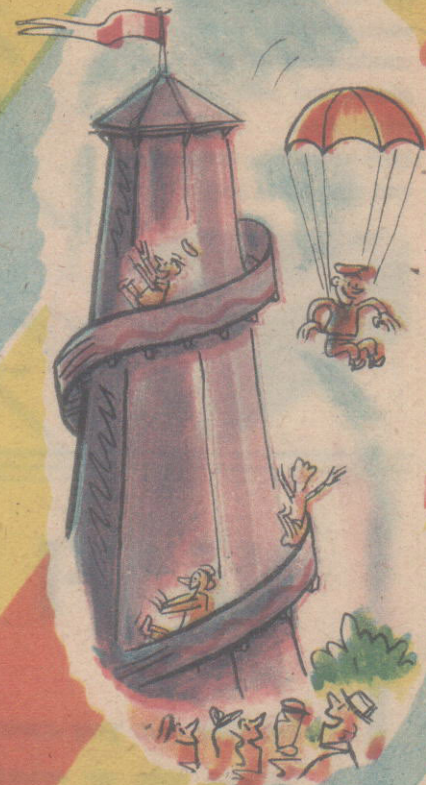


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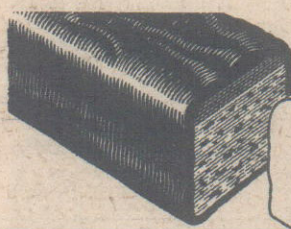


FWILES

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THERE'S A MEAL
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It's the sweet that satisfies—just the job when Appetite starts knocking! A delicious combination of *chocolate*, *glucose* and *milk*, Mars is 100% food . . . immediately sustaining, energising and nourishing you.



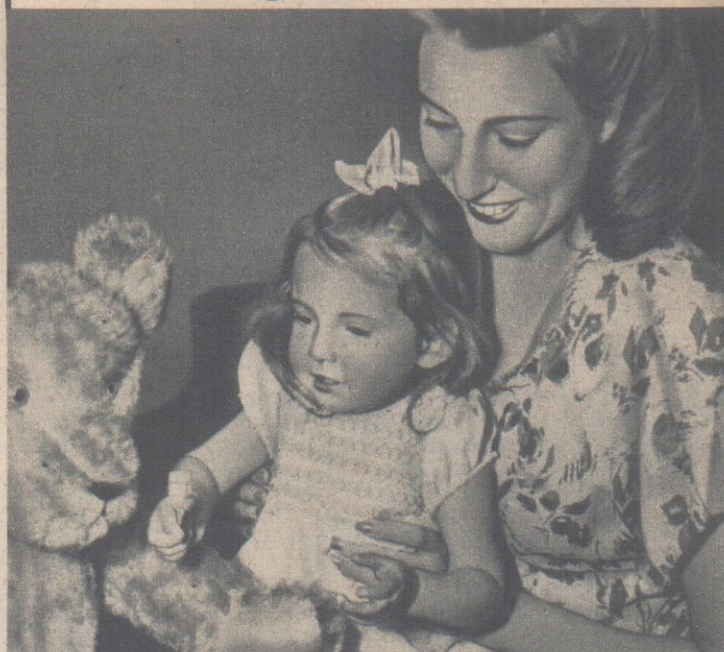
milk enriched chocolate coating.

caramel layer of sugar, malted glucose and milk.

delicious centre of malt, chocolate, glucose and sugar—all whipped in white of egg.

VERA LYNN:

Virginia thinks it's fun



RADIO star VERA LYNN and her 2-year old daughter VIRGINIA in their London home. Like her famous mother, little Virginia uses 'Kolynos' for cleaning her teeth—twice daily. "Virginia thinks it's fun—"Kolynos' tastes so good," says Vera. Its lustre-foam keeps their teeth sparkling white and clean. Help yourself to a star-bright smile—change to new 'Kolynos' today. You, too, will say, "It's refreshing."

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KOLYNOS**
DENTAL CREAM

*Its refreshing lustre-foam
MAKES YOUR TEETH
SHINE LIKE THE STARS*

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If you know of anyone seeking an interesting career, Naafi still needs female staff for canteens at Home. Applicants should consult their nearest Employment Exchange.

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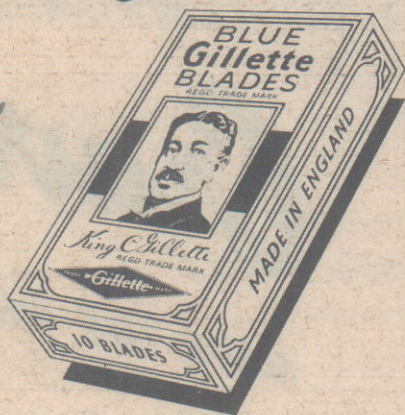
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mornings
begin
with
Gillette*



*... cheaper, less tax,
than pre-war!*

*Now 2/8 for ten
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Officers' Mess 1855



It was during the Crimean War that the British soldiers first began to make cigarettes—a new fashion which they afterwards popularised in England. Today the really critical smokers among Servicemen leave the manufacture of their cigarettes to Rothmans. Pall Mall Medium is a very popular Rothman favourite—obtainable in most messes and in the N.A.A.F.I. Try a packet today.

