

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER 1955



NINEPENCE



H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh as Colonel-in-Chief of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars. A portrait by Major A. C. Davidson-Houston. See page 7.



from Cakes

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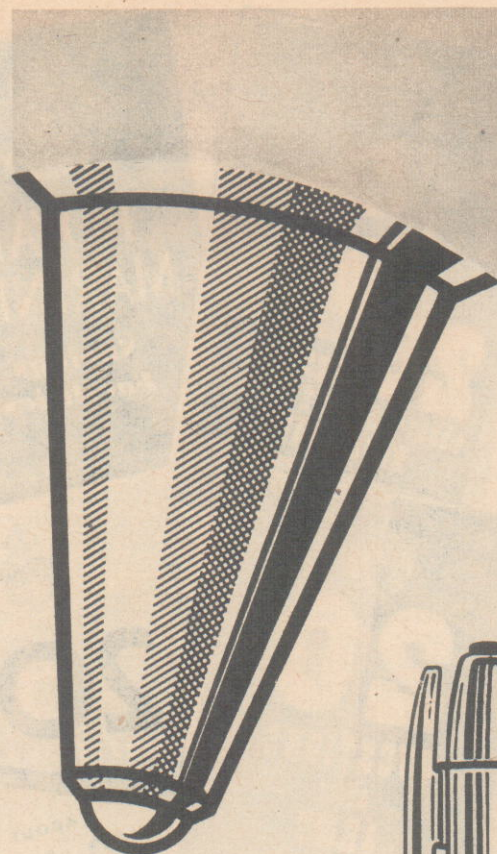
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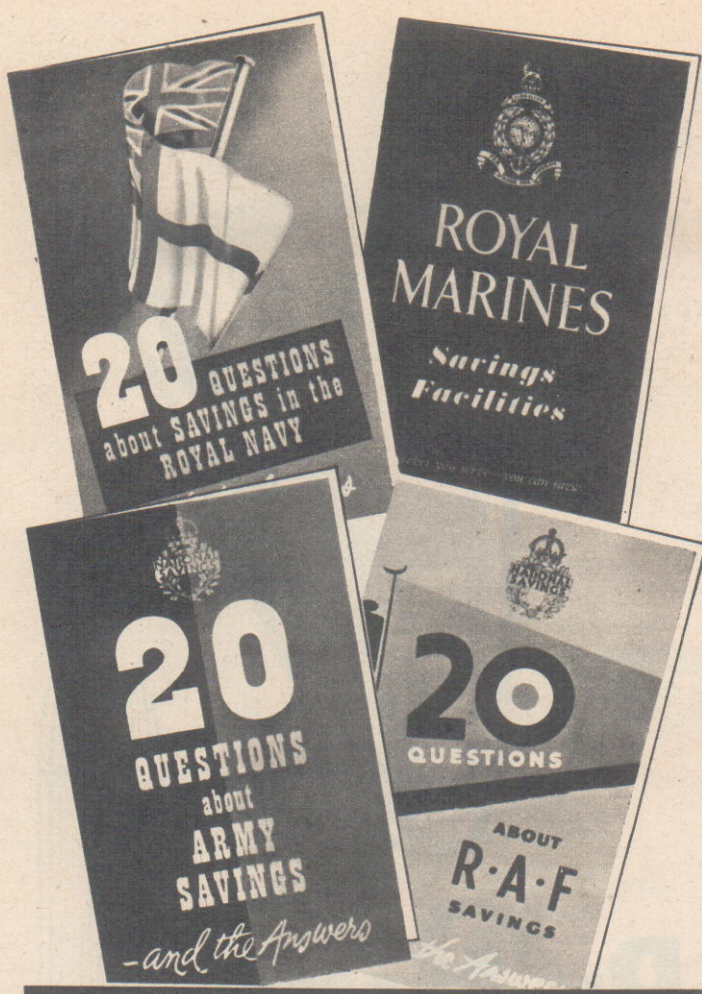
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4519-5



From: Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,

K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A., J.P.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

To: All Serving in Her Majesty's Forces

Subject: SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

You may say that you find it hard enough to save in "Civvy Street" so how on earth can you do so in the Services? However, if you think about it seriously there is no better time to start—if you haven't already done so. Every unit in all the services "lays on" National Savings facilities and the Unit Savings Officer will be only too pleased to help would-be savers.

I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

I also commend Forces Savings for mention by parents and friends to young men who are going into the Services (and to young women too, as in the Women's Services there are some of our best savers!)

We have an excellent series of leaflets (shown above) which tell, in simple language, all about Forces Savings. Why not write for a copy of the one which applies. Address your letter to me:—

Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,
H.M. Forces Savings Committee.
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

Issued by H.M. Forces Savings Committee

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PB 27/1

THE ARMY IN THE HEADLINES

"It seemed to be assumed, as I made my tour, that because I was a journalist I must be looking for complaints."

That is a quotation from an article in the "News Chronicle" by Mr. Laurence Thompson, who was one of the newspaper men assigned to report on conditions in Rhine Army, after the recent court-martial of a sergeant on a charge of murder.

Well, it is not very difficult to guess how the notion got around that journalists who visit the Army are looking for complaints. There are certain newspapers which like nothing better than a story of some petty Army "scandal" to splash alongside BABY BORN ON HONEYMOON and HUSBAND CITES MILKMAN.

Mr. Thompson says that the National Servicemen whom he interviewed began to complain "with gusto."

"They didn't get enough money, they said, ordering themselves another pint of beer. They were half-starved, they said; and when I remarked that they looked reasonably well-nourished, they said that was because of the food they ate at the NAAFI. Anyway, the Army was no good; look at Tom here, stopped from going into town because the Army said he was wearing a Teddy suit..."

Now Mr. Thompson was not born yesterday; he has a sceptical mind. He once wrote an excellent novel called *A Time to Laugh*. This was his time to laugh. He wrote:

"Beware, oh excellent young men, that you do not cry 'Wolf!' too often, lest when you really have a complaint no one will listen."

It was rather degrading, Mr. Thompson felt, that "decent officers and NCOs" should be standing by in a state of apprehension "lest I make a national hero of some graceless pipsqueak forbidden to parade Dusseldorf in a Teddy boy suit." Their fear was that the hullabaloo which results from that kind of story would tend to falsify relations between officers and men.

Thank you, Mr. Thompson. That gives SOLDIER a convenient lead-in to a subject it has had on its mind for some time.

The Army would be a strange institution if nonsenses and injustices did not sometimes happen in it. But must so many piquant trivialities be headlined for the amusement of millions?

Of old, the Army deeply distrusted the Press. Today, its policy is to take the newspapers into its confidence. There ought to be understanding and respect on both sides. Evasiveness and obstruction by the Army exasperate the newspapers; but silly newspaper stories equally exasperate the Army.

SOLDIER to Soldier

Sometimes—not always—the source of the headlines is a soldier with a grievance. He may have communicated it direct to a newspaper, or his friends or family may have done so. The result is that a grumble which could, or should, have been attended to in the unit is shared by the whole population of Britain. The resulting publicity may or may not remedy the grievance, always supposing there really is one; but if everybody with a grouse appealed to Fleet Street, discipline would be at an end.

Now and again reporters descend on a camp which has become news. It is the reporter's duty (to his newspaper) to ask questions. A soldier is under no compulsion whatever to answer them. Indeed, he is under compulsion not to communicate with the Press, without authority.

Recently one newspaper quoted an anonymous Serviceman (not, as it happens, a soldier) as saying of his unit: "The atmosphere is tense... we shall not rest till we get some satisfaction." Another anonymous speaker said the boys were considering whether to "bury the hatchet."

This is dangerous stuff. The newspaper which printed it should have had more regard for Service discipline.

Sometimes the big black headlines are inspired by a question in Parliament. Every soldier has a constitutional right to write to his Member of Parliament, but he has no moral right to write to his MP on a triviality which could be settled in his own unit. His MP would readily agree.

Of course, the public has a right to know, within reasonable limits, what goes on in the Army. The newspapers are perfectly entitled to report criticisms of the Army by (for example) judges, coroners and Members of Parliament; it is their duty to the community. Some dirty linen *must* be washed publicly. It is worth pointing out, perhaps, that the recent court-martial at Dusseldorf received no more, and no less, space than any other sensational murder trial of recent times. (Whether murder trials merit all that space is another question altogether.)

In many ways the Army owes a good deal to the newspapers. They have helped to improve the conditions of the soldier; they have been at pains to apply ginger

in days of lethargy; they did much to exorcise the shade of Colonel Blimp. Publicity can be a form of stimulant, and equally of hygiene. But that does not mean that every unit slip-up, every unhappily worded order, should be pilloried in big black type. All kinds of imbecilities occur behind the scenes on newspapers, but they are not reported.

To be fair, most newspapers are very willing to hand bouquets to the Army when they appear to be merited.

Let's make the right kind of news for them!

NOT so long ago a fictional film about the anti-Mau Mau operations, entitled "Simba," went round the cinemas.

If that film had shown British officers and NCOs disguising themselves as Africans and leading armed bands into the heart of the enemy camp, the critics would have said: "This is a bit much. Why must film producers always overdo things? How could white men ever get away with anything like that? Why can't they show the operations as they really are?"

But real life outdoes fiction, as is abundantly clear from recent citations for bravery in Kenya. It is unfair to pick and choose among citations, but the feats performed by Captain Rupert Feild, of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (Military Cross) and Warrant Officer John Miller, of the Kenya Regiment (Distinguished Conduct Medal) are the answer to those who say that the Army is too hidebound to rise to the demands of guerrilla warfare. To live and fight in disguise, in a world of hostile knives, calls for a sustained and round-the-clock courage coupled with phenomenal alertness and presence of mind. Perhaps there will be more to tell of the "inside story" of the Kenya operations in due course.

Meanwhile let nobody think that undisguised patrols enjoy a picnic. One citation tells how men of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers were following a gang of terrorists in the forest when they were charged by a herd of elephant. Sergeant Victor Glendinning (British Empire Medal) gathered his men together again, and pressed home an attack on the gang, killing one and wounding others.

Sergeant Thomas

OVER



"Is that the Commanding Officer of the 30th Dragoons? What's all this about Trooper Flashman not being allowed out of camp in suede shoes?"

Kerr, of the same regiment (British Empire Medal) hustled a party for more than seven miles through difficult country at 8000 feet, carrying a wounded man and medical supplies and rations. The impressive part of the citation is the last paragraph:

"Sergeant Kerr has served 22 years with the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Most men in his position would consider that they deserved a job more in keeping with their age and service than commanding a platoon on active service in such difficult country. Sergeant Kerr has always steadfastly refused easier employment and consistently volunteers for the most difficult patrols."

THE Member of Parliament who asked the Secretary for War whether he would obtain "an undertaking from serving officers that they will refrain from using their military rank and title after retirement from active service" received the answer: "No, sir. I see no reason for such a change."

The questioner was assured that men serving in the uncommissioned ranks were perfectly entitled to use their ranks after leaving the service. "If anyone wants to retain his rank," said Mr. Anthony Head, "it is a sign that he is proud of having served in the Army."

In practice, nobody below the rank of captain ever shows signs of wishing to retain his rank. There are, of course, many individuals with ranks like Quartermaster Sergeant - Instructor who can never hope to be called other than "Mister," however proud they may be of the Army.

Until World War One the use of military ranks after retirement was regarded as the perquisite of Regular officers. After that war, many temporary officers continued to call themselves captain and major. They had faced equal dangers to those faced by the Regulars and had even served longer than some Regulars. But the great majority cheerfully reverted to "Mister." They were proud enough of having served, but they had no wish to be thought conceited.

After World War Two every temporary officer on discharge received a leaflet authorising him to use the rank he had attained "from the day of your release."

As it turns out, hardly any temporary officer has done so. It is amusing to think what life would be like today if every ex-member of the Forces availed himself of this privilege. The answer seems to be that a privilege is only worth having if it is reasonably exclusive.

BICESTER Garrison is in the pillory. The occupants are hanging their heads in shame—or are they?

The Garrison is held up in a

recent special number of the *Architectural Review* as an eyesore of the first magnitude, the sort of crudity which is ruining the face of Britain. The entire issue of this journal, which is entitled "Outrage," is a glossy horror-comic devoted to the uncontrolled sprawl across the countryside of ill-conceived buildings, tasteless signs, hoardings, wire-fences and so on.

No doubt at Bicester they are saying, "Why pick on us?" Well, it just happens that the *Review's* investigator travelled that way.

"Bicester Garrison!" (he sighs) "five miles on your car speedometer, ringed with wire and full of keep-out warnings . . . KEEP OUT . . . KEEP OUT . . . DOGS PATROL AT NIGHT . . ."

The writer admits that the military must live—"but when one of the Services makes an assault on fresh country, two

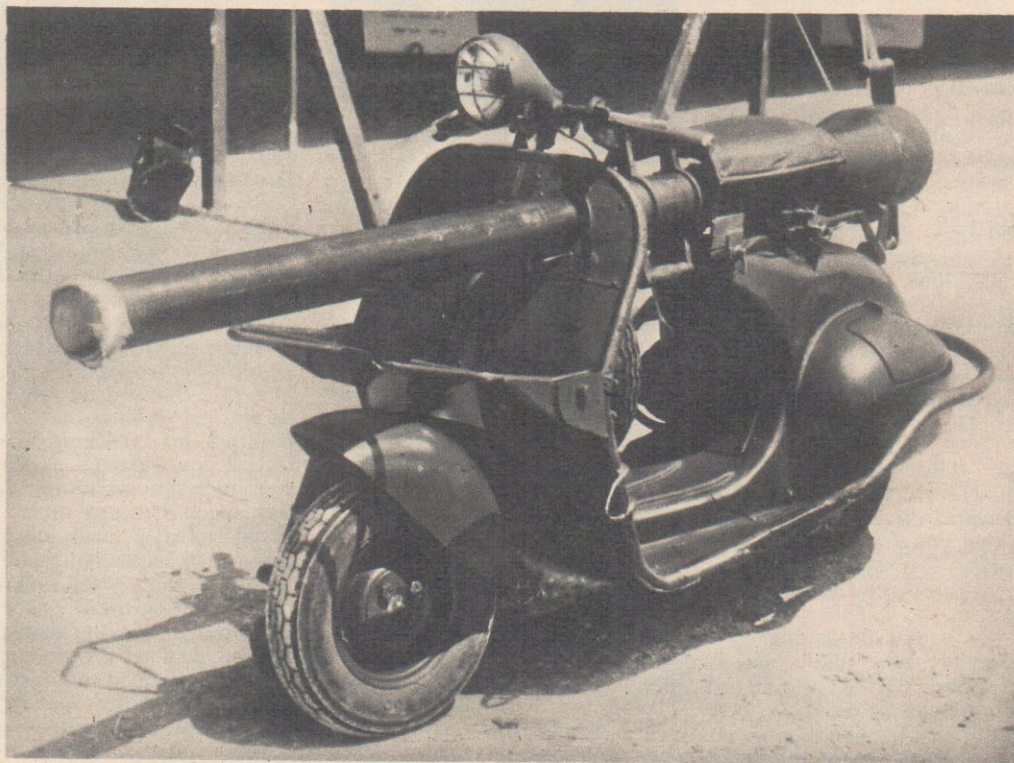
things can be asked of it—that it attempts camouflage and that it tidies up as it goes along. . . . It is no use being prepared if in the process you destroy what you are supposed to defend."

Now it is very easy (and very right) to get worked up about this subject of spoiling the countryside. But how does the *Architectural Review* propose housing and safeguarding great masses of military stores, over acres and acres of countryside, without running wire around or building formidably high (and ugly) brick walls? The notices quoted strike a far from amiable note, but those with long and sad experience of guarding public property can often be excused for couching their warnings in blunt words of one syllable. What would the *Architectural Review* have the Army say—"Please Do Not Break In"? As

for the warning about dogs, well—even our crude ancestors put up notices warning "Beware of Spring Guns and Man-Traps!"

There may be unsightly Army camps, but there are scores more which, thanks to the pride and ingenuity of the occupants, have been made remarkably presentable. There is a limit to what can be done to "beautify" a military camp, and it may be that some attempts by misguided enthusiasts have had the opposite effect to what was intended. Often there is an all-but-insurmountable disfigurement in the shape of a water-tower. How does the *Architectural Review* suggest we get round that one?

It is fortunate, perhaps, that the itinerary of this investigator did not take him across Salisbury Plain. He would have had a good deal to say (and possibly with justification) about those military crests carved out of chalky hillsides.

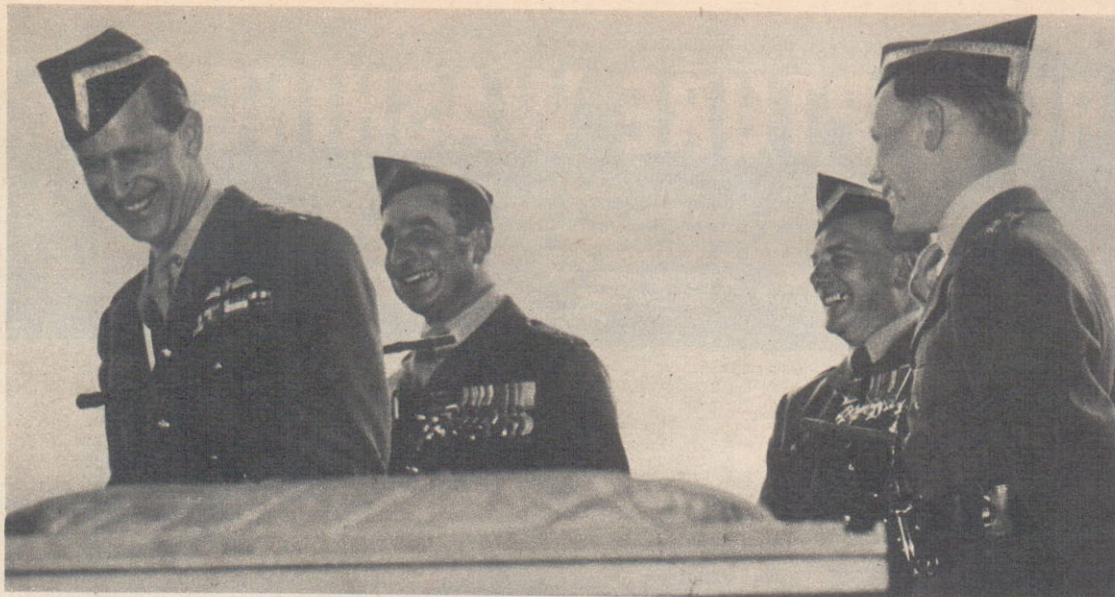


NOW THE SCOOTER GUN

Anti-tank weapons are growing more mobile. The French Army now has a 40 mph "scooter shooter" with a 75 mm recoil-less cannon; to

fire, the gunner dismounts, then secures the scooter. The United States Army has already mounted its 105 mm recoil-less rifle on a jeep.





Wearing the officers' "tent side" cap (green and gold) of the 8th Hussars: the Duke of Edinburgh, with Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. V. de Clermont, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin and Lieutenant H. J. Acworth.

—Photographs: Sergeant M. F. Godfrey, Army Public Relations

THE DUKE IS A HUSSAR

NOT the least distinction of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars is that they have a sailor as Colonel-in-Chief and an airman as Colonel.

The sailor is His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, who recently paid his third visit to the Regiment at Luneburg, Germany. At the airport the airman-Colonel—Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin—was waiting to greet him, with the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. V. de Clermont.

When the Duke's four-engined Heron was sighted over Luneburg a guard of honour from the East Lancashire Regiment turned out in front of the control tower; and the road to the Hussars' barracks was lined by men of the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment. At Wyvern Barracks colourful massed trumpeters of the 8th Hussars and a guard of honour greeted the Colonel-in-Chief.

According to the Press, the regimental parade in the afternoon was embarrassed by a swarm of bees, but the Regiment did not know this until they read the papers. After the parade the Duke addressed the Regiment and inspected a new Mark VII Centurion, showing a sharp interest in technical developments.

In the evening the Duke visited the sergeants' mess, where a group photograph was taken. He found the company so congenial that the programme began to lag behind schedule. That evening the Royal Standard flew over the officers' mess, where the Duke stayed overnight.

The Regiment's Colonel, Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, has had an unusual Service career. He joined the 8th Hussars before World War One, with every intention of pursuing a Cavalry career. As a subaltern, he rode and played polo at Ambala, India. War broke out, and the Regiment did not reach France until after the Battle of the Marne, when the line had been stabilised from Switzerland to the sea, and Cavalry had to serve minus their horses. Lieutenant Baldwin forthwith transferred to the Royal Flying Corps, in which he served with distinction. Once he shot down an enemy aircraft in sight of the King of the Belgians. In World War Two he led a 1000-bomber raid on Cologne, and in Burma commanded in the air while Field-Marshal Sir William Slim commanded on the ground. Throughout his air career he kept in touch with his

old regiment—and rode horses whenever he could.

In spite of the pressure of modern training, the 8th Hussars try to keep up all those activities which were traditional to the regimental life. There are 22 horses on strength, of which seven are saddle club horses. Some 25 men from the uncommissioned ranks ride regularly. The Commanding Officer has five race-horses which he trains himself, and which are ridden at race meetings by men of the Regiment who were Newmarket apprentices before call-up.

At a time when long-service NCOs are growing scarcer, the Hussars welcomed back this year Sergeant A. Baker who served on the Rhine with the Regiment at Wiesbaden in 1927 when the present Corps Commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Hugh Stockwell, was still a subaltern in the Royal Welch Fusiliers. In 1932 Sergeant Baker was the present Commanding Officer's troop sergeant at Aldershot. He left the Regiment in 1940.

The 8th Hussars were born in 1693 as a regiment of dragoons. Eleven years later they trounced the Spanish Cavalry at Almanara, tearing the cross-belts from the fleeing enemy's backs. They charged with the Light Brigade, were among the founder members of the Desert Rats, and operated the first Centurions in Korea.

The Duke talks with SQMS John Halberton, who fought in the Imjin Battle in Korea and was a prisoner-of-war for two years.



He learned to paint in a prisoner-of-war camp: Major A. C. Davidson-Houston.

THE PORTRAIT— AND THE ARTIST

SOLDIER's cover portrait of His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh is reproduced by courtesy of Lieutenant-Colonel P. H. V. de Clermont DSO, Commanding Officer of the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars.

The painting was commissioned by the Regiment, of which the Duke is Colonel-in-Chief.

The Duke is wearing the Garter Star on his left breast and the Badge of the Grand Master of the Order of the British Empire suspended from his neck. His stars and medals are: 1939-45 Star; Atlantic Star; Africa Star; Burma Star with Pacific Rosette; Italy Star; War Medal with Palm Leaf; King George VI Coronation Medal; Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Medal; Greek War Cross; Croix-de-Guerre with Laurel.

Major A. C. Davidson-Houston, the artist, served with the Royal Sussex Regiment for 24 years—from 1925 to 1949. Captured in the rear-guard covering the Dunkirk withdrawal, he spent his five years in prisoner-of-war camps learning to paint, producing more than 600 portraits. After leaving the Army, he attended the Slade School.

