

# SOLDIER

THE BRITISH

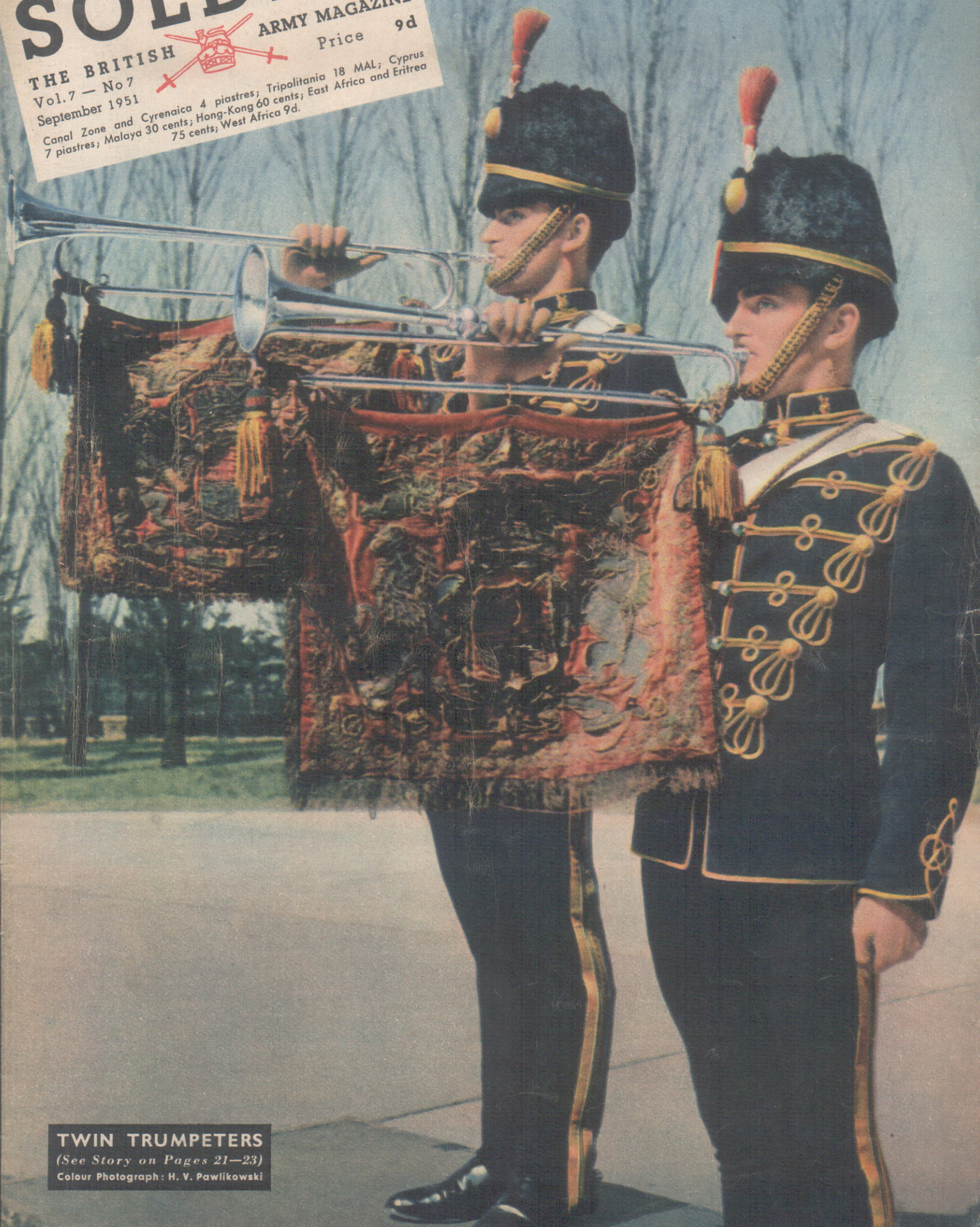
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## TWIN TRUMPETERS

(See Story on Pages 21-23)

Colour Photograph: H. V. Pawlikowski



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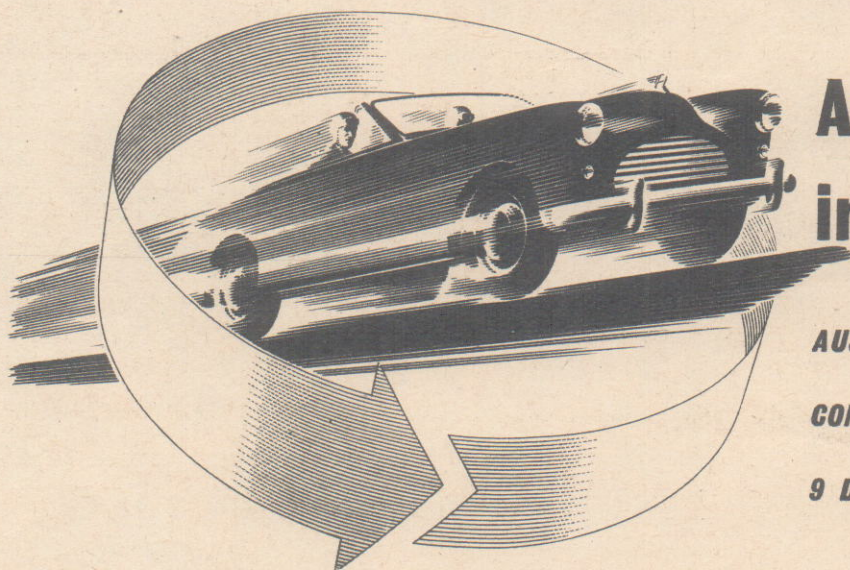
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\*A. HESS, R. SLEIGH, G. COATES, R. JEAVONS.

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John McCallum, now to be seen in his latest British film "Traveller's Joy", likes to wear his black Homburg with a jaunty tilt. Notice, too, how the shallow denting of the crown and the 'saucer' dents on either side give the hat a pleasantly informal air. Not everyone could get away with this, but John McCallum certainly can!

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4

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### Tanks for scrap

GENEVA, Monday. — The U.N. Economic Commission for Europe suggested that countries short of steel scrap should recover wrecked tanks and guns left in North Africa.

One of the few places in the world where there is still scrap metal to be won is Germany. The British Army of the Rhine is helping to haul in a much-needed harvest

**T**O carry through her giant rearmament programme this year Britain needs a further 1,800,000 tons of scrap iron.

Where is it to be found? "Why not recover wrecked tanks and guns in North Africa?" suggests the United Nations Economic Commission. But the Western Desert has been picked over already, and the remaining wrecks are all too often ringed by mines.

In almost every country in the world, the scrap of war has found its way to the steel works, and thousands of tons of sunken shipping have been raised. Still Britain needs scrap.

From Whitehall, orders have been sent to the Army overseas to organise scrap iron drives. Already encouraging results have been achieved in Germany, probably the only country with more scrap iron than she requires for her own steel industry. Here Rhine Army units and the disposals organisation of the Control Commission are working closely together to salvage every ounce of scrap. Most units have already appointed scrap collection officers

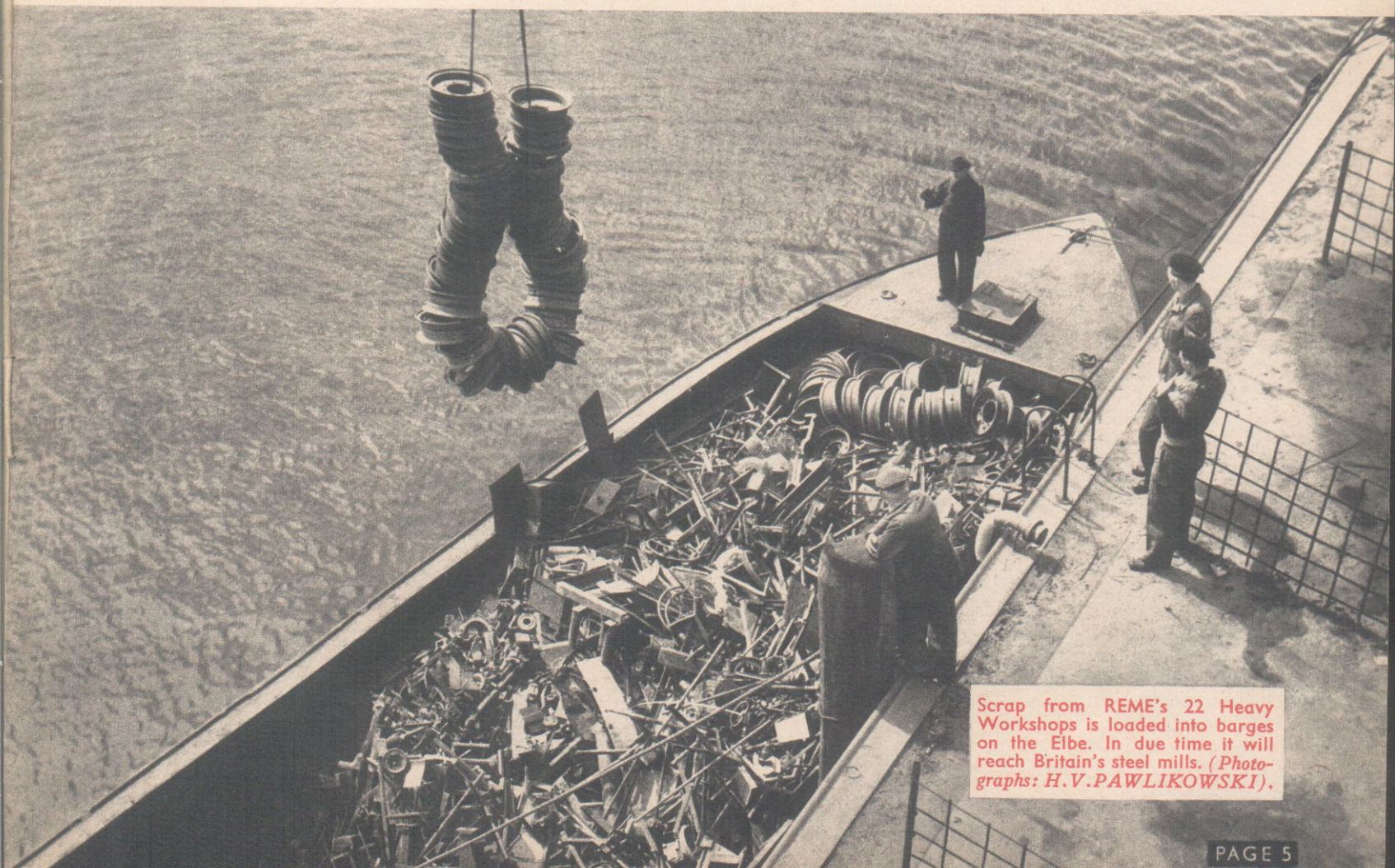
(often the quartermaster); unit dumps are growing day by day.

At Stade, in the north of the British Zone, Rhine Army now has a Stores Disposal Depot, through which nearly all the Zone's scrap metal passes on its way to the huge yard of 402 Disposals Depot, near Hamburg.

The biggest suppliers of scrap iron (and other valuable metals like copper, brass and light alloys) among military units in Germany are the REME workshops. To them the salvaging of scrap is nothing new. Since the end of the war they have been sending metal to disposals depots at the rate of nearly eight tons a day. From one of the

OVER →

# SCRAP HUNT

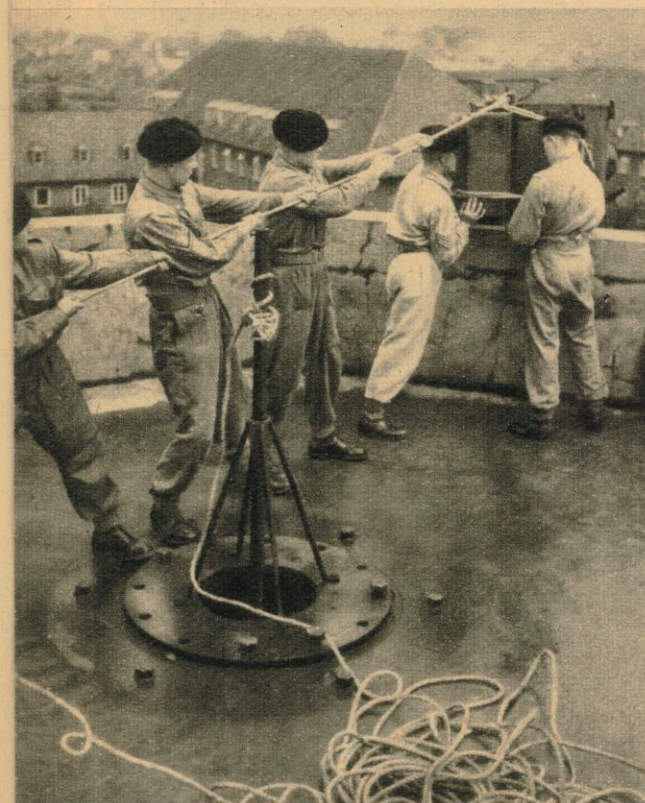


Scrap from REME's 22 Heavy Workshops is loaded into barges on the Elbe. In due time it will reach Britain's steel mills. (Photographs: H.V. PAWLIKOWSKI).





From the roof of the East Yorkshire officers' mess a Wehrmacht searchlight mounting is dismantled. It's more valuable as scrap. Below (left): the roof party.



## SCRAP

largest REME workshops an average of two tons of metal a day has been, and is still being, salvaged from condemned and repaired vehicles. Here, the Royal Army Ordnance Corps stores section have set up storage bays to receive the worn-out carburettors, fly-wheels, body panels, nuts, bolts, screws, metal shavings from lathes, door handles, oil pipes, hasps and locks, oil tins and jerricans and pieces of rusted wire. When the bays are full to their capacity of 100 tons the scrap is loaded into waiting barges on the Elbe and sent down river to 402 Disposals Depot.

This REME unit dislikes the expression "scrap." The yard bears a notice board calling it the "Produce Compound."

The contribution of Infantry units to the scrap drive is necessarily smaller than that of the REME units, but the effort involved in collecting it is often much greater. Some battalions have allotted "cleaning" areas in their barracks and training grounds to be combed at least once a week, and a surprising amount of scrap is found in this way.

The 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment recently unearthed in their barracks an old German printing press and sacks full of lead type. They also dismantled a German searchlight and its mountings which were rusting away on the roof of their officers quarters.

To save metal, too, the Quartermaster, Major H. N. Grieve, has had most of the Battalion's night exercise signs made from old tins which have been hammered flat and painted, instead of demanding them from ordnance sources.

Weekly searches of the Battalion's training areas have brought in dozens of cistern ball-floats, which the German Army used as mines, two steel ladders and even a shoemaker's polishing machine.

At 402 Disposals Depot, the biggest in Germany, scrap metal of all types arrives by road, rail and river at the rate of nearly 30,000 tons a year. Much of it comes from the Army. When SOLDIER visited the yard recently a goods train had just pulled into the sidings with 210 Daimler scout cars from an Army vehicle depot. Those vehicles, representing 1000 tons of scrap metal, would be stripped of their tyres and other non-metal fittings and then cut into convenient sections for loading on board ship.

In the Depot were piles of rusted and broken jerricans, iron-framed bedsteads and dustbins, broken knives, forks and spoons, nuts and bolts, vehicle parts and worn-out engines, stacks of barbed wire, lengths of Bailey bridging girders, broken tank tracks, aircraft engines, shell cases, battered Sherman tanks which had been used by the Royal Air Force for target practice, central heating equipment and a score of other unidentifiable articles.

Gangs of German workmen, supervised by a British civilian staff, were busy separating, cutting



These old cans may return to the Army as a Bren gun — or as knives, forks and spoons.

## HUNT (Cont'd)

and pressing the scrap, and loading it on to barges to be taken to Hamburg docks, whence it is sent to Britain.

Mr. W. Edmondson, formerly of the Royal Armoured Corps, who spent much of his war in a Churchill tank, and is now in charge of the 402 Disposals Depot, pointed out some vehicles fitted up with winches and cranes. "Those are not for scrap," he said. "They are some of our fleet of recovery trucks which go out and bring back the heavy stuff found by our gleaners."

These gleaners are Control Commission officials who advise military units throughout the Zone on the best ways to collect metal. At the same time they search the countryside for scrap, especially the World War Two battlefields, which still occasionally produce extraordinary finds. Not long ago a German anti-aircraft gun on its mounting, rusted red by six years weather, was found in a clearing and recovered.

Until recently the Disposals Group obtained most of its scrap from machinery and buildings scheduled for destruction under the disarmament programme. Now the largest source of supply is from the recovery of sunken German naval ships and submarines.

Salvage operations on the seabed are still being carried out in Lubeck Bay, where at the end of the war more than 30 German submarines were scuttled alongside several large German passenger liners, which had been used as troop carriers, and depot ships. From this graveyard British and German divers have already raised some 18 ships and submarines. Other German vessels have been lifted farther north at Kiel and Flensburg, as well as at Wilhelmshaven on the North Sea.

A Scotsman, Mr. Malcolm McMillan, supervises a team of German divers and makes most of the preliminary underwater reconnaissance.

"It is often a dangerous job because some of the ships were sunk with explosive charges attached to them, and these are still 'live'," Mr. McMillan told SOLDIER.

Often the salvage teams and their ships work very close to the Russian Zone boundary, which runs through the shallows on the far side of Lubeck Bay. Every submarine recovered produces about 1000 tons of metal, including copper, lead, and other non-ferrous material.

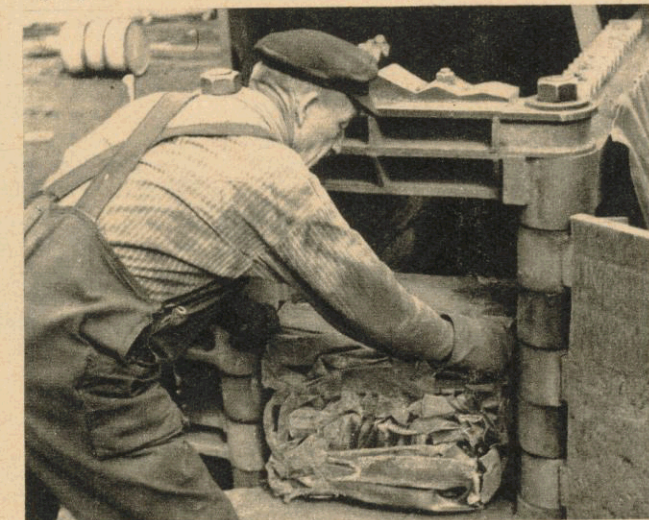
Said Mr. P. D. MacFeat MC, Chief of the Disposals Group in the British Zone:

"Every ton of apparently useless scrap will make more than a ton of new steel, which by special treatment can be turned into armour for tanks or stainless steel for knives and forks. The rusty old sardine tin from the cookhouse and the Centurion tank are real 'sisters under the skin', for the sardine tin may well be melted down to help make a tank."

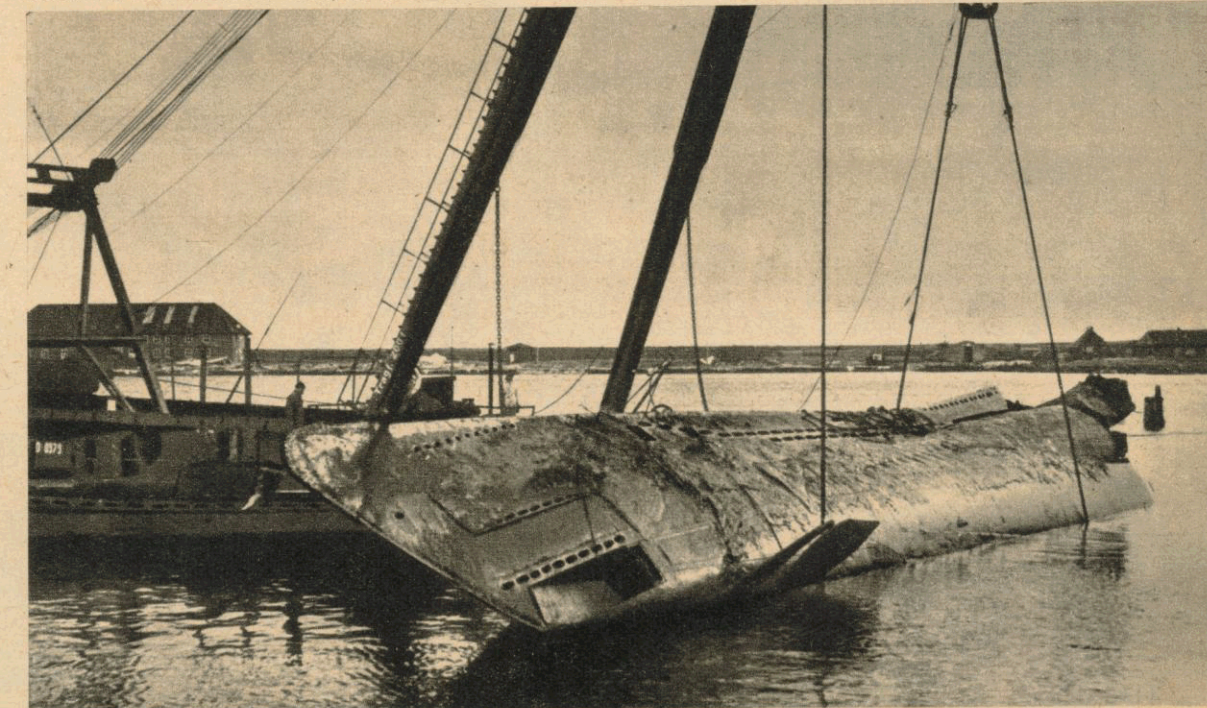
E. J. GROVE



No, it's not a party looking for match-sticks. This is a glean-ing squad of the East Yorkshire Regiment seeking scrap.



Above: Light-weight metal is battered into one-hundred-weight blocks. Right: The diver, Mr. Malcolm McMillan, tells Mr. E. R. Rowlands, salvage officer, about the submarine he has been reconnoitring on the bed of the Baltic. Below: a useful hunk of scrap is raised at Wilhelmshaven.





# KOREA Round-Up



Many nations make light work: over this pontoon bridge built by American engineers across the notorious Imjin River rolled Centurions of 1st Commonwealth Division — the first Divisional patrol. Here pontoons are being floated to the crossing site, and trucks similar to those in foreground appear to be backing along the nearly completed bridge to unload track equipment.





**PICTURES** on these pages show the first patrol undertaken by units of the 1st Commonwealth Division in Korea.

The patrol took place across the Imjin River, and comprised, among others, men of the 3rd Royal Australian Regiment, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, Royal Artillery and Royal Army Service Corps, with an Indian ambulance unit. American Sappers built the bridge.

Though peace talks were in progress, the front was not everywhere static. Notably, there was activity in the air.

"Shall we be here another winter?" was the great question. Nobody knew, but space heaters of the Yukon stove type were being ordered up, just in case.

**More Pictures on Page 10**

**Above (left):** A soldier from Queensland sets a trip flare outside the perimeter defences of his company. **Above (right):** Who said that only the enemy used camouflage? These soldiers of the Royal Australian Regiment are all prepared in their bivouac area.

