

# SOLDIER

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THE TROOPING STORY  
(See Page Five)





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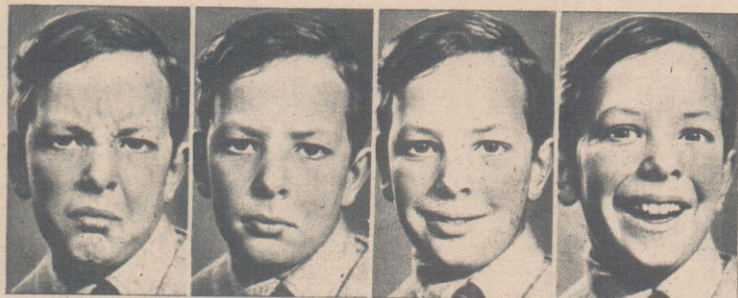


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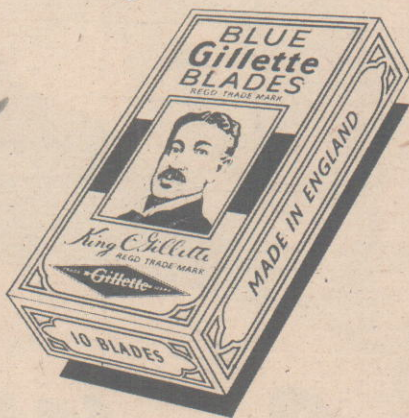




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# THE TROOPING STORY

Peace has brought little respite for the Army's trooping staffs. On top of the job of ferrying the boys home came two unexpected big-scale operations: the evacuation of India and Palestine. But the Army took both jobs in its stride

Valetta harbour, Malta: the veteran trooper *Staffordshire* arrives to take on homeward-bound men. A Scots pipe and drum band plays against a background of drying clothes.

*"They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold and wet and rain,  
All wearin' Injlan cotton kit, but we will not complain.  
They'll kill us of pneumonia — for that's their little way —  
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're going 'ome today."*

**K**IPLING'S soldier had a slightly jaundiced approach to troopships (even homeward-bound ones) and in that he was no different from some soldiers today.

A voyage on a troopship may, or may not, be a voyage to romance. Certainly there is little romance about troopships themselves. Few of them are beautiful. Their figures are motherly, their colours dull or even dingy. Their smell, a mixture of oil and cooking with perhaps a touch of seaweed,

OVER





## THE TROOPING STORY *Continued*

is homely rather than exotic. And they are rarely very comfortable.

But something is being done about comfort. In war, when space was precious, the gauge of a trooper's capacity was a medical officer's verdict on how many men could be crammed on board and expected to disembark again without serious injury to their health.

Now troopers have been "down-berthed," to give passengers more room, and the *Georgic*, for one, carries 4674 passengers instead of her war-time 5500.

The troopship of the future is already planned — though she won't be built until there are more materials about. She will not be a luxury liner. The amount of money that can be spent on a soldier's comfort is limited and official opinion is that it is better to spend most of it on barracks where a man is likely to live for months at a time rather than on ships where he will stay five days or, at most, five weeks.

The Treasury has given its cautious approval "in principle" to a trooper that will carry about 1800 passengers. She will have cabins of not more than six berths for 400 class "A," "B" and "C" passengers (officers, warrant officers and soldiers' families), who will have their meals served in ordinary dining-rooms; and 1400 standees (bunks that fold back) for the NCO's and men, who will eat in a cafeteria.

The new troopers will have four square feet of covered recreation space for every standee passenger (the present average is less than three and some ships have less than two). At first there will be seating for six in ten standee passengers (not everyone wants to sit down at once) but that figure may be changed when it has been tried; there will be more lavatories and more showers, with hot and cold fresh-water showers to be used after the salt showers.

Some of the other features will be: a numbered locker for each standee; stowage for "wanted on voyage" luggage in each standee section; a nursery; a hospital with an operating theatre; a dental surgery; a chaplains' office; a guard-room with a self-contained standee section; a beer-issue room; wet and dry canteens; and a soda-fountain.

The new troopers will have a speed of at least 16 knots — probably 18, so that they can join fast convoys.

In some troopers standees and cafeterias, ideas borrowed from America, have already been installed; in contrast to the old troop-decks where soldiers slept in hammocks, ate and had their covered recreation space in a mixed smell of feet and food.

Other new ideas will be going into two ships which are being rebuilt — the *Empire Doon* (12,000 tons, 1482 passengers) and the *Empire Fowey* (17,500 tons, 1678 passengers). Neither of them will be right up to the ideal — for

that their shapes would have to be altered — but they will be as near as possible.

Besides more room, today's troopships have more materials for recreation. Every trooper with a capacity of more than 3000 gets a tropicalised piano and a set of 50 song tunes; a jazz band set consisting of drums, violin, guitar, clarinet, trumpet, saxophone, trombone and music stands, with a set of 50 orchestrations; six gramophones with 300 records, 36 mouth-organs; six acting-sets of ten-minute sketches and six sets of one-act plays; two make-up boxes; 100 tombola books; a dozen lotto sets and eight sets each of tiddly-winks, jig-saw puzzles, ludo, snakes and ladders, table quoits, ring-boards and solitaire; and a toy or game for every child with an extra one for every four children.

Ships with fewer than 3000 get smaller numbers of the same items and their jazz-band sets have an accordion instead of the violin, guitar and trumpet. Each time a trooper touches a home port, its amenities are unloaded and it gets a complete new set for the next voyage.

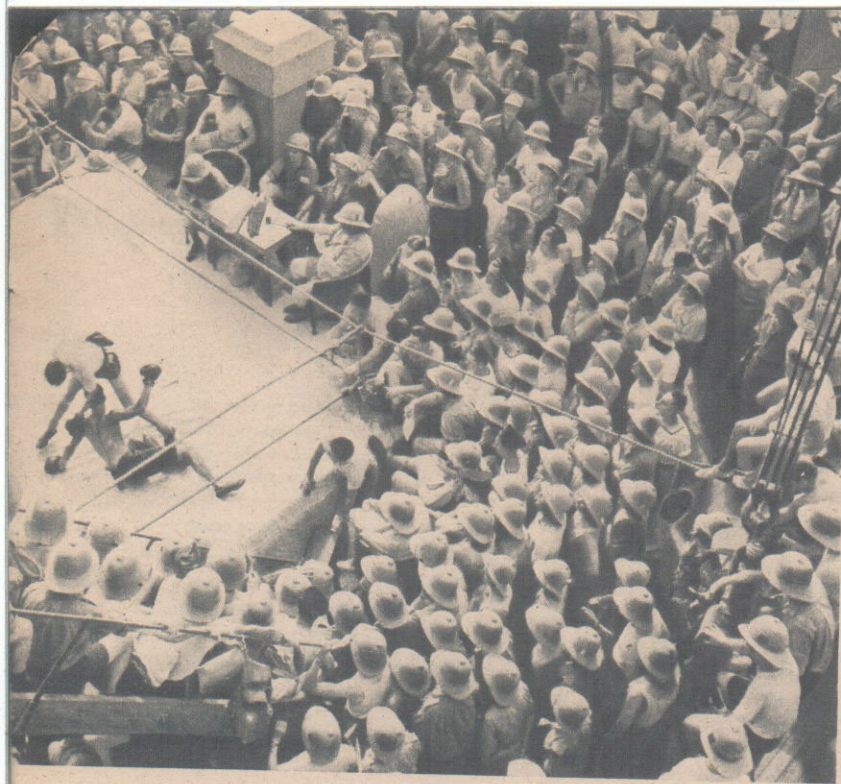
In addition, each troopship carries a cinema outfit, set up where there is most room, and an Army Kinema Corporation operator who can change films at ports of call. It also has a library of modern books.

Rations, the supply of drinks and of food to be bought from the canteens are controlled by the Ministry of Food. There are more than enough calories in today's troopship rations to meet the passengers' needs, but the healthy soldier, his appetite stimulated by sea air, still feels hungry and the Army is trying to arrange for more bulk in his diet. Oddly enough, British soldiers who travel on American troopships and American soldiers who travel on British troopships both complain of being starved. The one misses the heavy food of the British cook and the other his more varied diet.

Another wartime contrast between British and American troopers was that the American ships were far more crowded. The Americans did not even have sleeping accommodation for every man; troops slept in turns. The worst that British troops had in that respect was occasional "hard-lying," which meant sleeping without a hammock or a bunk.

During World War Two more than ten million United Nations fighting men were carried by British troopers and United Nations troopers under British control. At the peak period, in 1945, Britain's Ministry of War Transport controlled 181 troopers of 2,387,000 gross tons. War losses were 66, of which 63 were by enemy action.

Today there are 22 troopships regularly used on long sea voyages as well as some smaller ones that ply in the Mediterranean. Among them are pre-war liners, like the *Georgic*, the *Empress of*



1941: on board a troopship bound to the Middle East a boxing tournament takes the troops' minds off that other war. Below: pay parade on the high seas.



1941: "Convoy," published en route to the Middle East, was one of the war's first troopship papers (a member of *SOLDIER*'s staff had a hand in it). Here a nursing sister hands out copies while OC Troops reads over a private's shoulder.







1948: Before the *Dunera* sails from Southampton for the Far East a conference is held by inspecting officers, movements officers, medical officers and—not least—the ship's skipper, Captain A. A. Kay (seated against wall). At left of picture is Col. W. H. V. Jones, in charge of Movements at Southampton.



First meal on the way to Singapore: the lads will be eating here for the next month.

Australia, the *Samaria* and the *Scythia*, but as many temporary troopers as possible have been released to provide one of Britain's most valuable "invisible exports."

Two of the oldest troopers are the *Lancashire* and the *Staffordshire*. Of the other pre-war troopships the *Devonshire*, the *Dilwara* and the *Dunera* are still going strong. The only one of these to be converted from a "hammock-ship" to a "standee-ship" is the *Lancashire*; the turns of the others

will come when they are due for refit.

One of the nearest to the shape of things to come is the *Empire Trooper*, but she falls short of the new standards in the area of her covered recreation space and deck-space. The *Empire Halladale*, which carries fewer troops, is better off for recreation space. One of the best-provided in that way is the *Empire Windrush*.

All the *Empire* ships are owned

by the Ministry of Transport and some of them are ex-German craft; the other troopers are chartered from shipping lines. All are managed for the Ministry by shipping lines (which, despite rumour, do not make enormous profits out of trooping).

Planning for trooping is done at regular conferences between the Director of Sea Transport and senior representatives of the Services. Actual routing of the ships and allocation of space is done by another committee known as Pom (Priority of Movements) at which a lieutenant-colonel from the War Office thrashes out his problems with his opposite numbers in the Ministry of Transport, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry. To save complicated accounting, the Ministry of Transport works out the average cost of carrying soldiers and charges the Army a set price. Just now it is 28s. a day.

Longest regular journey today is the 33-day voyage to Hong-Kong, five days more than to Singapore. A trooper is expected to take about three months for the round trip, including maintenance, restocking and leave for the crew at home. Ships going to the Mediterranean are away about 22 days, but the necessary days in a home port bring the total from the start of one trip to the start of the next up to 30.

Because of today's shipping shortages, any empty class "A" berths on a troopship are filled by civilians. On the other hand, when there are not enough men going to a destination to warrant sending a ship, soldiers travel by civilian ships as ordinary fare-paying passengers and some of them find themselves crossing the Atlantic on the *Queens*.

Since the war, schedules for the ever-decreasing number of troopships have been upset by two of the biggest peace-time trooping jobs in history. The first was the evacuation of India, which meant bringing home 50,000 Ser-

vicemen and families in eight months, steaming 36,000,000 passenger miles a month. It was done one day ahead of the date planned a year before.

The second job was the evacuation of Palestine. This is a trooping story which has yet to be fully told, but it has been successfully carried out in spite of setbacks to schedules when units were sent back or delayed, so that some ships had to leave partly empty.

Like any good soldiers, the men who handle trooping expect the unexpected now and again. They took a white riding camel, a present from King Ibn Saud, to King Farouk during the war. They were asked to carry a whole dog company from the Middle East to East Africa, in spite of the rule that troopers do not normally carry dogs. War-dogs and their handlers must not be separated, so the company was given a deck to itself, though veterans shook their heads disapprovingly. Movements were delighted at the end of the trip when the routine report said the quarters occupied by the dog company were left cleaner than any other portion of the ship.

Reunion, re-settlement and repatriation of Poles and their families provided another problem after World War Two. The *Empire Windrush*, which operates on the West Indies run, was sent specially to Tampico, Mexico, to collect Polish families.

For the men who handle the shore end of trooping, the arrival or departure of a ship means nearly a week of hard work and very little sleep. Four or five officers and five or six clerks will work on getting a ship away. They will spend a whole day or more preparing berthing cards and tickets, then they will cope with trains, baggage and passengers.

When a ship comes in, her voyage reports are examined to

## THE SOLDIERS STOOD FAST

THE most heroic trooping story in the history of the British Army is that of the paddle-steamer *Birkenhead*, which struck a rock and sank in 25 minutes between the Cape and Port Elizabeth in 1852. She had on board about 20 women and children and about 488 officers and men, as well as 130 members of the crew and Royal Marines.

Only three boats could be lowered and the women and children got away in one of them. There was complete discipline among the soldiers, who worked hard to save the ship, although some were killed when the funnel fell.

The ship broke in two and the commander called out, "All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats," but two of the Army officers begged the men not to do so, as the boat with the women and children would be swamped. Only three men made the attempt; the rest grouped on the sinking poop until they were thrown into the shark-infested water. After a lot of suffering, 193 people, including the women and children, were saved; 445 died, 357 of them officers and men of the Army.

Many tributes have been paid to the soldiers on the *Birkenhead*, one of which was the King of Prussia's order that the official account of the story should be read to each of his regiments as an example of true Teutonic military discipline and virtue.

ONE of the ugliest trooping stories was recorded of the overcrowded *Surat Castle*, which sailed for South Africa in the 1790's. Pestilence broke out among the lascars, scurvy among the whites. Daily from the stinking decks the lascar dead were thrown to the sharks. Then came a storm to dismast the ship. And, as a last macabre touch, ten barrels of paint broke loose and hurtled about the congested gun deck, smashing everything and everyone, until they were staved in and the deck was a mess of variegated colours, in which the dead and dying were stuck like flies.

On this floating lazaret-house the 87th regiment lost 72 men of their headquarters company.



# THE TROOPING STORY *Concluded*

see if any fittings or improvements are needed. Then there is a "berthing meeting" to allot berths. About 12 hours before passengers start embarking, there is a first inspection, to see that the ship is fit to receive them; and when everyone is aboard, there is a final inspection to see that everyone is properly accommodated. For this, passengers generally stand at their berths, wearing lifebelts.

The men on the quayside do their best to brighten the processes of arrival and departure for passengers. At Southampton, for instance, men waiting on the dockside to embark get free tea and can buy cakes. Immediately they get on board, there is a meal ready for them and they can buy (by permission of the Customs) a first ration of duty-free cigarettes. Men disembarking at Southampton get free tea, cake, chocolate and a newspaper.

When ships are arriving, the Movements staff decorate the quay with bunting and try to get a band to play the ship in. Generally the band plays "God Save the King" as the gangway goes into the ship, followed by "Hearts of Oak" if there is a Naval contingent aboard. It plays the regimental marches of the units on board and then popular

songs, which the troops sing and whistle.

There is no firm tradition about what should be played at the dockside, though "Auld Lang Syne" is nearly always heard when a ship is leaving and minor

traditions grow up from time to time — Canadian contingents in World War Two, for instance, were always welcomed with "Roll out the barrel."

The Movements staffs will keep families on board overnight rather than send them off to arrive in London too late to catch trains to their homes and hours after the kiddies should have been in bed. Similarly, they will arrange for troop-trains to leave at midnight, rather than send off a draft to arrive at their depot in the middle of the night instead of early in the morning, when there will be a good breakfast waiting for them and they can be "processed" and sent off on leave right away.

Many Movements officers have been at the job for years and

they will cope with anyone from a man who turns up with a convoy of three-tonners laden with baggage to a soldier's wife who has left her baby behind or a draft-commander who has lost all his documents.

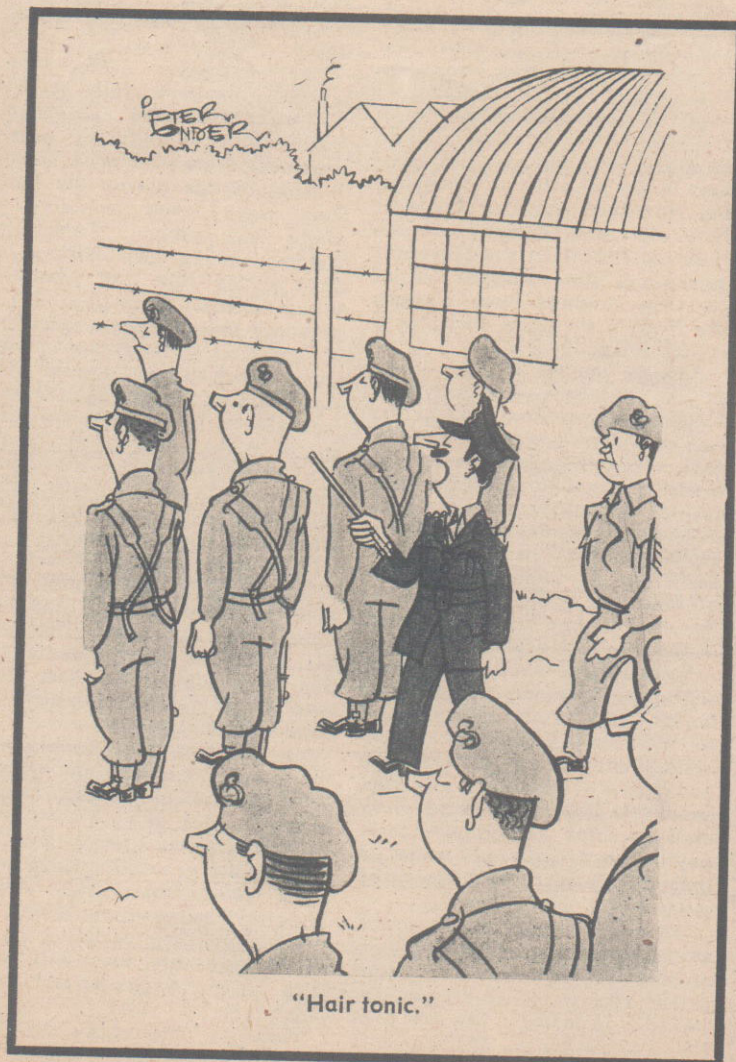
And if you ask them to mention some of their more curious experiences, they will shrug their shoulders and say "Nothing odd ever happens." They may apologetically tell you the story of the soldier's wife who mounted the gangway followed by ten children and asked "Where's the berth control officer?" That has been their stock story for years; they have no other anecdotes, perhaps because they make everything go so smoothly that no incidents stick in their memories.

**RICHARD ELLEY**

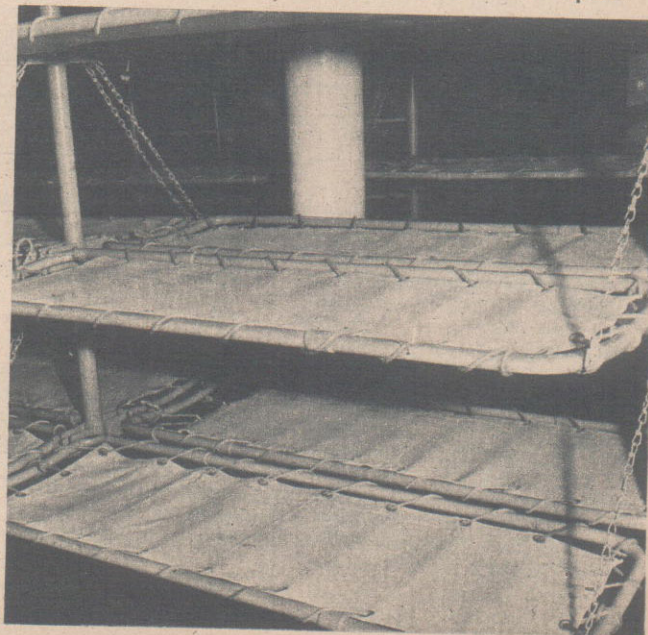
"Standees" are rapidly replacing bunks on troopships; they are more comfortable, save more space.



Pte. A. Shunn surveys the crests of the numerous regiments which have sailed on the *Dunera*. They were carved by a member of the ship's company.



"Hair tonic."





# SOLDIER to Soldier

**C**OMMANDOS still make news. It was a Royal Marines Commando who hauled down the British flag in Palestine.

The "three men in a boat" who endured a gruelling test off the Cornish coast were Commandos.

In Westminster Abbey Mr Winston Churchill unveiled a memorial to Commandos, Parachutists and Submariners.

In Parliament members were told of the "magnificent job" being done by a party of former commandos surveying the wild Katanga River which flows from Africa's Mountains of the Moon.

And in the House of Lords — alas! — a speaker described Commandos as "people smearing themselves with blood and dancing about with bayonets."

The noble lord who used those ill-chosen words was trying to make the point that the moral sense of a people deteriorates in time of war, when men are trained to kill. It is fair to point out that the moral sense of a people deteriorates even more in defeat; and Commandos and all the other Servicemen who danced about with bayonets did so in the belief (justified, as it happened) that they were doing something to prevent Britain's defeat.

Peace brings out a tendency in some quarters to disparage those who could do no wrong in time of war. Doubtless the noble lord had no such intention. But one can find, in Civvy Street, plenty of loose-thinking people who are quite convinced that "all this violent crime must be caused by Commandos." It is SOLDIER's belief that the amount of crime committed by ex-Commandos and all the other shock troops is infinitesimal.

\* \* \*

**T**HE soldier in the Burma jungle thousands of miles from blue water was ready for many surprises but scarcely did he expect to be called from the job to hear a short, salty speech from an admiral.

The incident would have stuck in his memory even if the admiral had not proved to be the magnetic "Supremo", Lord Louis Mountbatten.