He has already painted portraits of many distinguished soldiers. These include two field-marshal: His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester and Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. Among Guards officers who have sat for him are General Lord Jeffreys; Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning, Treasurer to the Duke of Edinburgh, and Major-General Sir Allan Adair, who commanded the Guards Armoured Division. He has also painted portraits of Lieutenant-General Sir Lashmer Whistler, Commander in Chief of Western Command, who like himself served in the Royal Sussex Regiment, and of Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard.

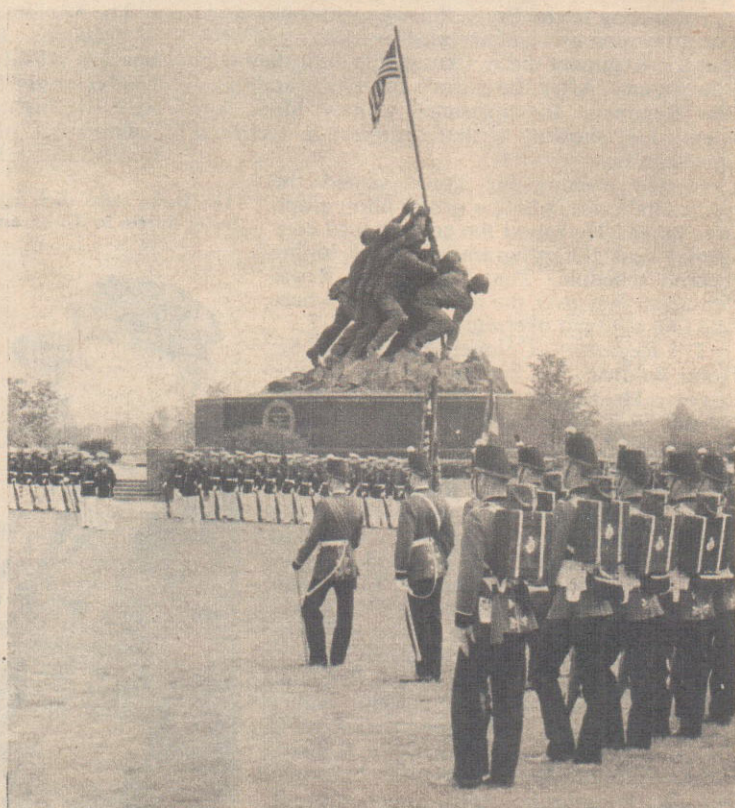
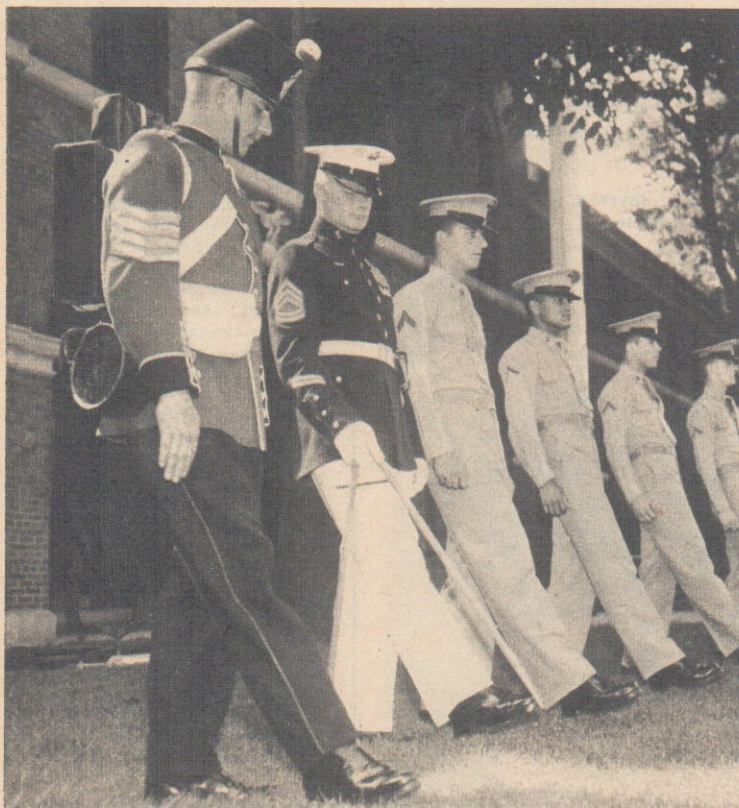
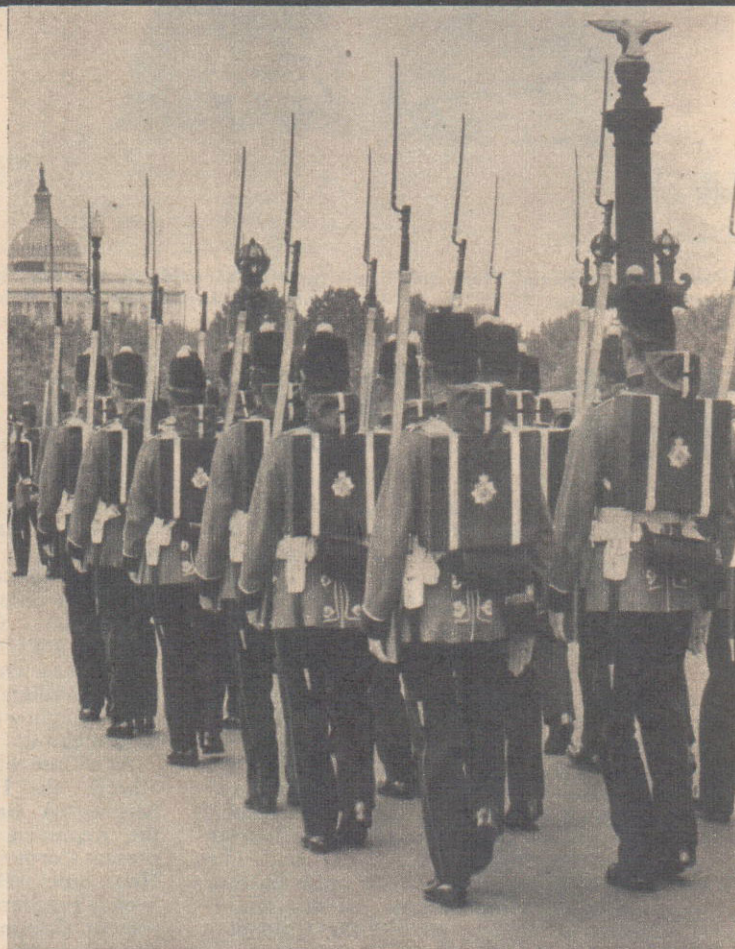
In the Duke of Edinburgh's portrait a picture of a sailing vessel is dimly seen. This, Major Davidson-Houston informed SOLDIER, was to serve as a reminder that the Duke's Service background is nautical.

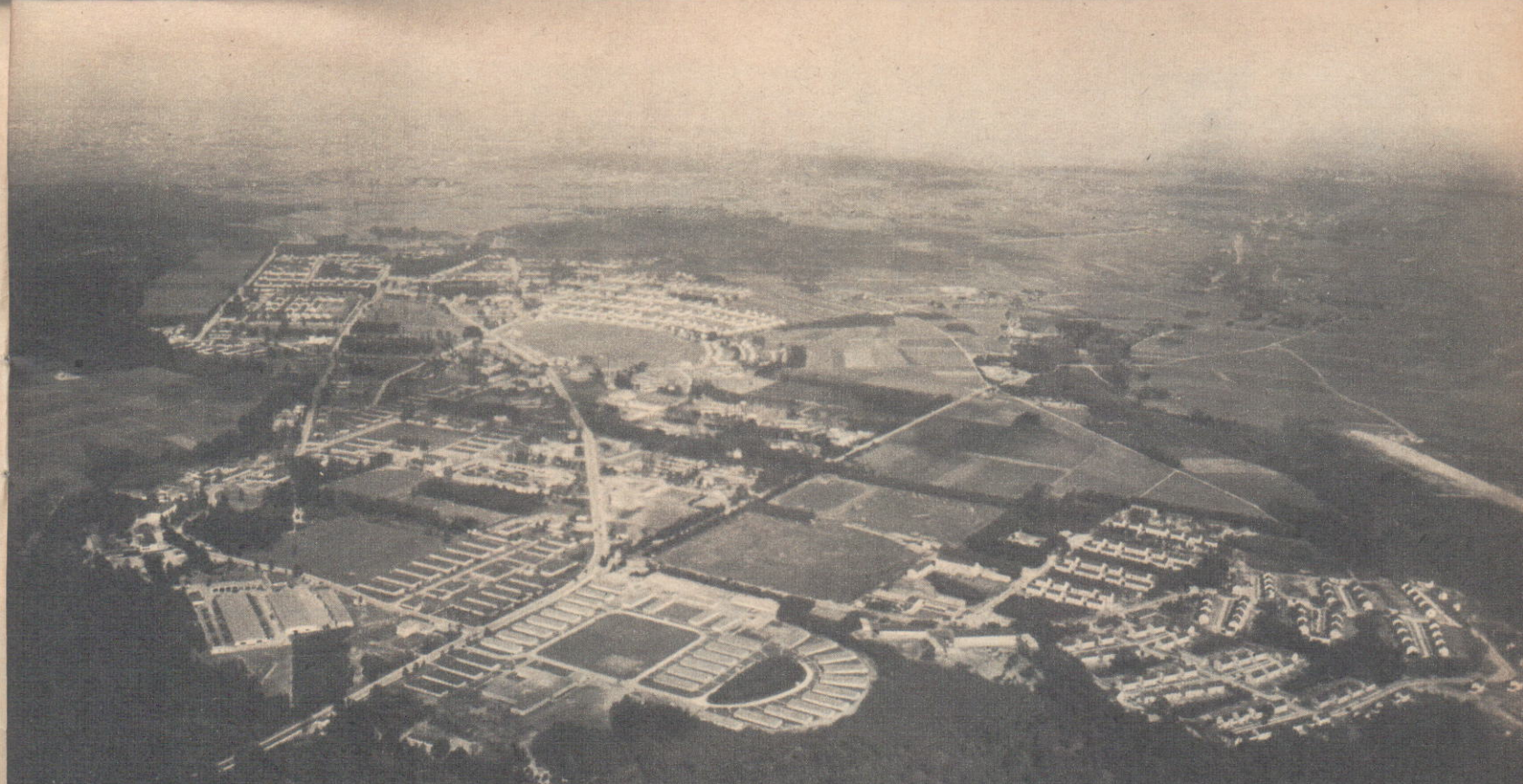
BRITISH RE-CAPTURE WASHINGTON

IN 1814 the British Army seized the city of Washington and ate the "victory dinner" which the President had prepared in the White House for his officers. Then reluctantly, under orders from Whitehall, they destroyed the city's public buildings.

This affair rankled among Americans for generations, but is now forgiven. This year soldiers in British uniforms of the 1800s "recap-

tured" the American capital. They were Queen's University students from Kingston, Ontario, who spend their summers guarding old Fort Henry, former British stronghold, and who were invited to Washington by the United States Marines. Pictures show troops with Capitol dome in background, Marines trying out the British pace-stick and a parade at the Iwo Jima memorial at Arlington, Virginia.





"THEY HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN A THING" IS A SOLDIER'S COMMENT ON THE "TYPICALLY ENGLISH TOWN" WHICH NOW HOUSES HEADQUARTERS STAFFS NEAR MOENCHEN GLADBACH IN GERMANY

Bird's-eye view of the new headquarters shows the spacious lay-out.

Pictures by SOLDIER cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

MARLBOROUGH CAMPED HERE

ARROWED road-signs around Moenchengladbach point the way to Headquarters, Northern Army Group. Others indicate the road to Headquarters, 2nd Allied Tactical Air Force. Soon a third set of arrows will direct the traveller to the Headquarters of Flag Officer, Germany.

Yet all the arrows will point the same way, to an area in which Marlborough camped with his 19,000 redcoats on the march which culminated at Blenheim. Here, in one building labelled "Headquarters, Northern Forces, Central Europe," army and air force Staff officers of four nations are working side by side, and naval officers are still to move in.

When everyone is there, perhaps somebody will give the place a name to itself. At present, it appears on the map as Rheindah-

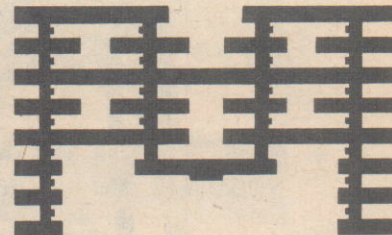
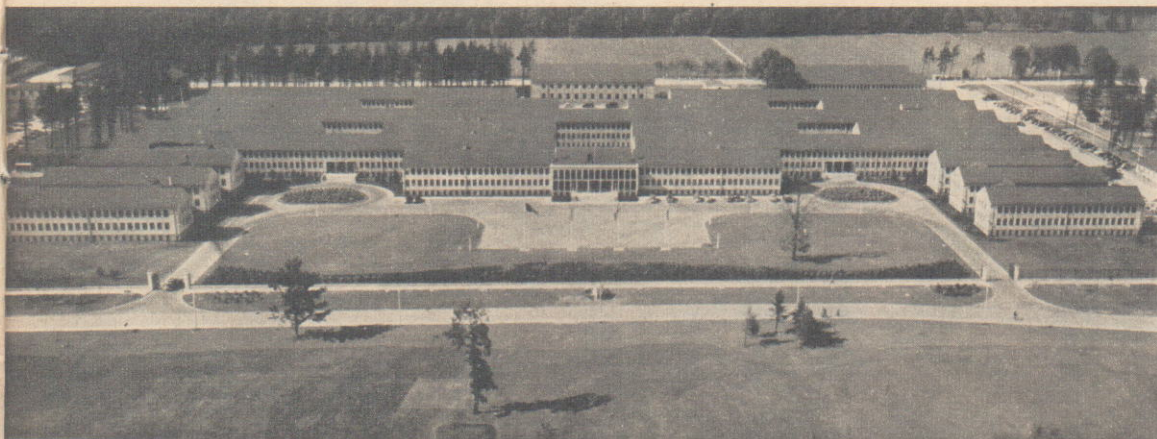
lener Wald, which is no longer accurate since much of the Rheindahlen forest has been cleared of trees. To the residents, it is simply, "The new headquarters." But this is a town with its own personality, the first "new town" to be built in Germany, and deserves a name of its own to enhance its civic pride.

From the speed with which it was erected, the new headquarters might deserve to be called a mushroom town, were it not so obviously planned, solid and per-

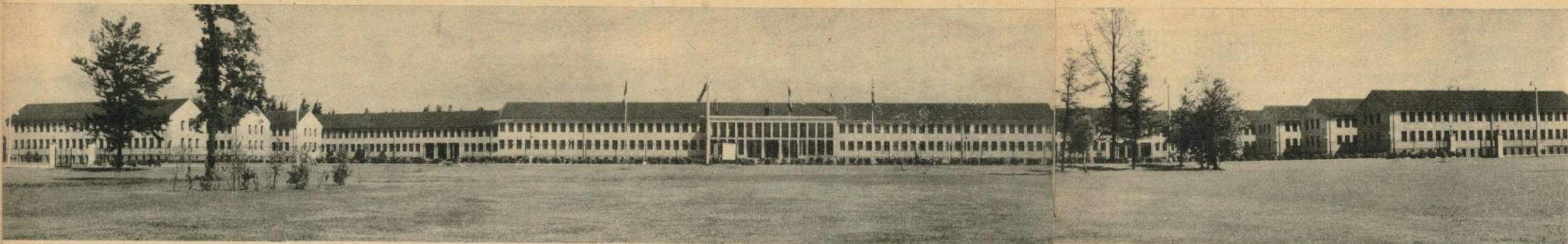
manent. Only 19-and-a-half months elapsed between the appearance of the first workmen and moving-in day. The main office block was completed in 18 months. In summer work went on by night, by arc-light, which meant an 18-hour day for Major J. W. Dix, the ex-Royal Engineers officer who supervised the whole project, and his staff. By any standards, it was quick work for an undertaking of this size, and Colonel H. Grattan, the Chief Engineer, has paid tribute to the co-operation of the German authorities, who set up a special building agency, and the 1000 German contractors who took part.

The headquarters were planned with thought for the day when the Germans will take them over. For this reason, there were a number of minor modifications to suit German tastes. Thus cellars, more usual in Continental than British homes, have been included in the married quarters. On the other hand, in deference to the Briton's love of an open fire, brick fireplaces have been built into the living-rooms of officers' married quarters, although every building has central heating (and hot water) piped to it from a "district heating" system. Electricity comes from the German grid, and gas for

OVER →



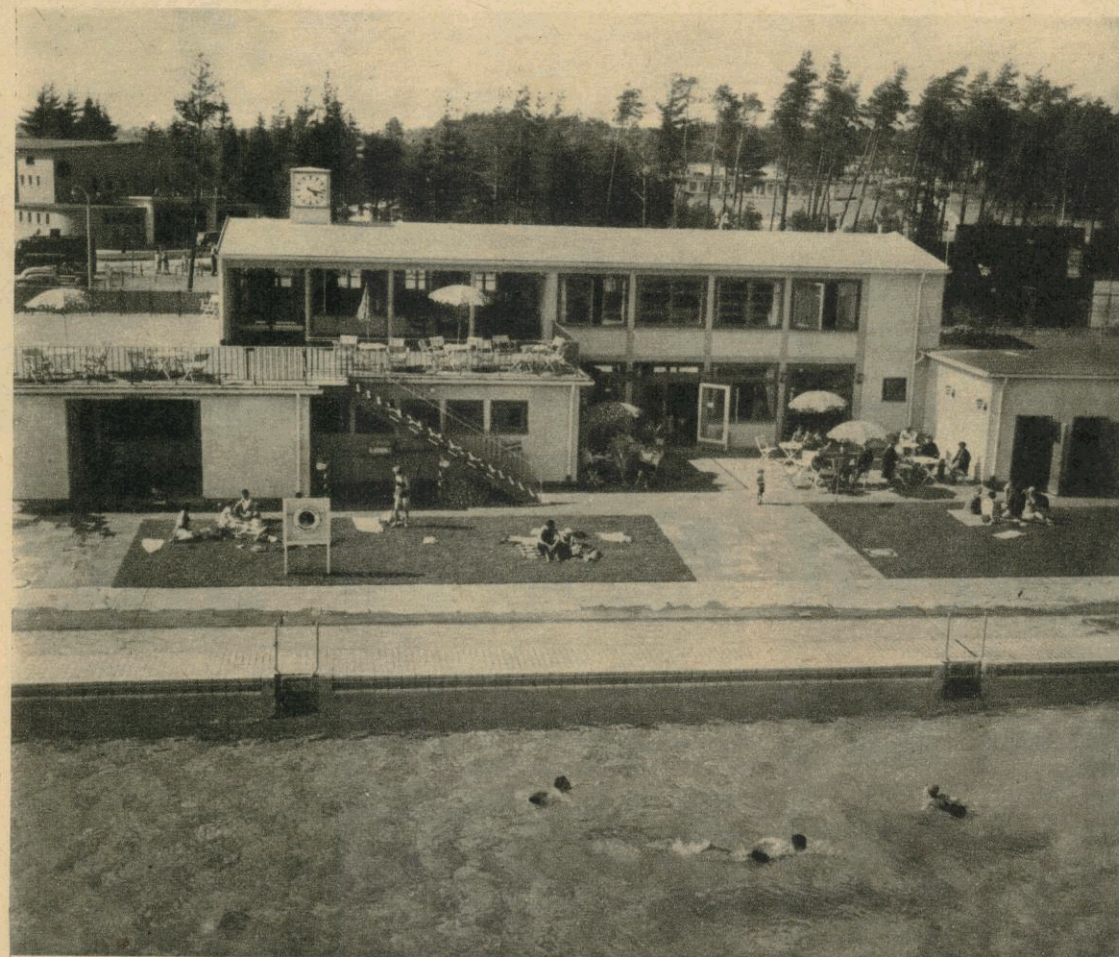
The main headquarters building (left) can boast windows in every room. The plan above shows how it was done.



Some call it "The Kremlin," the Germans, "Sing-Sing": the main building from ground level. Below: the garrison pool is built to Olympic standards.

MARLBOROUGH CAMPED HERE

continued



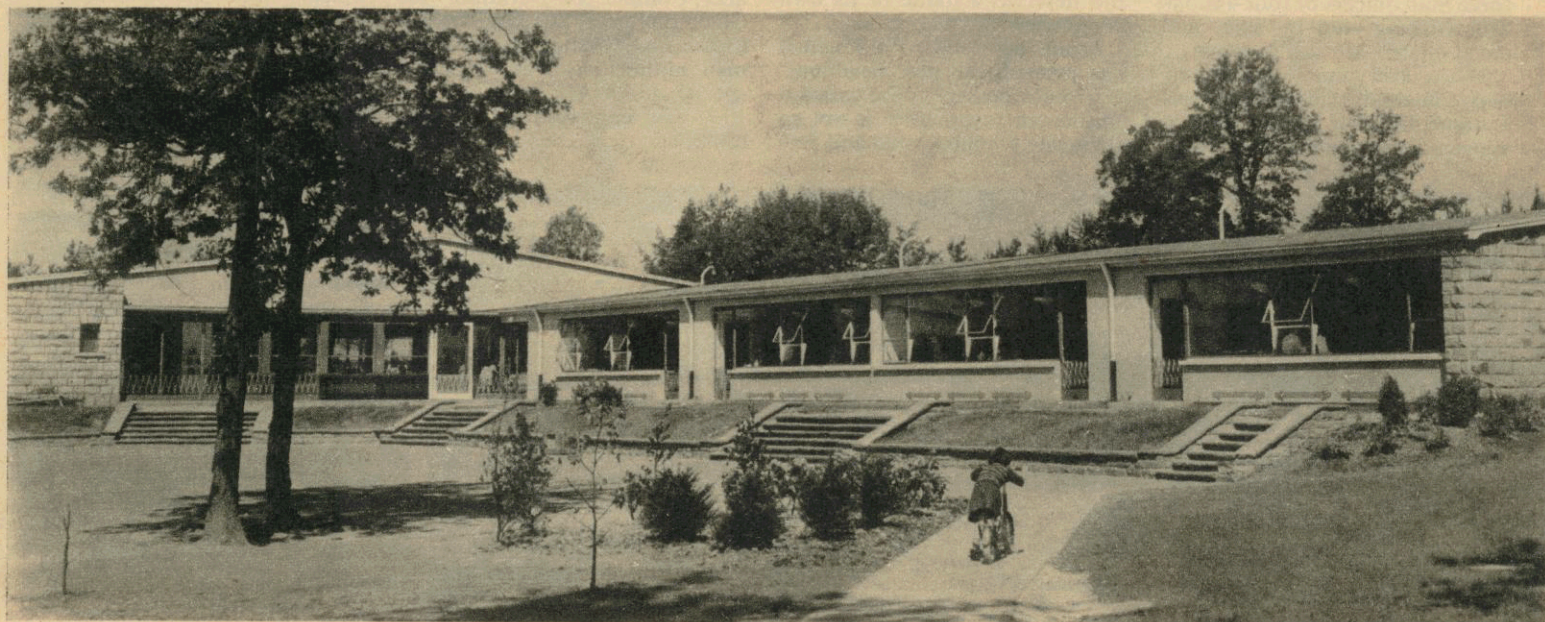
cooking is pumped from 40 miles away in the Ruhr, through a gas grid of a kind unknown in Britain.

