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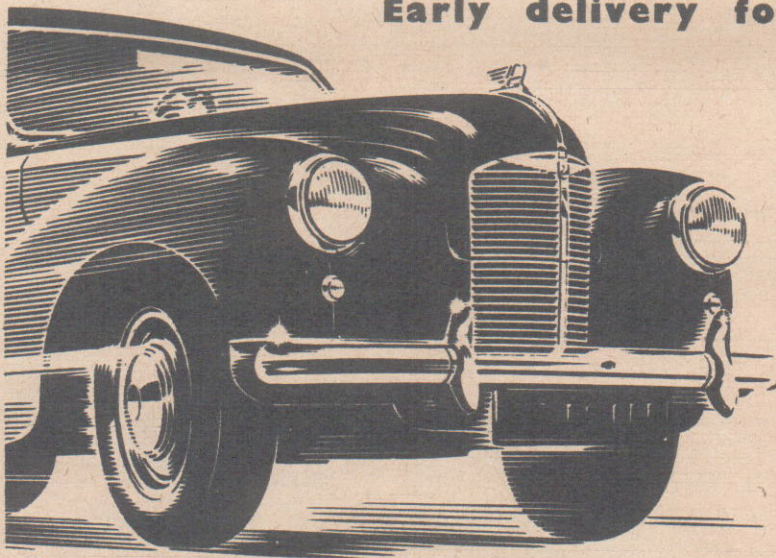


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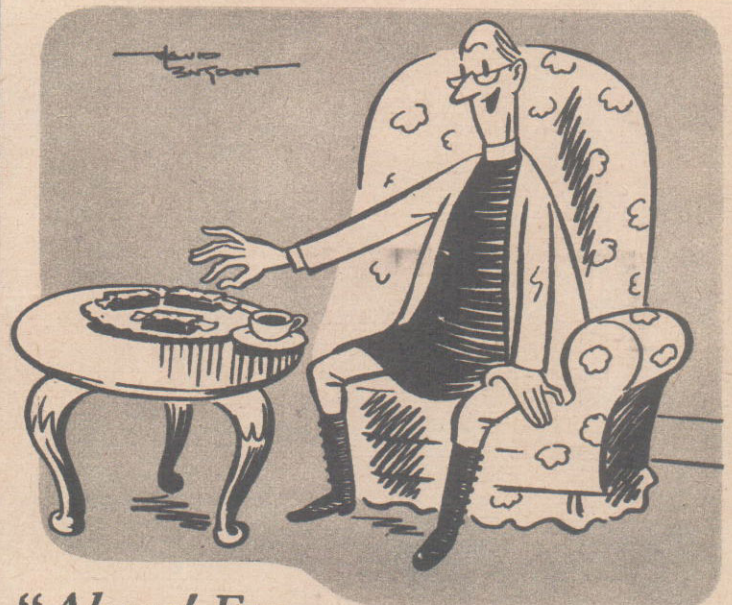
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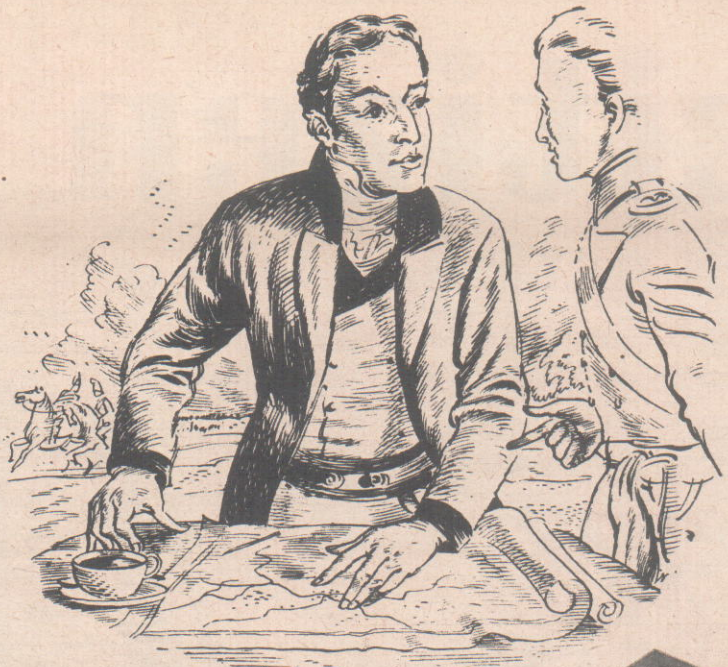
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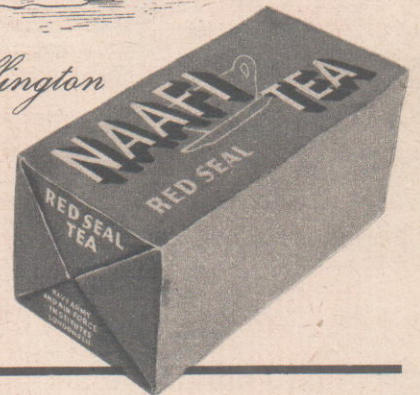
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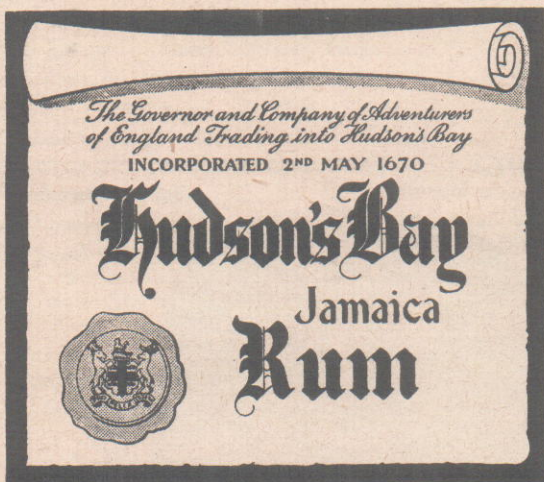
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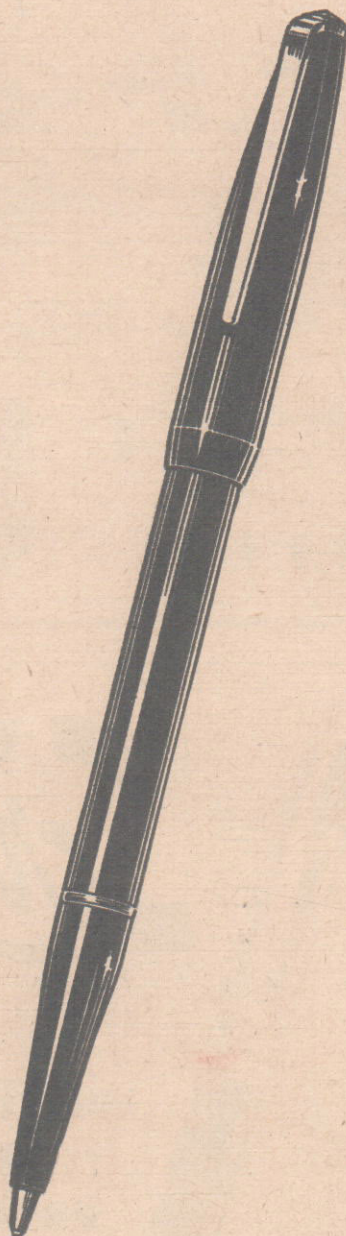
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HATS TO WEAR

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formal clothes*



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in the train if you must,
but don't forget your hat.
You look better in a hat.
And remember, your hatter
is the man who knows the
style that suits you best.
Let him advise you always.

See
them
at your
local
hatters

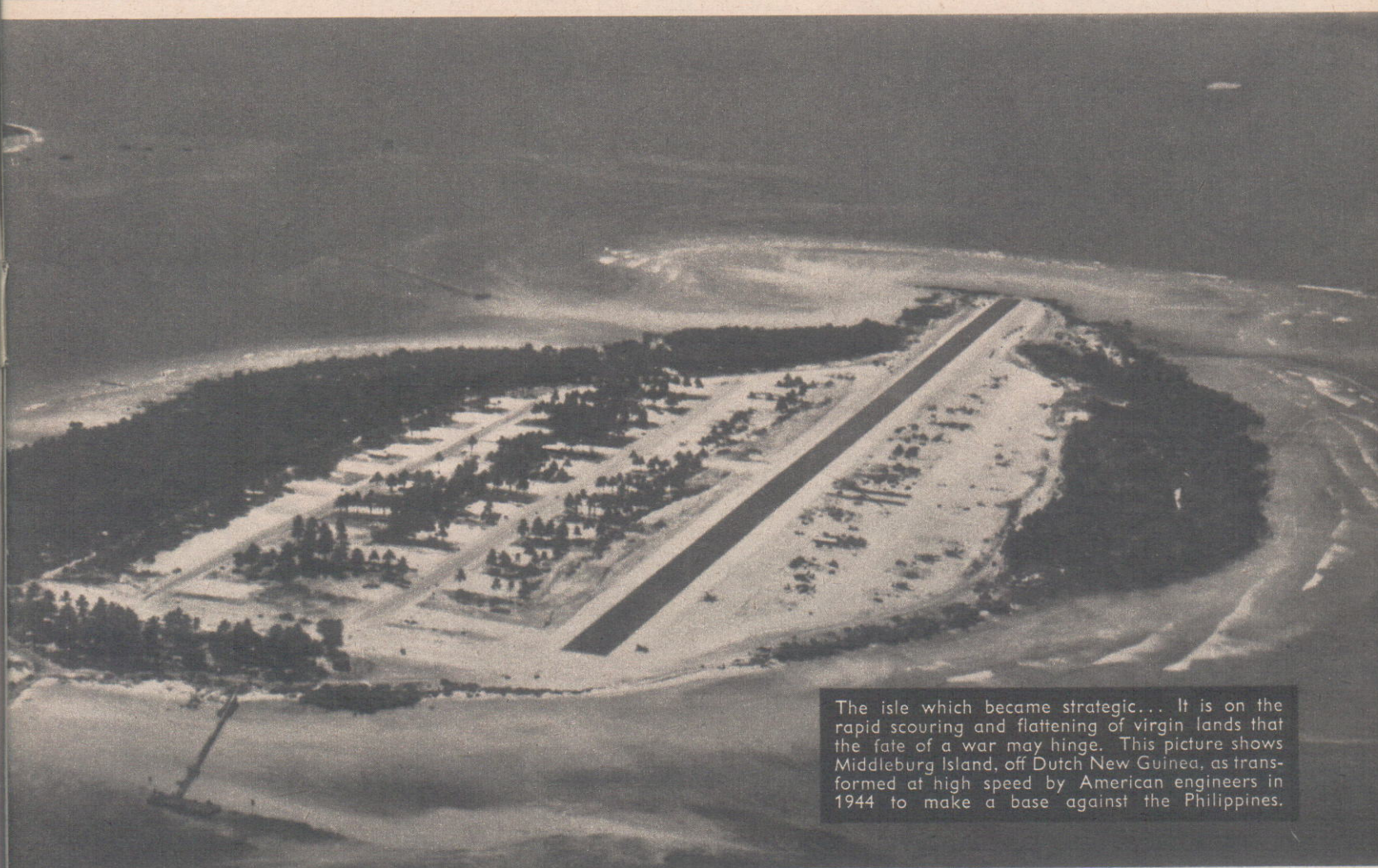


*The Homburg, with its generous curling
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*Not only is a bowler the perfect partner
for black coat and striped trousers, but it
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***If you want to get ahead
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The isle which became strategic... It is on the rapid scouring and flattening of virgin lands that the fate of a war may hinge. This picture shows Middleburg Island, off Dutch New Guinea, as transformed at high speed by American engineers in 1944 to make a base against the Philippines.

How fast can we flatten the earth? Here is news of a British machine which may revolutionise military road-making. It swallows the earth, digests and strengthens it — — —

AND A ROAD COMES OUT AT THE REAR

THE forces of the United Nations in Korea, according to some critics, have suffered by being "roadbound," whereas the enemy, being footloose, could show a certain contempt for highways.

Whatever the truth of this, there is little doubt that if future wars, like the late world war, are to be thrashed out in the primitive places of the earth, the prize is still likely to go in the long run to the side which can build its roads and runways the faster.

World War Two saw tremendous developments in the technique of flattening the earth's face. At one extreme was the Burma Road, which for long stretches was built laboriously by coolies carrying baskets of earth; at the other were the highways and runways built by the Americans on the Pacific Isles and elsewhere — roads ripped from virgin earth by bulldozers, followed up by monstrous engines which could lay a concrete surface almost as fast, it seemed, as a man could walk.

But rapid road-making of this kind was a costly enterprise; it tied up masses of men and transport, and the heavier the expected traffic the more labour and machinery were needed. Research engineers have been much concerned to find ways of building strong, durable roads quickly and cheaply.

Today British engineers and scientists are working on a machine — the first of its kind outside the United States — which may revolutionise military road-building and perhaps civilian road-build-

ing too. The machine scoops up the soil as it goes along, strengthens it with chemicals and shoots out the mixture to the rear as a ready-made road foundation, adequate for light traffic and needing only a thin coating of tarmac to make it strong enough for heavy traffic.

The machine — called the soil stabiliser — is one of several new appliances being developed at the Ministry of Supply's Military Engineering Experimental Establishment (usually known as MEXE). It was designed to enable Army engineers to build roads quickly in areas where stone for conventional road-making would have to be transported over long distances. Though they must be able to carry the heaviest Army vehicles, the roads produced are not intended to be permanent. They need only be durable to last the few months before the front line moves forward and permanent roads can be built in the rear.

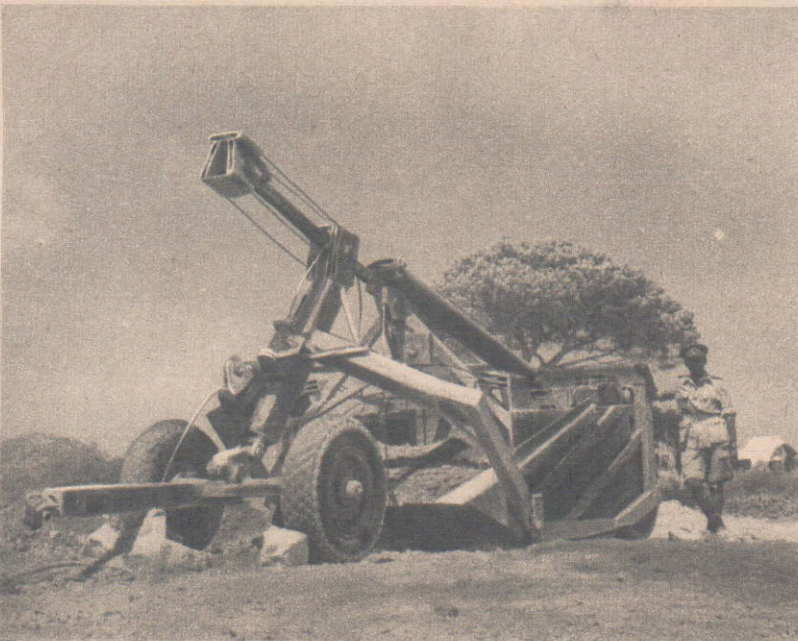
Ministry of Supply engineers have worked for several years on the stabilisation project. Their main task, apart from the machine, was to discover a chemical which would mix with all types of soil to form a good road foundation.

To do this, they first built a test road in fifty-foot strips, each strip made up of sand and mixed with one or more chemicals. Having tested this to destruction by running heavy traffic over it, they are repeating the experiment using clay instead of sand. After **OVER**

A ROAD COMES OUT (Cont'd)



The bulldozer has come a long way since the primitive model (above) used by Canadian troops in World War One.



Left: A "carry-all" as used by British engineers in World War Two. It was built to be useful, not to be beautiful.

Below: The curious-looking device being towed by a bulldozer is a rooter, a name which explains itself. It is only one of a rich variety of road-building machines which were used by the Allies in World War Two.



this they will start again, using an especially difficult type of soil, consisting of a mixture of clay and peat, imported from the Isle of Ely. Chemicals which combine well with these three will be suitable for almost any type of soil.

Tests carried out so far indicate that cement and lime may prove the ideal constituents. The trials have also shown that stabilised soil stands up to traffic remarkably well. In fact, testing the trial roads to destruction has proved a long and tedious business.

Similar machines operated by the United States Army and Navy are reported to have laid down roads strong enough to carry jeeps after two hours, and two-ton loads after 18 hours. In tests at Fort Belvoir, near Washington, one machine laid a surface which carried a B50 Superfortress bomber after 18 hours, and the US Navy successfully ran a 13-ton lorry over its "digested" road.

Soil stabilisation is only one of the projects on which Ministry of Supply engineers are working. Equipment for building permanent roads, site clearing and many other engineering tasks is needed by the Army and is thus also the concern of the Establishment. The machines being developed to meet these needs have also great possibilities in civil work.

When a local council tars and spreads grit over its roads, for example, work proceeds at the rate of about one or two miles of road each hour.

This is too slow for the Army. A machine is being developed which will, it is hoped, brush, spray and spread grit on the road in one operation at a speed of seven miles an hour.

The Establishment's research workers have evolved a device which, whatever the speed of the spreading vehicle, allows the grit to be dropped on the road at almost no velocity.

Other machines developed for the Services include a travelling stone-crusher which, at the rate of 25 tons per hour, can break down rock fresh from the quarry into pieces some six inches in diameter and then to any size down to dust.

The Establishment has also found a new approach to an old problem of the military engineer: how to get cold bitumen out of its container without leaving it for hours in an oven. The proposed bitumen heater and decanter should be able to melt and pour out 1000 gallons of bitumen each hour.

In developing these new machines for the Service engineer, the researchers are also helping to establish a new industry in Britain. Manufacturers who receive a development contract from the Establishment are encouraged to market the machines at home and abroad.

Until recently, the manufacture of earth-moving equipment has been attempted in Britain only on a limited scale. Before the war negligible quantities of earth-moving machinery, apart from ordinary excavators, were made by British factories. Almost all supplies were imported from America.



Tanks, jeeps, and marching men: a United Nations' patrol returns to its lines in a blizzard.

KOREA

The Story of One Reservist

TWENTY-SIX-year-old Lance-Corporal Steven Clancy is one of the reservists who were called up to serve in Korea. He left his bride in Manchester and joined the Royal Ulster Rifles.

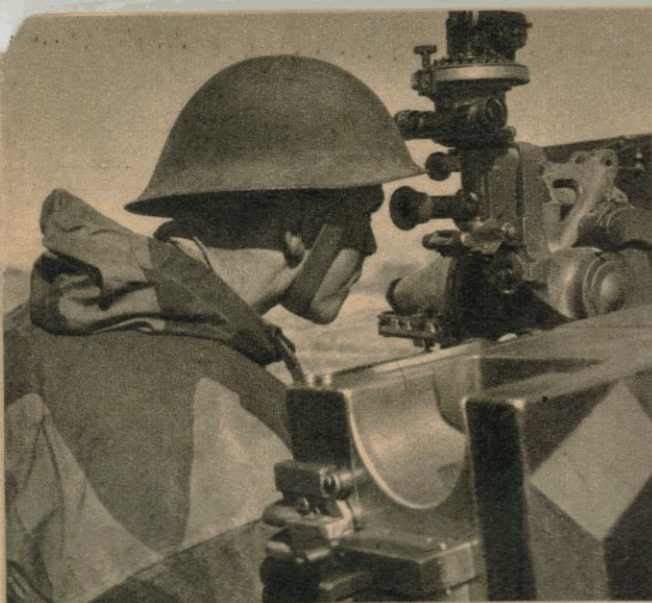
In the fighting near Seoul the regiment was ambushed, and Corporal Clancy's Bren-carrier was knocked out by machine-gun fire. At once he transferred his men to a nearby tank. With the tank commander a casualty, he took command and directed the guns on to the enemy.

At least four machine-guns were destroyed before the tank became bogged and its own machine-gun jammed. As Corporal Clancy climbed from the turret hatch his men were firing at Chinese who now completely surrounded his vehicle.

One Chinese broke through the ring of fire, and with a grenade ready, ran at the tank. Before he could throw it, Corporal Clancy, rifle butt swinging, leapt on to him from the turret top.

As the two recovered from the impact the grenade exploded between them. It killed the enemy

OVER ➔



British 25-pounders have been making front-page news with their big barrages in Korea. At the sights of this one is Bdr. T. Longden of 45 Field Regiment. Right: The first 25-pounder to fire in Korea.



KOREA (Continued)

soldier and blasted the Corporal's legs and back.

Partly paralysed, he crawled to cover, gathered his men about him and kept low until the trouble blew over. He did not tell his men of his own injuries.

When they moved back to their own lines, the Ulstermen helped their Corporal for eight miles through the bitter night. Next day he was put on the Red Cross train which carries wounded to Pusan, for shipment to hospital in Kure, Japan.

Was that the end of the story? It was not. As the train waited in the station another wounded Ulsterman was placed near Corporal Clancy. From the newcomer he heard a rumour that his

battalion was going into the attack.

That was too much for Corporal Clancy. He was unable to bear the idea of wasting his time in Japan while his pals were fighting. Why, he could still move his arms and legs, couldn't he? So he scribbled a note to the train commander and went back to join his unit.

That's the story of one British reservist in Korea. Corporal Clancy will no doubt say, "Why pick on me? The other lads are doing a job too." Well, here's another story about a lance-corporal. As it happens, he also belongs to the Royal Ulster Rifles.

Edward Phillips was one of a road party ambushed by Chinese. "They were on us without warning. Some of them fingered our clothing and said something that

sounded like 'English.' They motioned us off our trucks and marched us away."