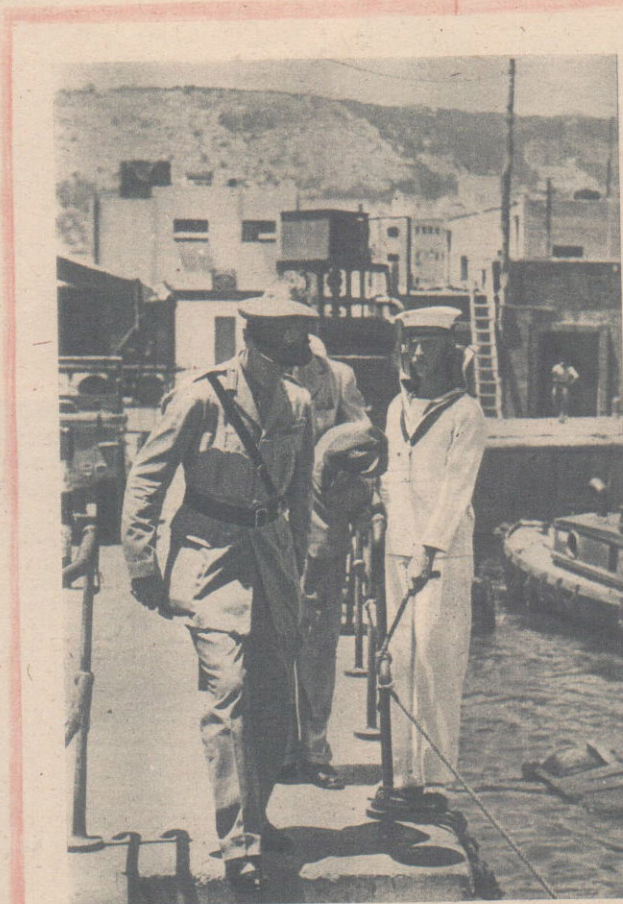
Today thousands of soldiers who served under Lord Louis in South-east Asia and those who said good-bye to him during the tense days of the withdrawal from India will be the first to wish him good luck on his forthcoming return to the sea as Flag Officer Commanding, First Cruiser Squadron.

The exceptional ovation which Lord Louis received recently at the Burma re-union in London was some measure of the esteem in which he is held by soldiers, sailors and airmen alike.



Higgledy-piggledy in the Wadi Falah lie scout cars, tanks, half-tracks... and a jeep, awaiting the flames.

## Death Valley — in Palestine



### LAST MAN OUT

As the last soldier — Lieut-Gen. G. H. A. MacMillan — leaves Haifa, a sailor from HMS *Phoebe* prepares to cast off. *Phoebe* was the GOC's headquarters in the last stages of the evacuation.

**B**EFORE pulling out of Palestine, the British Army turned the Wadi Falah, a deep gorge in the hills near Haifa, into a valley of death.

Faced with the problem of large numbers of unserviceable fighting vehicles which would have cost too much to ship, and which for political reasons could not be sold to Jews or Arabs, the Army decided to push the lot into the Wadi Falah.

The First Airborne Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, carried out this operation. Over and over the vehicles somersaulted, cannoning off giant boulders.

But a mere roll down a precipice was not sufficient to wreck some of these vehicles. So gelignite was applied to turret and tracks, and as a final precaution the remains were deluged with flame-thrower liquid, which was fired by remote control. The intense heat twisted tanks and cars alike into total ruin.

Major E. C. O'Callaghan, MC said that this unit had disposed of Sherman tanks, heavy and light armoured cars, scout cars and bren carriers. "Before we received them, all equipment such as guns and radio gear had been stripped out."

It was an impressive, and a saddening, sight. One man who came along to watch it was the last Commander in Palestine, Lieut-Gen. G. H. A. MacMillan.

The Army has left many "souvenirs" in Palestine, but none so macabre as the blackened carcasses in the Wadi Falah.

(See "Palestine as a Playground" pages 18—19.)



# AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN GUN



Corporal Shelagh Robinson wires up the frame of a screen through which a shell will pass; rupture of the frame is electrically recorded. Below: photo-electric cameras are lined up by Eileen McCulloch and Muriel Foulkes. Suspended in background is one of the target screens.



Girls who wear a special uniform — with red-and-blue Artillery side-caps — have one of the most interesting jobs in the WRAC: they operate the instruments which measure the performance of guns at Shoeburyness Range

**F**ROM the sea-wall edging Foulness Island, Essex, you can look out over long stretches of sand and watch ships on the skyline gliding slowly into the Thames estuary.

It is a wide and windy panorama — the kind of view which the lazy holiday-maker likes to study through field-glasses from a sheltered deck-chair.

But at Foulness there are no holiday hotels and no deck chairs. The island is part of the Ministry of Supply's Experimental Range at Shoeburyness, and the view from the sea wall is enjoyed only by the seagulls and a party of Service girls. From a series of rather bleak little concrete observation posts the girls stare out over the water, not to watch the shipping but to study shell splashes.

At first glance you could not recognise the girls as WRAC's. They wear white blouses, dark blue slacks or skirts and red and blue Artillery side-caps. The reason: drab khaki would not show up against a natural background. This safety precaution is also exercised by the Range officers who wear blue double-breasted jackets (without badges of rank), white trousers and red-banded hats. Off duty, in battle-dress, the girls wear as a flash a golden gun set against a blue background, common to all Service men and women at the Range.

Officially there should be 49 of these girls, but the woman-power situation is such that at present there are only 30. They are known as EAG's (Experimental Assistants, Gunnery). Their job is to operate the scientific equipment which measures the performance of guns and shells under test.

You will find some of them in

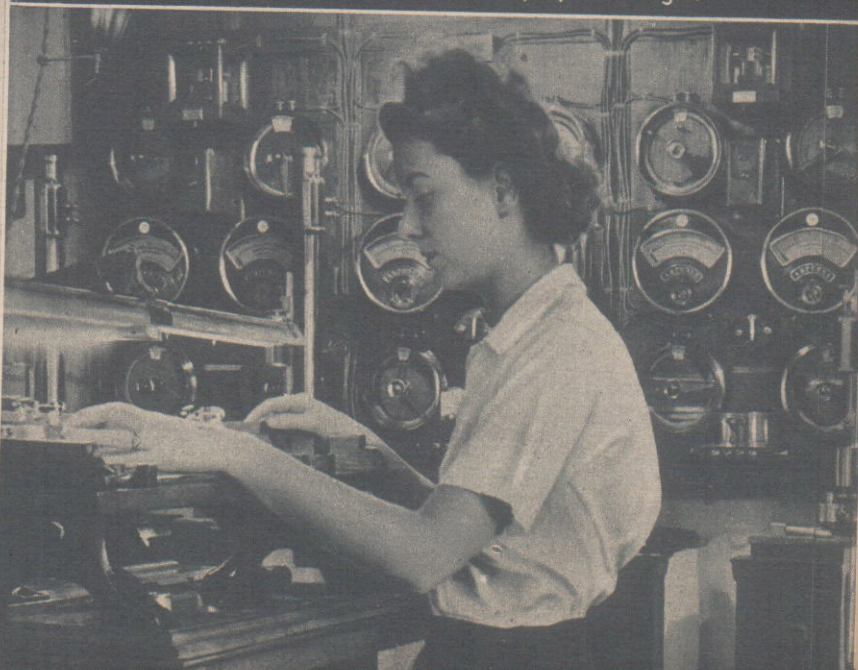
the ballistics laboratory. Near by soldiers are raising velocity screens (through which shells will pass). All around are guns — 17-pounders, 25-pounders, German 88's, American and Japanese field pieces. Anything from a two-pounder to an 18-incher is tested at Shoeburyness.

The screens are set in position, four little squares held in the sky by a series of wire ropes. Through the sights of the gun the frames are lined up one behind another — the first and third a pair, the second and fourth a pair. The first two are covered with a series of fine copper wires which, when broken by the shell, operate an instrument in the ballistics laboratory. Each of the second pair contains a coil through which the projectile passes. Its passage generates an electrical impulse which is recorded on a photographic film in another room of the laboratory.

In addition six photo-electric cameras are lined up in front of the gun, three near the muzzle and three about 100 feet away. Yvonne Charters (18) operates them with the critical air of one to whom photo-electric cameras are a life-long hobby.

Cables lead back, from the cameras and the screens, to the building which houses the Boulenger recording apparatus. Here two corporals, Patricia Moore and

Corporal Patricia Moore works against a background of velocity-measuring dials. Instruments here record different stages of a projectile's flight.







All Service men and women at Shoeburyness wear this flash.

Shelagh Robinson, work side by side in a room filled with dial faces. In one corner a rod is fitted into a magnet. The moment the shell cuts through the wires stretched across the first frame the electric current is cut and the rod drops. The breaking of the second set of wires causes a spring-knife to shoot forward, cutting a nick in the rod's side, thus giving a simple method of measurement.

In the nearby laboratories a number of girls with slide rules sit watching a set of dials. Directly the shell passes the photo-electric cameras the timing to a hundred-thousandth of a second is recorded on 15 dials—five for each pair of cameras. Twenty-eight year old Frances Wakeling, who once worked for an insurance company, manipulates a slide rule while another girl helps out with an electric adding machine.

Next door L/Cpl. Blanche Rudd of Colchester works at the Solenoid velocity apparatus which takes the recording from the coil screens direct on to a film.

These operators are not always in the laboratory. Part of their work may have to be done in a mobile motor van which houses a recording system for the photo-electric cameras, or in a converted armoured truck—they call it the White City—containing a small dark-room.

Meanwhile out on the sea wall at Foulness Sjt. June Sharcott of Stourbridge sits in one of four observation posts. She looks out through a window engraved with small squares on which she can record the fall of the shells. At Shoeburyness the guns fire along the coast rather than directly out to sea and the

OVER



As the tide goes out these girls, wearing waders, set up their instruments. Right: on this chequered mirror air bursts are plotted.



In their observation post at Foulness Patricia Healy and Sjt June Sharcott plot the shell splashes on an engraved window.







It's Corporal Shelagh Robinson again, framed in a jagged hole torn in a wall of armour-plating.



Nancy Leadbetter takes measurements from the muzzle of a 25-pounder.



Shoeburyness has a NAAFI which travels in a petrol-driven rail waggon. Below: three Experimental Assistants, Gunnery out of uniform.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN GUN (Continued)

shells fall only between 1000 and 2500 yards from the OP's. The point of the shell splash is marked on the glass and the position in degrees in relation to a fixed object is determined. The ink used is made of glycerine and thus stays wet. After a shoot a piece of absorbent paper is placed against the window and the impression obtained goes to the laboratories. For airbursts a mirror with its surface engraved in squares is marked in similar style.

In other tests shells containing different types of high explosives are exploded inside a steel-lined room. Afterwards the fragments are collected, screened into different sizes and weighed. Two 21-year-old girls, Margaret Law and Patricia Healy, record the weights of thousands of fragments in a day.

During the first six months each girl is trade-tested. In the course of her service she can work up from Class 3 to Class 1, with corresponding increases in pay. A girl in Class 2, for example, is automatically granted her first stripe and with that and trade pay receives 5s 4d a day. This pay is for her extra knowledge, and helps to compensate for the unusual hours of work, since shooting depends on the tides. Sometimes work starts at seven o'clock, at other times it may not finish until late in the evening. But for early or late tours of duty the girls get time off to enjoy bathing, cricket and tennis.

The girls are chosen by a selection staff at the WRAC training centre at Guildford. Corporal

Ethel Lyons, before joining up, was studying mathematics — she got her BSc (Maths) at Bristol University last year — and maths help when it comes to working with a slide-rule and a photo-electric counter chronometer. With her came Audrey Floate of Melbourne. When many English women were thinking of emigrating to the Dominions, Audrey decided to see a bit of England and then went for a tour of the Continent. That over, she thought it was time to get a job, and chose the WRAC. Today she is a corporal at Shoeburyness.

Not all the girls are newcomers to the Service. Twenty-three-year-old Pauline Cracknell of Leicester spent four years in Ack-Ack and was then posted to a pay office. From there she went to Shoeburyness. It was the right place for her, because there have been quite a number of Cracknells at Shoeburyness. Grandfather was born in barracks, joined up as a boy and rose to captain. Her father, also born in barracks, was a gunnery sergeant, retiring some years ago.

Two of the girls met in an ordnance factory office at their home town, Stoke-on-Trent. After the war they decided to see Germany and joined the Control Commission. Their two-year contract over, they decided to continue their friendship in the Service and today "the twins" as they are called — Nancy Leadbetter and Muriel Foulkes — work side by side on instruments.

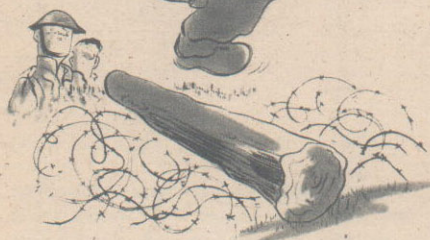
ERIC DUNSTER





# Assault Course Types –

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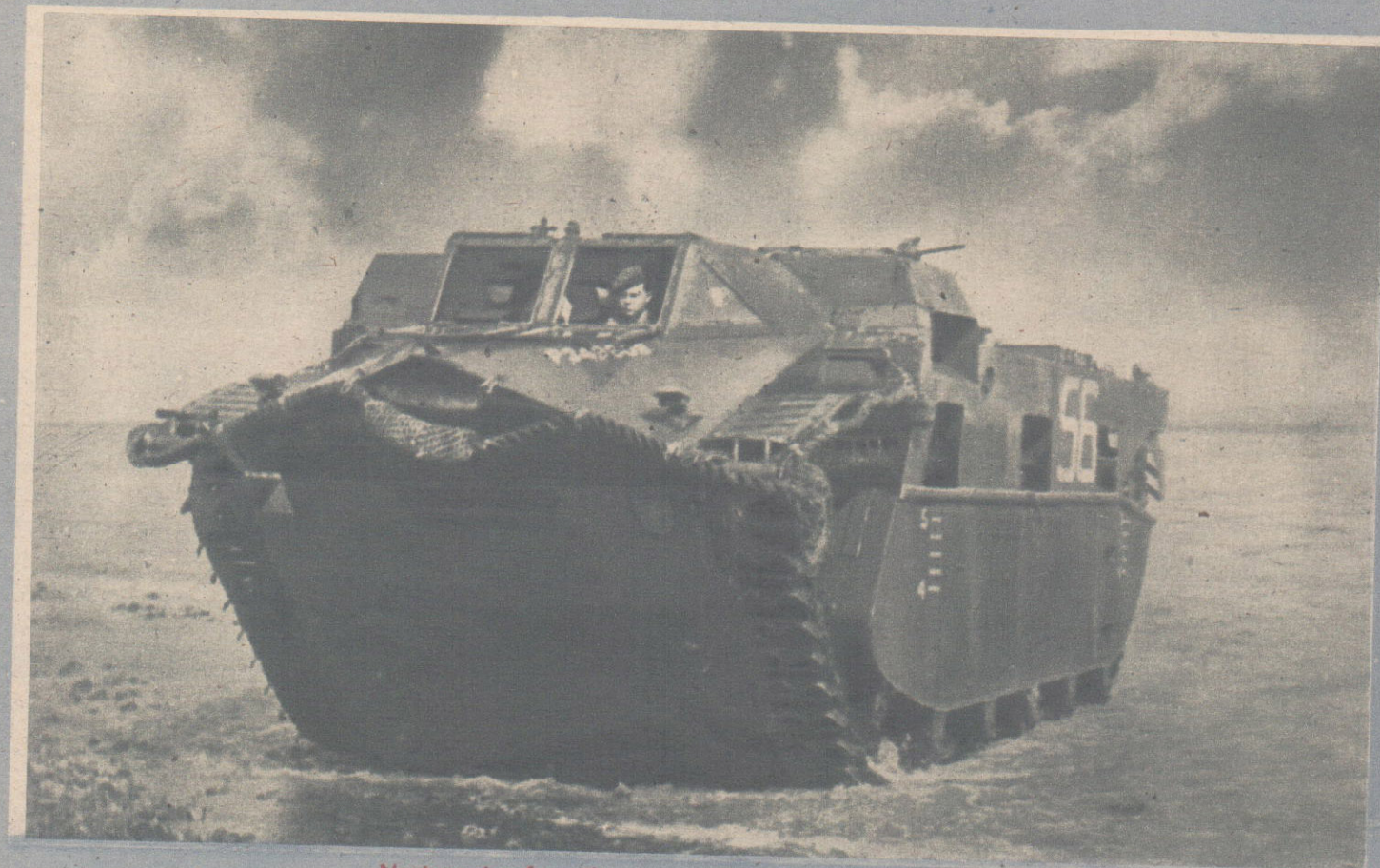
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– by Phelix

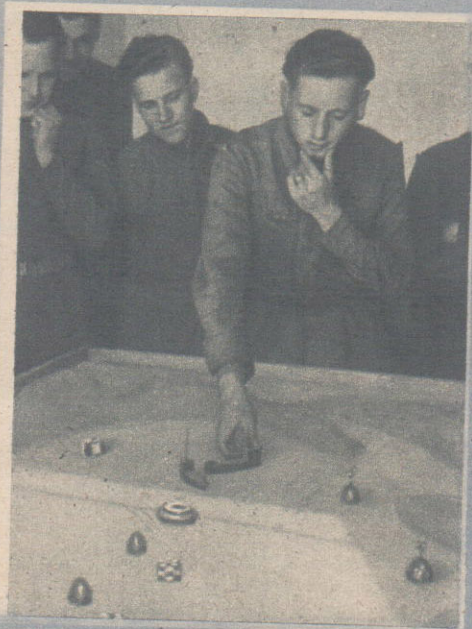


On the shores of the Baltic, SOLDIER went to visit a school where a soldier is taught a sailor's trade and learns to be a —

# DEEP SEA DRIVER



Neptune rises from the sea, without attendant mermaids. The Neptune of modern war is as much at home on land—any kind of land—as in the water. (At the controls: Dvr. G. Hartbottle).



Collision imminent in the fairway: but Driver A. Millington knows he wouldn't have time to scratch his chin at sea.

**W**HEN Fusilier Ronald Price, from the land-locked Rhondda Valley, joined the Army he did not expect to emerge a trained sailor, experienced in the command of an 18-ton sea-going craft.

But it happened to him, and it has happened to about 1000 others who in the past year have passed through Rhine Army's Amphibious Training Wing at Eckernförde on the Baltic Sea.

The process began when he was posted from the Royal Welch Fusiliers to 10 General Transport Company, RASC, where he was trained as a driver.

Then the War Office ruled that there should be a nucleus of men who could drive DUKW's, Neptunes and other amphibious vehicles. In an emergency there would be plenty of heavy transport drivers to be taken from civilian life, but DUKW and Neptune drivers would be few and far between.

So Fusilier Price and the other 360 men in 10 Company went to Eckernförde, where the Baltic penetrates the north-east coast of Germany in a deep bay.

There soldier-sailors like Major M. Bousfield, Capt. W. M. Nichol, and Sjt. R. B. Marsh were waiting to

introduce them to the lore of the sea. In barracks where all the torpedoes fired at Allied ships in two world wars were tested, Fusilier Price and his mates, Dvr. A. Millington and Pte. Leslie Harrison, met the Navy, learned what "abaft" meant and got to know the difference between a reef knot and a rolling hitch.

They did not go to sea immediately. First they learned the basic elements of their new trade: what tides are, what a fairway means, why buoys are put where they are, why sailors do not use knots a grocer ties.

Sand tables and wooden models taught them the principles of seamanship. Moving the models through lines of buoys set up to mark the fairways they learned that there was a rule of the road at sea, that ships kept to well-defined channels, that ships'



captains don't wander at will over the wide waters unless they want to face a Court of Inquiry.

Knotting and splicing they learned from Sgt. Marsh until figure eights, sheet bends, timber hitches, round turns, back, eye and short splices and even the complicated fisherman's bend came readily to their fingers.

From Major Bousfield they learned why you can't cross a river in a straight line. Using a band of green cloth wound over rollers, a model ship and a lot of patience the major taught them how currents carried vessels away from their objectives. Getting Fusilier Price to set a course for the opposite bank, the major gave the roller a turn and took the model yards off course.

"If you don't make allowance for the set of the current you'll be carried away," he said and showed Fusilier Price how he should alter course.

An electrically driven model, built to scale, introduced them to the Neptune, a track-driven amphibian designed for war in the Pacific but never tested on operations. Something like a tank in appearance, it can carry troops, guns, stores or jeeps, tackle coral, sand or firm ground in its stride, climb almost anything and is almost fool-proof.

Down on the beaches they met the real thing. Capt. Nichol and his staff taught them what made a Neptune go, what to do when it entered the water and what happened when the vehicle (or vessel?) became water-borne, when it (or she?) was swimming.

Fusilier Price found the monster answered his lightest touch and could be handled easily in rough water.

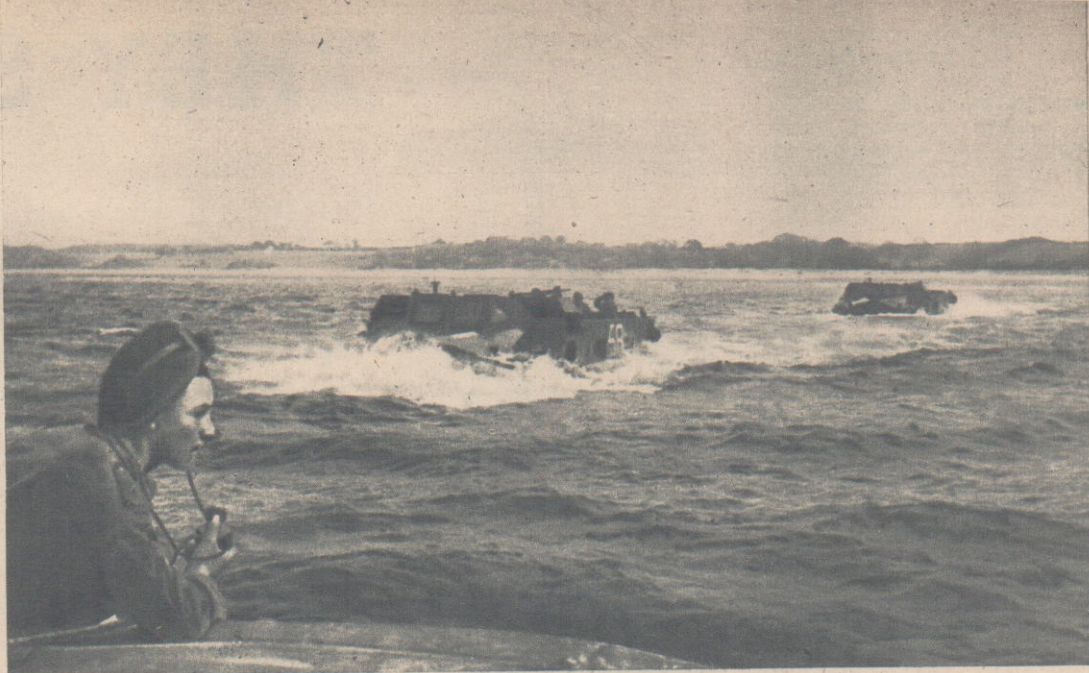
Next he added signalling by flag and an understanding of radio to his store of knowledge, between periods on maintenance, stowage and other mysteries foreign to the Royal Welch Fusiliers Depot.