The focal point of the new headquarters is the main building which, viewed from an aeroplane, or on a plan, looks like a complicated but symmetrical doodle based on a series of linked "H's". From inside, the purpose of the design soon becomes clear: every one of the 2000 rooms can boast a window and, once the lettering plan of the blocks has revealed itself (the whole alphabet is used) it is not too difficult to find one's way about.

Some of the British residents of the Headquarters call the main building the Kremlin. The Germans, with more architectural aptness, call it Sing-Sing and this nickname takes on more point after working hours, when guard-dogs slink along beside their German handlers inside the tall railings which surround the building.

Away from the business-like concentration of the main building it seems the planners were inspired by a desire for spaciousness and a determination to avoid the dull monotony of such military planning as the camp at Aldershot. Roads curve and cut into each other at varying angles. Apart from barrack-blocks and huts for unmarried German workers (German married quar-

Headquarters town has four schools already. Note the big panoramic windows in this primary school.



ters are being built by local authorities in nearby villages) there is little regimentation of buildings. For all that, everything is in its most convenient place. The Army, the Royal Air Force and the Germans each have their own area of the camp.

The bulk of the married quarters are on the east side of the camp and merge into the area in which are situated two primary schools, the shops and the clubs where wives may take their morning coffee.

It is a fine, green town, well endowed with open spaces which are growing even greener, thanks to the tons of grass seed which have been planted. The ultimate establishment of grass-cutting machines will be large. It is a matter for pride to the residents that the growing lawns are not scarred with short cuts. In the garrison commander's office they say "grass discipline" is nearly one hundred per cent. Here and there are clumps of trees in which red squirrels, now rare in England, can sometimes be seen.

Some of the trees are full-grown pines; others are young leaf-trees. They were there before the headquarters. When the first bull-dozer appeared, the site was a patchwork of pines and of hardwood nurseries. That was one reason why it was chosen for the new headquarters; arable land would have been too valuable. The builders saved some of the

leaf-mould from the forest and later bull-dozed it back, along with humus and fertiliser, as a fertile basis for the garrison's gardens and lawns.

The composition of the soil led to the following grim warning in *Moenchen Gladbach Life*, a mimeographed news-sheet published weekly by the education centre: "Many areas in the Camp have a surface with a peat-like consistency which will catch fire extremely easily and burn without smoke for a long period, in some cases travelling underground. A cigarette thrown away carelessly may cause an extensive amount of damage."

The trees, the grass, the architecture (which the designers say is in the traditional English conservative style) prompted visiting members of the West German Parliament to say that they would have recognised the place as English if they had driven through it casually and that it was a "typically English town."

Most of the name-plates on the corners have their duplicates in Britain. The "walks" and "drives" on which most of the living accommodation is sited are named after towns in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. The "roads" are called after Service leaders of the countries represented in the headquarters and include Wolseley Road, St. Vincent Road, Trenchard Road

OVER



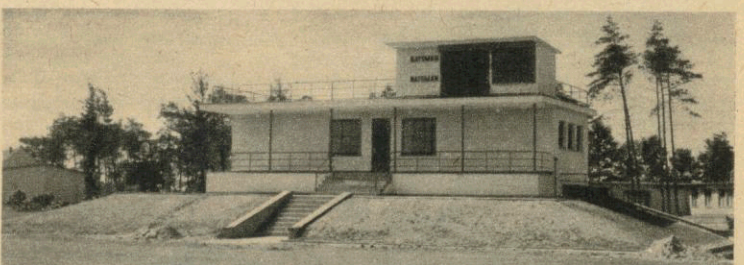
Clerks of five nations at Northern Army Group headquarters. Those of Britain, Canada, Belgium and Holland belong to the integrated staff; the Americans are on the staff of the United States liaison officer.



Left: Major-General C. F. C. Coleman, Chief of Staff, Northern Army Group.



Right: General Sir Richard Gale, Commander-in-Chief, Northern Army Group.



Cricket? Of course. Pavilion and scoreboard are neatly combined.

14TH LEGION WAS HERE

MARLBOROUGH'S redcoats are not the only soldiers to have camped at Moenchen Gladbach.

Julius Caesar passed that way, and work on the site has revealed that a Roman camp stood there. Probably it was used as a centre for policing the road from the Rhine to the Maas—the site is roughly the same distance from both rivers.

Roman soldiers lie buried where officers' messes now stand. There are indications of a Roman road and fortifications.

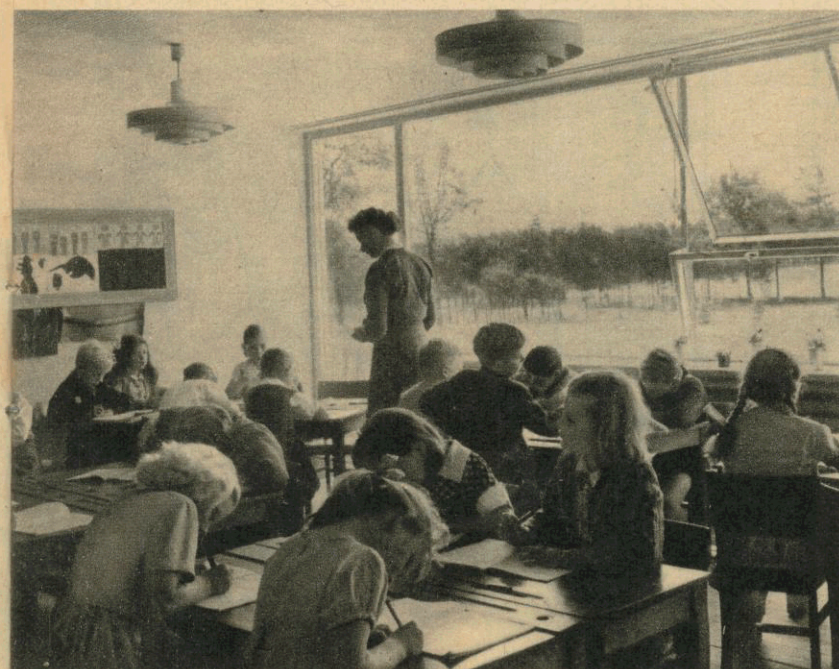
The ground has yielded a bowl in which a legionary once collected his rations. It bears the stamp of the 14th Legion. The Romans also left a drinking vase inscribed "Vivat," a Latin equivalent of "Skin off your nose."

A local church has a record of the fact that a party of Cossacks camped in the forest one night in February 1814. They were part of an army pursuing Napoleon's troops. One of them left his sabre in the hole in which he cooked his

supper, and it was dug up again during building operations.

The relics, some prehistoric, which came to light during the building of the new headquarters were sent to the Landes-Museum, Bonn, which cleaned them up, evaluated them and then lent them to the headquarters education centre. Here they are displayed in glass cases, each with two locks. The key of one lock is kept at Bonn, the other in the centre.

World War Two also left its relics in the Rheindahlener Wald. Unexploded ammunition was among the builders' hazards, including a thousand-pound bomb which was picked up and dropped three times by an excavator-grab before the operator realised what it was.



MARLBOROUGH CAMPED HERE

continued



After duty hours, guard dogs patrol inside the rails of the main headquarters building. Below: Rescue practice at the RASC fire station.



and Van Tromp Road. The main thoroughfare which passes right through the camp has been named Queen's Avenue, perhaps with memories of Aldershot.

Once arrived in the new headquarters, it would be quite possible for a family to live there without going outside the perimeter until the next posting. There are families hostels, where wives may receive initiation into the life of the garrison before taking over married quarters. There are three primary schools (with another to come) and a secondary school.

Wives can go to the NAAFI shop (which delivers to all married quarters once a week), the thrift shop and the garden shop, and soon there will be 40 German shops, to broaden her choice. If she has a motor-car, she may have it filled with petrol and repaired at the garage in the camp. German tradesmen, provided with official passes, call at her door.

For entertainment, there are the clubs, a theatre, a Royal Air Force cinema where the audience may smoke and an Army cinema where, they may not ("smoke would ruin our expensive Cinemascope screen in a year," says the Army Kinema Corporation manager). There are facilities for just about every sport the Army plays, including a pitch-and-putt golf course, a 450,000-gallon swimming pool built to Olympic standards and riding-stables.

Getting about a camp that size poses its own problems. Many Servicemen have solved it by buying bicycles and taking advantage of the cycle tracks which line the camp roads. Internal bus services, run by the garrison, also help, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings there is a taxi service, with Army cars, at flat rates of a penny a journey for Servicemen, twopence for children and fourpence for civilian adults.

FIGURED OUT

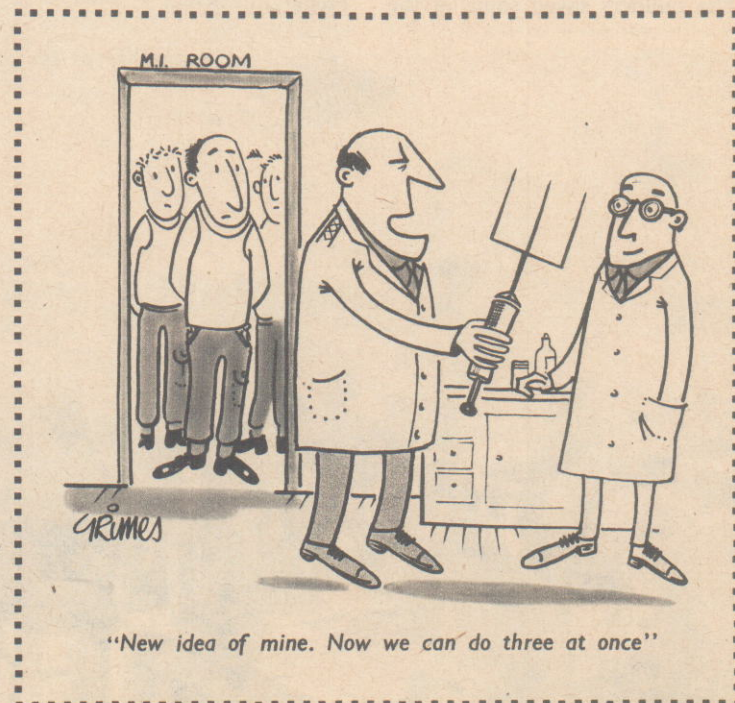
The new headquarters cost £14,500,000 to build and has:— Population, 10,000; area, 1100 acres; roads, 20 miles; sports fields, 74 acres; water piping, 40 miles; married quarters, 1128; barrack blocks, 45; schools, 4 (one more to come); officers' messes, 7; sergeants' messes, 4; families' hostels, 3; clubs, 10; churches, 3; cinemas, 2; theatre, 1.

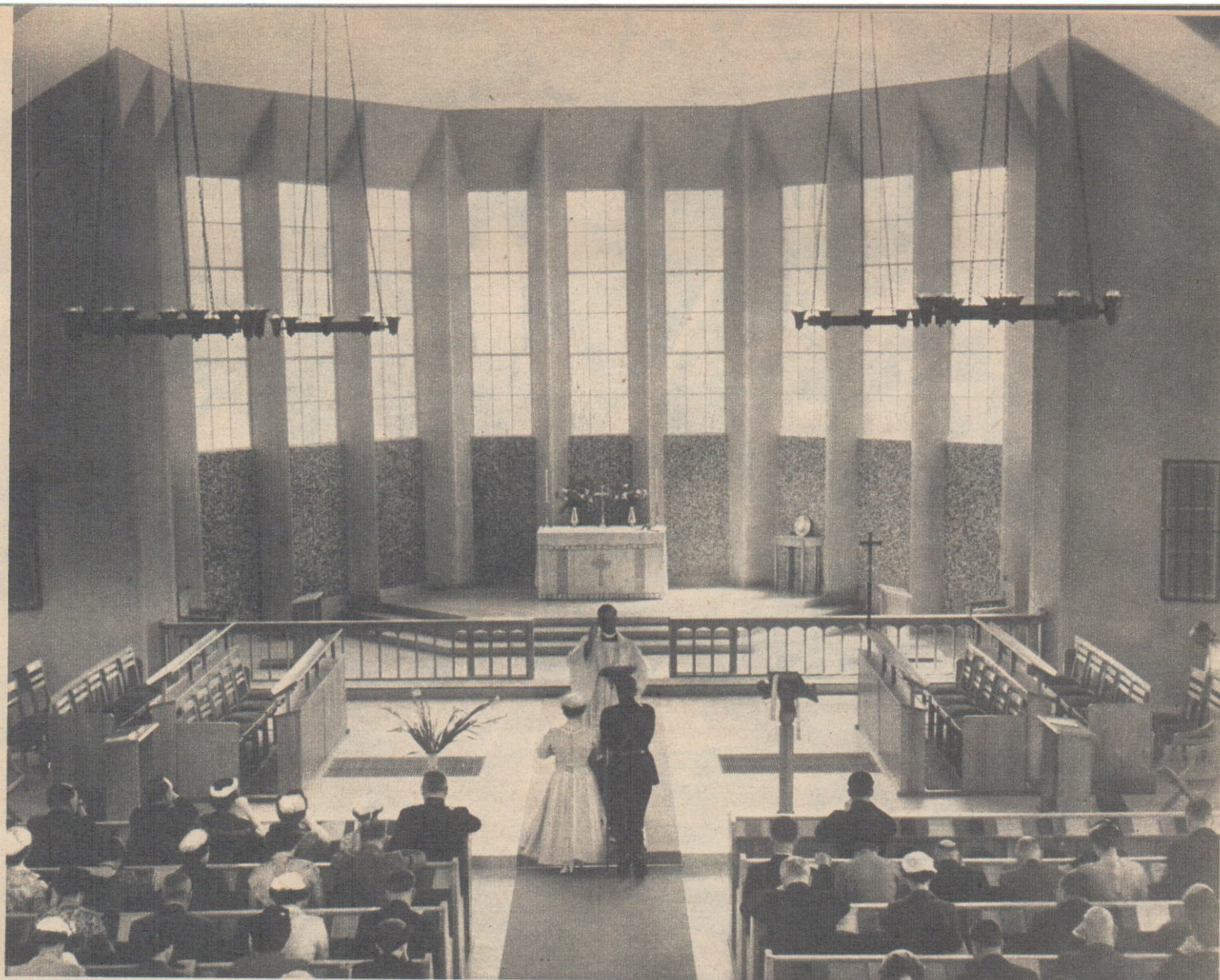
Main headquarters building figures:— Length, 300 yards; depth, 180 yards; rooms, 2000; corridors, 3½ miles; internal doors, 2000; windows, 5600; floor area, 250,000 square feet.

Needless to say, everybody does go out of camp now and again. The women say they miss the window-shopping of an ordinary town and like to go down into Moenchengladbach city. That is easy; German bus services have been routed through the camp and serve all the nearby towns. Shopping takes on an even more international flavour than in most garrisons in Germany, because the residents of the new headquarters have discovered that across the border in Holland, at Roermond market, a mere 20 miles or so away, fresh produce can be bought more cheaply than in Germany. Many who have cars make a weekly journey across the border; others go by bus. Special concessions by the Dutch authorities in the matter of frontier passes cut down the formalities.

What do the inhabitants think of their new town?

"Of course, it was fashionable to dislike the place when we first





THE first service in St. Boniface's (Church of England) Church at the new Headquarters was a wedding service. The bride was Captain Phyllis Joan Harben, Women's Royal Army Corps, and the bridegroom Major Patrick John Weir MC, King's Own (picture above).

Both St. Boniface's and the nearby Roman Catholic Church of St. Thomas Moore were due to open officially on the same day. The garrison's third place of worship, for the Church of Scotland and "other denominations," was still incomplete.

St. Boniface's and St. Thomas Moore's have the latest in German electronic organs. Each also has a bell which is tolled by electricity. The beat is slightly irregular, to simulate the work of a human bell-ringer and avoid the monotony

of mechanical precision. Lieutenant-Colonel J. S. S. Biggs, one of the Royal Engineers who worked on the building of the new headquarters, attended the casting of both bells in a German foundry and dropped a selection of English coins into the metal of each.

The Roman Catholic Church was opened with its stained glass windows already installed. St. Boniface's has plain windows, but subscriptions are being raised to substitute stained glass.

St. Boniface's is named after an English saint who was born in Devon and spent 30 years Christianising the German peoples. He was martyred in Friesland on 5 June 755. The church was completed a few days too late to mark the 1200th anniversary of his death. It is to be dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

got here, but nobody seems to grumble much any more," said one.

"A bit bleak in the winter, with all those open spaces," said another.

"They might have put the pay office nearer the shopping centre," said a wife. "Good job they didn't," retorted her husband.

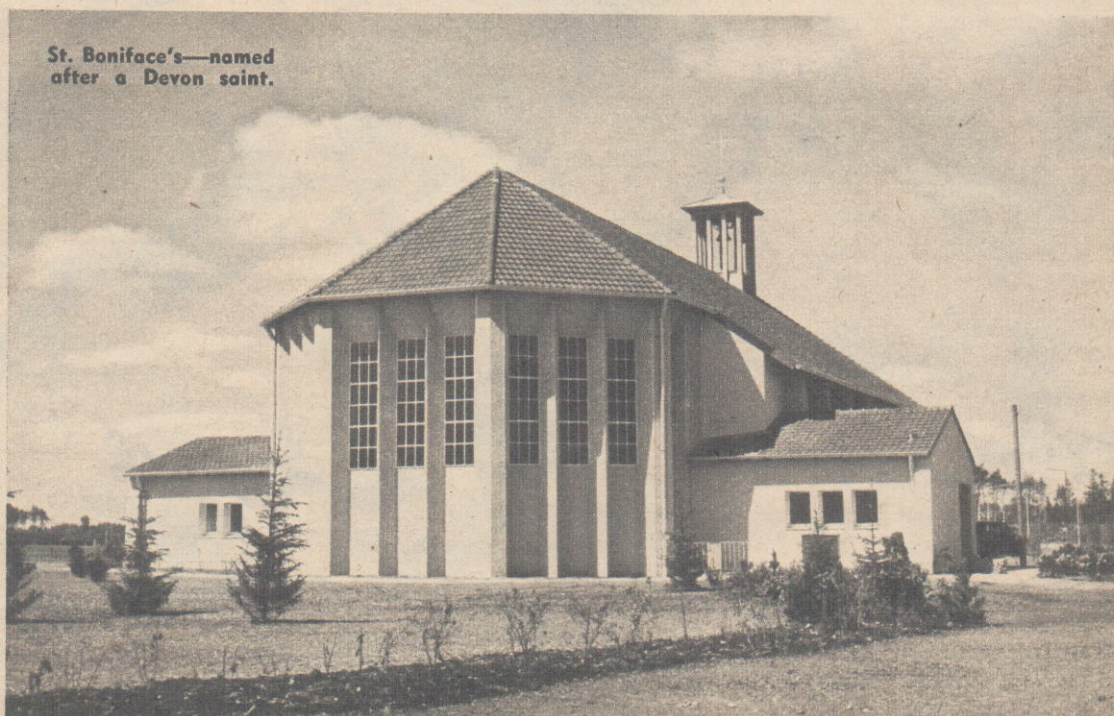
"It's a much shorter journey home to England than it was from Bad Oeynhausen," said another wife.

"It's a long way to go and look at the civilian shops—and it costs 80 pfennings (1s 4d) each way on the bus," said a driver in the Women's Royal Army Corps.

And a lance-corporal, after thinking deeply, answered, "They don't seem to have forgotten a single thing."

Which is just as well, seeing that the Army is to be on the Continent (according to a recent undertaking) until AD 2000.

RICHARD ELLY



St. Boniface's—named after a Devon saint.

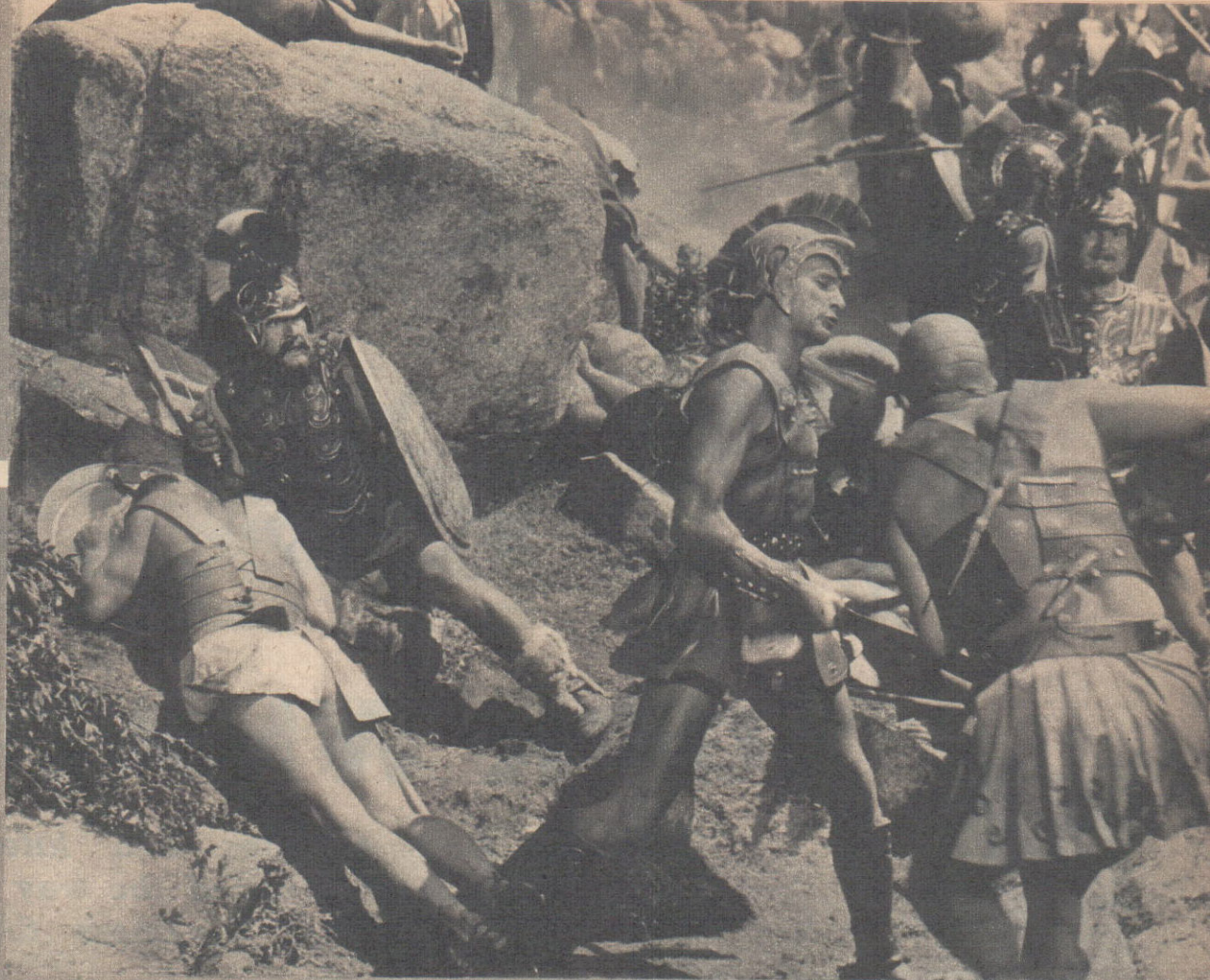


On opposite page: the affray in which the future of Greece was decided—at Cheronea. The opposing armies draw themselves up in a mile-long line, facing each other across a narrow stream.