But Corporal Phillips did not travel far along the road to Manchuria. After only 200 yards he saw a hole and stumbled into it, unnoticed. He was so relieved that he did not mind sharing the hole with two dead Koreans. Then he thought up a bold, simple plan. The soldiers who had captured him were dressed in great-coats of the type he was wearing. With luck, he could simply get up and walk back through the Chinese to his own lines. Which is exactly what he did.

In the limited, and often bewildering, fighting which has been going on in Korea there have been many incidents like these, and not only in the Royal Ulster Rifles. A notable tribute

to the coolness of British troops in action came from an American Marine reservist, Serjeant George Chappars. He saw the British Royal Marine Commando Unit withstanding a night attack in the northern mountains.

"If you can, create a picture for yourself of whistles off in the semi-darkness; and white and black uniforms; and the deceptively soft, and lively, bugle calls in the pale moonlight; and then wave on wave of these Chinks marching or running slowly towards you.

"Then picture a silent line of waiting Marines, in parkas, with perhaps a secondary line — and the defence line opening fire as these waves of Chinks come in, almost ceremoniously, towards you, firing grenades and throwing

OVER



Weapon-pit in the snow. From this angle, Korea is picturesque. But there's Gooks in them thar hills.

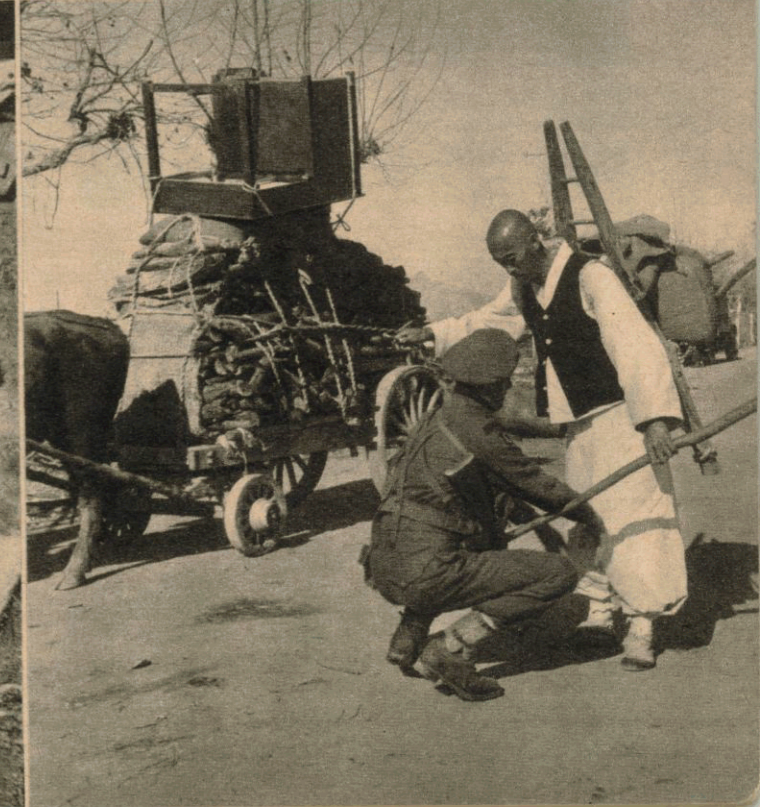
Below: Private Donald D. Hardman, from Hamilton, Scotland, talks with Major-General David G. Barr, of the American 7th Infantry Division, who has just decorated him with the American Bronze Star. Right: Protection against infiltration: troops of 29 Brigade lay barbed trip-wire which will set off flares if Communists try any surprise moves at night.



Korea cook-house: Gunner Reginald Pugh, of Willenhall, Staffordshire, and Sapper Bill Elliott, of Rotherham, Yorkshire, both of 29 Brigade, heat their tins together.



The enemy may not always wear uniform. So on a road-block like this, British troops frisk all-comers for arms.





Private enterprise: these Australian soldiers used an ox when foraging for wood for their platoon.



SOME OF THE MEN ON THE JOB: Cpl. W. Mills, Royal Ulster Rifles, was recalled from reserve for Korea. Here he is newly returned from mountain patrol.

Many who wear the Ulster badge came from English towns. Here is Rifleman G. Williams, who has two daughters in Liverpool.



Two more reservists: (Above) L/Cpl. G. Masters comes from Montacute, near Yeovil, and has three children. Below: Rifleman H. G. Clarke, from Croydon, has a son and daughter.

Since starting out for Korea, 2/Lieut. R. Benson, of Hayes, Middlesex, has been granted an extension of Colour service. Below: Rifleman J. Pratt, another reservist, has a daughter in Rochdale.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THAT was a singularly good press achieved by Field-Marshal Sir William Slim on the morning after he broadcast his tribute to the British soldier.

Ordinarily, national newspapers ignore broadcast talks (which can never be "scoops"), but this was a conspicuous exception; nearly every newspaper had a long report.

The speech contained an epigram which Field-Marshal Slim first coined a few years ago: "The British soldier isn't braver than other soldiers, but he's brave for a bit longer, and it's that bit that counts." This is one of those simple truths which deserves to go down to history along with Napoleon's saying: "The British Infantryman is the best in the world. Luckily there are very few of him."

Worthy of a place in the anthologies, too, was Field-Marshal Slim's story of the Gloucestershire soldier, with his serene assurance to a comrade as the moment of the big attack neared: "Aw, don' 'ee worry — us'n 'll beat they!" Today the Gloucestershire Regiment is in Korea, and there is no reason to suppose that it feels any differently about the enemy.

A notable point, to SOLDIER's way of thinking, was when Field-Marshal Slim said: "The Britisher fights best when he can see his enemy and that's why, I think, his skill has always been high with his personal short-range weapons."

Today, the scientists have done their best to make war a long-distance, impersonal exercise. The heavy anti-aircraft Gunner kills his foe, unseen, unheard, many miles away; he does so by delicately matching pointers on a dial. But that sort of combat, necessary though it is, is not the whole of war nor even the major part of war. That old indispensable, the Infantryman, still finds himself looking in the whites of the enemy's eyes. And he is as keen as ever his forbears were to "mix it."

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THAT hardy shrub, the Infantry, thrives best when its roots are firm in friendly soil — the soil of its own country.

The roots should be strengthened by the plan (announced as SOLDIER goes to press) to reopen the Infantry Depots. Since 1946 recruits have been trained in Infantry Group Depots; although the Group system will continue, the recruit will now have a better chance of beginning and continuing his service in the regiment of his choice. If he is earmarked for the Middle East or the Far East he will receive his further training in a depot of his group. This major re-organisation of the Infantry will take about a year.

Simultaneously, there is a move to strengthen the roots of the Territorial Army. Some 90 London boroughs are to go out of their way to befriend their local volunteer units — a step which should do much to build up the prestige of the new Territorial Army. In some areas, to be fair, the Territorials have always been encouraged to be active in civic and social life; in others they have been left very much to their own devices, being regarded (when regarded at all) as harmless eccentrics who choose to mortify the flesh every summer by scrambling up mountains and throwing pontoons over rivers.

Now, boroughs are to "adopt" their volunteer units, to hold receptions in their honour; and in return the units will stage parades and "At Homes" so that the

townspeople can see what they look like and what they do. Also there are to be "unit friends" in various walks of life — as, for instance, in factories — so that the Army's "demands" shall not be misunderstood.

The status of the Territorial Army has been raised considerably since the war; it is no longer an extra army but *part* of the Army. Clearly, the community must hold in proper esteem the part-time soldiers in its midst. A unit feels better for the knowledge that the townspeople are proud of it.

A couple of years or so ago, anyone glancing up at a window in Eaton Square, London, next door to SOLDIER's office, would have seen a quiet-looking, moustached major sitting at a desk, engrossed in, if not entranced by, the business of the Provost-Marshal's branch.

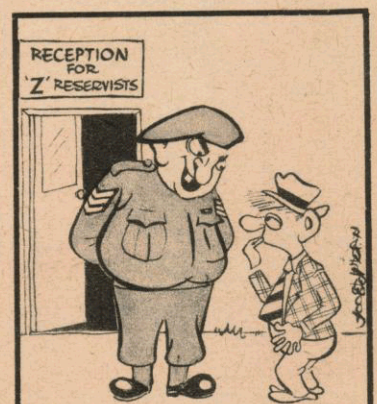
He was only one of many officers to be seen through the uncurtained windows in those parts. If the passer-by was a cynic, he would murmur to himself, "Chairborne."

That officer is dead. He died, very gallantly, on a hill in Korea, which is a long way from Eaton Square. And because his gallantry was such as to fire men's minds, he was awarded, posthumously, the Victoria Cross. His name was Major Kenneth Muir, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

An award of the Victoria Cross is rare in peacetime — if this can be called peacetime. Major Muir's VC was the first to be awarded since the end of World War Two; but between the world wars, it is worth recalling, four Victoria Crosses were earned on the North-West Frontier and another in "Mesopotamia."

Once in its history, the Victoria Cross was awarded for an act of gallantry in civil life. That was in 1866, when a private of the Rifle Brigade distinguished himself in a munitions train disaster in Canada.

But afterwards it was decided that the Victoria Cross should be reserved for gallantry in action against the enemy.



"Well, if it isn't Private Perkins again. Now, let's see, what was the last thing you said to me when you went out?"

THE ALLIES

AS SOLDIER went to press, United Nations contributions of land forces for Korea (in addition to those of United States and British Commonwealth Brigades) included:

IN ACTION: France — Infantry battalion; Greece — ground forces; Netherlands — two or three Infantry companies; Philippines — regimental combat team; Thailand — Infantry combat team; Turkey — Infantry combat force.

EN ROUTE: Belgium — Infantry battalion; New Zealand — combat unit.

ACCEPTED: Colombia — Infantry battalion; Ethiopia — Infantry contingent.

ACCEPTANCE DEFERRED: Bolivia — 30 officers; China (Nationalist) — 3 Infantry divisions; Costa Rica — volunteers; El Salvador — untrained volunteers; Panama — contingent volunteers.

KOREA (Concluded)

their 'potato-mashers' — grenades with handles — each Chink carrying and throwing nine to as high as 20 of them, and the Marines' rifle fire crackling together for several seconds, then perhaps fading and rising again ...

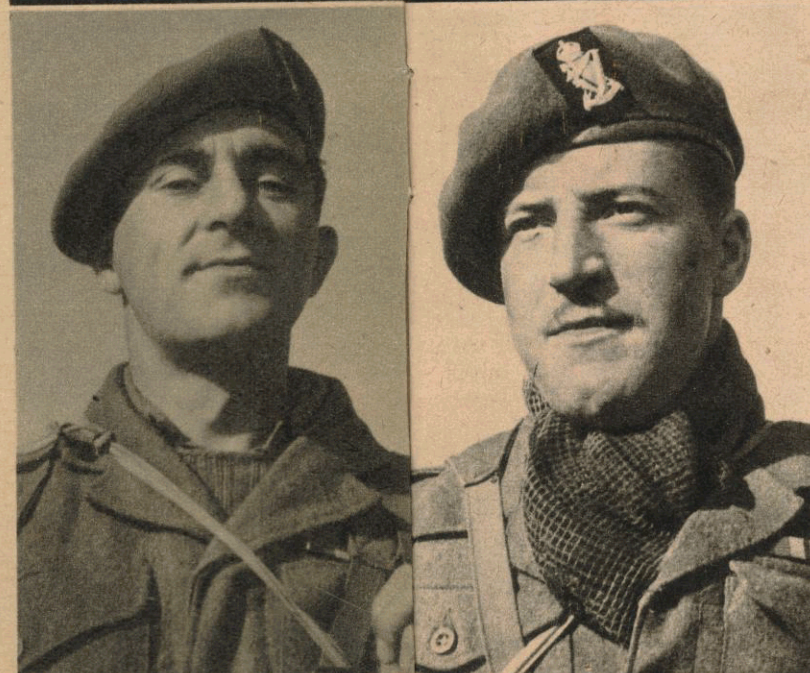
"Their colonel, a lean and hungry-looking man with a distinguished moustache, made me laugh until I nearly cried, with his calm waiting for the Chinks to get within close range, and then his 'All right, men, give them Concentration Eleven!' It was almost like some practice session except that 'Concentration Eleven' was undoubtedly one blast of hell to be on the wrong end of ..."

One bit of good news for the men in Korea was the opening of the British Commonwealth Forces' leave centre at Ebisu Camp, near Tokyo. The first party to go there were three officers, one sergeant and 12 men of the Middlesex Regiment. They flew from Suwon in a Dakota. After hot baths and showers, and a long sleep, they were given the "freedom" of Tokyo. It was a welcome change from slogging up and down the length of Korea. Hitherto, the qualification for a trip to Japan had been a 'serious wound'.

The men of 27th British Commonwealth Brigade were pleased — as were the House of Lords — to hear that Brigadier Basil Coad had also gone for a spell of well-earned leave.



Conversion job: Americans adapted this captured, Russian-built lorry to carry supplies by rail.



MOUNTED POLICE AGAIN

A quarter of a century after the passing of the original Corps of Military Mounted Police, there is a saddling-up for patrols again in the Provost lines at Aldershot

TWO horses clattered slowly along one of Aldershot's busier streets.

Shoppers turned to look at them. Small boys stopped their mothers and stood still to stare in admiration.

The horses pulled in to the kerb, and one of the red-capped riders reached down a white-gloved hand to receive a pay-book from a passing soldier. Men of the Army's Mounted Military Police were on patrol.

An old man with a bristling white moustache came out of an ironmonger's shop and stopped to look too. He grunted with approval. "They don't look like *that* on motor-bikes," he said. "There's dignity, and grace and colour for you. It's like a bit of the old days. They're proper soldiers."

The return of Mounted Military Police is something more than an effort to revive a little of the Army's lost colour. There are still jobs which mounted policemen can do better than anyone else, as the latest Provost Manual is prepared to testify. Mounted men are particularly useful for controlling crowds, on whom the mere presence of a horse has a useful effect. From his saddle, the mounted man can see more of what is going on than the foot patrolman.

On patrols over wide acres of War Department land, mounted men can cover ground impassable to wheeled traffic. They are valu-

able, too, for guarding the Army's huge dumps — a purpose for which squadrons of Mounted Military Police were formed in the Middle East during World War Two. When these were disbanded, in 1948, it looked as though the day of the mounted men was over for all time. There had been a separate Corps of Military Mounted Police, formed in 1882. It was merged with the Corps of Military Foot Police in 1926 to form the present Corps of Royal Military Police.

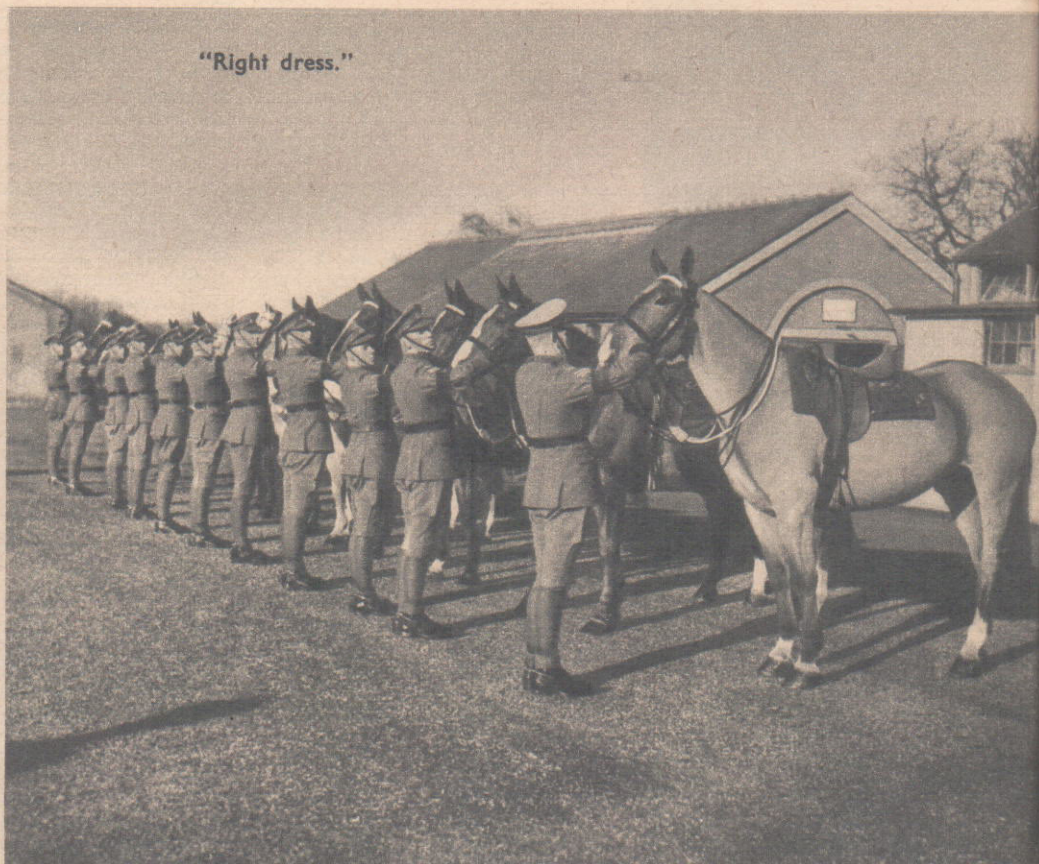
The two mounted sections at Aldershot were formed last summer of volunteers, most of whom had no experience with horses (there are still some vacancies). The men started with a riding course at the Veterinary and Remount Centre at Melton Mowbray, which also provided the horses. Captain J. H. D. Richardson of the 12th Royal Lancers, who helped to train horses for Britain's Olympic Pentathlon team, became Deputy Assistant Provost Marshal at Aldershot and took charge of the sections as part of his duties.

As his senior NCO, he has Sergeant E. Scattergood, who is the only man with previous experience as a mounted policeman.

Snap check: a soldier in an Aldershot street hands up his pay-book to a mounted patrolman. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL.)



FLASHBACK to 1947: these mounted military policemen served in the 605 Mounted Squadron, which was split between Palestine and the Canal Zone of Egypt.





Three men on a horse. A mounted policeman must know how to carry emergency passengers.



Over the jumps: The horse is Goliath, who served in the German Army and the Royal Artillery.



"Look, no hands!" And no stirrups, either. It's all part of the Cavalry drill.

He was a Cavalryman before joining the Royal Military Police in 1943, when mounted squadrons were formed in Egypt, and became Regimental Serjeant-Major of 605 Mounted Squadron in Palestine. When the Aldershot sections were formed, he voluntarily reverted to serjeant to go back to horses. "Life was miserable without them," he told SOLDIER. The two corporals, one in each section, served with the mounted squadron of the Household Cavalry.

The horses were chosen mainly for their steady temperaments. Their histories were various. One, Goliath, had served in the German Army and was brought back to Britain for duty with the King's Troop, Royal Artillery. He was

re-posted to the Mounted Military Police after a spell in "hospital" at Melton Mowbray.

Sid, a dun horse, and Claude, one of the sections' two greys, had spent their lives between shafts, as light draught horses. Mary had been a pack horse in the Animal Transport Company, Royal Army Service Corps, which is next-door to the mounted police sections and supplies them with forage, stabling, farrier and saddler. Perhaps because of her previous experience, Mary makes no bones about carrying three men over the low training jumps. Another horse was bought by the Army to act as a charger for officers of the Foot Guards. It was returned to Melton Mowbray as "tempera-

mentally unsuited to London." Most of the horses, among them Marjorie, their beauty queen and perhaps the best brain (she is the horse on the cover of this issue, with Serjeant Scattergood in the saddle) joined the Royal Military Police half-trained.

As the men and horses train together, a piece of ground near Rushmoor Arena resounds with the troop-drill commands, which Aldershot had almost forgotten... "Stand to your horses"... "Prepare to mount"... "Mount"... "Sections, left, walk-march." And in between the commands come the traditional and colourful phrases with which Cavalry sergeants urge their men to greater efforts.

The horses now are used to crowds and bands. Furniture vans can roar by within a few inches of their noses as they line the road, and their dressing will not be spoiled. They are schooled to keep still when guns are fired. Already they have added to the spectacle of King's Birthday and Armistice Day parades and the men hope to represent the Royal Military Police at the Trooping the Colour ceremony.

The cross-country side of their work is going well, too, as entries in last year's Army hunter trials showed. The sections hope to enter a unit team this year, when they have more experience.

Each day NCO's go on mounted patrol in the streets of Aldershot. The men have also to do their share of foot patrols and they can always be recognised by their riding breeches. Battle-dress is not issued to mounted men.

Lining the road, as they would for a procession. Though vehicles rumble past their noses, the horses are trained not to step back on to the toes of the spectators.



The prestige of the British Army remains conspicuously high in Greece. Our Military Mission there inherits 150 years of goodwill

Story and pictures by Serjeant EDWARD LUDLOW,
Military Observer

A "JOHNNY" GOES BACK TO GREECE



This badge is worn on the left breast by British soldiers in Greece. Blue and white are the Greek national colours.

WHEN the main bulk of British troops left Greece a little more than a year ago the Greek press paid many handsome compliments to "the tall, blond sons of Britain."

To the Greeks at large, however, the British soldier has been known for a couple of generations by the simpler, and more affectionate name of "Johnny."

It was a sorrowful parting, for the Greeks have a deep-rooted affection for the British, stemming from the day when the poet Byron went to help Greece in her war of independence against the Turks early last century. (There is still a leading brand of

There are still reminders of the days when a British division was in Greece. This bakery is back under civilian ownership — but still bakes for the British Mission.

champagne called "The Lord Byron.")

Some British troops remained in Greece after the main body left — the hard core of a British Military Mission whose task had been the supervision and training of the Greek National Army. Today much of this burden has been taken over by the Americans, but the British still deal with certain essential aspects in the development and maintenance of the Greek Army. And,

of course, the soldiers serving on the Mission are still known as "Johnnies."