Then one day a Navy LCT came into Eckernförde and Fusilier Price met some real sailors. With the other men in his platoon he took his Neptune into the bay, ran it up the LCT's ramp and stowed it in its allotted place.

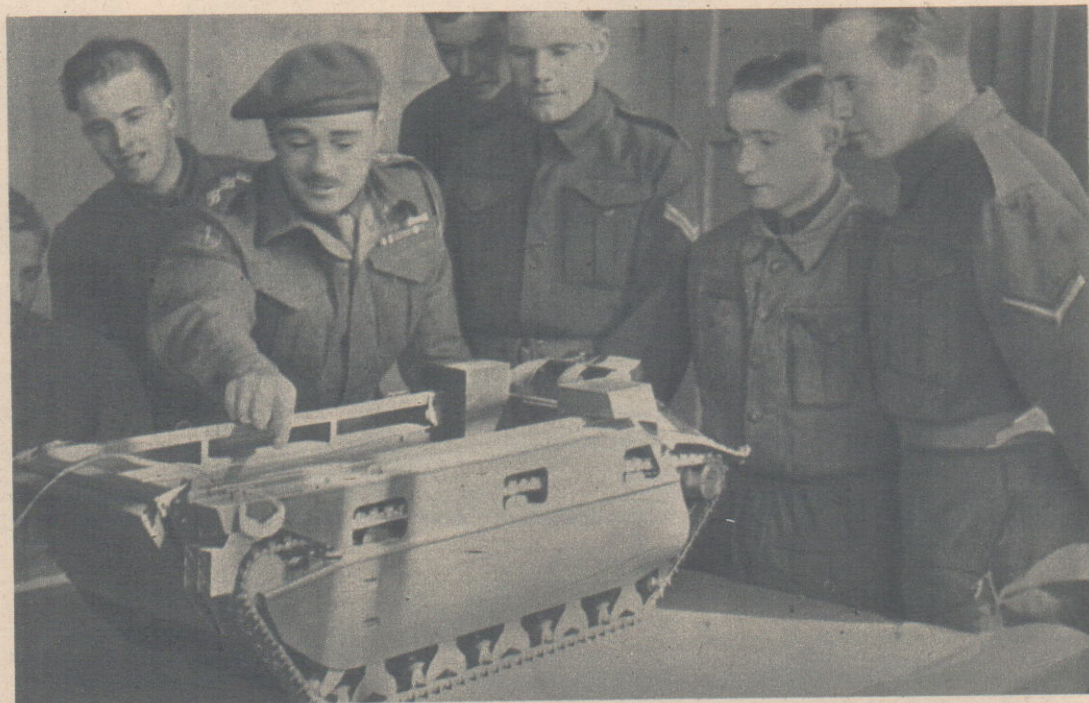
The LCT slipped her moorings and stood out to sea. Fusilier Price listened to Capt. Nichol explaining that the platoon would swim their Neptunes from the LCT to the further shore. He looked dubiously at the wind-driven waves, curling high and white before slapping against the LCT's plating; the abrupt movements of the ship were doing things to his stomach.

But soon he was too busy to think about sea-sickness. The LCT was heaving to, the bows were opening and the ramp was going down. The first Neptune slid into the sea and Fusilier Price followed, in line astern, heading for the low shore line which smudged the horizon. He was happy again, now that he was in control of his own destiny for a while. He would remember this moment when he was back with his unit in the dreary ruins of Bochum in the Ruhr.

JOHN HUGHES



Above: "Keep your stations." Private Reginald Harris radios instructions to a Neptune convoy. Below: Working model of a Neptune is demonstrated by Capt. W. M. Nichol.



The Army shows a pardonable curiosity in an old Naval custom—the rum issue on board the landing craft.





**C**OLOGNE, which housed the headquarters of Britain's occupation force in the 1920's, is a city of curious memories today for those who served in that first Army of the Rhine.

In this battered Rhineland city SOLDIER found a British business man, Mr. George Burgess, staying at the Excelsior Hotel which was the Army Commander's headquarters in the earlier occupation, and which today is run by Control Commission's "T"-Force for business men and visiting VIP's.

In 1920 George Burgess was a private in the Durham Light Infantry and often visited his brother, who was a military policeman, at the Excelsior.

"I was a fairly young soldier in those days and even the sight of my own brother in duty order used to put the fear of God in me. All I wanted was to get out of the Army and start business as a builder.

"There isn't a lot left of the old Excelsior as I remember it. The main entrance is gone and so is the square where the guards were mounted and the MP's were inspected before going on duty.

"It seems odd now to come back and see business men like myself from all over the world sitting down and talking trade where the Army Commander and the Allied generals used to hold conferences.

"Today I hold conferences here with Military Government officials and hammer out the plan my partners and I have worked out to help the German building industry back to its feet. I see big things ahead."



Mr. George Burgess (above), an Infantry private in Cologne in 1920, came back to the former GHQ (below), now a hotel for business men. It was heavily damaged in raids.



# THEY SERVED

**SOLDIER's** article last month on the first Army of the Rhine aroused great interest, especially among the small band of British soldiers in Germany who served in that earlier occupation force. Here are picture-interviews with some of these veterans

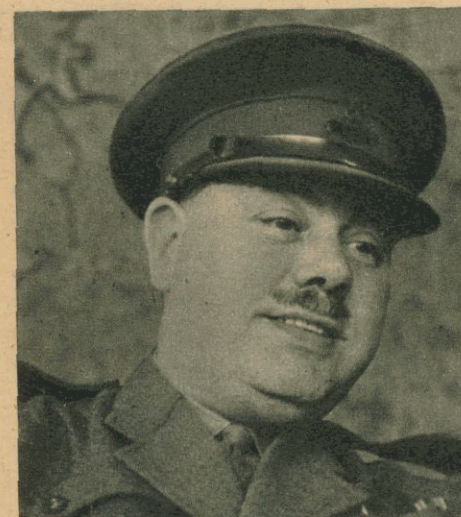
Where this pile of rubble stands, near Cologne cathedral, the right-hand marker used to fall in when troops paraded in the Dom Platz, in the 1920's.



# IN BOTH RHINE ARMIES



**COLONEL** the Hon. N. F. Somerset, CBE, DSO, MC, a company commander of the 1st Gloucestershires in Cologne in 1922, thinks the training then was harder, the route marches longer, the discipline "perhaps a little stricter." The youngsters of today, he says, compare very favourably, though he feels there was more *esprit de corps* in 1922. Most officers then ran German cars (a good one cost £60) and WO's used to buy motor cycles and sidecars. Officers added school-mastering to their duties, helping troops pass educational tests. When the mark fluctuated wildly "soldiers would ask the price of an article in a German shop and then dash to the bank to change their sterling. When they got back the price would have risen and they would have to try elsewhere." Today Colonel Somerset commands Rhine Army's HQ Garrison at Bad Oeynhausen.



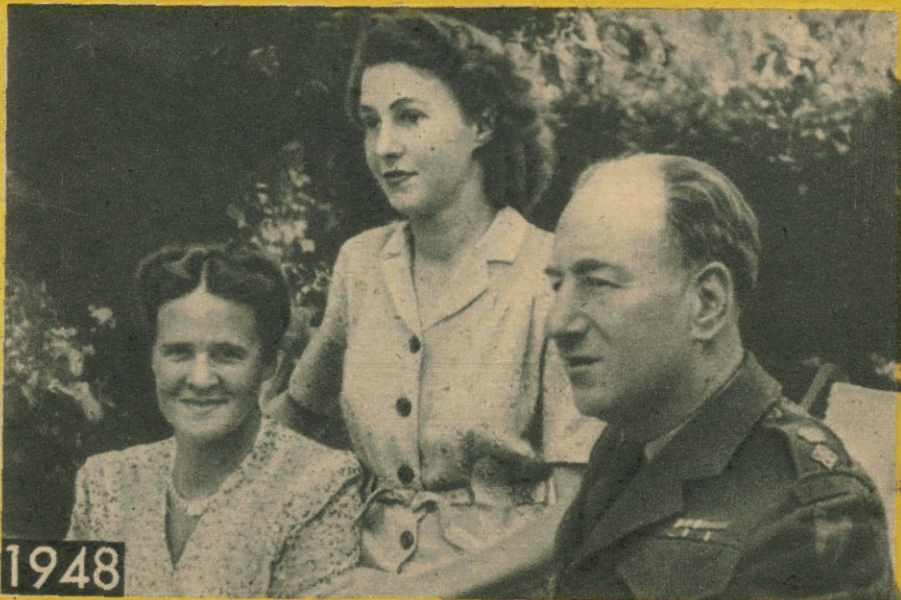
**MAJOR** C. H. Mason, now commanding 10 (General Transport) Company RASC at Bochum in the Ruhr, served in Germany from 1926 to 1929 as a corporal driving the GOC. "Troops could move freely about the occupied zone, but to get into unoccupied Germany you had to have a passport and change into civilian clothes. Any man who crossed the border in uniform was 'impounded' by the German police and held until an escort arrived to take him back. Usually it meant that he had a first-class meal and a lot of beer with the German police while he was waiting. There was no Army Welfare as it exists today, and leave arrangements were a bit primitive. You got a meal at Calais, then nothing until you arrived at Cologne. For a mark in the German restaurants we used to get an enormous pork chop, piles of vegetables, unlimited bread and butter and a quart of beer."



**MAJOR** S. C. Cheshire, DADOS to 131 Independent Infantry Brigade at Hanover, who went to Germany in 1927 as a storeman saw his first "talkie"—"The Singing Fool"—in a cinema at Wiesbaden. "The troops were thrilled to the back teeth, because in those days we did not have our own cinemas and theatres. Reveille was always at six a.m. and lights out at 10.15 p.m. There was no wireless and we got the football results through a German printing firm which used to issue a leaflet each week, several days late. We were smarter, I think, perhaps because we wore a pair of black glazed boots which looked very well. Food was not so good. It was always bacon and beans for breakfast and brown stew for dinner. I don't know why we didn't do something about it." Major Cheshire walked across the Rhine when it froze in 1928—29.



**I**t is 21 years since Corporal John Wykes, then a clerk at HQ Rhine Army, brought his wife from London to Wiesbaden. Today the corporal is a lieutenant-colonel, ADOS to Hamburg District, and his wife is again with him in Germany. So is his 19-years-old daughter Jean, born at Wiesbaden. Says Col. Wykes: "The Germans were not as apathetic and they were friendlier to the Army, cheering our regimental parades and bands. There was no Operation Union for bringing wives and families to Germany. We just saved the passage money, told our wives when to come out and fixed up lodgings in a German house. We had only one month's leave a year, paying our own fare to Britain. And we had no SOLDIER."



**A**S a lance-serjeant in the Command Pay Office Major James Rippin first went to Germany in 1924. After Turkey, he says, it was like visiting a holiday camp. You could buy almost anything openly in the shops. There were no leave camps, but you could travel round Germany on leave with a British passport and stay at German hotels for a few marks. He remembers when the troops speculated on the market: "One Scots regiment converted nearly all its cash into marks and lost the lot when the bottom fell out of the market." He served in Germany for three years; then, in 1934 returned to Germany during the Saar plebiscite and was stationed in Saarbrücken, helping to account for the pay issued to the international forces. "Here I saw Nazis in uniforms for the first time. They went out of their way to make themselves pleasant to Englishmen and tried to convert us."

**A**T 16 Serjeant Jack Cross led his section of Grenadiers over the top on the Arras front, and earned the Military Medal. After the Armistice he marched his section from Mauberg in Belgium all the way to Cologne, save for a train lift over the last few miles. "Then the Grenadiers' band struck up, we pulled ourselves together, threw out our chests and marched through Cologne to our barracks as though we were on a five-mile route march. In the first six months we were not allowed to speak to Germans. Military training never ceased. Every week we visited the ranges and went for long marches. All our rations, including cigarettes, came from the Army and there was nothing we could buy in German shops. That made it a bit depressing." Today, seconded from the Hertfordshire Constabulary to Control Commission, he prosecutes German criminals in the military court at Minden.

**S**TAFF-SERJEANT Ernest Baker, now in charge of stores at an Ordnance Field Park at Neumunster, was a trooper in the 8th Hussars at Wiesbaden in 1927. He earned 14 marks a week, drawing five every Friday and leaving nine in credit. "And five marks bought me everything I needed. Why, a quart of the best German beer was only 10 pfennigs. Discipline was sterner then, and we had a lot more cleaning to do because of our metal buttons and leather bandoliers. We did some manoeuvres with the French. It was 'Lights out' at 10.15 pip emma. There was no free issue of cigarettes—we bought as many as we liked from the canteen duty-free at about 6d for 20. We set greater store on education, because it meant extra money if you passed the tests. I went to evening school twice weekly. I think the Germans liked us better than they do today."



When war spelled peace: British and Dominion troops line the sea wall at Tel-Aviv, overlooking a typical holiday beach. Wrecked ships carried illegal immigrants of an earlier period.



## PALESTINE as a PLAYGROUND

### — For a change, some

**T**HERE are thousands of soldiers to whom Palestine does not mean barbed wire and snipers' bullets.

Ironically after ten years of troubles, Palestine became an oasis of peace during World War Two, as Jew and Arabs sank their differences with each other and with Britain.

To Tel-Aviv, the Brighton of the Middle East, and to Jerusalem and Haifa went soldiers on leave. Wounded and sick found cure and stayed for convalescence in the Holy Land.

Formations which had left Britain and Australia partly-trained were brought to battle-worthiness in conditions more

peaceful than those of Salisbury Plain at the time. From shapeless masses of refugees, Polish and Greek units were born.

At the Staff College at Haifa, in the Middle East OCTU near Acre, and in specialist training camps, men fitted themselves for controlling posts in the war machine.

In great workshops and store-

houses, Jews and Arabs worked side by side under British supervision to help the flow of materials to Allied armies.

Palestine was the base for the invasion of Vichy-held Syria and the relief of Habbanyeh. It stood ready to replace Egypt as the main base for the whole of the Middle East when Rommel threatened the Nile delta.

British, Dominion and Allied soldiers filled the cabarets and cinemas, the cafes and bathing beaches. They explored orange-groves and inspected Jewish



Entente cordiale: the Mukhtar of Deir Suneid and Australian Colonel J. P. McCormack pledge friendship.



Rescue drill: team pays out the line to the beltman, swimming to save a "victim". Beltman must not receive too much rope.

Australian troops were keen on donkey races: this one was held in Jerusalem. A native seen maltreating a donkey received short shrift.



Thrill for Dominion troops was one of Palestine's rare snowfalls. For some Australian soldiers it was the first snow they had seen.



### happy memories

communal farms. They danced with Jewish girls, visited Jewish homes; some of them took Jewish wives. They visited Arab villages, drank Turkish coffee with mukhtars, ate roast mutton and kebab in their fingers and rode races on Arab donkeys.

They spent their pay on things to send home, on orange-juice, locally-made beer and liqueurs, on razor-blades that would not cut, on matches that would not strike, on soap that would not lather. They tried the cooks of half the nations of the world, and

ended up demanding — and getting — eggs and chips. Traders prospered. For Palestine, war meant peace and plenty.

But there were signs of what was to come. Small but vicious, the Stern gang, a breakaway section of the Irgun Zvai Leumi, resumed terrorist-tactics against the Palestine Police in 1940.

And nowhere in the world did the British soldier need to keep a closer watch on his weapons. Inevitably some weapons disappeared. Now they have come to light again.



"Bathing By Order"—on the military beach at Tel-Aviv—was no hardship. Both pith helmets and steel helmets were on view.



**SOLDIER** visits the Guards Depot, where recruits polish up their traditions along with their boots

# GLORY TAUGHT HERE

**I**N the leafy dormitory town of Caterham, the alarm clocks in the neat suburban houses still have anything up to an hour and a half to tick before they sound the bells that will fill rush-hour electric trains every twenty minutes for the 36-minute run to London Bridge.

But while their owners sleep placidly on, Reveille sounds distantly across the valley. Except for a few milkmen in the streets, Caterham doesn't hear it, but in the stone-walled barracks several hundred tall young men climb cheerfully or roll sleepily from their beds, according to their moods. For the Guards Depot, second home to every Guardsman, the day has started.

In every room occupied by men under training, one man keeps up a flow orders and advice — mostly advice. By the time battle-dress jackets are put on, his superior status becomes evident: on his right arm is a shining brass star, bearing on a scroll the words Trained Soldier.

His rank is peculiar to the Guards Depot. He is in charge of the barrack-room — in the Depot junior NCO's do not sleep in the same rooms as the men — and his task is to teach the recruits how to lay out their kit, make up their beds, press their uniforms, clean their boots and equipment, keep their barrack-room smart. On their turn-out and the condition of the barrack-room his reputation stands or falls.

From their barrack-rooms the men go out to take their place in a routine that has changed little from pre-war days. At 8.15, when the business men of Caterham are picking up their brief-cases and setting out for the station, a party marches into the Orderly Room for the Adjutant's memoranda (in the Coldstream, Scots and Irish Guards it is called Orders); here the Adjutant wields the powers of a company commander, and may award up to seven days' CB. At 10.50 the

Puttees on the parade-ground: (Right) RSM. W. Rooney MM, Irish Guards, and Drill Sergeant M. Moran, Irish Guards. Drill Sergeants wear Sam Brownes too.



Each toe-cap reflecting a landscape: the boots of a Guardsman.

Commandant deals with any serious cases.

Meanwhile, out on the square, squads are being paraded for inspection. For 200 or 300 men, there is the Adjutant's drill parade and they crack to attention as the Adjutant, Captain R. V. J. Evans, wearing riding breeches and sword, walks on to the tarmac. The Sergeants-in-Waiting, each carrying his "In-Waiting" book with its details of

the men and activities of a company, are formed up in two lines.

The Regimental Serjeant-Major gives an order and the sergeants and corporals double out, form up in two ranks and dress off. The RSM, his pace-stick tight under his left arm, salutes: the NCO's are ready for inspection.

They stand like carvings, each one calling his name as the adjutant passes. Not a muscle moves in the face of a lance-corporal

who "loses his name" for a loose-fitting web belt.

The NCO's return to their squads and company commanders walk on to the square. Critical eyes note creases and polish and closely-shaved necks as the recruits are inspected.

Then the company commanders go off to inspect barrack-rooms and the squads are taken individually for drill by their squad instructors. These instructors, drill specialists, are lucky in that they work with the same squad for the 16 weeks (12 in the case of National Servicemen) during

which recruits are in the depot; in 16 weeks a squad does 162 drill periods.

His pace-stick still firmly under his arm, Regimental Serjeant-Major W. Rooney, Irish Guards, in Sam Browne belt and puttees, watches his instructors at work under the general supervision of his two drill sergeants. RSM Rooney came to Caterham 13 years ago as a recruit and rose to his present rank in seven years and ten months — a record for any Guards RSM.

Little more than a glance is needed to tell RSM Rooney how

many weeks a squad has been drilling. The very new boys are not on the square; no clumsy fumbling must desecrate that holy acre. So they have a few primary drills in the tracks between the barrack buildings.

But there are second-week men there, shouting the time as they move (they do that for the first four weeks) and beginning to show confidence, though it doesn't take an RSM to notice the contrast between them and the second-month men. The men in their 15th week have adopted the stance of their instructors and their drill is less wooden.

For the recruits there are five big moments on the square in 16 weeks. One is the first

Former boxer, 16-stone Serjeant R. George, Scots Guards has been Provost Serjeant for 11 of his 28 years' service. "Well-behaved" is his verdict on today's recruits.

Left: "Get a firm grip on it, lad." Drill Serjeant B. Hillier DCM, Welsh Guards, puts recruits rehearsing their first guard through their paces.

Thirty-four years' service in the Welsh Guards is the record of Major J. C. Buckland, Depot Quartermaster. With him is RQMS. T. Curtis, 23 years' service.



## THE GUARDS — ACCORDING TO KERSH

One of the best-known books based on life in a Guards depot is Gerald Kersh's "They Die With Their Boots Clean," published by Heinemann in 1941.

It introduced Serjeant Nelson, the originator of the "Hi de hi" greeting which so shocked certain newspapers early in the war when another unit adopted the system. Here he is: "I'm Serjeant Nelson. I've got one eye but both me arms. I died at Trafalgar but they dug me up again, and when I'm mad I'm a one-man wave of destruction. I can spit 50 yards through the eye of a needle. Now when I say Hi-de-hi, Squad, you shout Ho-de-ho!"

"Hi-de-hi, Squad!"

"Ho-de-ho!"

Here are extracts from a Trained Soldier's advice to his recruits:

"You mustn't form a trade union. You mustn't get girls into trouble. You mustn't go about with your 'ands in your pockets... You will always be kind. If you see an old geezer getting into a bus give 'im a shove to help him along. If you see an old girl standing up

in a public convenience you will give 'er your seat.

"Muck in. That's the great rule of happiness. That's what the Bible says. Muck in."

And here is a dialogue from the reception station:

"What are the sergeants like?" asked a recruit.

"Son", said the glum man, "did you ever see a picture called Beau Geste?"

"Um."

"Remember the serjeant that put the dead men on the wall, and sent 'em blokes that was dying of thirst out into the desert without a drink of water?"

"Oh, ah."

"He chased 'em in the sun till they fell down dead, didn't 'e?"

"Ah."

"Would you say he was tough, just a bit?"

"Not 'alf he wasn't tough."

"Well", said the glum man. "He was a God-frey Winn compared to the sergeants here."



The Trained Soldier, wearing a special badge, stands by as the Adjutant (Captain R. V. J. Evans) asks general knowledge questions. It is part of the Trained Soldier's job to see that his squad know the answers. Note the Adjutant's sword, the serjeant's pacing-stick.



tive to hard work; another is that a recruit or even a whole squad may be "put back" a week if progress is not too good.