Right: Alexander (Richard Burton) fights to save his father King Philip of Macedonia (Fredric March), who sprawls at bay against the boulder.

NOT so long ago British film-makers went to Spain to film the Battle of Bosworth Field. More recently, American film-makers under Robert Rossen have been busy, in the same land, reconstructing with much gusto several of the battles of the ancient world.

The film, to be called "Alexander the Great," provided rousing employment for many



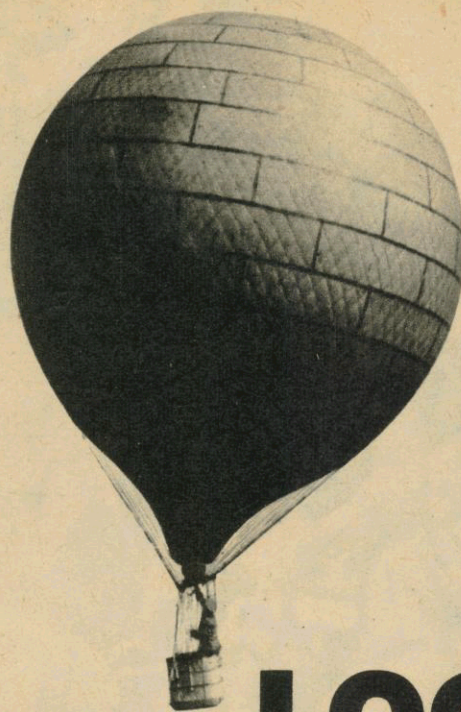
SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER

months for thousands of Spaniards. Battle scenes were shot amid the harsh rocks of the Sierra Guadarrama. In the wild Castilian countryside the pillars of Athens and Persepolis sprouted overnight.

Alexander was King of Macedon at the age of 20. Taught by Aristotle, his imagination fired by the Iliad, he subdued the whole of Greece, then took on the vast Persian empire, crossing the Hellespont with 30,000 Infantry and 5000 Cavalry to destroy Darius. He made Syria and Egypt his vassals and advanced through Persia into India. The Ganges beckoned, but his troops had had enough. Back he went to die in Babylon, of fever, aged 32, in 323 BC.



Right: The victorious Macedonians ride from the field of Cheronea.

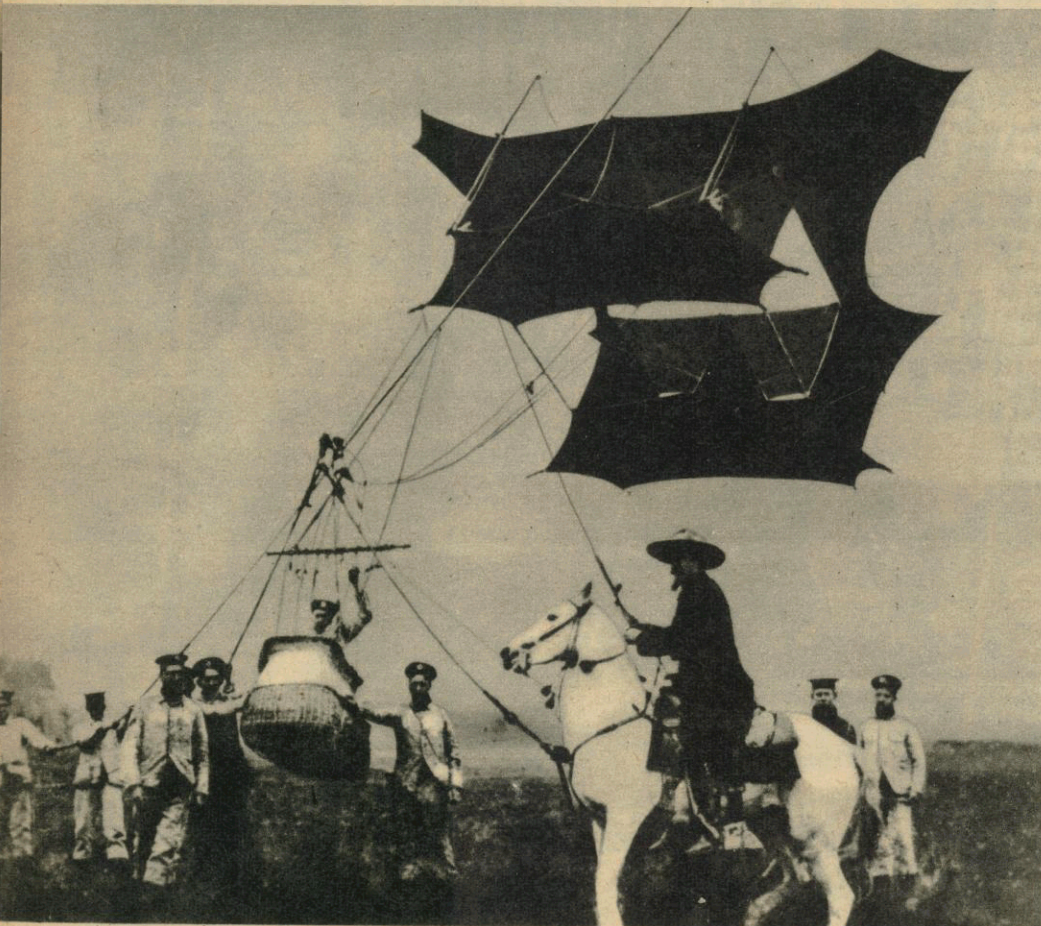


"Retiring the Balloon." An incident in the South African War. From "With the Flag to Pretoria," by H. W. Wilson (by permission of The Amalgamated Press).

LOOK WHAT THE

With balloons and kites, the Royal Engineers paved the way for jet fighters and luxury air-liners fifty years ago.

Left: A military balloon takes the air at Farnborough, 1906. Such balloons had seen active service in South Africa. Below: A pioneer takes off in a Cody man-lifting kite, 1904. Cody himself is the bearded horseman.



SWEATING and stiff in the high collars and long puttees of 50 years ago, a section of Royal Engineers laboured to bring a string of man-lifting kites into action.

It was a modest part of the exhibition which celebrated the golden jubilee of the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough, but a significant one. Looking up from their kites at the sleek jet aircraft and the ungainly Flying Bedstead, those Sappers, speaking regimentally, might have said, "We started all this."

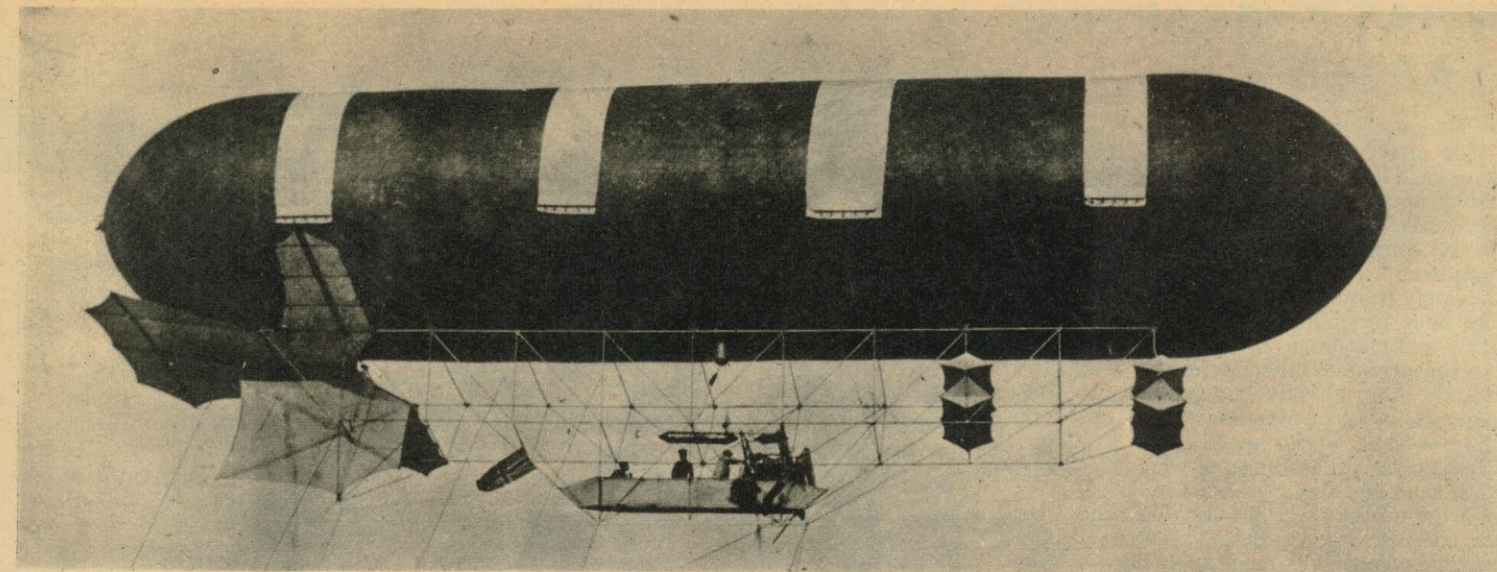
It was the Royal Engineers who began military experiments with balloons in 1878. In 1905 they moved their balloon factory to Farnborough Common. This became His Majesty's Balloon Factory, then the Army Aircraft Factory, the Royal Aircraft Factory and, finally, when the initials were needed for the Royal Air Force, the Royal Aircraft Establishment.

From the same root, too, sprang the predecessors of the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm. No corps has fathered any project more far-reaching in the history of warfare.

They were vigorous pioneers in Farnborough's early days, and none more so than Colonel J. L. B. Templer, who commanded the Balloon Factory. Such was his enthusiasm for mechanical transport that he was in the habit of taking his wife shopping in Aldershot in a caravan hitched to a ten-ton traction engine.

Colonel Templer began a project which was finished by his successor, Colonel J. E. Capper (who, as Major-General Sir John Capper, died this year, aged 93): the building of the first British Army airship, the *Nulli Secundus*. She took the air at Farnborough in 1907 and made an historic trip to London, but after circling St. Paul's could not make progress against headwinds and descended at the Crystal Palace. The *Nulli Secundus* was followed by a series of Army airships which pointed the way to the war-time uses of aviation. These craft were also used in the development of airborne wireless communications.

Other pioneers were experimenting with man-lifting kites. In 1904 a picturesque character, Samuel Franklin Cody, was attached to the



The *Nulli Secundus*, British Military Airship No. 1. She made a record flight from Farnborough in 1907.

SAPPERS STARTED!



Laffan's Plain was once a favourite manoeuvre ground for the Aldershot garrison.

The tree to which Colonel Samuel Cody tethered his aircraft to test the engine (on right, Mr. S. F. L. Cody).

At Farnborough's jubilee celebrations, Sappers demonstrate how they once handled the Army's balloons.

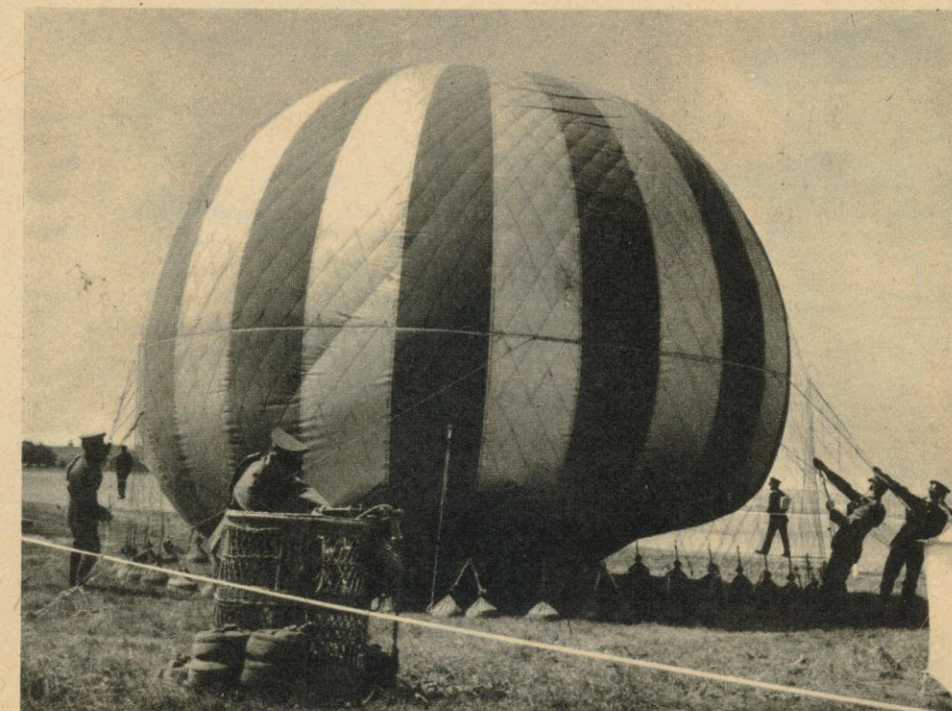
memorial to him. In 1908, with this machine, British Army Aeroplane No. 1, Cody made the first officially recorded flight in Britain of 496 yards at 50 to 60 feet over Laffan's Plain. Dunne flew later the same year in Scotland and his machine, notable for stability, made many more flights before World War One. The Government, however, decided that its expenditure on aeroplanes, £2500 in a year, was too heavy and both Cody

OVER

Balloon Factory where he built and demonstrated kites for the Army. Cody, a Texas cowboy who came to Britain with a theatrical show, was frequently confused with his namesake, "Buffalo Bill" Cody and this led to his being wrongly known as "Colonel"—and even addressed as such by King George V. (His grandson, Mr. S. F. L. Cody, still works at Farnborough.)

Cody's kites, which he had previously demonstrated to the Royal Navy, were intended for observation purposes. His method was to send up five or six pilot kites, and then the man-lifting kite rode up the same cable on a pulley and could be anchored in position by a brake. One guest at the Farnborough jubilee was Brigadier P. W. L. Broke-Smith, an airship and aeroplane pioneer, who once broke a world record by rising 3000 feet in a Cody kite.

Cody and a Lieutenant J. W. Dunne, encouraged by Colonel Capper, set to work to build aeroplanes at Farnborough. The War Office allowed Cody to spend £50. He used the motor from the *Nulli Secundus* and tested it in an aeroplane tethered to a tree which, barkless and varnished, is now embedded in concrete as a



WHAT THE SAPPERS STARTED continued

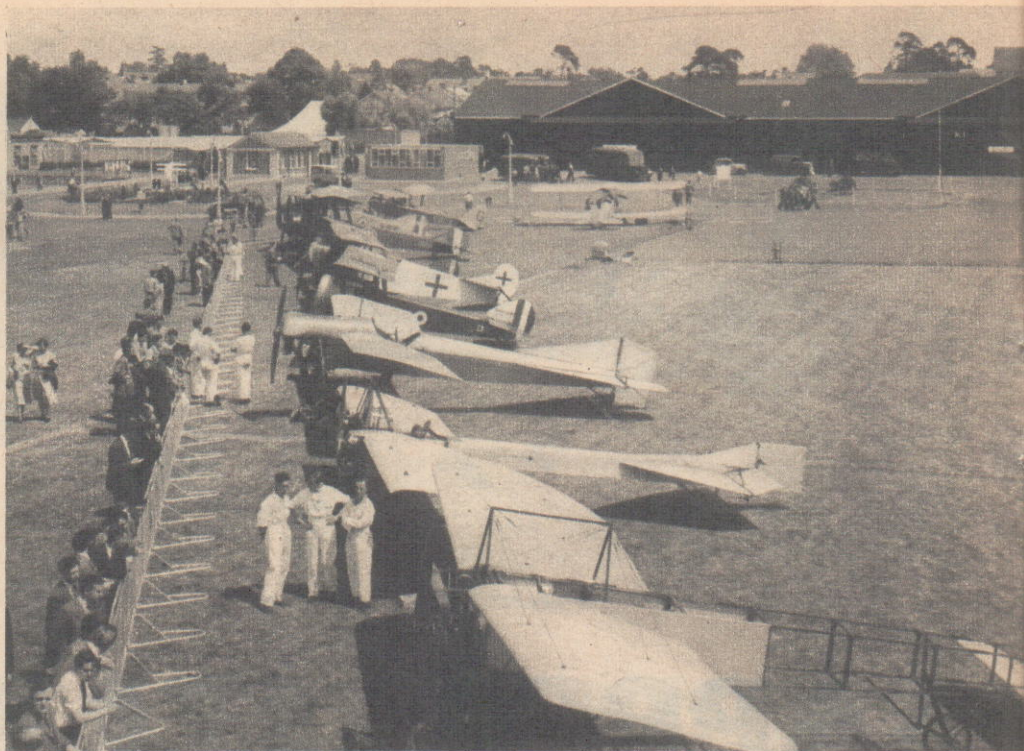
and Dunne were "released."

Soon after this, the Factory was relieved of operational flying by the creation of the Balloon School, and concentrated on experiments and production. In 1911 the first aircraft which contributed much to victory in World War One began to appear. Money for new machines came grudgingly from Whitehall, hence many of them were built by subterfuge, by "repairing"—on paper—old machines.

In the primitive laboratories and workshops research was already going on into such mysteries as aerodynamics. Cody tested the lifting strength of his machine by hanging it upside down and loading the wings with sacks of dry sand and shot.

On the military side the Balloon School was succeeded by the Air Battalion, Royal Engineers (one company assigned to airships and one to aeroplanes) which lasted a year. One of its difficulties was that the authorities could not make up their minds whether to encourage work with airships or aeroplanes. Army officers had already made up *their* minds; at the end of 1911 there were 40 volunteers for aeroplanes, none for airships.

The Battalion was also short of aircraft. After



A line-up of vintage aircraft, ranging from an early Bleriot (foreground) to war-planes of the 1920s. Left: Machines of the future. Behind the Rolls-Royce Bedstead, the balloon dangles a model Javelin fighter, which will be dropped for spinning tests.



crashes in that year's Army manoeuvres, the military air force of the British Empire consisted of two machines. It was proposed that the aeroplane company should "do a little drill and be generally smartened up."

In 1912, the headquarters of the new Royal Flying Corps, which brought the flying monopoly of the Royal Engineers to an end, were set up at Farnborough, and here the new squadrons were born. Here, too, the first details of organisation and supply, the first text-books and regulations were conceived and produced. The senior officers set about taming the "prima donna" tempers of the adventurous officers who were attracted to the new service. By World War One, says an historian of the Royal Air Force, the typical pilot was "as modest and dutiful as a lieutenant of Infantry."

While the Factory was dealing with the technical problems of producing aircraft, the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps was going ahead on the "soldier's problems" of flying. It developed wireless for use in aeroplanes, experimented with aerial photography, meteorology, bomb-dropping, musketry, gunnery and co-operation with artillery, and it developed its own tactics and manoeuvres. Some of the pioneers of that period became the air marshals of World War Two; others went back to regimental soldiering in the Army.

Between them, they produced the small but spirited Royal Flying Corps which moved to France in 1914, leaving Farnborough the only occupied military air station in Britain. Their squadrons were to be multiplied many times before, in April 1918, the Corps became the Royal Air Force.

Not much is left at Farnborough now to recall the days of the Army pioneers. The old airship hangar which once dominated the Farnborough scene is lost in a colony of modern buildings, and is scheduled to be demolished.

The Army still has its connections with the Factory. Among the staff of the guided weapons department, SOLDIER noticed a lieutenant-colonel wearing Royal Artillery shoulder-titles, and a warrant officer wearing those of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

RICHARD ELLY

A recent Farnborough project for the Army is this parachute platform

IT LANDS WITH A BANG —BUT NO HARM IS DONE

THAT alarming noise made when a lorry hits the earth after swinging dramatically through the sky on multiple parachutes does not mean that the vehicle has received a damaging shock.

Quite the contrary. It means the impact has been well-cushioned.

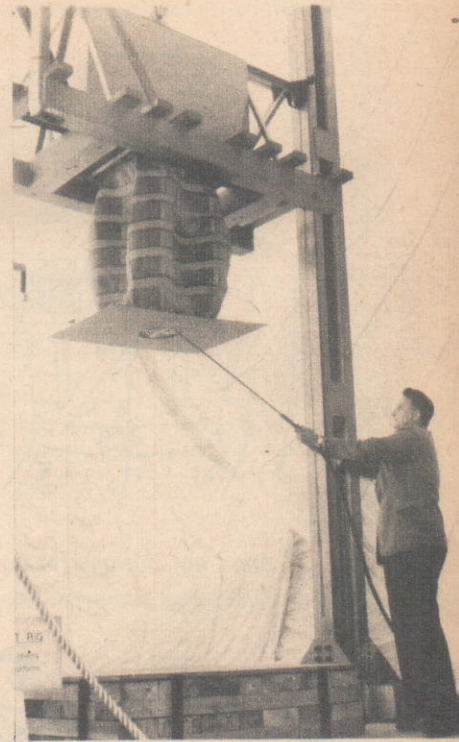
The 12,000-pound platform may carry a one-ton truck, or a 25-pounder or a jeep and anti-

tank gun. Whatever the load, the system is the same.