The writer of this article revisited Greece after an absence of a year to see how things were in a country where the ties between civilians and British soldiers were so unusually strong. They have not weakened in the interval.

Among the greatest admirers in Greece today of the "English way of life" are the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men belonging to the crack Greek Raiding Force.

This formation, containing the pick of Greek soldiery, is modelled on Britain's war-time Commando units, and retains the green Commando beret. Within

Left: Warrant Officer Lyndsay Morrison RASC, of Belfast, was one of the first British soldiers to land in Greece in 1944. Today he is Chief Clerk to the Mission. He speaks good Greek and even makes his own Greek wine. Below: Parachuted into Greece in 1943, Major Brian Dillon MBE, The Royal Norfolk Regiment (right of picture) has been in the country off and on ever since. These men of the Greek Raiding Force now wear American steel helmets but still retain the green berets of the British Commandos, in whose tactics they were trained.





The sign points to the headquarters, near Athens, of the crack Greek Raiding Force. "Who Dares, Wins" is the translation of the motto. Right: on a typical Commando exercise.



its ranks are "young veterans" from the Greek Sacred Brigade which distinguished itself alongside the British and Commonwealth Forces during World War Two in the Western Desert and in Italy.

And a British officer, who in 1943 was parachuted by a Royal Air Force plane from Cairo on the wild mountains of upper Greece to help the partisans, is today the British Military Mission's Liaison-Adviser with the Raiding Force. He is 32-years-old Major Brian Dillon, MBE, of The Royal Norfolk Regiment, who has been "on and off" in Greece since those adventurous war-time days. Both he and Mrs. Dillon, who is in Athens with him, speak fluent Greek.

The writer spent a day with the Greek Commandos, and once again found that the Greek word *philoxenia* means more than its English equivalent "hospitality."

He saw the Greeks ferry supplies and "wounded men" up and down rugged cliffs, and carry out a raid from the sea on a lonely creek. Their barracks would have done credit to the Caterham Training Depot of the Brigade of Guards.

Siesta time for Greeks (and other Mediterranean people) is a habit formed at birth. But the Raiding Force has wiped that item from its daily programme. In the afternoons the men are usually stripped to the waist on the sports field playing soccer, or Greek national games.

Another formation which retains a strong British tradition is the Greek Royal Armoured Corps, whose training and organisation owe much to Bovington and Lulworth. And the spirit of comradeship peculiar to a British tank crew is certainly not absent from the Greeks; perhaps the black beret helps a little.

At national celebrations, such as Oxi Day (28 October), parades are held throughout the country. On that day, in 1940, Greeks

of all classes and political parties applauded as one man their Premier's celebrated "No!" to Mussolini who asked "to be allowed to occupy the country as a measure of friendship." When the Italians did attack, the Greeks threw them back into Albania.

In Athens the usual parade route passes the big building known as "Tameion," home of various branches of British and American Missions. From it fly flags of Britain, America and Greece. Faint blue-painted slogans written during the 1944 disturbances are still there on one side of the building.

From the roof the British look down and hear the vigorous ap-

plause which greets Greek Servicemen as they march by headed by bands and standard-bearers. There are police on parade, too (they also have had guidance and help from Britain).

If a British Serviceman stationed in Greece at any time between 1944 and the withdrawal in February 1950 (and there must be thousands of them) returned for a spell of leave, or holiday, he would find one thing completely unchanged... and that is the warmth and sincerity of Greek friendship. For Greek friendliness is no fair-weather plant.

But there have been some changes since the British were withdrawn a year ago. While

the rate of exchange for the drachmae remains at 42,000 to the English pound, the cost of living has risen. A Greek daily newspaper now costs 1,000 drachmae instead of 500 drachmae a year ago, and like newspapers in Britain the size is limited sometimes to four pages.

That small cup of hot, strong and sweet Turkish coffee costs 1000 or 1100 drachmae instead of 800. Those delicious but very "sticky" pastries, which many a young soldier liked, now cost about one-third as much again as they cost a year ago.

Although many hotels and similar buildings have reverted to

OVER



Proud men on any national parade in Athens are officer-cadets of the Greek National Army, in traditional dress.

A "JOHNNY" GOES BACK TO GREECE (Cont'd)

civilian ownership, thousands of bandit-war refugees had to be resettled in their own homes, and private accommodation is still scarce and expensive.

A cinema seat will now cost the returning Serviceman anything between 6000 and 8000 drachmae. In hotels and restaurants the price of meals has risen, too. On the other hand the national everyday wine of Greece, Retzina, together with Ouzo (the latter was officially "out of bounds" to British troops) remains as cheap and plentiful as ever. And fares on the rattling trams in Athens and Salonika have remained static too! Many of the "old crock" type of buses have disappeared, giving place to new streamlined vehicles.

In Salonika, where the bulk of British troops were stationed before their withdrawal, the Cavalry Barracks, once home in turn of the Highland Light Infantry, the Durham Light Infantry, the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment and other formations, are now being used by the Greek National Army. The barracks once used by the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, The East Surrey Regiment, The Suffolk Regiment and others, have been renovated to make way for the Greek Staff College — the "Camberley of Greece."

Signs indicating that British troops were once in Greece are gradually disappearing. One of the very few 4th Infantry Division boards still in place is the one outside the premises occupied by the former field bakery. Today bread from the same bakery, now under civilian ownership again, appears on the tables at the small British Military Mission headquarters mess.

At the entrance to Piraeus Underground Station an old British Military Police sign still reminds Servicemen to produce tickets or a railway warrant. Sa-

lonika's YMCA building remains unoccupied except for a caretaker; the red triangle sign is still up.

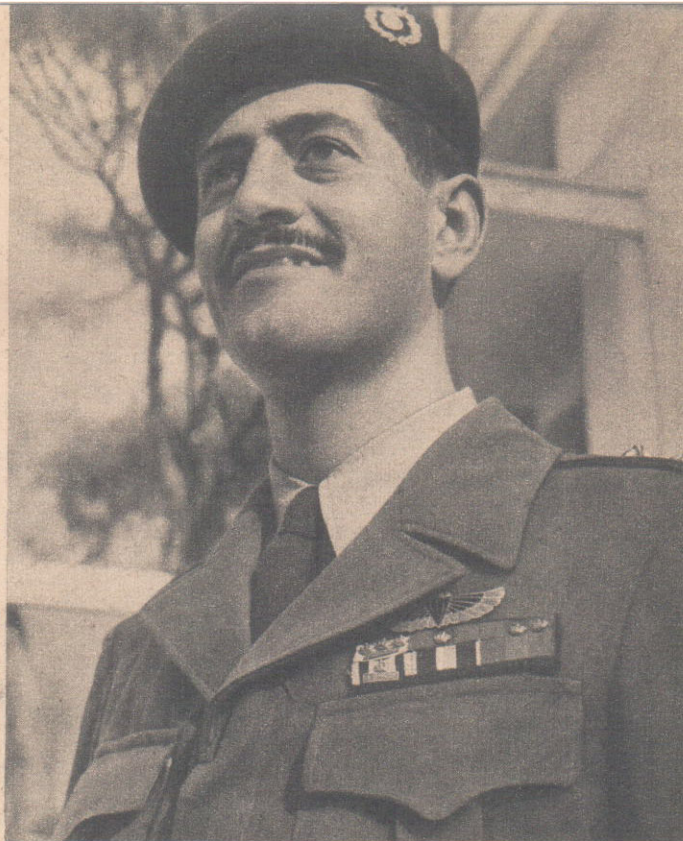
The returning Serviceman will miss the "cigarette boys" who have almost disappeared from the streets of Athens and Salonika. Their disappearance is partly due to the absence of British cigarettes, partly to the increased cost of local brands. Shoeblacks are still as numerous, and politely as troublesome!

Among the people the writer met in Salonika was 28-years-old Evangelos Tsingirithis, now with the Greek Ministry of Reconstruction. In a place of honour at his home are two of the much-coveted certificates of valour awarded by Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander of Tunis when he was Supreme Commander of the Central Mediterranean Theatre. One was awarded to him, and the other to his mother. This Greek helped to blow up an ammunition train held by the Germans outside Salonika, and to secure war material for the underground movement. He was the sponsor of a clandestine bulletin made up of BBC news. His father was shot by the Nazis for helping the Allies.

In many other homes such certificates occupy similar positions to those in the home of Evangelos Tsingirithis, and invariably alongside is a framed photograph of the Field-Marshal.

The writer met a number of Greek civilians who worked for the British Army. Among them was the Salonika travelling barber, 70-years-old Costas Combus, who has possibly cut more British Army hairs than anyone else in Greece. The writer also saw Mr. Har Hadjithomas, interpreter for the British Army in World War One, and again after World War Two. Today he is employed by a Greek contracting firm.

The two boy accordionists who toured from tavern to tavern selling peanuts with the help of their



Much decorated Greek Raiding Force leader is 28-years-old Captain Constantine Boikas from Corfu. He served in the Middle East with the renowned Sacred Regiment.

music, and who once hit the front page of *Courier*, the British Army weekly newspaper then being published from Salonika, have been "adopted" in Athens by an academy of music.

At a dozen or more spots in Greece today are the graves of thousands of British and Commonwealth Servicemen — soldiers, sailors, and airmen — who died on Greek soil, or in Greek waters during two World Wars. The graves lie in neatly laid-out cemeteries, well cared for by Canadian-born Colonel A. F. Menzies from the Imperial War Graves Commission. He has been responsible for tending some of these cemeteries for almost 30 years.

Once, at a ceremony at the British Cemetery at Polykastron, where there are 800 British and Allied graves, the then Gendarmerie Commander, Central Macedonia, Colonel Stavridis George, quoted verses from a Greek poem composed in honour of the British...

The poem (in translation) runs:

You are not foreigners over here
You are only sleeping
You heroes, among heroes
in an everlasting honour.

You are not foreigners over here
You are men of our own
with flowers your glorious tombs
respectfully we honour.

You are not foreigners over here
You sons of the British Isles
because you gave your precious lives
for the victory of your Allies.



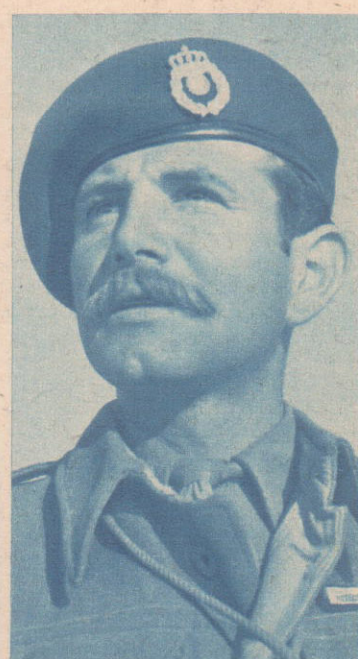
Lieutenant Gotsis was once a lawyer. He helped rout bandits at Grammos and Vitai.



Rope climbing expert is Cpl. Konstantinos Kagassidhis, former cart maker and Greek Royal Navyman.



Greek conscript—and a happy one — in the Raiding Force is former merchant sailor Antonio Kabouris.



Proud of his moustache—cut on English lines—is Lieutenant Tilemarchos Daskalakis, a Regular.



The savage hills of Sinai as seen from a breathing-halt during the ascent of Mount Musa.

MIDDLE EAST REPORT 2

To the high peaks of Sinai, where Moses received the Ten Commandments, went a pilgrimage of soldiers and Service girls from the Canal Zone of Egypt

Story by Serjeant ROBERT BUCKLEY, Military Observer in Egypt; pictures by Corporal RALPH HUMBLE.

JOURNEY INTO THE WILDERNESS

FOUR Army lorries rumbled out of Fayid, on Egypt's Great Bitter Lake, and headed for the Wilderness of Sinai — over the route once painfully trodden by the Children of Israel.

The motorised pilgrims — fifty soldiers and Service girls, on not-so-local leave — were going to visit the famous fortress-monastery of St. Katherine, situated high in the towering range of mountains where Moses received the Ten Commandments.

To the drivers of the lorries (one of which was a Royal Air Force desert rescue truck) this was no carefree picnic; the going in Sinai is harsh and primitive. To the passengers, too, the bumping was such as to cause "saddle" stiffness. But it did not matter: this was an adventure, a journey right out of civilisation. And "desert chicken" (corned beef) was more than the Israelites had.

The map of Sinai is not one on which the eye normally lingers. There is an occasional site marked "ruin" and the name "Musa" (Arabic: Moses) keeps cropping up as a reminder that

the Israelites of the Old Testament spent 40 years in the peninsula, after their flight from bondage in Egypt.

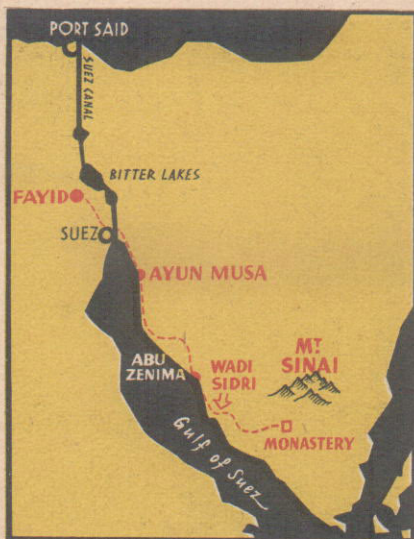
"In the third month... came they (the Israelites) to the wilderness of Sinai," says a verse in the 19th Chapter of the Book of Exodus. But the same journey took the new pilgrims rather less than three days.

It was easy to see why the Israelites grumbled when Moses led them from the land of plenty into the desolation that is Sinai. Soon after the three-ton lorries crossed the Suez Canal at Koubri

Silent upon a peak in Sinai: Private Doris Appleby, of Rugby, first member of the Women's Royal Army Corps to reach the summit of Mount Musa. Here she stands with the guide.



OVER →



The modern pilgrims followed the route taken by the Children of Israel, who were guided by a pillar of cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night. Right: Another view from the slopes of Musa.

JOURNEY INTO THE WILDERNESS (Cont'd)

Ferry, surfaced roads came to an end and desert tracks began. Each truck began to throw up a sand screen in its wake.

By sundown on the first day the convoy had covered barely 100 miles. It had passed through Ayun Musa, (Well of Moses), where the man of God is said to have drunk. The small oasis, surrounded by a wood of high, swaying palms, was Biblical enough — save for the presence of a wrecked and rusty motor car lying at the water's edge. On the fringe of the palms stood an Arab shanty village, and it came as a surprise to find that the "inevitable" soft drinks stand was absent. This was a sure sign that civilisation lay behind.

The second inhabited place was Abu Zenima — "a prosperous little mining town," according to the guide book. There were only five people on its streets. Fifteen miles farther on, where the Wadi Sidri cuts the coastal track, stood a single tree, forlorn in a patch of parched scrub. Here the convoy left the coast and headed for the inner mountains, the massive starkness of which was enhanced by the waterless wadis at their base. There was a pause to look at the ancient inscriptions on a village wall. Captain R. J. Q. Ambrose, Royal Irish Fusiliers, guide and organiser of the expedition, and editor of a pamphlet on Sinai, explained that these inscriptions were the work of tribes who were masters of Sinai during the early Christian era. There are more of the writings on Mount Serbal, which some claim to be the mountain of the Ten Commandments.

Sir Frederick Henniker, the explorer, wrote that if he had to make a representation of the end of the world he would take for his model the valley in which lies the Monastery of St. Katherine. That will give some indication of the difficulties the convoy encountered in its latter stages. Each lorry must have bedded down in the sand at least

ten times, and 21-years-old Private J. Hickman, the convoy mechanic, and the drivers from No. 4 Company RASC at Fanara, were kept busy removing sand from the fuel system.

The monastery lies almost at the focal point of the range and overlooks the plain of El Raha, where the convoy camped. It was here that the multitude halted while Moses climbed Mount Musa, traditional site of the promulgation of the Law.

At six in the morning the party began to climb Mount Musa, accompanied by a young native guide. First on the summit was

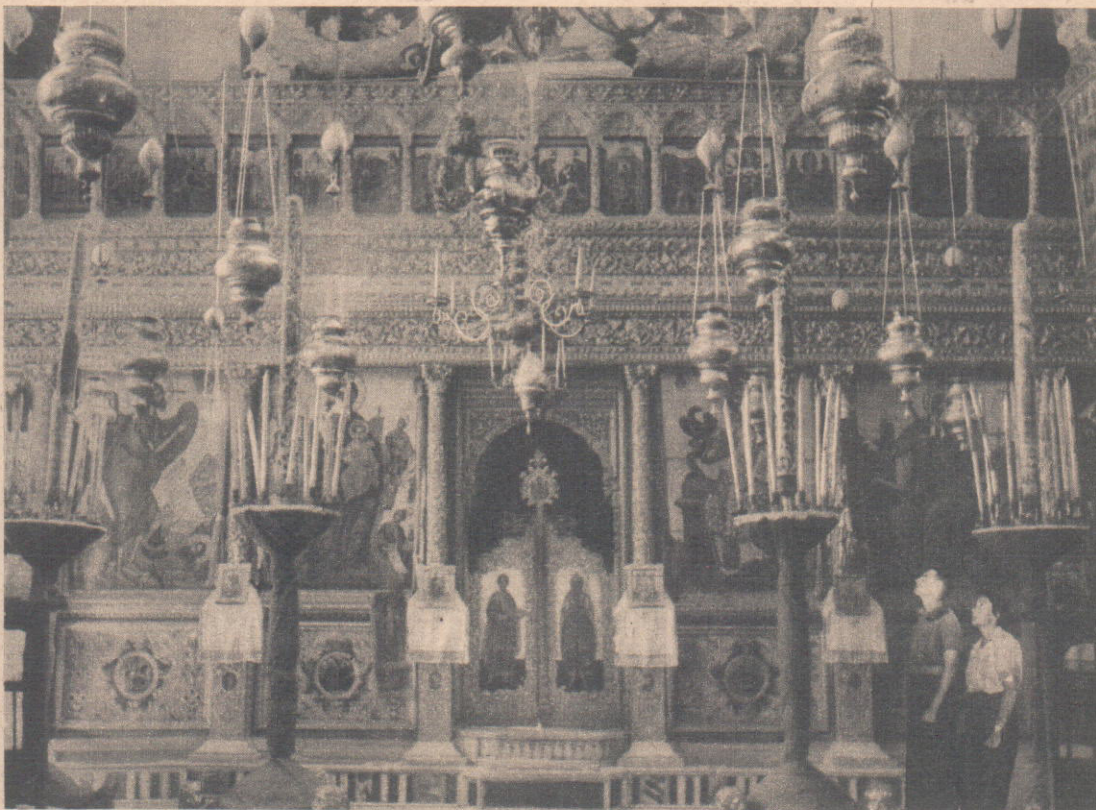
Serjeant A. Harrison, Royal Army Educational Corps. The view, like the climb, was breath-taking. On the summit is a chapel for pilgrims.

The party were shown round the monastery itself by Father George, of the Greek Orthodox Church. There are numerous places of worship within the 40-foot high monastery walls, notably the wonderfully rich Church of the Transfiguration and the Chapel of the Burning Bush. The latter was built in commemoration of the vision in which Moses first received the Lord's instructions to march the Israelites out

of bondage. Over the altar is a small window through which light penetrates on only one day in every year; the ray darts through a cleft in the mountains and falls briefly upon the chapel floor. The cleft in the mountains is marked by a wooden cross; so are the neighbouring peaks.

Father George told the pilgrims that the monastery was founded by Justinian in the sixth century to protect the cave-dwelling Christian hermits against roving Arab tribes. It is named after St. Katherine because the saint's body, history says, was carried from Alexandria and placed on Sinai's highest rock (now named Mount Katerina) whence the monks bore it to the monastery. There it still lies.

In one of the wildest parts of the world is one of the most richly decorated churches: the Church of the Transfiguration, in the Monastery of St. Katherine.





"Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." That was the Lord's instruction to Moses on the site of the Burning Bush. Pilgrims to the Chapel of the Burning Bush, in St. Katherine's Monastery, must remove their shoes too. Below: Father George (left), who conducted the Army party over the monastery, with the Holy Librarian (centre) and a young deacon.



How Much Do You Know?

1. A dominie in Scotland is a school-teacher, general practitioner, receiver of stolen property, janitor, shepherd, cut-throat—which?

2. Will a ball of lead float on mercury?

3. What do we call substances which have weight but no shape?

4. Add one letter to the name of a famous field-marshal and make a notorious murderer.

5. What is the name of (a) the Royal Navy's newest and biggest battleship in service; (b) the Royal Air Force's first jet bomber?

6. The Moskovich came into the news recently. It is:

- (a) a Russian fighter aircraft used in Korea;
- (b) a Russian-built motor car;
- (c) a branch of the Politbureau;
- (d) an international Communist paper. Which?

7. It is a lone, pointed rock, 224 miles out in the Atlantic, west of the Hebrides. It was a landmark for war-time airmen guarding the Western Approaches. Sometimes it was fired at by warships in mistake for an enemy vessel. It is mentioned constantly in BBC weather forecasts. What is its name?

8. A phrenologist is a man who professes to be able to:

- (a) interpret your dreams;

(b) give you long life by dieting;

(c) assess your mental faculties by feeling your skull;

(d) clean your mind. Which?

9. Who is credited with having first suggested lightning conductors?

10. Can you identify this man: He was a highly cultured, English schoolmaster who murdered a man he suspected of carrying on an illicit affair with his wife; he was not found out until 13 years afterwards, during which time he taught in school; he was hanged at Tyburn; he was the subject of a novel by Lord Lytton and a poem by Thomas Hood.