**Right:** Laden with British and Commonwealth soldiers, a Centurion crosses the Imjin.

**Below:** Lethal line-up: Centurions of 8th Hussars prepared for a trouble-shooting mission.



## THE NEW RIBBON



Here is the ribbon of Britain's Korea medal. Those who qualify to wear it must have served one day or more on the posted strength of a unit in Korea since 2 July 1950. They will also qualify for the medal issued by the United Nations for those who have served in Korea under United Nations command. The United Nations medal ribbon has eight white and nine blue stripes.





The white-capped battery serjeant-major, who is an assistant instructor of gunnery, coaches British, Canadian and New Zealand officers on the 4.2 mortar at the Division's new School of Gunnery.

## KOREA Round-Up (Continued)



That well-equipped Brigade, the 29th, has its own concert party, which supported Jack Warner on his recent visit. Below: evening dress was optional in the stalls.



## SOLDIER to Soldier

THE present Duke of Wellington has offered to pay £50 to the National Playing Fields Association if anyone can prove that his illustrious ancestor really did say that the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.

SOLDIER is tempted (but only tempted) to offer a similar sum if anyone can prove that the Iron Duke wrote that celebrated protest to the Secretary for War about being deluged with paper.

In this letter, the Duke is made to say that if he directed his officers to answer all the importunate communications with which they were being deluged, they would have no time for their prime task — defeating the enemy in the field.

Copies of this letter were printed in the Middle East during World War Two and posted up over many a military desk. Everyone agreed that the Duke had the right ideas about paper. Unfortunately this is another of those stories which elude the researcher. SOLDIER is assured in an authoritative quarter that the letter is not to be found among official documents; that it is not in Wellington's style; that in those days of patronage it is unlikely any serving soldier, even the Duke, would have written to Whitehall in such a tone; and that the letter addresses the Secretary of State as "My Lord" at a period when that gentleman was not a peer.

To some, it may seem a pity to cast doubts on the authenticity of this letter, for it is assuredly one that the Duke ought to have written. SOLDIER will be told, "You have already disillusioned us about the King's Corporal. Why can't you leave well alone?" To which the answer is that truth is beautiful at all times.

Can anyone confirm that the Duke of Wellington wrote this letter? If not, hands up the man who did!

\* \* \*

MANY readers have admired the reproduction in the July number of SOLDIER of Lady Butler's famous picture showing the Gloucesters' square at Quatre Bras.

It is a curious thing that some of the finest battle-pieces should have been painted by a woman.

Lady Butler, born Elizabeth Thompson, was a Victorian painter who achieved overnight fame by her picture "The Roll Call," shown at the Royal Academy in 1874. Queen Victoria bought this painting and had it hung in Windsor Castle. Next year Lady Butler showed "The 28th at Quatre Bras"; it was acclaimed by many distinguished critics. Thereafter she painted many battle scenes, including the Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, the Return from Inkermann, and the Defence of Rorke's Drift. She did much to honour the military virtues in a period when the soldier's stock was low.

Where are the painters of battle pictures today? What a fine thing it would be if the "Picture of the Year" at the next Royal Academy proved to be a really inspiring canvas of the Gloucesters on their Imjin hill!

\* \* \*

THE United States Army is out to abolish "the slang expression G. I."

This nickname, which originated from the term "Government issue," was never a very happy one. Now the American Army complains that "the younger generation has forgotten (if it ever knew) the word soldier."

Alas, the world does not readily give up a nickname. Even now there are people who persist in calling British soldiers "Tommies" — a word which inevitably conjures up putteed figures in the trenches of Flanders, lighting Woodbines and making wry jokes about mud. There was nothing wrong with those "Tommies," but the name just happens to be as out-of-date as "Ironsides."

Today the British soldier is known, with notable aptness, as the British soldier. He seeks no other description.

\* \* \*

THOSE who read their newspapers will hardly have failed to notice that the Reuter news agency is 100 years old.

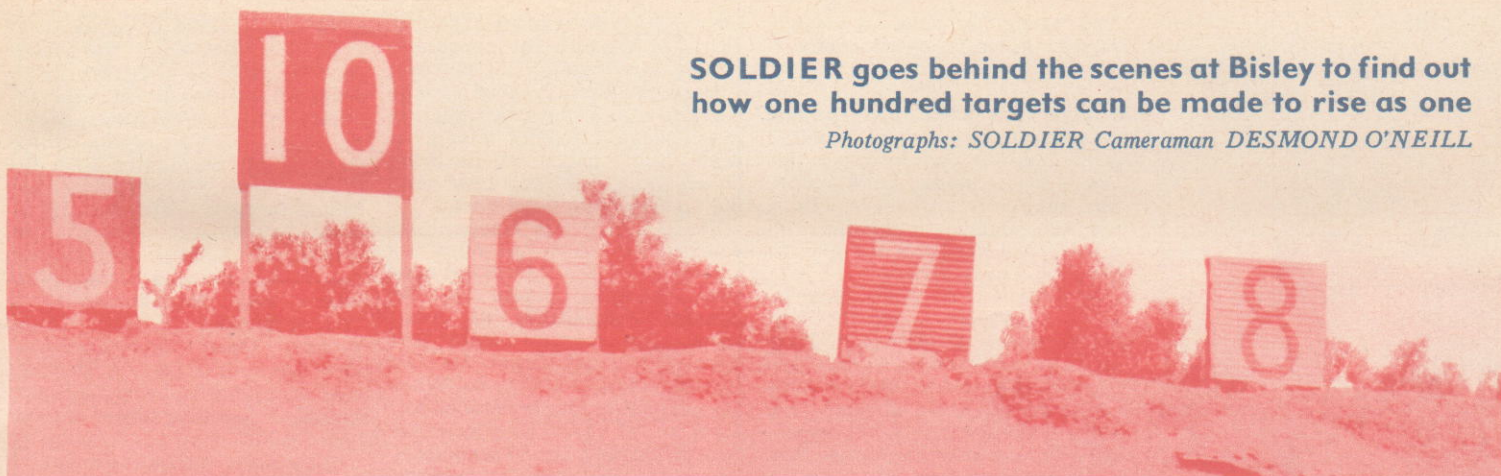
During World War Two the Army contracted an alliance with Reuter, and the offspring was christened "Forcereuter." This was a news service — still in existence — for the benefit of newspapers circulating in garrison areas overseas. Army sub-editors, working in Reuter's Fleet Street building, select up to 4000 words daily of home news which goes out over the Reuter beam to such publications as *The Times of Malta*, the *Singapore Free Press*, *Uganda Herald*, *Sudan Star* and *Japan News*. Relayed by Army Signals, the Forcereuter messages eventually reach the Royal Army Educational Corps units which publish news-sheets in Korea.

Forcereuter is an interesting illustration of how the Army can collaborate with private enterprise, to the profit of both.



**SOLDIER** goes behind the scenes at Bisley to find out how one hundred targets can be made to rise as one

Photographs: **SOLDIER** Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL



## *It's No Picnic in the Butts*

**T**HERE are two worlds at Bisley when the National Rifle Association meeting is in progress.

One is that in which competitors wander round with an abstracted air, wearing hats of strange shapes and motley garments.

The other, separated from the first by the no-man's-land of heath over which the bullets fly, is neat and workmanlike: the world of the butt-markers. Here the most fancy hat is the caubeen, the most common the beret.

For the soldiers who look after the butts at Bisley during Army week and the National Rifle Association fortnight which follows it, Bisley means hard work. There are 185 targets to be manned for three shifts of more than four hours a day, and most of the troops work one and two shifts a day alternately. They live under canvas, and the only military pomp they allow themselves is a band to play them to and from duty.

This year, the 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, provided most of the butt-markers; numbers were made up by the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, the Border Regiment, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

**SOLDIER** found men of the Duke of Wellington's manning the butts of the Century range, which derives its name from its hundred targets in a straight row. They worked with their backs to the marksmen, under a long, narrow roof. In front of them was the gaunt machinery which carries the targets into sight of the marksmen. Beyond, on a few feet of flat ground, was the narrow-gauge railway up which, from time to time, parties of soldiers wheeled trolleys laden with new targets. Once a shift, a trolley laden with NAAFI tea and cakes arrives instead.

Beyond the railway was a ditch with some bushes, and behind that

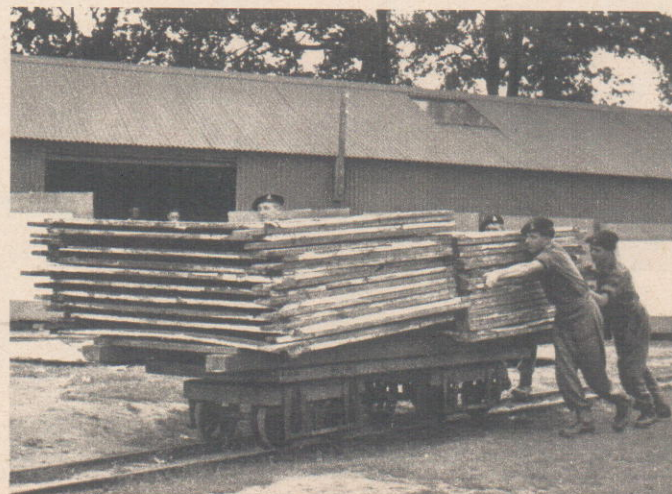
**OVER** →



Targets at half-mast, ready for the hoisting signal. Note paper strips ready for pasting over bullet-holes.

Left: Targets in the making. Paper and distemper are the visible ingredients.

Right: Ready for use. A trolley-load of targets leaves the shed for butts.







The "scribe" in action. A meat-skewer holds it in the centre.

## In The Butts

(Continued)

rose the bank in which the bullets end their journey with a spurt of dust. (Once a year the earth of the Bisley banks is sifted and yields about 15 tons of valuable metal, including lead and cupro-nickel.)

There was one man to each target, and all were supervised by their own NCO's. Every ten targets had a serjeant-instructor from the Small Arms Wing of the School of Infantry, at Hythe; and an officer from the Small Arms Wing was in charge of all the activity in the Century butts.

One Bisley phenomenon which

always calls forth comment and wonder is the way the hundred targets on the Century range rise as one at the beginning of a shift. The answer is an officer with a red flag, standing out where all the butt-markers can see him, to give the signal to hoist.

New targets — they may be six feet square — are fitted at the beginning of each shift. They are put into frames which are counter-balanced by other frames and weights. Even so they are not always easy to hoist, especially on a windy day when dust and grit blow into the working parts of the machinery.

When a shot has been fired, the man in charge of the target notes the score and puts a black panel into the empty frame — bottom right for a bull, bottom left for an inner, top right for a magpie, top left for an outer, or on its corner for a ricochet. An empty frame means the target is being examined.

The butt marker then hauls down the target (automatically hoisting into view the other frame with the black panel) and puts into the bullet hole a nail on which is mounted a square of black metal, to show the marksman where his last shot went. Then he hoists the target up again. Next time the target comes down, he will move the nail to the new bullet hole and paste

over the old one a piece of coloured paper kept for the purpose.

It is thirsty work on a hot day. Captain D. C. J. Manners, who was in charge at the Century range when SOLDIER looked in, said: "Many people at the firing points have remarked how good the butt-markers have been."

There are certain competitions which break the monotony of the butt-markers' life. About the most complicated of these is the Roberts competition in Army week. The markers must first show a six-foot target for two sighting shots at 600 yards. When the competitors have doubled forward to 500 yards, they must expose the targets for 50 seconds — for ten rounds rapid. The markers' next job comes when the marks-men have reloaded and advanced within set times: 22-inch circular snap targets are exposed ten times in seven minutes — the spacing of the exposures varies from competition to competition. Last comes a 40-second exposure of a "slim Jim," a target officially known as a "figure, two" and resembling in outline a human head and torso.

All this means precision work for the butt markers, with the aid of stop-watches. Afterwards, they have to lay out the targets and count the scores.

Another competition which keeps the butt-markers on their toes is the "China" Challenge Cup, for teams of six riflemen, with 15 rounds each, and one Bren gun with two magazines. In this the riflemen have to hit one snap target each and the Bren gunners four; when the last snap target is hit, there is a pause of 15 seconds, then four-foot targets go up. It is a moment of agonising suspense for the butt-markers if the Bren happens to jam (as it did for one team this year).

To the outsider, telephone conversation between the butt-marker NCO's and the firing point is cryptic. To prevent uncontrolled conversation, which might give away to the firing-point more information than the rules allow, set messages are pasted to each telephone, and no more may be said — apart from matter which does not concern the firing. Thus, a firing point officer may ring up and say, "Hallo, Number One Butt. Target Number One. Message Four." Message Four reads: "A shot has been fired but nothing has been signalled. Examine target carefully for a hit."

The men in the butts are not the only soldiers who work behind the scenes at Bisley. SOLDIER found 32 more soldiers busy in the Century range target sheds, helping the foreman, Mr. R. E. Lopez (who has worked there 26 years and succeeded his father who was on the job for 52 years).

Here soldiers cut out paper, paste it over the targets, paint it with distemper in the appropriate colours — brown, sand and light blue — stick a half-circle of black on the bull's eye, and with a "scribe" (on the principle of a pair of compasses) draw the circles.

The six- and four-foot targets consist of heavy wooden frames over which canvas is nailed; when the paper is shot away, new paper is pasted over it. When the canvas is shot away, paper may be pasted over that, too. Some targets have hundreds of sheets of paper pasted over them and grow to weigh about a hundred-weight; Mr. Lopez admires the way young National Servicemen handle them.

The Century range uses some 300 targets a day; last year, in the Bisley fortnight, it got through 3494 targets. But that is small stuff to Mr. Lopez. During the war, when there were no soldiers to assist him, he and three helpers turned out 40,000 targets in one year.

RICHARD ELLEY

(Bisley results: see Page 40)



The target in the foreground has been shot away. Soon it will be receiving the same treatment as the one in the background. Left: This "picture gallery" is the Century target store.





The keys cannot be burned by cigarettes. Right: note how the piano has been designed so that glasses will not stand on it — except at the end of the keyboard, where there is a legitimate parking place.

Introducing...

# The Beer-Proof Piano



**N**EW streamlined pianos are going out to Forces canteens — and they are not streamlined for the sake of appearance.

It is a sad story. For many a year, canteen pianos ravished before their prime have been invalidated home unfit for service — their "innards" sluiced with beer, their lids ringed from glasses, their keys burned by cigarettes, their pedals bruised by ammunition boots, their cases prized away by those who just *had* to see what went on inside.

Some while ago NAAFI began to take counter-measures. The practice of "giving the piano a drink" was frustrated by having a sloping board set just inside the lid. It was politely and officially known as a dust board, but the manufacturers called it a "beer board" because it diverted any liquid from the felt pieces of the action. Also, brass plates were fitted round the pedals, ash-trays were built in, and the sur-

faces at the end of the keyboards were protected with metal.

Still the expectation of life for a canteen piano was only seven years (if tuned four to six times a year), compared with 20 or 25 years in a good home. Pianos were not even protected by such sardonic notices as: "NAAFI pianos are non-drinkers, non-smokers, and have no liking for pastry. They are often in delicate health and liable to die of exposure."



A much-abused canteen piano comes in for repair. That thumping noise you hear is Steinway and Bechstein turning in their graves...

So NAAFI produced its own specifications for new pianos. Briefly, these had to be beer- and cigarette-proof. Two manufacturers have now produced their versions: Messrs. Lambert London Ltd, who have been making pianos for the Forces since World War One and are the third oldest firm in the business, and Mr. Alfred Knight, who designed and built tough miniature pianos for touring entertainers in World War Two.

In both versions, lids and ledges slope, so that no beer-glass or cigarette will stay on them; they are made of solid oak with rounded corners, so that if they are involved in horse-play, neither bodies nor pianos will bruise too much; they are on roller casters, so that they can easily be moved; the keys are covered with fire-proof plastic which cannot be picked off; the instruments are loud and can sustain a note for a long time, to discourage the use of the loud pedal and hard thumps on the keyboard; the works can be inspected while the piano is playing without pieces of wood being ripped off; and there are no locks to be broken open.

At Lambert London's, they know a good deal about soldiers as well as about pianos. The head of the firm, Major W. H. Whaley, was a Regular officer in the 17th Lancers and served on the North-West Frontier before the Boer War. His son, Mr. W. T. Whaley, fought in both World Wars, became a major in the Royal Artillery and served in India, the Middle East and Greece. They are both members of the Honourable Artillery Company, with which their family has been connected since Cromwell's day and in which Mr. W. T. Whaley is now a pikeman.

In World War Two, the firm supplied more than 4000 pianos to NAAFI, which had 5000 on "active service" (as against 3000 today). Since the war, they have been reconditioning NAAFI pianos, not necessarily those of their own make. Just after the war they were receiving pianos for overhaul at the rate of 50 or 60 a week. The figure is lower now, and in summer drops right off as NAAFI musters up all its pianos for camps.

"Pianos from Aldershot are generally in a better condition than those from York," says Mr. W. T. Whaley. "Those from Shrewsbury are not very good."

Often it is found that the bottom boards of a piano are missing. It is probably no coincidence that these are a convenient size to act as backing to dartboards. For some reason, the back-linings, reinforced in NAAFI pianos by metal gauze, are nearly always punctured.

Inside pianos, it is not unusual to find nests of baby mice, dead or dying. There is often money inside, mostly pennies put in by jokers. Canteen food finds its way into the piano, too.

Perhaps the most wanton maltreatment of a NAAFI piano on record was that by a Royal Air Force unit which removed the entire inside to make harps for a Nativity play.

Lambert London claim that their NAAFI pianos are tough. They tell of one which fell off a lorry on the hill which gives Redhill its name and rolled over and over. Instead of being smashed, it had only a little superficial damage.

**FOOTNOTE:** Serious musicians in the Army, if they happen to be stationed near one of the bigger NAAFI clubs, can practice on concert grands. These are not intended for beery sing-songs.



# A Watching Eye

**T**O be a good military policewoman, a girl must have "a strong personality, a sense of humour, plenty of common-sense and a good healthy pair of feet." That is the view of Captain Marjorie Leetham, Rhine Army's Deputy Assistant Provost-Marshal, Women's Royal Army Corps.

The six military policewomen of No. 145 Provost Company WRAC — now the only military policewomen in Germany — were selected for duty at Rhine Army's headquarters town because they possessed these qualifications. And for good measure, they are all well trained in the art of unarmed combat.

Early in the occupation of Germany, military policewomen found themselves on duty at women's internment camps, and often they appeared at war crimes trials as escorts to women prisoners. Sometimes they were called on to search trials witnesses or black market suspects.

Most evenings, two of the policewomen from 145 Provost Company WRAC go out on mobile patrol with two military policemen from 101 Provost Company RMP, ready to take action if any Service girl or German woman is involved in an "incident"; but it is rare indeed for Service girls to get into scrapes. Sometimes military policewomen are sent to take down statements from women being questioned by the military police or to assist in field security; and on occasions they are still called on to search and to escort.

Several former military policewomen have become store detectives in Britain, and others have joined the plain-clothes staffs of police forces. One of Rhine Army's girls who also wants to become a store detective is Serjeant Norah Godfrey, who

has been trained in special investigation. She joined the ATS Provost in 1945 and served in Middle East, where she drove military police jeeps and supervised illegal Jewish immigrants in Cyprus. Corporal Jean London, who joined the Provost branch in 1948, has been a policewoman in Salisbury, Edinburgh and London. Lance-Corporal Pat Clarke, a former fashion model in Manchester, "pounded the beat" in ATS uniform at Chester before being sent to Germany. Lance-Corporal Marjorie Finch, who joined the ATS in 1942, was in France as a stores clerk in 1945 and put on her red cap in 1948. A former children's nurse, she first patrolled a policewoman's beat in Piccadilly Circus.

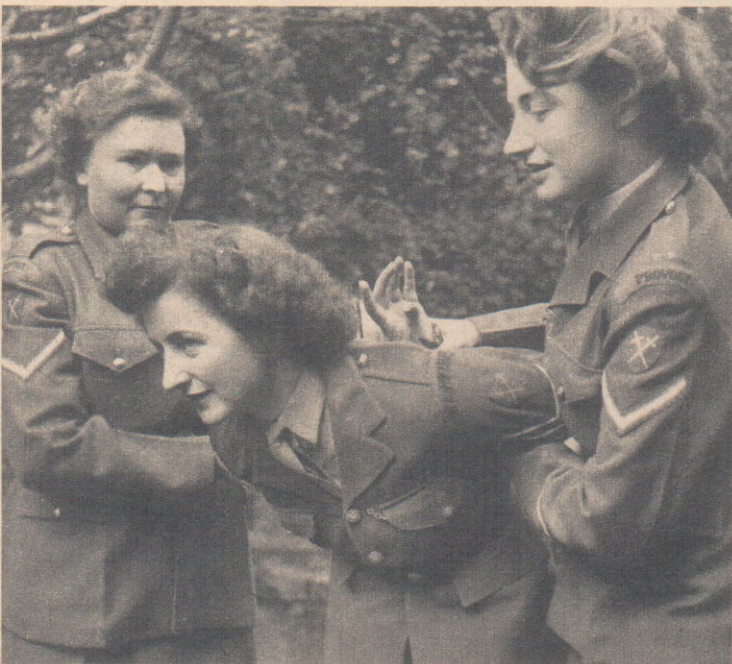
The most obstreperous "case" Rhine Army's policewomen have had to deal with recently was a four-years-old boy who was found straying at the local railway station. After screaming almost without a pause for ten minutes he suddenly ran to the serjeant's desk, swept off all the files and papers, knocked over a bottle of ink, threw an apple at the corporal and called her rude names.



On point duty in Bad Oeynhausen: Corporal Jean London. (Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski)



"All in order." Lance-Corporal Pat Clarke examines the documents of a WRAC girl going on leave. Below: Lance-Corporal Clarke and Lance-Corporal Mollie Martin practice unarmed combat on Serjeant Norah Godfrey. That's what serjeants are for.



Four in a Jeep: this mixed patrol is a familiar sight in Rhine Army's headquarters town.



# A Helping Hand

**T**HE Hook of Holland is not the loveliest landfall in the world — especially to a soldier's wife arriving, after a rough crossing, with a clutch of travel-sick children. Ahead of her (she knows) loom documentation and currency changing. And just when she needs him, her husband is whisked away.

But there are friends at hand. A team of girls from the Women's Royal Army Corps is stationed at the Hook specifically to help soldiers' families in transit.

The girls go into action quickly and methodically, gathering the passengers together, marking their luggage with chalk, holding babies when the mothers are already overloaded with suitcases, answering questions with an assuring smile. Before the mothers know it, they are being served a hot meal by Dutch waitresses in a flower bedecked dining room.

While Company Serjeant-Major Hilda Bruce and another of the girls remain in the staff office to tackle any personal problems, the rest of the team become nursemaids for a while. They relieve the mothers of their children and take them into a well-equipped nursery.

Many of the wives can speak no English. "This language difficulty is one of our greatest problems," says Captain Mary Nash. "We have had staying with us wives of almost every European nationality, also Indians and even a Chinese." Some of the girls speak a little German and Dutch, and have become efficient at sign language.