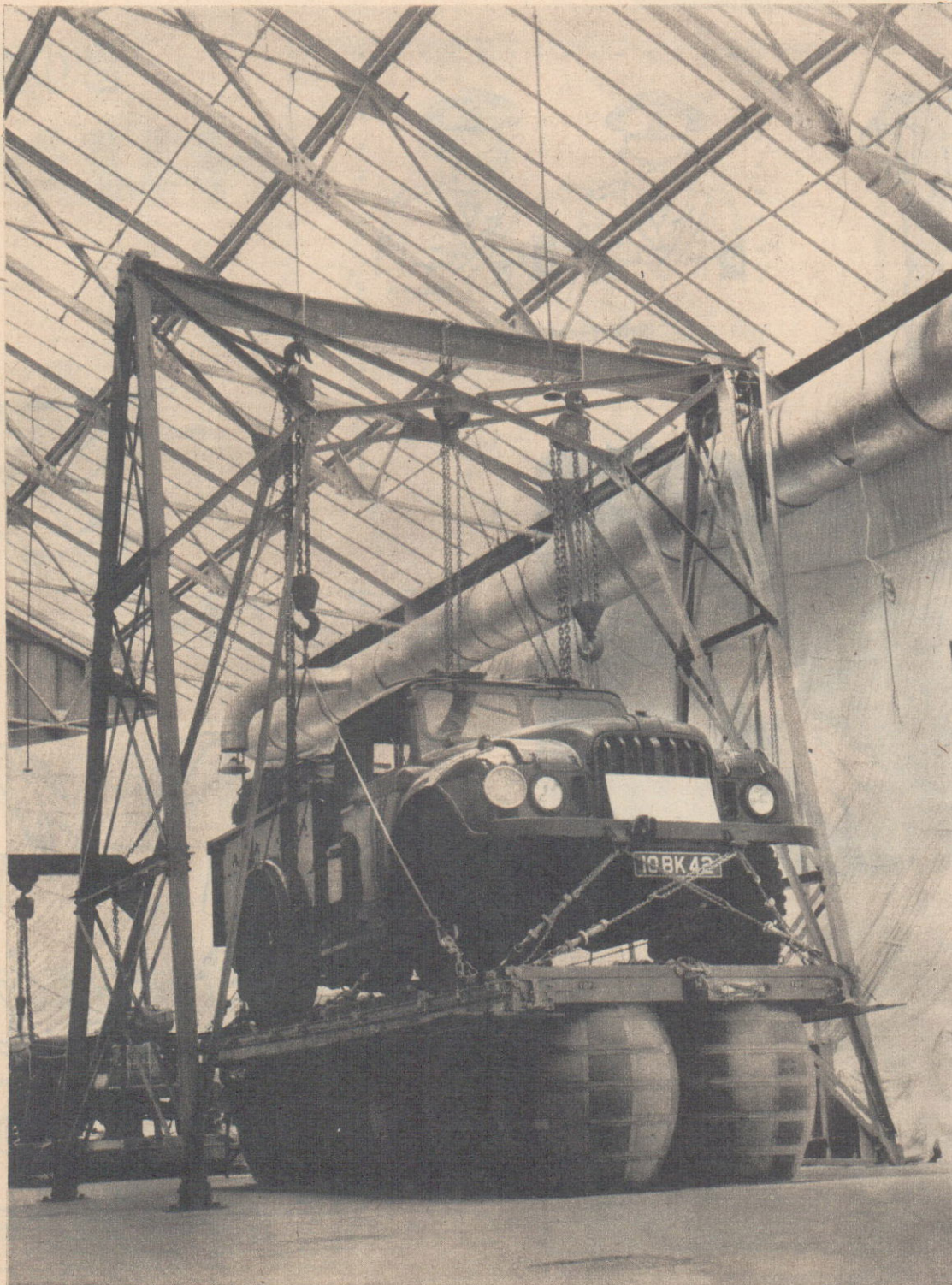
This is how it works. A small parachute pulls out a cluster of extractor parachutes which in turn haul the platform and load off the rollers inside the aircraft. Once the platform is about 30 feet clear of the machine, the extractor parachutes rip the canopies off the main parachutes, which then take the strain of the load.

Just 14 seconds after the platform has left the aircraft, a clockwork mechanism releases a pair of "doors" which open below the platform. Out fall 12 barrel-shaped bags. Each has a hole in the bottom, through which, as the platform descends, air is forced by way of a sleeve until the bag is inflated.

When the platform hits the ground, the inflated bags take the shock, and each bursts at a



In this demonstration, the pneumatic bag is filled by a jet of air. Left: The 12,000-pound platform and its load. This truck has been dropped a dozen times but is undamaged except for a few scratches and dents caused by the cables.



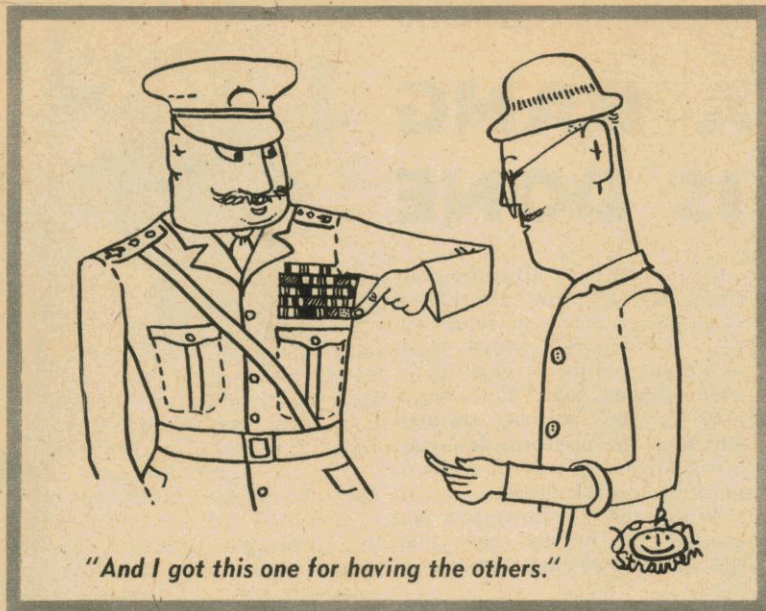
prepared bursting-patch on its upper surface—hence the bang. If there is a wind, and the load and platform are moving laterally when they reach the ground, they roll off the bags, which are fixed only lightly. The doors, spreading out beyond the edges of the platform, act as skids and help to prevent the load turning over.

So that the platform shall not be dragged in a wind, the parachutes release themselves. To stop them doing so during the bumpy period when they first take the strain, a spring holds the release catch until it is freed by clockwork.

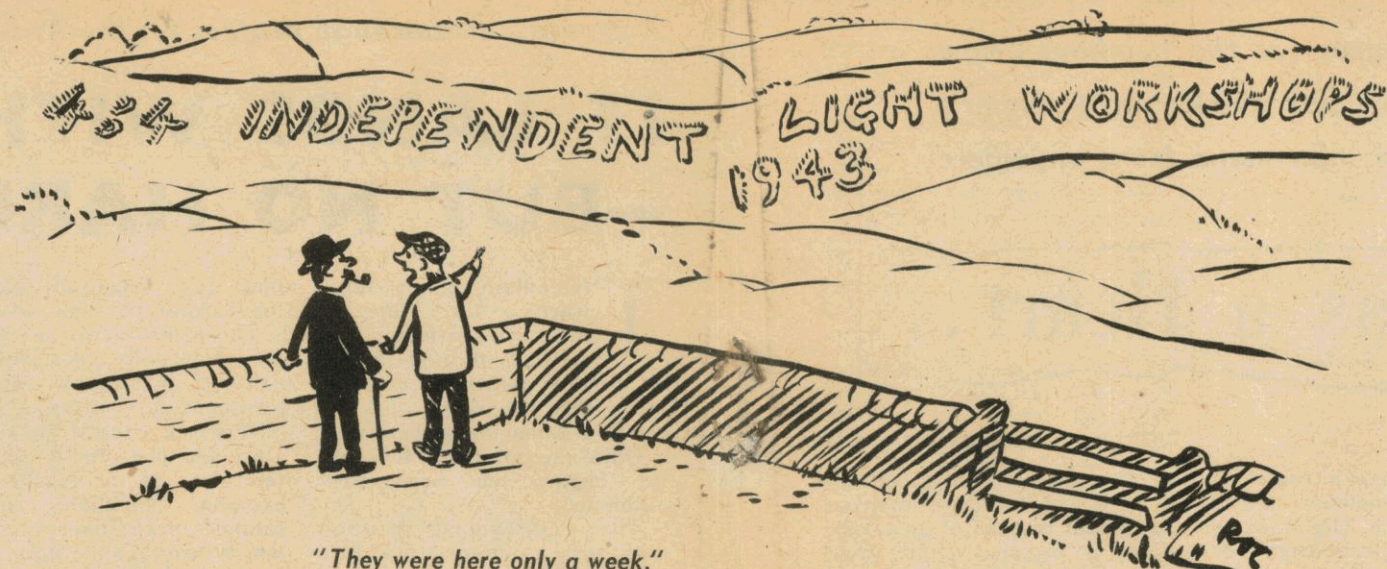
Quick-release lashings on the platform enable the load to be freed rapidly, and even untrained crews have had a one-ton truck ready for use in between three and four minutes after it has landed.



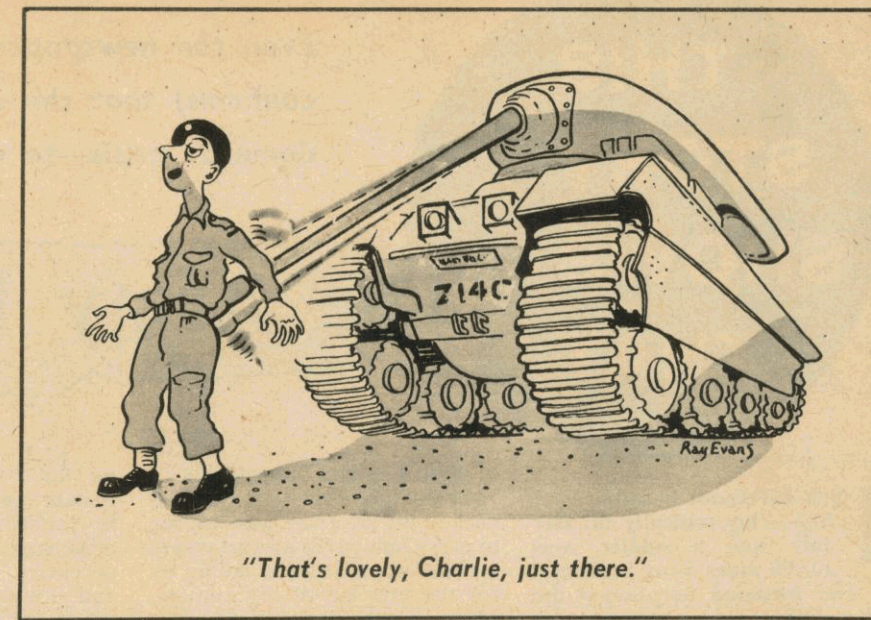
"Get that polished. I want to see my face in it tomorrow."



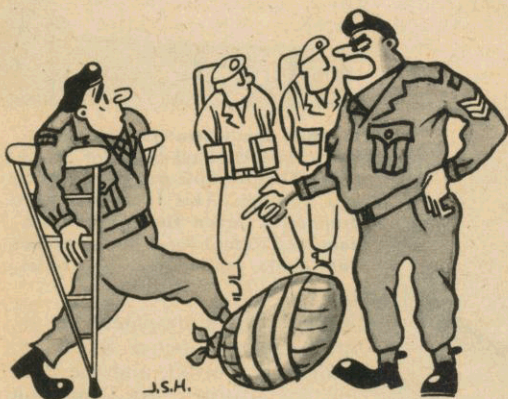
"And I got this one for having the others."



"They were here only a week."



"That's lovely, Charlie, just there."

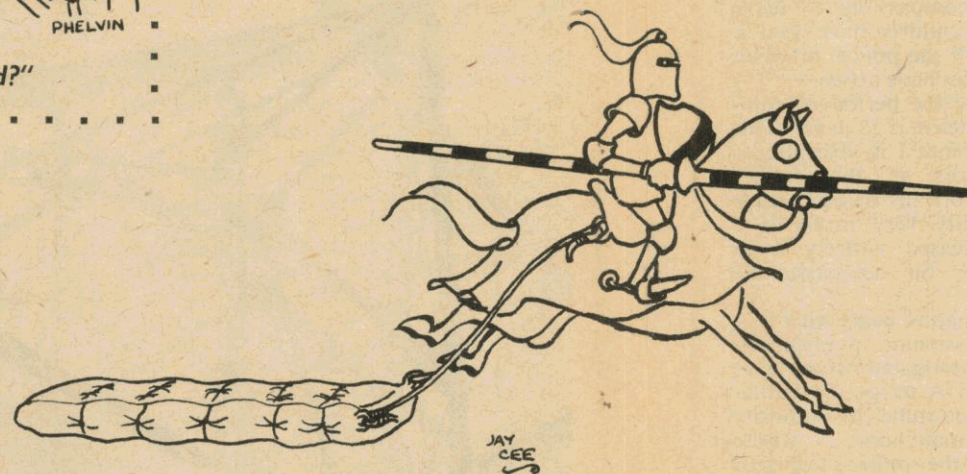


"Well, what's the excuse this time?"



"Still there, Fred?"

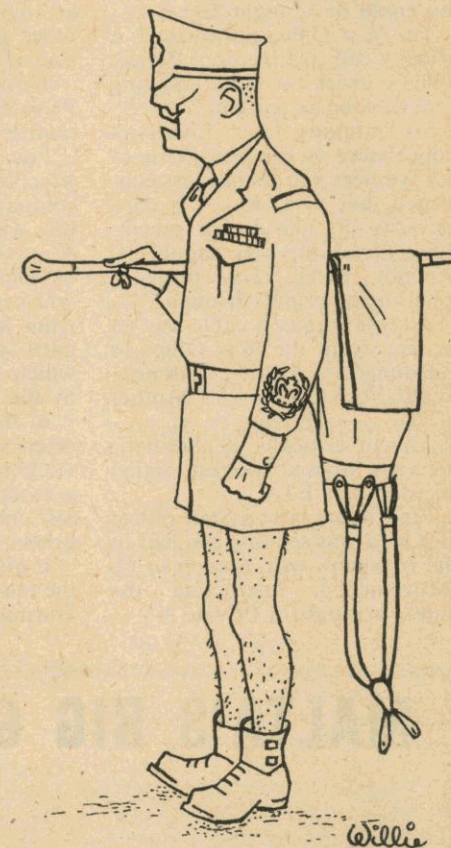
SOLDIER HUMOUR



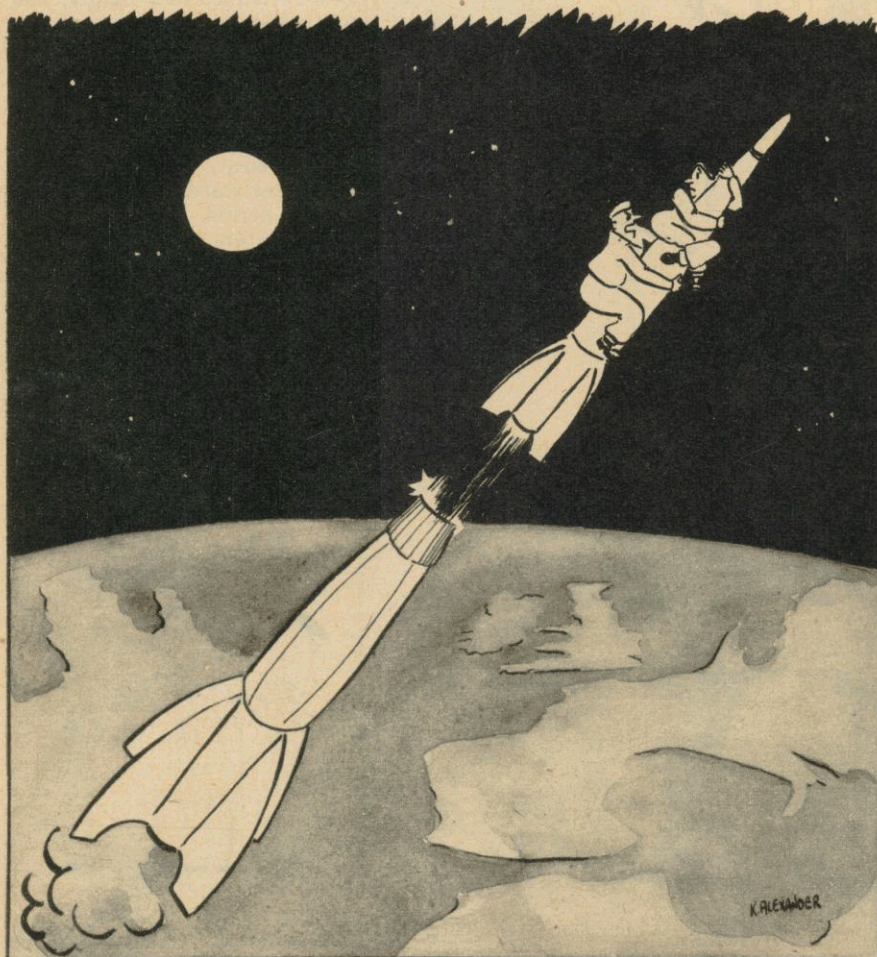
JAY CEE



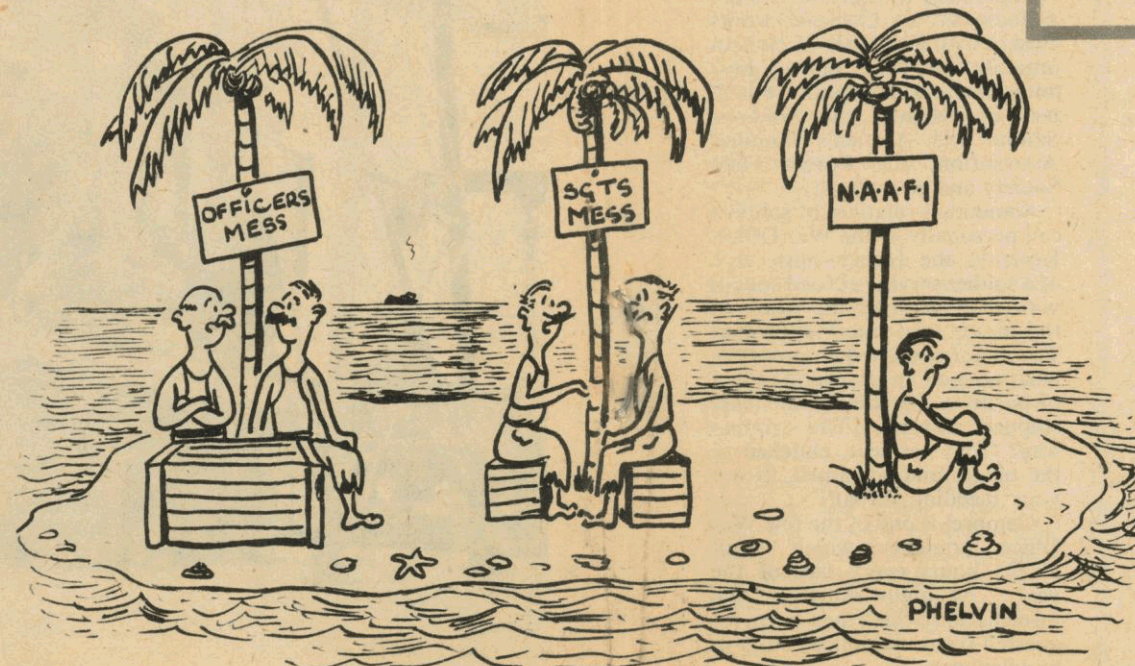
"Didn't I say not to stamp?"



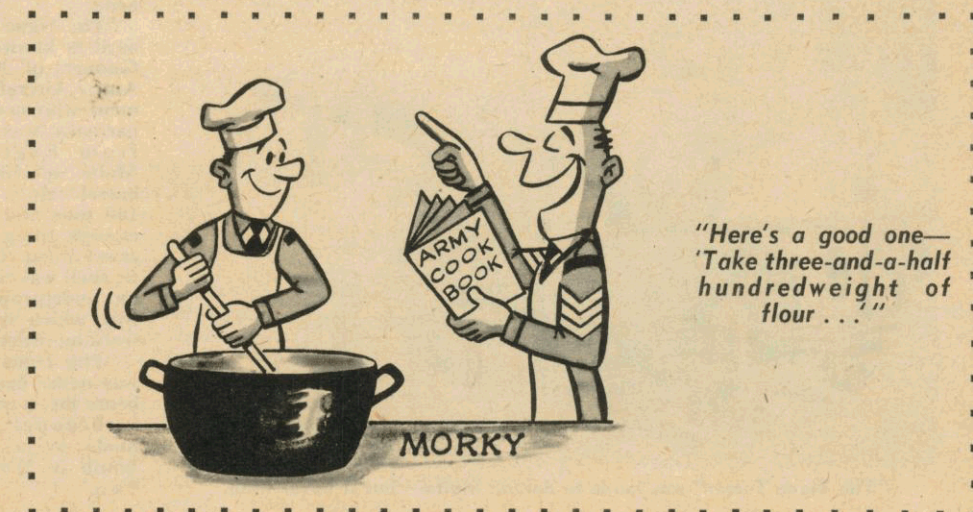
"I hear we have some bright young practical jokers among us."



"You and your 'last finishing touches'!"



PHELVIN



"Here's a good one—
'Take three-and-a-half
hundredweight of
flour...'"

THIS STORY SHOWS THAT

Even the newspapers agree (as the headline below confirms) that the Army acts quickly in a soldier's domestic crisis—to whisk him home from anywhere

The Army Has a Heart...

IN a Liverpool hospital Mrs. A— lay critically ill. Her only son, a soldier, was 10,000 miles away in Korea. Her husband telephoned the War Office to ask whether his son could be brought home.

The War Office put through a priority call to Liverpool Police: "Please check the story and ring back as soon as you can."

Six minutes later Liverpool Police were on the line: "One of our wireless patrols has just confirmed that Mrs. A— is dangerously ill. The doctor recommends that the son should be brought home. His presence might help her pull through."

Almost at once a cable was on its way from the War Office to Headquarters, British Commonwealth Forces in Korea: "Mother of No. — Private A. of — Regiment critically ill. Soldier's presence advised soonest. Signal decision and ETA."

Four hours later a Staff officer in Korea was sending a signal to the regiment, with a copy to Q-(Movements), instructing the unit to arrange for Private A—

to fly to England immediately.

By the time Private A— had packed his kit a car was waiting to carry him to the airport where a plane was already standing by for the first lap of his journey. Meanwhile Q(Movements) were arranging the soldier's passage on other aircraft along the route to England.

Three days after leaving Korea Private A— was at his mother's bedside in Liverpool.

For the War Office branch which deals with applications for compassionate leave or release, this was a routine case. Private A— was only one of hundreds of soldiers who every year are whisked home in emergency—from jungle or desert—from all parts of the world: a facility which would have been envied by the soldiers of long ago.

A signal from this branch—often called Comprel, from its telegraphic address—can divert a troopship from its course. It can open the gates of a military prison.

It gives a man top-priority on the fastest air-liners in the world. During the Korea war Comets

on the Far Eastern routes to Britain were sometimes used to fly soldiers home. High-ranking officers gave up their seats when necessary. Ironically, the worst and slowest part of the journey is often that by train from London to the man's home.

Soldiers on compassionate leave from countries outside Europe are flown home and report to the London Assembly Centre whence they can be on their way inside ten minutes. Soldiers from European countries generally travel by train and sea and go home direct from the port of disembarkation; but if the urgency is great, they are flown home.

Comprel deals with nearly 20,000 applications a year for compassionate leave or release. Clearly there must be compelling reasons for bringing a man home out of turn and only if his presence is essential is leave granted. A sufficient reason is when a soldier's wife, child, parent or recorded next-of-kin has died or is dangerously ill. Compassionate leave is not granted in respect of the death or illness

of other relatives or a soldier's in-laws. It can, however, be given for urgent reasons of an exceptional or personal nature when the soldier's presence is considered necessary to lessen domestic hardship.

Thus, when a Ross-shire farmer met with a serious accident his son was brought home to run the farm until he could arrange for friends to do so. A plumber, whose son was serving in Middle East, fell seriously ill and the man's trade union endorsed a request that the son be brought home to prevent the business failing. Permission was given. Other soldiers have received compassionate leave when their children have been in trouble with the police, or when marital crises have arisen.