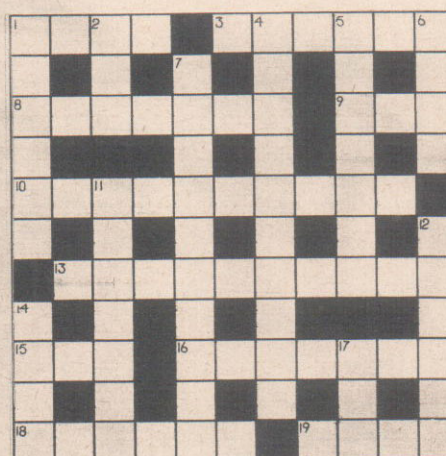
11. Is an endive animal, vegetable or mineral?

12. The lady in the picture has chestnut hair and green eyes, and is being billed as "the twentieth century Venus." What is her name?



(Answers on Page 45)

CROSSWORD



ACROSS: 1. Instrument for a tidy torturer. 3. Seasonable water-point. 8. Actors who just string along. 9. Article of furnishing cut by swing fans. 10. This is hard to hold. (Three words).

13. Good way to start a football match. (Three words). 15. Indicates disapproval. 16. A girl and a grain for greed. 18. Followed. 19. Fuel popular in Ireland.

DOWN: 1. Concerning 19 across. 2. Vessel in demand among sportsmen. 4. Ask for alms (Three words). 5. Proportionately (Two words). 6. After a colour, this challenge is a fruit. 7. "Peter Pater" (anag.). 11. Foreshadowing disaster. 12. Concurrence. 14. What any self-respecting seaman is. 17. Not this is a warning.

(Answers on Page 45)

Armour on the Isis

The Territorial Army now spreads its wings over the training corps at Britain's universities. At Oxford the Corps has been training leaders since the times of Charles the First



An unusual flash on Oxford University's vehicles. Translation: "The Lord is my Light."

THE armoured car was giving a slightly more comfortable ride than usual. Its wheels ran smoothly over a road coated with rubber, one of the broad Oxford streets which have been so treated to protect the ancient fabric of the colleges from jarring by traffic.

The crew of the car fitted into the academic picture. The driver was a student of Latin and Greek, the commander was preparing for a higher degree in history and the man behind the gun was a future medical specialist.

Car and crew were evidence that the Oxford University Training Corps is not one of the lost causes of which Oxford is said to be the home.

The Corps dates back to the reign of Charles I. As a unit, it has never been to war, but it has given uncounted leaders to Britain, and in particular to the Army.

Today its purpose, as officially laid down, is to train deferred National Service undergraduates for officer cadet school and to prepare candidates for commissions in the Regular Army. But any undergraduate who thinks the Corps will save him some hard Sandhurst training gets different ideas when he comes to the assault course built on the "Island" — a triangle of land edged by ditches and rented from one of the colleges for little more than a shilling a year.

The Corps has Armoured, Artillery, Signals and Infantry wings, of which the Armoured wing is the most popular with undergraduates. There is emphasis on armour, too, in the fact that the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. D. Taylor, DSO, MC, belongs to the 15/19th King's Royal Hussars, and the Adjutant, Captain John Howard, to the 13/18th Royal Hussars. The women students are not forgotten; they have their own wing.

Most of the men have had no previous military experience, though a few have done their National Service and a still smaller number have seen war service, among them Lieutenant



Passing the Big Tom Gate of Christ Church: one of the unit's armoured cars. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE.)

P. G. Mackesy, son of a retired major-general, who interrupted his university studies to go off to fight with the Royal Scots Greys. He is one of the three Territorial officers in the Corps.

Like most Territorial units the Corps on the Isis is still building up after its post-war reorganisation. Less than three years ago its strength was seven. Today it is nearer 70, still a long way short of the pre-war figures when undergraduates paid to join. In those days it was the horses which provided the attraction (it was, after all, the cheapest way of learning to ride).

There is hardly a trace now of the pacifism which earned the university a certain notoriety in the 'thirties. But the tempo and the atmosphere are different. Life tends to be more real and earnest. Some of the students are catching up on time lost in the Services. Many more are relying on their small Government grants to see them through, and to nearly everyone the future depends on the results of examinations.

When Captain Howard came home from Cyrenaica to be Adjutant to the Corps, he started a one-man recruiting campaign. Compared with most Territorial adjutants he had a great advantage in that all his potential recruits were concentrated in the university. He spent much of his time doing a round of undergraduates' rooms.

Summing up the results he said: "I think by now I have heard almost all the arguments against joining the Territorials it is possible to think up. But there was no antagonism. And being the same age as most undergraduates, I am now looked upon as one of themselves. But today work comes first with the men, and we have to compete for what time they can spare with many other activities, mainly sporting. Quite often a note arrives asking us to excuse a man for a few weeks because he is a member of a rowing eight.

Captain Howard followed up



his visits with a series of posters and leaflets, each of which he himself illustrated with drawings of undergraduates in and out of uniform. Such interest did these create that he was asked to do one for the Air Training Corps — his keenest competitor in recruiting.

For the permanent staff, life with the Corps has its attractions. Training periods are in the afternoons, as evenings are part of the working day for most undergraduates. Most of the staff come for two or three years but one member has been with the Corps since 1928. Major W. Simpson, MM, arrived as Regimental Sergeant-Major from the Coldstream Guards and in 1931 was made Quartermaster. In 1947 he retired but later returned as a civilian. In his store hangs a jacket with a lance-corporal's stripe on its sleeve; its name-tag records that it belonged to HRH The Prince of Wales, of Magdalen College, in 1912.

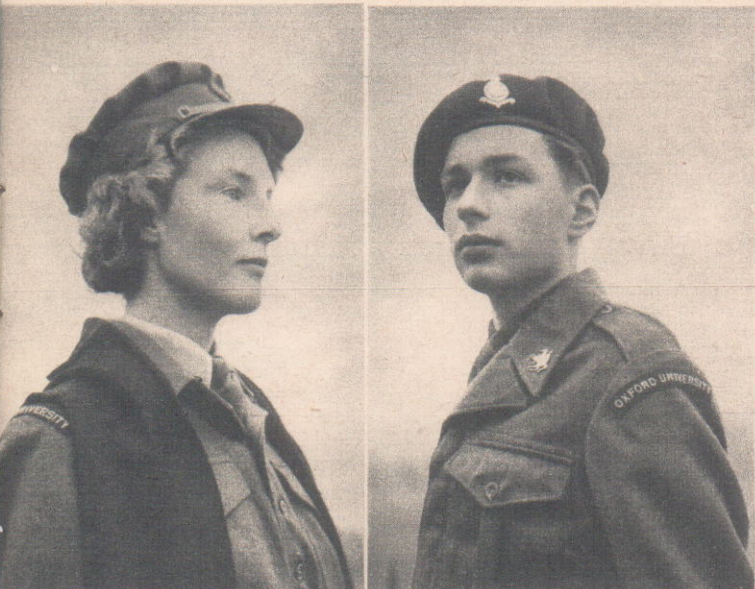
Major Simpson's record books show that in the early 'thirties membership was over 700. Hundreds of horses were hired each term from local riding schools until 1938, when both the Cavalry and Artillery became mechanised. Glancing at his shelves piled with battle-dresses he said: "Before the war we were an officer training corps and each member had his officer-type uniform tailored for him. Recruits to the Infantry wing paid £1 each and those to the horsed wings £2 5s. They also paid 15s for boots and 4s for spurs. The rest of the cost was met out of a War Office grant. Men paid 10s to join and an annual subscription of £1. Riding cost £1 10s a term. Today

"Oxford calling Glasgow..." The Signals wing has a broadcasting set which is in touch with other universities in Britain. L/Cpl. Anthony Cooke (hand on panel) is studying music at Keble College; Signalman John Blackwell is taking classics at Oriel. Who said the Arts are not interested in Science?

everything is free, but of course there is no riding. Instead, members learn to drive."

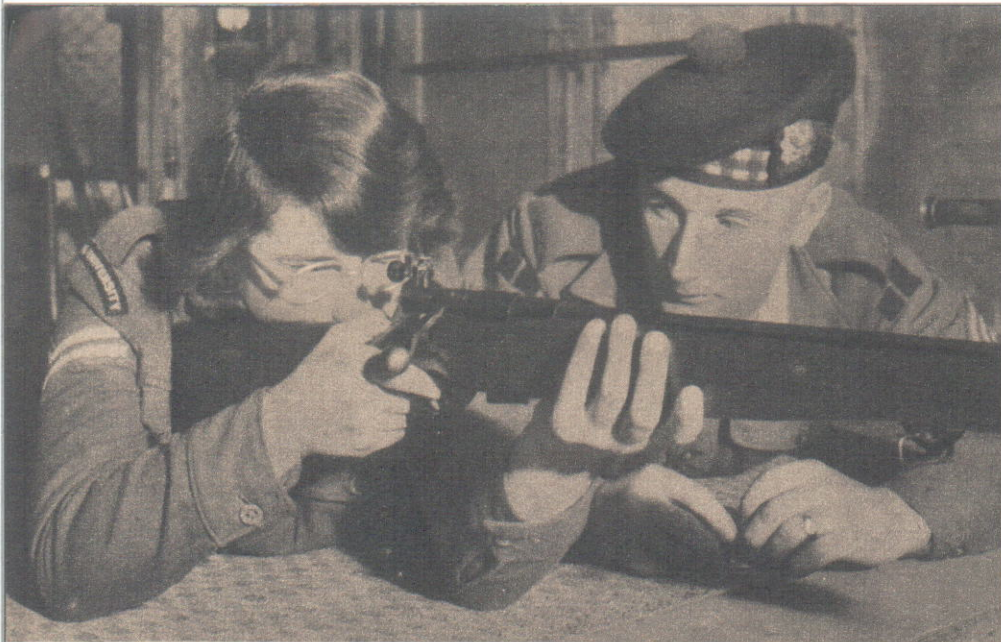
The Corps became a reception unit at the outbreak of World War Two and hundreds of graduates went to the headquarters at Manor Road to join up, some to receive direct commissions. Later Manor Road became an interview centre for ex-officers who wanted to join up and then in 1941 a centre for intakes of special Army entrants, boys from schools who went to the University for six-month courses during which they had to do two days a week full military training. At times the Corps strength rose to nearly 900. Three years ago the War Office decided to incorporate the university corps into the Territorial Army.

Graduates who want to take a Regular commission must be approved by the University Delegation for Military Instruction, a body of university officials and a War Office representative who



Two at random: (Left) Private Anne Gillum, who is studying languages at Lady Margaret Hall. Note the Commoner's gown over her battle-dress. Right: Trooper Hellmut Herman, studying engineering at St. Catherine's College, came from Vienna with his parents in 1938.

OVER



Sgt. W. Stobie, Highland Light Infantry, coaches Cpl. Stefanie Bailhache, St. Hugh's College, on the .22 range.

Lance-corporal's tunic held by Major W. Simpson, MM is the one worn by the Duke of Windsor when Prince of Wales.



Armour on the Isis (Continued)



At Oxford you can grow fit or grow fat. This sort of thing is a welcome change from studies.

are responsible for Corps policy (but not training policy). Then the candidates go before a Regular commissions board. They next undergo 16 weeks' training at an officer cadet school. For their service in the ranks — now compulsory for every officer — they are attached to Army units while still with the Corps. Graduates with first-class honours in any subject who entered the university at the normal age are given the same seniority when they are commissioned as they would have had if they had gone to Sandhurst. Graduates with lesser qualifications also receive some back-dated seniority.

One of the men who hope to obtain a Regular commission in this way is Lieutenant H. A. R. Long, now taking history at St. Edmund Hall. He has served in the Royal Norfolk Regiment and wants to go back to it.

The men who have had their call-up deferred may go before a selection board as candidates for commissions while they are still members of the Corps, and

be ready to go straight to an officer cadet school when the time comes.

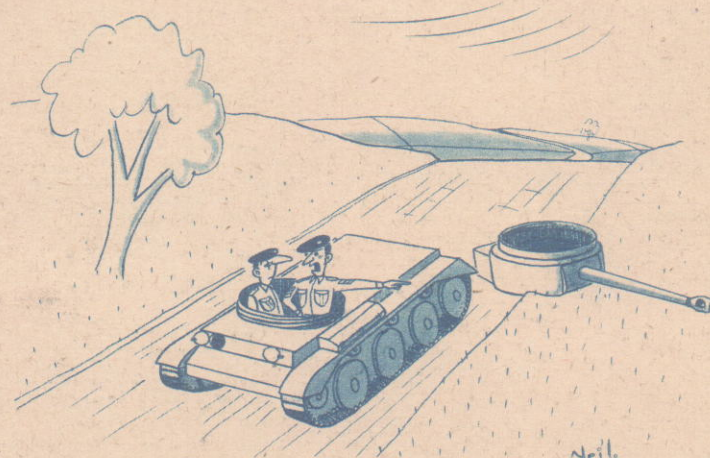
Said one of them, Lance-Corporal Anthony Cooke, a 20-year-old music student at Keble: "I joined the Signals wing because I thought it would give me experience. Every week we send messages to the other 11 universities over our No 53 set. Queen's College, Belfast, is our radio control."

Said Lance-Corporal Peter Crane, whose father was Range Officer at Larkhill: "In the Royal Artillery wing we get full training on the 25-pounders, and are allowed to fire 30 rounds per gun each year."

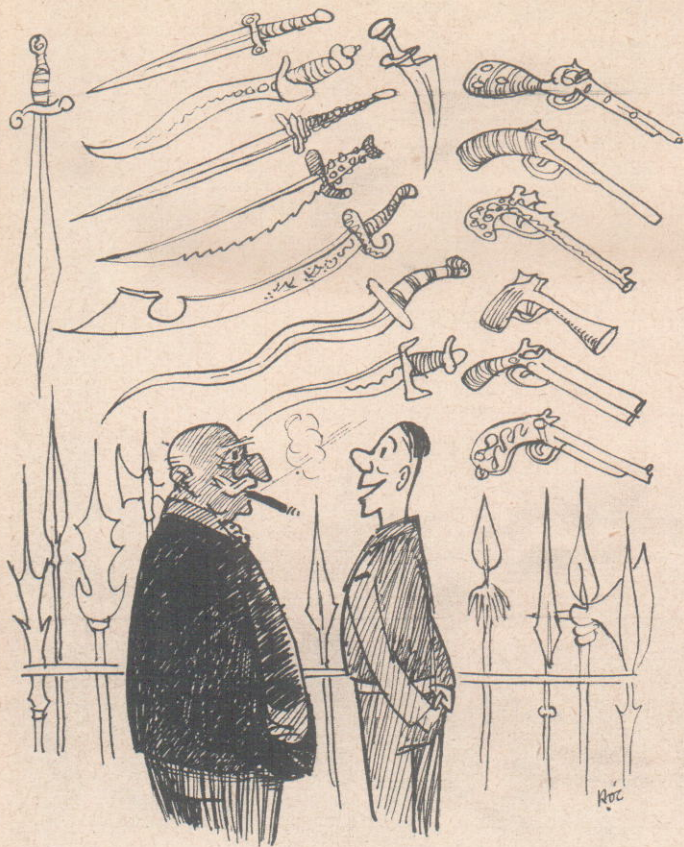
The women undergraduates find their wing more than an outlet for service; they say it gives them relaxation from their studies and the attractions of driving lessons and .22 shooting.

What do the instructors think of it all? Said one sergeant: "They pick it up very quickly, but then they should do. After all they are the brains of the country."

PETER LAWRENCE



"Didn't I tell you what would happen if you kept turning the turret the same way all the time?"



"I collect beer bottle labels myself, sir."

WHEN the Army wanted someone to draw grease-traps and incinerators for a Middle East Manual of Sanitation, it gave the job to Staff-Serjeant R. O'Connor, Royal Army Medical Corps.

It was a prosaic assignment for Staff-Serjeant O'Connor ("Roc"), whose fancy flies a little higher than grease-traps. A Regular for 14 years, he has always made a hobby of sketching, and latterly of cartooning. He is chief clerk of a British Military Hospital in Germany.

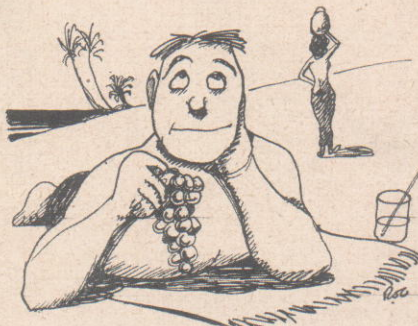
The Editor of the *Army Medical Services Magazine* encouraged him to draw for publication, and it was there that *SOLDIER* spotted him. He was just in time to have a cartoon included in *SOLDIER's* booklet, "Laughter In The Ranks."



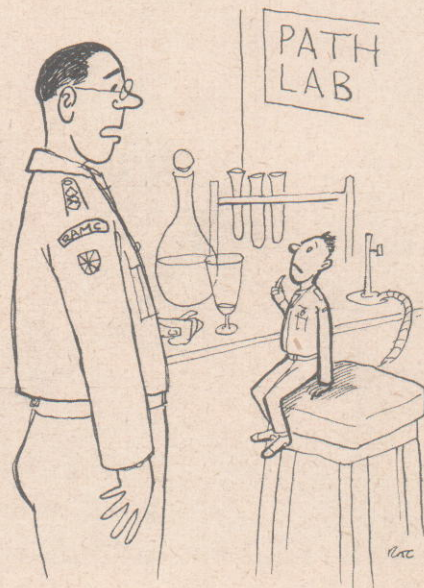
Roc - His Page



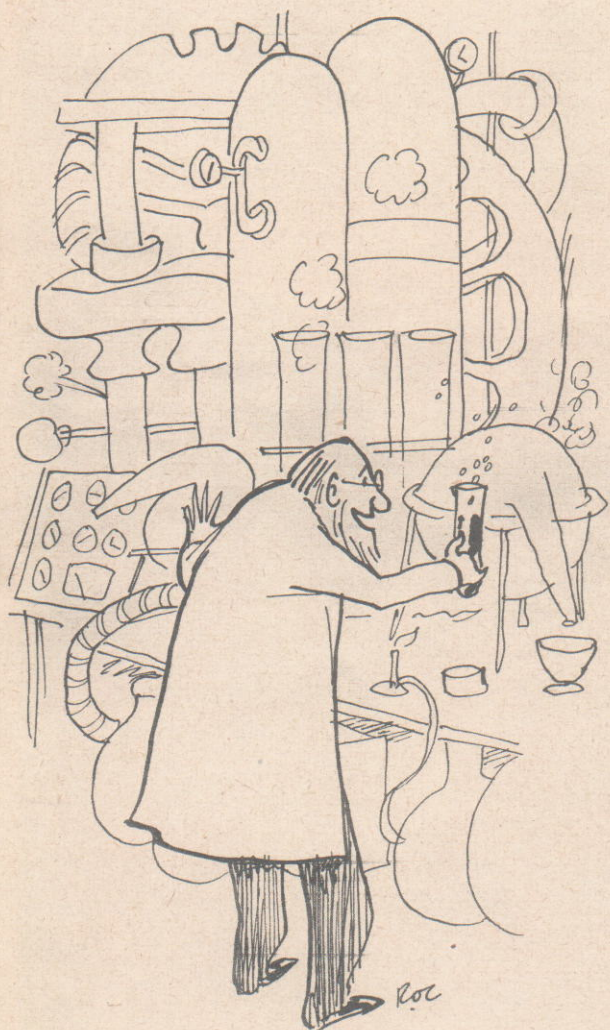
"Threepence the line, sixpence full house."



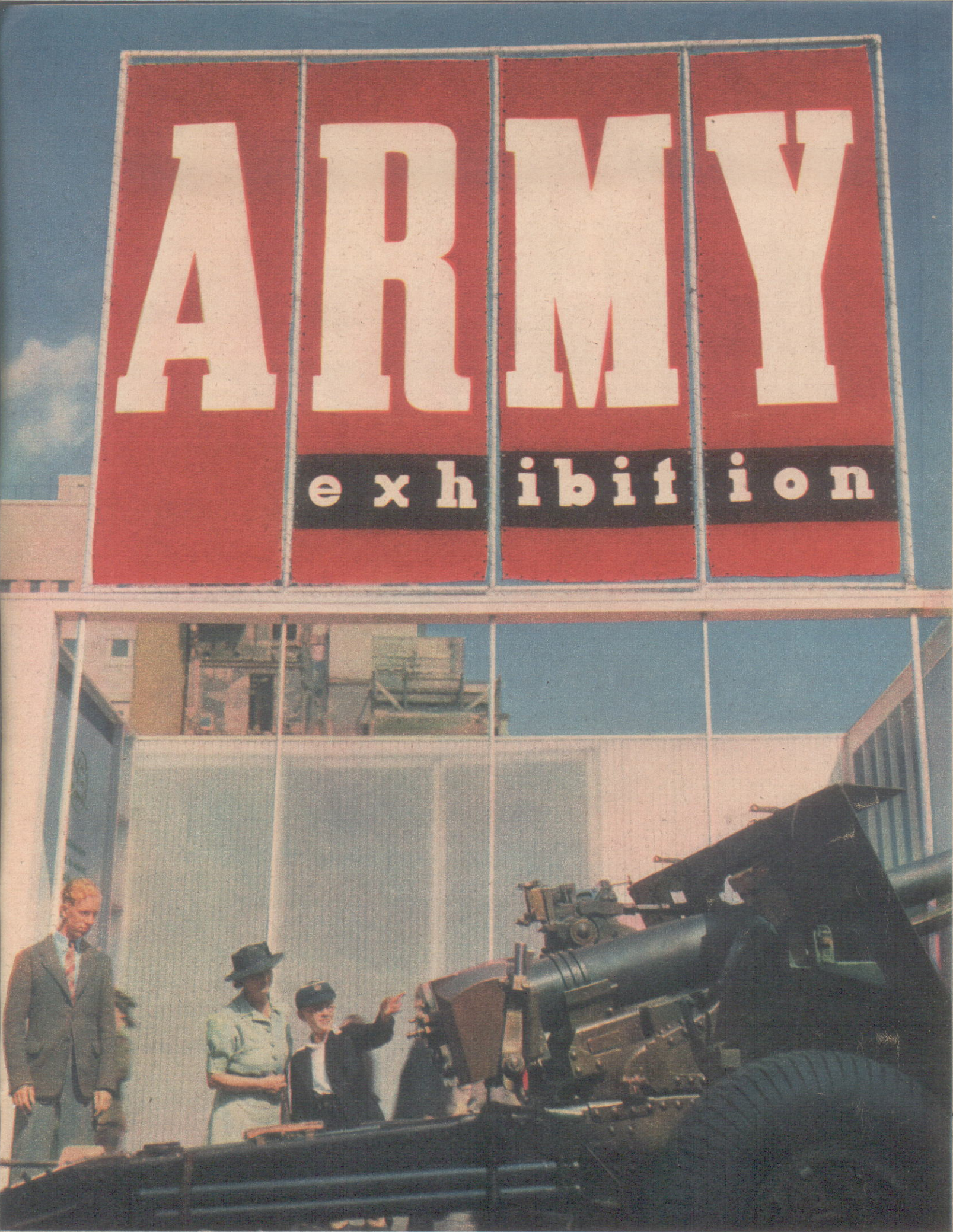
"Ah, for rainy pavements... fog... smuts... and the wind laden with the scent of rotting cabbage-stalks from the barges moving slowly down the Manchester Ship Canal..."