The next big moment is the inspection by the Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel J. C. Windsor Lewis, Welsh Guards, which comes in their last week but one. A Commandant's parade rates the presence of the Depot band. And finally the squad may be inspected by the Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment — a full Colonel who commands the regimental headquarters in London. Most regimental Lieutenant-Colonels like to see each squad before it leaves the Depot.

A visitor finds it hard to take his eyes off the rhythmic drill on the parade-ground, but there are other important things to see. Specialist NCO's teach the handling of weapons, map-reading and the other attributes of the fighting soldier, others examine and improve the recruits' standard of education. If necessary, a recruit may take a six-weeks' educational course at the Depot; he may borrow technical books from the education centre and have private tuition in the evenings.

Training parades over, the Trained Soldier comes into his own again. From 4.45 to six o'clock, when the first train-loads of Caterham residents are coming

OVER



# GLORY TAUGHT HERE (Continued)

back from the City, looking forward to an evening's gardening, the recruits are busy at shining parade in their barrack-rooms.

No talking is allowed, except on military matters. On the walls of the barrack-rooms are recorded the battle honours of the regiment, which the recruit must learn. As he labours, he hears from the Trained Soldier the history of his regiment. If he has joined one of the three senior regiments there are 300 years of glory to be outlined. So, by simple word of mouth, and not in the language of the history books, the great traditions are handed down. Not that all the emphasis is on the past. It is a Guardsman's pride that he can tell you instantly the names of his regimental officers, with decorations.

While absorbing regimental lore, the recruit learns how to work his kit up to the unequalled Guards standard and to compete with his room-mates for a "credit" for an exceptionally good turn-out on parade.

He learns to bone new boots, usually with the handle of an old tooth-brush which rubs the leather to a smooth surface. Then, with blacking, a bowl of water and a cloth he starts polishing, working in the polish with a circular motion, in small patches. He uses boot-brushes only for the top of the boot, round the ankle.

How long does it take to get that glass-like polish? A recruit can get it in about a week on a new pair of boots fairly free from grease. A trained soldier can do it in three or four hour's non-stop effort.

And how does he get the precise creases in his battle-dress? He turns it inside-out, damps the inside of the creases (usually with an old shaving brush), perhaps putting on a thin layer of soap, turns it the right way round and lays it on top of his mattress, under the bottom blanket, with a piece of cardboard between the trouser-legs. The heat of his body, not his weight, produces the creases; a thin man can do it as well as a heavy one. Guardsmen never use irons; it was left to the ATS to introduce those.

It is hard to be idle at Caterham — very hard. The Depot has its own cinema, bathing pool, canteens and sports fields (including a well-set-up cricket ground, complete with scoring box and pavilion). There is also the Depot museum to see, with its souvenirs of the Guards' triumphant history and other exhibits ranging from photographs of past commandants and sports teams to an ancient punishment book recording punishments of 150 to 1500 lashes for offences which today would merit pay stoppage or extra drills.

For the first four weeks no recruit is allowed to leave the Depot. His turn-out, marching and saluting must be up to standard before he can be shown to the outside world. After the first four weeks he has two free evenings a week.

The Guards believe in imposing their standards from the start, rather than tightening up after an easy beginning. They hold that this is the fairest course to the recruit.



"Shout from your stomach, not from your throat." Drill Sergeant M. Moran coaches Lance-Corporal A. Sunby, Coldstream Guards. Below: The Lieutenant-Colonel of the Scots Guards (Colonel M. D. Erskine DSO) inspects men to be drafted to his regiment. Recruit on right wears squad leader's badge on arm.



Left: polishing parade. A recruit sits to attention as an officer asks him to name regimental honours. There is no talking, except on military matters. Below: a long week-end at last — if L/Cpl. D. Williams, on gate duty, approves recruit's turn-out.





All's quiet in Japan. But now and again soldiers of the British Commonwealth Occupation Forces make a sinister discovery like the one described on this page. The hidden arms found by searchers at Matsue were buried just after VJ-Day by Japanese officers unwilling — or unable — to accept the idea of permanent defeat. How many more caches are there? Have the men who buried the weapons lost interest in them? Or are they waiting for their day of revenge? These are the questions which occupy Field Security



A section of the haul unearthed at Matsue. The "woodpecker" in foreground fired perfectly, as did most of the machine-guns. Note NCO's swords.

## DEATH BELOW THE SHRINE

**O**VER a rough hillside near Matsue, Japan, ranged a party of soldiers with alert eyes and suspicious minds.

One of them saw the barrel of a machine-gun protruding a few inches from the wet earth. They dug... and found a cache containing eleven aero-type machine-guns and 17 NCO's swords. They went on digging, finding one cache after another, until they had unearthed enough arms in good condition to equip a regiment.

When the first cache was found — on a site between two former Japanese military camps — all officers of the old Japanese unit in Matsue were rounded up by Field Security and interrogated. This led to the discovery of a cleverly hidden dump buried in a hill, over the entrance to which had been built a shrine dedicated to the Japanese god of war. Mysteriously the shrine has since disappeared. In this cache were also found three boxes which had recently been emptied of ammunition.

When questioned, Lieut-Col. Sakaguchi, former officer in charge of the 51 Air Training Unit at Matsue, said: "Because of the Japanese characteristic of honouring places of worship, I reasoned that no one would dare dig underneath it, and I felt that the arms would remain unmolested."

When Lieut. R. M. Millar and his New Zealand Field Security detachment — to which was attached an officer from the United Kingdom, Lieut. A. D. Winters — opened the site below the

Ex-Lieut-Colonel Sakaguchi told Field Security that he ordered the arms to be buried.



shrine, they recovered 46 of the latest pattern Japanese rifles (7.7 mm type 99), 46 cases each containing 600 rounds of rifle ammunition in perfect condition, several rangefinders and numerous machine-gun sights, spare parts and strips. There were also three lead-lined cases with a total of 6000 rounds of 12.7 mm ('woodpecker') ammunition. A few weapons had deteriorated through moisture.

The most recent cache discovered was six feet under the foundations of a house. Here, in an area 30 by 20 feet, were stored four heavy machine-guns, complete with spare parts and in excellent order, sixteen 12.7 aero-type machine-guns, and 440 of the latest make of Japanese rifle. There were two older-style rifles and 16 cases of medium machine-gun ammunition.

The day after the Japanese capitulation — 16 August, 1945 — Lieut-Col. Sakaguchi received orders from a general at Divisional Headquarters, Gifu, that he was to bury and preserve enough war supplies from his unit to re-equip it.

Three days after the note was received, a unit conference decided that all surplus arms and ammunition, other than the minimum which they were required to hand to the occupation authorities, should be buried in secret caches.

The transport officer was made responsible for the burial and the ordnance officer was given a list of arms to be hidden. This list is thought to have included 1000 rifles and bayonets, and an unknown quantity of ammunition, air and ground machine guns. All the burials took place between midnight and 2 a.m.

A minor mystery is that from 26 rifles found in one cache, the chrysanthemum emblems, which indicate that they are the property of the Imperial Japanese Army, were filed off.

G. F. GAIR

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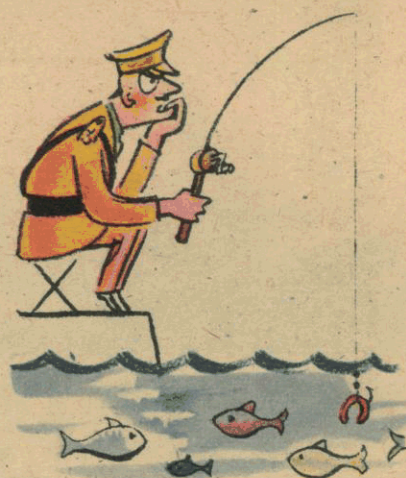


New Zealand troops open up the first arms cache—betrayed by the muzzle of a machine-gun protruding from the earth.





FRANK FINCH



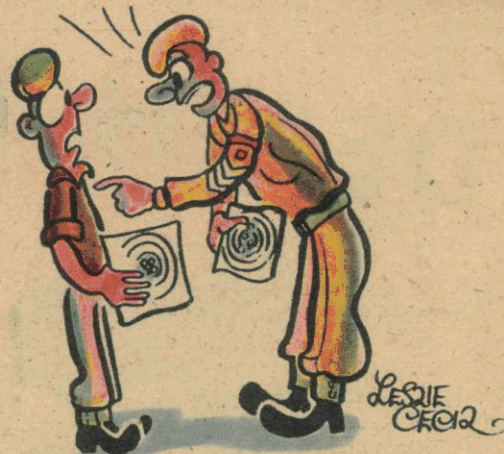
ANY COMPLAINTS?

# SOLDIER HUMOUR



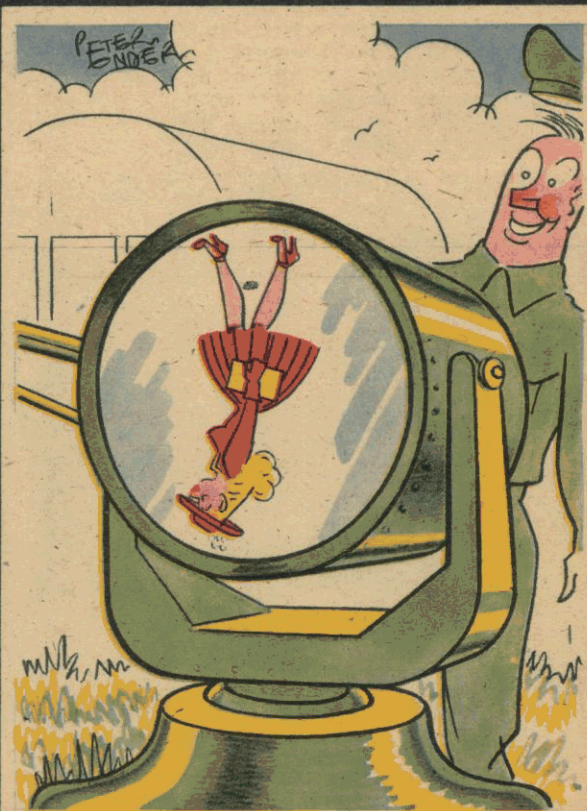
HFWILES

"Care for a spot of tea?"



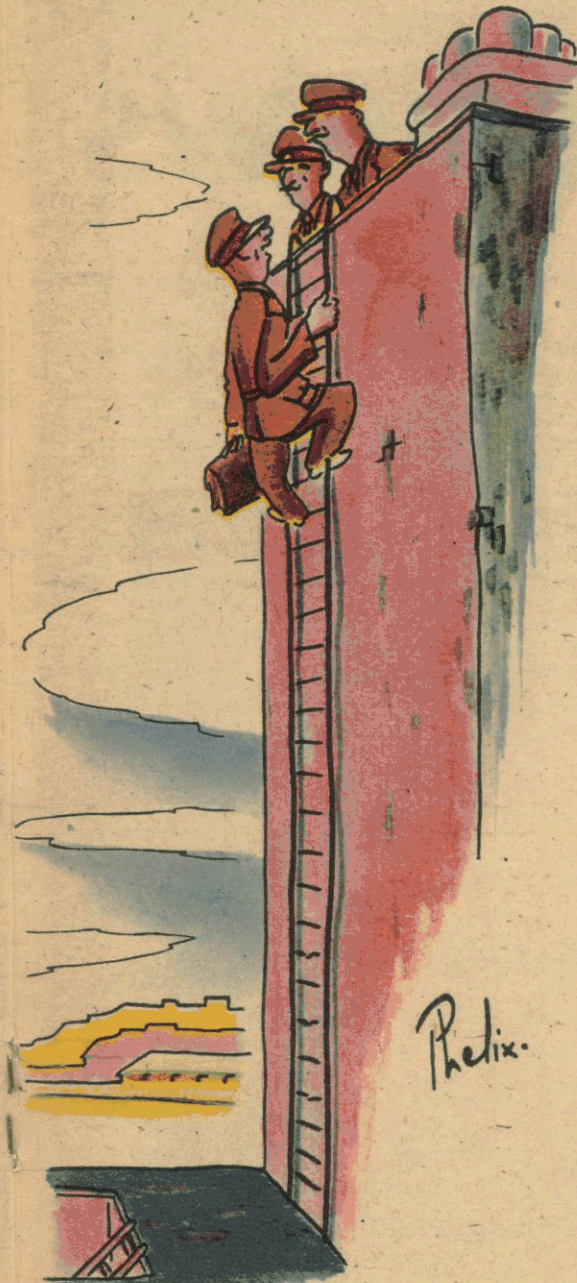
LESLIE COKER

"Ease up on your shooting! I'm the instructor around here."



PETER UNDER

WILLIAM



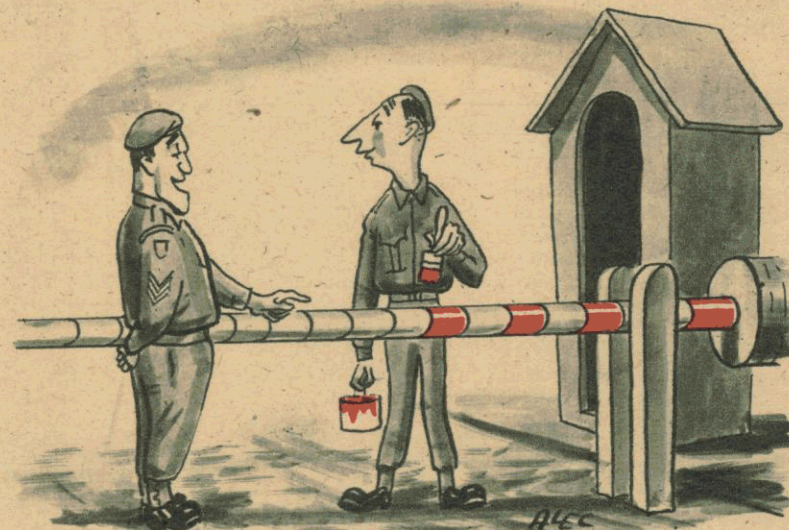
Pheix

"Personally, I'm getting fed up with these high-level conferences."



HFWILES

"Remind me to get some new flashes from the QM."



ALEC

"No, the next one is white, then red again."



## Report from KENYA

Sappers sweating in the tropical sun have done a bold job of bushwhacking to pipe the snow waters of Africa's highest mountain to the men building the Army's great new stores depot at Mackinnon Road, inland from Mombasa. The story is told by **NORMAN FORSTER**, who also wrote the Report from Uganda on the opposite page.

At the edge of the bulldozed road is seen one of the pipe-lines which furrow the bush for 73 miles.

# PIPE-LINE FROM THE SNOWS

**T**HE snows of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain, melt into the Tsavo River, an oily-faced stream which swills down to the Indian Ocean.

Until a few weeks ago the Tsavo paid no tribute to Man; but now the British Army has tapped its snow-water and is piping it for 73 miles over one of the thirstiest stretches of Africa to the township of Mackinnon Road, where British soldiers are bulldozing the new African Stores Holding Depot from the resisting bush.

"Waterless and uninhabited" was what the surveyors wrote across the area north of Mackinnon Road, which is on the edge of the Taru Desert: a land where the sun roasts the rocks until they smell. Now, thanks to the labours of young soldiers working in frontier conditions, the days of strict water-rationing are over.

It was in October last year that the 34th Army Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers arrived in East Africa from Palestine, where they had formed part of the Divisional Engineers, and forthwith got down to the job of siphoning off the Tsavo. They began their task at Tsavo village, which is sited at the point where the main railway line to Uganda crosses the river, 1500 feet above sea-level.

The capacity of flowing rivers, as all good Sappers know, is measured in "cusecs." This term denotes the number of cubic feet of water passing a given point in a second. The average for the Tsavo is 15 cusecs, with an all-time recorded low of eight cusecs. As the Tsavo-Mackinnon Road water supply scheme will involve a transfusion of only 1.3 cusecs, there seems little likelihood of this ol' man river becoming seriously debilitated.

Preliminary surveys of the line

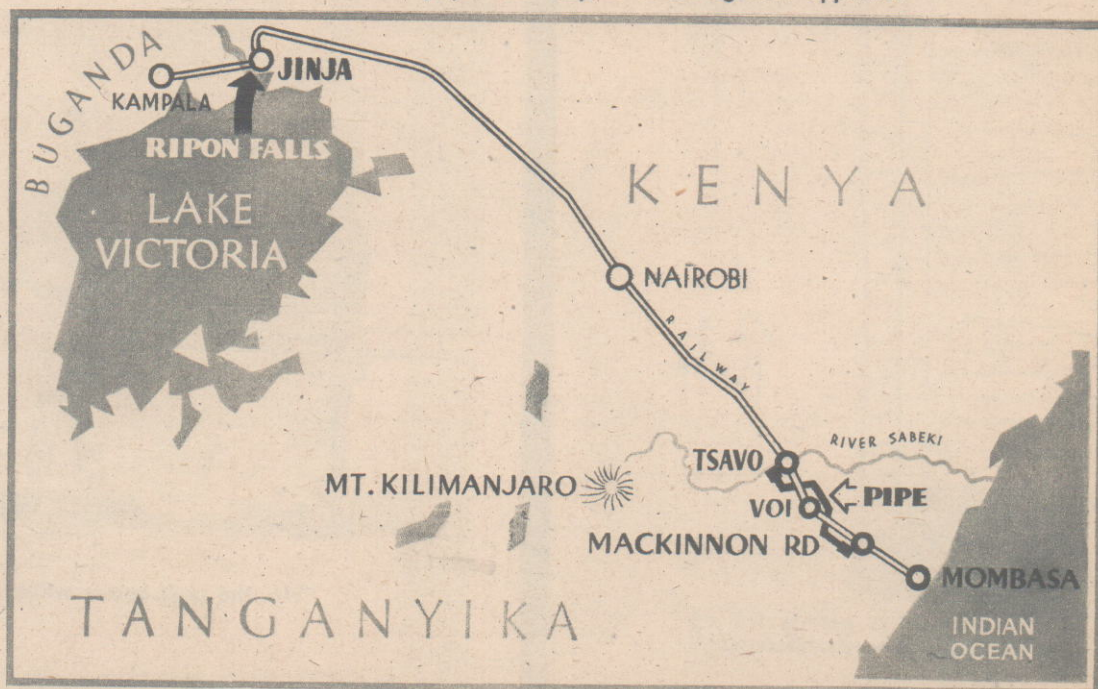
to be followed were made last year before the Sappers arrived and established their headquarters at Voi. It was decided to

keep closely to the already surveyed contours of the railway line.

A "pipe-lane," 30 feet wide, was next torn through the dense thickets of brush by means of bull-dozer. Following the dozers a series of ploughs cut parallel trenches, eighteen inches wide and two feet deep. These trenches were necessary as an anti-elephant device. It had been suggested that the pipes could be laid in the open, but on the

advice of game wardens it was decided to bury them. A thirsty elephant — and all elephants are thirsty — could soon have made short work of the three six-inch and one eight-inch pipes that make up the Tsavo line if they had been left exposed on the surface. Elephant, and other creatures of the wild, can smell out water as an old soldier smells out beer. It was not unusual for troops setting out to begin the day's work to have to disturb

Where the pipe-line runs. Sabeki is the lower end of the Tsavo. It also indicates Jinja—see Report from Uganda opposite.





elephant, rhinoceros and lion snuggling in the soft warm red earth of the trench exposed by the previous day's ploughing. For elephant and other big game like to wallow in an outsized dust bath almost as much as they enjoy gargantuan guzzlings of cool river water.

The men at work on the Tsavo pipe-line were a sporting crowd in the best sense. Big-game shooting was barred, but their mess contained a novel game-book in the form of a score-board on which was chalked up daily the numbers and variety of the different kinds of big game spotted by detachments along the line.

At Tsavo, the water is lifted out of the river through two 18-inch pipes by means of six 50-foot-head pumps and delivered to the purifying plants. There are three of these, although only two will be in use at a time.

Four high-pressure centrifugal pumps, powered by Diesel engines, force the water along the first stage of its journey through the main pipe-lines after it has been purified. For about one-third of its total length the line rises steadily. At Mahyani, twelve miles south of Tsavo a number of "boosting" pumps are lurking to hustle on its way the by now sluggish flow.

After a hydrodynamic kick that sends it another twelve miles uphill the water again begins to lag. So at Ndi (pronounced like "indeed" without the final "d") another bank of boosters gives the drink the urge necessary to carry it to the highest point in the line. This is at Voi, just over 2000 feet above sea level.

From Voi — railway junction for Tanganyika and stations on the Moshi line — the rest is easy. Topping the rise the daily quota of 600,000 gallons of water runs downhill by force of gravity to a reception reservoir at Mackinnon Road, 150 feet below the source of supply at Tsavo. Here a reserve of half a million gallons is to be maintained to supply the new township area of some 35 square miles.

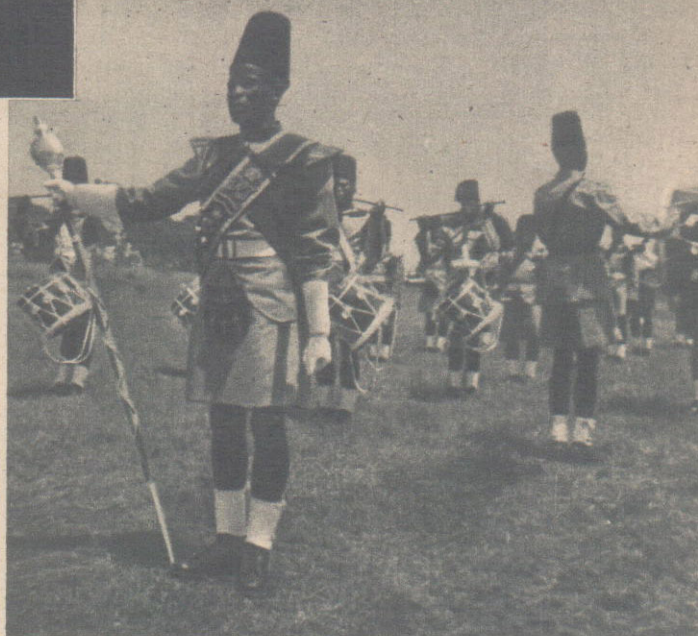
The Sappers were greatly helped by the Kenya and Uganda Railways. For a time it was necessary to borrow from the railway a daily ration of 10,000 gallons of water to supply the men working at Mackinnon Road. This was obtained through a much less ambitious pipe-line that runs beside the railway. When the Army's larger capacity pipe-line reached Voi, the water was first switched through the existing four-inch pipe-line belonging to the railway for delivery to Mackinnon Road. This line, capable of carrying some 48,000 gallons a day, will provide a useful emergency stand-by.