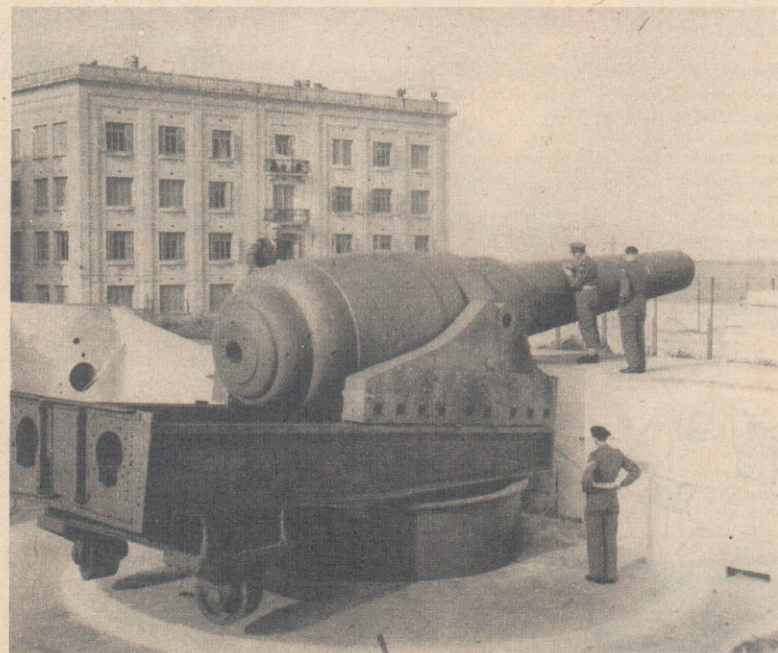
Normally the period of compassionate leave is 28 days. This can be extended in exceptional circumstances if the soldier applies before his original leave is up. Only very rarely is a soldier released entirely from the service on compassionate grounds.

Human nature being what it is, all compassionate applications must be investigated before leave is granted. A telegram "Father dead" is not sufficient authority to send a man home—whose father is it, the soldier's father or his wife's? A wife's idea of "dangerously ill" may differ from a doctor's. So Comprel works closely with a number of civilian organizations—the police, hospitals, doctors, magistrates, ministers of religion, the Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen's Families Association, the Forces Help Society and so on.

Sometimes relatives of soldiers call personally at the War Office. Recently the foreign-born wife of a soldier serving abroad sought with tears to melt the heart of the major who interviewed her. The major remained unmoved by what seemed an exaggerated tale of hardship. Suddenly, the tears stopped flowing. The woman leapt from her seat, clutched at the officer and screamed, "I cut your bleeding throat!"

Comprel is one of the few War Office branches which work all 24 hours every day of the year. At night much of the information which has been requested from the police comes in by telephone.

MALTA'S BIG GUN TO BE SCRAPPED



"The Tigre Terror" was made to defend Malta—but it never fired.

ONE of the biggest guns ever made for the British Army, the 17.72-inch coastal defence gun in Tigre Barracks, Malta, is destined for the scrap heap.

"The Tigre Terror," as it is known to the Gunners of 36 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment who occupy the barracks, was shipped from England to Malta in 1896. Its barrel alone weighs 100 tons and is large enough for a man to crawl down. Its gigantic shell was carried on an underground railway which is still in working order.

"The Tigre Terror" was never fired but it bears the scars of war—shrapnel marks made by a German bomb in World War Two.

When **SOLDIER** listened-in one night recently there was a message about a private soldier whose father had been killed in a street accident while away from home. The accident occurred in the late evening, and the local police were asked to inform the widow. From her the police learned that the only son was serving in the Army in Germany. They telephoned the War Office the same night, and the soldier was home before noon the next day.

During the time of "Z" reservist training, the sister of a reservist telephoned the War Office late one night to say that their father was critically ill in a London hospital, and had specially asked to see his son. Unfortunately, the man's unit, number and location were unknown because the letter containing this information had been lost.

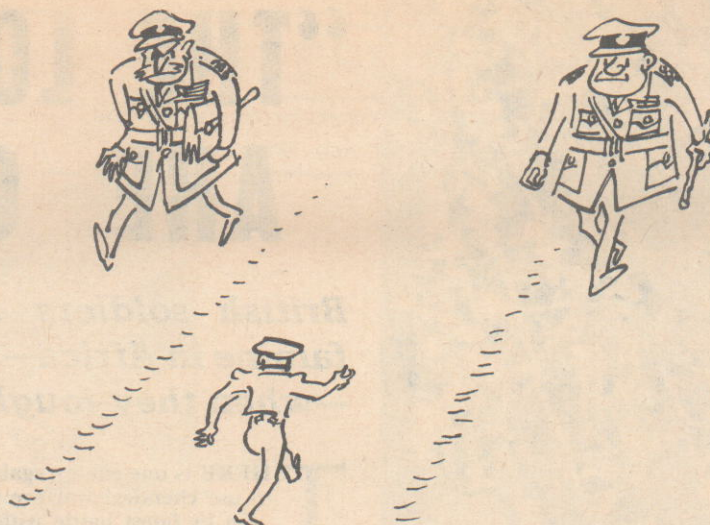
The sister thought that her brother might be in REME, because he was a mechanic by trade, and she had some recollection of hearing him say he would be in a camp somewhere in the South of England. It was not much to work on, but it was better than nothing.

The duty staff put in calls to the two Commands in which the man could be serving. The problem was explained, and a request made for a check of "Z" reservists training with REME formations. A lucky shot, as it happened, for just after three in the morning came a message that the man had been located and would be sent by car to catch the first train to London. Just before the night staff went off duty at nine o'clock came another telephone call to say that the man had reached home, and was on his way to the hospital.

Sometimes a soldier has been taken off his ship a few minutes before sailing. One private was already on his way to Malaya when his father was taken seriously ill. A wireless message was sent to the ship giving orders for the soldier to be disembarked at the first port of call, which was Suez, for immediate return to England. The local Command were informed, and immediately the man came ashore he was re-embarked on a charter aircraft which touched down at Blackbushe Airport in a matter of hours.

Abnormal weather may bring a crop of compassionate problems, like those arising from the disastrous floods at Lynmouth, and on the East Coast of England. Then the Comprep staff works at higher pressure than ever to cope with inquiries from the stricken area.

There must, of course, be refusals; and there must be instances when a refusal seems harsh. It is one of the hardships attached to service life that sometimes the needs of the home are in conflict with the needs of the nation.



'He is expected to recognise the senior officer and salute him.'

A Few Bits and Pieces about-SALUTING

THE planners of Western Germany's new army have announced that the German soldier will be required to salute his superior officers only once a day—the first time he sees them.

Originally, British soldiers "saluted" by doffing their hats and bowing. The Coldstream Guards have been credited with starting the hand salute. After firing muskets, their hands became so grimed with powder that they dirtied their hats when lifting them—so the order went forth in 1745 that they should raise their hands only, and bow.

In 1790 the War Office ruled that all regiments should adopt the hand salute.

In one British regiment, the Blues, men are allowed to salute without wearing their head-dress. According to regimental tradition, says Major T. J. Edwards in his "Military Customs," the practice began at Waterloo, when an officer of the Blues, who had lost his helmet in action, saluted the Duke of Wellington bare-headed. The Duke uttered no reproof—and the practice was continued by the Regiment.

Saluting was the first thing to be derided and discountenanced in the French Army when the Revolutionaries came to power. When pride in arms returned, so did saluting.

The Russian Revolutionaries abolished saluting, but the custom was revived in plenty of time for World War Two.

The seventh Earl of Cardigan, who led the Charge of the Light Brigade, used to pay his smartest

NCOs five shillings to travel up to London from Hounslow and patrol the Piccadilly area, in order that they might throw up smart salutes as he passed by.

Until the end of World War One British soldiers saluted with either hand—with the left when passing an officer on the right, with the right when passing him on the left. The reason was so that they could look the officer straight in the face, and also to avoid a possible clash of elbows.

When a soldier passed between two officers he was expected to recognise the senior officer and salute him—as he still is.

The left-hand salute was abolished in 1918, except when from physical incapacity a right-hand salute is impossible.

The Duke of Connaught, appointed colonel of a cyclist battalion, decided to learn to cycle before taking his first parade. As he set forth, shakily, from Government House, Aldershot, he met an orderly cycling towards him. The orderly saluted and fell off; the Duke returned the salute, and fell on top of him.

In World War One (so the tale goes) a famous British general approached two Australians lounging on the ground. They made no attempt to rise.

"Don't you know who I am?" he demanded.

"Sorry, cobber, not the faintest idea," replied one of the Australians.

"Well, I'm General — who commands you."

"Say, chum," drawled the Australian, "that's a good job. You want to look after it."

In Cairo during World War Two saluting patrols were insti-

tuted in an effort to smarten up discipline. Two subalterns were sent through the streets as "stalking horses," and military police followed at a distance, pouncing on soldiers who failed to salute.

Brigadier Bernard Fergusson tells a story, in "The Black Watch and the King's Enemies," of how Vice-Admiral Sir James Somerville, at Gibraltar during World War Two, remonstrated with a Scots soldier who failed to salute. The dialogue went like this:

"Do you see all those ships in the harbour down there?"

"Aye."

"And do you see all this stuff on my arm?"

"Aye."

"Well, I don't want to be awkward in any way, but I feel you really ought to salute me when I go past. Don't you?"

The Jock pondered the gold rings. Then he said:

"You may be a sergeant, but you're no' a sergeant in the Black Watch."

At one stage in his career, Regimental Sergeant-Major Ronald Brittain, Coldstream Guards, had a special saluting drill for the telephone. When told that the Adjutant wished to speak to him, he would spring to his feet, call the room to attention, put his hat on, and say into the telephone mouthpiece, "I am now saluting you, sir." After taking down the message, he would say, "Thank you, sir" and then, once more, "I am now saluting you, sir." This story, says his biographer, James Leasor, in "The Sergeant-Major," has never been denied by RSM Brittain.

When the tattered survivors of 77 Infantry Brigade withdrew from the Burma jungle and marched to rest camp at Dehra Dun (says Brigadier Michael Calvert in his "Prisoners of Hope") they were confronted by a large yellow banner draped across the road. On it was written in black letters the warning: "CHINDITS! WATCH YOUR SALUTING!"

In 1948 the American Army abolished saluting "off post" but reintroduced it last year after a board of investigation reported that the relaxation in the interests of "military democracy" had weakened service *esprit*.

In a War Office pamphlet, "Saluting," Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery says:

"The superb qualities of the British soldier in battle derive from his many fine attributes of which one of the most important is discipline . . . one of the outward manifestations of discipline is the salute, which is the world-wide traditional greeting of the fighting man."

"THE LOCUSTS ARE COMING"

British soldiers helped to avert a famine in Africa—not for the first time—when they fought an ancient plague

THERE is one enemy against which the British soldier is ready to use chemical warfare with a clear conscience—the locust. In its latest battle with Africa's ancient enemy, the Army waged a six-weeks campaign, in co-operation with the Libyan authorities, against swarms which had appeared over hundreds of square miles of Tripolitania. The weapon: poison bait, consisting of bran mixed with Gammaxene.

It is an effective weapon. Younger locusts may be killed by merely touching it. Older ones eat it greedily, and then die. Since locusts are cannibals, other locusts may kill themselves by eating their poisoned comrades.

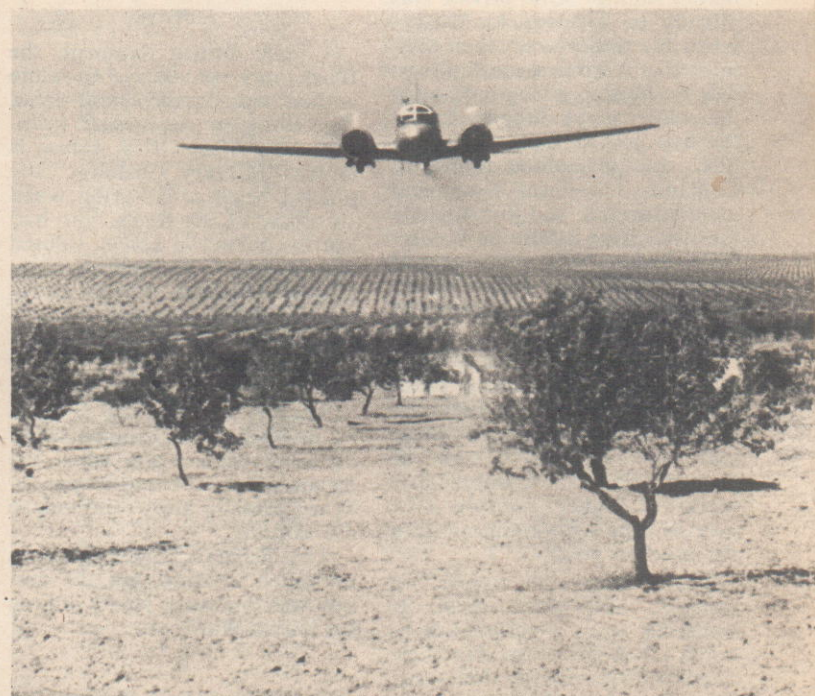
There was plenty of notice of this year's campaign in Tripolitania. Large swarms of adult yellow locusts appeared in March and laid their eggs over wide areas. Since each female lays 9000 eggs (in three batches) it was obvious that there was going to be a serious plague.

Towards the end of April hatching began, and the Libyans went into action. By mid-May they called for help from the British Army, and the build-up of troops in the anti-locust campaign began. Brigadier A. W. Brown, commander of 25 Armoured Brigade, cut short an exercise to concentrate his headquarters against the insects.

By the end of May, however, hatchings were increasing fast, and the Libyan Government asked the Army for a still greater effort. A planning conference at Brigadier Brown's headquarters divided the province into four sectors, each with a military commander who co-operated with the locust control headquarters and the Libyan Police.

Two days later there were 350 British troops deployed, with 115 vehicles. The men came from 14/20th King's Hussars, "J" (Sidi Rezegh) Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, 22 Field Engineer Regiment, 25 Armoured Brigade Headquarters and detachments of Royal Signals, Royal Army Service Corps and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. The Royal Air Force at Castel Idris also joined in.

One difficulty was in obtaining information about the locusts. Many reports came in from

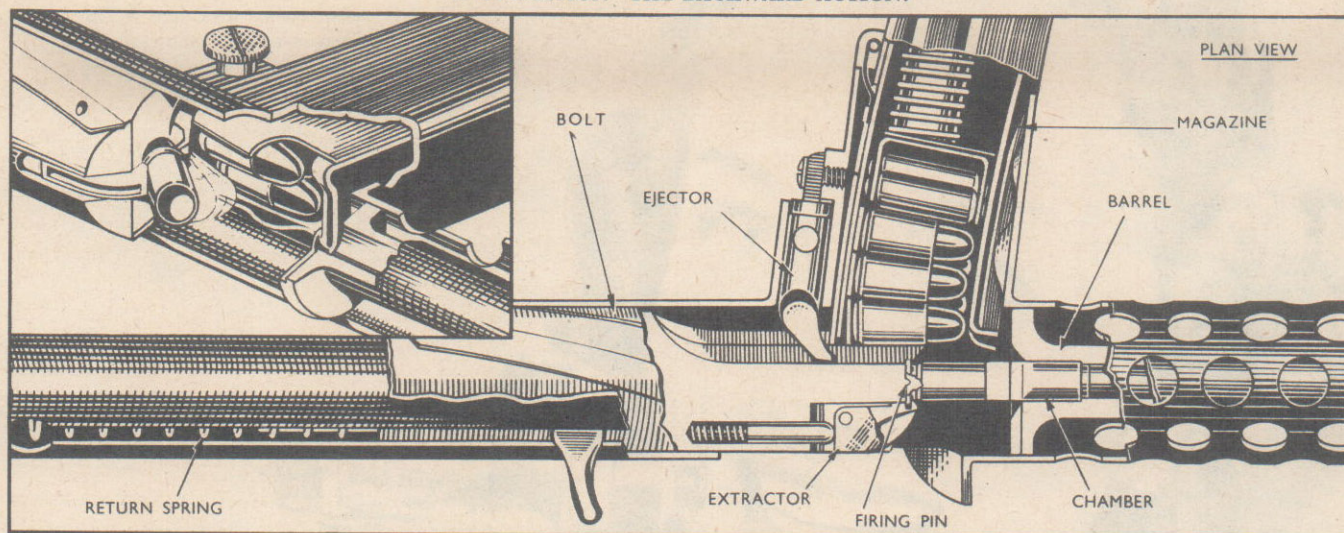


Left: Africa's Public Enemy Number One. Above: From an Anson aircraft a spray of insecticide descends on the Tripolitanian olive groves.

STERLING

FEATURES OF THE STERLING SUB-MACHINE GUN 9 m.m.

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When the cartridge is fired the propellant gases exert an equal pressure against both the bullet and the cartridge case, the latter being supported by the bolt plus the pressure of the return spring. This pressure accelerates both the bullet and the bolt plus the cartridge case, but in opposite directions. As the weight of the bullet is considerably less than that of the bolt and case, it attains a much higher velocity than that of the bolt and the cartridge case which it carries.

By the time the bullet clears the muzzle, both have reached their maximum velocity, but the cartridge case has not yet cleared from the chamber. Immediately the bullet clears the muzzle there is a rapid drop in pressure to a level safe enough for the cartridge case to clear from the breech. The bolt is now decelerated by the return spring. The empty cartridge case, held in the extractor, is carried backwards to strike the ejector, which throws it through the ejector opening.

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The whiteness of this girl's teeth is here being measured. The "whiteness-meter" showed that they were shades whiter after one brushing with Macleans.

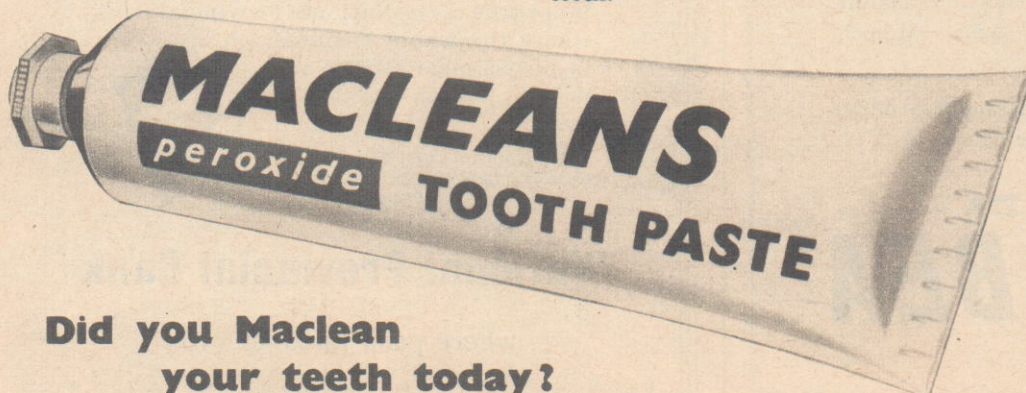
Scientists prove teeth whiter with **MACLEANS**

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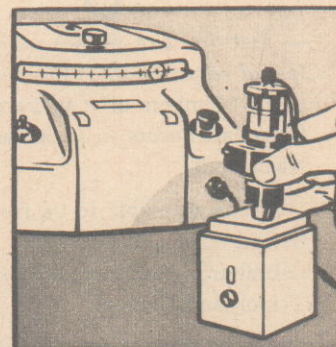
AFTER one brushing with Macleans your teeth are $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 degrees whiter. That is a scientific fact. It was proved in every single case after hundreds of tests with a spectro-photometer, or "whiteness-meter".

Dental authorities agree that to avoid

decay teeth must be really *clean*. Brushed regularly with Macleans (you'll love its clean, fresh flavour!) they'll be cleaner, whiter, healthier — and your gums will be firmer, too. Millions are proving for themselves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.



**Did you Maclean
your teeth today?**



To measure the whiteness of human teeth, a solid block of pure magnesium oxide was used as a standard of whiteness. The spectro-photometer was then set to this standard and the degree of whiteness of the teeth measured on the scale shown above.



Troops spread poison bait among locusts still too young to fly.

LOCUSTS

continued

Arabs who naturally were unable to give accurate map references. From the sparsely-populated inland areas came little information at all. The maps at control headquarters showed concentrations of locusts astride the main roads and camel tracks, but there were huge areas, capable of holding a serious threat, about which little was known. Consequently one whole day was devoted to reconnaissance, so that the attack should go in where it would be most effective.

The locusts' meal-times are usually between six and nine o'clock in the morning and from six o'clock in the evening until last light (though these times vary with the temperature). To reach the scenes of their attacks and have the bait in position at the right times, the troops worked from about four o'clock in the morning, took a few hours' break in the middle of the day, and returned to their bases between ten and eleven at night. It was a strenuous life.

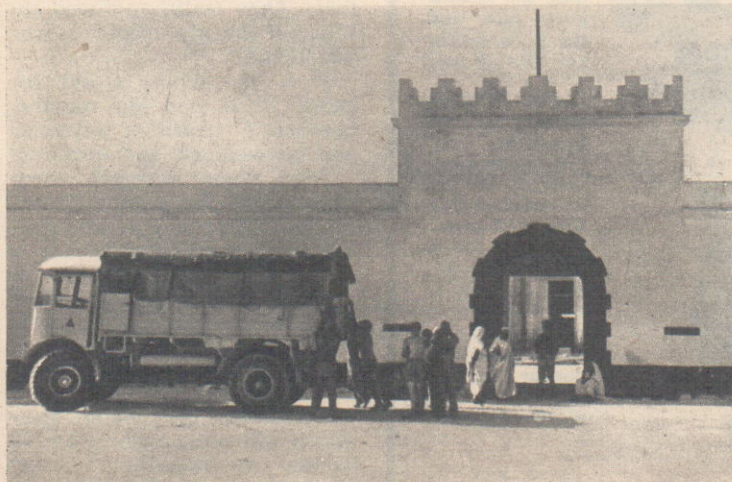
The big distances involved made supply and administration difficult. The 14/20th Hussars worked over a front of about 100 miles; 22 Field Engineers were deployed over a depth of 200 miles; and "J" Battery was 150 miles from its base. It was as if a battalion had been spread over

the equivalent of a corps, if not an army, front. Austers of 1908 Independent Air Observation Post Flight helped with liaison and reconnaissance flights and delivered supplies and mail.

By the beginning of July the major part of the battle was over. The British troops were able to go back to normal duties, leaving the campaign to the Libyans. Almost certain famine had been staved off. The Libyan people were grateful, and said so. Troops based at Mizda, 100 miles inland from Tripoli, had already had a token of this gratitude. On the Queen's Birthday they were entertained to a kuskus feast (consisting of a highly-seasoned dish of steamed grain and boiled meat).

Note: At the height of World War Two the British Army mounted a big offensive against locusts, which were threatening Palestine, Egypt, Arabia and Persia with famine. British and Russian aircraft reconnoitred enormous tracts to find the breeding grounds; native scouts led anti-locust patrols to the remote swamps of Abyssinia and the Sudan; motorised units ranged the Arabian lands; and the Royal Air Force sprayed down thousands of tons of American chemicals. It was one of the biggest anti-locust campaigns ever conducted. Kenya was saved from a similar menace with the aid of African Pioneers.