Once a woman reported that she had lost her baby. A search was organised and the child was

discovered fast asleep on a luggage rack where the mother had absent-mindedly placed it with her suitcase. Then there was the wife who suspected that her husband might desert her at the last moment before boarding ship for England and wanted one of the girls to shadow him.

Another woman who claimed she was the mother of a colonel told one of the girls to "stand to attention when you talk to me." But most travellers are grateful for the help offered — and many of them write "thank you" letters when they reach their destination.

"We get all sorts of people — the rich and the poor, the nice and the nasty — but they all receive the same treatment," says Serjeant-Major Bruce. "We are always making new friends and greeting old ones who have passed through before. There was an old lady from the East-end of London who had been to Germany to see her soldier son. As she was leaving she put a shilling in my hand and said, 'Ere you are, ducks, buy yerself a pint on me.' It nearly broke her heart when I told her I couldn't accept it."

Calling all families:  
Corporal V. Black.



The things they do for England: Lance-Corporal Gladys Bell initiates a newcomer to the nursery. Below: "It's good training for us, anyway," the girls say.

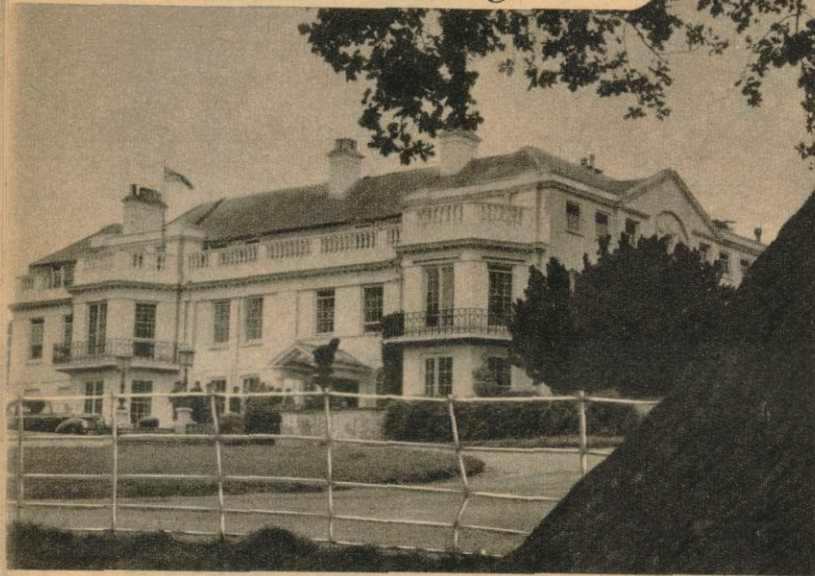


CSM Hilda Bruce (a radar operator during the war) now organizes soldiers' families at the Hook of Holland. And she lends a hand herself, as the picture shows.





### 3. The WRAC in England



Frimley Park, once lost at a game of cards, is now the Staff College of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

## 5 MONTHS - TO EARN 3 LETTERS

**F**OR the first time, the Women's Royal Army Corps has its own staff college.

It is not, of course, the first college at which women officers have been trained for staff work. During World War Two several hundred officers of the Auxiliary Territorial Service were trained on special courses at Naworth Castle or at Holloway College, Egham, and later at the ATS Staff College at Bagshot Park.

When the Bagshot college was closed down, in 1945, a number attended a co-educational course at the Junior Staff College, Camberley. Then all staff training for women stopped, as there were not enough candidates available.

The new college, at Frimley Park, near Camberley, provides a five-months course for 12 officers at a time (this number may be increased). They will be trained to take up second- and third-grade staff appointments in higher and static formations. Mostly, their work is expected to be in the "A" and "Q" branches, but there are also some "G" staff appointments suitable for women. In accordance with usage they will indicate their qualification in their official documents by putting "j.s.c." after their names.

The Commandant of the College is Colonel C. T. Mitford-Slade, lately commanding the 1st Battalion King's Royal Rifle Corps. His staff consists of two male instructors, Lieutenant-Colonel G. MacLean, and Lieutenant-Colonel N. Batchelor, and one WRAC instructor, Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. Wolf, with Major B. M. Balmer WRAC as adjutant and quartermaster.

"We have borrowed some of the Staff College exercises and adapted them for our own use," Colonel Mitford-Slade told SOLDIER. "Our students will attend certain lectures at the Staff College. Otherwise, we are self-contained."

All the uniformed domestic staff of the new college, including the commandant's driver, are members of the WRAC.

The college was opened by the Adjutant-General, General Sir John T. Crocker, who said that the need for women trained as staff officers was now fully accepted. "Never before have we felt the need for women to come along and help us more than at this moment."

The immediate benefit, he said, would be to relieve male staff officers for other duties, but beyond that there were numerous staff appointments in the Army today which could not only be well done, but better done, by women.

Frimley Park has an ancient history. The present house was built about 1760, on the site of an earlier one. George IV, when Prince of Wales, was a frequent visitor and its owner in those days lost the estate at the card table. Before World War One, the late King of Siam lived there while he was a student at the Staff College. From 1920 until 1947 it was owned by a wealthy business man, whose widow was a guest at the opening ceremony.

It has now been redecorated in light colours, except for the panelled dining-room, and has curtains and upholstery in cheerful colours. The students will be able to enjoy 30 acres of grounds, including a lake and three acres of gardens.

## EAST AFRICAN

### Panga Joins Kukri

**T**O a terrorist in the Malayan jungle, the prospect of close combat with security troops becomes less and less attractive. Already he must reckon with the British bayonet, the Gurkha kukri and the Malay kris; soon will come the East African panga.

In January two battalions of the King's African Rifles, the 1st (Nyasa) and the 3rd (Kenya), will sail for Singapore to undertake a tour of 18 months service. Once again, Africa goes to fight in Asia.

This force will be replaced by two new battalions which are to be raised immediately: the 23rd (Kenya) and the 26th (Tanganyika).

The men of the 1st and 3rd King's African Rifles are all volunteers, but they have not been asked to volunteer for posting to Malaya. An official statement emphasises that they are being posted there "in exactly the same manner as forces from the United Kingdom." Former officers of the King's African Rifles are being invited to volunteer for two years' service with the battalions.

The wider use of African troops has been advocated for a long

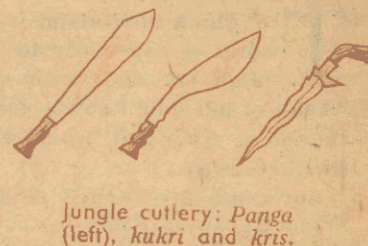
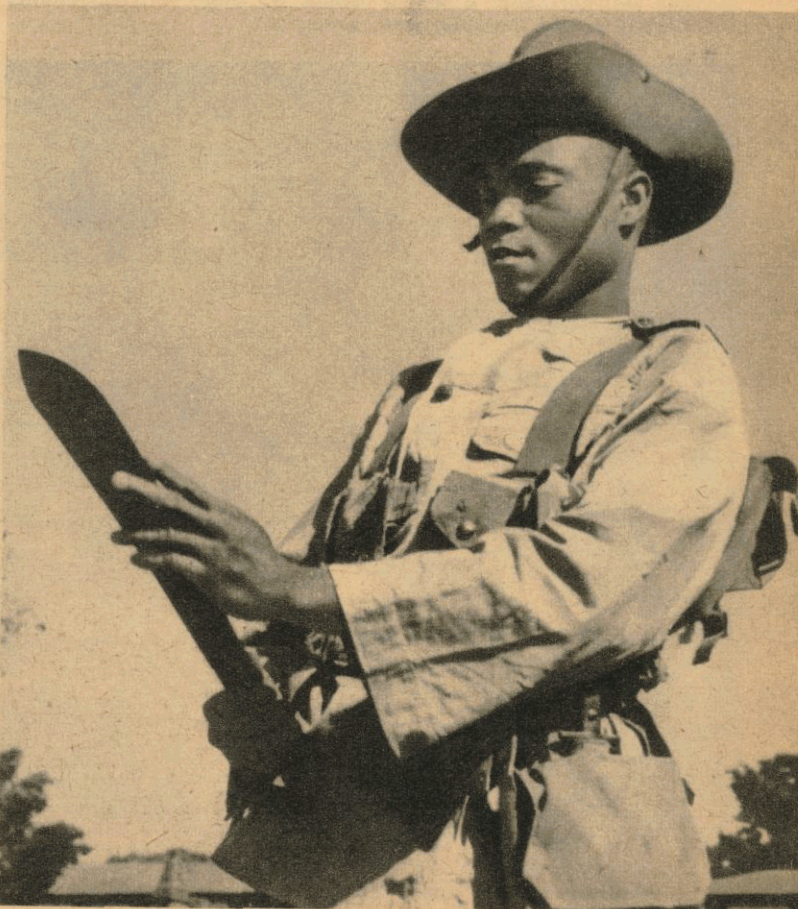
time by Members of Parliament on both sides of the House of Commons, more recently by Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. M. Alport, who served with them during World War Two. Troops from East and West Africa, say these MPs, could replace the old Indian Army as a strategic reserve in the Indian Ocean area.

Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Dowler, GOC East Africa Command, has told his troops that their overseas assignment is a new recognition of the East African soldier as a fighting man worthy to take his place alongside soldiers from other parts of the Empire.

African troops clearly showed their aptitude for jungle fighting in World War Two, the West Africans principally in Arakan and the East Africans mainly on the Chindwin.

When 14th Army surprised the Japanese by taking the offensive

A Nyasaland soldier of World War Two feels the edge of his panga. With its aid he can knock up a shelter in a few minutes, chop firewood — or make short work of an adversary.



Jungle cutlery: Panga (left), kukri and kris.

## TROOPS ARE IN THE NEWS

### and Kris

during the monsoon in the Kabaw Valley, reputedly one of the world's most unhealthy spots, it was the 11th East African Division which was chosen to advance down the "Valley of Death."

The conditions under which they fought there were, if anything, worse than those they will find in Malaya. But the men of the King's African Rifles cheerfully accepted a life in which their only comforts were what they could carry on their backs. With their long pangas they cut themselves huts and beds out of bamboo clumps. However heavy the rain, they could always light a fire.

Men who, a year or two before, were living in villages where they rarely saw even a motor-car, now manned 25-pounders, drove three-ton lorries, and collected rations dropped by supply Dakotas. When wounded, they confidently allowed themselves to be evacuated from jungle strips by light aircraft or by "snatched" gliders without a murmur.

They obediently followed the health regulations, and watched with approval aircraft spraying their areas with DDT as a precaution against the deadly tick-typhus. But one medical officer reported that he saw an African drink water from a stagnant jungle pool, then calmly swallow a purifying chlorine pill and a "de-taster" tablet.



Drill-Sergeant Ivan Edwards (note sword and pacing-stick) examines the rifle of RSM James Ndawa, King's African Rifles.

## Africans Polish up at Pirbright

**F**OR what is believed to be the first time in history, two East African soldiers have attended a course in Britain.

With boots glistening, equipment shining and wearing winter underwear to protect them against the English summer, they reported to the All Arms Drill Wing, Pirbright.

For six weeks Regimental Serjeant-Major James Ndawa

(pronounced Endor-er) of the King's African Rifles and Serjeant Saturnino Odida of the East African Armoured Corps underwent one of the most strenuous courses in the Army, run by the Brigade of Guards Training Battalion.

In the East African Training Centre at Nakuru, Kenya Colony, they had spent weeks having their drill brushed up by the British instructors attached to their unit. It was the first time they had met, although they were both in the Abyssinian campaign and both had marched in the Victory Parade in London in 1946.

At Pirbright they found themselves among 60 warrant officers and non-commissioned officers, five of whom were West Africans (there have been West Africans at Pirbright before) and two from Malaya. Their fellow students came from all arms. Some had spent most of their service on the barrack square, but one man had not drilled a squad since 1932.

Instructing them were four Guards sergeants under Drill Serjeant Ivan Edwards, of the

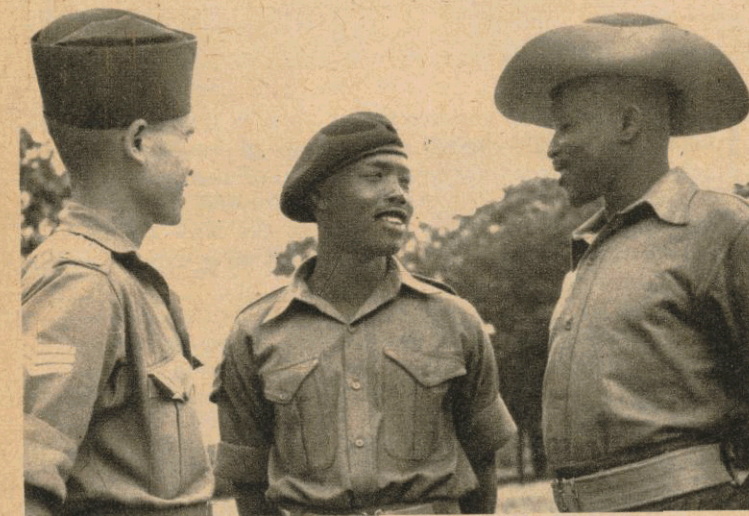
Grenadiers, a sword at his side, a pacing-stick under his arm and a voice that carried the full weight of 17 years service.

Besides drill, the students were lectured on presentation of Colours and went to London to watch the Changing of the Guard. One lecture dealing with a subject new to most students was on military funerals.

Off duty, the East Africans played darts but did not attempt billiards. At night, like most overseas students, they were given extra blankets. Even during a busy drill session they were glad of their thick underwear. Yet a Malayan serjeant suffered from sunburn on the course.

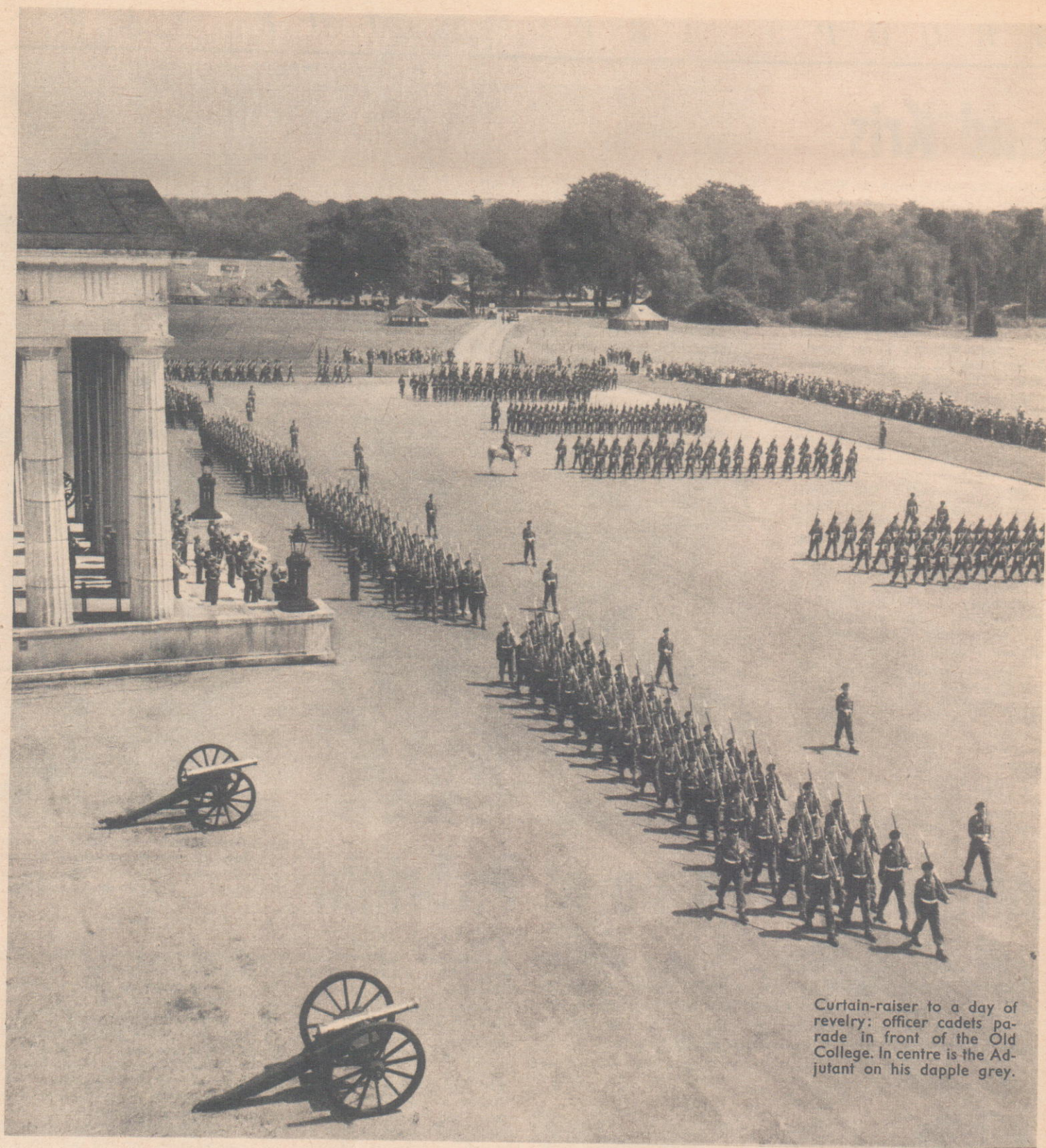
While at Pirbright the African soldiers received British rates of pay, which are higher than their own, and they took the opportunity to save money.

At the end of the course 34-year-old Regimental Serjeant-Major Ndawa (15 years service) and 32-year-old Serjeant Odida (12 years) shook their instructors by the hand and returned home by sea to take the Guards touch to the parade-grounds of East Africa.



Learning the Guards way: soldiers from Malaya (left), from East Africa and West Africa.





Curtain-raiser to a day of revelry: officer cadets parade in front of the Old College. In centre is the Adjutant on his dapple grey.

# SANDHURST GOES GAY

The post horn tooted in the grounds of the Royal Military Academy, the barkers barked in their microphones: it was an historic day

(Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE)

It's not every day you see motor cyclists jumping through hoops on the privileged greensward of Sandhurst ... or jet aircraft streaking overhead at zero feet with a noise like tearing calico ... or prams being pushed on the King's Walk ... or cocoanut shies in sight of the New College ... or even a red-sashed serjeant riding past on a bicycle with a glittering sword at his hip.

But it's not every day that the Royal Military Academy holds open house. When it does, it still contrives to keep its essential dignity, like a duchess on a helter-skelter.

The festivities, after all, were only an incident in a day which began with an inspiring parade in front of the Old College and ended with a ball attended by Princess Elizabeth. In between, Sandhurst incited its guests to toss sacks of hay over a high pole, to knock nails into sleepers, to cover an obstacle course on stilts, to record their voices, have their inmost thoughts repeated publicly by a knowledgeable skull, and to guess the height and speed of aircraft obligingly called down by the Royal Air Force.



The Academy brought out its gleaming, 90-year-old stage coach, with the Sandhurst crest on the door, and took children on a grand tour of the grounds. At the reins sat a succession of Gunner officers in grey toppers (sometimes with an Artillery tie); and at the rear rode a corporal of the Royal Military Academy Band Corps, clad in scarlet, blowing a post horn. The Gunner officers of Sandhurst are very proud of this equipage, which came over from Woolwich at the time of the great amalgamation. The turn-out wins prizes every year at agricultural shows, and the Gunners will back it against the Sappers' coach any day.

It was non-stop entertainment. On the cricket field, the Army was playing Cambridge University; elsewhere was horse jumping; elsewhere again was a physical training display; on the lake, sailboats plied for hire. And on the parade ground before the Old College the massed bands of the Guards Brigade marched and counter-marched in their scarlet.

But for many of the visitors, the day had a more serious purpose. They were there to see some of the Sandhurst show-places, which ordinarily are not show-places: the Chapel, the Library and the Indian Army Room.

The Chapel is one of the Army's most impressive places of worship. There is hardly a step, an arch, a window or a lamp which is not dedicated to a gallant memory. Each pew has its beautifully carved regimental badge, all pews being ranged in order of regimental seniority. On the main pillars are regimental rolls of those Sandhurst officers who died in World War One. It was to raise funds to complete the World War Two memorial that the "open day" was held.

In the Library is another Roll of Honour — a roster of Sandhurst's VC's. At the end of the list is a recent addition which did not escape notice. It reads:

1950 MAJOR K. MUIR Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders Korea

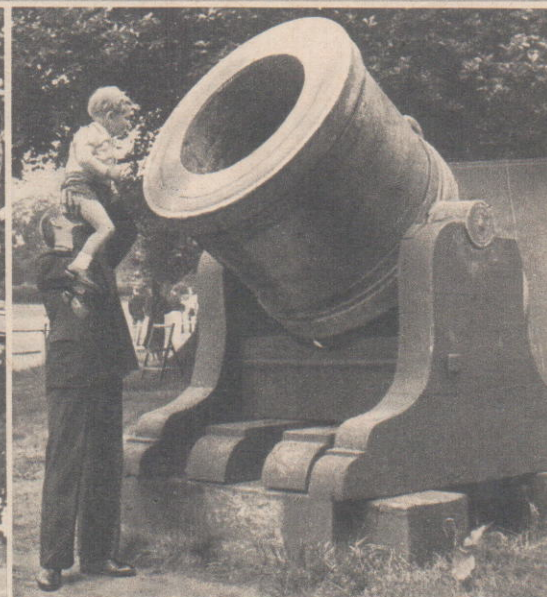
Lying on a table in the Library were albums of sporting photographs. One was opened to show the Sandhurst rugby team of 1908. There, in a striped blazer, was an inscrutable youth identified as B. L. Montgomery. Another book had two markers in it; one of these opened to show the Athletic team of 1911, revealing a handsome cadet called H. R. L. Alexander, and the other opened at the Cricket team of 1911, to feature the same player.

Behind the main entrance to the Old College, directly across the corridor, is a high hall which, since early in 1948, has been receiving relics of the old Indian Army. At various times the room has been a chapel, a cinema and a mess-room. Redecorated, it now forms a worthy setting for the rich and colourful relics of British rule in India. Here is the last of the Union Jacks which flew without intermission over the Residency at Lucknow from 1857 —

OVER



Long ago, many a coach-and-four rolled through the green grounds of Sandhurst. The Academy still maintains this 90-year-old coach, in apple-pie order. (Yes, those *are* prams beside the famous pillars!) Below, left: Corporal J. Hibbs sounds the horn ("It's really just like a straightened-out bugle"). Below, right: a peep into Sandhurst's outsize mortar.



Left: Over an obstacle course on stilts. Above: the child seated before the microphone hears her poetry recitation played back to her.



## SANDHURST (Cont'd)

the Mutiny year — to 1947. Here, under the portrait of General Sam Browne VC, are the braided, brilliant uniforms of Probyn's Horse, the Madras Light Cavalry, the Bengal Fusiliers, the Baluchistan Infantry, the Royal Bombay Sappers and Miners and a dozen more regiments famous in India's story. Here is the treasure chest of the infamous Tippoo Sahib, captured at Seringapatam and later used as a regimental cash chest; and here the Sam Browne belt presented by the designer himself to Field-Marshal Lord Roberts; and here a statuette of the meteoric General Nicholson, who cleft a man in two with his sword during the Mutiny.