The Army will pay back the borrowed water to the railway at a rate of about 100,000 gallons daily; later the railway will buy its water from the Army system.

The tough task of building the Tsavo pipe-line was not without its humours. Some of the construction boys from time to time missed their "mugs, enamel" and were reduced to drinking their brew of char from a jam-tin. When the Tsavo pipe-line reached Voi the officer in charge "turned on the wet," and with the first test delivery of water there gushed out 13 "mugs, enamel."

## Report from UGANDA

Back in their home on the headwaters of the Nile are the men of the 4th King's African Rifles. In the absence of a tune "Marching Through Jinja" the band played "Marching Through Georgia."



Bandsmen wear the kilt. The story goes that 'way back there was an issue of khaki drill, which the riflemen chose to wear draped round their middles.

# DRUMS BEYOND THE NILE

**T**HE "Fourth" — a distinguished battalion of the King's African Rifles — is home again and its askari are mounting guard within sight of the Nile's source.

They have been "a weary long time away," as His Excellency the Governor of Uganda (Sir John Hathorn Hall) told them when he welcomed them back. Most of their eight years of absence were spent campaigning in Ethiopia and Burma. Now the Arabic figure "4" on its green flash, badge of the battalion, is seen again in the good green land of Uganda.

Of the six peacetime battalions of the King's African Rifles, the 1st and 2nd are from Nyasaland; the 3rd and 5th from Kenya; the 6th from Tanganyika; and the 4th from

Uganda. Recruited largely from the Acholi tribesmen who dwell on the borders of the Sudan, the "Fourth" inherits a proud tradition. It is descended from the nondescript but tough levies who served with Emin Pasha in the 'eighties in that part of Africa then vaguely known as Equatoria.

In 1890 the Imperial British East Africa Company, administering what is now Kenya, sent Capt. F. D. Lugard (later Lord Lugard) on a political mission to Mwanga, the ruthless King of Buganda. (Buganda is the southern part of the present Uganda Protectorate on the shores of Lake Victoria.) As the Kenya-Uganda Railway which now links the interior with the coast had not yet been thought of, much less built, Lugard had to perform his thousand-mile journey through tropical Africa on foot. He was accompanied by a modest force of some 300 Sudanese, Somalis and armed porters. Lugard won through and

Up the hill that spelled home ... with memories of a bloodier hill in Burma: Leik Hill.

OVER →







1888

From these nondescript but hard-fighting levies of 60 years ago, with their outsize bayonets, have grown



1948

—the proud and immaculate riflemen of today, typified by RSM. Ali Hassan.

## Continuing DRUMS BEYOND THE NILE

laid down the law to Mwanga. He also made contact with a freelance warrior named Selim Bey who was running a private army made up of what was left of Emin Pasha's toughs. The two pooled their forces to form a single armed body which kept good order in a troubled land until in April, 1893 the British Government at last made up its mind to take over from the East Africa Company. Two years later the 4th KAR may be said to have come into being when Lugard's men, with locally enlisted Sudanese and some Buganda spearmen, under British officers, were designated the Uganda Rifles.

The battalion was given its present title in 1902 and for 12 years took part in a number of little wars of pacification fought in Somaliland, in Turkana on the wild frontier of Abyssinia and in the sweltering coastal area of Jubaland. The first World War saw the Fourth harrying the elusive colonial forces of the Kaiser's Germany. Between the wars they

were stationed at Bombo, a quiet little African village for long the headquarters of the battalion. A move to new and more modern barracks at Jinja was planned for the summer of 1939, but had to be postponed for more than eight years. September of that year saw the Fourth started on its long and victorious march to Jinja by way of Somalia and Ethiopia, the Kabaw Valley of Burma and the bloody slopes of Leik Hill.

After its return to East Africa, the battalion was stationed for nearly two years at Langata Camp, Nairobi. Then came the glad day when battalions of the KAR were posted back to their parent territories, and the Acholi and the Banyoro, the Karamojong and the Lango, the Buganda and the Bugishu learned that they were going home.

The average African, though quite ready to wander about the world at the dictates of duty, is very much a home-lover. So it was with light hearts that this

famous regiment, with flags borne aloft on Acholi spears, marched to Nairobi railway station to begin the last lap home. In command was Lieut-Col. V. K. H. Channer, DCLI.

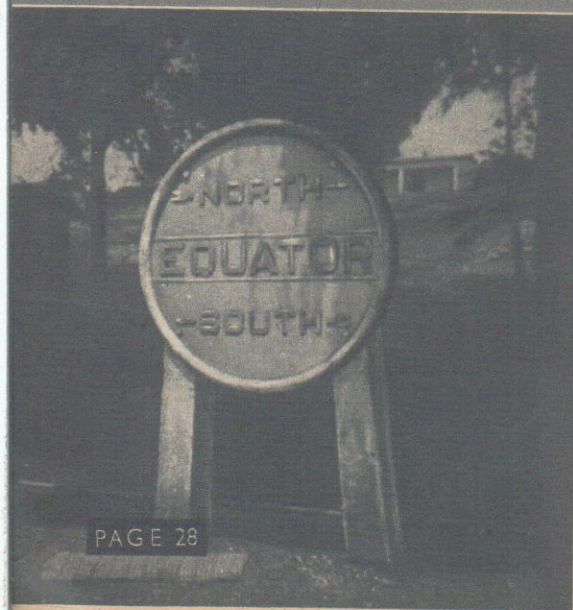
Nearly 9000 feet above sea-level, at Equator Station on that railway which Lugard would have found so useful had it then existed, the men of Uganda crossed from the southern to the northern hemisphere. Late that night as the troop-train puffed across the border into Uganda could be heard a triumphant if ragged fanfare of *bilas*, the small and primitive horns that native hunters use in the bush to indicate their presence and to announce their safe return after a spell of good hunting. These primitive prototypes of walkie-talkie and of radar were used to good effect in the jungles of Burma. Major Derek Watson, DSO, formerly second-in-command of the Fourth, used to rally his men by sounding a small hunting horn, evoking a lively response on their *bilas* by his *askari*. Many a Japanese, doomed to perish in that green hell, must have been puzzled to hear,

for the first and often the last time, the elfin tootlings of the Acholi *bilas*.

And so to Jinja. With their band playing "Marching Through Georgia" at their head these men of Uganda stepped out on their way up Jinja hill, past the familiar trophies, past the married quarters where the women forsook their cooking pots to greet them shrilly and with delight. Even old ex-RSM Ramazani Mohamed, the oldest soldier for miles around, was there to greet them — Mohamed with the rare terracotta, white and black ribbon awarded for service in Central Africa 1891-98.

This was home, in a camp surrounded by sensuously perfumed frangipani and bougainvillea, hard by the Ripon Falls, where a great green bridge carries the railway over the olive waters westward to the Congo and Ptolemy's Mountains of the Moon. Here in the camp oxen were slaughtered and bonfires were lit and the askaris, their hunger sated, sang lustily the old songs and danced their tribal dances round the fires. The Fourth was home.

The last mile-post on the "Fourth's" way home: a sign separating the hemispheres.



Unusual trophy for a rifle battalion: the 4.1 gun seized from the German cruiser *Koenigsberg* at Mwanza in 1916.

At Jinja Barracks the targets on the walls still bear the likeness of a Japanese warrior.





**I**N 1856, a small band of tired British soldiers landed on the Greek island of Corfu. They had returned from the bitter fighting in the Crimea, and had won the battle honour "Sevastopol" for their regiment, the 46th of Foot.

Now that same regiment, which became the 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, has left Greece for the last time, and a story of 207 years unbroken service comes to an end.

To mark the breaking-up of the Battalion and its departure from Greece, a ceremonial "Trooping the Colour" parade was performed on the DCLI parade-ground at Aliki on the shores of the Aegean, with the slumbering mass of Mount Hymettus as the background.

To this parade came His Majesty King Paul I of the Hellenes to inspect the ranks of the DCLI and take the salute at their final march-past with their Colours, led by their Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. C.E.B. Acland. Soon afterwards the Colours of the battalion were on their way to England and the men on long-service engagements were being absorbed into the 1st Battalion in Cyprus.

The old 46th was one of the regiments formed during the rapid expansion of the Army at the time of the War of the Austrian Succession. After experiencing the close-order fighting then in vogue on the Continent, the 46th were shipped to the New World to take part in the American War of Independence. The British were not slow to adapt themselves to this "sharpshooter's war."

The 46th were among those chosen for a surprise attack on General Wayne's Americans in the forest near Brandywine Creek, and after overwhelming the enemy with their bayonets, they found themselves the proud possessors of General George Washington's own waggon, containing his personal baggage.

Washington's Masonic Bible, with his signature on the flyleaf, is one of the DCLI's most treasured possessions.

The Colonials vowed revenge, saying they would give no

# A KING SAYS GOODBYE TO THE CORNISHMEN

Of long standing were the links between the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the people of Greece. So it was fitting that the King of Greece should attend the Battalion's last parade



His Majesty King Paul of the Hellenes inspects the immaculate ranks. On his right is Major-General E. Down, Commander of the British Military Mission to Greece, and on his left Lieut-Col. C. E. B. Acland, commanding 2nd DCLI.

quarter to British troops.

Anxious to prevent other troops suffering on their account, the 46th stained their white feathers scarlet as a distinguishing mark for the Americans, and earned themselves the nickname "Red Feathers." This symbol was perpetuated as a red patch behind the bugle cap badge.

The Battalion's chief battle honour was won during the South African War, when, at the Battle of Paardeberg, the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col. Aldworth, was killed leading his men in a sustained advance.

In 1881 the 32nd and 46th Regi-

ments became the 1st and 2nd Battalions, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

When the first World War broke out, the 2nd were in Hong Kong, and their first assignment was a strange one, for a company of them were embarked on HMS Triumph to complete her crew.

The adaptability of the Light Infantry was soon shown by the speed with which they learned their new job of naval gunnery. So impressed was the admiral commanding the China Station that he rather tactlessly remarked: "They are so efficient I had almost forgotten they were soldiers."

Straight from tropical service the 2nd were thrown into the second Battle of Ypres, where many of them succumbed to the Germans' first experiment with gas warfare. Then the Battalion was packed off to Macedonia, where it spent many weary months on the Struma front. The 2nd and the 8th fought side by side in the final attack on the Bulgarians.

Soon after 3 September 1939, the 2nd Battalion crossed to France again, and tried gallantly to stem the German advance into Belgium, but were forced to fall back to the Dunkirk perimeter, where they covered the embarkation of their comrades until their evacuation with the last of the BEF.

Their revenge began when 1st Army landed in North Africa, and they served with both the 5th and 8th Armies in the advance northwards through Italy.

December, 1944, was a grim period for the people of Athens. They had not been long liberated from the German tyranny when an attack from within disrupted life in the capital; the 2nd DCLI were flown from Italy to Hassani airport, near Athens, and they helped to drive the ELAS rebels out of the city.

Thereafter the DCLI saw much of Greece and the Greek people, serving in the Larissa, Drama and Voulgiagmeni areas, and finally arriving at Aliki in December, 1946. With the sea and seafaring in their blood, it was natural that Greek and Cornishman should find much in common, and during their stay the bond between the Westcountrymen and their hosts grew strong.

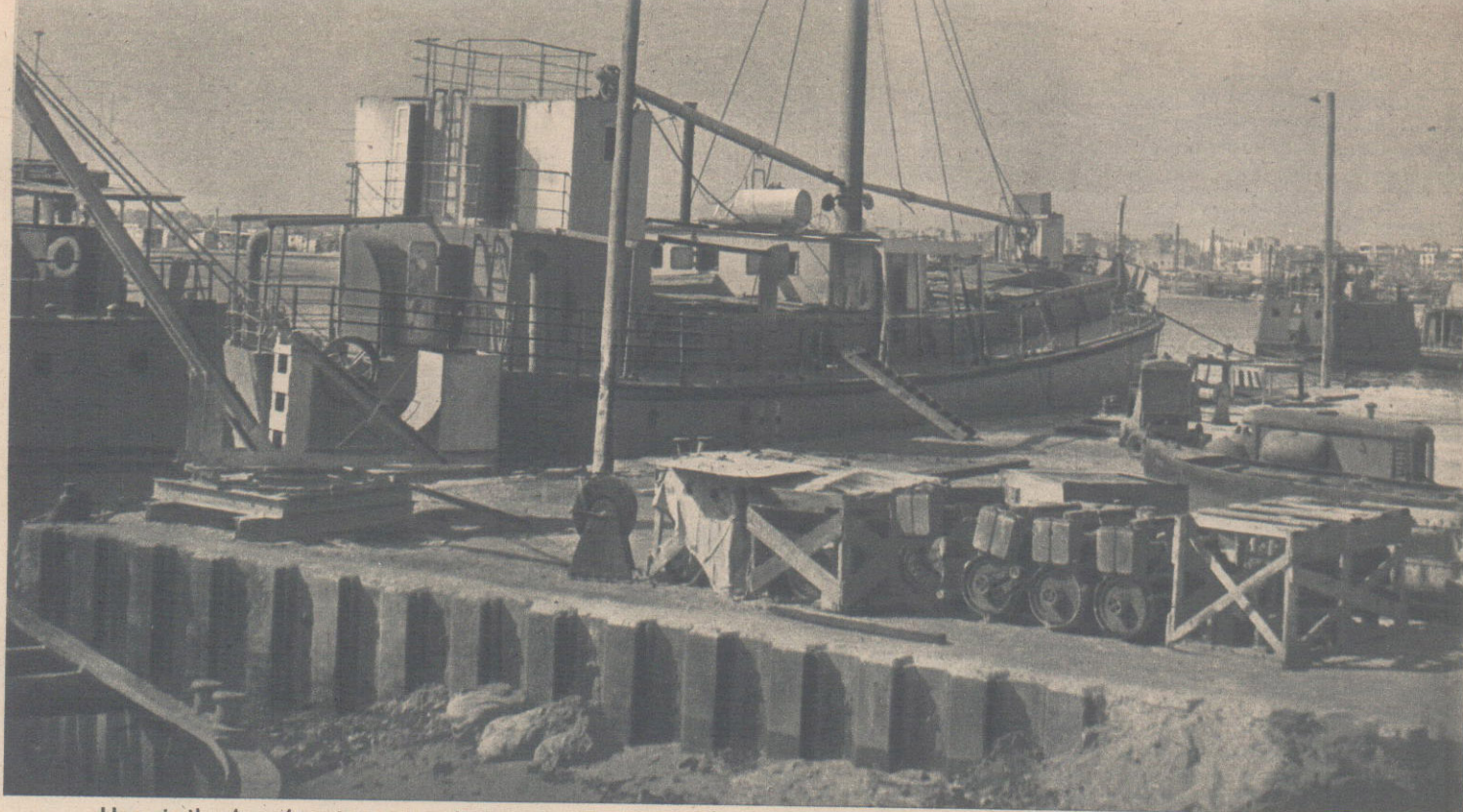
The Deputy Prime Minister of Greece, Mr. Constantine Tsaldaris, expressed the feelings of his countrymen in a farewell speech to the Battalion.

"By offering your blood in the common cause," said Mr. Tsaldaris "you have shown you are our friends indeed. Your contribution in the re-birth of Greece has earned you the affection and esteem of her people, and they will never forget you." G. C. ROSS



Honoured in Greece: the flag of the Cornishmen. It will be laid up in England.

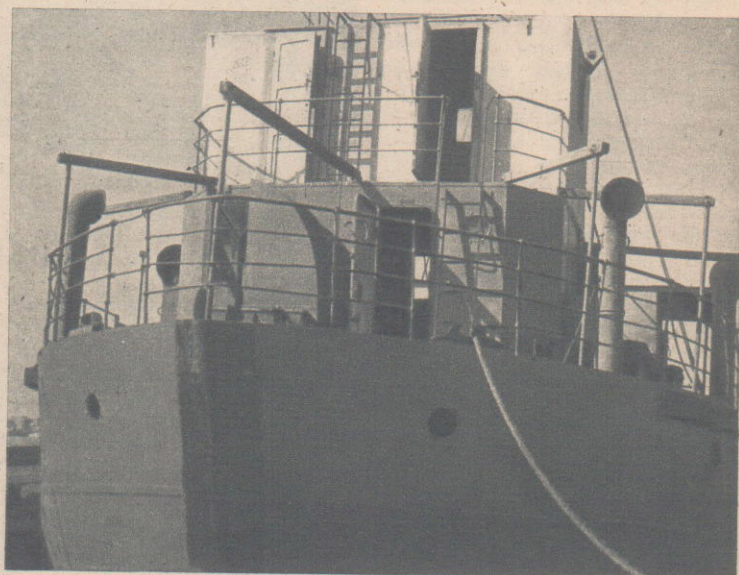
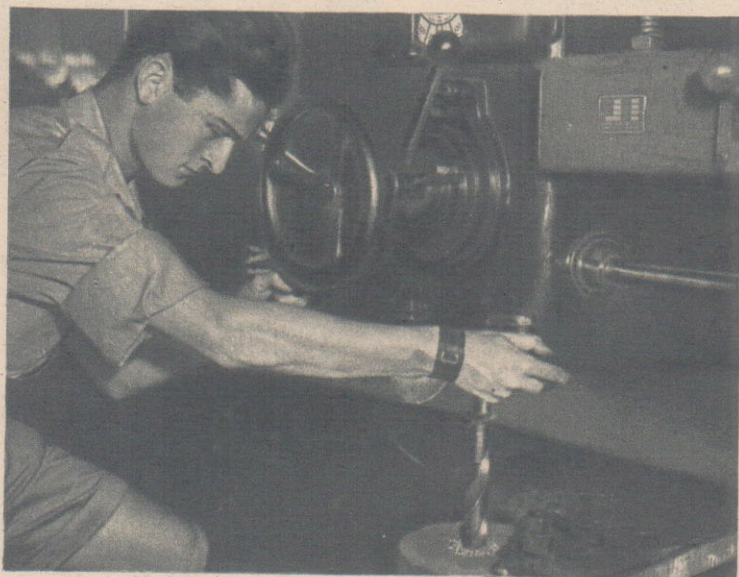




Here is the Army's enterprising dockyard at Port Said. Vessel seen was one of Rommel's engineless supply craft raised from Tobruk harbour. It has now been fitted with a new stern to accommodate twin propeller shafts driven by diesels.

Sapper M. S. Harris, of Acton Town, operates a powerful electric drill. Much of the unit's work is done by native labour.

Here is a close-up of the ex-Tobruk lighter's new stern. Vessel is called *Jack Payne*, after the brigadier who ordered the conversion.



**I**N sweltering Port Said the Army runs a dockyard which can repair any vessel from a 15-foot diesel launch to an 800-ton triple expansion steam tug.

During its existence the unit has handled 2500 craft and saved the British taxpayer enormous sums.

Built from scratch by the present Commanding Officer, Major F. Keeping, Royal Indian Engineers, the slipways and sheds of the Port Said Inland Water Transport Workshops, Royal Engineers cover more than five acres of dockland, employing 250 native craftsmen.

The engines which the unit may have to repair include British, Canadian, and American, petrol, diesel and steam. Of the 3000 different spares normally

## ARMY DOCKYARD SAVES DOLLARS

required, 500 are "in short supply," which usually means non-existent. Major Keeping, with his experience of building similar workshops in Tobruk, Tripoli, Syria, the Anzio beachhead and Rangoon, is undeterred. Backed to the full by the Transportation Branch at GHQ, Middle East he got together the necessary machinery and craftsmen and, about the middle of 1945, began making his own spares. Today not a single vessel need remain out of the water for lack of a spare part.

Recently in the wreck-strewn harbour of Tobruk was found an all-metal dumb (i. e. engineless)

lighter which once had helped to supply Rommel's Afrika Korps. It was decided by Brigadier Jack Payne, then Director of Transportation at GHQ, that it should be converted into a self-propelled cargo boat, the plan of alteration to be worked out and put into effect by Port Said IWT Workshops.

In five months, during which all normal work (plus the preparation for a 700-mile sea journey of six "Z"-craft) continued according to schedule, 20 feet of the craft's stern section were removed and modified to take twin propeller shafts, steam tubes and rudders, which were then

designed, cast, machined and fitted. A new bulkhead was made, an engine-room built and two 100 hp six-cylinder Crossley diesel engines were installed. All crew accommodation, hold-space, derrick winches, lighting and piping systems were repaired, renewed or supplied for the first time. The vessel was almost cut in half in the process, and it took 10,000 rivets to put the pieces together again.

Rebuilt to transport military supplies and stores along the coasts of North Africa, the vessel can take four-and-a-half times the load of the shallow draught commercial craft which operate in these waters at fantastically high freightage prices. Brigadier Payne did not live to see his efforts brought to fruition, but when the converted cargo vessel puts to sea she will bear his name *Jack Payne*.



**SOLDIER visits a Territorial unit which fulfils the stipulation of Field Marshal Montgomery that the Drill Hall should be known as —**

**S**ATURDAY night at City House — the Territorial Drill Hall in the London suburb of Merton — is a standing engagement for the Stones, the Varrelmans, the Miles and Tregellis families. At eight o'clock the piano in the canteen is going, the hatchway to the bar is open, the cigarette smoke is rising: City House is warming up.

It is a new drill hall; the newest, in fact, for it was the last in London to be built. It was still in the bricks and mortar stage when the war started and was hurriedly completed within the next few months.

Last year it was handed over to the newly formed 566 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment. It is one of the few drill halls which have never been officially opened; for how can you suddenly "open" a building which has been used for a host of wartime duties — including housing Italian POW's? So instead it was named by Sir Frederick Wells, Lord Mayor of London, at a dinner last May.

But the unit which occupies the drill hall is not really new. Its roots reach right back to the Boer War when it was the 6th City of London Rifles. This regiment served in World War One and the first change came in 1935 when it was converted into the 31 Searchlight Battalion RE. In the Battle of Britain it was the first searchlight unit to use radar. In 1942 it became 123 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment RA, went to Normandy on D-plus-seven, was in the drive to relieve Arnhem and ended up at Hamburg.