Rothmans
Pall Mall





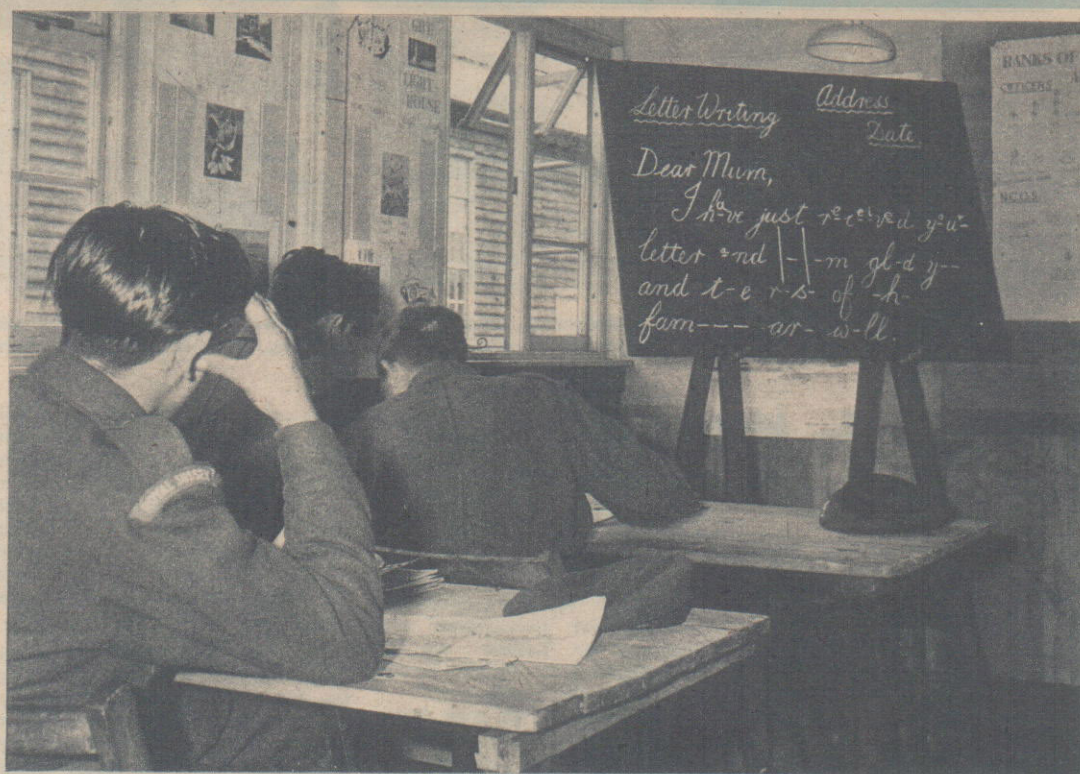
SAM Smith is a cartoon soldier, a friendly figure with an ear-splitting grin who marches on parade with an oversize fountain pen sloped over his shoulder and a huge book tucked under his arm.

His parade-ground is "English Parade", a Royal Army Educational Corps textbook written as simply as possible for a man who cannot read or write. It starts: "I am a soldier. Sam is a soldier," and goes on to tell in easy stages the adventures of Sam Smith, the recruit; Sam drilling on parade, Sam drinking at the NAAFI, Sam on a company stunt, Sam singing at a camp concert, Sam going on leave, Sam on a draft abroad.

For one man in every hundred called up in the Army today Sam's adventures are a daily headache. "English Parade" is the textbook of the Royal Army Educational Corps' five preliminary education centres, where for six weeks men are taught how to read and write.

What is an illiterate? Chesterfield says it is a man who cannot read and write Latin and Greek. The Army's definition is not so exacting. An illiterate to the Army is a man who can make little or no effective use of reading and writing; for practical purposes, a man who cannot complete his personal record sheet even under instruction.

To estimate the reading age, the preliminary education centre uses a series of graded words. Each set of words represents a reading age. As the age gets higher



The prospect of writing a letter home is an inducement to study. Instructors help with actual letters as well as those in the exercise book.

"I Am Writing This Myself"

so the words get more difficult. A man with the lowest reading age of all can just recognise the alphabet. A man with the reading age of five can read words like sad, pot, wet, sun and big, but cannot read words like girl, love, water and things—which would raise him to the reading age of six. A man with the reading age of six can spell words like cap, bad, men, run and pin, but cannot spell words like table, black, smoke, lesson and sorry—which qualify him for a reading age of seven. If a man can read the test sentences: "I like a glass of beer at the local pub," "Sir, I beg to submit this application for seven days..." then he is not an illiterate.

Those who go to these centres have an average reading age of six. If a man can read the words: paillasse, orientate, periphery, dyspepsia and psychosis then his reading age is high. But if, because he can read the word "paillasse", he thinks that the man who

cannot read such important Army words as "pay" or "kit" is a fool, then the instructors at the education centres will quickly disillusion him.

Illiterates, they will tell you, are often shrewd men. One ran a large grocery store in civil life. Another was a highly paid betting clerk. Ask him the racing odds and he would give the answer in a flash. One youngster of 18 made a regular £20 a week picking race winners. He could understand the racing form but not the rest of the newspaper. Another illiterate with a successful civilian business rolled up to a preliminary education centre in a magnificent Rolls-Royce driven by a chauffeur in smart livery. The chauffeur could read and write.

But if an illiterate is not a mental dullard, then why cannot he read and write? Glance through the report forms at any preliminary education centre and you soon find the answer. The report form which is made out

for every illiterate, records the reasons for his illiteracy, his reading age on arrival and departure, reports his interests and progress, and gives suggestions for his future education.

"Pte. A. Born 1929. Lost schooling through evacuation and fractured skull which kept him in hospital for long periods. Reading Age, 5."

"Pte. B. Born 1928. Lives in the country. Father in Army during war. Mother kept him from school—five miles away—because she needed him at home. Reading Age, 6."

"Pte. C. Born 1929. A travelling showman. No schooling. Once went for three weeks but was made to sit in the corner on his own and was called 'Gypsy'. Never went after that. Reading Age, 3½."