And there are older relics... letters of Warren Hastings, and a model of Fort William, Bengal presented to King George III in 1794 — a fascinating lay-out, rich with bastions, redoubts, counter-guards, ravelins, arsenals, magazines, shops, reservoirs, sluices and all the requisites of a citadel in which an army might find itself besieged for weeks.

It is a fine room, the Indian Army Room. And many more relics will be laid up there as the years pass.

### FOOTNOTE:

Yes, there was one traditional attraction they did not stage at Sandhurst. The Adjutant did not ride his horse up the steps.



Since the British Army left India, relics of the Indian Army have been gathered in this hall at Sandhurst. Coats-of-arms of all Commanders-in-Chief, from the official Residence at Simla, are mounted on the walls. On the right of the stained glass window is the last of the Union Jacks which flew without break over Lucknow. (Photographs on this page were taken by special permission).



Two boys from Charterhouse admire the rich uniforms of the old Indian Army. Right: The Chapel at Sandhurst. On the main pillars are regimental rolls of honour of World War One. Each pew bears a different regimental crest.







RSM J. R. Laing MBE, DCM checks the serjeants' mess silver of the 15/19th Hussars. The clock in the centre chimes the regimental march each hour. Below: The twin trumpeters — Troopers John and Peter Goodwillie—who are also seen on the cover of this issue, pose in front of the Regiment's World War One memorial.

**Well set up in silver is the Regiment which rescued one Emperor and nearly captured another**

## 100 BOXES OF HISTORY

**N**O regiment likes to be separated from its silver. After World War Two ended, it was not long before jealously guarded crates were on their way to Germany, to Austria, to North Africa, to Egypt, to the West Indies, where their glittering contents were proudly set out once more in regimental messes.

When the 15/19th The King's Royal Hussars moved to new barracks in Germany recently they packed and unpacked more than 100 specially constructed boxes. These contained, not only the officers' mess and serjeants mess collections of silver (together worth more than £20,000) but famous oil paintings and drawings depicting the 15th and 19th Regiments in action on the battlefields of Europe, Africa, India and America since 1759 and scores of irreplaceable trophies.

It is not necessary to plough through the regimental history books to learn of the stirring deeds of the two regiments. Almost every trophy tells its own story.

In the officers' mess is one of the original helmets belonging to a trooper of Elliott's Light Horse (as the 15th Regiment was known when it was first raised in 1759). The helmet bears engraved on a brass plate the word "Emsdorf"

**OVER**



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## 100 BOXES OF HISTORY (Continued)

and the reversed fleur-de-lys of France to commemorate the British victory at Emsdorf in Germany in 1760, during the Seven Years War.

Of the action at Emsdorf, when the Regiment forced five battalions to surrender and captured 16 Colour standards, a German historian wrote: "The bravery with which Elliott's Light Horse fought fills the whole (Prussian) Army with amazement." The Germans were to be equally amazed, in quite a different fashion, some 190 years later when the tanks of the 15/19th Hussars swept across the Westphalian plains and captured Luneburg in the final days of World War Two.

In 1765 the title "The 15th The King's Light Dragoons" was conferred by King George the Third. Both the King and his son George the Fourth were great friends of the Regiment. It was King George the Third who gave permission for officers' mess servants of the Regiment to wear the Royal Liveries. The Regiment still has several of these liveries which are worn at least once a week on regimental dinner nights.

Among the silver which adorns the officers' mess table is a vase with this inscription: "Presented to the House Pigeon Club by King George the Fourth, president of the club. The King sent experts to faithfully reproduce the well-known fountain at the Vatican, Rome and it is the original of many reproductions. — Presented by Lieut. R. Coke on leaving the Regiment on promotion to the 14 Hussars, 1888."

The 15th embarked for Flanders in 1793 to fight in the war against France, which was to last for 22 years. They took part in the famous charge against the French artillery at Villiers-en-Cauchies when one farrier of the Regiment killed 22 Frenchmen with his sword. Although this sword has been lost there remain several others which were wielded to

great effect against the King's enemies at that time.

During this battle the 15th saved the life of the Austrian Emperor who, in honour of the feat, granted permission for the Regiment to wear the Austrian lace pattern on their standards and trophies and ordered eight special gold medals to be struck and presented to eight officers who were largely responsible for his rescue. In 1898 it was found that all the original medals had disappeared, so the Emperor Franz Josef the First had several medals re-struck, one of which he presented to the Regiment. On the wall hangs an oil painting of the rescue of the Emperor.

The Regiment also treasures a letter written by the poet and philosopher, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, to his brother, describing Army life in those days. Coleridge enlisted under the name of Silas Tomkin Comberbach, as a trooper in the 15th Hussars in 1793 to escape imprisonment for debt. He served for only four months, being discharged on the ground of insanity!

The Regiment was renamed the 15th The King's Hussars in 1807. This brought about many changes in uniform and equipment, and among other innovations officers and men were all ordered to grow moustaches. The rest of the Army thought this was affected and referred to them disrespectfully as "those hairy-mouthed little fellows."

A year later the Hussars sailed for the Spanish Peninsula to fight under Sir John Moore against Napoleon's armies. In the officers' mess hangs a painting which depicts the rout at Sahagun by the 15th of a complete brigade of French Cavalry, which inspired the Regiment's famous song "The Perfect Cavalry Battle." This later became the regimental march. Also commemorating the battle is a clock, presented by a Colonel



Early in the nineteenth century the 15th Hussars were ordered to grow moustaches—like this trooper. They were mocked as "those hairy-mouthed little fellows." — By courtesy of the Parker Gallery.

of the Regiment, which chimes the march every hour in the serjeants' mess ante-room. In 1813, the 15th were back in the Peninsula, this time under the Duke of Wellington. On 30 May in that year, while crossing the River Esla, the 51st Regiment (now the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) were swept away by the swirling

current of the flooded river. The 15th rescued many of them by swimming their horses into mid-stream and dragging the survivors ashore, clinging to the stirrups. Each year until 1939 the two regiments held a sports competition to commemorate the occasion. Today telegrams of congratulation are exchanged.

There is also in the serjeants' mess a painting of the Battle of Vittoria, following which the French were driven out of Spain.

Left: The famous Emsdorf helmet, reminder of a battle in which the 15th forced five battalions to surrender.

Below: Capt. E. Cresswell MC shows two historic hooves: one belonged to the Regiment's last horse to survive Waterloo, the other to the Regiment's last horse to serve in World War One.





A curious relic of this famous battle is a silver plate which is part of the officers' mess silver collection. Engraved on it are these words: "Obtained from the baggage of the French Army on the night after the battle of Vittoria by a Hussar of the 15th Regiment and presented to his Captain, the Honourable William Erskine Cochrane, in bivouac on the following morning on perceiving him eating his breakfast without a plate on 21 June 1813."

Following the rout of General Soult's French Army the 15th Hussars pressed all the way from Spain to Boulogne over many of the roads which, 100 years later in World War One, were to resound again to the tramp of their feet and the drumming of their horses' hooves.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba the 15th were again ordered to France and fought with great distinction at the Battle of Waterloo. The Hussars retain Napoleon's cloak and pocket book, captured by Corporal Henry Rolfe, a member of a 15th Hussars patrol which almost caught Napoleon in his headlong flight from the battlefield.

The rest of the century was uneventful for the 15th. In 1914 they went to Flanders as divisional cavalry, fighting side by side with the 19th Royal Hussars, with whom they were amalgamated in 1922 to become the 15/19th The King's Royal Hussars.

The 19th had spent most of their early service in India and scores of paintings and silver trophies bear witness to their brilliant record there. They were lent to the Directors of the Honourable East India Company in 1782. The Regiment was then commanded by Lieut-Colonel John Floyd, who transferred from the 15th Hussars. The name of Floyd continued unbroken in the Regiment from that date until 1950, when the last of the line—Lieutenant David Floyd—was killed in a road accident in Germany while serving with the present Regiment. In World War Two Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd, Colonel of the Regiment, was Chief of Staff of Eighth Army.

The 19th fought against the infamous Tippoo Sahib of Mysore and then at the Battle of Seringapatam in 1792 and the siege of Pondicherry. In the Mahratta War in 1803 they came under the command of the Duke of Wellington (then Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley) and were in the van at the Battle of Assaye, described by Wellington as the bloodiest battle he had ever known.

In 1813 they were sent to Canada and fought in the swamps and forests around the great lakes against the Americans. They were disbanded in 1821 but revived again in 1858. One of the most interesting of the relics of World War One, when both regiments were in the retreat from Mons, the Battles of Ypres, the Somme and Amiens, is a trumpet which was used to sound the regimental call of the 15th Hussars at Cologne at the end of the war.

In World War Two the 15/19th Hussars, who were mechanised in 1938, suffered heavy losses in the retreat to Dunkirk and on the beaches. Four years later they returned to France in their Cromwell tanks with 11th Armoured Division. The Regiment provided the escort at the arrest of Admiral Doenitz and his temporary German Government at Flensburg.

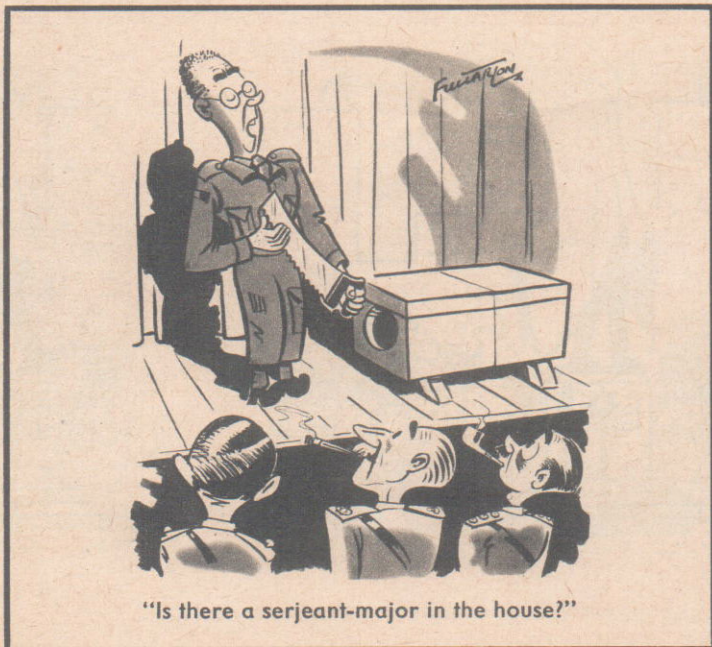
At the entrance to their barracks in Germany today stand two huge brass gongs, suspended from chromium-plated stands, on which are inscribed the names of all the officers and men of the Regiment who lost their lives in the two world wars.

It is very much a family regiment. The fathers of many present officers and men served in it, and one man, Trooper C. Welling, has the distinction of being the fourth generation of his family to have soldiered with the Regiment. The father of the present Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. A. E. Peyton, also commanded the 15/19th Hussars.

Among the present officers are two sets of brothers, three whose brothers were previously in the Regiment, six whose fathers and four whose uncles served in the 15/19th.

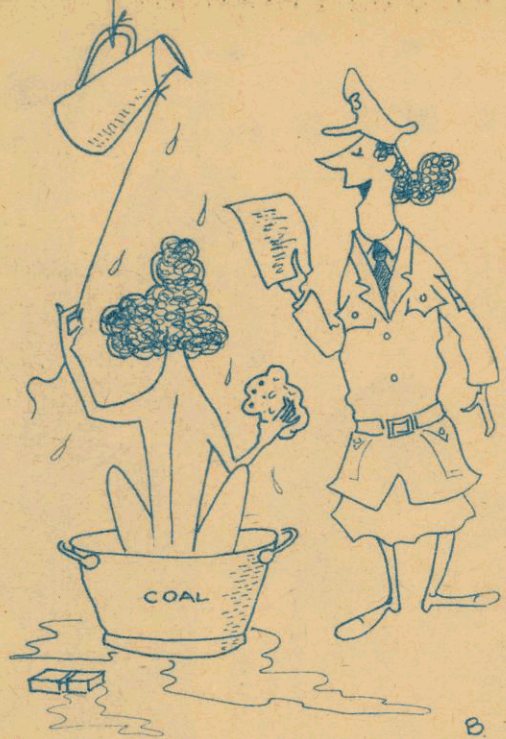


King George the Third gave permission for the Royal Livery to be worn by the Regiment's mess servants. Here Corporal H. Wain, the officers' mess caterer, prepares for regimental dinner night. Below: This trumpet sounded the regimental call as the 15th crossed the Rhine at Cologne in World War One.

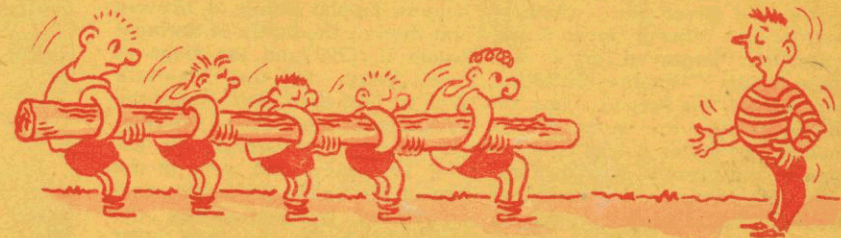


"Is there a serjeant-major in the house?"

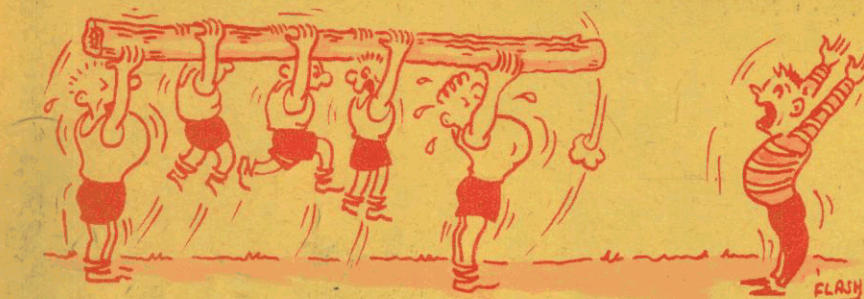




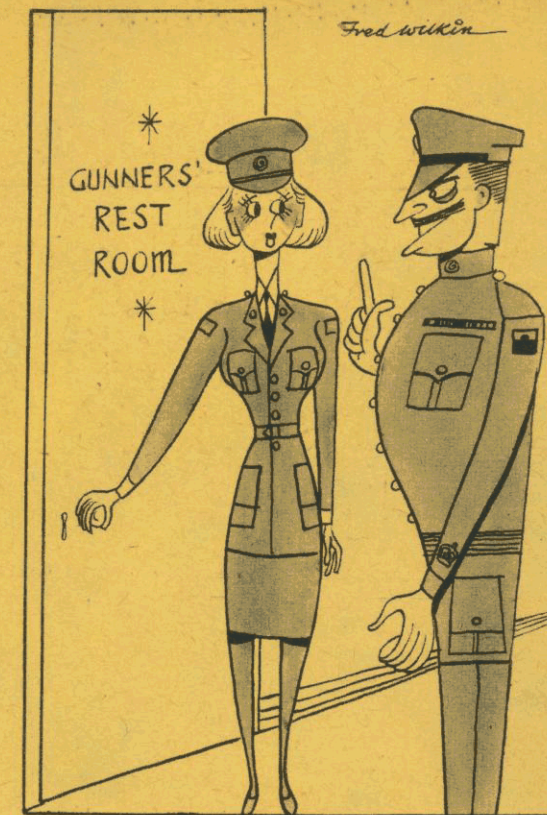
"You will be pleased to know that next week the Garrison Commander has promised to give us all a bath."



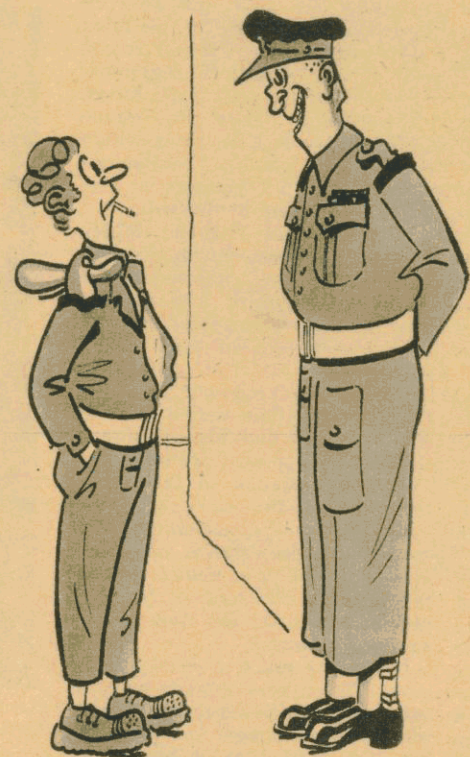
"All together, now ———"



"——— LIFT!"



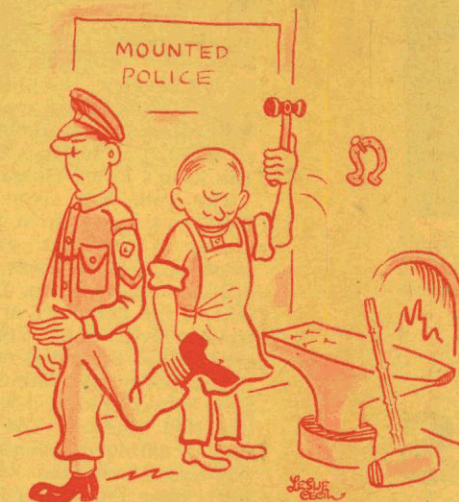
"Now remember, you go in, say, 'I want two volunteers,' then slip out again smartly."



BRUCE WILLIAMS

"Well, well, Cinderella going to the fancy dress ball!"

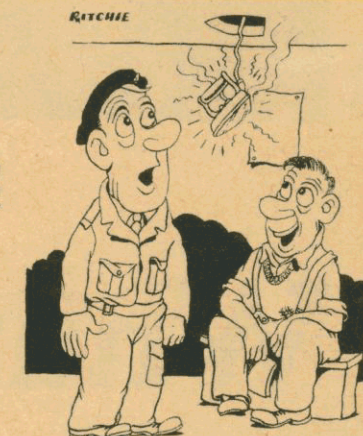
## Soldier Humour



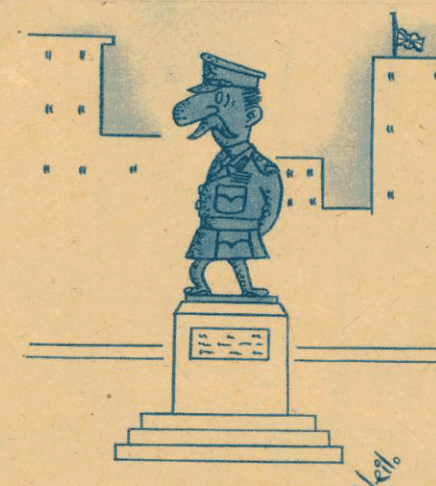
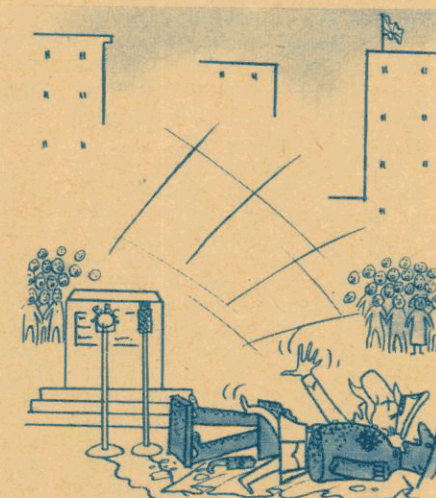
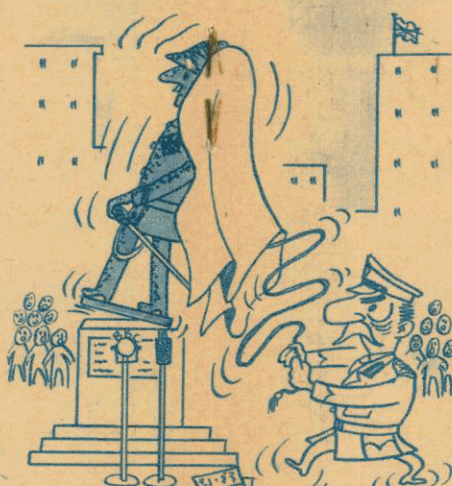
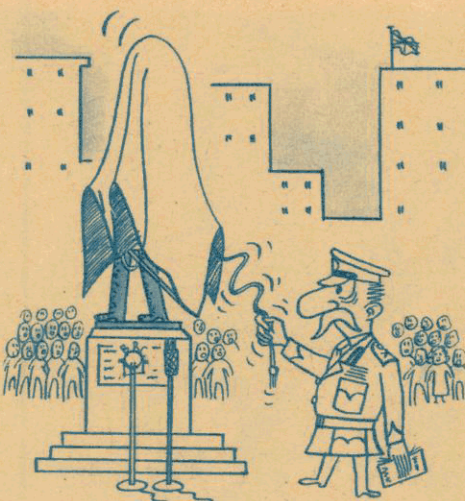
"It's going to be the devil of a job getting boiling lead out of this chain mail."



"I see No. 2 Platoon have got their iron repaired again."



"Here it is, gentlemen — 'A day for decisions. Lucky colour khaki.'"

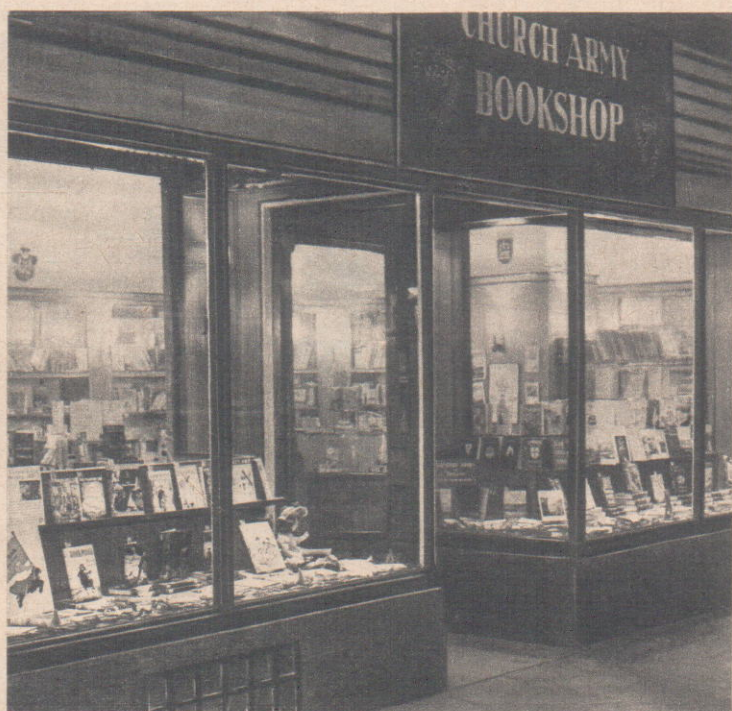






Generals like to relax with a book, too; especially (as in this instance) after a front-line tour. **SOLDIER** regrets that, even with magnifying glasses, it has been unable to decipher the titles of the books in the hands of Field-Marshal Viscount Alexander and General Sir Richard McCreery.