Saturday is not a parade night, parades are on Wednesdays. The week-end is a social occasion when past and present members roll up and renew their comradeship. The CO is usually there: Lieut-Colonel Ian Harvey, an advertising man in civilian life, who was adjutant of the old 123 Regiment early in the war before he became a brigade major. And there is BSM. W. Hutchinson who in his day has drilled every officer in the unit. He joined in 1921 when a friend who was a Territorial said, "Come in and have a drink." He rose to RSM and was taken prisoner in the drive to Aynhem. Last year he

## "THE BEST SOCIAL CLUB IN THE DISTRICT"



Piano party: visiting Army Recruiter (in blues) joins in sing-song with (left to right) RSM. J. Devine (permanent staff instructor), Major D. Holyman, Lieut-Col. Ian Harvey (Commanding Officer), Bdr. J. C. Mann, BSM. J. Gwynn and (doing all the work) Gunner W. G. Clements at piano.



# THE BEST SOCIAL CLUB IN THE DISTRICT *(continued)*



Above: through the hatch and down the hatch. Below: "So this is the game you men spend all your time playing..."



The younger generation, too. Master Ginger Crocombe learns how to throw a dart, coached by father (right).



Above: a covey of serjeant-majors render one of those action songs. Below: BSM. W. H. Stone shows his wife the sleeve they shot down.



was the first man to rejoin the newly formed 566 Regiment.

The door opens and in come some more old-timers: BSM. C. F. Varrelman, who joined in 1923, and BSM. W. H. Stone whose service goes back to 1925. And there are "Smiler" Miles and his wife who know as much about the Army as anyone, for "Smiler" served from 1912 (he joined the RAMC then) until 1937 (when he was in the East Surreys), seeing action in France, Italy and Russia in the first war. The Miles family have lived in married quarters the world over. Two sons were born in China, two in India and one in Egypt. In 1937 "Smiler" joined 31 Searchlight Battalion and in 1944 went with them to Normandy. However he was found to be over age and was sent back. Today at 55 he is the unit's artillery clerk.

The old comrades are arriving to thicken up the cigarette smoke. They are headed by Mr. F. S. Stapleton — "Our Fred" they call him — who has been honorary secretary for 20 years. He joined up in 1900 and served until 1918. He has seen the old comrades grow from 80 to 1812 strong and before the war he took parties of 150 to the battlefields every year. "Our Fred" raised the money for two £1000 beds in St. Bartholomew's Hospital and published the histories of two battalions of the City of London Regiment. A busy man, "Our Fred."

Next comes a man who was his treasurer for many years. Lieut-Colonel F. W. Short has held every rank except that of quarter-master-serjeant. He started off in the old militia in 1902 and transferred to the City of London Regiment in 1906. During World War One he was commissioned in the

## The **BOFORITE**



VOL. I

FEBRUARY, 1948

NO. 1

## BASH ON REGARDLESS

SAYS C.O. OF SUCCESSFUL T.A. REGT.

The 566 LAA Regiment has its own paper "The Boforite," which does not believe in stuffy headlines. The paper is distributed on recruiting occasions.



Durham Light Infantry. In World War Two he commanded a Royal Artillery Training Centre.

The darts board is rarely idle, and downstairs the badminton court and billiards table are working overtime. Against the canteen wall stands the piano with the usual row of beer glasses on top. The tune "J'attendrai" brings back memories to those like Bombardier Jim Mann who spent five years as a POW. They had Frenchmen in their camp and this was their song.

Memories through the cigarette smoke... They are evoked by pictures on the walls, like the one of the drum, bugle and fife band the unit ran in the early war days. There were 46 men in that band, the smartest man in the picture being Jack Diggins who later became RSM. Jack is here tonight with his daughter Pamela. After World War One he became bugle major of the regiment's 24 buglers. They were good, those buglers. They won the divisional cup three years running. In 1943 he left the regiment to join heavy ack-ack and his guns fought the doodle-bugs at Antwerp. His son served from Alamein to Trieste.

Somebody is recalling the invasion scare and the regiment's mobile force in Surrey and Sussex, when London taxi-cabs were the main means of transport. Others are talking of Pegasus bridge on the River Orne, the Nijmegen bridges and the ack-ack barrage for the Rhine crossing.

For some it was a different war. Gunner Jack Tregellis left the unit in 1941 to become a maritime gunner. He did five trips to New York, six to North Africa, three to Italy and visited Florida, Montreal, Greece, Egypt and Sierra Leone. On one of his New York trips he was torpedoed. Tonight his wife, son and daughter (ex-WAAF) are at the club.

Two of the three Hillary brothers — George and Joseph — have turned up with other old comrades. And there in a corner is Donald Tipper who joined the regiment 11 years ago, which seems a long time considering he is only 25. He was a Territorial Boy.

From his house next door comes RSM. J. Devine with his wife. The RSM is a Regular posted to the unit as a permanent staff instructor. His predecessor has looked in, too — ex-RSM. G. A. Davies who left the regiment to go to the Middle East in 1942 and rose to major in the RE. He originally joined the City of London as a rifleman in 1916, later transferring to the Sappers. His verdict: "This is the best mob I have ever been with."

PETER LAWRENCE

## With the Territorial Army 2

# "OPEN SESAME" UP-TO-DATE

ALI BABA AND THE 40 THIEVES

From his hiding-place Ali Baba watched the robbers ride up to the cave. The captain cried "Open Sesame" and a small door in the rock opened.

If Ali Baba had gone to Shorncliffe he would have found that REME too can rig up a door which opens at the sound of the human voice.

**F**ULL of new ideas is REME, as a new arm of the Army should be. So when the first large-scale REME Territorial camp was held at Shorncliffe a demonstration column from Eastern Command was brought along to show off the latest gadgets.

Together with displays of blacksmiths', welders' and carpenters' equipment were these:

**Open the Door, Richard:** Just an ordinary-looking wooden door leading into a cubicle. But sing into a microphone the opening words of the song and the door flies back to reveal the notice: "Sorry, Richard has gone to join REME." This is the invention of a major at the REME Training Centre at Arborfield. There is a small valve-operated mechanism which responds to the word "door" if pronounced at the appropriate pitch with appropriate emphasis. Note: Sung in the right pitch, the

words saw, more, tore, roar, law, poor and bore will also do the trick.

**Recording machine:** You are handed a microphone and asked to say a few words. Your voice is then played back to you through a loud speaker. If you have never heard your own voice before you get a shock.

**The Magic Eye:** A familiar photo-electric device which, in this case, shrieks at you when you pass between two "eyes." Practical use: in large warehouses where smoke from a fire could start the mechanism and cause fire sprinklers to operate.

To demonstrate some of the

equipment REME has to service, the Territorials were taken to a quarry to watch a serjeant operate an Ack Pack, the baby of the flame-thrower species. From 50 yards he squirted a stream of flame into a barrel: whereupon barrel and grass at once burst into a blaze. The spectators retreated and made way for the Wasp, the Ack Pack's bigger brother mounted on a carrier. The roaring flame, eating up more than three gallons of fuel a second, darted a hundred yards and set a dummy enemy position alight and a good portion of the hillside behind it. Even from 50 yards away the heat could be felt. The carrier withdrew and men with spades put out the blaze.

Finally holiday-makers on peaceful Dymchurch beach had a surprise when the whole camp lined the sea wall and a Naval tank landing craft came within half a mile of the shore and opened its bows. Out came a DUKW followed by a square canvas contraption which made for shore. As it rose out of the water on to land the canvas collapsed like the hood of a baby's pram, revealing a Sherman tank ready to go into action.

As the men returned to complete their seven days camp the unit's loudspeaker thanked the holiday-makers for their interest, adding: "If any of you want to join REME in the Territorial Army, let us know."



If the word "door" is intoned correctly in the microphone the door opens, revealing the message (right).

Sorry!  
RICHARD HAS  
GONE TO JOIN  
R.E.M.E.



## GLUBB PASHA TELLS A PROUD STORY

**B**RIGADIER John Bagot Glubb, Commander of Transjordan's Arab Legion, is a man fated to be in the news.

He has been built up as a "mystery" figure by the gossip writers — the reward of any Briton who throws in his lot with the Arabs. He is one of the exclusive few who have seen their obituaries in print. Latterly, when the Arab Legion entered Palestine, he was the victim of bitter attacks in America's daily and weekly newspapers.

Glubb's "The Story of the Arab Legion" (Hodder and Stoughton 25s) is part autobiography, part history. There is nothing in it to deepen, and much to dissipate, the supposed mystery which surrounds the author. It contains no political fireworks, but is a fine, straightforward and often exciting story.

Glubb was a Sapper officer who found soldiering at home dull after World War One and volunteered to serve in Iraq. There he acquired a deep respect for Arab culture and tradition; there he began to go for long camel rides in bedouin lands, developing that instinct for desert travel which later made him scornful of officers who tried to cross the wastes on a rigid compass bearing. "Ten years later the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline passed this way ... and English ladies were taking their tea out for a picnic in these stony valleys ..."

The sport of tribal raiding which had long scourged the lands beyond Jordan had to be

brought to a close. The Turks' way of disciplining a refractory tribe had been to bastinado most of the men and then await confessions. Glubb devised other methods. He developed the Arab Legion's Desert Patrol, in which bedouin was recruited against bedouin. It was an audacious experiment, but the Legion quickly earned respect and authority. Some years later a visiting general coupled the Arab Legion's discipline with that of the Brigade of Guards.

The Desert Patrol handed out unorthodox but effective punishments. One refractory tribe, scornful, like all bedouin, of those who tilled the earth, was ordered to farm a large basin of land near Amman. Ten years later Glubb revisited this sector and found it ploughed and flourishing — and nearly twice the original size. "Praise God it was you", said the tribesmen, "who taught us how to win a livelihood for our wives and children."

Glubb tells of many of those Arab loyalties and traditions

which often seem incomprehensible to a Westerner — notably the tradition which allows a would-be thief, who has been stalking a camp with felonious intent for two or three nights, to claim immunity and indeed hospitality if only he can get inside one of the tents undetected. He has stories, too, of the redoubtable Peake Pasha, his predecessor. At one stage Peake paid the Legion for a month out of his own pocket, then sent a personal cable to Lord Trenchard at the Air Ministry. This produced the cash, along with a "rocket" for not corresponding through the usual channels.

When the Arab revolt began in the 'thirties the Arabs of Transjordan resented British policy. Once Glubb was stoned in Amman; but as the operations in Palestine went on British officers of the Legion continued to enjoy the respect they had received previously. Sometimes Arabs would return from fighting the British in Palestine and apply to join the Arab Legion — under British officers.

There is a detailed description of the part played by the Legion in World War Two (late in that



The man to whom Brigadier John Bagot Glubb dedicates his book: the Arab legionary.

war Transjordan was the only Middle East country with its own Government which had forces fighting for the Allies). In the operations with "Habforce", which went to relieve Habbaniya and Bagdad, the Legion conducted invaluable reconnaissance and raids, and filled the same role in the later operations against the Vichy French in Syria. The book ends with the Victory Parade in London, but there are many chapters yet to be written of the Arab Legion.

## THE MAN WHO DIDN'T

**T**HERE was a rumour of trouble among the Airborne at Bulford, back in the early days. A few men were reported to have said they would jump no more. This, if true, was fatal for morale; it had to be stopped at once.

Flight-Serjeant Aldridge, a strong-minded instructor, was sent to Bulford from the parachute school at Ringway, and introduced to the small group of men who were being "difficult". He wasted no time in getting them into the car of the training balloon, and ordered the winch operator "Up 700 — four down", which meant that four men would be jumping from 700 feet.

There was muttering as the balloon rose, then silence. At 700 feet, having assured himself that all was in order, Aldridge said "in a quiet but very firm voice": "Now look here, you fellows, you've all been to Ringway and you all know how to jump — so don't let's have any damned nonsense. When I say go — I mean Go."

A small balloon car, the floor of which is mostly hole, is not a

good place to start an argument. Numbers one, two and three went out on the crisp word of command. Number four, however, protested that he was not going to jump. Aldridge thought otherwise, and moved across the car.

"Now then, you blighter, one last chance — are you going to jump or aren't you? Action stations — Go!"

The man went, in a scrabbling mass of arms and legs. Aldridge fired his parting shot: "That was a ruddy awful exit — you'd better do better next time."

A few hours later Flight-Serjeant Aldridge was ordered to report direct to General Gale, the Divisional Commander.

"By the way", said the General, after some preliminary talk about training, "didn't you take up some men this morning who were expected to refuse?"

## EIGHTH ARMY SURGEON

**H**OW does the surgeon feel when he carries out a critical operation under shellfire?

How does he decide, when faced with a room full of gravely wounded men, on the order in which they shall be brought to the operating table?

The answers are to be found in "Memoirs of an Army Surgeon," (Blackwood 15s) by "J. A. R." This author's story of front-line hospital work ranges from a "Battle of Britain" hospital to the Western Desert, the retreat from Tobruk, the follow-through from Alamein, the bitter campaigns in Sicily and Italy and ends in Hamburg after VE-Day.

"J. A. R." had his grimmest time on the Anzio beach-head, operating under canvas in foul weather and during enemy attacks. Sorting out the casualties for operation was one of the most difficult tasks:

"An abdominal case takes at least an hour to operate on, during which time three or four men with limb wounds can be done, with a certainty of good results, whilst an 'abdomen' has about a fifty-fifty chance only. It may have seemed a wasteful policy, therefore, for the surgeons to spend valuable time on the more gravely wounded men who, even if they recovered, would never be any more use as effectives in the active zone. But the 'abdomens,' if left, would certainly die. Saving of life is the doctor's aim, and putting the economic viewpoint aside, we regarded patients in the light of the severity of their wounds and nothing else."

"J. A. R." describes an abdominal operation conducted at Anzio during a German bombardment. The Allied batteries open up deafeningly as bombs drop closer. Writes the author:

"A surgeon during an operation lives in a little world shut up in his brain. The knowledge of the thousand technicalities of his craft, the memory of previous experiences, the names, diagrams, printed pages of textbooks, aphorisms of

his chiefs — all these stored in his unconscious memory now come forward automatically as he grapples with his problem ... He must remain alert, sensitive to the whole atmosphere of the operating theatre, every move of his assistant and those around him, the patient, the anaesthetist ... At this moment, when peace and calm were required above all things, came this enemy plane ..."

The book is written for the lay reader, not for the medical profession (no one should be deterred by the title or by the references on page one to IDK's (internal derangements of the knee-joint) and IAT's (inflammations of areolar tissues). For all his grim experiences, "J. A. R." seems to have enjoyed his travels and the comradeship of arms.

He has an eye for the humorous side too. In an English hospital a scrimshanker came in with a story about one leg being longer than the other — but he didn't know which. In Sicily, among a party of badly wounded, was one stretcher-case whose only complaint was that he had lost his pants. In Italy a soldier who was told that he needed an ATS (Anti-Tetanic Serum) replied grimly, "No, sir, my wife's all that I want." It was in Italy, too, that a stretcher case was ordered to be moved over among the wounded Germans because he had on his card "POW." From under the blanket a pathetic Scots voice was heard, "That's ma name, sir. Pow, if you please, and I'm frae Aberdeen."

The QAIMNS sisters may like to know that the author preferred them in their hospital white, and regretted the day — as did many of their patients — when they were put into battle-dress.

## WANT TO JUMP

"Yes, sir", answered Aldridge proudly, "but they all jumped — it just depends on how you treat them."

"How very true", observed the General with a twinkle in his eye. "It may interest you to know that one of your pupils was an officer in the Provost Marshal's department who had never previously made a parachute descent and who went up as a witness in case any of the men refused to jump. I gather that he didn't altogether appreciate the experience."

Flushing, Aldridge said: "Well, sir, nobody told me who he was and he looked like a paratrooper."

"And so he ought to be", said the General, greatly amused, "and even if he didn't like it the men did. The story is all over the camp and doing any amount of good."

It was worth reprinting "Prelude to Glory" (Sampson, Low, Marston 21s) by Group-Captain Maurice Newnham if only to give fresh circulation to this delightful story. There are other good stories in

the book, but the whole book is a good story.

Group-Captain Newnham who commanded the Ringway parachute training centre, taught 60,000 men and women of many nations, including the secret agents who were parachuted into enemy territory and quite a number of high officers (who were encouraged to jump into lakes to lessen the risk of bone-breaking). He also found time to stimulate the work of the Indian and Middle East parachute schools. Creating confidence in equipment was a long struggle, not without setbacks; and in the early days it was still necessary to convert those in high places who thought that a parachute attack "could be quite effectively dealt with by half a dozen farmers armed with rook rifles and sporting guns."

"Group-Captain Newnham was formerly managing director of the Triumph Motor Company. Today he is head of CCG's Commerce Department, North Rhine-Westphalia Region."



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## LIDO LADY - in Vienna

**I**T was Gay Vienna again when the Army reopened the Gloriette Lido in Schonbrunn Park.

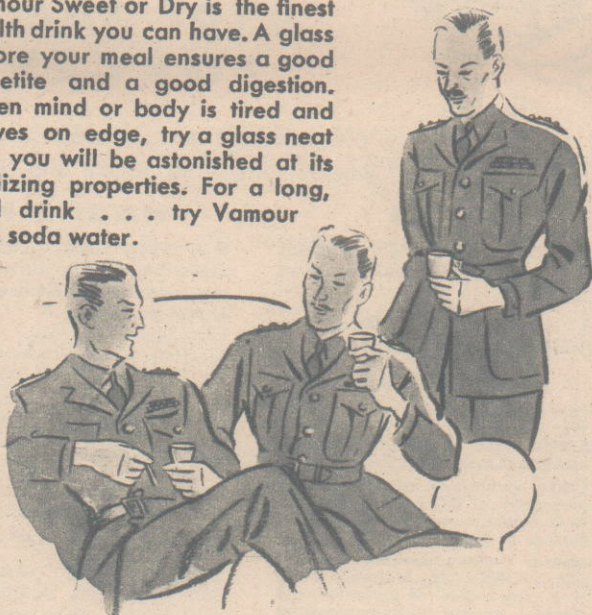
There was a fashion parade, inevitably featuring swim suits; there was an aquatic revue by swimmers of the Diana Ladies Swimming Club, Vienna; and a display of trick diving by Austrian champions.

Quite a sum has been spent on redecorating and restoring the swimming pool. The result, customers say, is well worth it.



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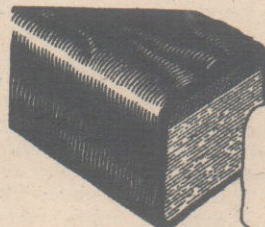
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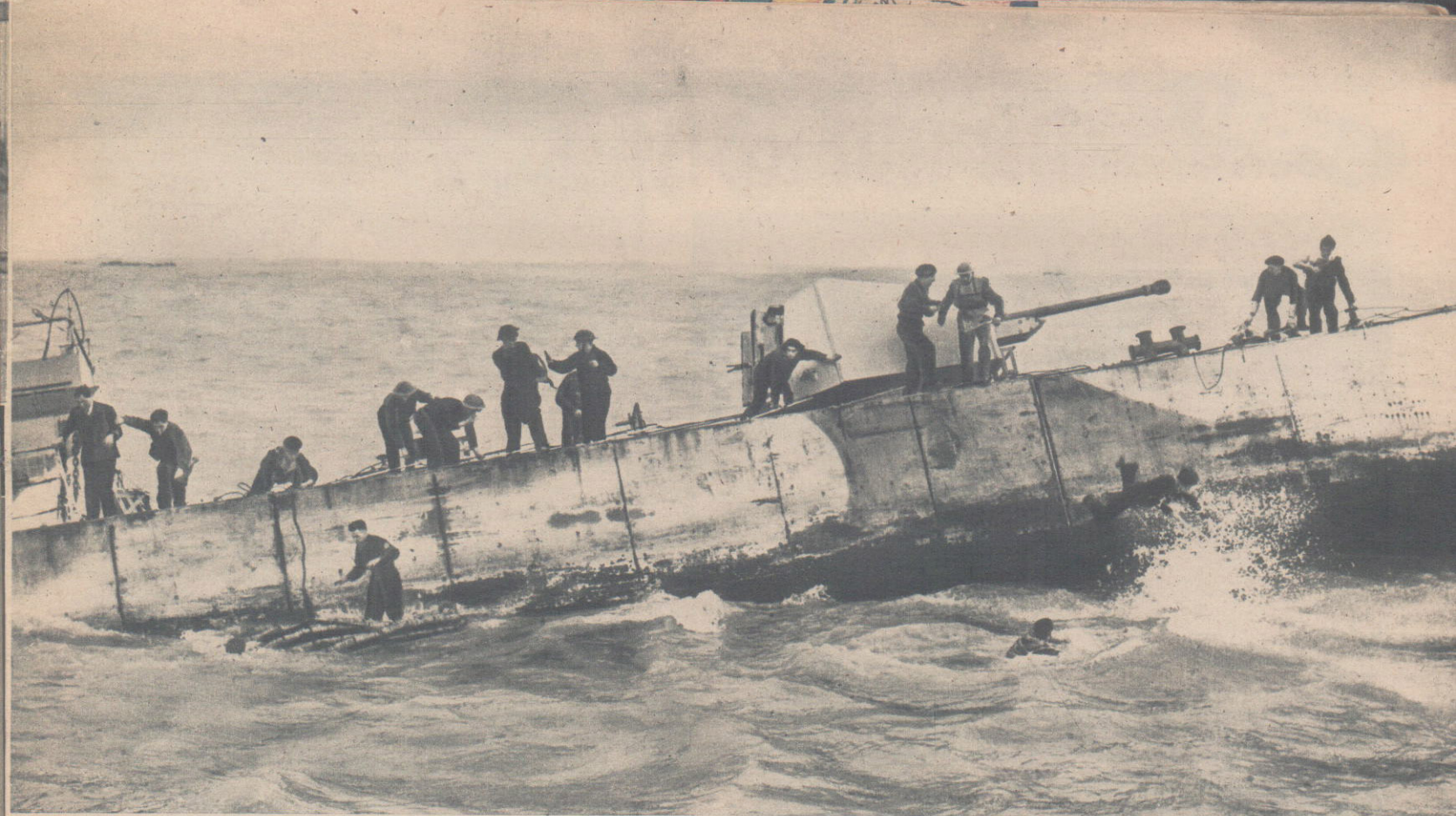
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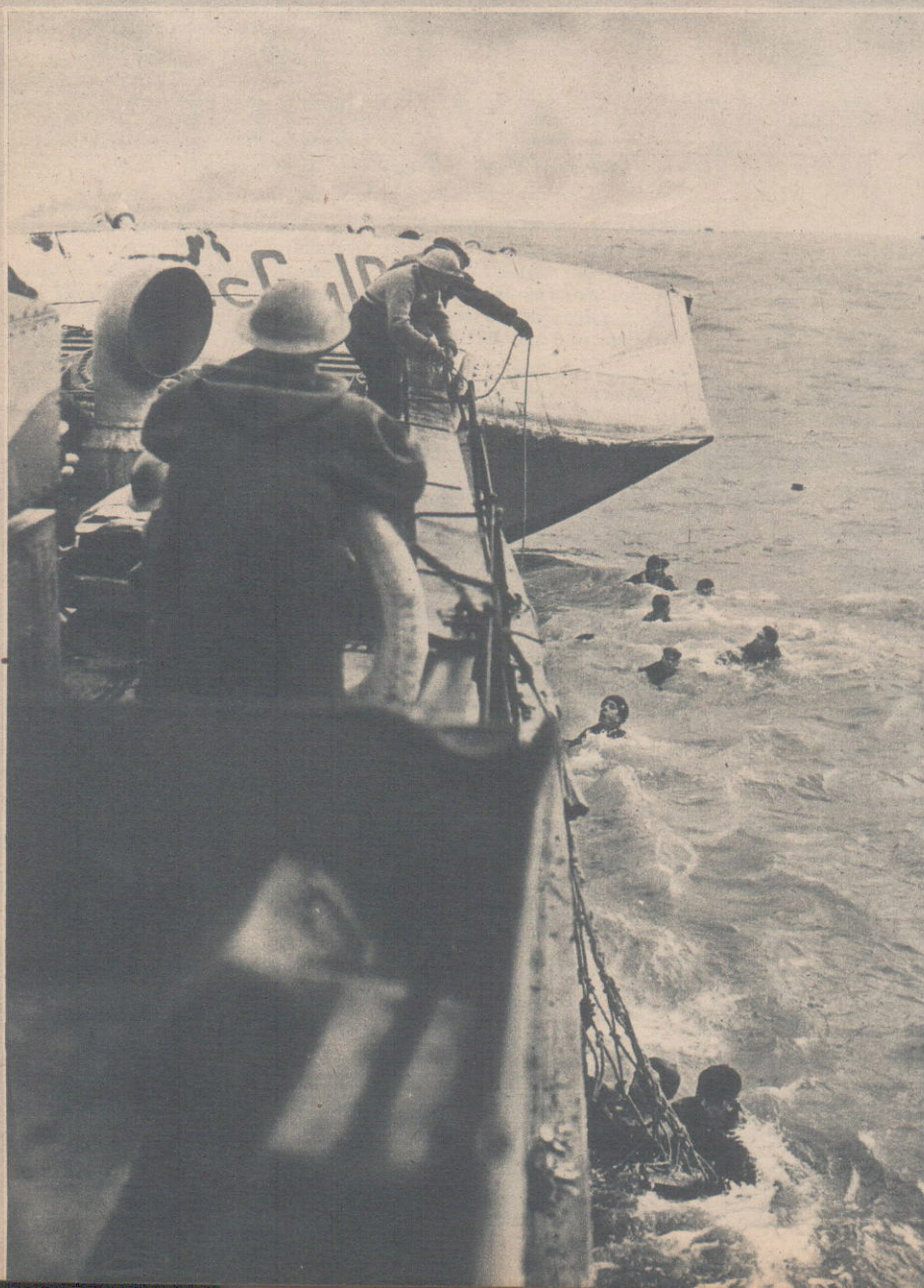
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*Here are two dramatic pictures of the operations off Walcheren, in November 1944.*

