpool, S. 10

Please send book, and particulars of treatments for the different types of hair trouble.

Name
(BLOCK LETTERS)

Address
(BLOCK LETTERS)

SOLDIER MAY 1948

MORE LETTERS

FLAT FEET

My medical grade on joining the Army was A1 but is now B2 on account of flat feet. When I am released I shall have to choose a job where I will not have to use my feet during working hours. Does my case fulfil the requirements for a claim for damages or a pension? — (Name and address supplied.)

★ If you wish to claim a disability pension on release, you should complete the appropriate section of your release book and forward it to your Officer i/c Records, who will pass the claim to the Ministry of Pensions for consideration. Only a medical board can determine whether you are entitled to a pension.

BOUNTY

I re-enlisted on a four-year short-service engagement and received £25 on re-enlistment. After serving eight months I went into hospital and I now understand I will be discharged, after treatment, as medically unfit, in about six months. This makes my service since re-enlistment about a year. Will I receive any more bounty? — Spr. T. Shelton, Preston Hall, Maidstone.

★ If you are discharged medically unfit from your short-service engagement, you will receive a proportionate gratuity based on 1/365 of £25 for every day of service.

FORMER RANK

I was in the TA until released in May 1946. I was then a staff-serjeant, a rank I had held since December, 1943. In August 1947 I re-enlisted for "five and seven" as a private. I am expecting to become a serjeant shortly. Will I become war-substantive immediately I am promoted serjeant and will my former service as staff-serjeant count towards seniority? — Lance-corporal, Aldershot (Name and address supplied.)

★ As you were released for more than 12 months before re-enlisting you will not become war-substantive immediately on becoming a serjeant, but must serve the required period in paid acting capacity. Former service as a staff-serjeant will not count towards seniority.

Is anything published about retention or loss of war-substantive rank by Regulars? I am a Regular with 9½ years to complete my 22-year Colour service. I was promoted WO 1 in 1942 and I am interested to know whether I shall keep my rank or whether I shall have to relinquish it later? — ASM, REME, Hants.

★ Peace-time establishments have not been worked out yet and it is impossible to forecast the rank of an individual soldier. The number of WO's

and NCO's allowed when peace-time promotion is re-introduced will depend upon the size of the peace-time arms. This in turn depends upon the size of the permanent Regular Army as laid down in establishments.

OUT AND IN

When I go out on release do I get my release pay in one lump? If I decide to come back into the Army during my release would I get my corporal's rank back? — "Cpl. STD."

★ Policy is to give released men pay and allowances for 21 days when they go on leave and to send the rest at fortnightly intervals. Any credits are usually paid ten days after going on leave.

You can apply to join the Army any time during or after your leave, but you might not get back your rank immediately. To ensure this you should re-engage before you are due for release, in which case you are entitled to re-engagement leave instead of release leave. This system of retaining seniority is subject to the present war-time promotion code being in operation. See ACI 216/46.

TO CANADA

My parents recently emigrated to Canada. I am a Regular with two years still to serve. I am due for Python and 19 days privilege leave and wish to know whether I can take this leave in Canada, and whether on discharge I can be released in Canada at Army expense? Also can I transfer to the Canadian Army? If not, can I on discharge go to Canada on their Reserve or must I remain in Britain until my reserve period is finished? — Gnr. T. Harrison, HQ Vienna Area, BTA.

★ You can go to Canada on leave at your own expense, at your own risk and under your own arrangements — see ACI 703 of 1947. You cannot transfer to the Canadian Army, as enlistment in Britain, which was open only to non-Regulars and bona-fide Canadians, was suspended at the end of the war and is no longer being considered. As you were living in Britain before enlisting in 1943, you cannot claim a passage to Canada or elsewhere at public expense. You will be released in Britain and will have to make your own arrangements for passage to Canada.

PENS AND SWORDS

Please settle an argument by telling me if the Royal Army Educational Corps is a non-combatant corps? — SIP J. Tortise, Connaught Barracks, Dover.

★ The RAEC is combatant.

Two Minute Sermon

The life most people live is something like a little village shop which is filled with a thousand and one articles for sale. Some are useless and many want the dust removed; but most are fine quality goods and not the useless junk they first appear. What is wrong with the shop is that there is no order and the shopkeeper may spend hours before he finds what he wants.

So it is with most of us. Our lives are full of good things but they are out of place. The art of living is not so much getting

rid of the evil things as it is getting the good in their right place.

Recreation, smoking, drinking, cinemas and dancing are all good and beneficial to us if in their right place in our lives. If they are in the wrong place life becomes chaotic, unhappy and evil.

Christ came to teach us the right order of living and how to use the good things in life in the right way. Only by following His example can we put our own lives in order.

PENSION

If as a war-substantive Warrant Officer I complete 21 or 22 years colour service, will I receive a pension assessed on the years I have served in that rank or on my pre-war rank? If at the end of the emergency I, as a war-substantive WO, have to revert to a lower rank, will I receive a pension assessed on the w/s rank I held or on the rank I hold when released? — WO 1 S. L. Patmore, HQ 15 Inf. Bde.

★ Under the New Pension Code which requires 22 years with the Colours, the "rank element" of pension is normally assessed on the paid ranks actually held during service irrespective of the rank held on discharge.