And so the causes are revealed—truancy, lack of parental control, illness, mental upsets due to war, evacuation and part-time schooling, lack of teachers and accommodation resulting in large

OVER

Once the strength of the Army was said to lie in its "dashing illiterates." Today the Army runs special courses for those who cannot read or write—and that means one man in every hundred



"English Parade" looks simple—but it has a clever plan.



Reading is not just an occupation for a stuffy classroom. Groups take their text-books into the open air as much as possible.



Games help, too—Lexicon with its word building cards, spelling bees, word-snap, word-dominos and simple crossword puzzles.

Continuing "I Am Weiting This Myself"

classes and mass education—this last a very frequent reason.

A survey made shortly after the war showed that 12 per cent of children then leaving school had a reading age under 8½ years. The young 18-years-old illiterate coming into the Army today was a schoolboy in war-time and one of that 12 per cent, one of a larger group of 3,000,000 adolescents and adults in England and Wales who are illiterate or semi-illiterate. The incidence of war-time illiteracy in young soldiers will certainly remain a problem for the Army for four or five years to come.

Illiteracy is as much a social and personal tragedy as disease. It restricts a man's thoughts, knowledge and even movements. A group of illiterates brought to study at an education centre in London refused to go outside

their billets for fear of getting lost. A man sent to Greenford arrived in Greenwich. A man who wanted to go to a public lavatory had to wait for another man to enter before he could tell which was for "Gentlemen" and which was for "Ladies". An illiterate stated that "Oliver Cromwell started the (last) war."

An illiterate in his own home and surroundings may get along quite satisfactorily, but in any new background, like that of the Army, he is at a disadvantage. He cannot read company orders, but ignorance is no plea for an order disobeyed. He cannot read a map or a road sign. He cannot write home to tell how and where he is. His illiteracy puts him at a disadvantage when it comes to promotion or learning a new trade. But illiterate or not he has to join the Army.

The Army has always had its

illiterates, and at one time a soldier who could not read or write was considered a better soldier for it. In 1865, the *Pall Mall Gazette* spoke of soldiers who could not read or write as "the dashing illiterates whose stout hearts and strong thews and sinews made the Army what it was under the Great Duke."

It is ironic, therefore, that the Army should be the pioneer in the fight against adult illiteracy. As early as 1926, the Army ran a special course, but it was not until 1943, when the Army found it had 10,000 illiterates, that the problem was tackled on a large scale. Special education centres were set up, special books written and instructors trained. Since then some 25,000 men have been taught to read and write.

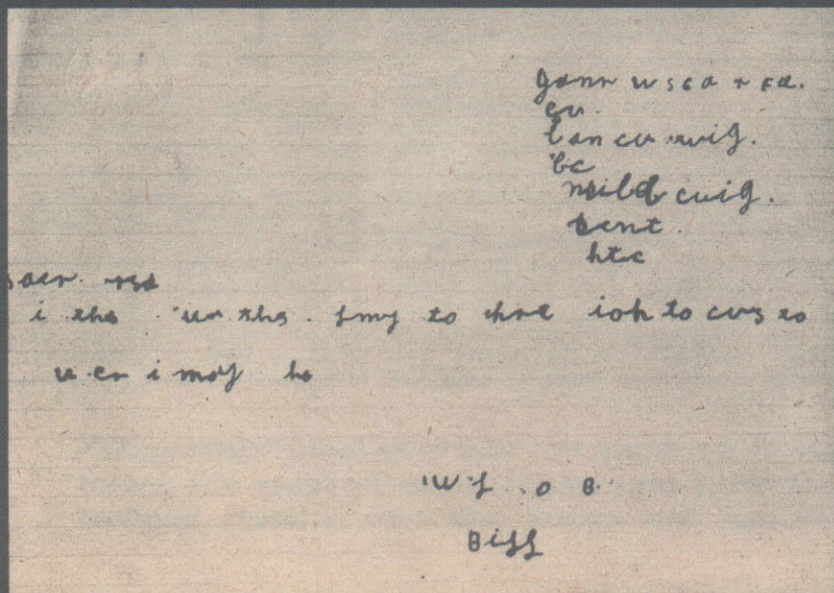
At first, not all illiterates want to go for training. They are suspicious. They think there is a catch in it. One young Londoner put it like this: "How can the

Army teach me in six weeks, when teachers at school couldn't teach me in six years?"

How then does the Army succeed? It succeeds because it gets quick results, because it improves a man's reading and writing in the first two days. It does this by rapidly restoring a man's self-confidence by giving him individual teaching. Each student, according to his reading age and temperament, is put into a group of ten and often fewer students. In this way an instructor can give each man special attention, learn his particular background and gain his confidence. If a man is a fast learner, he can go on without waiting for the rest. If he is a slow learner, he is not badgered and pushed to keep up.

The student is an adult, not a grown-up child. He has a larger experience of life, a larger speaking vocabulary. The teaching, therefore, is simple but adult. He is not taught to read like an

More like a cryptogram than a letter, this was written by a soldier on his first day at St. Neots. As they get more advanced, students are given model letters (centre) to copy...



West Camp,
St. Neots.

12 Oct. 44.

My Dear Sally

Thank you for your letter. I am glad you and baby are well. I am well too and I like it in this camp.

I am writing this myself.

r loving husband,
Jack.

THE FIRST LETTER
DEAR SALLY
I AM WELL TOO
AND I LIKE IT IN THIS CAMP
I AM WRITING THIS MYSELF
YOUR LOVING HUSBAND
JACK

Chapter One

Sam



1. I am a soldier.
2. Sam is a soldier.
3. Sam is my pal.
4. Sam has a cap.
5. I have a hat.

This text-book starts with four-word sentences. By Chapter 12 it is an action story. Students are asked to write their own Chapter 13.

infant learning new words, but taught to recognise what he is already able to say and what he is already able to understand when somebody says it to him. "English Parade," his basic textbook, looks simple but is cunningly written to plan.