From a control post in a Beau Geste building, lorries take out poison bran.



A BLACK BISLEY

—or was it?

Royal Navy and Royal Air Force out-shot the Army in important events at this year's Bisley—yet the Army's shooting HAS improved, say the experts

IT was not the best of Bisleys for the Army this year.

In the Methuen Cup, the most important inter-Services rifle match in the Army Rifle Association meeting, the best the Army could do was to fill eighth place, being beaten by teams from all other Services. Yet of the 27 teams competing no fewer than 13 were from the Army. The Army's top scorers were the Household Brigade, 32 points behind the winners, Royal Air Force Fighter Command.

There were more setbacks in the National Rifle Association meeting which followed. In the Inter-Services long-range rifle match—a new event—the Army trailed behind the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy. The Whitehead Cup for revolver teams of eight was won by the Royal Air Force, with the Army fourth, 104 points behind. The Territorial Army won the Regular and Territorial Armies Cup—another rifle match.

But the Army did win the United Service Cup, one of the rifle stages in the Burdwan Cup, for the first time since 1951, and also the new sub-machine-gun match in the same competition. The Army tied with the Royal Air Force in the final aggregate to share the Burdwan trophy, which the Army last won in 1939.

Although admitting that there is room for improvement in the Army's shooting, the Army Rifle Association say they are not greatly perturbed by the results. They point out that Army teams are drawn from small units while those of other Services come from much larger establishments. The general standard of shooting in the Army, in their opinion, is better today than for some years.

Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, Eastern Command and president of the Army Rifle Association has suggested that the standard can be improved by paying more attention to individual training.

"Nowadays there is a tendency to regard divisional exercises and



45-year-old RQMS G. Armstrong, Grenadier Guards, is the Army's champion rifle shot and Queen's medallist.



41-year-old Mr. L. R. Fenwick, an engineer who learned to shoot in the wartime Home Guard, won the Queen's Prize.

higher technical training as the be-all and end-all of a soldier's life," he said. "But it is very often the skill of the individual man-at-arms that wins the battle."

General Festing also doubts whether enough interest is shown by officers in competitive shooting. "I am quite certain that if we asked all the officers in the Army what the Methuen Cup was we would be surprised by some of the answers." Much more should be done, says the General, to ensure that Army teams are trained and organised as well as those in the other Services.

It has been suggested to SOLDIER that more practice ammunition might well be allotted to Army competitors.

In this year's Bisley the top prizes tended to go to the older soldiers. The Queen's Medal for the champion Army rifle shot was won by 45-year-old Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant G. Armstrong, Grenadier Guards, who also won the title in 1951. Second was Quartermaster Sergeant Instructor H. Lawrence, aged 37, of the Small Arms School Corps and third Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. Parsons, aged 44, Royal Ulster Rifles. This was the sixth time since 1947 that Lieutenant-Colonel Parsons had been

OVER

in the first three. He won the title in 1949 and 1950.

However, 22-year-old Corporal David Carpenter, of 13 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, won the Henry Whitehead Cup in the first stage of the championship and thus became the first junior NCO to do so. He also won the "corporals and below" section. Sergeant N. Bidwell, of the Essex Regiment, won the "officers and sergeants" section with RQMS Armstrong second, Major W. H. Baudains MM, Royal Ulster Rifles, last year's Army champion, third.

The Roberts Cup, the second championship stage, was won by Lieutenant-Colonel Parsons with the record score of 144 out of a possible 150. The last stage of the championship, the Army Hundred, went to Quartermaster Sergeant-Instructor D. Stockman, Small Arms School Corps with Sergeant L. Airey, 1st Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps second and RQMS Armstrong third.

The champion young soldier rifle shot was Corporal Malcolm Brennan, of the Worcestershire Regiment, a 20-year-old National Serviceman who is a professional footballer in civilian life.

This year the Revolver Thirty Match was speeded up to meet modern battle requirements by the introduction of ten-second practices in place of the usual two minutes. It was won by Quartermaster Sergeant-Instructor G. A. Fitzgerald, of 3 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers.

For the first time, too, there was an individual sub-machine-gun match in the Army meeting. There were more than 200 competitors and the event was won by Sergeant A. Grice, Worcestershire Regiment, with Sergeant D. Kennedy, Airborne Forces Depot, second and RQMS J. Greenaway, 2nd Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps third.

Colour-Sergeant W. Howard and Sergeant D. Baird, of the 2nd Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps won the Worcester Cup for the best light-machine-gun pair in the Army with the Worcestershire Regiment team second. In the Lindley Cup light-machine-gun event for cavalry units the 10th Hussars filled the first two places in all three classes.

Next year may see the introduction of the new FN rifle at Bisley. As soon as a sufficient number of troops are armed with this weapon there will probably be two competitions for the Army rifle championship, one with the new rifle and one with the .303.

There is a precedent for this. In 1875 and 1876, when the Martini-Henry rifle began to replace the old Snider, a medal was awarded to the best shot with each. The problem did not arise when the first .303 Lee-Enfields were introduced as there was no rifle championship at that time.

BOOKS

An American psychologist who helped British Intelligence to sift candidates for secret tasks lets a cat or two out of the bag

A "MAD" SERGEANT HELPED TO CHOOSE THE SPIES

UNTIL now, the methods by which secret agents were selected by the Army during World War Two have been largely a subject for guesswork.

The lid is lifted, not fully, but enough for a generous glimpse, by Dr. William J. Morgan, in his racy book "Spies and Saboteurs: Picking and Training Them" (Gollancz, 13s 6d).

Dr. Morgan, who served as a lieutenant-colonel in the United States Military Intelligence, was the only American psychologist to work with the British in selecting agents to penetrate German-occupied Europe. He later parachuted into France and led a band of 550 guerillas into action.

When Dr. Morgan arrived in England he was equipped with "everything but an automatic dishwasher" — including three pistols (one with silencer), an ordinary blackjack and a "spring-snapper cosh blackjack." These had been supplied by America's Office of Strategic Services, with which British Intelligence co-operated.

"The Britishers, old and wise in the intelligence game, were training Americans in the British intelligence schools in England and Scotland," writes Dr. Morgan. "But they had been disappointed in the calibre and qualifications of American agents and operatives. . . . The British now insisted that all intelligence candidates, including Americans, must pass the British

Selection Assessment Board at Pemberley, before being accepted for further training."

As a high proportion of Americans were being "ploughed" by the Board, Dr. Morgan was sent to Pemberley to help to interpret "American behaviour patterns."

The set-up he found was not unlike that operated by the War Office Selection Boards which sift potential officers. Candidates were assigned practical tasks designed to bring out leadership, initiative, coolness, team-loyalty — and ruthlessness. The tests called for a certain amount of physical agility and a head for heights, since the spy who cannot climb out of a window in an emergency is not much use.

The candidates were of all nationalities and backgrounds. One, who was much-disliked as a line-shooter, was a former barnstorming airman, deep-sea diver, motor-racer and film actor, of whom the author says: "His coolness, self-assurance and talent for plausible lying won him the Distinguished Service Cross." Another was a champion ping-pong

player, who shirked the obstacle course for fear of damaging his hands (and his professional career). As regimental officers, many would have been a dead loss; but they had other qualities which the nation needed — notably a gift of tongues.

One practical test involved the crossing of a barbed wire obstacle. A candidate who was detested by the others in his group was "accidentally" dropped into the wire. His companions realised that he could not be left there to be captured and they had neither the time nor the inclination to extricate him. So one went up to him, pointed a finger at his head and said "BANG! BANG!"

Another exercise involved capturing a "madman" armed with a rifle. The madman was a sergeant with a Master of Arts degree, and a clever actor into the bargain. He was not often captured. The author comments: "Anyone who tries to use persuasion in dealing with an armed madman is not too sane himself."

There was a room to be rifled for secret papers (under the eye of a Military Testing Officer); there was a Gestapo chief to be killed at his desk; and there was a frontier to be crossed without attracting a sentry's attention. There was also an exercise in which, unknown to the leader of the party, one of the company was a traitor. It was quite a course!

Dr. Morgan says that one commanding officer at this assessment board had reasoned that, since many agents in enemy territory got into trouble by seeking feminine society, each resistance organiser ought to be accompanied by a woman radio operator who would also serve as his social companion. "It was a good idea, but he was reprimanded and transferred. The British are like that. They really approved the idea but thought it bad form to talk about it."

Well, the whole world has heard about one big romance between a resistance organiser and his woman radio operator!

After a spell with the assessment board the author himself underwent training as an agent. One of his assignments was to shadow a pretty woman from 9.30 a.m. until 4.30 in the afternoon. It's a great life, a spy's!

The author's comments and judgments are, of course, his own. He tells one story about the treatment of a double agent which will cause eyebrows to be raised. One hopes he is satisfied as to its authenticity.



THEY'RE YOUR ALLIES

Left: a Carabiniere parachutist of the Italian Army. Note the padded knee-caps and the knife lashed to the boot.

Right: another member of the Carabiniere, in the traditional uniform of the Presidential Guard Corps. There are 110 of them, of a minimum height of six feet four inches. They perform guard of honour services for the President of the Republic.



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things of life all go well with Guinness — might have been made for each other. You finish up feeling fine — refreshed and satisfied. Going to try a Guinness today? Good for you!



BREAKDOWNS WERE GOOD FOR THEM

THERE is something to be said for training on worn-out equipment.

When the Guards Armoured Division was formed in 1941—thus breaking a 300-year-old tradition that the Foot Guards always fight as Infantrymen—it was allotted old tanks.

"Their frequent breakdowns gave most valuable experience to the crews and to unit fitters," says Major-General G. L. Verney DSO in "The Guards Armoured Division—A Short History" (Hutchinson, 15s). "Many a crew stranded for the night out on Salisbury Plain learned things that they would never have discovered if their tanks had brought them home all right, lessons that were to prove of great value later on under more dangerous conditions."

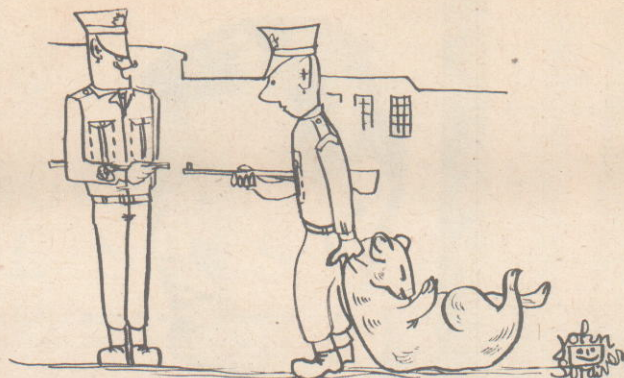
The author, who commanded one of the brigades in the Division before he took over the "Desert Rats," traces the proud path of the men who wore the flash of the ever-open eye, a sign also used by the Guards Division in World War One. Curiously, he says, the Division is now remembered more for its almost unopposed advance from the Seine to Brussels than for the many battles it fought from Normandy to the north-west German plain.

At Geelen, in Holland, the Irish Guards seem to have been "spoiled" by the inhabitants on whom they were billeted. "When the cooks issued breakfast there were queues of small boys carrying mess tins and chanting the names of men to whom the tins belonged and who were in bed."

In the town of Oss the Coldstream Group found a huge food dump from which both British and Germans had been drawing stores—the British in the mornings and the Germans in the afternoon. It was a matter of indifference to the methodical Dutch storeman who drew the stores so long as he got a signature in his book!

Two Victoria Crosses were awarded, posthumously, to members of the Division: Captain Ian Liddell, of the 5th Battalion, Coldstream Guards, and Guardsman Edward Charlton, 2nd (Armoured) Battalion, Irish Guards. Under intense fire, Captain Liddell ran across a mined bridge over the River Ems and neutralised the charges, then signalled his leading platoon to advance across it. Guardsman Charlton, firing his Browning from the hip, halted an enemy advance at Wistedt, then propped his weapon on a fence to rest his wounded left arm—and kept on firing. He was hit again in that arm, but still engaged the enemy, thus relieving his comrades from a desperate situation.

This brief book is not intended to do the work of regimental histories, but "to show both the part that units played in the general actions of the Division, and the part the Division took in the campaign as a whole."



"You shouldn't have troubled. We issue bearskins."

A Good Bag in Bremen

IN 12 hours a major of the 4th Battalion The Wiltshire Regiment took the surrender of two German generals and their staffs, a vice-admiral and, for good measure, a Nazi bishop.

During the final assault on Bremen, Major G. B. P. Pope, on night reconnaissance with his runner, entered a bunker in which Major-General Siber, the Bremen garrison commander, and his staff were hiding. They surrendered en bloc. At dawn Major Pope entered another building. Inside were Lieutenant-General Fritz Becker, commander of Bremen's defences, with his staff, the vice-admiral and the Bishop of Bremen. They, too, went willingly into captivity.

The story is told in "The Maroon Square" (Ffraney and Co., 16s) the almost day-to-day record of the exploits of the 4th Wiltshires in World War Two. The authors are three majors who each won the Military Cross while serving with the Battalion—Majors A. D. Parsons, D. I. M. Robbins and D. C. Gilson.

The 4th Wiltshires played a prominent part in all the battles fought by 43rd (Wessex) Division from the Normandy beaches onwards, and the book is mainly an account of these battles as seen through the eyes of the man in the front line—the officer and the private, the stretcher bearer and the cook, the driver and the wireless operator.

Most problems that came their way were solved with the Infantryman's usual efficiency and adaptability. But unusual measures were needed to get rid of the attentions of a German Alsatian war dog when the Battalion were facing the enemy in a wood in Holland.

After attempts to capture and shoot the dog had failed, the Commanding Officer sent to higher formation for a bitch. It turned out to be a thin, shivering, unlovely mongrel—but the Alsatian was never seen again in the Wiltshires' sector.

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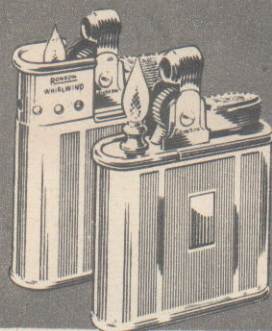
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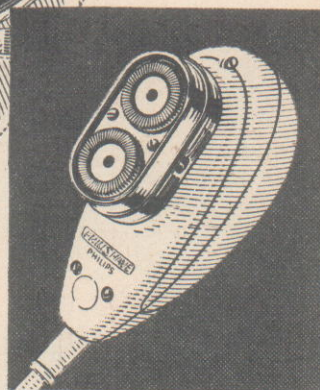
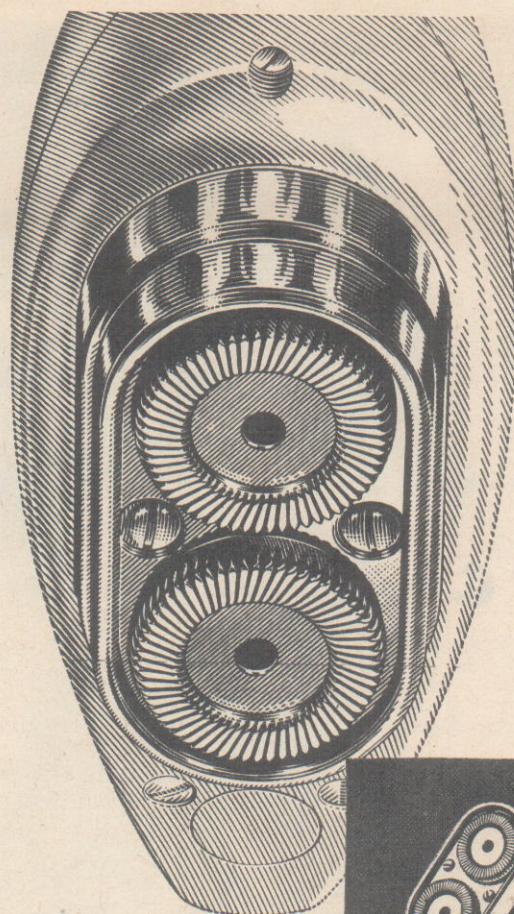
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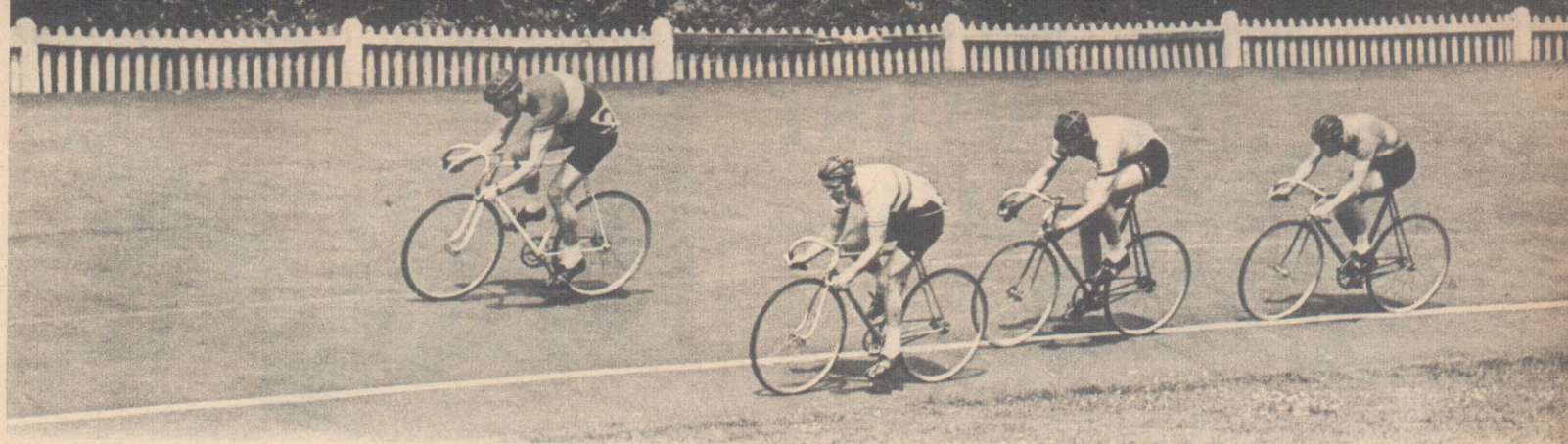
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SPORT

THE ARMY'S CRACK CYCLISTS WERE OUT AT HERNE HILL—AND THREE EX-ARMY RIDERS TACKLED THE FAMOUS TOUR DE FRANCE



The record-breaking REME team in action: the leader pulls out to let the second rider set the pace.

WHIZZING WHEELS

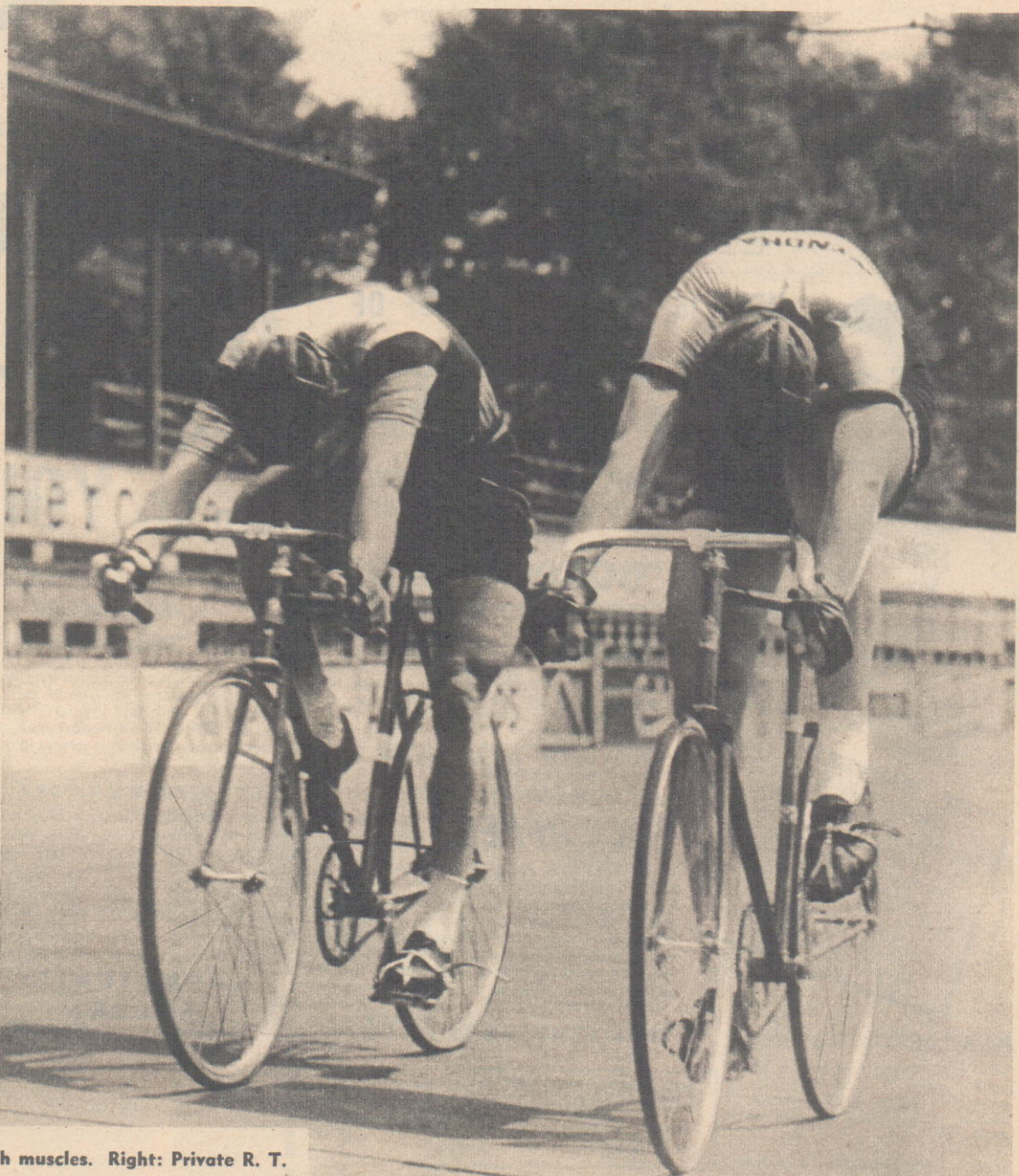
CYCLE racing is the Army's youngest sport, but its popularity has grown fast in the five years since it was officially recognised.

There are 900 active members in the Army Cycling Union, which organises both track and road racing over distances of from 10 to 100 miles. Later this year a 12-hours' road-race may be held, and Southern Command are arranging a three-days' event at the end of this month, an event which may be held annually.