"Your job is to isolate bacilli, Private Jones, not to make futile experiments."



"At last! A pure precipitate of Blanco khaki-green, mark nine!"



The Army wrote its name large over its first post-war exhibition in London. It had quite a story to tell. (Colour photograph by courtesy of Imperial War Museum).

There is one department of the War Office which, in a strictly literal sense, is required to put up a good show

The Army Takes a Stand

IN the War Office Directory are listed many unexpected activities, from the weeding of files to the editing of kites.

Less piquant than some, but more promising than many, is the entry: *Exhibitions*.

It appears above the name of Major C. J. Foley of the Public Relations Directorate. Major Foley is the man who arranges Army exhibitions, or Army stands at other people's exhibitions — but not those produced by sections of the Army for their own purposes (like the RAOC exhibition described on pages 27-28) or displays in shop windows, cinema foyers and so on.

In London each year there are five exhibitions at which the Army has a regular stand: the Schoolboys', Schoolgirls', Ideal Homes, Model Engineering and the Royal Tournament. The Army is also represented at occasional exhibitions such as Radiolympia and the British Food Fair. In the provinces, the Army has a stand at the Royal Counties and the Bath and West shows and at the Modern Homes exhibition in Edinburgh and a number of others.

From time to time the Army has its own special exhibitions: "Spare Time For Britain," for example, and, more recently, of recruiting posters (see *SOLDIER*, January 1950), both of which were staged for the War Office by the Central Office of Information, as it stages most major exhibitions for Government departments. The Army has two permanent exhibitions, both on wheels in "Queen Mary" articulated vehicles. Each features the Army Apprentices Schools.

They tour schools, one in the north of Britain, the other in the south, to interest boys in becoming Army Apprentices.

The purpose of the Army at exhibitions is always the same: partly to show the taxpayer what he is getting for his money and to gain public good-will, but mainly to stimulate recruiting. The method must depend on the type of people who are likely to visit the exhibition. Thus at the last Radiolympia, the Royal Signals and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers starred on the Army stand.

At the last Food Fair, the Royal Army Service Corps and the Army Catering Corps represented the Army. The RASC's exhibit showed how the Army is fed. The Army Catering Corps ran a complete cookhouse and the visitors were able to file past like soldiers at a cafeteria service.

For the Schoolboys' Exhibition, the essential is something that the boys can do. "And that," says Major Foley sadly, "means something they can break." This year the Royal Armoured Corps, Royal Engineers, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and Army Apprentices Schools were represented. Most of the exhibits stood up well, including the mine-detectors the boys used on a Royal Engineers sand-pit. But two remote-

OVER



The Army's remote-control tanks were a big attraction at this year's Schoolboys' Exhibition in London. But what a man cannot break, a boy can...



Organising the Army's display at the Schoolboys' Exhibition is only one of Major C. J. Foley's assignments.

Inspired by a picture of Sappers clearing a minefield at El Alamein, schoolboys learned how to operate detectors in a sand-pit.





The Territorial Army knows the arts of publicity too. In this Glasgow display the Royal Army Service Corps used much ingenuity (and many light bulbs) to show potential recruits where they could find a unit to suit them.

which parachutists descended. It was a smash-hit with the boys, but the reverse with some of the other exhibitors.

"It made so much noise that people on the other stands complained they could not hear their own sales talk," says Major Foley. "I'm afraid we lost a little bit of adult good-will on that one. We knew better next time."

For the 1950 Schoolgirls' Exhibition, the Army's stall, boosting the Women's Services, had a globe, six feet in diameter, turning continually. As it turned, the names of places where the Women's Services were stationed lit up on the globe and simultaneously a photograph of women's service life there lit up on a panel. It was a big success. But to procure the globe, which was not likely to be of use to anyone else, the Army had to depart from its usual custom of hiring exhibition material and have it made specially. When the exhibition was over, the Army still owned the globe, and it was likely to come in handy on other occasions. "We'll keep it at War Office," decided Major Foley. But when it arrived, there was not one door into the War Office capable of admitting a six-foot globe. And the globe could not be dismantled.

Surprisingly, the Royal Tournament offers Major Foley very little scope. "The real Army exhibition there," he says, "is what is done in the arena. A recruiting stand is bound to be an anti-climax by comparison." This year, the Army will not be having a recruiting stand at the Royal Tournament.

For this year's Ideal Homes exhibition Major Foley plans to show a full-size replica of a section of a barrack block.

Major Foley fits in his exhibition work with several other jobs which include deciding which pieces of War Office film may be sold to film-makers, and "Permission to publish and broadcast," which entails vetting anything from short articles to novels and film-scripts written by serving soldiers.

But exhibitions are his main headache. He can tell roughly how well he is succeeding by the number of people attracted to a stand or exhibition and the amount of interest they show. His reward comes in the thought that some incalculable percentage of the Regular and Territorial Army recruiting figures is due to his efforts. And in the distinction of being the only staff officer in the War Office with taxpayers' money to spend on model soldiers.

The big exhibition at Radio-lympia is one of several at which the Army takes a stand. Here members of the public inspect once-secret radar equipment which, for all they know, once saved their lives ... and may do so again.

THE ARMY TAKES A STAND

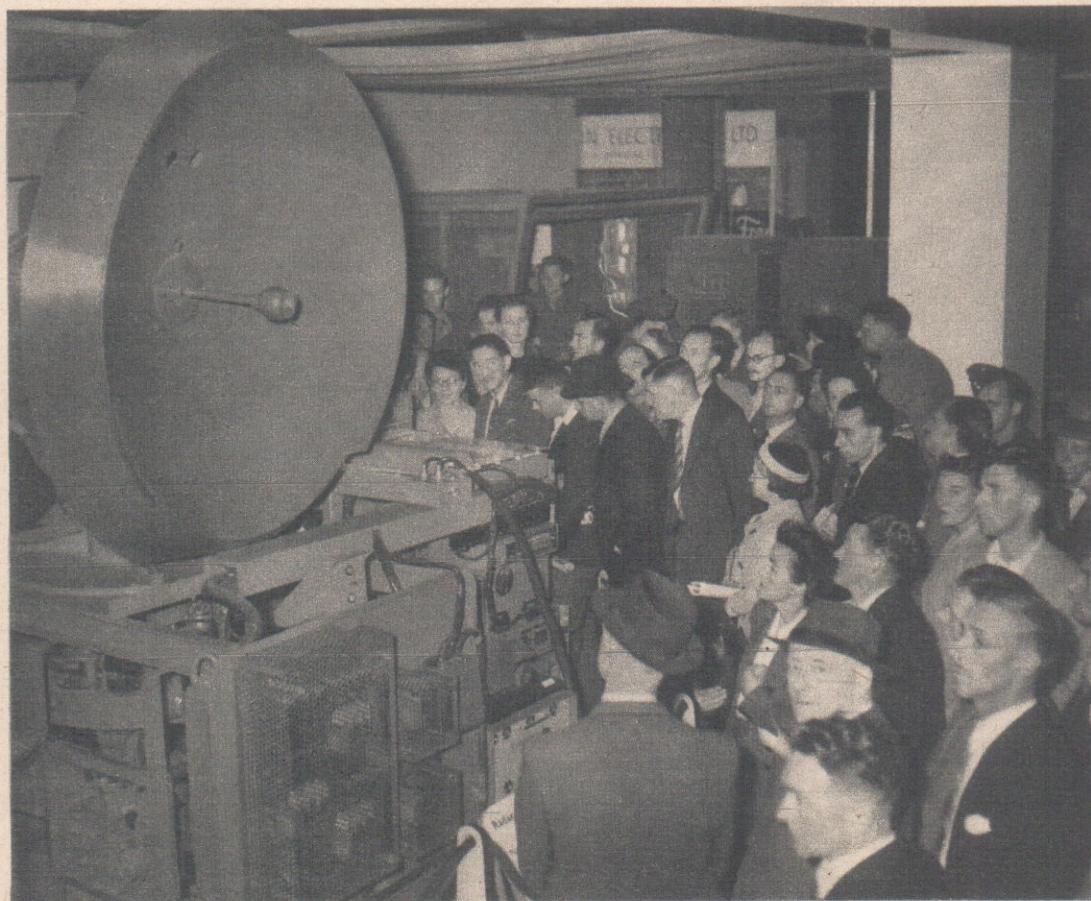
(Continued)

control model tanks were unlucky. The tanks were made at the Royal Armoured Corps ranges in Germany, and the control apparatus was made by Rhine Army's No. 4 Heavy Workshops, REME.

"They were built to very robust specifications," says Major Foley. "They were run continuously for 24 hours to make sure that they would stand up to rough treatment. They stood up to all the tests. But in less than 12 hours the boys had broken the first one."

When SOLDIER visited the stand, both tanks were temporarily out of action, and the Royal Armoured Corps had rushed up reinforcements in the shape of clockwork armoured cars.

Last year the Schoolboys' Exhibition provided a different sort of worry. The main item of the Army exhibit was a rifle range, where the boys could, under expert instruction, pot away at a miniature landscape across which tanks moved, on which marching models popped up, and on to





Ready for visitors: there are continuous corridors throughout the exhibition. Note models in jungle and Arctic garb.

GOOD SHOW - 2

Not all Army exhibitions are static: the Royal Army Ordnance Corps is proud of its "circus" of nine trailers, which combine to form a compact, weatherproof display

And Here's One for the Road



A model vehicle park. The tiny vehicles tempt acquisitive small boys.

ONE of the signs of spring at Feltham, Middlesex, is a quickening of activity in the big hangar which is winter quarters for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps exhibition.

By the beginning of April the exhibition will be ready for the road: nine glossy trailers, each with a three-tonner to pull it, manned by one officer and 30 NCO's and men. From then until the autumn the exhibition will be touring Britain, from Scotland to Cornwall.

The aim is to attract recruits to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. But since it is impossible (even if it was desirable) to give any idea of the work of the Corps without touching on the functions of others, the exhibition probably helps to produce recruits for a variety of units.

The exhibition started in a modest way in 1947. Last year, it covered 4,800 miles, opened for a total of 84 days at 47 different places and had 57,203 civilian visitors, from Lord Mayors and Lord Lieutenants to quick-fingered urchins who tried to filch model tanks.

Staff-Serjeant A. Morgan, who is the senior NCO when the exhibition is on tour, kept a record of the trip in press cuttings. They show that its job was not made any easier by bad weather. At Bristol, gales delayed and then curtailed a drop by Territorial parachutists, which had been planned to link up with the exhibition (it is customary to co-operate as closely as possible with the local Territorials, who include potential Regular Army recruits or may themselves get recruits as a result of the exhibition). At Plymouth, to the soldiers' surprise, hundreds of sailors in uniform were among the visitors. At Newcastle the visit usefully coincided with race-week. At another town, the exhibition had to move on before the appointed time because local barrow boys and stall-holders protested that it was occupying their pitches.

OVER

One for the Road

(Continued)

One newspaper valued the exhibition at £25,000, which was news to the operators. Apart from the bare vehicles and the exhibits, most of the exhibition is made from scrap wood and metal. Pots of paint, electric bulbs and so on are drawn from stores; so are the weapons, spare motor-parts and other items which are displayed. Nobody has ever tried to cast up the financial side.

After the summer's tour, the officer who commanded the exhibition was posted overseas and the exhibition went into hibernation at Feltham. There it came under Sub-Conductor C. J. Davey, who is in charge of the Exhibitions Wing of the RAOC Depot.

Civilian craftsmen belonging to 109 Vehicle Battalion, who had built up the exhibition, got to work again: four carpenters, four painters, two fitters, a modeller, a sign-writer. The soldiers on the exhibition strength — equal numbers of Regulars and National Servicemen — were reduced to about half the summer's total and they set about reorganising the display. Each year, the Exhibition Wing varies the exhibits, so that the display shall be fresh to visitors who may have seen the previous year's.

Models show the Corps' mobile laundries and bath units, the Ordnance field park and store-rooms and packing plants. There is a display of ammunition, and a variety of weapons up to a 75mm air-portable gun. Some of the weapons and spare parts are packed in "hot dip" plastic coats in which they can travel in any climate and be ready for use in a few seconds. And everywhere there are photographs and lighted panels which provide tit-bits of information — that, for instance, the Corps holds 850 types of vehicle, from bicycles to tanks, and 350,000 different kinds of spare parts.

Not only civilians see all this; the exhibition also visits Army training centres. "It's amazing," says Staff-Serjeant Morgan in a shocked voice, "how few soldiers

know that they get everything from Ordnance except food and fuel. We tell them."

For the crew of the exhibition, summer brings hard work. The nearest unit to the exhibition ground — Regular or Territorial — provides accommodation and meals. It takes only 35 minutes to set up the exhibition — to link the trailers together with rain-proof canopies, to get the lights and public address system going from their own generators. Then the demonstrators — one to each caravan, unpack their exhibits. It is a smooth drill.

The exhibition works a seven-day week. It shows on Sundays and when it is not showing it is travelling — an average of 100 miles between stops.



"It's all part of the RAOC service" is the theme plugged by the lighted panel (left). The "hot dip" form of plastic covering for weapons is shown above. In Sub-Conductor Davey's right hand is a pistol casing, empty, which can be melted down and used again. In his left, a pistol still encased in plastic.



Exhibits vary from year to year: a popular one was this air-portable 75 mm gun.



"Perm!"

Nature Reclaims the Gunsites

THE guns of Singapore were, until 1942, symbols of Britain's might in the Far East.

Despite them, Singapore fell to the Japanese. Its defences, the critics said, were inadequate. The guns of Singapore could fire only out to sea.

But the defences had their defenders, who recently sprang into print again. Singapore's guns, they said, had done their job: because of them the Japanese did not try a sea-borne attack on Singapore. It was not their purpose to fire on a landward enemy, though in fact they had done so.

Meanwhile, some of the battery positions which were the subjects of the controversy are going back to nature. They do not fit into Singapore's modern defence plan.

SOLDIER visited two of them on Pulau Brani, one of the little islands off the main Singapore island. The approach was forbidding enough, overgrown with waist-high grass which an officer beat with his cane to scare away snakes. "Watch for scorpions and centipedes," he warned.

The underground buildings in the battery positions were like Hollywood's idea of a lost jungle city. Trees had spread their branches over the top, shutting out the sky. Creepers had spanned the ground-level concrete blocks and hung down into the gangway between the magazines and the machine-rooms.

Everywhere water dripped, though the sun shone brightly outside. There was a scuttering in the sodden, dead leaves that littered the concrete floor, though whether from dripping water or living creatures it was hard to tell. In the shadowy dankness, Singapore's heat was heavier, more oppressive than ever.

Much of the floor was covered in water and there were dark rectangles, where man-hole covers had

OVER



FLASHBACK Why Singapore was not attacked from the sea. A pre-war picture of one of the medium coast defence guns at target practice.

Below: Creepers dangle down from ground level, water drips unceasingly. But the concrete is neither cracked nor crumbling.





From 1895, when they were built, until they were abandoned, these stairs were neat and soldierly. Now the jungle takes over.



The crew wrecked this gun before they surrendered to the Japanese in 1942. They left a round half-way up the barrel, and it is still there.



Gunsites (Continued)

been removed by metal-hungry Japanese, to menace the unwary. In the old rooms on either side of the gangway, rich moss and delicate plants had taken possession. But everywhere the concrete was solid and uncracked, and a tablet still proclaimed that one of the batteries had been built in 1895.

The gun positions themselves, overlooking the sea, were less dank and shadowy, but equally desolate. From one battery, the guns had been removed. In the other they were still, apart from rust, as their crews had wrecked them in 1942. One even had a round, or part of it, in the barrel.

But not all the disused gun positions have been left to the jungle. Some buildings have been used to ease the shortage of married quarters for Malaysians. And at Changi others have been turned into a club-house for swimmers.

Something Hard Under The Pick

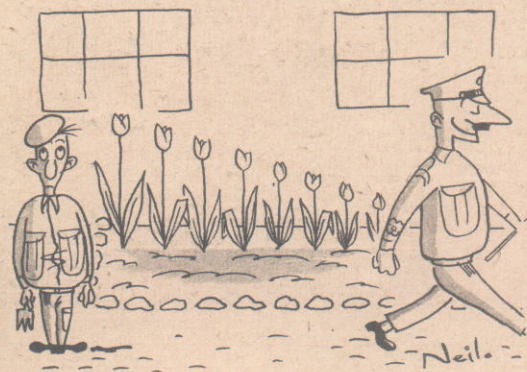
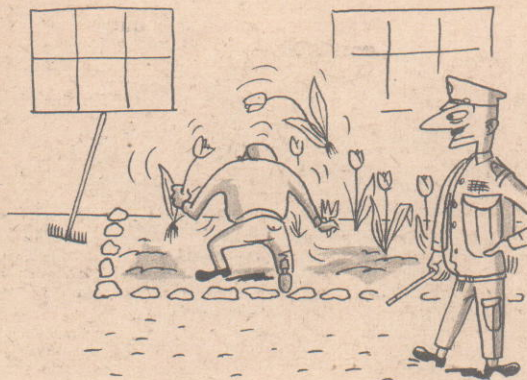
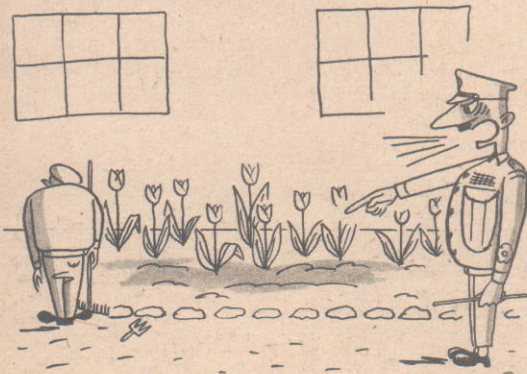
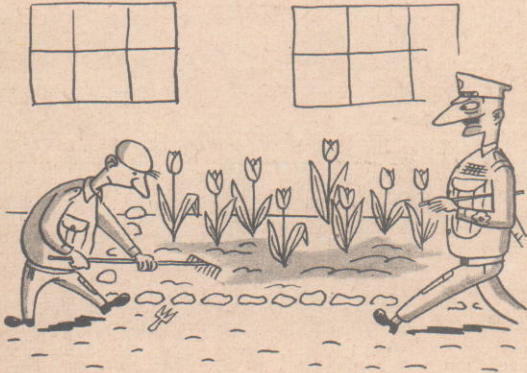
COOLIES digging holes for the foundations of a new block of flats, high up Victoria Peak, Hong-Kong, thought at first they had struck solid rock. But as they dug further along, it turned out to be a gun-barrel. Who buried it? Probably the Indian Gunners of the old Hong-Kong-Singapore Royal Artillery, now disbanded. Once upon a time it was more economical to bury worn-out barrels than to use them for scrap.

SOLDIER HUMOUR



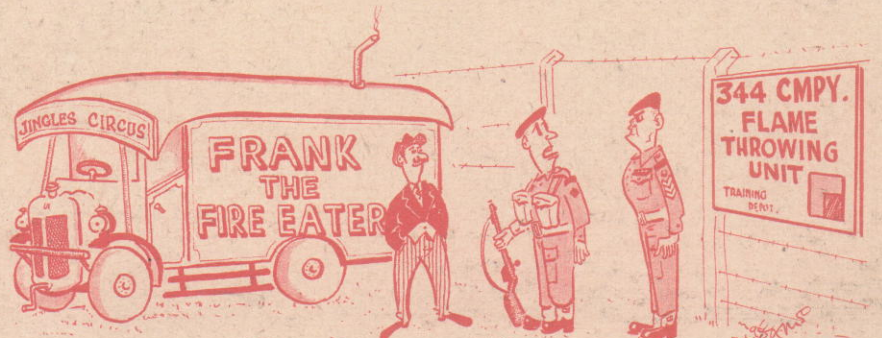
JOE GELIN

"Anyone seen Serjeant Brown?"