You find that Chapter One deals only with the short "a", Chapter Two with the short "i", and so on. It exploits right from the start the emotional appeal of writing a letter home. The first letter taught is the simple "Dear Mum, I am well" type, but soon comes a letter of two or three hundred words.

As a relaxation from book study, there are games like Lexicon, "rummywords", dominoes, darts and "housey-housey" using letters of the alphabet instead of numbers. In "Stickit", the dartboard game, letters replace numbers, the players throwing darts to make up words.

Tests at the end of each course prove that in six weeks the reading age of some men is raised by three or four years, from reading

and spelling words like pot, bad and wet, to words like rough, explorer, nourishment, overwhelmed.

That is the cold measurement of success. More warmly rewarding—to the instructor—is the pride of a man reading for the first time in his life a letter from home; the shout of joy from a man who has laboriously but successfully traced the word "Martha"—his wife's name; the return of a man's self-confidence and desire to learn and understand the life around him.

The instructors will tell you that teaching illiterates is the most satisfying work they have ever done. Many receive letters long after the men have left the education centres. One ill-spelt, ill-written, speaks for many:

"Dear Sgt", it reads, "Just a few lines to let you know I have not for got you ... Today we have been on the raing and have had PT and footdrill. I would rather be sitting down writing any day ..."

WARREN SMITH

... And this is the kind of job they make of them. The writer probably bit his tongue doing it, but his wife will be able to read letters like this.

Went camp
S^t Neot's
12 Dec 44.

my dear saury
thank you for your
8 letter. I am glad you and
baby are well. I am well too
and I like it in this camp
I am writing this myself
your caring husband.

Jack

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE Commanding Officer had an unpleasant task. He had to tell 46 of his warrant-officers and NCO's that they could remain in their own regiment and be reduced in rank or go to other regiments and retain their rank.

Of the 46, all but four chose to stay in the regiment. It is a sad — and a very fine — story. It is a story with a powerful moral. You might think that even the four-page newspapers could have found room for it. The man who told it — in Parliament — was Field-Marshal Lord Wavell; the regiment was his own regiment: The Black Watch.

Lord Wavell disclosed that his regiment had recruited sufficient Regulars since the war ended to man three Regular battalions, adding: "There are a large number of other regiments who, in the same period, did not attract sufficient recruits to man more than one company." In a later debate he told how the Highland Brigade Group had recruited some 3500 men while, in the same period, one group of English regiments had recruited 500 or 600.

Discomfiting news for Sassenachs ... Very discomfiting indeed for those who may have been tempted to underrate the strength of Infantry tradition.

Not that the Infantry has a corner in tradition. The big sprawling Corps do not lack pride because they are big and sprawling.

In a special class is the Royal Regiment of Artillery. The other day the Gunners — who boast that in battle they lend a touch of distinction to what would otherwise be an unseemly brawl — turned up over 6000 strong at the Royal Artillery Association's first rally in the Albert Hall, London; thus showing that they could fill that capacious building as easily as the Eighth and Fourteenth Armies. (After all, there were 800,000 Gunners at the peak of World War Two).

If tributes from generals were listed like tributes from book reviewers, the Royal Artillery would be able to put on its notepaper "It is at the top of its form ... it has been terrific ..." — Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery. Gunners believe that everybody else secretly cherishes the desire to be a Gunner; except possibly the despicable character of whom Shakespeare said —

"... but for those vile guns
He would himself have been a soldier."

The Army ropes in a vast body of men who are neither sexually ignorant nor sexually educated. When the conversation in the barrack room gets round to sex it is not always those who boast a worldly knowledge who are the best informed.

Some have been put on the right lines by their parents; others have had a clip on the ear as a reward for their questions and have picked up what they know at the street corner; others have ploughed conscientiously through Volume R (for Reproduction) in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*; others again have less knowledge of sex than a happy Hottentot.

That is why the pre-marriage course described on pages 28—29 seems a sound proposition. The idea of sex instruction for soldiers is not, of course, new. During the war there were lonely gunsites in Britain at which — to everybody's surprise — the lecture by a visiting civilian turned out one day to be a plain talk on sex matters, followed by a session of questions from a mixed audience. And the general comment was, "Why couldn't we have had a talk like that before?"

In Home Commands finding lecturers with the necessary background for giving talks, or conducting courses, of this kind is easier than it is overseas. Perhaps it is the sort of instruction which ought to come with basic training.