The landing craft seen sinking went in to within 50 yards of a German pill-box and received point-blank hits. Its role was to draw enemy fire while Royal Marines assaulted Westkapelle. Losses at Walcheren were among the heaviest of the war, but the beach was taken. Picture above was taken from an infantry landing craft acting as rescue ship. Note man in mid-air just above the splash made by his comrade who has already jumped (right).



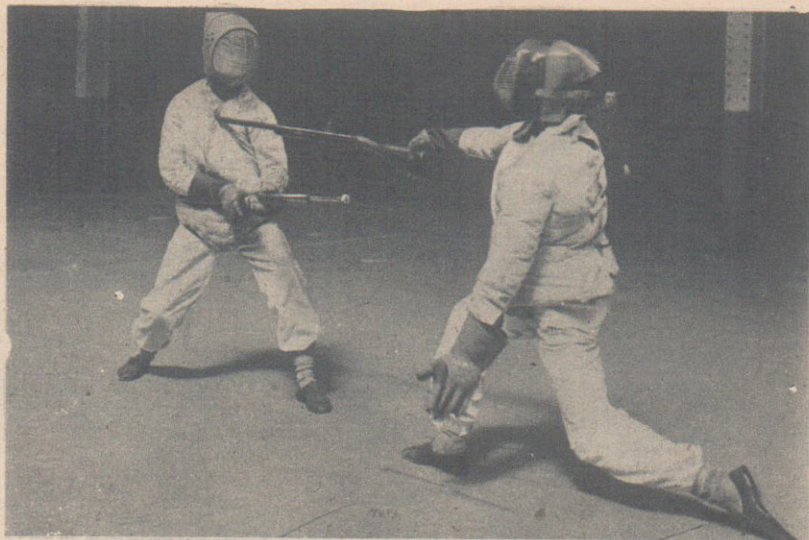
## **SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO**

Left: as the holed landing craft turns turtle survivors are hauled aboard the rescue vessel. One man in the water still has his beret on his head.



**SPORT**

# ON GUARD!



Bayonet fencing is a strong man's sport (even if the bayonet does slide back on a spring). Try a one-handed lunge like this some time. Below: two action shots from Olympia. An opponent must be struck hard enough to draw blood (assuming a real bayonet were used).



Hooded and padded, the bayonet fencer measures up to his opponent. In this version of bayonet fighting, cries and yells are not allowed.

## 1 BAYONETS

**D**URING the Royal Tournament at Olympia there are contests in skill-at-arms which are not seen by the crowds flocking to watch the musical rides, the trick motor-cyclists and the PT girls.

These bouts are enacted in one of the smaller halls, often when Olympia is deserted except for

the cleaners and a lone trumpeter practising a tricky note.

One of these sports is bayonet fencing. In technique this is far removed from a soldier's usual training with bayonet dummies and training sticks. The bayonet is not even a bayonet, but a rod protruding from the barrel; when pressed it travels back on a spring like the blade of the villain's dagger in a melodrama.

The four Services (including the Royal Marines who won this year) send teams consisting of one officer and 11 men each. Privates are the first to compete, leaving the officers of two opposing teams to stage the grand finale. If there is a tie, the officers carry on until a decision is reached.

The 2nd Scots Guards produced this year's Army side and were knocked out by 14 points to eight by the Royal Navy, who were beaten 16-6 by the Marines. The RAF also lost in the semi-finals.

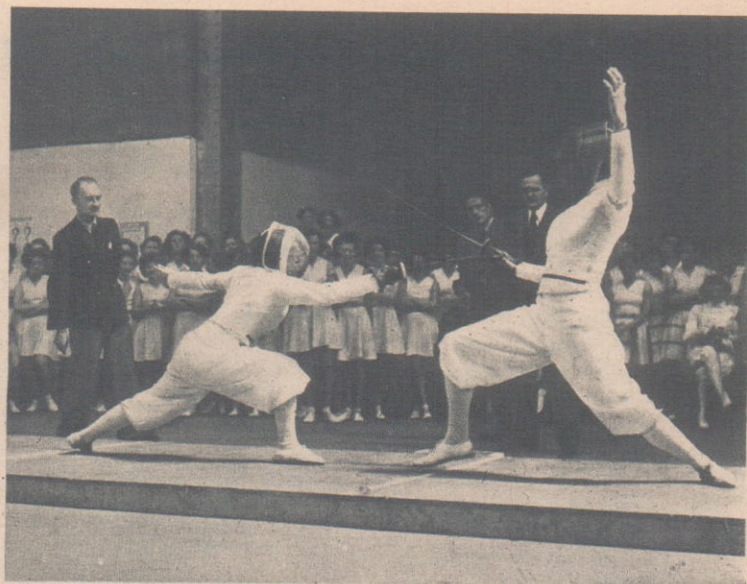
The "bayonet" may not be sharp but it can deal a nasty blow, so fencers wear a screened helmet, padded jacket and thick gloves. The whole of the body above an imaginary line drawn across the hips is the target and that includes the hands if they are removed from the rifle. A hit must be sufficiently hard to have drawn blood supposing a real bayonet had been used. Three hits by a competitor win him the bout, for which he gets two points. A referee and four judges watch every move closely.



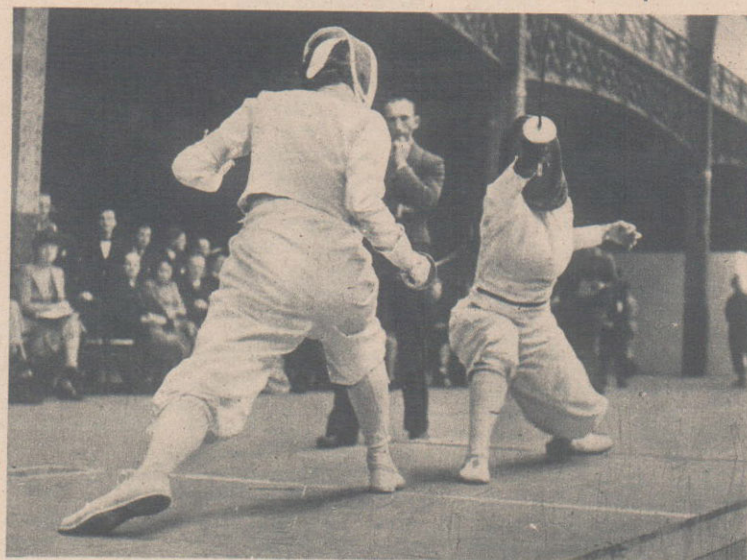




The Army lost the bayonet finals, but the WRAC won with foils. Here is Junior Commander Olga Chapman.



Women's services fought it out with a will. At the end General Sir William Slim was there to award the prizes. Picture at footshows winning WRAC team with (extreme right and left) the two Wrens who were first and second on individual points.



## 2 FOILS

**A**LTHOUGH the Army lost the bayonet fencing the WRAC beat the WRNS in the finals of the foils at the Royal Tournament. The Navy did not grumble, because two of their girls won first and second place on individual points. The WRAF lost in the semi-finals.

By the time a girl is dressed up in mask, white clothing and trousers that look rather like the plus-fours of the 1920's, there is not much left of her to see. But even this unflattering garb cannot conceal grace of movement and the poise which comes from perfect training and perfect fitness.

Unlike film actors, the girls do not fight each other up stairs and across roof tops. The pitch is 40 feet long and only six feet wide. After a competitor has received half the maximum number of hits she can receive she changes ends. Four hits against one fencer ends the bout.

The target area extends from the top of the collar to the groin and excludes the arms.

Each foil has a button on the tip covered with waxed thread or adhesive tape.





# IT WAS MAGNIFICENT, BUT IT WASN'T WAR

**T**AKE the Charge of the Light Brigade and re-stage it in the Arizona desert: there you have the climax of the film "Fort Apache" (pronounced Ap-patchy).

And what a magnificent climax it is: a mounted regiment, sabres drawn, thundering four abreast over a fantastic desert landscape smack into a redskin ambush. Magnificent, but not war.

The man who leads this gloriously wasteful operation is a former general (played by Henry Fonda) whom a thankless War Department has

sent, in the rank of lieutenant-colonel, to command a remote frontier post against Indians. His arrival is like anybody else's arrival in a new unit: nobody has heard of him and at the fort a ball is in progress. Promptly a sergeant calls the assembly, including the officers, to attention (a scene which will shake Camberley to the roots). The colonel reprimands a few officers here and there and then withdraws. Next morning he calls the officers together and (in front of an NCO) relieves two of them of their appointments and reminds the others that "uniform is not a subject for individual whimsical expression." So the officers take the sweat rags from their necks. From now on it is West Point discipline on the frontier.

Obviously the military manners are not the least interesting part of the film. The colonel says to his officers, "Come here, mister,"

and the officers say to their men, "Come here, soldier." Officers (including the colonel) salute without their hats on.

As a relief from the colonel's hell-raising there is one of those scenes in which comic-Irish sergeants drill bowler-hatted rookies —

**SOLDIER goes to see a film about soldiers-versus-Indians ... and finds one or two surprises.**

and how those rookies got to Fort Apache is anybody's guess. The recruits are then given their first riding lesson on what would appear to be un-

broken mustangs.

Nobody need be surprised that the Irish sergeants are reduced to the ranks for drunkenness, or that they are reinstated in time for the big operation. Hereabouts things get really exciting. Captain John Wayne tries to spoil the film by pointing out the foolhardiness of a charge in column of fours, but the colonel dismisses him (Wayne's braces are showing in defiance of the colonel's "I do not like exposed galluses"). Then comes the charge, staged in the grand manner with unlimited horses, stunt men, ammunition, Indians and the whole of the Arizona desert.

The colonel dies, and becomes a legend for bravery. Nobody talks about his tactics; indeed there is hardly anyone left to talk. His daughter, Shirley Temple, wipes her eyes and marries handsome John Agar. And John Wayne addresses the Arizona press on the Spirit of the Regiment.

Just before the Indians rode down the survivors; or, Fonda's Last Stand.



This girl doctors used films, repairs torn sprocket holes and bad joints.



With this instrument a technician examines sound track, judges its density.

## THEY 'VET' YOUR FILMS

**T**HE film started with the usual thunderous music accompanying the credits. Then the heroine appeared, tripping daintily across a crowded New York street — and bawling orders to sailors in a deep masculine voice.

Audiences don't often see mistakes like that, but copies of films can be produced with the wrong sound-track. That is one reason why the Army Kinema Corporation "samples" your films before you get them.

When a film is made, or acquired, the AKC screens a special test print for experienced viewers to assess the pictorial and sound quality. The sound track is checked with a densitometer, which shows experts the print density of the sound track so that they can ask the laboratories to provide a print of greater or lesser density if necessary. Because of this, you no longer have cowboys roaring in whispers or crooners murmuring the roof down.

When the test print is finally

accepted the release copies are ordered — perhaps as many as 100 in both 16 mm and 35 mm sizes. Not all of them can be scanned, but a percentage, depending on the quality of the original test print and the state of the first batch of release prints, is examined. They are projected to discover obvious faults — conceivably a whole reel may be missing or spoilt by scratches.

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### MIRANDA

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### DARK JOURNEY

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### THE STARS LOOK DOWN

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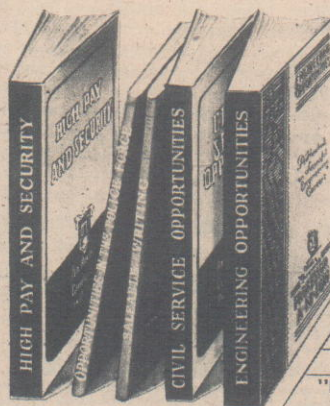
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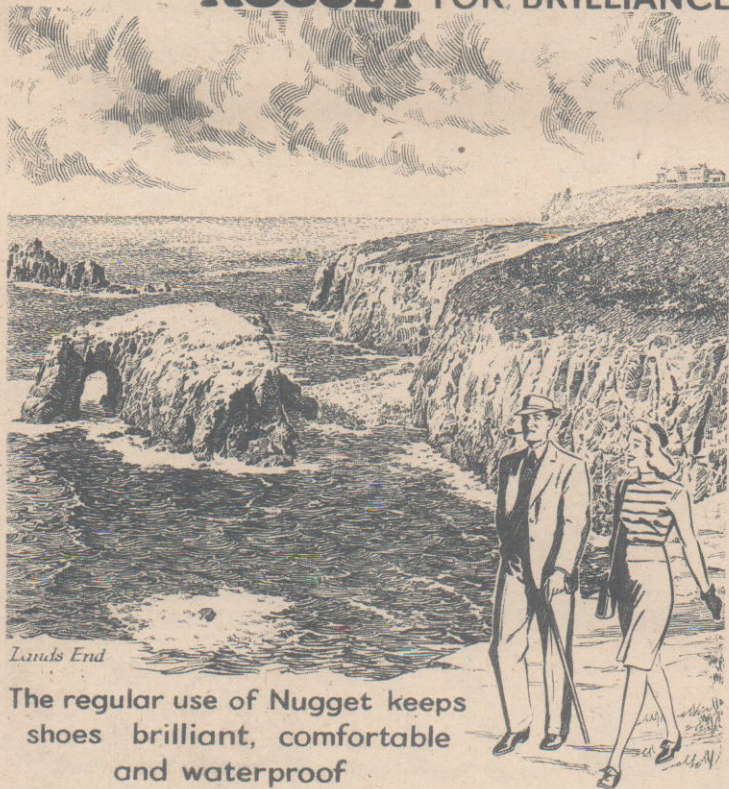
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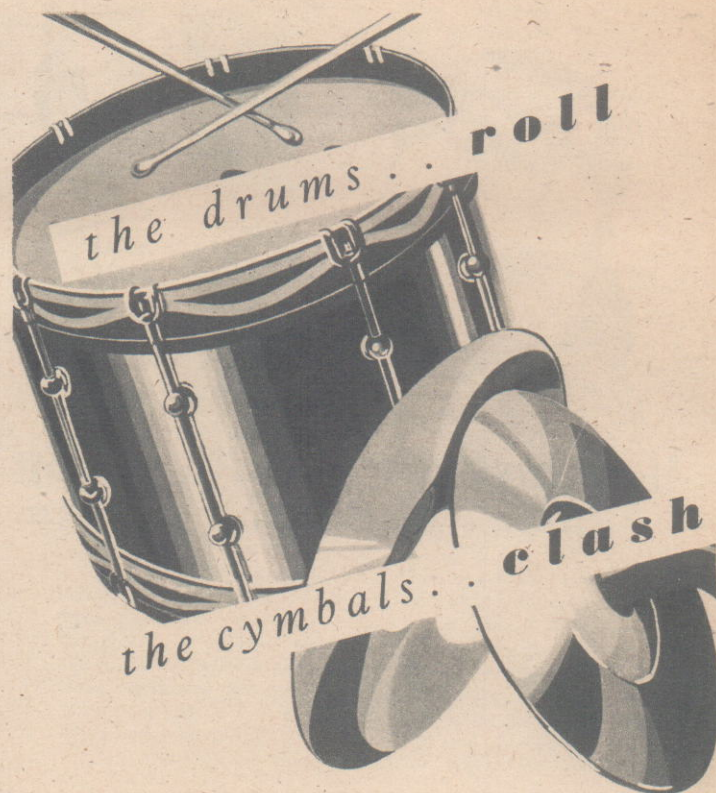
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(G45) Aug., 1948

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**Q**MS Cyril Fyffe-McFadden, Royal Engineers (as he is today) found it good fun with the Royal Ulster Rifles in Cologne in 1923. He still has a few of the high-value mark notes issued in 1923, including a 20,000,000-mark note which, when he received it, could have bought a good bar of soap and 20 cigarettes. "I saw chaps make a pile of money one day changing their sterling for marks and then changing it back again, but most of them lost it all in the end." QMS Fyffe-McFadden remembers when the Rhine floods of 1924-25 swept into the Ulsters' barracks and submerged the ground floor. A serjeant dived into icy water some six feet deep to recover his suitcase. "We had a lot of cleaning up to do after the floods went down," he says.



**T**HIRTY-THREE years ago George Greenway took the King's Shilling and found himself fighting with the 2nd Hampshires in France. In 1928 he returned to Germany with the same battalion as CSM. Now a Major Quartermaster at Rhine Army's Headquarters, he says: "Discipline was tougher and punishments harder. I ought to know because I was a serjeant-major. But if a man behaved himself he was all right. We had fewer weapons to learn, and the men used to take more interest because that was their job as Regulars. There was more drill—really first-class drill too—and plenty of rifle shooting. We did not have big numbers of German civilians working for us then, just interpreters."



**C**APT. Herbert Reynolds, who is with Pay Services at Rhine Army Headquarters, was a lance-corporal with the 2nd Dorsetshires in Germany in 1927, after serving with the Royal Marines in the Baltic. In Wiesbaden he became educational NCO, teaching English, mathematics, geography and history to soldiers studying for their second and third-class certificates. "There was a greater inducement to educate yourself in the Army then," he says. "You got an extra 3d a day if you passed." In 1928 Reynolds, then a full corporal, was transferred to the RAPC and kept the accounts of the Leicestershire Regiment. "Every soldier knew how much he had in the 'kitty' every month, for we used to compile individual balance-sheets showing a man's credits or debits."

## Small Talk

A wartime NAAFI girl, Mrs. L. Bowler of Birmingham, has become a grandmother at the age of 33, says NAAFI News. Married at 16, she gave birth to a daughter a year later; the daughter became a mother before her 17th birthday. Grandmother's hobbies are dancing and darts.

Mr. Shinwell is "examining the suggestion" that in future ceremonial parades should be held in service dress if there is a risk of full dress uniforms being ruined by the weather.

For the benefit of disbelievers, the REME team which assembles a jeep in three-and-a-half minutes (SOLDIER, October 1947) is to perform again. Rumour says the team now take less than three minutes. Why didn't Olympia sign up this act?

"The soldier is an evangelist, who, going down into the valley of death, returns with the tidings that there is no horror of soul or torture of body which the immortal spirit of man may not vanquish." — Mr. Arthur Bryant.