# What the Army Reads



This Hamburg bookshop operated by the Church Army reported an astonishing run on a lively novel about post-war Hamburg.

**F**ROM time to time readers of **SOLDIER** have written in to deplore the reading tastes of the young soldier — "all comics and Westerns."

It is quite true that young soldiers *do* read comics and Westerns (so do millions of civilians of comparable age). But the Army also reads T. S. Eliot and Christopher Fry. It ploughs admiringly through Mr. Winston Churchill's volumes on World War Two. It studies Trevelyan's social history. It soaks up an endless stream of teach-yourself books and German grammars. And (in Klagenfurt, Austria) it even orders sets of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," which costs as much as a modest television set.

The organisation which has a good idea what the soldier reads is the Services Central Book Depot, in London. There, **SOLDIER** discovered, they are far from despondent over the Army's taste in literature. **SOLDIER** was invited to look through the day's orders from Services bookshops overseas. There were occasional requests for novels with sensational titles, true, but they were reduced to insignificance by requests for serious-minded works, for books on languages and photography, Continental guides and maps, and "self-educators" of all kinds — including treatises on bridge and canasta and such titles as "Cocktails and

How To Mix Them" (the last being always a good selling line in the Army).

There is no doubt that the Army is still very interested in books about World War Two (most of which are reviewed in **SOLDIER**). "Rommel," by Brigadier Desmond Young, sold more than 3000 copies in Services bookshops. Other best-sellers were — and are — "The Wooden Horse," "The Jungle Is Neutral," "Enemy Coast Ahead," "The Great Escape," "Ill Met By Moonlight," "Private Army," "Happy Odyssey," "Operation Cicero," "The Red Beret" and "The Green Beret." And the Army is always ready to read personal stories





In Korea, what better relaxation than a story about gunplay and sudden death? The battlefield is hardly the place for serious reading, though there is always somebody who carries a favourite classic even in the line.

**The Army's taste in literature is better than many people imagine. Since World War Two, Services bookshops in garrisons overseas have helped to keep the soldier up-to-date**

of derring-do — like "The Kon-Tiki Expedition."

One novel which had an outstanding success in Rhine Army was Geoffrey Cotterell's "Randle in Springtime," which told of the temptations and misadventures of a weak-willed Army lieutenant in the racket-ridden Hamburg of just after the war. The Church Army bookshop in Hamburg sold this novel, not by the score, but by the hundred; then other bookshops in Rhine Army began to experience a run on it. So far the Hamburg shop has sold nearly 400 copies out of a total Rhine Army sale of over 900. Normally, the Army's tastes in literature run to Peter Cheyney, Dennis Wheatley, Leslie Charteris, C. S. Forester, Nevil Shute, Somerset Maugham, Agatha Christie, Marguerite Steen, Thorne Smith, A. J. Cronin, H. E. Bates and Graham Greene.

Soldiers' wives and children make extensive use of the Services bookshops too. Almost any day's orders will include requests for picture-books for very small children, books about trains, cookery books (price no object) and fashion publications.

There is nothing to distress a sociologist unduly in the breakdown of the magazines supplied to Services bookshops (especially if he can convince himself that some of those copies of "Beano," "Dandy" and "The Wizard" are really going to soldiers' children). He will note without surprise that the weekly paper "Reveille" (the circulation of which has rocketed from 70,000 to 2,500,000 since 1948) is in heavy demand — one bookshop has orders for 500 copies. He may be surprised to find that, while a headquarters town like Bad Oeynhausen shows a certain expected interest in the literature of horses, dogs, guns and cocktails, it also orders the magazines "Poultry," "Draper's Record," "The Scottish Farmer" and "Practical Needlework."

Altogether there are now some 32 Services bookshops overseas: five in the Canal Zone of Egypt, one at Tripoli, one at Benghazi, 21 in Rhine Army, two in Austria, one in Trieste and one at Fontainebleau. Mr. R. A. Ker, manager of the Services Central Book Depot, told **SOLDIER** that he hopes in due course

**OVER**

## NO LOVE STORIES, UNLESS ...

**M**ORE clues to what soldiers read were contained in a recent article by Frau Alice Langen in the journal of the Royal Army Educational Corps.

Frau Langen told how she had worked since the war in a British Army unit library in Germany — "and in these five years that I do this job there has not been a single one who took offence in my being a German advising British soldiers what to read."

"I gave never a crime-book or a Western to a soldier who was uncertain [what to read], because those who have already tasted crime and Westerns do not like to read a different type of book, and it needs much persuasion to make them read something better."

"The soldiers do not usually want love stories (except they are in love themselves, and that only lasts a short time) but adventure books, of course... They want to know more about foreign countries, only the books must not be written in an abstract way but have to have a plot which keeps them interested. And then it is always the same: they want books on foreign countries connected with the last war. From year to year the wish of the young soldier increases to know about the last war... They do not know anything about those six years of a burning world. Now, being themselves soldiers in Germany, the so much hated country during those six years, their interest increases and they want to build their own opinions."

Sometimes Frau Langen found herself regretting that Fusilier Smith got hold of "that spy book with all its hatred against Germany," or that Fusilier Jones had picked up a gruesome book, "as he is a very sentimental boy." She adds: "But of course I was very proud when we received the 'Rommel' book and had soon to ask for a second copy as it was asked too much."

Frau Langen also noted that young soldiers were astonishingly keen on stories about the supernatural — "we never have enough books on this subject, never."



## What the Army Reads (Continued)

to the Far East. Except in Benghazi, where the sale of books is the responsibility of the Royal Army Educational Corps, all the Services bookshops are operated by the various civilian welfare organisations of the CVWW. Any profits made are used partly to offset the costs of running canteens and clubs, which often show a loss; thus a bookshop can be an amenity which helps to sustain other amenities.

The usual practice, when a new bookshop is opened, is for the Depot to send out a representative to coach the staff and get the shop over its teething troubles.

One of the shops with the biggest turn-over in books, bigger than that of most bookshops in Britain, is the one run by the YMCA at Fayid, in the Canal Zone.

Only Servicemen and their families can use Services bookshops, a rule which causes heart-burning in certain quarters. The shop in Tripoli had hardly been opened before a letter appeared in "The Sunday Ghibli" from a local resident, saying that such a fine array of books had not been seen in the town for long enough, and why couldn't the more cultured citizens of Tripoli use the shop too.

The Services Central Book Depot supplies books, not only to Service shops, but to unit libraries everywhere. It caters also for the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy.

The Depot had its origins during World War Two, when it was created and operated by Army Welfare. Vast quantities of literature were sent to units in all theatres of war, and whenever possible static garrisons were helped to build up libraries. After the war the then Director of Army Welfare Services, Major-General J. M. L. Grover, decided that a bookshop ought to be one of the soldier's permanent amenities of peacetime. The Depot was an expensive commitment in manpower, however; and eventually the Army decided to hand it over to a private concern — Messrs W. H. Smith and Son Ltd — which was well able to take the job in its stride, and which undertook to develop the Depot along declared policy lines.

At the same time the firm took over the supplying of newspapers to troops overseas. At present some 20,000 daily newspapers and 30,000 Sunday newspapers are dispatched to troops in Europe and the Middle East. Most of the garrisons in Rhine Army receive their newspapers on the day of publication; so do soldiers in Vienna and even in Tripoli.

At one time Trieste received its papers on the same day. They were flown to Brussels, thence by a second aircraft to Milan, where they were unloaded and rushed across the city on to a third aircraft for Trieste. Now, through a reshuffle of Italian air services, the papers must make the last lap by train, with the result that they arrive in Trieste the day after publication. But at least the Depot has done its best.

# Much Fuss about Fainting

**"WHEN no man faints on parade it is not news; when one man faints on a large parade, it is," said the *The Times* in a recent leading article.**

The article was inspired by a series of letters *The Times* had published, following the news of faintings by members of parades all over Britain, from young girls to Guardsmen.

The correspondence was started by Dr. E. P. Sharpey-Schafer of St. Thomas's Hospital, who dismissed the theories that only weaklings fainted; that indulgence in alcohol the night before, and lack of breakfast on the day, might be blamed; and that pressure of a bearskin on the brain was a deciding factor (a Member of Parliament's theory).

Normal people, said Dr. Sharpey-Schafer, would faint if they lost enough blood and the supply to the brain was inadequate. Standing still caused blood to accumulate in the lower part of the body, with much the same effect, and standing to attention in heat made matters worse.

"The erect posture in man is maintained only precariously... In the course of his biological history man seems to have developed no defence against this posture: it is all the more remarkable that it should have been chosen for military ceremonial. It is, perhaps, too much to hope that we are sufficiently civilised to abandon an established tradition."

Two days later Dr. Stanley Rivlin, of Harley Street, said that if a soldier could be trained to contract and relax his calf and thigh muscles from time to time,

he could keep an adequate supply of blood to the brain.

Mr. P. F. Fitzgerald of Cheltenham said no fit man would faint who remembered to put his weight on the forward part of his feet and not on his heels, and Mr. E. Grey Turner of Taplow, Buckinghamshire, thought occasional standing at ease and coming to attention again, or marching a few paces, would have the desired effect.

Mr. Turner introduced a new note. "There is a strong psychological element in fainting, and a man who is determined not to faint is most unlikely to do so." He added that the public became needlessly concerned if a man who fainted was left lying on the ground, but this was the simplest way to promote recovery.

"Ex-Guardsman" wanted to know why privates fainted on parade and officers did not, and how it was that a "few strong words of encouragement from some non-commissioned officer would stop mass fainting." Dr. Rivlin suggested that the reason fewer officers fainted was that there were fewer officers on parade and that officers as a body did not remain motionless throughout a parade. (*The Times* leader-writer, on the other hand, thought the answer lay in education and sense of responsibility).

Next, M. Havard of Ampleforth College said he had tried Dr. Rivlin's method of moving the thigh and calf muscles "without the slightest effect" and had collapsed. Dr. Rivlin retorted that the method must be practised and

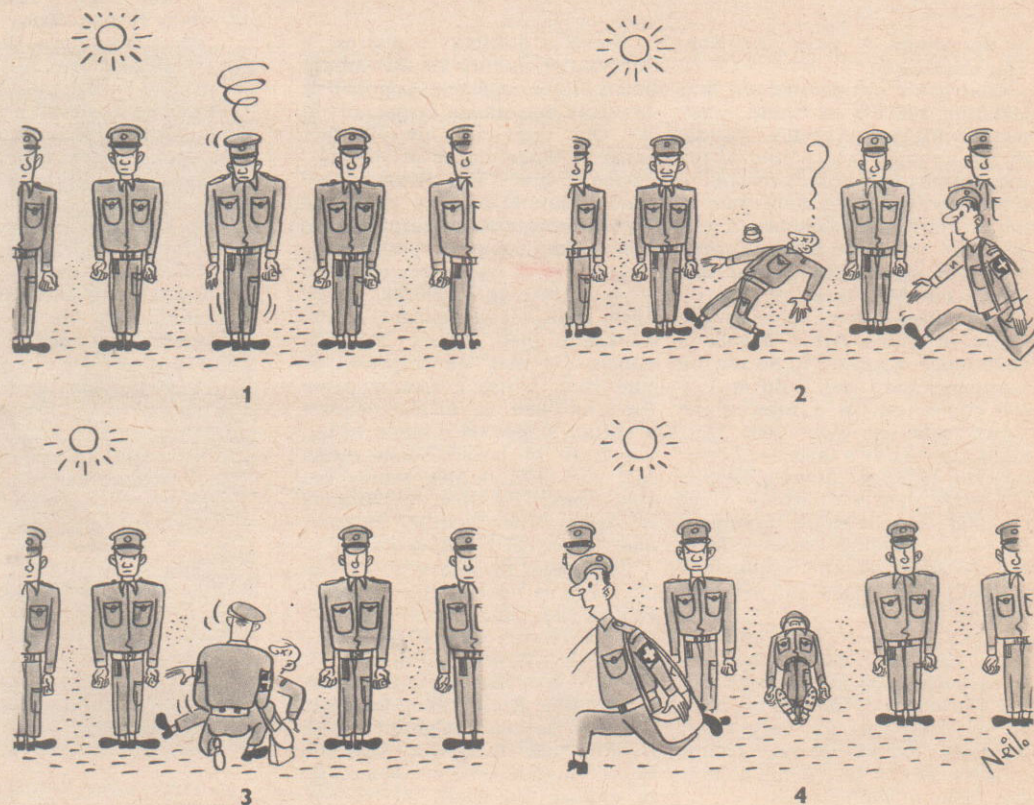
carried out all through a parade; it was useless to wait until the symptoms of faintness began.

Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds wrote that in 40 years as a cadet and an officer (1879—1919) he never saw or heard of a man fainting on parade. He did not think the rigid vertical position was altogether the cause of modern fainting; when he was GSO 1 of a division in 1911-14 and very occasionally a man fell down or out on a training march, the cause was always investigated and found to be excess of some kind.

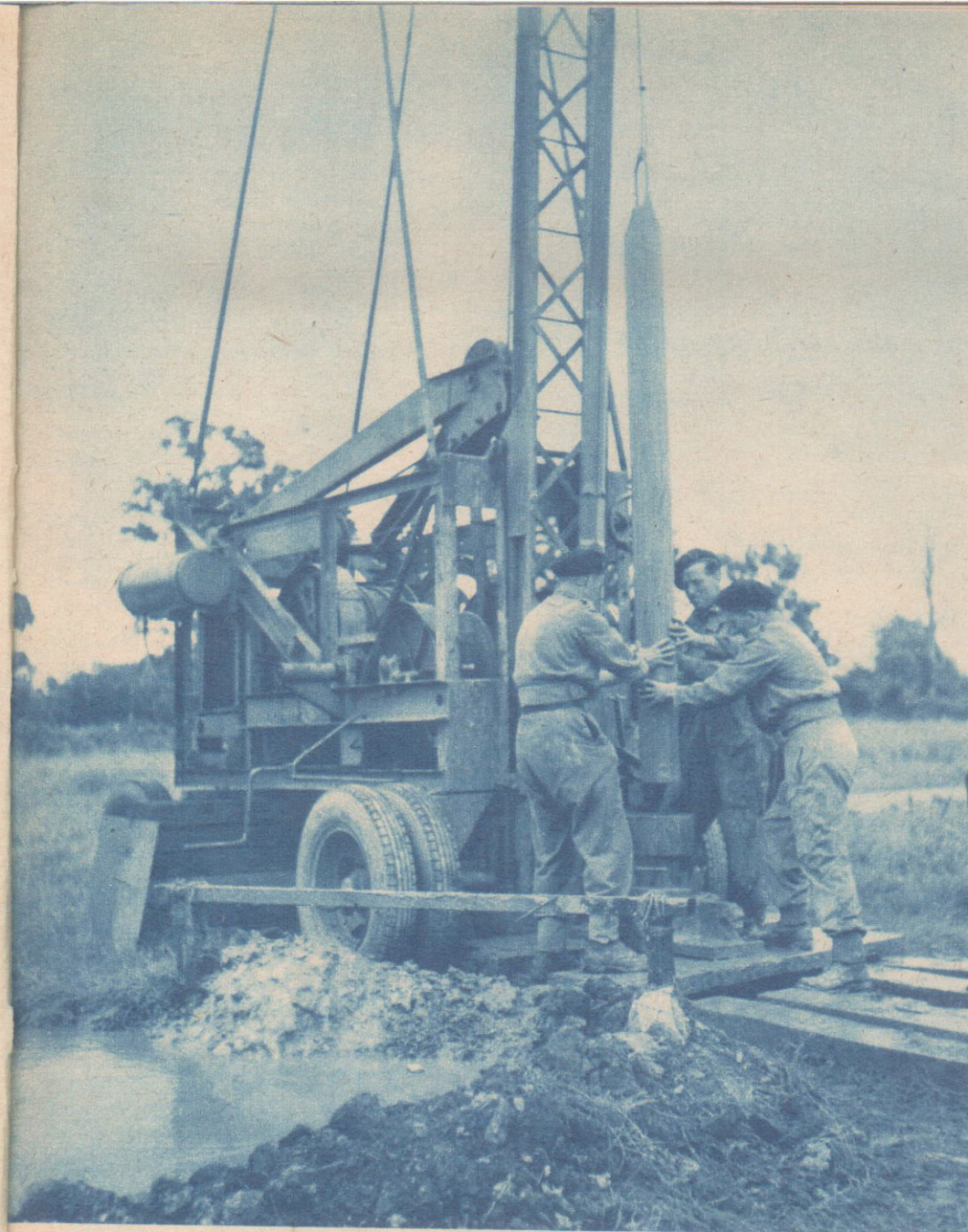
*The Times* leader-writer dismissed the suggestion that ceremonial parades should be abolished, but went on: "It must be confessed that, whatever the sins of the Army and its sister services, they do not lie in cutting things fine when a parade is in prospect."

Troops nowadays were not kept standing about as long as once was the case, but even now the waiting period was sometimes over long, *The Times* thought.

"The seasoned warrant officer might go to bed half an hour later than usual (and not without alcoholic refreshment) and his bearskin might behave most viciously, but he would still not faint because that would be outside his tradition... Again, Guardsman Jones would certainly not faint if Guardsman Smith did not start the ball rolling... Critics of the fainters should not forget the vagaries of the climate with which they have to compete. The troops who have suffered from unpleasantly cold feet during rehearsals may find themselves with unpleasantly hot heads on the day."







Serjeant-Major Harold Gorbett, Supplementary Reserve (left), shows his men one of the six-inch bits which "percuss" their way down to water. Some bits are of 12-inch diameter.

One of the problems of well-boring is sludge. A tall cylindrical baler is lowered into the shaft (top, left), and its contents spilled out (below). Photographs: **SOLDIER** Cameraman **LESLIE A. LEE**.

In the Shakespeare country **SOLDIER** found two units of the "spare time Army" rehearsing their specialist roles. If a war comes, their tasks will be —

# Boring and Blasting

**W**HATEVER secrets Science taps in future wars, from improved uses of atomic energy to superior forms of dehydrated foods, the soldier in action will still face the age-old problem of hunting for fresh water.

Not only water to drink, but water for hospitals and water for stirring into the concrete used in forward defence posts, airfield runways and supply roads.

In peace the soldier, like the housewife, turns the tap without bothering very much where the water originates. Even in places like Cyrenaica, where the supply comes over land and sea, the Army does not go dry.

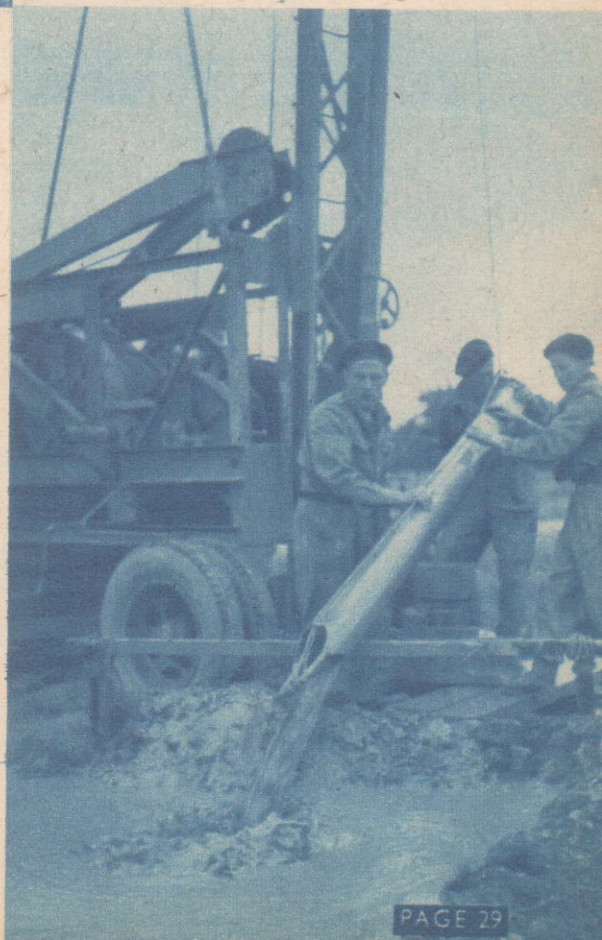
In war, when saturation bombing has smashed the pipelines, contaminated the reservoirs and obliterated the pumping stations, the soldier has to sink his own well wherever the tide of battle casts him. Sometimes he has to go down only a few

feet. Sometimes an Army well may be four times as deep as Nelson's Column is high.

The Army does not maintain Regular well-boring units. This job it delegates to the Supplementary Reserve. Once a year it calls them out to practise their hand at boring narrow shafts into the crust of the Warwickshire landscape not a dozen miles from Stratford-on-Avon.

Shakespeare would not recognise Long Marston today. A disused airfield, a mass of Nissen

OVER





## Boring and Blasting

(Continued)

huts and a wired-in Royal Engineer stores depot overshadow the village.

Here, this summer, came the 401st and 402nd Well-Boring Troops of the Supplementary Reserve, bringing with them their mobile percussion drilling rig, a large crane-like machine which sinks a heavy bit into the earth until water is reached. The bit is comparable to a giant nail which is picked up and dropped in quick succession until it has penetrated to the required depth. (An alternative make of machine often used revolves a drill in the manner of a brace and bit).

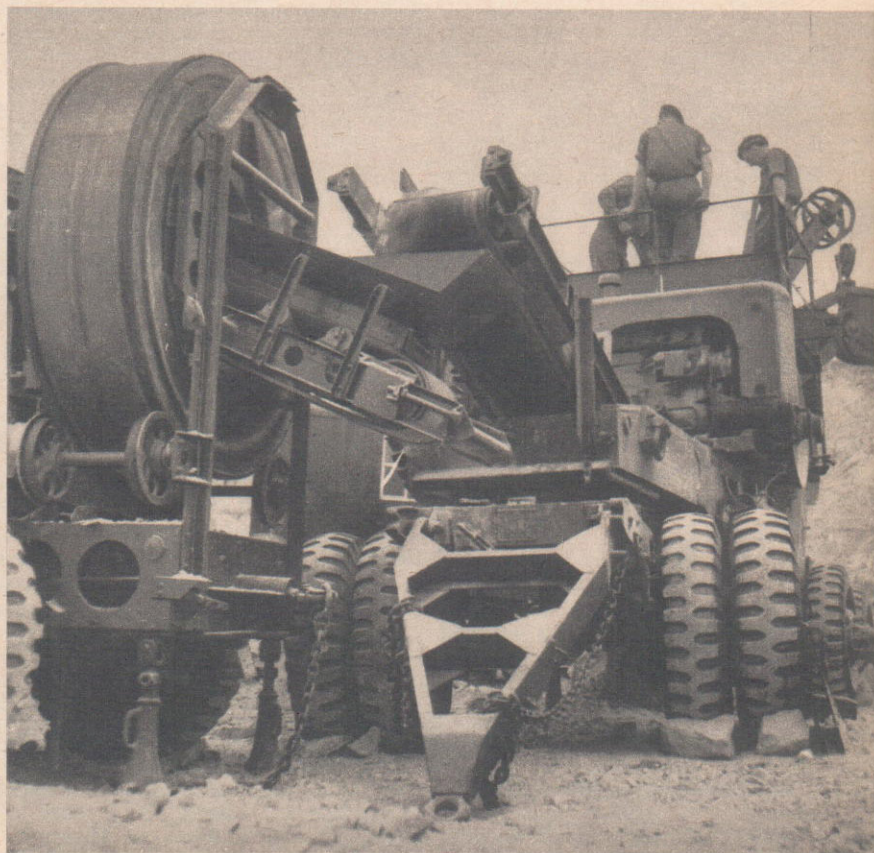
Not all the men were Supplementary Reservists. Many were from "Z" Reserve, and not all of these had been engaged in well-boring before. A well-boring troop (which contains four crews each of 12 men) needs drivers and mechanics in addition to well specialists.