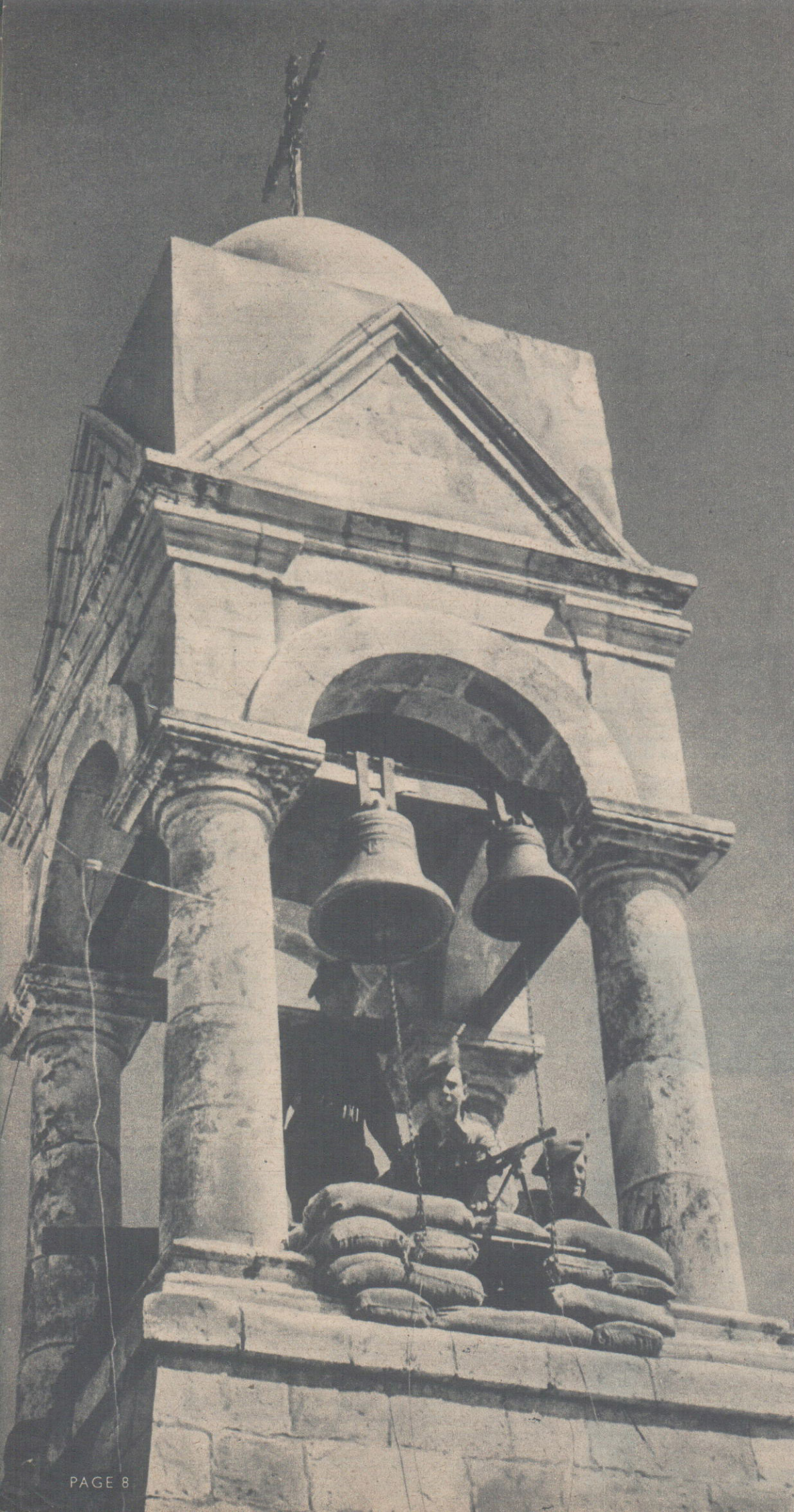
Mr. J. H. Blaksley, MC is a man with varied claims to fame; in World War One he had two horses shot from under him by the Turks at the battle of Agagia; in World War Two he gave 1400 lectures to the Forces. He has just written a book, "Background to Citizenship," inspired by those five years of lecturing.

Mr. Blaksley believes that the vote is a responsibility rather than a privilege. He tells what happened when Services audiences were asked this question:

If every voter were required to spend an average of one hour a week without pay in qualifying himself for voting, would you or would you not be in favour of adult suffrage?

The answer — from 70 per cent of the men and 80 per cent of the women — was No.

Elsewhere, Mr. Blaksley says that when soldiers fell asleep at his lectures he took no steps to rouse them. When democracy falls asleep, is it a good thing to let it slumber?



IN Palestine as in Italy, monasteries and convents became strongpoints. As snipers' bullets — and sometimes heavier stuff — was whizzed across the scarred no-man's-lands, British soldiers in shirt-sleeve battle order rubbed shoulders with the bearded, long-robed men of the religious orders that are rooted in the Holy Land.

In the Old City of Jerusalem the Highland Light Infantry took charge of a convent in the Armenian quarter. There they were subjected to fire by both Jews and Arabs, but they contrived to keep order.

Looking to their comfort was an Armenian Orthodox priest who was perturbed at first by the arrival of his guests. Despite their alert Stens and Brens, he found the Jocks friendly souls, who responded to traditional oriental hospitality. Soon he was calling them his adopted sons.

On the crest of Mount Carmel, in Britain's last enclave in Palestine, a tall Yorkshireman wearing the badge of the Corps of Royal Military Police, stood at the back door of the headquarters of 6th Airborne Division, keeping out undesirables.

At the front door of the same building stood a tonsured, brown-robed monk, admitting the homeless and the oppressed to sanctuary. The building is the monastery of Stella Maris, headquarters of the Carmelite Fathers, the White Friars, the ancient monastic order founded by the prophet Elias 900 years before Christ.

Among the paratroopers on the terrace strolled Arab, Jewish and Christian women and children, who had fled to the refuge their ancestors had sought for centuries. Almost directly below the terrace, 500 feet down, lay the town of Haifa, where Jews and Arabs watched each other with fingers on triggers and British soldiers watched them both.

Down there, ignoring strife outside, two officers worked steadily in an anaesthetic-scented room. Mandates may end, armies may evacuate, but soldiers' teeth will still ache, so a unit of the Royal Army Dental Corps carried on, knowing it would be one of the last to be evacuated. It was typical of those small, conscientious units which carry on unshaken by the gale of history and never make the headlines.