## How Much Do You Know?

1. True or false? "Monty" wears the Defence Medal. "Monty" won a Flying Fortress in a bet. "Monty" has never visited America.
2. One of the first parachutes was designed by Leonardo da Vinci, Bleriot, Rabelais, Samuel Pepys—which?
3. The Sureté is a waterfall in Switzerland; the Paris Scotland Yard; a Corsican vendetta gang; an Irish race-horse—which?
4. How could you drop a lump of sugar into coffee without it getting wet?
5. If you turn your right-hand glove inside out and put it on your left hand, will the palm of the glove be against the palm of your hand or the back of your hand?
6. Here is a list of film stars with certain letters missing. Can you complete the names?
7. Here is a list of men's names, and a list of the things they are noted for. Can you match them up correctly?
8. One of these is not a sign of the Zodiac: Goat, Scorpion, Ram, Bull, Crab, Virgin, Tiger. Which?
9. The "Palace With A Thousand Draughts" was a description (by the Prince Consort's eldest son) of Buckingham Palace, Versailles, Balmoral, Osborne—which?
10. To sail from London to Margate you would board the Thanet Belle, the Golden Eagle, the Golden Arrow, the Margate Flyer—which?
11. Waterloo Station, London has just celebrated its fiftieth, hundredth, two hundredth birthday. Which?
12. Any errors in this sentence: "The success of the song 'Tiperary', written by a bandmaster of the Welch Guards in 1912, was a rather unique phenomena."
13. Aircraft in this picture has been called the "Flying Egg." What is its real name?

\*\*\*wa\*\* \*r\*\*g\*\*  
\*a\* \*o\*  
\*an\*\* \*\*\*e  
\*e\*\* \*\*ma\*\*

Boswell, Crippen, Gollancz, Ketch, Rattigan, Blood. Playwriting, murder, hanging, raiding the Tower of London, biography, publishing.



(Answers on Page 46)

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## LETTERS

### ★ 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.



### WHO RE-PACKS?

Please settle an argument for the "demob happy" boys in this hut.

If, after informing the British Customs that you have nothing to declare, you are made to empty your kit and nothing dutiable is found, is it up to you or the Customs official to repack everything? — L/Cpl. N. Clothier, 8 BESD, RE Estab, Fanara, MELF.

★ It is up to you. And if the Customs official asks you to strip, you have to dress yourself afterwards too.

### DIVORCE OR MARRIAGE

Can a man get home leave from Middle East for divorce or marriage? — Serjeant (Name and address supplied).

★ Not normally. Exceptional cases may merit special consideration.

### COMPASSIONATE LEAVE

Does compassionate leave count against privilege leave? — Pte. W. (Name and address supplied).

★ Yes. Compassionate leave of 10 days or under counts against annual privilege leave. Periods of over 10 days compassionate leave count as 10 days privilege leave. CO's can grant compassionate leave after a man has spent all his privilege leave if the circumstances demand. See ACI 214 of 1948.

### STAYING ON

I was conscripted on 29 July 1946, and have since decided I would like to sign on for five more years. Would I be entitled to leave, and what is the ACI to this effect? — Cpl. G. Arnold, No 6 Sub-Unit, 50 RHU.

★ Non-Regulars re-enlisting on normal Regular or short-service engagements may be eligible for REN-LEAVE, with certain provisos. See ACI 562/46, amended by ACI's 782 and 919/46, and 479 and 818/47.

### BROKEN PYTHON

I came abroad in November 1946, then went to England in August 1947 for a three-months course. Altogether it was five months before I left again for this command. Will my PYTHON tour be cancelled through that visit home? — "Bombardier," Tripolitania.

★ Your PYTHON tour still dates from November 1946.

### YOUTHFUL SPIRITS

From 1 April this year children over 18 of families in Rhine Army have been entitled to the same monthly allocation of wines and spirits as their parents. Why? Surely if these young people (who should not be drinking German

gin anyway) can be so treated, the old soldiers like myself — and there are many of us in Germany — could be considered as worthy recipients of a similar gesture. I like an occasional short one but because I am below the rank of serjeant I have to be content with beer and an occasional Guinness.

None will seriously suggest that the monthly allocation can be consumed by an 18 year-old. Why not let the serving soldier buy a couple of nips a week on a ration card, or return the surplus stocks to England where thousands who require spirits for medicinal purposes cannot buy them for love nor money. — "Corporal", Middlesex Regt.

★ Rhine Army HQ say: The number of children of families in the Zone who are over 18 is very small. As both women and men must register for suitable work at 18½ and as the instruction refers only to children living with their parents in Germany, the number involved is almost negligible. Moreover, with one or two exceptions, such children are employed locally with the same equivalent commissioned or non-commissioned rank as their parents, and are therefore entitled to a liquor ration in their own right.

Under existing regulations wines and spirits may not be sold in canteens. Any concession — even if supplies were adequate — would create a precedent for other commands.

Those in Britain who need spirits for health reasons may obtain them, if necessary, on doctors' certificates.

### RATION CHANGES

In Rhine Army recently ration scales have been altered with the result that we receive less meat, cheese and bacon. Although I admit soldiers' rations are larger than those for civilians in Britain, why is it necessary to trim these very essential rations? — Dvr. H. G. Willis, BAOR 3.

★ Since dollars must be saved, purchase of meat from South America and bacon and cheese from Canada must be reduced, and replaced by such items as eggs, potatoes, fruit and fish bought elsewhere. This has resulted in an adjustment of BAOR's ration scales. Here is a comparison between the April daily ration and that for August:

LOSS: meat — one oz; bacon 4/7th oz; cheese 2/7th oz; sausages 6/7 oz.

GAIN: Jam ½ oz; margarine 1/14 oz; butter 1/7 oz; sugar 1/7 oz; fruit 2 oz; potatoes 3 oz; fish 1½ oz; kippers 2 oz. Also gained is one egg weekly.

The gains would seem to compensate for the losses. No change has been made in calory values.



## MARRYING A WIDOW

I am rejoining for 11 years to complete 22 years service. As I am marrying a widow with two children, can I get into one of the Army hostels for married families? — (Name and address supplied).

★ There are no waiting lists in all commands for both hostels and married quarters; this is due to the lowering of the marriage age, building restrictions and other factors. Hostels are primarily for families returning from overseas and wives waiting to join husbands. Married quarters are allotted on a system in which length of marriage and period of separation are the main factors. Your chance of getting either kind of accommodation is not a rosy one. If your future wife has accommodation she should retain it.

## HOW LONG MARRIED?

Does a soldier have to be married for a certain period before he can have his wife abroad with him? — **Sgt. P. Bean, Grenadier Guards, MELF.**

★ No, but free family passages to overseas stations are not granted to officers under 25 and men under 21. As explained above, accommodation is awarded on a points system which takes into account length of time married and length of separation.

## BRITISH JEEP

Please settle an argument: is there, or is there not, a British version of the jeep? — **Pte. John D. Kay, Catterick Camp.**

★ Picture shows a British jeep (built by Nuffield Mechanisations) which is being tested by the Ministry of Supply at Chobham. It is not neces-



Jeep (by Nuffield) now undergoing tests

sarily the final version. Features include: independent torsion bar suspension for all wheels; stressed skin construction which eliminates chassis and saves weight; power take-off for operating winch if required; maximum speed 60 mph; capable of climbing 1 in 2 gradient; fully waterproofed.

## SINGAPORE DRAWINGS

How do I get hold of a copy of "In Defence of Singapore," the book of drawings reviewed in **SOLDIER** Bookshelf (June)? — **R. A. Mills, Blackdown, Aldershot.**

★ Write to Regimental Association, The Loyal Regiment, Fulwood Barracks, Preston, Lancs. There are two prices: 6s 3d for stiff cover; 4s 3d for soft cover.

## CABARET CHILDREN

Britons may be proud that they founded a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, or they may be ashamed that it should ever have been necessary to do so. Whichever view they take, there may be many like myself among the British in Germany who deplore the employment of cabaret turns which include child contortionists and acrobats (usually girls) in British institutions, for the "entertainment" of the British.

Most of these turns are worse than mediocre and rely on the sympathy of

the audience towards the wretched children for any applause they may get. I raise my voice in protest. Surely there are others who will do the same? — **Capt. H. G. Paton, 106 CRE (Works) BAOR.**

## RHOTI GONG

There are a number of us here with over 18 years service, including one or two on Class B reserve, who are on 22 years engagements. Are we entitled to the Rhoti Gong? — **Pte. F. Cairns, SLI, Light Infantry Brigade Trg. Bn, Bordon.**

★ A soldier may be awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal after 18 years' Colour service, but he must have the recommendation of his CO. Those below WO Class 1 receive a £5 gratuity. A WO 1 can receive the award but without gratuity. The 18 years can be an aggregate period, but service on Reserve does not qualify.

The medal may be awarded, without gratuity to an officer who completes 18 years service, provided not fewer than 12 were spent in the ranks.

In Army Order 59 of 1941 my name was published for the award of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, but to date no medal has been issued. — **SQMS. H. Reilly, att. 823 Mil. Gov., Germany.**

★ You should apply for the medal through your unit.

## THE OLDEST RUMOUR

Is a Regular, on discharge, entitled to a NAAFI rebate of £1 per year for each year served? — **Mr. W. Bell, 83 Mess, CCG, Berlin.**

★ No.

## "LOLLIPOPS?"

In reply to the letter "Lollipops?" (**SOLDIER**, May) which criticises soldiers for dashing out of the cinema just before the end of a performance, we would point out that in our case we have to be in billets by 2300 hours; that our only canteen closes at 2300 hours; that we have no cars waiting to take us to our billets; and that "The King" is played before the programme, so we are not in any way disrespectful. — **L/Cpl. Beddows and six others, 151 Vehicle Park, RAOC.**

## ADDING IT UP

I went to BAOR in May 1945, returned to Britain for reposting to MELF last March and after five weeks sailed with a draft. When does my tour end? — **WO II D. Smith, 5 BOD, MELF.**

★ From May 1945 to 14 November 1946 counts as full overseas service (one year, seven months); from 15 November 1946 to March 1948 counts at half-rate, because you are a Regular (eight months). The five weeks during which you awaited posting count in full towards overseas service.

If you are serving a Python tour you will be repatriated next December or January. If you are on a post-war tour you will be due to return home in June or July 1949. Unless you have previously completed a Python tour, your present tour will be counted as such.

## GLIDER PILOTS

I understand that a scheme exists in Britain for ex-members of the Glider Pilot Regiment to fly training aircraft at local RAF stations. Is this true? — **Capt. (Name and address supplied.)**

★ Yes. The scheme is open to ex-members of the Glider Pilot Regiment provided that the War Office will re-

(Turn to Page 46)



## THIS ACTUALLY HAPPENED..

For 5 days this British Major, badly wounded in both legs, was cut off with his Indian unit by the Japs in North Burma. The only medical stores were some bottles of T.C.P. in his personal kit. Shirts were torn

up, soaked in T.C.P., and used as dressings for his wounds, and for those of six men. None turned septic, and he was told in hospital that T.C.P. had saved his life. (Original letter at T.C.P. Laboratories).

IN the Burmese jungle, wounds turn septic almost at once. This actual incident, then, proves dramatically that T.C.P. promptly applied is a really effective safeguard against wounds, cuts or grazes becoming festered or septic. But T.C.P. is more than just a good antiseptic. It also relieves pain, it helps to reduce inflammation, it actually speeds up clean, natural healing.

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# MORE LETTERS

lease them from their Army recall liability, as the scheme involves joining the RAFVR. Candidates apply to the Air Ministry who then take up the matter with War Office. Applicants also have to pass a flying test arranged by Air Ministry.

## AIRBORNE INFANTRY

Which was the first Infantry regiment to be converted to Airborne? — "Ex-Palestine," Tripolitania.

★ In the summer of 1942 the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders provided respectively the 6 (Royal Welch) Parachute Battalion and the 5 (Scottish) Parachute Battalion.

## BUYING OUT

I wish to buy my discharge in order to enter the Church. How long will it take for my release to be sanctioned? — Fusilier S. Saville, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Omagh.

★ Provided that all the requirements are fulfilled and permission is granted, sanctioning should not take more than about a month for home-based troops.

## CHANNEL FOR IDEAS

May a soldier send a suggestion of a general military nature to the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War, or must he first submit it through his OC for perusal and transmission? — "Interested," Hamburg District Ord. Fd. Pk.

★ Suggestions must go through the OC.

## WHICH ARM?

On which arm are NCO's chevrons worn with shirt-sleeve order? — Cpl. C. Dawson, Royal Fusiliers.

★ This decision is left to commands. Normally it is the right arm.

## BELT AND SWORD

(1) I read that during the war at a State banquet in India Army officers wore blue patrols while civilians wore dinner jackets. Now that full evening dress is the rule for civilians at such a function what would an officer wear — mess dress? (2) Having read in SOLDIER that officers wearing the future No. 1 Dress will also wear a red sash, can you tell me if this will be worn over the right or left shoulder? (3) Will the Sam Browne belt be worn with this uniform or will the sword be carried on a more ceremonial type of belt? (4) Would an officer walking out wear a Sam Browne as he does now with blue patrols? — AC. R. A. Clarke, HQ 85 Wing, BAFO.

★ (1) The future formal dress for officers abroad is still under discussion. (2) Round the waist. (3) Wearing of swords is in abeyance. (4) A cloth belt.

## Two Minute Sermon

A common saying is "It doesn't matter what a man believes. The important thing is what a man does." A favourite text with Englishmen is "By their fruits you shall know them."

But whether we realise it or not, it is what we believe that guides and determines what we do. If we believe that we ought to love God and our neighbour, our actions will more or less follow. That will be our aim and intention anyway.

But if we believe, for example, that might is right, and the Christian virtues are for the weak and helpless our actions will follow suit. Suppose a fruit farmer were to say, "I'm not interested in pruning, spraying and manuring my trees, it's the fruit I'm after." In a few years he'll find the fruit crop failing. He must care for the tree, the fruit will take care of itself.

Whatever our real beliefs, they are vital and will determine our actions.

## HOSPITAL DRESS

May soldiers in a sanatorium wear civilian clothes off duty? Many of us here would have been released from the Army by now and we would like to wear "civvies" on pass. It would help us to forget our ailments. — "Patient", Crossfield Pavilion, Preston Hall, Aylesford, near Maidstone.

★ Hospital dress rules have been relaxed in recent years. For example, in 1945 the War Office permitted patients in Britain on short pass (under 24 hours) to wear battle dress blouses with hospital blues, and last year patients in hospitals everywhere were allowed to wear battle dress when outside hospital (unless their disability prevented them wearing a head covering, when blues would be worn). Wearing of plain clothes is not favoured. For one thing, hospitals have nowhere to store them, and they may not be kept in the wards.

## INVALIDS ONLY

You have published many letters on the new pension code under which a man receives £50 for ten years. Can you tell me if boy's service counts? I am due out soon with nine years' Colour service. — Bandsman W. Welsh, Seaforth Highlanders, Fort George, Inverness.

★ No, except in the case of men discharged on medical grounds with less than 12 years Colour service. In this case service before the age of 18 will be taken into account. Normally, a soldier must have ten years' Colour service to his credit, for which service after 19 December 1945 will be counted for gratuity.

You will, of course, have a reserved right to a gratuity under Article 1056, RW 1940 of £1 a year or part of a year of service with the Colours, including service as a boy.

## PENSION POINTS

I enlisted as a Regular in 1931, was transferred to the Reserve in 1938 and recalled in 1939. I have now signed on to complete 21 years. As my wife is in very bad health can I get my release with modified pension or must I go on until I have finished my 21 years? If I have to do that, must I do an extra year to make up for that year on the reserve? — Sjt. A. Bates, ex-Palestine, MELF.

★ A soldier who re-engaged to complete 21 years before 19 December 1945 (not 1 May 1946 as stated in June SOLDIER) is regarded as having a reserved right to pension under the Old Code, and if he is allowed to take his discharge by

"buying out" would be awarded a modified pension, providing he fulfilled all conditions of Article 1117 (b) Royal Warrant for Pay. The period spent on Reserve during his first engagement would not have to be made up by further Colour service, but the pension, when assessed, would not include that period.

I am a Regular with 11 years service. I was released in February 1946 after eight-and-a-half years continuous service and rejoined from the Reserve in March 1947 to complete 12 years Colour Service. If I come out after 12 years will I be entitled to any gratuity?

If I decide to stay on for a further 10 years to qualify for pension, will my previous service count even though I made a break in service? — Dvr. W. Falkner, HQ 205 CRASC Sub-Area BAOR.

★ The answer is yes in both cases. It will be necessary to make up the period on the Reserve by serving that much longer to complete 22 years Colour service for a New Code award. (Note that the reply to Sjt. Bates above on the subject of Reserve service was concerned with the Old Code).

## BEARDS

Ex-Sjt. R.S.W. Woods asks (SOLDIER, July) what kind of beard I think young conscripts could grow in 12 months. His question is irrelevant: the Army is not composed entirely of young conscripts. Anyway, "permis-



ion to grow", as in the Navy, would entail keeping out of sight until the beard had passed the stage of mere scrubbiness.

Alexander Baron may be right in saying some people seem "to get rid of all the misery and filth and degradation of battle" by cutting off their whiskers. Personally, I prefer to wash. — Beaver.

## MARCONI GUARD

You were good enough to print my query about the "Marconi Guard" in the June SOLDIER.

I believe I have now identified the unit. During the 1914-18 war the Marconi Company had a radio station at Tonfanau in North Wales. Local men over military age were recruited into Home Defence units for guarding vital installations, and one of these guarded the Marconi station. This unit was known, probably unofficially, as the "Marconi Guard." — Sjt. W. Williams, Marne Lines, Catterick Camp.

## DEOLALI TAP

I was interested to read the item about the Deolali Tap (SOLDIER, June). The explanation I have heard is as follows:

In the "good old days" in India, the home trooping season for time-expired men was in September or October of each year. Deolali, even in those days, was a transit camp and there all the soldiers collected before embarking at Bombay. But as travelling arrangements were hazardous, men often arrived at Deolali after the troopship had sailed for England, and there they stayed until the next trooping season came round.

The feelings of frustration and discontent engendered during this long wait can well be imagined and produced symptoms which were referred to as the

Deolali Tap. To say a man had the Tap implied that he had probably stayed in that unhealthy spot for some ten months with nothing much to do, and was a little queer as a result. — Captain D. N. Simmonds, DWR, HQ Training Centre, BAOR.

If your reader, E. Stratford, has never been stricken with sunstroke then his claim to have had the "Deolali Tap" is false. Whether or not the word "Tap" has its origin in the Urdu tongue I cannot say, but I can say that from long ago British troops in India referred to a touch of the sun as the "Tap." Most troops in former times spent their first days in India at Deolali, and therefore it was at Deolali that they were first exposed to the evil attentions of the Indian sun — hence the "Deolali Tap." — Maj. J. P. McKeone, 14 PCLU, BAOR.

## CALL OF THE EAST

Can I volunteer, with my family, for service in India or Pakistan, or with the Burma Mission? If not, is there any other Far East country to which we could be posted? I have served in India for six years and speak Urdu. At present I am in BAOR, and qualify for Python in April 1949. I have nearly ten years to serve for pension and am medically A 1. — Gnr. J. Hanlon, HQ RA, 2nd Inf. Div, BAOR.

★ There are no vacancies for RA Other Ranks in India, Pakistan or with the Burma Mission. You could apply to waive your Python rights and to be posted to Far East Land Forces. On arrival there you could ask for a family passage.

## GROUP 101

Can you tell us what men in group 101 onwards will receive in the way of clothing (or money in lieu), leave, coupons and allowances when they are released? — Spr. R. Williamson, Longmoor Camp, Liss.

★ You will not receive clothing or money but the Board of Trade will allow coupons. A man without a suit will be allowed to buy a battle-dress dyed blue. Leave with ration allowance will be at the rate of one day for every month served.

## TAKING A CYCLE

Some time back I read in SOLDIER that a man serving overseas could take his cycle back from leave. Well, this is my experience. After getting it to Harwich I was told it could not be shipped on the leave boat, so I had to send it on by civilian channels. It cost me 19s 6d. One does not need a clearance note from the Customs but the bill of sale in Britain is required to take it home again. — Dvr. H. E. Roberts, 62 Coy RASC, BAOR.

★ Cycles have never been allowed on troopships. The letter you read was from a man who had been lucky.

## Answers

(from Page 43)

### HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. False, true, false. 2. Leonardo da Vinci. 3. Paris Scotland Yard. 4. Drop it into dry coffee. 5. Palm. 6. Stewart Granger, Pat Roc, Danny Kaye, Hedy Lamarr. 7. Boswell (biography), Crippen (murder), Gollancz (publishing), Ketch (hanging), Rattigan (play-writing), Blood (raiding the Tower of London). 8. Tiger. 9. Balmoral. 10. Golden Eagle. 11. Hundredth. 12. "Tipperary" should be spelled "Tipperarav"; it was not written by a bandmaster of the Welch Guards; Welch should be Welsh; the Welsh Guards were not formed in 1912, nor was "Tipperarav" written in that year; it is impossible for anything to be rather unique; phenomena should be phenomenon. 13. Miles Aerovan.



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# RASH ON FACE CLEARED

**Writes H. S., Derby**

A rash kept breaking out on  
this poor fellow's face so  
often that he really began to  
believe nothing could help him!  
And then, all of a sudden, his  
doubts were dispelled for ever!  
How? Read his story, in his own  
words, below:

*"I was a little doubtful when I first  
tried Valderma for the rash I had  
breaking out upon the face. Doubts  
were dispelled however by the end  
of the first jar and a second one  
seemed to have cleared the skin  
completely. Now there is always  
some Valderma at hand 'in case'  
... and nothing BUT Valderma  
will do."* H.S., Derby.

### DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC ACTION

At the first touch of soothing  
Valderma on the skin, its two anti-  
septics go into action. In double-  
quick time the bacteria that cause  
most skin complaints are killed off,  
because each of these two antiseptics  
is deadly to different groups of germs.

### WORKS UNDER THE SKIN

All irritation subsides. Itching and  
soreness cease. The skin becomes  
clear and clean. Eczema, Dermatitis,  
boils, rashes, pimples, and most  
common skin diseases are cleared  
away under the skin, because  
Valderma penetrates right to the  
roots of the trouble.



### VALDERMA IS NON-GREASY

Re-infection cannot occur as  
Valderma's new oil-in-water emul-  
sion base filters away all poisons.  
Valderma, which has undergone the  
most carefully supervised clinical  
tests, is creamy yet non-greasy. Be-  
cause it is non-staining and invisible  
on the skin, it can be applied any-  
where, any time, 2/2½ or 3/10 double  
size. Insist on the larger jar — it  
will save you money.

Prescribed by leading Skin Specialists

**DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC  
VALDERMA**  
— THE Non-Greasy BALM



# SOLDIER

ARMY MAGAZINE

THE BRITISH



## LORETTA YOUNG

The garrison of Quetta  
Wrote to Loretta,  
Praising her eyes,  
So full of innocent surprise ...  
Then went on with their polo  
And solo.