Sapper Frederick Bunn, of Bolton, a "Z" man, is a tannery worker and when last in the Army served with an airborne field company. To him boring for water was a novelty. But Serjeant-Major Harold Gorbett, of Grimsby, a Supplementary Reservist, had bored wells for 16 years. During the war he was with No. 5 Section, formed of employees of a civilian well-boring firm which was turned into an Army unit (SOLDIER April 1947). He was brought in from outside to make up strength, and served with the Section in the Western Desert, Italy and Palestine. He has forgotten how many shafts he helped to sink in the Middle East, but the total ran into hundreds. "Not all of them hit water. One has to sink shafts until water is found," he said.

One of the Army's "funnies," a mobile stone crusher, is here being loaded by an excavator. Civilian quarrymen use the same kind of machine, but theirs are usually static.

Below: Out of the bowels of the crusher comes a pile of "aggregate," suitable for road-making.

Right: Another view of the stone crusher, with its giant drum.







The machine that everyone wants to try out. Sapper H. Samways is getting his hand in again.

One well he will never forget was near Akaba. It went down 700 feet.

Captain Douglas Mutch, of Romford, is an electrical engineer, but bored wells in India and Burma while with the Indian Army. The water was pumped into "packall" containers for the Chindits and amphibious troops of the 15th Indian Corps.

The mobile percussion drill at Long Marston was the latest type. It bit into the ground at a speed of 42 strokes a minute. Periodically the men withdrew the twelve-inch bit and inserted the sludge baler; this drew up quantities of grey Warwickshire clay which reaches down for 100 feet.

Major Charles Street, in charge of military training, said: "The men spend half their time here boring and the rest revising their weapon training and field work. We have four instructors and a 'circus' of lecturers and demonstrators in mine detecting."

Eight miles away, over the border of Gloucestershire, more Supplementary Reservists and "Z" men dug into the rich Cotswold limestone of Long Hill, which rises above Chipping Campden. These men of 751st Quarry Squadron, who come from all over Britain, would be called on in time of war to dig out the rock and stone needed for roads, defence posts and airfields. In Long Hill's Cotstone quarry they

trained on road breakers (the pneumatic drills of civilian road gangs), jack hammers, face shovels and stone crushing plants.

The quarry owner, Mr. George Featherstone, lent Long Hill to the Army and allowed the Sappers to work alongside his own men, who were interested in the Army's mobile machinery, for their own crushing plant is static.

The Reservists underwent training in laying charges. They sank six-foot shafts into the stone with their jack hammers, then inserted cartridges of plastic explosive containing detonators with fuze attached. When the fuze was lit the Sappers retreated at a walking pace ("It is wrong to run. You might trip, injure yourself and be unable to crawl out of the danger area in time," warned the serjeant). A few minutes later part of the quarry erupted, a cloud of dust hung over Long Hill, and the men came back for the next stage. Soon the limestone was pouring off the crusher at a rate of 25 tons an hour. From one side of the machine an elevator threw out "aggregate" — the small lumps used for road building — while on the other side the fine dust which had been automatically separated was poured out in a heap.

Many of the men came from Cornish quarries. Serjeant Cecil Dodd, of Falmouth, was with a quarry squadron which went to Normandy six days after D-Day.

He worked in quarries near the coast from which stone was sent to build up the supply roads leading from the beaches. Later he moved up with the Army and found himself working in the largest quarry he had ever seen. It was situated in the Low Countries and men were taken down the sides in miners' cages. He eventually went to India and ended up in Singapore, where he excavated material for the Royal Air Force. That Singapore granite was the toughest he has come across.

Nearly all the war-time quarrymen excavated stone or granite for Britain's airfields; some were sent to Ireland to dig material for urgently needed civilian air raid shelters.

For the Reservists from the North and from Cornwall, the fortnight on the edge of the Cotswolds made a pleasant change. It gave them fresh interest to work in a new type of stone. They had only two complaints: the lack of public transport to the nearest town, and the fact that the only theatre never put on anything but Shakespeare.

**FOOTNOTE:** In wartime the Army occasionally uses dowzers or water diviners to locate supplies. They are always locally engaged and engineering chiefs have varying opinions about their uses. In Ceylon a woman dowser employed by the Sappers was often successful.

PETER LAWRENCE



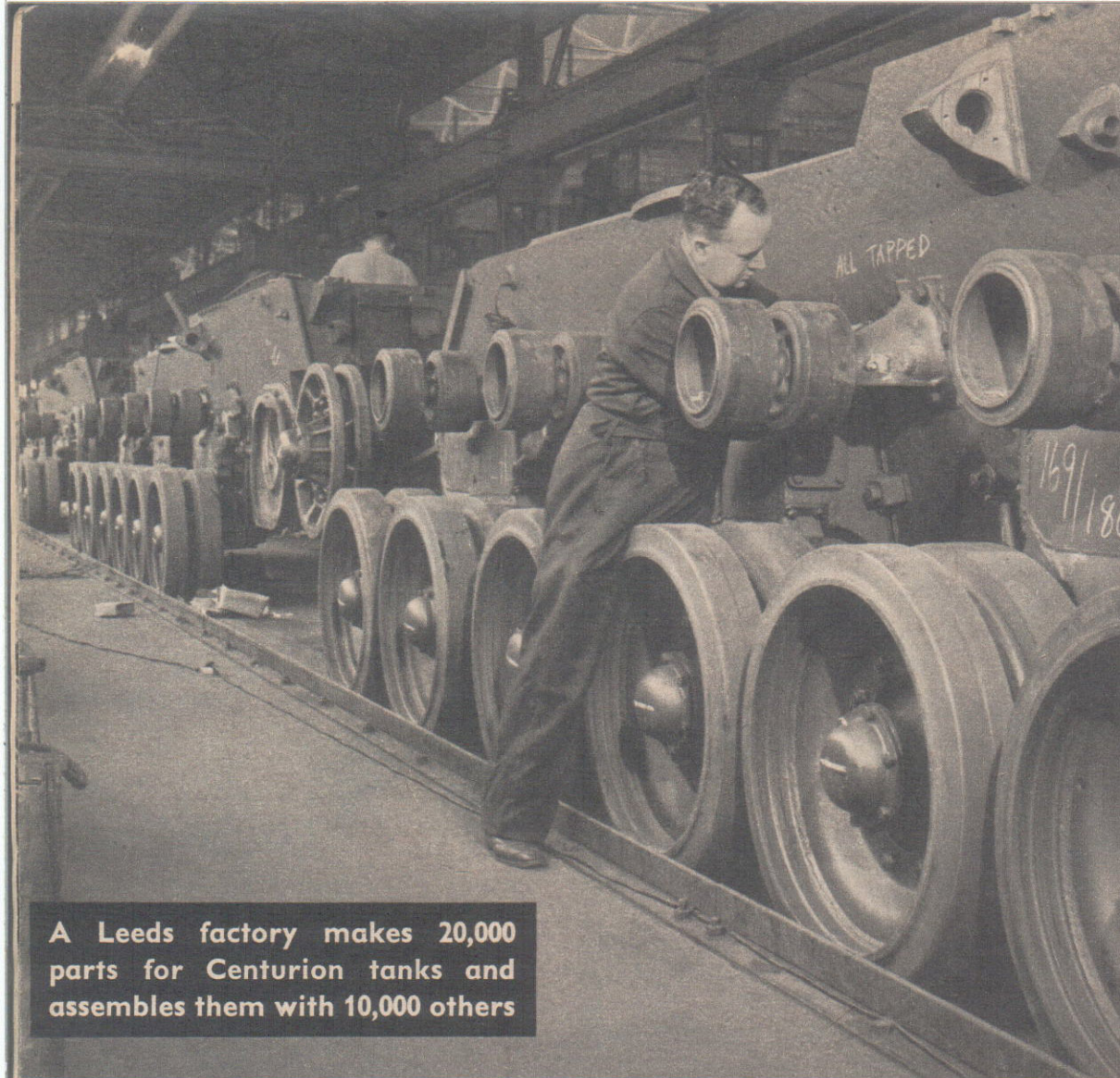
This is their civilian job: two quarrymen from Wales—Lance-Corporal I. Evans and Sapper W. E. Griffiths—prepare a gelignite charge.



Major Clifford Webb lights the fuze. He is a quarry manager from Staffordshire. Below: One of the few red flags that the Army allows to be hoisted.







A Leeds factory makes 20,000 parts for Centurion tanks and assembles them with 10,000 others

A squadron of Centurions roared along a concrete track, past a group of admiring newspapermen and photographers with clicking cameras.

Here and there on the sides of the tanks were fluttering labels. Little groups of numerals were chalked on the armour, and legends such as "Loose — do not stand on." Some of the drivers were hatless; the tank commanders wore civilian clothes. There were no uniforms in sight.

It was an informal parade, at which the Royal Ordnance Factory at Barnbow, Leeds, was showing off its products to selected visitors. Just how carefully these visitors were selected was apparent when War Department Police checked them at the gates, near doors marked "Male Search" and "Female Search."

The great factory does nothing but produce Britain's latest tank. Its usual run of visitors consists of officers of the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, of students from the Military College of Science and officials of the Ministry of Supply. Once there was a party of 70 officers every one of whom wore red tabs.

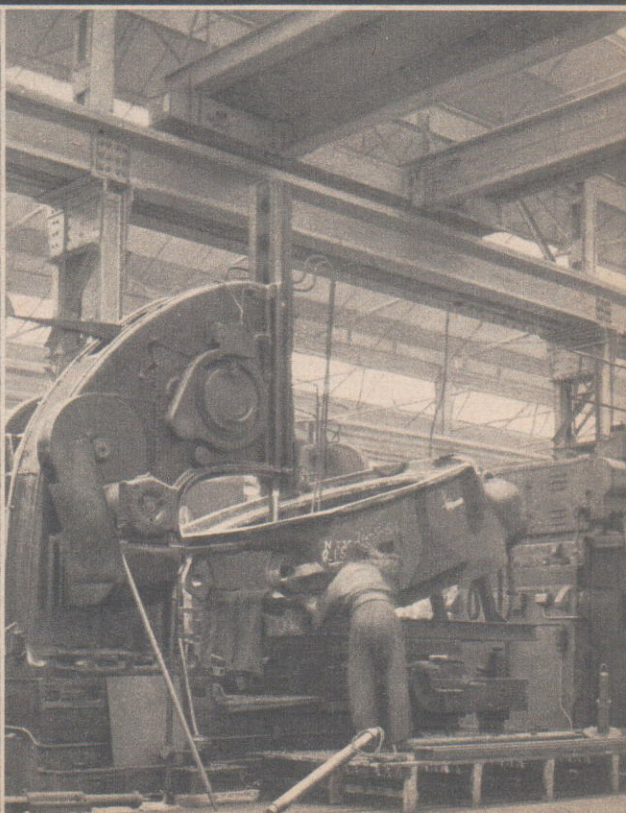
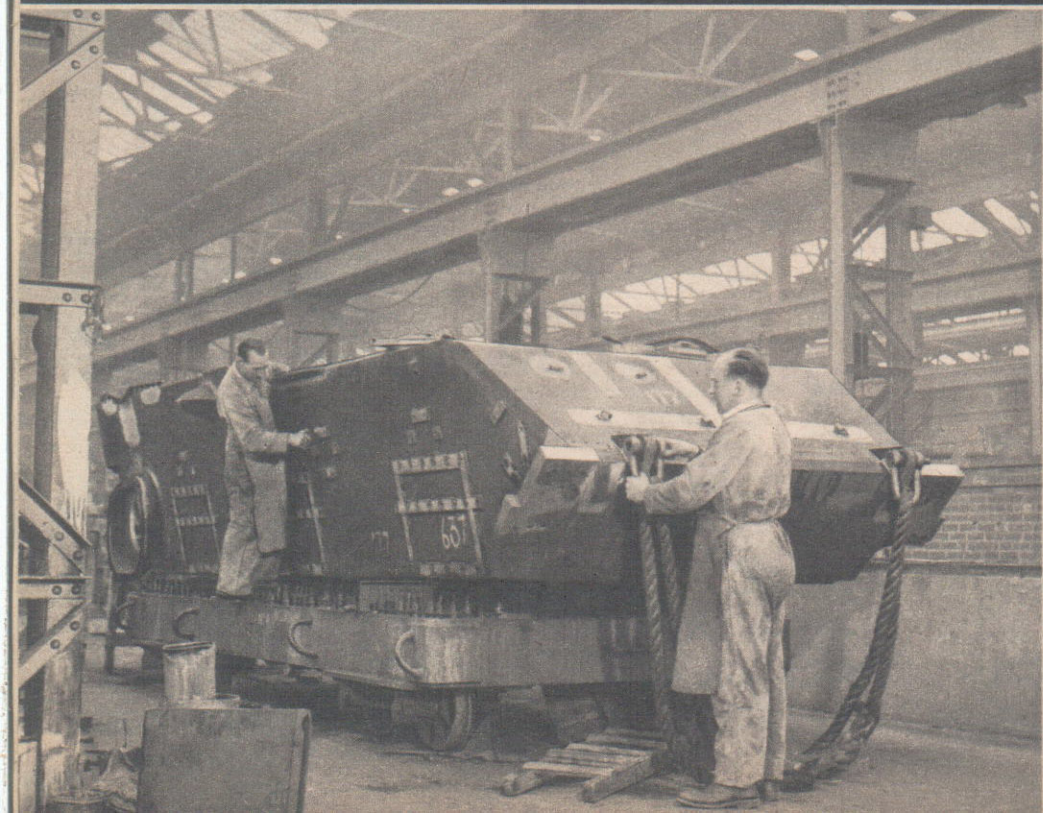
Including the tank testing track and ground, the factory occupies 63 acres. Of these, 43 acres are within the factory fence. The bays within the production shops total three and three-quarter miles in length.

Barnbow's Royal Ordnance Factory was built at the end of 1939 to produce light and medium guns, for the Royal Navy as well as the Army. By May 1940 the guns were coming off the production lines; the factory made nearly 9000 of them and a great quantity of spare barrels. It also

# TANK ARSENAL

A bare hull — 1500 parts and 14 tons — ready for fitting out.

In a giant clamp a turret is machined.





tackled many other armament jobs, including the conversion of more than 1000 Sherman tanks to carry 17-pounder guns.

At the end of 1944, it was decided to turn the factory into a tank arsenal. Nearly all the machines were cleared out and new ones put in, many of them specially designed for the manufacture of Centurions.

The change-over took 18 months, and one shop alone was fitted with 1000 machine tools. By the middle of 1946, the first Mark I Centurions were coming off the assembly lines; since then, two new and improved Marks have been produced.

Altogether, the factory makes something like 20,000 components for the Centurion and builds in another 10,000 or so which are made by outside firms — including the 635 brake horse-power Rolls-Royce Meteor engines, the combined gear-box and steering unit, the tracks and the rubber-banded bogey-wheels.

The raw material for the factory takes the form of rough castings, which are machined and welded on the production lines. Many of the processes look deceptively easy to the layman — even cutting through five inches of turret steel to bring the opening for the gun-mounting to size, all in one operation.

For some tasks the hulls, already weighing more than 14 tons and comprising 1500 components, are clamped into "manipulators," huge devices which can be swung round to many angles, so that the welders can get at their work. For others, the hulls are fixed on bogies, which stop at pre-determined spots, so that their loads are in the right places for the machines to operate on them without further setting.

By the time the hulls meet the engines, they are nearly finished and have 850 feet of electric cable inside them. When the hulls are complete with tracks, they meet the turrets, which started out as eight-ton castings and

have come up a parallel production line. The turrets are now fully equipped, including the guns (made in the Royal Ordnance Factory at Cardiff — see SOLDIER, July) and nearly 1000 feet of electric cable.

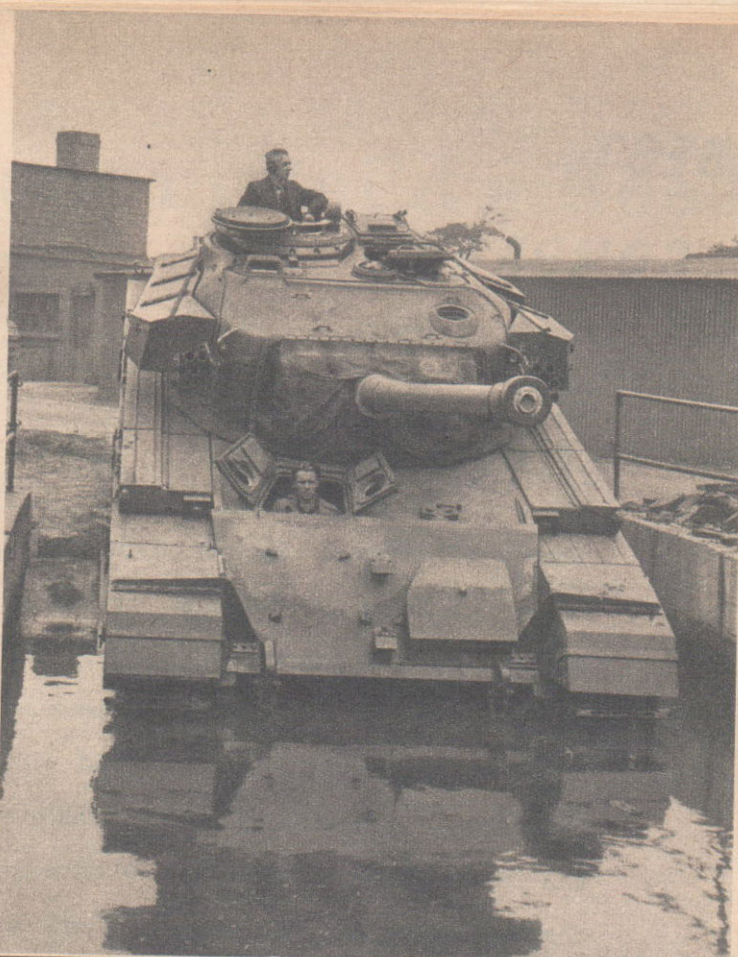
Now the Centurions are ready to drive off the production line. They will do 75 miles over the factory's test track, handled by experienced crews of factory men, before being delivered to the Army. Each tank has taken four months to build and has cost about £20,000.

All this takes a vast amount of planning, to ensure that the right quantities of components reach the assembly lines at the right time. Huge tables, at a lighted office window, list all the components, and beside each name there is a tab. A yellow tab indicates that the production target for the component has been reached; a red tab means that production must be speeded up.

All the time, the work is under inspection. Working parts must be accurate to a thousandth of an inch; for non-working parts there is ten times that latitude. No flaws must appear in the metal, and any defective component will be rejected.

When the hulls are completed, but before they are fitted out, they are sunk in a water-tank to wading-height to ensure that they are water-tight. One in every ten of the threaded studs welded into the hull is "tested to destruction:" that is, the bolt is hammered over until it touches the hull. It will have to be replaced, but if it has stood the test without breaking off, that is a reasonable guarantee that the other nine would also stand the same treatment.

The proportion of rejected work is very small. By careful tooling, testing and planning, the factory has almost removed the chances of error. And the operators cheerfully engage on piece-work, being paid only for work that passes inspection.



Wading test. The water is 4ft 9ins deep. The tank should stay in for half an hour without leaking.

Right: Civilian tank commander: Mr. S. Thomas, of the works' testing staff.



Below, left: The roof of a turret is welded on. Below, right: A finished tank is given a test over a concrete "hill."





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# And Talking About the CENTURION, Here is a PROGRESS REPORT

**E**ARLY in World War Two there were many complaints that British tanks were "not up to the job." Now a British tank is being criticised in certain quarters on the grounds that it is "too good for the job."

The tank is the Centurion, and the job it is said to have been too good for was the job in Korea. In that campaign, fought over bad tank country, it met no opposition of its own calibre; along the entire United Nations front there were few, if any, tank-versus-tank engagements.

Theories as to why the enemy put up no tank against the Centurion are various; one is that they did not want to see their armour discredited or soused by napalm from the air; another is that they found they could achieve reasonably satisfactory results with the aid of grenades and other novelties. Since tanks in Korea were to a large extent road-bound, a column of armour could sometimes be halted merely by knocking out the leading tank.

Korea, so far, is the only theatre in which the Centurion has been used operationally (it arrived on the scene too late for use in World War Two). But it has also been used by units in the Middle East, in desert conditions; by the British Army of the Rhine; and on exercises in Britain. Enough experience has been gained in various parts of the world to give an interim report on the tank's performance. Already, incidentally, many of its teething troubles have been eliminated.

First, in Korea. The tank came into the headlines when one was lost during the early withdrawal at Pyongyang. There was much speculation whether or not the enemy had learned any secrets.

It appears very unlikely that they did.

The trouble was caused by a seized track which would have taken some twelve hours to free. In the retreat, this time was not available, so the petrol and ammunition were set on fire. If the enemy obtained a few dimensions from the wreck, he would be doing well.

A tank officer who recently returned to Britain from Korea has told the Centurion's designers of its achievements. Of 64 tanks in his regiment, he said, 50 had been in operation from the start and had covered 800 miles each. On one occasion a whole squadron of Centurions had made a 100-mile dash by road with virtually no mechanical troubles en route.

Another squadron covered 200 miles in one month with no breakdown which the unit men could not repair. Petrol consumption was two gallons a mile.

He added that there had never been any difficulty about start-

ing the Centurion's engines, although on some occasions the cold was so intense that, for example, a frozen three-foot bank had to be thawed with burning petrol before the tank tracks could grip.

Speaking of the accuracy of the tank's 20-pounder gun and its sighting gear, he told the designers that enemy strong points holding up our troops' advance had been knocked out within 60 feet of our advancing Infantry.

The officer also reported that the Centurion's size and weight were rather an embarrassment in a poorly developed country like Korea — a reminder that there is a practical limit to tank size and that the biggest is not necessarily the best.

In the *Daily Telegraph*, Lieut-General H. G. Martin has suggested that the Centurion needs more close-quarters weapons.

"In the three-day battle on the Imjin in April a second or hull machine-gun would have helped greatly to keep the Chinese at arm's length by covering the tank ahead. As it was, 'C' Squadron, 8th Hussars found themselves crushing Chinese with their tracks or scraping them off by driving through houses."

He reported that the 8th Hussars had taken their own measures since the battle by installing Browning machine-guns and stocking up with grenades.

Reports from Rhine Army tell of the Centurion's success in manoeuvres. In one test, a ploughed field, scarred with deep ditches, was flooded under three feet of water to simulate the conditions of the inundated Dutch polders during the war. Centurions charged through this obstacle for four hours at a stretch, at speeds up to 20 miles an hour. Only the deepest ditches halted them.