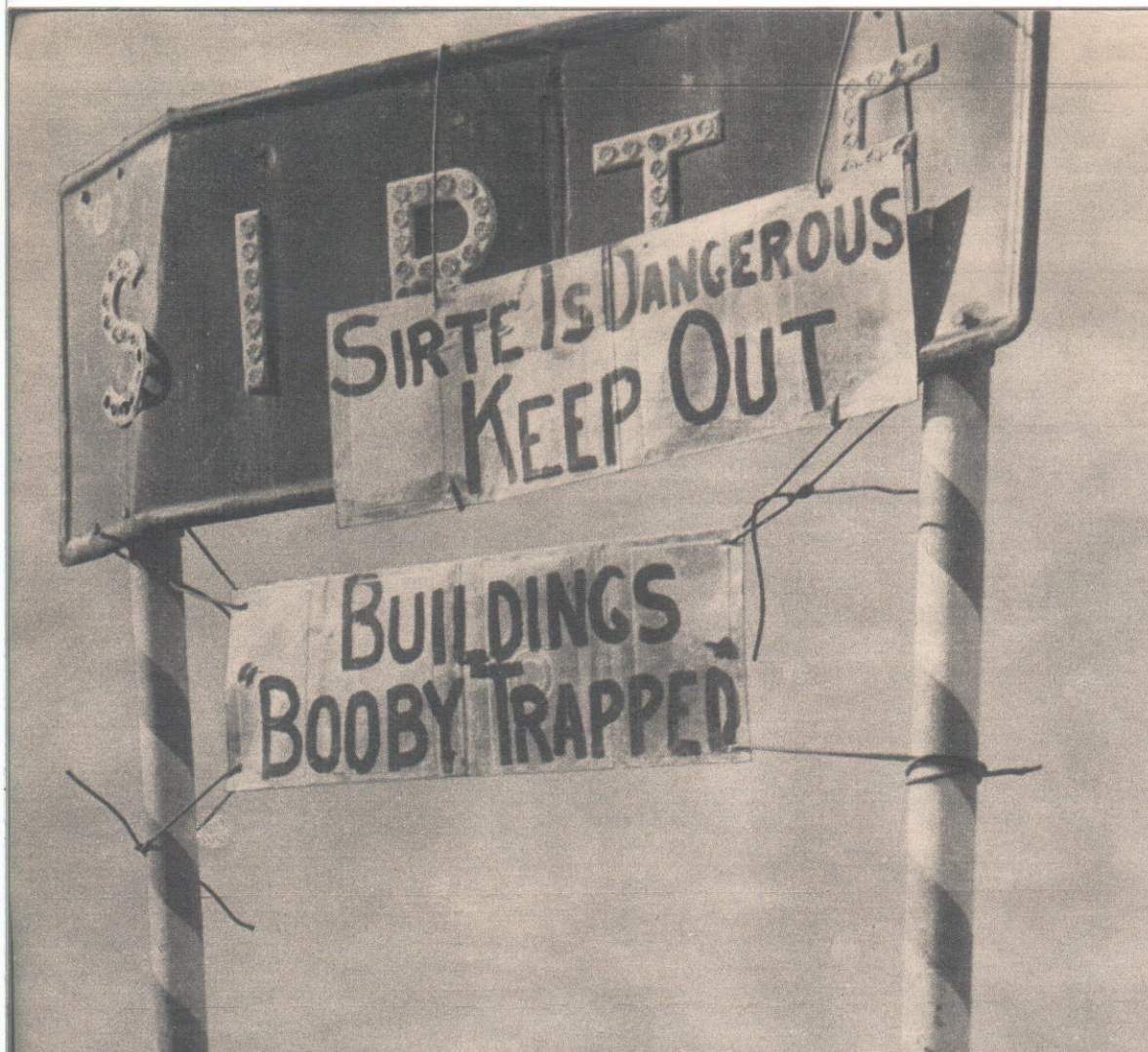
FFWILES

"Let's go that way. The scenery's better."



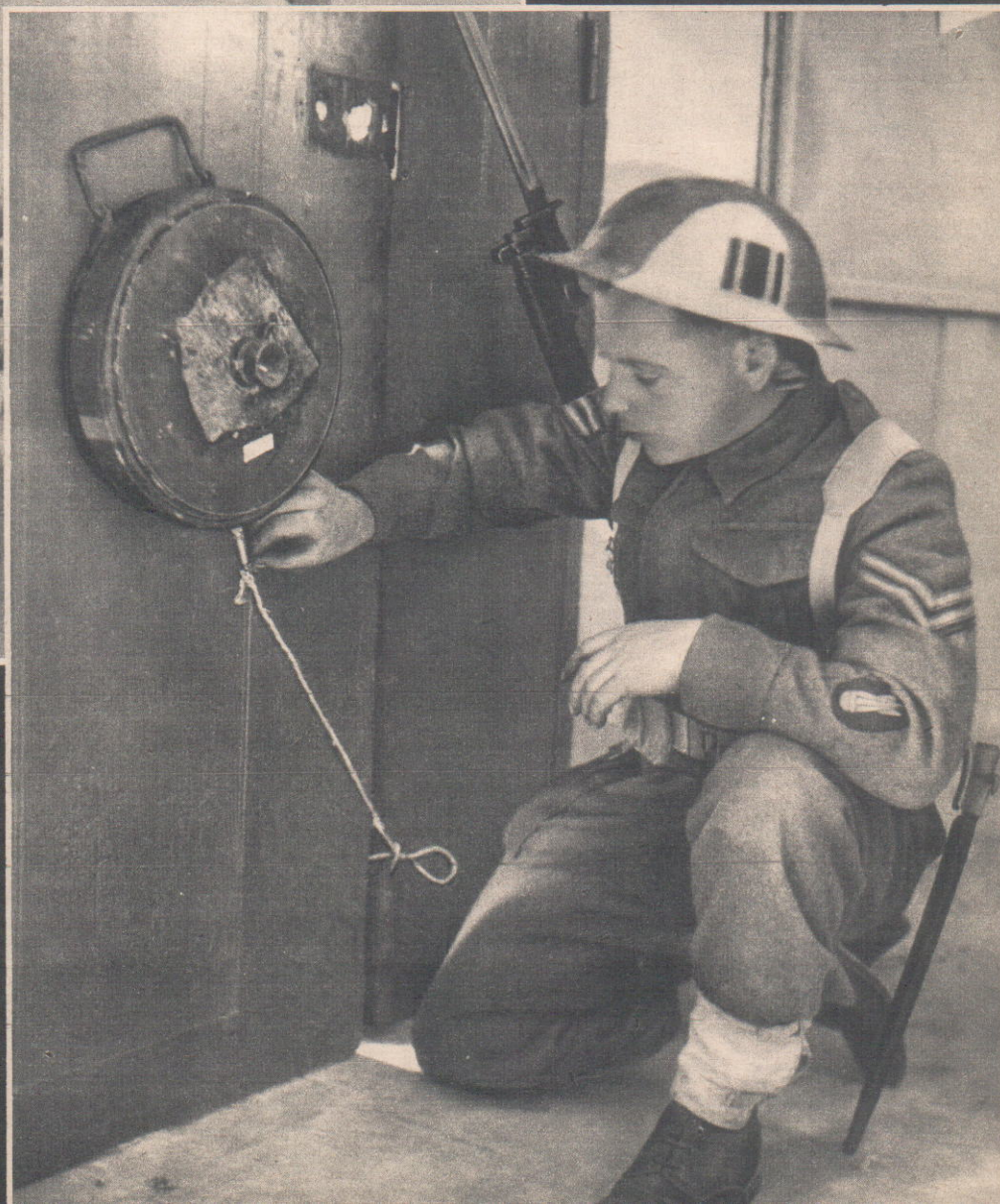
"This chap wants to know if he can come in to lunch."

**SOLDIER
SCRAPBOOK
OF WORLD
WAR TWO**



Like a haunted house in a fairground, the North African town of Sirte was full of surprises for the unwary; surprises which brought sudden death.

Eighth Army Sappers methodically freed Sirte of its lethal novelties. It was tricky work. Not a door knob could be twisted with confidence, nor a tap turned, nor a lavatory chain pulled. . . The picture at right shows how one Sapper found a door booby-trapped with the aid of a mine and a length of cord. This soldier had the forethought to enter the building through the window — and even that was risky.



His Flying Bomb Was Ready—in 1917

UNITED States General H. H. Arnold, the one-time Infantry subaltern who built up the biggest air force the world has so far known, was taught to fly by the Wright Brothers — the builders of the first aeroplane.

In 1911 he was one of the only two qualified pilots in the United States Army. The aircraft he flew had its propellers, linked to the engines by bicycle chains. To achieve counter-rotation of one propeller, the chain was crossed — a reckless device, said the experts, for a crossed bicycle chain must surely break. But it didn't.

Now General Arnold, who was Chief of the United States Army Air Forces from 1938 to 1946, has written his life story under the title "Global Mission" (*Hutchinson 21s*). He is the first of that select body — the Combined Chiefs and Joint Chiefs of Staff — to tell his story.

The first aeroplane General Arnold saw was Bleriot's machine — suspended above the middle of a street in Paris, in 1909. He had just finished a tour of duty in the Philippines, and had travelled to Europe in a vessel which carried British and German officers, between whom there was already a dangerous rivalry. General Arnold's thought on seeing Bleriot's aeroplane was "What happens now to England's splendid isolation?" He was to see enemy air fleets raid England, and he himself was to operate American air fleets from England's shores.

General Arnold tells an engrossing, straightforward tale of the 40 years fight to make his country strong in the air. It was a struggle which called for great courage and single-mindedness. One man who plays a colourful

part in the story is the celebrated Billy Mitchell, the World War One ace who became an American national hero and was later court-martialled in sensational circumstances for criticising his chiefs. It was Mitchell who made himself wildly unpopular with American admirals by successfully demonstrating that he could sink a battleship from the air. (The Mitchell bomber of World War Two was named after him).

General Arnold reveals one surprising piece of information — that the Americans were developing a flying bomb (on V1 lines) in 1917. This pilotless craft was accurate enough then to reach within a hundred yards of its target after a 40-mile run. Made of *papier-maché*, reinforced with wood, it could carry 300 pounds of explosive. It took off from a small four-wheeled carriage which rolled down a portable track, and had a 40 hp Ford engine. The actuating force for the controls was secured from bellows removed from player pianos. A small gyro controlled direction, an aneroid barometer maintained the craft at the correct height, and a

cam was set so that after the propeller had made sufficient revolutions to carry the craft to its target the wings would fold up and the whole contraption drop to earth.

It was proposed, in World War One, to launch thousands of these craft every day against German strong points, concentration areas, and arms plants, says General Arnold, "which would certainly have caused great consternation in the ranks of the German High Command at least."

Between the wars the device was improved, then shelved. In World War Two it was dusted off, and developed to the point where it would fly for 200 miles, radio-controlled. But the range was still not long enough to strike effectively at Germany. And, in the event, Germany used her own flying bomb first.

General Arnold did not give up his flying bomb without much heart-searching. A successful device on these lines would have saved the lives of thousands of gallant fliers. The decision was only one of many far-reaching ones General Arnold was called upon to make; on his shoulders lay tremendous responsibilities. But he did not have to take quite such a hair-raising decision as General Leslie Groves, at the time



General H. H. Arnold: in 1911 he and another officer were America's air force.

the first atom bomb was exploded in New Mexico. "General, for God's sake, don't explode that bomb!" an expert begged him one dark morning, "it may tear a corner off the earth." That, says General Arnold with considerable understatement, "put General Groves in a very unhappy position." General Groves took a chance on blowing up the world — and won.

Bookshelf Cont'd Overleaf

Strange Tale of a "Joe"

KARL Maurer, the leading figure in George Howe's novel "Call It Treason" (*Rupert Hart-Davis 10s 6d*), is a spy of a kind rarely written about: the man who, in wartime, goes back among his own people to work for the enemy without.

Karl, a young corporal in the *Luftwaffe*, is captured by the American Seventh Army early in 1945 and becomes a "Joe" — the American name for an agent. He does so because, although he is still proud to be a German, he wants to see the end of the Nazi regime. Is that treason?

He is dropped into Fortress Germany with a false pay-book on a five-day mission in which he is to discover details of two newly-formed divisions and make his way back through the battle-line. His training as a spy and his wanderings in the doomed Reich are described with a wealth of detail that gives the story an authentic ring (though one reviewer said that while the detail was all no doubt very interesting to military experts it drowned a good spy story).

Karl's adventures make exciting reading, especially as the whole time the Gestapo is steadily catching up with him. When he is travelling about he must present his papers, every 24 hours, to authority — a unit, transportation serjeant, town major or someone

similar — for stamping. Each time, the name on the pay-book (which bears his photograph) is checked with the Gestapo's weekly black-list of wanted men.

Karl knows that the name on his papers appears in the new black-list, but he is able to tell whether his interrogators have an up-to-date copy because the Gestapo changes the colour of the cover with each issue. He has a lucky break when he is entrusted with delivering the new black-list to his next staging post.

This elaborate security system eventually is Karl's undoing. No doubt it was the undoing of many other enemies of the Nazi regime. But it must have cost the hard-stretched German forces many thousands of man-hours to maintain. And it contrasts queerly with the happy-go-lucky system which enabled British troops to hitch-hike hundreds of miles to rejoin their units (in some cases, as much as 3000 miles, from Persia to Tunisia) with no more than a movement order typed on a piece of plain paper and an AB 64 without even a photograph.



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WINTERBURG (Y.M.C.A.)
B.T.A.
VIENNA (Schonbrunn Barracks; Y.W.C.A.)
KLAGENFURT (Y.M.C.A.)
B.E.T.F.O.R.
TRIESTE (Y.M.C.A.)

The General Became a Guerilla

"A theatrical and mischief-making man, always polished, daring and versatile, representing that type of military leader which is unable to acquiesce in routine or even to obey the orders of his government."

That is how Chambers' Encyclopedia (to take an authority at random) sums up the character of the third Earl of Peterborough, the British commander-in-chief who conducted a dazzling if erratic campaign in Spain, in the year between Blenheim and Ramillies.

In "Colonel of Dragoons" (*Cape, 12s 6d*), Philip Woodruff writes a thinly fictionalised account of this more-than-curious military adventure. The book is not a novel, but "a chronicle in which the fictional characters say and do only what is recorded in their own letters and diaries."

It was the War of the Spanish Succession which first provided an outlet for the bold, unbalanced Earl of Peterborough. He was sent to Spain in 1705 with some notion of putting the Archduke Charles on the throne of that country, but the Allies' war aims

were uncommonly confused. What is clear is that the Earl, at variance with his fellow commanders, seized Barcelona with a modest force and set himself up as a sort of guerilla chief. By guile and bluff he drove before him a French and Spanish army which on occasions outnumbered him by 20 to one, and after covering 200 miles in a month captured the city of Valencia. Meanwhile the French besieged Barcelona by land and sea, and had to be driven off again. The initial successes by Peterborough made him a national hero, even

in those days of showy victories by Marlborough in central Europe; but after the Earl was recalled in 1707 he had some hard explaining to do before his peers.

The story is told through the eyes of a colonel of dragoons, a sound and sober regimental officer modelled on the commander of the Royal Dragoons, who actually took part in this famous advance. The colonel is dazzled by his commander-in-chief's brilliance, but disturbed by the inconsequential nature of the campaign.

The dragoons started their adventure under-horsed and ill-equipped; throughout they were a faded and a tattered force, but their morale rose to great heights. Small bands of them would clatter into Spanish villages, chalking up billeting signs on doors, demanding food and forage for 500 men "arriving next week." Soon the soldiers themselves almost came to believe that there

were 500 reinforcements on the way. Others would show themselves "accidentally" on the skyline at unexpected moments. By such methods were the enemy panicked into withdrawal and cities bluffed into surrender. When these means failed the Earl used intrigue of Oriental subtlety and ruthlessness.

Before Oropesa the incalculable Earl sprang one of his surprises — on his own men. To the limping Barrymore's Foot he said: "It is a pity that we have no more shoes in the stores... It would be a suitable reward for a corps of so good a reputation if instead of shoes I could give them horses and turn them into dragoons."

The men laughed hollowly at the general's little joke. What a hope — becoming dragoons at one-and-sixpence a day instead of eightpence! But the general marched them a short distance to a field where the horses of eight troops of dragoons awaited them. "It was the first time in history that a battalion of foot had been changed into a regiment of dragoons in an hour."

The campaign makes a good story, and it is not without its military lessons for today.

With The Chindits

USUALLY two kinds of books are written about military campaigns.

One is the careful, overall, account of a senior commander who had a bird's eye view of the operations; the other is the on-the-spot view of some junior member of the force.

W. F. Jeffery, in "Sunbeams like Swords" (*Hodder and Stoughton, 10s 6d*), gives the second kind of description of the second Chindit campaign. He was a captain in the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers. He flew into Burma and there had a full ration of patrols, marches, fatigue, hunger, and disease and a fair amount of fighting, too. The commander under whom he served was Brigadier "Mike" Calvert, now playing a similar role in the Malaya jungle.

The column (half a battalion) to which the author belonged had a difficult start: for weeks it marched and patrolled, all keyed up and ready to fight, without coming to grips with the enemy.

"The keen edge was taken off (the men's) enthusiasm and watchfulness. There were many weak links in our efficiency and morale which a successful skirmish, however small, would have put right at the beginning, but which became difficult to cure after a long period of immunity from attack."

And after it was blooded, the column had its disappointments. It was patrolling in the jungle when the rest of the brigade was earning glory by fighting off the best troops the Japanese could muster at the White City "block." And it was frustrated by flood-water when it attempted to attack the Japanese guns that caused the evacuation of the



Bearded but unbowed: a Chindit after three months marching and fighting in the jungle.

Blackpool "block." But it had its triumphs, too. It was in the van of the capture of Mogaung, a difficult operation for which the Chindits, organised to fight guerilla warfare, had neither the proper manpower nor equipment.

The author had plenty of tense moments. On one occasion he found himself in charge of a party of sick men when the rest of his column had vanished. Once, after a skirmish, he lay, with a lance-corporal, for four hours under a bush, while Japanese searched for them a few yards away.

Another day the column was held up by Japanese machine-guns on a ridge.

"At last a Bren gunner in the leading rifle section lost his temper and rushed straight up the hill, firing from the hip and screaming curses at the Japanese. He was an ordinary soldier who had never been noticed much before."

As the brigade marched out towards civilisation, it met the Chinese soldiers of General Stilwell's force and a padre literally took up the cudgels against them when the Chinese tethered their ponies to crosses marking British graves.

Gentlemen versus Savages

WHEN the British Army conquered Mussolini's African empire, it took upon itself a new and near-crippling share of what used to be called the White Man's Burden.

For, while the great battles went on in Africa and Asia and Europe, a number of British officers had to be left behind to administer lands in which the "freed" tribesmen, often enough, were anxious to revert to "normality" — meaning pillage and massacre.

The British Army could not afford to have tribal wars going on athwart its lines of communication, or chiefs banding together to help the enemy. Tribes had to be disarmed, quarrels settled. For the officers charged with this task, life was lonely and frustrating. Stationed, perhaps, in an old Italian fort far from civilisation, amid proud, sullen, avaricious and deceitful tribesmen, they felt that the war had passed them by. Many were convinced they were miscast — that is, unless they had a sense of mission... like Colonel Casey.

Colonel Casey is the strong man of Gerald Hanley's novel "The Consul at Sunset" (*Collins, 9s 6d*), which is set in what looks like Italian Somaliland. He is an old-fashioned imperialist ("like a British colonel from an American film"), contemptuous of half-baked "Bugginses" who, obsessed with the Rights of Man, are afraid to rule. His philosophy is: "It takes gentlemen to deal with savages, or natives anywhere for that matter."

To Colonel Casey, government was a religion — a religion with a good filing system. Every agreement about grazing, every reported killing, every case of cheating by chief or *mullah* — it was, or should be, in the files, complete with signatures or thumb print. "They can't get past it," says the Colonel. "I tell you, it's agony for them to see you reach for the file. For they know it is all in there and that their lies will avail them nothing."

If the Political Officers at the lonely outpost of El Ashang had

been able to regard government as religion, the trouble over the tribes' water-holes would never have culminated in massacre. But the first Political Officer at El Ashang is irresolute and corrupted by loose living; his only white companion is Captain Turnbull, an ex-ranker, who is only too anxious to nip trouble in the bud. The two are at loggerheads. But in a situation like this what the Political Officer says goes; the Army is there to support the civil power, not to establish military rule. Daily the hour of tribal war grows closer. When the Political Officer is murdered, his successor is little better; he, too, lacks conviction in himself as an instrument of justice.

When the crisis comes all the men on the spot are found wanting (even Turnbull goes "round the bend"), and the Colonel comes down in person to do a job of "trouble shooting," unable to understand why men cannot govern any more. He does a beautiful job.

This is a novel which should vastly interest all soldiers who have found themselves — whether in Africa or Asia — maintaining order among near-savages. To shoot, or not to shoot, on a threatening mob? — that is only one of the problems which crops up, the sort of problem in which a man may have to gamble his future on his instinct.

Sometimes the author's analysis of character and motives slows the action, but it remains a book of great distinction.