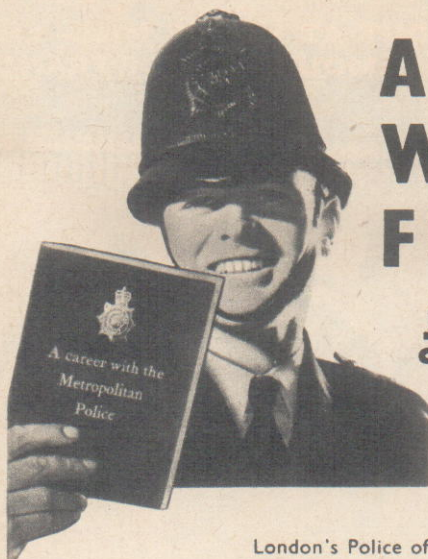
Three ex-members of the Army Cycling Union rode in this year's Tour de France: Brian Robinson, formerly of the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Ken Mitchell, late of Royal Signals and B. Pusey, late of REME. Robinson was 29th out of 130 starters. Mitchell and Pusey retired.

Sapper David Tweddell, of 9 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, the Army's 50-mile road time trial champion, was third in this year's International Isle of Man race.

At this year's **OVER** →



Showing how cycling develops the thigh muscles. Right: Private R. T. Blundell wins by inches in the semi-final of the 1000 metres sprint.



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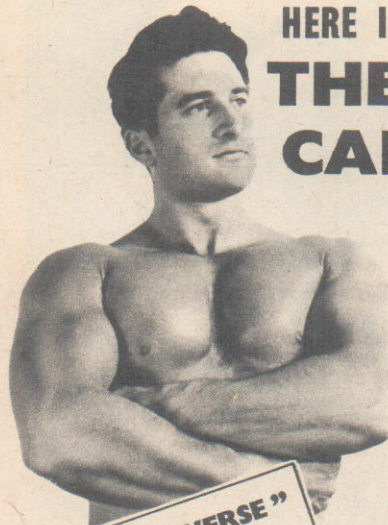
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—Mark Lewis

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OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

tion you may still be eligible for an Assisted Passage on an employment nomination. These nominations are for single men and women in almost every occupation, and for married workers (with or without families) in certain specified occupations. For married workers, family occupation is available without personal nomination.

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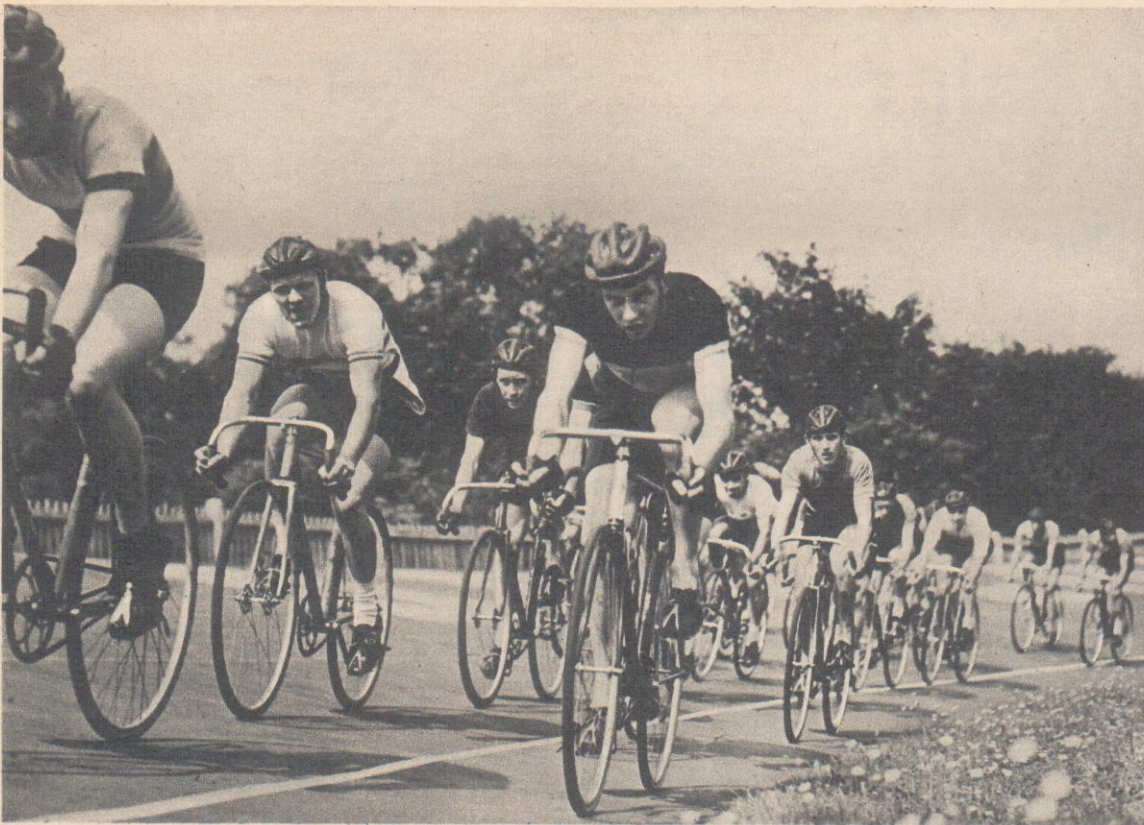
When once you are nominated, both you and your family may apply for Assisted Passages. Adults pay £10. Minors (14-19) pay £5. Children travel free.

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To: Chief Migration Officer, Dept. 8a, Australia House, London.
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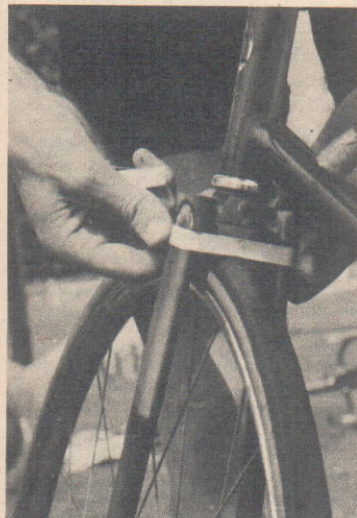
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Private A. W. Jackson earns a sponging after winning the 1000-metres individual pursuit championship in record time.

SPORT continued



Some track riders use sticking plaster to brush grit off their tyres.

Follow my leader in the five-mile race. All riders must wear crash helmets.

Army Track Championships at Herne Hill two records were broken, as crack riders tore round at speeds sometimes approaching 40 miles an hour.

Private A. W. Jackson, of the Depot and Training Establishment, Royal Army Medical Corps, who is national cyclo-cross (a cross-country event) champion, clipped 2.2 seconds off the three-year-old 4000 metres individual pursuit record with a fine ride of five mins 27.4 secs—an average speed of 27 miles an hour. The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers "A" team set up a new record of five mins. 17.4 secs to win the 4000 metres inter-corps team pursuit, beating the previous best time, also held by REME, by 1.7 seconds.

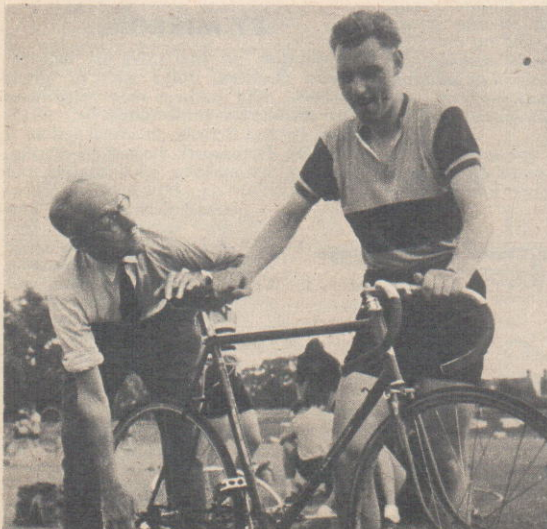
It was a good day, too, for Craftsman Brian Sandy, of No.

1 Training Battalion, REME, national five-miles grass track champion in 1953 and 1954. He retained the two Army titles he won last year as 1000 metres individual sprint champion and as 1000 metres individual time trial champion. In the sprint event he covered the last 220 yards in 13.5 secs—about 35 miles an hour. His one min. 16.6 secs. for the 1000 metres time trial was only .8 of a second slower than the record he set up last year.

The most gruelling race, the five miles massed start, was won by Craftsman B. Skelton, of 39 Base Workshops, REME; the inter-command 4000 metres team pursuit was won by Southern Command in five mins. 23.5 seconds, with Eastern Command second.

Craftsman Brian Skelton flat out in the five-mile race which he won at an average of over 25 miles an hour.

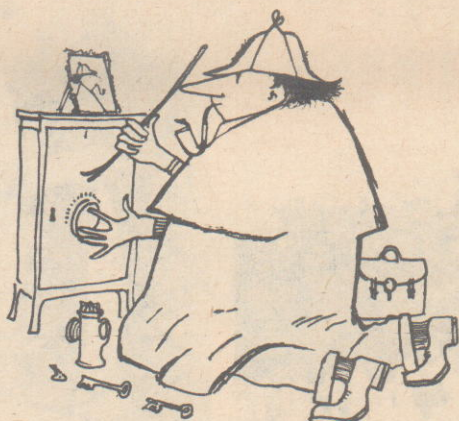
Jack Lauterwasser, first Englishman to ride at over 20 miles an hour for 12 hours, in 1928, and his 19-year-old son, Private Alan Lauterwasser, RASC, who has failed to beat father's record—but only by a mile.



Maj.-Gen. F. R. G. Matthews, chairman of the Army Cycling Union (left), chats with Capt. H. Keates, secretary (centre) and Capt. G. Saunders, who recently attempted the Land's End to John o' Groats record.



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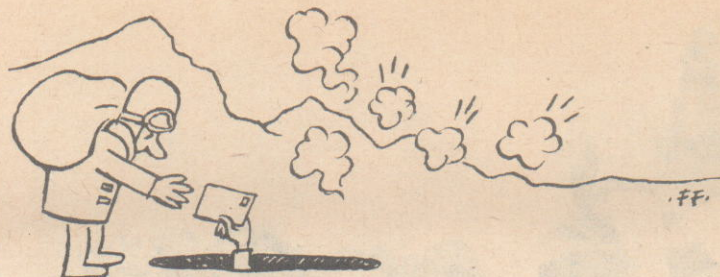
Without obligation let me have details please. Assume I save each month £1, £2, £4, £6.
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LETTERS

COSTLY PARCEL

Recently I wished to send my son, who is serving with the RASC in Malaya, a birthday parcel of gifts, but was informed that there is no Services' airmail to that area. The parcel, weighing five pounds, had therefore to be sent at the civilian rate, which cost me £4 7s. 6d. Surely this is wrong? Wherever an established unit of the British Army is stationed there should be Services' air-mail rates. —"Disgusted Mother" (name and address supplied).

★The concessionary air-mail rates of postage to the Forces apply only to letters, small packets and printed papers.

Forces postage concessions cost the Services over £1,750,000 per year. The question of concessionary rates for air parcels has been considered many times, but the cost is regarded as prohibitive. This reader could have sent her son postal orders to enable him to make purchases from NAAFI or other local sources. Although this method lacks the personal touch, it would have avoided the high cost of air-mail postage. Parcels can be sent by cheap surface routes but should be posted well in advance of the required delivery date.

CADET COMMISSION

I am very interested in taking up work with the Army Cadet Force when I leave the Regular Army. I am serving a 22-year engagement, but intend exercising my option. I have served in both the Combined Cadet Force and the Army Cadet Force, obtaining my Certificate "A," parts one and two, attaining the rank of warrant officer class two. I hold the General Certificate of Education in five subjects at "O" level.

What are the possibilities of a commission in the Army Cadet Force? Is it possible to serve with the Combined Cadet Force if one is not a schoolmaster?—"Gunner" (name and address supplied).

★If he is recommended by his local unit commander and Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association, and if his record is good, this Gunner could obtain a commission in the Army Cadet Force. A man with no previous commissioned service is usually expected to serve for a period as an adult warrant officer or under-officer, but these conditions would not be insisted upon in this instance.

It is most unusual for anyone who is not a schoolmaster to be given a Combined Cadet Force commission.

●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 to ensure a reply. 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 orderly room or from your own officer.

● SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

It could only be done if the person was recommended by a headmaster for some special reason and approved by the Joint Cadet Executive.

FINDING HOUSES

Why, in Malaya, must a soldier in civilian accommodation pay his own fares?

In Britain a soldier can find a house and pay normal quartering charges once the Army has taken it over. Why does this rule not apply equally in Malaya?—"Just Interested" (name and address supplied).

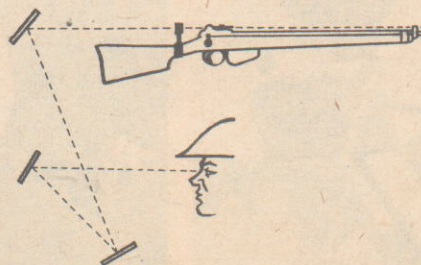
★A soldier in Malaya is entitled to a refund of travelling expenses, less 2s. 6d. per week, for a distance of up to 20 miles from his home to his place of duty.

Houses and flats in overseas commands are hired by the War Department for use as married quarters, on the same principle as in Britain, but often the market is more limited. Although a soldier may find a property acceptable to the War Department, it would be unfair to allow him to occupy it if there are others on the waiting list with more points. If the person who discovers a property is himself first on the waiting list, he may occupy it, provided the military authorities are satisfied that it will be suitable not only for him but for his successors—at the right price. The Army Council's policy is to unite as many families as quickly as possible.

BY MIRRORS

Mention of the infra-ray sniper-scope (Letters, July) was of great interest. Old soldiers may remember the primitive sniperscope of 1915, used by the British. It consisted of a wooden framework bolted to a rifle, with a magnifying view-finder and reflectors at the butt-end, synchronised with the back and fore sights and the target.

These cast a clear picture on alternating mirrors at the lower end of the framework. Thus, with rifle on parapet, the sniper was able to sit sheltered and unseen in a trench directing his shots at targets seen in the mirror. The rifle position was flexible and the trigger and bolt mechanisms were operated by a simple device.—A. E. Douglas, Stone House, near Dartford.



Sniperscope of 1915. See letter "By Mirrors."

HIS OVERDRAFT

When I returned from Malaya I intended to take my discharge after 22 years' service and proceeded to buy a house through a building society. Out of my savings I was able to put down the necessary deposit, but when it came to furnishing and renovation I found myself short of cash. I was able to get an overdraft of £300 from my bank, the amount to be paid back out of my terminal grant. Now I have changed my mind about discharge and have decided to implement my three years' supplemental service. The question of clearing my overdraft has caused me much concern. Can I get my terminal grant as originally planned? After all, it appears that I have to be discharged, then attested and re-enlisted the same day, so there would appear to be a case for drawing the terminal grant.—"Warrant Officer" (name and address supplied).

★The terminal grant forms a part of the pensionable award due on termination of service and no portion may be paid before that date.

MECHANISATION

I was very interested in the correspondence on the first mechanised unit. When I was serving with the Royal Field Artillery in Newport, Monmouthshire, in 1906, the railway authorities refused to take our 18-pounder gun ammunition, claiming that the jolting of the train would cause an explosion. So the Army Service Corps brought a tractor from Aldershot. This must be one of the earliest instances of mechanisation in Britain.

Incidentally, the 18-pounder was a good gun. I can remember a six-gun battery in the 1914-18 war firing off 5000 rounds in a day and another occasion, in October, 1914, when we had only 11 rounds per gun per day.—J. J. Dennis (ex-Gunner, 135th Battery, RFA, 4th Division), 701 Christchurch Road, Boscombe, Hants.

GOOD VALUE

I wish to express my appreciation of the quality of civilian clothing issued to discharged Regulars. Having recently passed through Woking, I was impressed not only with the efficiency of the staff but with the clothing provided. It is worth at least twice the cash grant.—M. Smith (ex-WO II, RAMC), 52 Lawnmount Crescent, Hilden, Northern Ireland.

HAIR-CUTS

I have had an argument with my pals on the subject of haircuts. I say that a soldier can grow his hair long during the last three months of Regular service. My orderly room is not very helpful in matters of this sort. Can SOLDIER give a ruling?—"Stylist" (name and address supplied).

★Queen's Regulations simply state: "The hair of the head will be kept short." That means all the time. The notion of soldiers leaving the service with a three-months' growth is a frightening one.

NO COMMISSION

In four months' time I am due to complete the Colour-service portion of my three and four years' engagement. Is it possible for me to join the Reserve as an officer?—"Ordnance Corporal" (name and address supplied).

★During his reserve service this NCO cannot enlist in the Army Emergency Reserve or the Territorial Army. To obtain a commission in either of these he would have to enlist, on completion of his reserve service, and be recommended in the normal way.

WHO WAS HE?

HE . . . was a rifleman;

. . . served in probably more countries than any other soldier of his day—Spain, Portugal, France, Belgium, Bermuda, Jamaica, Havana, Nova Scotia, India, South Africa, North America, South America;

. . . fought under Sir John Moore at Corunna and under Wellington at Waterloo;

. . . married a beautiful girl of 14 who fled to his protection during the sack of a Spanish city, and was accompanied by her through many arduous campaigns;

. . . persuaded an old soldier to sit under his table smoking strong tobacco so that he could tackle his papers untroubled by sandflies;

. . . held the King's peace among dissident weavers in Glasgow;

. . . taught Kaffirs to dig the soil, to cover their nakedness, to bury their dead; humbled rain-makers and witch-doctors;

. . . was reading a prayer at a church service when a dog wandered in and he broke off to shout "Take that damned dog away!"

. . . rode the 700 miles from Cape Town to Graham's Town in six days over roadless country;

. . . drove a great Sikh army into the River Sutlej, capturing all its guns and baggage, and was created Baronet of Aliwal;

. . . attended the Duke of Wellington's last Waterloo banquet at Apsley House in 1852.

For answer see next page

Fingers are green for it



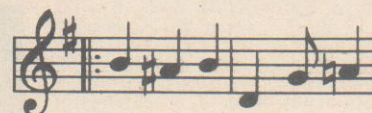
PATIENCE REWARDED! Here's a really giant-size marrow. And what more rewarding than to show it to friends at The Local, over a man-size pint?

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Revive on it, thrive on it,
Feel more alive on it—

Good wholesome beer!



Another verse of the song-hit
'Good Wholesome Beer'

Fingers are green for it
Gardeners are keen for it
Cry "Cheers, old bean" for it

Good wholesome beer

Prize fruit's displayed for it
Prize money's paid for it
Bee-lines are made for it

Good wholesome beer

What's Yours? Are you a mild and bitter man, or do you like a 'mother-in-law'—bitter and stout? Everyone has his favourite. Still, try a different beer tonight—you may be missing something.



MORE LETTERS

40 YEARS

I read the reference to the "oldest serving member" of the Royal Berkshire Regiment (SOLDIER, July) and I cannot allow Major Harry Kitney to "get away" with this one. He was a recruit in my battalion when I, by contemporary standards, was already an "old soldier." I joined the 2nd Battalion as a Regular soldier in September, 1915, and was transferred to the Buffs, on appointment as their Bandmaster, in February, 1929. I went to the Royal Artillery as their Director of Music in November, 1947. Therefore I complete 40 years unbroken service in September this year and, with the Royal Berkshires as my parent unit, remain unchallenged as their oldest serving member. General Sir Miles Dempsey was one of my earliest company commanders.—Major W. B. Salmon, RA, Director of Music, RA (Portsmouth) Band.

LADY OF GARIAN

The Lady of Garian (the giant mural of a nude woman mentioned in SOLDIER's Middle East Report in June) was not drawn, as you state, by the American soldier Gifford Saber while a prisoner-of-war. He was, in fact, with an American Field Force unit which wished to give a concert for the British troops with whom it had been working. The artist was put into a hut with a white-washed backstage and told to decorate it. He demurred on the grounds that there was insufficient time so he was locked in. The job was finished in time and the concert was a great success.

I took the original photographs of "The Lady" in the early part of February 1943.—BM/SABR (name and address supplied).

GRAND ENTRANCE

The article "Send For REME" (July), particularly the part about the Navy sending for a recovery unit, brought to mind an incident at Malta in 1952. "C" Squadron, Royal Scots Greys, were taking part in amphibious operations. One of the tank landing craft had slipped slightly off the sand-bank on which it had beached, with the result that when one Centurion tried to go aboard it disappeared into 15 feet of water. With the exception of the gunner, who was left stranded on top of the turret up to his waist in water, the crew baled out.

After several hours of attempts by recovery crews to beach the tank, it was decided to send for the Navy, and a lifting vessel came from Grand Harbour. After raising the Centurion off the sea bed and sticking a blue and yellow recovery pennant in the turret, it towed the tank round the island and deposited it on the coaling wharf. It was claimed at the time that this was the only occasion one of Her Majesty's land ships had sailed "dressed over-all" into Grand Harbour. The pennant is still in the Squadron's possession.—R. B. Jagger (ex-sergeant, Royal Scots Greys), 30 Avenue Hill, Potternewton, Leeds 8.

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HE was General Sir Harry Smith, whose wife gave her name to the South African town of Ladysmith. (See page 37).

FILMS

coming your way

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

THREE FOR THE SHOW: Betty Grable is the star of this musical. It contains an Oriental number in which Betty dreams she is Queen of a male harem.

NEW YORK CONFIDENTIAL: After preliminary practice on lesser targets, professional gunman Richard Conte ends up by killing the boss of the organisation, Broderick Crawford. New syndicate leader promptly goes after chief marksman Conte. In tough gangster tradition.

STRATEGIC AIR COMMAND: James Stewart, United States Air Force reservist turned baseball professional, returns to duty, flies latest in stratojet bombers, B-47. Injury grounds him, he goes back to baseball (as a manager), wife and baby daughter. Superb display of American air power.

RUN FOR COVER: In his first Western for nearly 20 years, James Cagney shows he has lost none of his old vitality. Wrongly imprisoned, he ends up as sheriff, and shoots his assistant after nearly drowning in escape from Indians. With the Swedish actress, Viveca Lindfors.

THE SEVEN LITTLE FOYS: New departure for Bob Hope. No Crosby or Lamour, just seven juveniles whom Bob, as a song-and-dance man of the early 1900s, not only fathers successfully, but introduces into his act.

HOW TO GET SOLDIER

SERVING soldiers may obtain SOLDIER from their units, canteens or AKC cinemas. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should ask their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms. Civilians may buy or order SOLDIER at any bookstall in Britain.

Those unable to obtain the magazine through these channels may subscribe direct to Circulation Department, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N.7. The rate is 10s. 6d. a year post-free. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "Command Cashier" and crossed "a/c SOLDIER."

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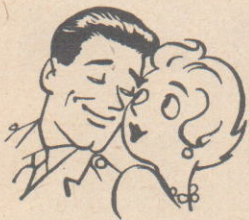
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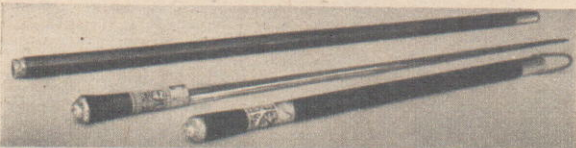
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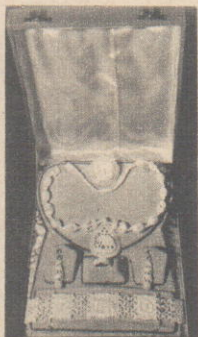
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