In another trial, a road block of steel "dragons' teeth" — large steel joists with sharpened points, sunk in concrete pits across a roadway — was prepared. Centurions, charging at 20 miles an hour, knocked down a row of five of these as easily as a lawn mower cuts grass.

Inevitably, the Centurion has inspired one of those stories on the lines of "Say, why don't you British build a ship like this Queen Elizabeth?" This time it is an American soldier who sees a troop of Centurion tanks rolling by, and says, "Say, these new American tanks are just wonderful, aren't they?" When corrected, he says, "Waal, I guess Marshall Aid came into it somewhere."



# They Used Their Guns to Build a Road

**T**HE operation order read: "23rd Ind. Div. will (a) stop the Japanese invading India, and (b) defeat them if they do."

That was all. It was a tall order for an un-blooded formation. But the Punjabis, the Gurkhas, the Mahratta Light Infantry, the Rajputana Rifles, the Hyderabad Regiment, the entirely Indian-officered battalion from the state forces of Patiala, and the 1st Seaforth Highlanders (the only British battalion) were prepared to try it.

They had been together for some time now. The Division, the history of which is told in "The Fighting Cock," by Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. F. Doulton (*Gale and Polden, 25s*), was born at the beginning of 1942. After standing by for a few hours, when someone mistakenly thought he saw 40 Japanese ships sailing up the Hooghly river to Calcutta, it had journeyed tiringly into Assam.

Now the remains of the Burma Army, and thousands of refugees, had passed through its lines, and it stood alone on the Burma frontier.

The Japanese, however, were not yet ready to invade India, so the Division patrolled, distracted Japanese attention from the Chin-



The fighting cock: flash of 23rd Indian Division

aits, and built fortifications and roads at the southern end of the Imphal Plain, for which it was to be very grateful later.

When the Japanese made their assault, the Division met it on the Tiddim Road, retreated before it to the defences before Imphal, and then helped to chase the

enemy back into Burma.

It fought over some of the world's worst fighting country. At one troublesome stage, Artillerymen had to strip their guns and load them on to jeeps, each of which had to be pulled up some of the hills by three other jeeps in tandem — as a result of which all the jeeps burned out their clutches. Another Gunner unit constructed its own road and when it was opposed by a rock face, brought up a gun and blasted the cliff away from 300 yards range.

The Division's stories of gallantry are legion. Two Indian NCO's crawled into Japanese positions, sat on a bunker and scraped a hole in the roof, through which they dropped grenades, thus starting a very satisfactory

skirmish. A havildar explored a Japanese position, then next morning crept back with his section and lay low until his company put in an attack, whereupon he rose from his hide-out and attacked the enemy headquarters. At one stage the Patiala battalion recorded: "Balance of the battle from 1425 to 1455 hours simply hanged round the guts, it was anybody's battle during this time."

There was an ingenious Gunner unit which decided its heavy anti-aircraft guns would make useful mortars in the hill country. When the time came to test this theory, the first shell burst some way behind the gun. Undiscouraged, they tried again. The telephone bell rang in divisional headquarters: one of the brigades was reporting bombing from an enormous height, by an aircraft which could not be located. The Gunners decided their shells became unstable over 40,000 feet and gave it up.

The battle for India over, the Division went back to India for a year. But it was to see more action — this time in Java, where it lost 407 killed in action, 162 missing and 808 wounded. Then it went to North Malaya and "quietly evaporated, aged five years and three months, but very experienced for its age."

## He Followed His Star

**T**HE number of war-time volunteers who were accepted by the Brigade of Guards after being turned down by the Auxiliary Fire Service must be small indeed. That distinction is claimed by Thomas Firbank, author of "I Bought a Star" (*Harrap, 10s 6d*).

The author was in the Pyrenees when World War Two began. He has a liking for mountains, and in the 'thirties he went so far as to buy one, and to write a book — "I Bought a Mountain" — about his endeavours to rear sheep on it.

From the Pyrenees he took the homeward trail in his Bentley, and tried hard to join up; but it was the period when volunteers were being told, "We'll send for you when we want you." Eventually, by invoking a family connection, he found himself in the Guards (he disguises his regiment as the "Ironsides.")

Now came "spit and polish" at the Depot. The author readily accepted the need for this. "I once asked a racing motorist why he sand-papered and polished the axles, brake-rods and other unseen parts of his car. He answered, 'If the metal is spotlessly clean I can see at once if there is a flaw.'"

Next Sandhurst, where training seems to have suffered from too many invasion exercises. There is a story of a cadet who challenged a stranger in the small hours. To his "Halt! Who goes there?" came the reply, "Duty officer. Captain Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell." Said the cadet: "Advance one and be recognised."

On the mess customs of Guards officers, the author is very entertaining. An intimidating second-in-command had to be addressed, even by junior officers, by his nickname of "Badger." To a subaltern who said at breakfast, "Good morning, Sir John," the second-in-command said, "Don't call me 'Sir John'! You're not a bloody butler."

Sir John taught subalterns "a short glossary of words whose use would help to set them apart from the rest of the Army." There were no batmen, only servants;

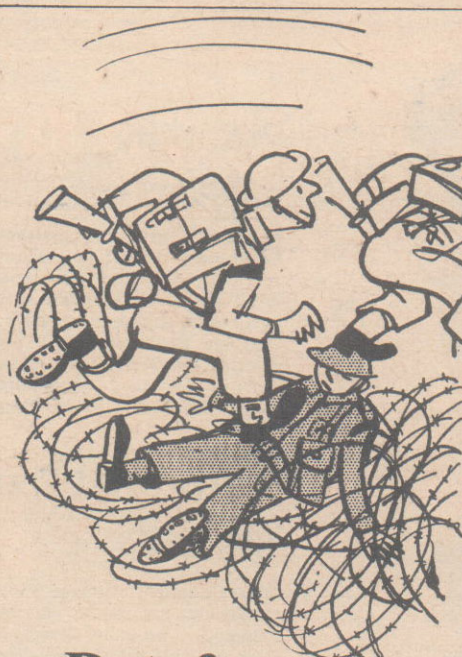
there was no such thing as mufti; London was London, not Town, and so on. The author devised a sentence containing all the wrong words. It ran: "My mufti's at home, Sir John, so my batman's pressing my tunic so that I can go to Town for my furlough."

Lieutenant Firbank was in charge of the guard at Buckingham Palace the night the bomb fell there. Soon afterwards he transferred to Airborne, and in due course went with his unit to North Africa, there to take part in the sea invasion of Italy, near Taranto. After a Staff College interlude, he took part in the glider-borne landings in Holland, descending on the fringe of the Reichswald Forest. Subsequently he commanded an Infantry Training Centre at Shorncliffe, and became Garrison Commander Isle of Wight.

Though the story is lightly told, the author is never irreverent about the things that matter. He believes firmly in the military virtues.

**Footnote:** SOLDIER's compliments to the author, and can we be told something more about the soldier of whom (page 145) it is said: "He was for his staunchness given an immediate Military Medal, and promoted King's Corporal." Even after telling readers for six years that there is "no such animal" as a King's Corporal, SOLDIER is always open to be persuaded.

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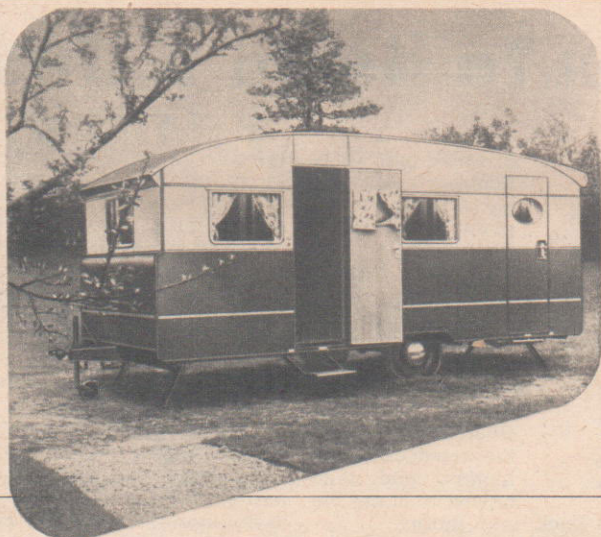
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## How Much Do You Know?

1. Supply the missing words in these film titles: "Passport to —"; "The — Hill Mob"; "Kind Hearts and —"; "— Days to Noon."
2. What do you call a man who believes in nothing?
3. Were newspaper advertisements ever taxed in Britain?
4. French leave, French harp, French polish... With which nation can you link these: summer, file, ink and club?
5. Which of these statements (if any) is true:  
(a) President Lincoln was assassinated by an actor;  
(b) Napoleon Bonaparte died in 1821;  
(c) Karl Marx was a Russian economist.
6. What does an aeroplane do when it zooms?
7. How old was Methuselah?
8. If a shipwright makes a ship, what does a wainwright make?
9. What is the difference between inditing and indicting?
10. "A filthy winged monster having the face and body of a woman and the wings and claws of a bird." This mythical being was known as a — what?
11. Picadors and matadors have different roles to perform in the bull-ring. What are they?
12. America's Defence headquarters is housed in a building known as the Octagon, Pentagon, Heptagon, Polyhedron, Nickelodeon — which?
13. The Hellespont is the old-time name of — what?
14. "He is the G.O.M. of the I.O.M." What do the initials mean?
15. Many of the characters in "Hamlet" come to sticky ends. Which one is drowned?
16. Can you name the Hawaiian girl in the picture? She was discovered by a film company, but who discovered Hawaii?



(Answers on Page 45)

## See what happens—

**B**RASSES polished, gaiters cleaned—smart as paint, except for that hair! Just look at it! Dry, lifeless, untidy—it looks as if he never combed it. And see that dandruff in his parting? Dry Scalp's his trouble. Time he was put in the picture about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic.

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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



\* "Vaseline" is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Ltd.

## BOOKSHELF (Continued)

### The Colonel in the Queue

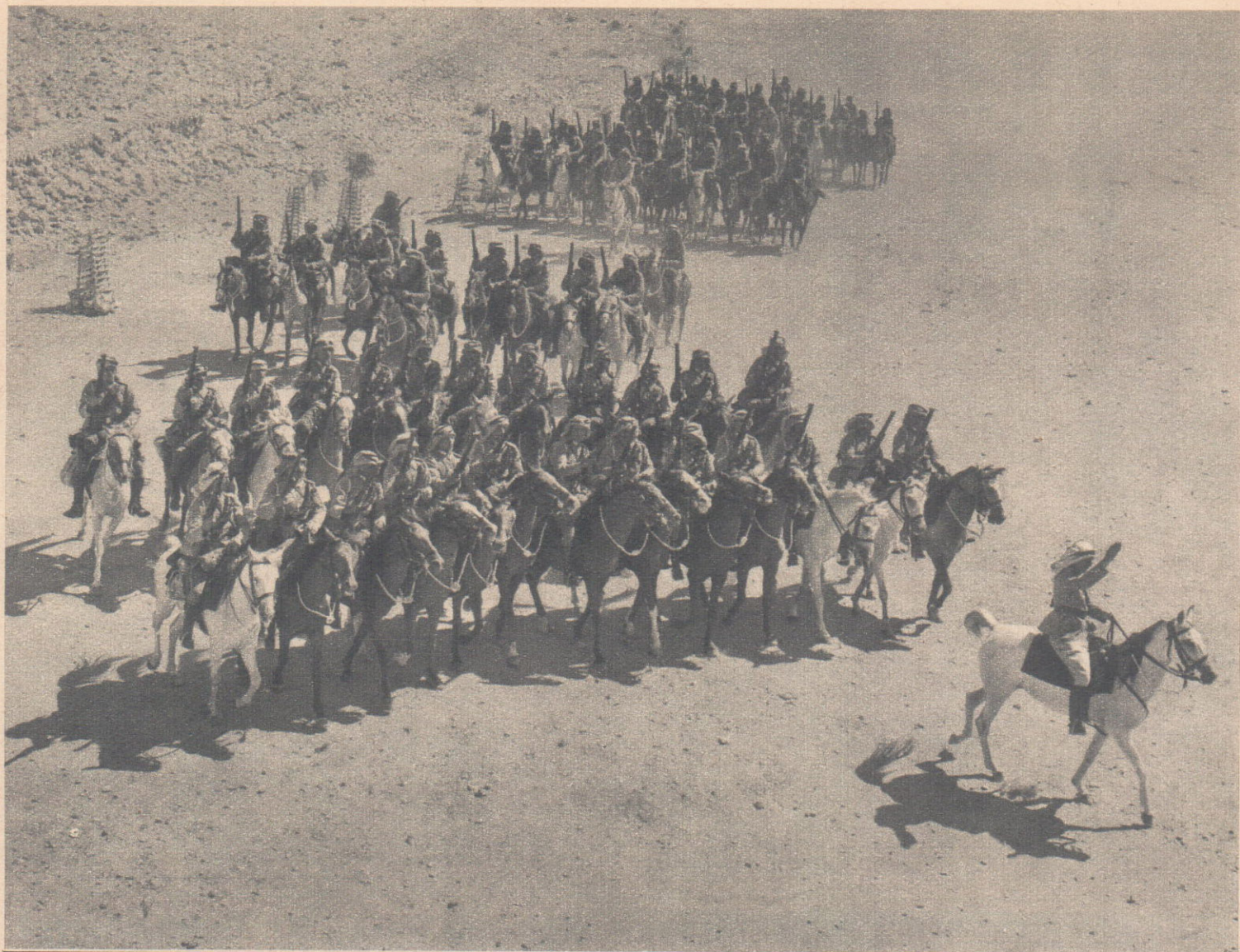
"**HENRY** Gibbs' new novel is written round a figure ignored by modern novelists: the professional soldier," says the "blurb" to "Taps, Colonel Roberts" (Jarrolds, 9s 6d).

It is true that the soldier in the Japanese trounced the Chinese. Before very much can happen he is whisked to South Africa, where he finds action in plenty under General Buller. Subsequent highlights in his life include the Delhi Durbar and a North-West Frontier expedition. Shortly before World War One he nearly earns himself a "black" by prophesying that aircraft are a force to be reckoned with.

There are several women in Colonel Roberts' life, but he is unlucky in most of them; particularly in his wife Estelle, who is on the rebound when he marries her.

A satirist would have ended the book with Colonel Roberts on a film set, striving to prevent the producer from perpetrating military howlers. This is not a satire, however, but a straightforward, readable study of a soldier's life, mirroring much of the military history of the first half of this century.





## SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

The Arab Legion has been in the news since the assassination of King Abdullah of Jordan. Here are war-time pictures of the Legion — on horseback and in armour.



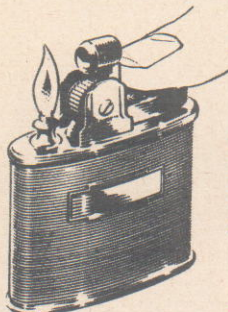


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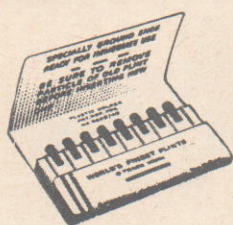
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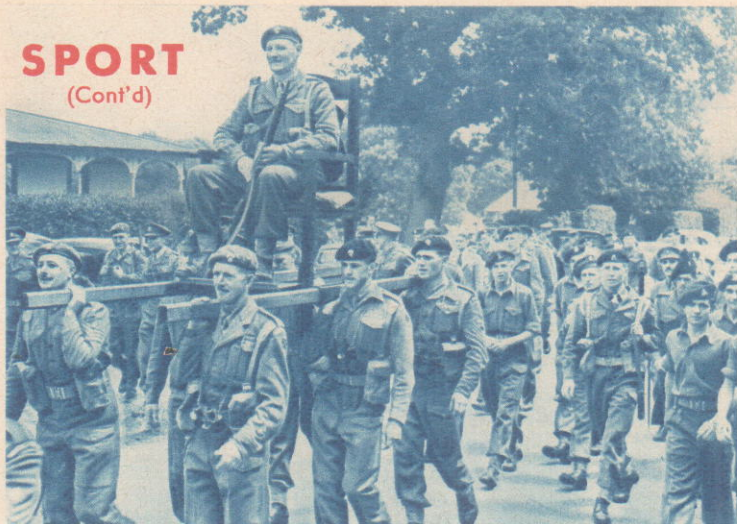
TWIST—  
and it's  
open

**Keeps shoes smart and supple**



## SPORT

(Cont'd)



RQMS G. Armstrong is taken for the traditional ride after winning the Army rifle championship.

## ON TARGET AT BISLEY

### The RAF Does It Again

FOR the sixth year running, the Royal Air Force has won the Burdwan Cup at Bisley.

This cup, presented by the Maharajah of Burdwan in 1929, is awarded to the Service with the highest aggregate in three competitions: the United Services Cup, the Inter-Services XX, and the Whitehead Revolver Competition.

It was a close thing this year, and the airmen were first in only one of the competitions — the Whitehead. In the United Services Cup the Regular Army was first and in the Inter-Services XX, the Territorial Army. The RAF's total score was 4770; the Regular Army was 35 points behind.

A Canadian Army officer, Lieutenant G. S. Boa, of the 48th Highlanders, won the King's Prize. Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant G. Armstrong of the 3rd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, who had become the Army champion at the Army Rifle Association meeting the previous week, followed up at the National Rifle Association meeting by winning both Queen Mary's Prize and the Regular and Territorial Army Cup.

Captain J. Hamill, a Territorial officer of 470 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, won the Territorial Army Championship. The 16th Airborne Division won the China Cup (for Territorial rifles and light machine-guns). The Small Arms Wing of the School of Infantry took the Cheylesmore and Hamilton Leigh Cups and the Brinsmead Challenge Shield. The Army won the Duke of Hamilton Cup.

At the Army Rifle Association meeting the unit championship was won by the King's Royal Rifle Corps from the Rifle Brigade (holders for the past four years).

Runner-up to RQMS Armstrong for the individual championship was Major R. M. Parsons, Royal Ulster Rifles, the 1949 and 1950 champion.

## TEAM SPORT (Concluded)

Peterhouse boat ran more smoothly and lightly.

The Royal Engineers' Yacht Club on the Medway has a rowing section of long standing, as many Sappers have attended courses at Cambridge University and rowed in College crews. These Sapper crews have long been a feature at Henley but — until last year — they had not been very successful. Nowadays many engineering graduates postpone their National Service until they have fully qualified. As a result, the Sappers' rowing benefits, because even active rowing "Blues" become available.

In 1950 a strong Royal Engineer crew entered for the Wyfold Coxswainless Fours at Henley. On the other side of the draw the Royal Air Force had entered a strong and carefully coached crew.

But in a year when the coxswainless fours were noticeable for their bad steering, the Sappers remained true to their plumb-line tradition, rowed well and steered

beautifully in every heat. The final saw the first inter-Service challenge in Henley's history — and the Sappers won.

This year, with two "Blues" — T. D. Raikes and E. A. P. Bircher — in the crew, they became more ambitious and entered for the blue riband of four-oared rowing: The Stewards' Cup. They were beaten by the London Rowing Club by a little over half a length.

Perhaps rowing can never become a major sport in the Army. But it is sad that young men should have to say to each other: "Go into the Royal Air Force — you can get your rowing there."

One enthusiast can work wonders, however. A sergeant of the Royal Army Medical Corps has persuaded the orderlies from his hospital to make a crew on Hamburg's Alster. He takes Steve Fairbairn's "Chats on Rowing" out with him in the boat and reads extracts from it to the crew. He has not rowed before.

In such enthusiasm rests the spirit of a great English tradition.

E. A. E. HOWELL

## ON TARGET AT SENNELAGER

### Eight Nations Compete

FLAGS of eight Atlantic Pact nations flew over the Sennelager ranges in the British Zone of Germany, when for the first time soldiers of Britain, the United States, France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway and Luxembourg competed in a small arms match.

The meeting was a triumph for the British Army of the Rhine whose team, the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade, won the "Prix General Leclerc" 203 points ahead of their nearest rivals — the 26th Infantry Regiment, US Forces in Germany.

The British team were first in the rifle and light machine-gun matches, second in the Sten and fourth in the pistol match. The Americans won the Sten match and the pistol shoot.

The British success was due mainly to the prowess on the light machine-gun of Sergeant P. Young and Sergeant E. Howe, who between them totalled 278 points (68 more than the leading American pair).

In the British rifle team were Lieutenant the Hon. A. D. Leslie-Melville (Rhine Army's Champion Rifle Shot for 1951) and two company sergeant-majors who have both competed at Bisley and been included in the Army Hundred since 1934 — CSM J. Swann DCM and CSM D. Phillips MBE (Rhine Army rifle champion in 1950).

The "Prix General Leclerc" — a bronze head of the famous French World War Two general who was killed in an accident in



The Prix General Leclerc, a bronze head of the famous soldier, was given by Sir Eugen Millington-Drake.

1947 — was presented to the Rifle Brigade team by its donor, Sir Eugen Millington-Drake. It will be competed for each year by teams from the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation. Next year the American Army in Germany will be hosts.

In Rhine Army's own small arms meeting the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers team from 2nd Infantry Division won the team championship, outshooting crack shots from the Rifle Brigade, King's Royal Rifle Corps, The Black Watch, the Sherwood Foresters and the Queen's Royal Regiment. The Hamburg Area REME team won the warrant officers and sergeants match, beating the 2nd Battalion The Grenadier Guards.

Lieutenant Leslie-Melville, 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade returned the remarkably high score of 223 points out of a possible 240 to become champion rifle shot. Champion Young Soldier Rifle Shot was 2/Lieut. C. M. Bromfield, 1st Battalion The Royal Hampshire Regiment.



Sergeant E. Howe (left) and Sergeant P. Young were well ahead in the light machine-gun contest. Below: Corporal Geoffrey Squires, one of Rhine Army's all-rounders, brought back the RAOC Young Soldiers' Cup from Bisley.







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# Higher Pension and a Grant

**H**IGHER pension rates and a terminal grant for Regulars retiring from the Army have been announced by the Government.

For officers the standard grant will be £1000, irrespective of rank, after 20 years service. Officers retiring with less than 20 years service will be awarded 1/20th for each year of service. A deduction of ten per cent will be made if an officer retires voluntarily more than two years before compulsory retirement age.

Men below commissioned rank will receive a terminal grant according to rank as follows, with an extra sum for each year beyond 22 (shown in brackets): private, £100 (£10), corporal, £150 (£12), serjeant, £200 (£15), staff-serjeant, £250 (£16), WO II, £275 (£18), WO I £300 (£20). Men retiring with less than 22 years service will receive 1/22nd of the basic rate for each year of service, subject to a minimum grant of £100. Rank for assessing the grant will be the highest paid rank held for two years or more during the five years preceding discharge.

Officers or men exercising a reserved right to pension under earlier regulations will not be eligible for a terminal grant.

The standard rate of retired pay for officers will be: captain and below, £400 a year; major, £500; lieutenant-colonel, £675; colonel £875; brigadier, £1000; major-general, £1200; lieutenant-general, £1400; general, £1700; field-marshal (half-pay), £2000.