Out in the country, heavily-guarded British convoys passed donkey-riding Arabs whose only

Left: High above the Old City of Jerusalem, in the belfry of the Armenian Convent, Bren-gunners of the Highland Light Infantry faced occasional fire from both sides as they sought to keep Jews and Arabs from each other's throats. Right: the priest chats with his "adopted sons."

escort was one bicycle-riding Arab. When a truck went into a ditch and the road was blocked, the crews of the convoys lined the roadsides with their weapons ready against any attack. Yet while British soldiers were being mortared by Haganah in Jerusalem, a few miles out on the road to Tiberias a rabbi lifted his hands in blessing as an Army truck went by.

Up on the Syrian frontier, armoured cars of the 17th/21st Lancers, who had repelled a minor invasion from Syria and quietened many troubles, were tactfully settling questions of

grazing rights. Cattle know no partition; Arab beasts will eat Jewish grass and Jewish animals may break Arab bounds. In either case the owner of the land was likely to be incensed and the incident might start a fight. Nobody seemed to worry who would put out the spark of battle when the British soldier had gone.

It would have been hard to convince the newspaper reader at home, fed as he was with stories about invasions which had not yet happened, that Palestine was in the last throes of a cookery competition. What news editor was likely to find space



Mount Carmel monastery, above the evacuation port of Haifa, is the Headquarters of 6th Airborne Division. This will be one of Britain's last footholds in Palestine.

PALESTINE: THE LAST WEEKS

This story from the turbulent Holy Land, where news becomes history with dizzying rapidity, was written before the British Mandate was due to end. It is based on despatches from **SOLDIER's** correspondent in Palestine, 2/Lieut Kenneth Morgan, and military observers

for an announcement that 477 Company RASC, stationed near Gaza, had been judged the best-messing unit in Palestine, that Serjeant W. McCourty ACC, attached to the 1st Bn. Highland Light Infantry, and Private L. Boshier, attached to Acre Transit Camp, had been chosen as the best NCO and private cooks in Middle East Land Forces?

As the sands ran out, the tangle of barbed-wire that symbolised post-war Palestine for British soldiers seemed to grow thicker. Soldiers and policemen stood side by side on the road-blocks and security gates, checking humble Arab donkey-carts and glittering

Jewish flivvers alike. They searched even the vehicles of people they knew as friends, explaining consolingly: "A time-bomb might have been put in your car without your knowing it."

They checked each military and police vehicle; not everyone who wore battle-dress or police blue was the genuine article. The outrage at Pardus Hanna (where Gunners were surprised and slaughtered in their own camp by thugs in British uniform) was in everybody's mind.

In Jerusalem, a convoy of Jewish buses set off through an Arab area, watched by British Infantrymen whose object was to prevent an "incident." Slap in the middle of the Arab quarter one of the buses broke down. While a major in battalion headquarters tried by telephone to hurry up the Jews repairing the bus, a message came through from the men on the spot. It said "Bananas."

"Bananas" means everything is going according to plan," explained the battalion commander to a visitor. "'Oranges' would have meant things were a bit sticky. If the operator said 'Lemons', he would have meant his company commander was wondering what to do next."

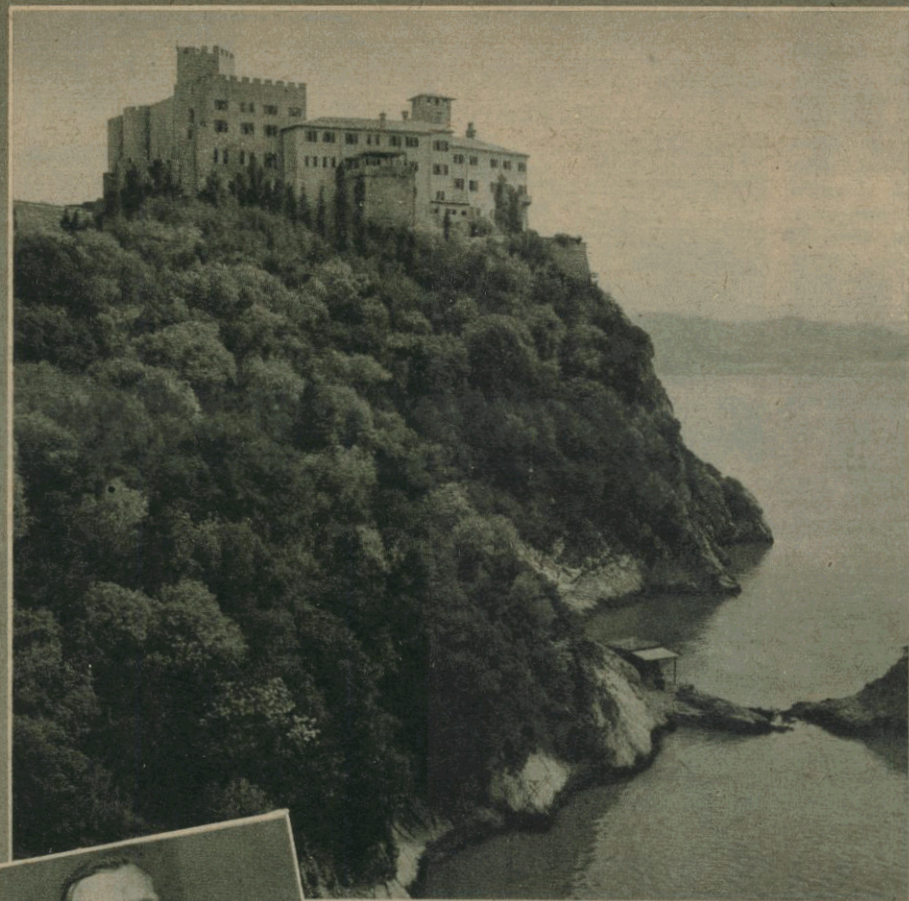
This time it was "Bananas" all the way. The Arabs were itching to have a go at the Jews, but they wanted no trouble with the British. So they held their fire, exchanged confidences about rifles with the Infantrymen and learned a little about PIAT's. The Jews finished repairing the bus and it moved on to safety.