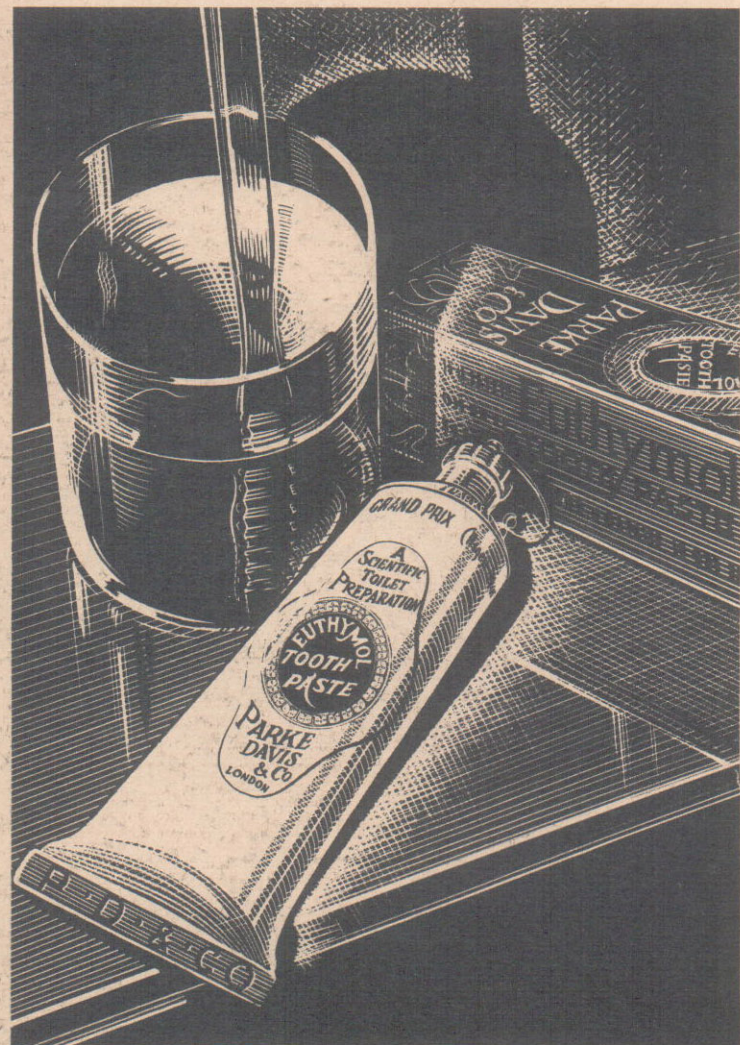
Margaret Lockwood never forgets her number one role—that of a devoted mother. Here she is with her little daughter Toots, enjoying a lesson in gardening.

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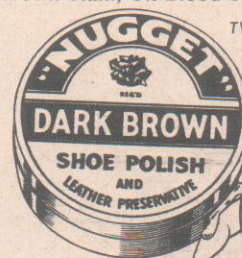


Off the set, he's an outdoor man. He likes his garden; enjoys cricket and riding. And he chooses outdoor shoes that are strong and smart. His name? Trevor Howard, famous British star of "The Clouded Yellow."

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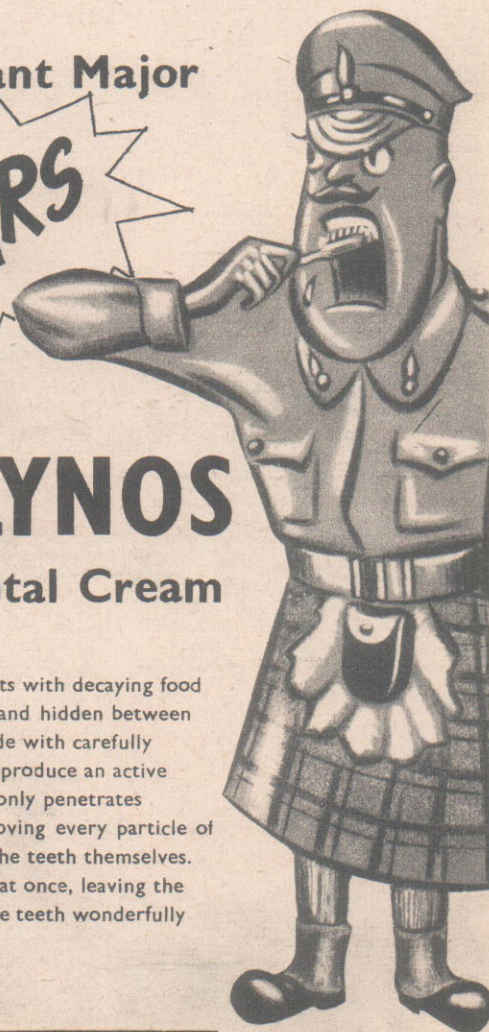


The Sergeant Major

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YOU DON'T NEED SNOW TO SKI



The basic arts of ski-ing can be picked up as easily on a slope of pine needles at Pirbright as on the snows of St. Moritz. Much, too, can be learned on a ramp of rugs in an Army gymnasium

Feeling their feet on a "run" of pine needles: these instructors of the Army Physical Training Corps were picking up a few useful ideas before going out to Austria for further training. Below: this skier has learned one fundamental lesson—to lean forward, not backward. (Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE)



SHOULD ski-ing be part of every soldier's training? Enthusiasts say that it should, and that no other sport can equal it for promoting nerve, endurance and physical fitness.

Most soldiers, it is true, will never be stationed among snow mountains; but much of the technique can be taught by dry ski training, which is a recreation in itself. Once the basic ideas have been grasped, it should be possible (say the enthusiasts) for larger numbers of troops in Britain and occupied Europe, at least, to brush up from time to time on the real stuff.

The popular idea of a skier is a gaily-scarfed playboy (or play-girl) who rides up on a cable railway and then swishes down a prepared run to a cocktail bar. The artificiality of modern ski-ing was castigated by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery a year ago.

But the complete skier, and the man most useful to the Army, is the one who can find his way over trackless mountains, who can cope with all conditions and fend for himself in an arctic climate.

In snowbound country, soldiers on skis have a tremendous advantage over ordinary Infantry. On flat ground they can traverse deep snow at a fast walking pace, while the foot-slogger is left floundering thigh-deep in drifts. They can run downhill at an easy 30 miles an hour and they can climb mountains better than the ordinary Infantryman.

For climbing, skins are fitted to the skis. These are long strips of hide with the hair attached, which are bound along the under surface of the skis with the bristles pointing backwards. The bristles

grip the snow and prevent slipping. Wearing skins, a skier can climb gradients which would cause a walker to slip and scramble at every step. With the steel edges of the skis cutting a groove he can also traverse precipitous icy slopes which the walker would have to edge across, lying flat.

Today the Army in Scotland — both Regular and Territorial — is becoming notably ski-minded. This season early blizzards packed the corries to a depth of many feet, and long downhill runs of two and three miles have been found in plenty. Scotland is one of the few remaining permanent stations in which snow suitable for ski-ing can be found every year, especially in the Cairngorms, Glen Shee and Ben Lawers areas. There is nothing "decadent," and much that is spartan, about the ski-ing in these parts. It was in the Cairngorms that the 52nd Lowland Division trained for three years during the late war, ski-ing, snow-

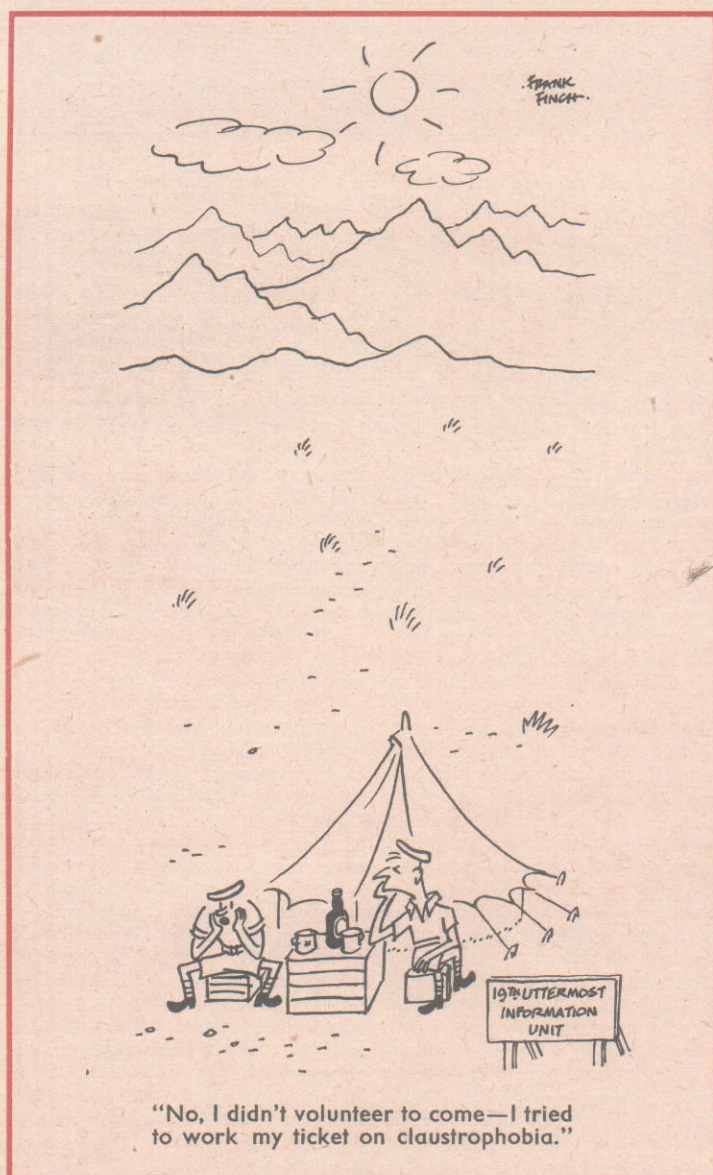
OVER



Fencing, boxing, rugby, diving, ski-ing — it all comes alike to Capt. G. J. C. Moore, here instructing his instructors.



The "stem turn": a skier can stop by causing his skis to converge, then throwing his weight on one leg (in this case, the right), which causes him to slew round.



YOU DON'T NEED SNOW TO SKI (Continued)

shoeing, eating pemmican, and making igloos or living in holes in the ground.

Many troops in Germany and Austria learn ski-ing as part of their Army training (at one time, just after the war in Europe ended, there were 400 Austrian ski instructors on the Army's strength).

What greatly stimulated the Army's interest in ski-ing was the formation, in 1947, of the Army Ski Association, for the benefit of soldier skiers everywhere. The response was instant and the Association now has more than 1200 members, including 100 members of the Women's Royal Army Corps. Last month the Army Ski Championships, promoted by this body, were due to be held at Bad Gastein, Austria.

The Association organises cheap holidays to French, Austrian and Swiss winter sports grounds, even chartering its own aircraft. Equipment, the cost of which is one reason why civilian ski-ing becomes an expensive pastime, can be hired very cheaply through the Association. The sport is being thrown open to thousands of young men and women who would never normally have the chance to indulge in it and the Army is becoming recognised as the nursery of future British and international champions.

To help novices, the Army Ski Association undertakes to coach in dry ski-ing. Recently the Army itself put on a dry ski course at Pirbright, Surrey, for ten instruc-

tors of the Army Physical Training Corps. Afterwards they were due to spend seven weeks at the Army Snow and Mountain Warfare School at Schmelz, in Austria and then return to Britain to form a nucleus of dry ski instructors for Home commands.

The ten pupils of Pirbright were exceptionally lucky in their instructor — Captain G. J. C. Moore. He has been in charge of ski-ing in Austria for the past three years and is an outstanding all-rounder in Army sport. He has won the inter-services fencing championship four times for foil, épée and sabre and represented England at sabre fencing in the last Olympic Games. He has boxed for the Army and was in the Army rugby team in 1939. He won the Army diving championship in 1937 and, as a side-line, won the Austrian badminton championship for three years in succession.

"The first essential of ski-ing," he tells his pupils, "is to reverse two natural instincts. When you are going downhill you must lean forward, not back, and when you are crossing a slope you must lean outwards, not in towards it."

Before they even venture on a slope, the students learn to walk about, side step and turn round on the flat, and they manage to tie themselves into some surprising knots in the process.

The second stage of the training is done on a mat-covered ramp in the gymnasium. Here the novice learns that climbing is just as important as coming down again. It must be done either by



Learning the "herring bone" type of ascent, with the legs turned inwards. It is practised on short, sharp ascents.



Ascending by side-stepping is slow and sure: like many ski-ing movements, it finds out the unused muscles. Below: an instructor launches himself down the rug ramp. It is here that he learns to lean forward as he descends.

side-stepping, which is slow but steady, or doing a "herring bone." This is a sort of splay-footed duck waddle with the legs wide apart and the skis at an angle of 45 degrees. Its name derives from the pattern the skis leave behind in the snow. It is fairly rapid but very tiring and is used only on short, sharp gradients.

For a long climb the skier will use neither of these methods. He will zig-zag upwards in a succession of traverses, making a little headway on each traverse like a yacht tacking into the wind.

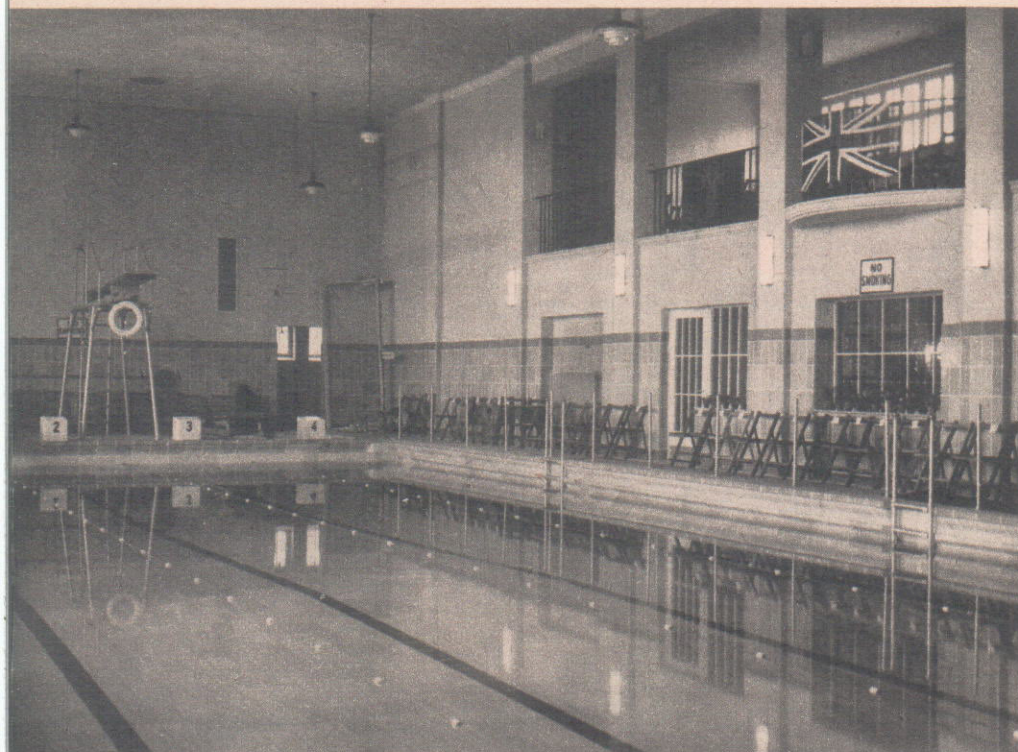
An essential part of downhill running is knowing how to stop. The ramp can be used for learning to "snowplough," to check speed by forcing the heels outwards until the skis are scraping sideways down the slope with the edges digging in.

To learn the more advanced methods of checking and turning snow is needed, but the knowledge a man has already gained in dry ski training will enable him to tackle most snow slopes with confidence.

The great thing about dry skiing is that there are no distractions. On snow it is almost impossible to resist the temptation to "have a bash," which results in many lessons being learned wrongly, or only half-learned. In the gymnasium, or on a hillside covered with pine needles the movements and positions can be learned thoroughly and in comfort. Even slow downhill runs are possible, so that when the pupil finally gets his chance in real ski-ing conditions he can take full advantage of it; he has already mastered the technique.

TED JONES

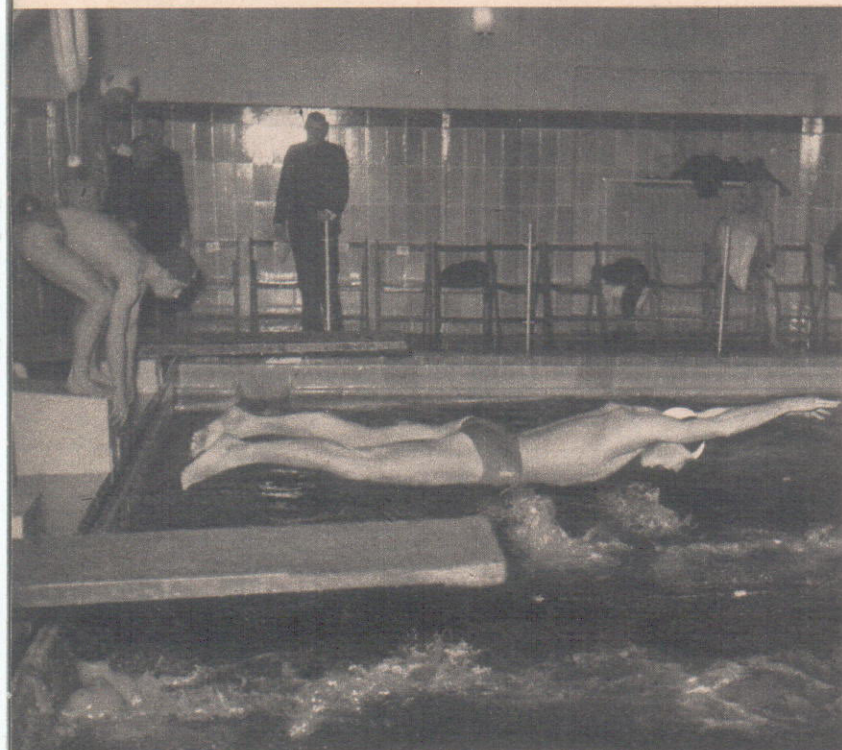
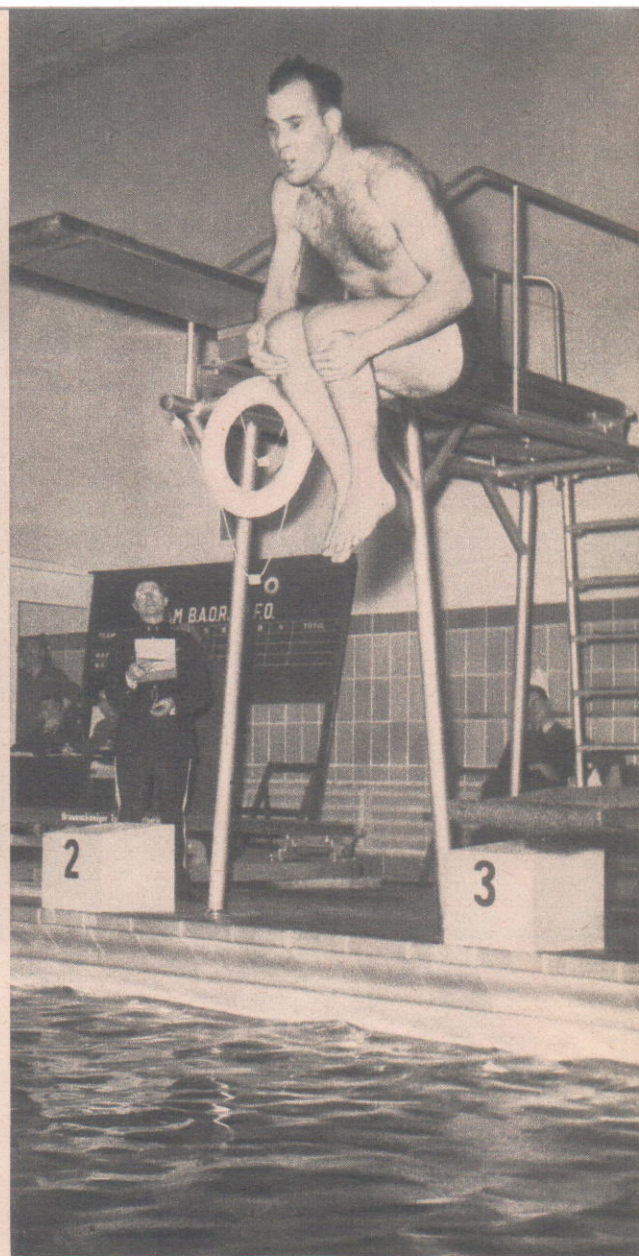




Even in the winter, soldiers can be taught to swim in this heated pool recently completed for the headquarters garrison of Rhine Army.

Right: Half-way through a complicated dive is Lance-Corporal A. J. P. Gibbon, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, winner of diving events in the BAOR-BAFO contest.

RHINE ARMY BUILDS A SWIMMING POOL



A racing plunge in the relay race between Rhine Army and the British Air Forces of Occupation.

THE number of soldiers, particularly National Servicemen, who are unable to swim when they come into the Army is startlingly large.

And because swimming instruction is not officially regarded as an essential part of a soldier's training (although there is a rapidly-growing conviction that a soldier should be able to swim before he is classified as fully-trained) very few learn to swim by the time they leave the Army.

Since the early days of the occupation, Rhine Army has held the view that every soldier should be taught to swim. Many of the fine German swimming pools (including the world-famous Olympic Stadium Pool in Berlin) were requisitioned and used for training non-swimmers and for staging swimming galas. Now, Rhine Army has taken another notable step forward by building its own indoor, air-conditioned swimming pool at Bad Oeynhausen, headquarters town where there is already an open-air pool.

Even on the coldest of winter days, units in the area will be able to send their non-swimmers to the pool for instruction by two well-known German coaches.