MOVING A QUEEN

In SOLDIER, February you gave REME the credit for removing the Queen Victoria statue from the "Shop" to Sandhurst.

Estimates for Her Majesty's removal were prepared by a civilian firm, but the bill was so steep that the Commandant of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst asked 30 Army Troops Engineers if we would move the statue. Accordingly we made a plan and, with



the able co-operation of the RAOC at the Royal Arsenal, who lent us a ten-ton crane to shift the heavier stones, we uprooted the statue and re-erected it at Sandhurst.

I enclose photograph showing Queen Victoria in transit. — Lieut-Col. E.C. R. Stileman CBE, RE, HQ 30 Army Troops Engineers, Old Dean Common Camp, Camberley.

IN DEBT

I am shortly due for release and find that I am a considerable sum in debt which I will be unable to pay before my release. I had no AFN 1483 while in the Army and so I was unaware of my debt. As I have no post-war credit or gratuity to come, does it mean that the money will be stopped out of my release pay? (Name and address supplied.)

★ If on release a soldier has a debit balance, his pay is restricted to 3s. a day during release leave until the debt has been cleared. If the debt is considerable, it may involve restrictions throughout release leave, but in no circumstances will restrictions be

It was stated in the story "Death in Her Notebook" (SOLDIER, April) that Britain pays German counsel to defend prisoners at war crimes trials. In fact, German counsel are paid by the treasury department of the German Provisional Court of Appeal (Oberlandesgericht) if prisoners are unable to pay for their own defence. No contribution is made from British funds.

THEY'RE THERE TO
HELP YOU — No. 7

ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

ALTHOUGH it was started only in 1944 the Army Benevolent Fund has contributed £800,000 to various Army causes, £354,000 being donated in 1947.

The Fund does not help individual soldiers but considers itself a reservoir behind other funds. Its money comes from various sources. NAAFI, for example, contributes a percentage of its profits, public appeals are made and the Albert Hall festival, "Drums," brought in a large amount. Field-Marshal Montgomery broadcast in 1946 on its behalf and this month General Sir William Slim is also going to the microphone to raise a further amount. A number of firms contribute generously.

The organisations which benefit from the Fund include corps and regimental associations which help their own members and ex-members; the British Legion and its Scottish counterpart, Earl Haig's Fund (Scottish Branch); SSAFA; the Incorporated Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Help Society; the Officers' Association; educational and scholarship trusts; Army schools and orphanages; homes for soldiers' widows; the training and care of the disabled; the Housing Association for Officers' Families; the Haig Homes; the National Children's Homes and the Thomas Wall Trust for Women.

Servicemen who apply to the Fund personally will be disappointed for no contributions to individuals can be made. But if they receive assistance in any way from their own regiments or any of the many Service organisations they know that in all probability the Army Benevolent Fund has assisted those funds in their good work.

continued for more than 13 weeks. There are special conditions for men making a voluntary allotment to a dependant; AO 4/46 refers.

FULL DRESS

Which regiments, if any, are entitled to wear full dress uniform today? — Pte. R. Rossiter, Dumbarton Road, Glasgow.

★ In Parliament on 16 March Mr. Shinwell said: "Except for the Household Troops and the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery there is now no recognised full dress uniform for the Army. No. 1 Dress, when introduced, will be used for those ceremonial occasions for which full dress was worn in the past." To another question, Mr. Shinwell replied: "No decision has been taken regarding the time or conditions of introduction of No. 1 Dress in the Army." (Note: No. 1 Dress is the dark-blue uniform which was described and illustrated in SOLDIER July 1946). Since then it has been announced (18 April) that the Brigade of Guards will wear full dress again for ceremonial occasions.

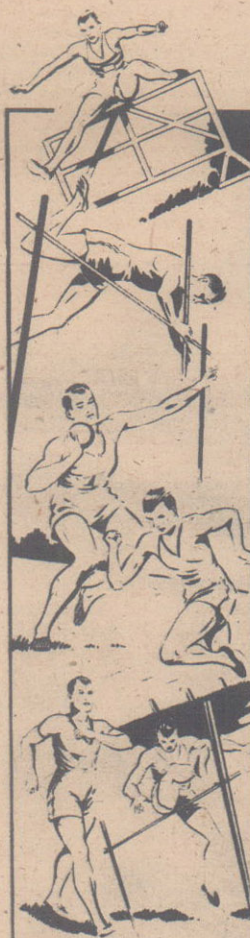
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HOW TO STOP FOOT-ROT



IRRITATING, PAINFUL, BURNING FEET,
PEELING SKIN AND CRACKS BETWEEN TOES

RELIEVED OVERNIGHT

If your feet irritate, are hot and painful, look between the toes. That's where Foot-Rot starts. First it causes tiny blisters, then peeling skin and irritating, painful cracks between the toes.

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If you, too, have skin ailments of any kind, try Valderma. This white, non-greasy balm will quickly heal your skin because it contains two antiseptics.

The statement quoted is part of a letter of gratitude sent to the makers of Valderma by Mr. A. H. Harlow. The original may be seen on our files.

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(147C)

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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE

Kathy Downs
Doodles as she browns,
Hoping a gentleman will call
To play ball.



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