The Company commander sighed with relief. In his headquarters the battalion commander picked up the battalion puppy and said, "His back legs are still weak. We'll have to put him back on Virol and calcium."

All this time the evacuation was going on. From Haifa Z-craft carried a stream of departing troops out to the waiting vessels. On the *Georgic* (largest vessel to enter Haifa Labour) sailed 16th Para Field Ambulance, a pioneer unit which had served with First Airborne in North Africa, Sicily and Italy, had been all but wiped out at



Continued on Page 43



Trieste should go back to Italy, say the Western Powers. All attempts to agree on a Governor have failed. Meanwhile the twin forces of BETFOR and TRUST continue to hold the peace in a pocket of Europe where East chafes West

POISED aloofly over the Adriatic Sea, in sight of the great Italian shipyards at Monfalcone, stands the Duino Castle, one-time home of an Austro-Italian prince, more recently a rest home for tired SS men, and now the residence of Major-General T. S. Airey, Commander of the British-American Zone of Trieste, Commander of BETFOR (British Element, Trieste Forces).

A few miles along the coast, within sight of the port of Trieste, is another romantic-looking castle, with a name which suggests a night-club—Miramare.

This castle has a short but alarming history: the Archduke Maximilian, for whom it was built, sailed from the tiny jetty to be Emperor of Mexico, only to be disgraced and shot; another Archduke who lived there—Ferdinand—was assassinated at Sarajevo; the Duke of Aosta set off from the castle to lose Mussolini's African Empire, and later his

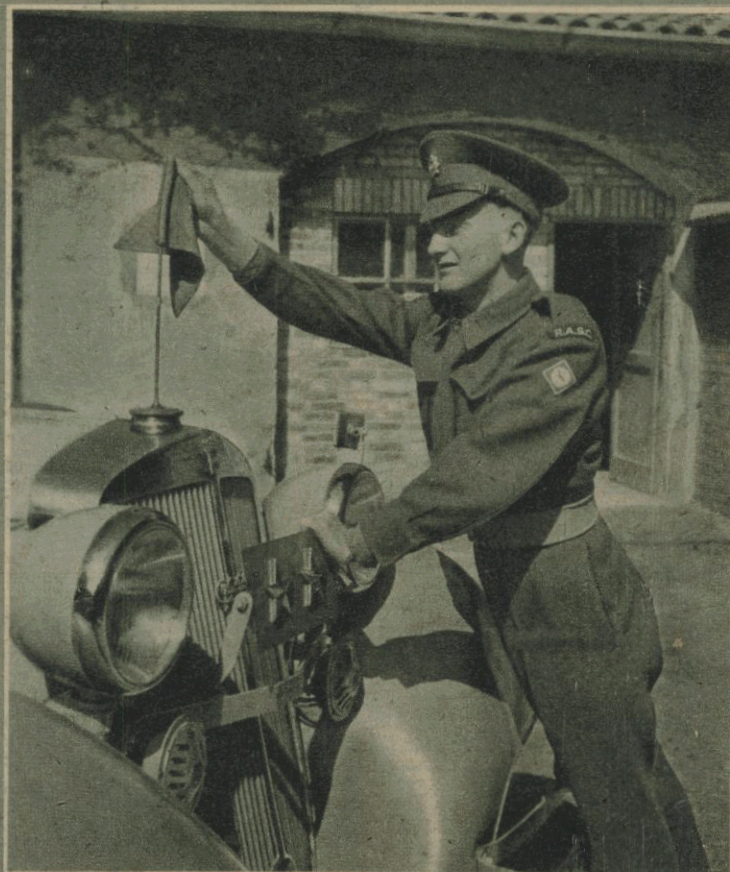
Duino Castle, residence of Major-General T. S. Airey. It has a married families wing.

Left: Maj.-General Airey. The Security Council recently considered his report on Trieste.

Off-duty drivers (Cpl. F. Pearce and Dvr. W. Sutton) take in the view from Duino's ramparts.

ALL TENSE (AS

Duino Castle has up-to-date stables and garages. Here is Driver John Pringle with the General's Horch.



Heraldic pinion (left) is worn by troops of 24 Infantry Brigade Trieste; gazelle (legacy of 13 Corps) is the flash of BETFOR.

life. When General Freyberg's troops entered Trieste in 1945 the castle became a New Zealand headquarters; later it passed to the British; and now it is the headquarters of General Bryant E. Moore, Commanding General of TRUST (Trieste United States Troops).

If the political climate in the Free Territory of Trieste were less torrid, the two generals might have more time to enjoy all that goes with living in an Adriatic castle. As it is, when Major-General Airey tries to snatch a few moments relaxation with *The Times*, his eye, as like as not, will light on a cheerless statement that Trieste "is an abscess on the map of Europe that has sooner or later to be lanced . . ."

General Airey, a Light Infantryman with a gift for languages includes among his titles that of

OVER



Miramare Castle, residence of US General Bryant E. Moore. It has an alarming history . . .

Right: General Moore, as he took the salute on TRUST's Army Day.