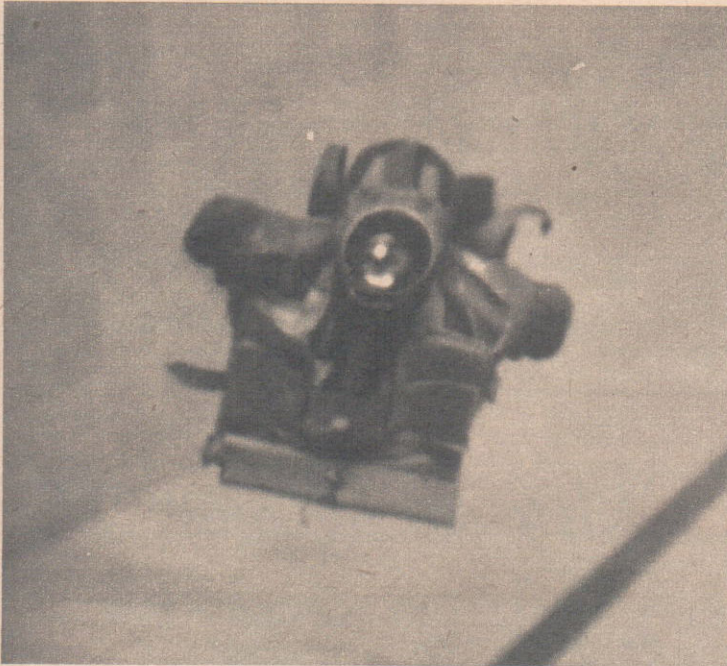
The new pool began to take shape twelve months ago when a site in the local Kurpark was cleared and the foundations laid. Since then squads of civilian engineers, carpenters, plumbers, decorators and electricians, under the supervision of Sappers from No. 219 DCRE, worked every day

on the project — often, in the autumn and winter evenings, under the glare of arc-lamps. The pool was opened recently by Rhine Army's Commander-in-Chief, Lieut-General Sir Charles F. Keightley. The occasion was an inter-Services meeting (won by Rhine Army), which included a demonstration by frogmen from the Royal Marines No. 2 Special Boat Section.

The pool incorporates many of the latest innovations, including glass observation panels built into the side walls through which instructors can see the faults of their pupils, and specially designed "wave-breaker" troughs to reduce water disturbance during racing. The pool is 25 metres long and ten metres wide and has four racing lanes. It holds 120,000 gallons of water which can be changed every eight hours. A special plaster was used to reduce condensation on the walls. — *From a report by Lieut. D. B. Coulson, Military Observer in Germany.*



Lieut-General Sir Charles F. Keightley presented the cups to the winners at the opening of Bad Oeynhausen's swimming pool.



This picture was taken through the instructors' "peep hole" below the level of the water. It shows a frogman poised to attack. Below: Two Little Men From a Flying Saucer? No, just two more Royal Marine frogmen.

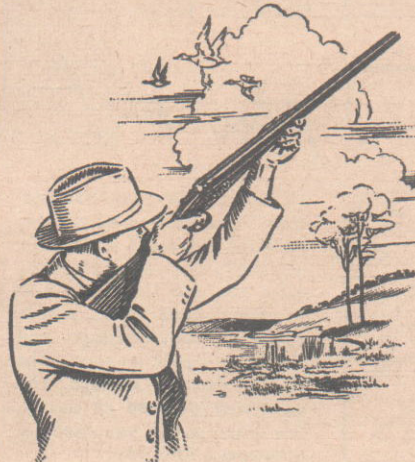


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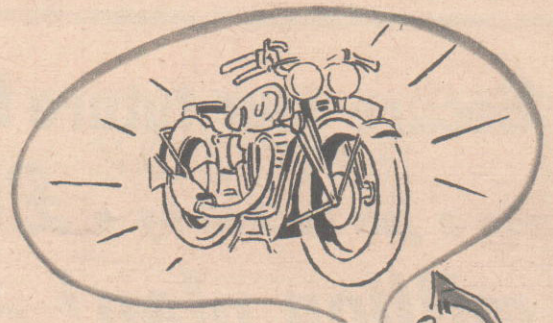
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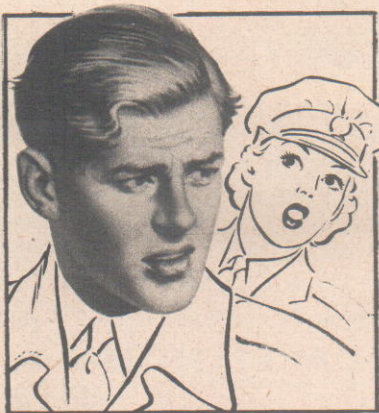
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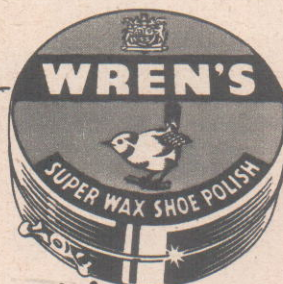
Why "are we" waiting?



Jean sighed—"Men are funny—soldiers most of all!"

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Deborah, the infant daughter of Major and Mrs. D. K. Wiltshire, was one of the many children of British officers and men to be christened from the 250-year-old christening bowl.

Historic Font for Army Baptisms

JUST over 250 years ago two Englishmen presented a fine silver christening bowl to the English colony who lived and traded in Hamburg as members of the Worshipful Company of Merchants Adventurers.

Down the years, except when wars intervened, the children of British families living in Hamburg were christened from the bowl; today it is still often used to baptise the children of British Servicemen at the English Garrison Church of St. Thomas-a-Becket (rebuilt under British Sappers after World War Two).

The christening bowl, part of the church silver which was stored in deep

underground air-raid bunkers along with Hamburg's art treasures during World War Two, is made of London silver and bears the inscription: "The Gifte of William Christmas and John Bridon, Merchants."

William Christmas was born in 1629 at St Michael's Bassingshaw and traded as a draper and merchant in Hamburg until 1702. John Bridon was a master of the Ironmongers Company and a Member of Parliament for Reading in 1685.

The Reverend G. H. V. Hart, officiating Chaplain to the Forces and Chaplain at the English Garrison Church, performs most of the christening ceremonies. He was a padre with Eighth Army.

FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

HIGHLY DANGEROUS

The Imperial General Staff receives a report that an Eastern European nation is breeding insects which will carry germs, to use as a weapon in a future war. Quickly the order goes out: "Send for Margaret Lockwood." That distinguished young lady entomologist abandons the insects she has been breeding for research and pest control, enrolls as a spy and flies off to Zovgorod. There she meets, among others, Dane Clark (from Hollywood) and Marius Goring. Bullets fly, nets close ... but the ending is happy.

LET'S DANCE

Fred Astaire, with some new dance routines and a new partner: Betty Hutton. There is a complicated story about love and some wicked in-laws who try to take a child away from a widowed showgirl. But much more important are song and dance and colour. Roland Young heads the supporting cast.

MR. MUSIC

More show business. That lazy writer of musical shows, Bing Crosby, would rather lie in the sun and look at Ruth Hussey than work (who wouldn't?). But Charles Coburn and Nancy Olson try to get him back to the grindstone for the sake of both his and their bank balances. They succeed, but not before Groucho Marx, the Merry Macs and some other "guest stars" have appeared. And Crosby decides, much later than the audience, that Nancy Olson is worth looking at, too.

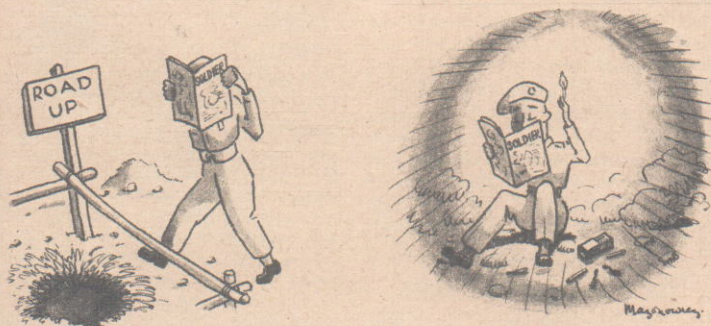
THE AFFAIRS OF SALLY

One of those crazy comedies which include a couple of murders to ginger up the laughs. Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert get mixed up with smugglers, burlesque queens, police and free-for-alls.

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN

A straightforward, old-time gangster film with plenty of gun-battles. Mark Stevens and Edmond O'Brien play the crew of a police car, rivals for the affection of Gale Storm. But they have worse storms to face.

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LETTERS



HOMES FOR REGULARS

The chief anxiety of almost every married Regular is: "Where can I find a roof for my family when I have finished my time?"

It would be simple for local authorities to allocate a proportion of their council houses to ex-Servicemen. The soldier would make his application a year before he was due for discharge and the local authority would produce the vacant house as near as possible to the target date.

Unfair to the locals? Tut, tut! If it were not for his military service the prospective tenant would most probably have been in occupation of a council house for at least ten years, so why treat him like a displaced person because he has been standing ready to take the first shock of war?

Security is symbolised in bricks and mortar. We defend our homes and heritage with the ironical knowledge that our hopes of acquiring a home are, to say the least, precarious. Let the Service Members of Parliament see to it that service in the Forces guarantees a home for pensioners who, during their service, have been so often homeless. — **WO II E. Cook, REME, Austria.**

★ Local authorities have full power to allot their council houses as they wish. Under ACI 649 of 1946 Regulars nearing the end of their service may apply to be included on the housing list of any local authority, but many authorities have framed their priority points schemes in such a way that an ex-Serviceman is bound to find himself low on the list. The Government can recommend that ex-Servicemen should not be penalised because of their military service and has, in fact, done so; but Governmental authority ends there. The rest is left to the conscience of the townsfolk and of the men they elect to represent them on the local council.

THAT EXAMINATION

In 1942 I sat and passed three subjects of the examination for the Army First Class Certificate of Education, but failed the fourth — map-reading. If I want to obtain the new first-class certificate must I take the whole examination again, or will my previous passes count, so that I only have to take map-reading? — **Cpl. E. Bursford, HQ Sqn. 17/21 Lancers, Catterick, Yorks.**

★ Soldiers who require one subject only to qualify for the pre-war first-class certificate need only pass the appropriate subject in the syllabus for the new certificate, providing they do so before 31 July 1951. They will then be granted the old certificate, not the new one.

Soldiers who have more than one subject to pass must take the whole of the new examination. Full details appear in ACI 349/1949, amended by ACI 710/1949 and ACI 785/1950.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

PETULA CLARK

I am surprised to see **SOLDIER's** critic saying that there is too much sentimentality about the Petula Clark broadcasts (**SOLDIER**, February).

Does he not realise that the British soldier simply loves "goosey" sentiment? The old, hard-bitten sweats are worse than the crooner-crazy youngsters.

As it doesn't seem to spoil their morale, why shouldn't they be granted this harmless indulgence? A weekly bath of sentiment is as essential as a weekly bath. — **"Petulant?" (name and address supplied).**

Men whose normal lives and work bring them into scant contact with the opposite sex are always the most sentimental about women. There is little outlet for sentiment in a soldier's life of barracks, camp or campaign, so he concentrates it all



on some image of womanhood which he conjures up in his own mind. A Forces' Sweetheart serves as a focus for these imaginings and I have no doubt that many a tough old sergeant-major's heart beats faster when she comes on the air. So why spoil his pleasure? — **B. J. (name and address supplied).**

I agree with **SOLDIER's** critic when he writes about those sporting interviews. Most sportsmen can talk intelligently on their own sport, but lack a sense of humour. To build up a script which makes them spit out crack after crack can be painful to the listener, especially when they are competing with men born to radio comedy like Ted Ray. — **B. Fenwick, Eastbourne.**

REQUEST STOP

During the war and shortly after it, the BBC ran various programmes in which soldiers serving overseas could choose a tune to be played to their friends or relatives in Britain. I recently sent such a request to the BBC but was informed that they no longer have any such programme. Isn't it about time that the soldiers serving and fighting overseas were given a bit more of the attention they received during the war? — **L/Cpl. G. Perkins, Guard Dog Unit, Singapore, Malaya.**

DESERT CRY

When I was serving in Tripolitania I saw several travelling shows from Britain such as Ivy Benson's Dance Band and variety troupes, but I have never heard of them going on to Cyrenaica. Why is this? Surely the troops in Cyrenaica should be entertained as well as those in Tripolitania? Can anything be done to ensure that Cyrenaica is not left out in future?

Another point: why is it that troops serving in Cyrenaica in rough and primitive conditions get no overseas allowance, while those in Egypt do? — **Bdr. L. Hyams, Permanent Staff, Transit Camp, Tobruk.**

★ Shows which tour overseas theatres are sponsored by Combined Services Entertainment. This organisation is run on commercial lines and expenses must be covered by box-office receipts. The routing of shows in the Middle East is the responsibility of Headquarters MELF, but they will not be routed to areas where sufficient support is not forthcoming to defray the cost. Shows were routed through Cyrenaica at one time and stage equipment worth £2000 was sent there, but box-office receipts did not justify the expense.

The rate of local overseas allowance is adjusted to the cost of living in the station for which it is issued, not to the degree of hardship incurred. Soldiers stationed in the Canal Zone have higher expenses than those in Cyrenaica. Rates are reviewed from time to time as the cost of living fluctuates.

DISTURBANCE

I occupied married quarters with my family in BAOR until posted to FARELF in April 1950. My family returned to Britain at public expense and occupies private accommodation. I am informed that I cannot claim disturbance allowance unless I certify that my wife will not join me in FARELF. Alternatively, I can wait until my family does arrive here and occupies private accommodation. Even then the local authorities must certify that no War Department accommodation will be available for six months. Can you confirm? — **"Em," Hong-Kong.**

★ Disturbance allowance is issued only for a completed move. A soldier in this position must therefore either declare that the move is completed

by certifying that his family will not be joining him in his new station or he must wait until they do join him and then review his qualifications for the allowance according to the conditions under which they are accommodated in the new theatre.

MARRIED QUARTERS

When I was posted from BAOR to Britain I did not apply for, nor was I offered, military accommodation for my wife and two children who accompanied me. For nearly six months now I have been at this depot awaiting posting to a unit. I am informed that as I am in transit I cannot be given married quarters at the depot (they are all reserved for men on the posted strength) so my family must find private accommodation. I can no longer afford the 22s. a day which this is costing me. What can I do? — **"Serjeant," Inkerman Bks., Woking.**

★ A soldier should apply for hostel accommodation in Britain before he leaves his overseas station. Once his family have arrived in Britain and gone into private rooms they have no further entitlement to hostel accommodation. Married quarters can not be allotted to men in transit because they will probably be posted away again after a short period. "Serjeant's" only course now is to apply for hostel accommodation on compassionate grounds. The application should go through his commanding officer to Command Headquarters where it will be considered, together with other similar applications, according to the urgency of his need.

COMMANDO COMRADES

In your article on the Luxembourg Army (September 1950) you quote Senior Serjeant D. Neven as having served with Britain's No. 10 Commando during the war. May I correct that? He was in No. 4 Commando. I know, because I was medical orderly in the same troop. His brother was in it too; he died of wounds received on Walcheren, although I did my best to save his life. I would like Senior Serjeant Neven to know that the men of No. 6 Troop are not forgotten, be they from Luxembourg, France, Lorraine or Spain. They were a cosmopolitan mob, but some of the bravest men I ever knew. — **Pte. I. Hawkins, Patient Ward 4, General Hospital, Kure, Japan.**

TOO EASILY SEEN?

The photograph on Page 34 of your January issue, showing men of the London Irish in action, prompts me, as a mere Gunner, to wonder if our webbing equipment is adequate for the Infantry. When the small pack is worn in the correct manner, well up on the back, it seems to increase the man's chance of being spotted by the enemy. I would suggest a longer and thinner variety of pack. A contrast in styles is given by the photograph of the London Scottish, on the same page, where no tunics and only skeleton equipment are worn. — **Sgt. J. M. Hodge, 276 Field Regt. RA TA. Drill Hall, Douglas St., Dundee.**

Letters Continued Overleaf →

Answers

(From Page 19)

How Much Do You Know?

1. School-teacher. 2. Yes. 3. Fluids. 4. Haig(b). 5. (a) HMS Vanguard; (b) Canberra. 6. (b). 7. Rockall. 8. (c). 9. Benjamin Franklin. 10. Eugene Aram. 11. A vegetable (used in salads). 12. Ava Gardner. ("Pandora and the Flying Dutchman").

Crossword

- ACROSS: 1. Rack. 3. Spring. 8. Puppets. 9. Rug. 10. A hot potato. 13. Win the toss. 15. Boo. 16. Avarice. 18. Ensued. 19. Peat.
- DOWN: 1. Repeat. 2. Cup. 4. Pass the hat. 5. In ratio. 6. Gage. 7. Perpetrate. 11. Ominous. 12. Assent. 14. Able. 17. Ice.

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"YOU cannot change human nature." That familiar half-truth may bring the world to defeat or despair. Fifty years ago there seemed little need to try and change human nature. The future of Mankind was guaranteed by the Law of Progress. Man had his weaknesses — but one could afford to smile indulgently at them for the dream-world of peace and plenty was on its way.

Today, to say you cannot change human nature is not so much a counsel of defeat as a counsel of despair and abandonment of hope.

Our experience during the last 50 years has brought us face to face with the reality of ourselves and we are beginning to learn all over again the ancient truth that the heart of Man is desperately wicked.

Only the Christian faith can save us from despair. The Jewish Prophets realised that if Man is to survive human nature must change. It is a measure of their faith in God that they were able to peer through the darkness with hope. God could, and would, change human nature. And it was to do just that that Christ was born.



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MORE LETTERS

COMPASSIONATE

Please settle a canteen argument. Is there still such a thing as a compassionate posting? — "Dum-Dum."

★ This point cropped up in Parliament on 12 December. The Secretary for War was asked why he had abandoned compassionate posting, and he replied that this decision was notified in an Army Council Instruction in November 1946. It was essential, with the introduction of a fixed term of National Service, that the services of all men called up should be unrestricted. "Deserving compassionate cases, however, can still be, and are being, met by the grant of compassionate leave or release where this is justified," said Mr. Strachey.

Further questioned, he agreed that there had no doubt been compassionate postings "in an informal way" since the decision of 1946, which showed that the rules were being interpreted "in a very liberal spirit."

Readers of SOLDIER will recall a recent article on Army twins (March, 1950), which explained that it is Army practice whenever possible to post twins together, if this is desired.

"SOUND OFF"

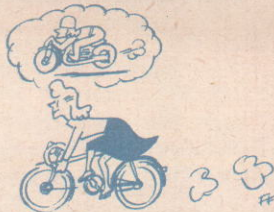
A popular tune which has been running through my head for some time is called "Sound Off." It is an American song, and the recurring theme in it goes like this: "Sound Off, One, Two, Three, Four, Sound Off..."

Perhaps one of the American soldiers who read (and write to) SOLDIER can explain what this song is all about. Is "Sound Off" a drill order, and if not, what does it mean? — "Seeker After Knowledge" (name and address supplied).

TOO YOUNG

I am a girl of 16 and my ambition is to join one of the Forces and become a despatch rider. Is there any way in which I can join up? — Miss L. Hignett, 66 Lime Street, Miles Platting, Manchester 10.

★ The minimum age for enlistment into the Women's Royal Army Corps (in which a girl may be lucky enough



to ride a motor-cycle) is 17 years six months. Girls who join before they are 18 must obtain their parents' consent. There are no exemptions.

FORMER SERVICE

Is a National Serviceman with previous service in the Army entitled to any remission of his period of National Service? — Sigm. P. Giles, "L" Tp., Royal Sigs., 3 Inf. Bde., Dist. Main., MELF.

★ It depends when his former service was done. If it amounted to not less than 21 months reckonable whole-time man's service after 1 January 1949 he does not have to do any further whole-time service. If his former service totalled less than 21 months he may be required to do two years National Service, less the period of his former service.

If his previous service was rendered before 1 January 1949, but not before 1 January 1947 and amounted to at least 18 months (including boy's service), he does not have to do any further whole-time service. If it does not amount to 18 months he may have to do two years National Service, less the period of former service.

PAY CONTRAST

I applaud the rise in pay for the Regular soldier, which I consider was long overdue, and I speak from 16 years Regular Army experience, but the Government put it mildly when they said that this would bring the soldier in line with civilian rates of pay.

I am employed as permanent civilian chief clerk to a Territorial unit, of which I am also a member, and I receive £6 2s a week without any family, clothing, ration or lodging allowance. As soon as I go with the unit to the annual camp I get £9 12s 6d a week and I do exactly the same job as when I am at the drill hall. In addition I am fed, clothed and housed.

If the job is worth £9 12s 6d at camp, with all the trimmings thrown in, surely it should be worth the same, without the trimmings, at the drill hall? If the unit were mobilised I should be in exactly the same position as the Regular Army SQMS of this unit and would be subject to exactly the same dangers. Yet I get £6 2s and he gets £9 12s 6d. May I suggest that all Territorial civilian permanent staff should be put on consolidated rates of pay as are Territorial Adjutants who are also permanently employed Territorial soldiers? — Ex-Desert Rat (name and address supplied).

★ It should not be overlooked that a Regular's service contains more uncertainties and disruptions, as a rule, than a civilian's.

SOLDIER is asked to state that the Cherry Blossom Joke Competition announced in the December issue of SOLDIER is now closed. Cheques for £5 have been sent to 12 competitors, whose ideas will be published in due course with suitable acknowledgements.

120

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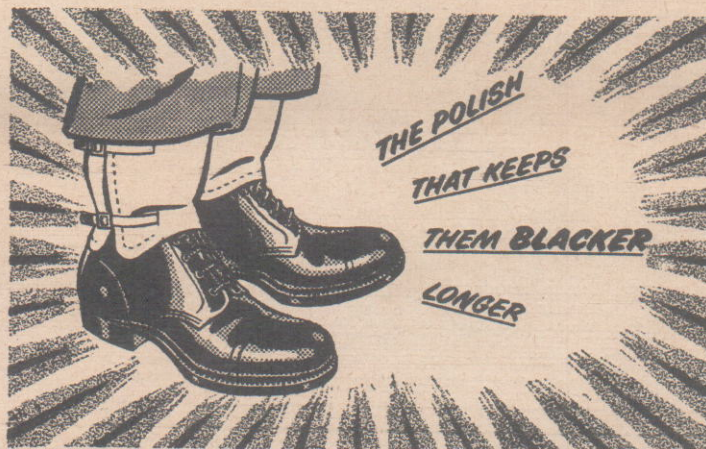
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