For quartermasters the rates will be: captain and below, £400; major, £475; lieutenant-colonel, £550. For officers who served in the ranks as Regulars before World War Two and are eligible for retired pay under special regulations, the only change will be in the Service element of retired pay which is increased to £12 a year for each year up to 15 and to £18 for each year beyond 15.

The new rates for chaplains rise from £500 a year after 22 years service by £35 a year up to £675 at 27 years and then by £40 a year to £795 at 30 years. There will be a maximum of £500 for 3rd-class

chaplains and £675 for 2nd-class chaplains.

The Service element of pension for men below commissioned rank remains unchanged as follows: — 1st—20th year, 1s 2d a week; 21st—25th year, 1s 6d; 26th—30th year 2s 6d; 31st year and onwards, 4s. The rank element, however, is increased. For each year of reckonable service in the rank, the rate will be: — corporal, 6d; serjeant, 1s; staff-serjeant, 1s 6d; WO II, 1s 9d; WO I, 2s 3d. The present limiting maximum rates will be abolished.

Women officers will receive a standard terminal grant of £650 under the same conditions as male officers. Their rates of retired pay will be: — captain £270 a year; major, £340; lieutenant-colonel, £450; colonel, £585; brigadier, £670.

Women below commissioned rank will receive a terminal grant on the same conditions as the men as follows (figures in brackets are the additions for years beyond 22): — private, £70 (£7); corporal, £100 (£8); serjeant, £135 (£10); staff-serjeant, £170 (£11); WO II, £185 (£12); WO I, £200 (£13). The minimum grant for those retiring with less than 22 years service will be £70.

The Service element of women's pension will remain unchanged as follows: — 1st—20th year, 10d a week; 21st—25th year, 1s; 26th—30th year, 1s 8d; 31st year and onwards, 2s 8d.

The rank element is increased to the following: — corporal, 4d a week; serjeant, 8d; staff-serjeant 1s; WO II, 1s 2d; WO I, 1s 6d.

The new terms will apply to all who retired on or after 1 September 1950.

## FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

### APACHE DRUMS

The war paint is on, green, red and white . . . and Technicolor takes up the challenge. Back in the days when the American pioneers waged a 35 years war against the Indians, the community of Spanish Boot, composed principally of Welsh miners and their families, faced a siege by Apache Indians. According to the film version, the United States Cavalry turned up but went away again before the main attack started; then returned, as ever, in the nick of time. Coleen Gray is the cause of a little extra strife between Willard Parker, Mayor of Spanish Boot, and Stephen McNally, a debonair gambler.

### CINDERELLA

Walt Disney presents the old fairy story, ugly sisters, fairy godmother, pumpkin coach, glass slipper, Prince Charming and all, with the addition of some brainy mice and a cunning cat. The film runs for 75 minutes, but it took several years to make. One sequence alone, in which Cinderella sings "A Dream is a Wish your Heart Makes," with a mixed chorus of boy and girl mice, is said to represent several months work (perhaps the producers had difficulty in sorting out the boy from the girl mice).

### ACE IN THE HOLE

"The amazing story of an ace reporter who made his own headlines," says the blurb. All about one of those hard-boiled American reporters who turns a minor accident, in which a man is partly buried in a cave, into a major tragedy, complete with a carnival, coast-to-coast hook-up and thousands of sightseers, all for the sake of a story. Oddly enough, this film does not have a happy ending. Stars: Kirk Douglas and Jan Sterling.

### SIROCCO

The hot wind blows across the desert and, to quote the blurb again, "In Damascus Destiny In A Low-Cut Gown Waits for Bogart." Humphrey Bogart plays a tough gun-runner to the Syrians who fought the French in 1925. Marta Toren is Destiny in the Low-Cut Gown ("a girl who can look after herself in any company"), and there are intelligence officers, a mysterious Armenian black-marketeer and Damascus, rebuilt in Hollywood with authentic sights, sounds and, for some reason, smells.

### WHITE CORRIDORS

Drama in a hospital, with emotional sparks flying between doctors of both sexes and nurses, and the patients getting only a mediocre deal until everything comes right. That's what comes of having a philandering doctor in the house. Googie Withers, Godfrey Tearle and James Donald are among the doctors; ex-Forces Sweetheart Petula Clark plays a probationer who learns that it isn't enough for a nurse just to be sympathetic towards her patients.



## Don't Miss It!

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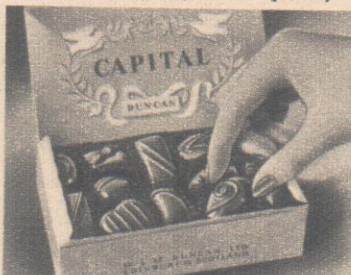



Googie Withers takes her baby daughter, Joanna, for an outing. Googie met her husband, John McCallum, when they were making THE LOVES OF JOANNA GODDEN—and that explains the baby's pretty name.

When Googie had a 'short-cut' she came home feeling dubious. But husband John McCallum said "You look lovely," and she knew that all was well.



Googie Withers will tell you that she simply adores Duncan's delicious Capital Assortment. "I can't resist them," she says, "they've got such thrilling centres!" Why not try them yourself? You'll love them too—in ½-lb. cartons. (Also ¼-lb. and 1-lb. packs.)



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SILVER FOX CAPES	£49	£27
MOLESKIN MODEL COATS	£85	£35
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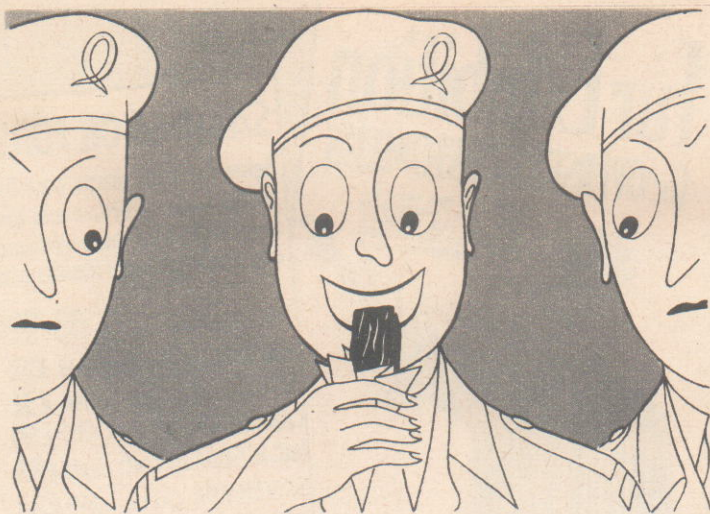
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International at Wembley.

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THE WORLD

## BEFORE BREAKFAST

How many Victoria Crosses have been won by the South Wales Borderers and how many did they win before breakfast at Rorke's Drift? — Cpl. J. A. Millington, Spr. K. Jones, 1254 Workshop and Park Squadron RE, BAOR.

★ The total number of VC's, including one won by a corporal of the 3rd Battalion The Monmouthshire Regiment in World War Two, is 23. Seven were won at Rorke's Drift. As the action started at 4.30 p.m. on 22 January 1879 and ended about seven a.m. the next morning, "before breakfast" is rather a loose term.

An article in **SOLDIER** for August recalled that the Lancashire Fusiliers won six VC's "before breakfast" — in the Gallipoli dawn landing of 25 April 1915.

## NEW RIFLE

To hear some of these "old sweats" talking, you would think that the superseding of the Short Lee-Enfield was the greatest disaster in the history of the British Army. Can you tell us anything more about the new .280 weapon, to convince them that we really are progressing? They may be happier if you tell them it will carry a bayonet. — "Squirt" (name and address supplied).

★ The most recent War Office statement on the .280 rifle says:

"The characteristics of the .280 round permit a decrease of 12 ozs. in the weight of the unloaded rifle. In addition, the .280 inch cartridge gives an 18 per cent saving in weight compared with the existing British .303 round. There is also a substantial decrease in length, which in turn provides a considerable reduction in bulk on large quantities of ammunition."

The statement goes on to say that:

"(a) The wounding power or incapacitating effect of .280 inch is ample to fulfil requirements and its powers of penetration at the limits of range required are considerably better than those of .303.

"(b) Despite these attributes the recoil produced when fired from the light rifle is substantially less than

# 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 or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

that of the .303 inch fired from the existing Service rifle.

"(c) The rate of aimed fire of the individual soldier will be at least three or four times greater than before.

"(d) The functioning of the new rifle is more dependable in adverse conditions of dust and mud, extremes of climate etc than that of any comparable weapon in use.

"(e) It is better than the present Service rifle when fired for accuracy at all Service ranges.

"(f) It is robust and will withstand the full rigours of fighting with the bayonet, and yet is considerably easier to handle than the existing Service rifle."

On 17 July the Secretary for War was asked for an assurance that a sufficient number of .303 rifles would be retained for ceremonial purposes, "bearing in mind the unsuitability of the .280 for such purposes."

Mr. Strachey replied: "It is recognised that the present form of ceremonial drill will require modification when the .280 automatic rifle is introduced into the Army. The matter is under examination and the retention of some .303 rifles for special ceremonial purposes will be considered."

## TOUCH TYPING

Following the letter from the Commandant of the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, on touch typing (**SOLDIER**, June) I thought you would be interested in my experience at 2nd Training Regiment, Royal Signals. A clerks' course lasts 11 weeks and includes physical training, map reading, battle training and lectures, but the first fortnight is devoted to touch typing, and so are two or three periods a day for the remainder of the course.

Although there is a specialist instructor, much of the early training is given by very capable junior non-commissioned officers, formerly students. They teach the simple exercises. Students leave the course capable of 25 words a minute, although they have never used a typewriter before joining the Army.

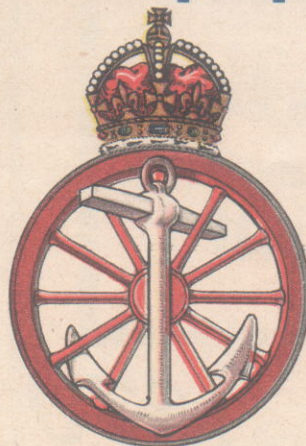
Out of my section only two men failed their test. The lowest speed was 13 words a minute and the highest 33. — **Sigmn. C. Williams**, 1st Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, MELF.

## IRISH MEDAL

During the war I served in the Eire Marine Service, and now hold the Emergency Service Medal awarded to members of the Irish Forces. As a member of the British Armed Forces, am I allowed to wear it? — "Irishman" (name and address supplied).

★ Members of the United Kingdom Forces are not allowed to wear this medal on their uniform.

## On Troopships



A Blue Ensign bearing this device — the badge of the Ministry of Transport — is now being flown on British troopships. Before the war troopships carried the flag of the Board of Trade; this was discontinued during the war as it would have given useful information to the enemy.





Major E. A. H.  
Legge-Bourke, MP.

## AIGUILLETTE: A New Theory

IN the hope that Eric Dunster, whose article on the Aiguillette in your issue of June 1951 greatly interested me, will not consider further research pointless, may I suggest that he delves for the origin of the aglet or aiguillette into the older French Dictionaries.

He will find in Randle Cotgroves' French-English Dictionary of 1650 several interesting uses of the word. "Aiguillettes d'armes" is shown as "the herb or grass called 'Ladies Laces', white camellion grass, painted or furrowed grass" and the verb "aiguilletter" is said to mean "to truss or tye points, also to whip or lash with points." "Aiguillette" was synonymous with "Esquillette," a word which, when coupled with the adjective "nouée" (i.e. knotted or tied), is surprisingly interpreted as meaning that a man's "codpeece point" had been "charmed... so as he shall not be able to use his owne wife, or woman (though he may use any other)!" A codpeece was a small flap in the breeches at the base of what is now called "the fly." So we find "Lâcher l'aiguillette" meaning "to satisfy a certain natural need."

In Bescherelle's "Dictionnaire National" of 1854 we are told that the general fashion of wearing aiguillettes ended in the reign of Louis XV, when buttons were first used in the slots previously fastened by aiguillettes.

Finally there is the evidence of the Dictionnaire Encyclopédique Quillet, reprinted 1946, which tells us that in old days men's trousers and breeches were fastened by a slot and an aiguillette. Perhaps this was why Louis XI is on record as having said of the wife of a French marshal: "If she is really anxious about the fairness of the pay of the army she should still endeavour to enrich her husband's aiguillettes."

How aiguillettes first came to England is not known, though Spenser speaks of "Golden Aygulets that glistered bright" in his "Faerie Queene." What is certain is that Charles II during his exile spent much time at the Court of France and founded his troop of Life Guards and later his regiment of Blues on the French Maison du Roi and the Gendarmerie de France respectively, copying their uniforms at the same time. Modern British aiguillettes bear an acorn at each tip, in memory of Charles's refuge in the oak tree at Boscobel.

The aiguillette, therefore, seems to have begun as a trouser fastening, and perhaps the name originates from some soldier of France having used a knotted tuft of grass called "aiguillette d'armes" to retain his dignity in the days before the needle and thread of the modern soldier's "housewife." — Major E. A. H. Legge-Bourke, MP, House of Commons, London SW1.

I recall having read somewhere that the aiguillette originated in the struggle of the Netherlands against Spain.

The Duke of Alva ordered his men to carry a coil of rope and a suitable nail so that recalcitrant Netherlands might be hanged on the spot with the least possible delay. I have no authority for this, beyond memory — but it's an idea. — Major E. Roberts-Harry, HQ Ammunition Organisation, Greenford, Middlesex.

### HOME FROM KOREA

I have seen an order stating that troops who have not completed 18 months in Europe after a normal post-war overseas tour can apply for reversion to home establishment on completion of one year in Korea. Some people think this applies only to Regulars who have served their full time and are held under the

18 months release ban. As I spent only 16 months in Britain before being drafted to Korea I am interested in an explanation. — Sjt. I. Kellier, Infantry Workshops REME, Korea.

★ The order is meant for all soldiers who were entitled to 18 months restricted service in Europe after a tour, but who were drafted to Korea before the 18 months were up. They will be returned to Britain after a year in Korea.

### WHEN HE RETIRES

I have not long to serve before I complete my 22 years. Then I have the option of living in Canada or with a member of my family on the border of Germany and Denmark. Would I have difficulty in drawing my pension in either place? — WOII E. James, 12th Royal Lancers, Barnard Castle.

★ Permission has to be obtained from the Treasury to draw a pension outside the sterling area. They normally raise no objection.

Letters Continued Overleaf

## Answers

(from Page 36)

### How Much Do You Know?

1. Pimlico; Lavender; Coronets; Seven. 2. A nihilist. 3. Yes; the tax was lifted in 1853. 4. India. 5. (a) true; (b) true; (c) false — Marx was German. 6. It climbs for a short period at an angle steeper than the usual climbing angle. 7. 969 years. 8. Wagons. 9. Inditing means composing (as of a poem); indicting means accusing (as on a legal charge). 10. A harpy. 11. The picador inflames the bull by throwing darts into it; the matador kills it. 12. Pentagon. 13. The Dardanelles. 14. Grand Old Man; Isle of Man. 15. Ophelia. 16. Karen Varga (former swimming, diving and surfing champion of Hawaii); Captain Cook.



"Darling, do you think about anyone when you parachute jump?"

"Not 'arf! I think of the blighter who thinks he's my next of kin and pinches my Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

CB/X9/2

## UNSUSPECTED

Premature

## LOSS of HAIR

PREMATURE loss of hair frequently results from such causes as overstrain, overwork, over study, anxiety, worry, an accident or illness.

Nearly always, however, there is at the very outset a background of scalp disorders such as dandruff, weakness of the hair sheaths, and so



Receding at forehead is often unsuspected until it has made considerable headway. Just a few hairs fall unnoticed. Then a few more. And then a few more... The crown is another common site of premature loss of hair.

forth, and these troubles fortunately yield well to a timely reconditioning treatment applied to the scalp.

But...



The diagram indicates the great loss of width in hairs thinned by overstrain, over study, worry, etc., compared with normal hairs, as seen in cross-section under the microscope.

Scientific tests reveal that the width of hairs may be greatly reduced following illness, overstrain and so forth. This results in an appearance of considerable loss of hair, even though

little if any hair has fallen. Fortunately, however, the trouble responds well as a rule to early specialised treatment.

### PERHAPS YOU ARE NOT LOSING YOUR HAIR

So says Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool, who has written a book about hair troubles which may be obtained free on request, addressed: — Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 85.

### SEND FOR FREE BOOK

POST THIS FORM  
To Arthur J. Pye, 5, Queen Street, Blackpool, S. 85.  
Please send post free the book offered, and particulars of treatments.  
NAME .....  
(Block Letters)  
ADDRESS .....  
(Block Letters)

SOLDIER, SEPTEMBER 1951



# POETRY PERMITTED

I gather from a recent newspaper report that the Secretary for War made a statement about civilian jobs which soldiers were entitled to undertake while still serving. May we have details, please? — "Ubique" (name and address supplied).

★ The Secretary for War was asked by a Member of Parliament to publish "a list of the civilian occupations in which soldiers are permitted to engage." In reply, he quoted King's Regulations to the effect that serving soldiers must not act directly or indirectly as agents for any company or individual, or themselves engage in trade. He added that permission had been granted for all ranks on leave to help their families in business or trade so long as they did not do so in uniform.

The rule is designed to prevent military camps becoming afflicted with uniformed bookmakers, insurance agents, stationery canvassers and so on, all pursuing their own business instead of the King's. However, in-offensive trades like those of poet or cartoonist — which require a minimum of raw materials and do not (as a rule) constitute a nuisance to others — may be practised in camp; there is no need for any khaki Milton to remain mute and inglorious. This applies also to free-lance journalism (but King's Regulations say that anything written must be submitted for approval through a man's commanding officer). Some time ago SOLDIER told how Gunner Hammond Innes, now a best-selling novelist, wrote a novel between his barrack-room and the guard-room, thereby netting £2000. The Army does not

seek to prevent a man undertaking mental exercise in his spare time just because he may be able to make something out of it.

## ANY PENSION?

If a Regular soldier dies does his wife receive a pension? — Cpl. A. E. Joff, RAMC, Germany.

★ Not automatically. This is a matter between the widow and the Ministry of Pensions.

## BOUNTY AND PENSION

When I was released in 1946 I had completed 12 years with the Colours. I re-enlisted in 1947 on a short-service engagement which is due to end shortly when I shall be entitled to the usual bounty.

I wish to re-engage to complete 22 years for pension, but do not want to lose the bounty for my short service. Can I extend from my original 12 years? Also, would I be entitled to the £100 bounty for re-

# Entertaining the Troops



First two girls for Korea: Pianist Sheena Harvey (left) and singer Paula Marshall, seen with Brian (PC 49) Reece. Combined Services Entertainment arranged their trip.



The girl who took over the torch from Petula Clark in the BBC's "Calling All Forces" programme: Carole Carr.

## KING EDWARD'S HORSE

I have come across a badge of a unit called King Edward's Horse. As I have never heard of such a unit can you tell me how it originated? — Cpl. S. Gaynor, HQ Royal Engineer Establishment, Malta.

★ King Edward's Horse (The King's Overseas Dominions Regiment) was a volunteer regiment raised in the Boer War for men from the Dominions living in Britain. It served with distinction in World War One but was disbanded in 1924.

## ARMY CYCLING

I am interested in the Army Cycling Union whose activities you have described in SOLDIER from time to time. Can you tell me where I can get more details about this organisation? — Cfn. F. Pratt, 1st Infantry Divisional Signal Regiment, MELF.

★ The honorary secretary is Captain A. W. L. Fraser, HQ 1 AA Group, 15 Rutland Gate, London SW.

FOR CLEAN GROOMING

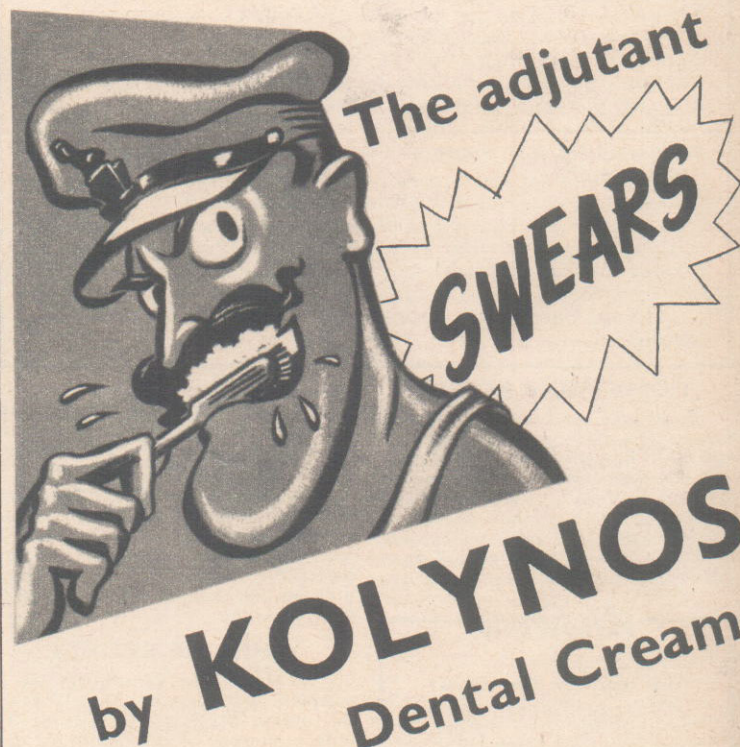
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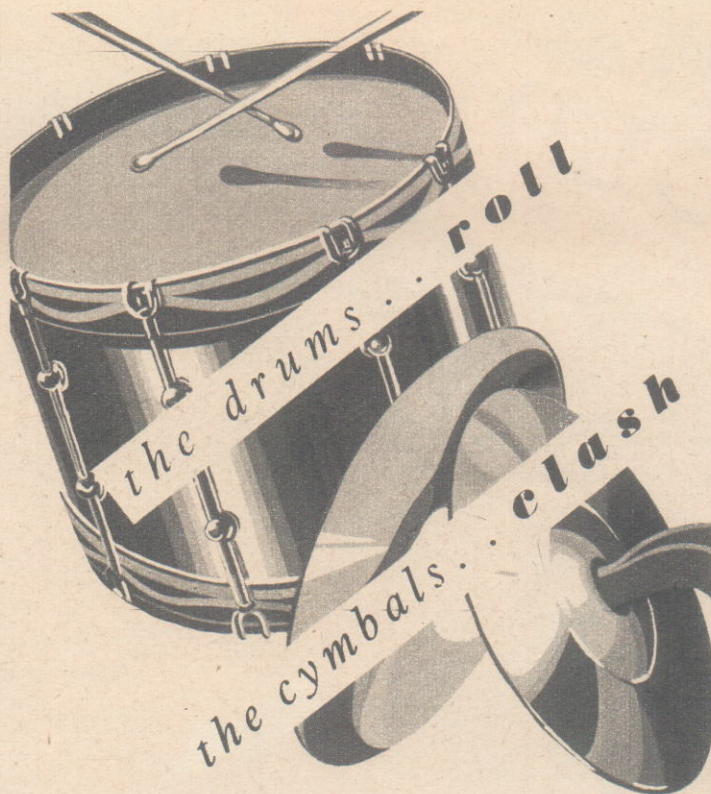
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Or Miss Dahl?



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