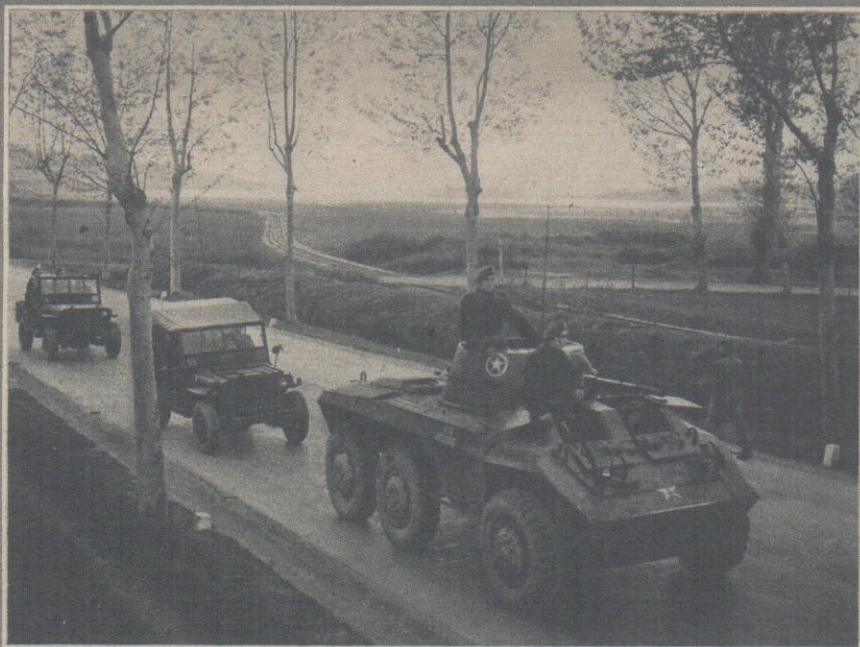
Ultra-glossy jeeps in Trieste belong to American MP's. Note driver's name on radiator.

USUAL) IN TRIESTE

Seen through the arch of a Roman amphitheatre: the headquarters of Allied Military Government, Trieste. Centre flag is the Trieste flag.



ALL TENSE (AS USUAL) IN TRIESTE Continued



At dusk Infantrymen set out on mechanised reconnaissance patrols along Jugo-Slav border—and are careful not to cross it.

Below: the patrol is in radio touch with base.
Right: a scout car on the alert at nightfall.



On the border post at Albaro Ves-cova stands a soldier from Wigan: Private R. Hurst, South Lancs.



Off-duty at the local, near no-man's-land: Cpl. A. Hyde, of Manchester and Pte. Hurst.



Deputy-Governor of Trieste. It is notorious that there is no Governor; General Airey is that in all but name. He it was who submitted a long report to the Security Council at Lake Success last February, analysing Trieste's racial and political background, describing the clashes which were occurring, and characterising as "unfriendly, menacing and aggressive" the incident of 15 September last year when American troops were rushed up to halt an illegal Jugo-Slav attempt to enter the city.

More attentively than most people, General Airey had watched the Big Powers trying to agree on a neutral Governor for Trieste. Britain and America would suggest a Swedish judge or a Swiss general; Russia would offer a Swedish lawyer or a Norwegian minister; the French would put forward a Spanish ambassador. But agreement was impossible. Then came the joint Anglo-American-French declaration of 20 March, urging that Trieste be handed back to Italy, and pointing out that the Jugo-Slav zone of the Free Territory had been virtually incorporated in Jugo-Slavia. Angrily, the Jugo-Slavs described this as a bribe to swing the Italian elections from Communism.

Meanwhile Trieste ties up a costly body of British and American troops in a none-too-accessible pocket of Europe. (Because the military coach from Austria is attached to the civilian Vienna-Rome "express" there are long delays at the Italian frontiers while civilian baggage is searched, and a four-hour journey takes 12 hours). But they are far from idle, the men of BETFOR and TRUST. For the battalions of the South Lancshires, the King's Own and the Royal Scots there are frontier posts to be manned, there is a mechanised reconnaissance patrol to be run along the Jugo-Slav border each night, and there is a big training programme, besides the usual tasks of garrisoning and "showing the flag." Recently the South Lancshires finished building themselves a new parade ground on the water's edge at Lazzaretto, close to — and overlooked by — the Jugo-Slavs.

Any notion that Trieste is a "cushy" station is apt to be dispelled by the sight of a column of denimed troops doubling through the city in the afternoon sun. "Crazy!" cry the Triestini. It is the soldier's chance to return the compliment when he sees the Triestini holding a political rally at a time when any sensible civilian would be at siesta. Incidentally, Allied Military Government control all demonstrations and make sure that they do not clash.

Soldiers who choose to draw some of their pay in lire have the run of well-stocked and not too expensive shops. In this sense Trieste is a kind of Brussels-by-the-sea, and offers many things which cannot be bought at home. (But it is a false prosperity; for it is estimated that 90 per cent of Trieste's apparently plentiful food comes from American sources.) At weekends the soldier has the choice of bathing at the Blue Lagoon, sailing (if he can swim) in the Adriatic, watching trotting races and perhaps the odd gymkhana, or strolling up by the old castle or along the waterfront. There is usually a chance to hear opera.

To British and American troops the Jugo-Slav Zone, which lies some eight or ten miles from the port, is as remote as Turkestan. Very few Jugo-Slavs enter the city, and then only on official business. The soldiers on the line of demarcation spend a dull watch in an area where every wall cries "Tito" or "Stalin," and often carries a portrait of each.

But the Iron Curtain is not yet leakproof. TRUST's weekly newspaper *The Blue Devil* recently told how the United States radio station in Trieste received a letter from a rash adherent of Marshal Tito in the Slovene town of Maribor. It contained a request that the station should play a record of "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." This the station obligingly agreed to do, on the requested date.

ERNEST TURNER

GLIDERS

AWAY —

but they're model
ones this time

The box with the handle was once part of a device to help fetch British aircraft down. Now it sends model aircraft up. Signalman J. Hill is the operator.



IN a tree-lined field at Hilden, just outside Dusseldorf, a serjeant wearing the glider badge on his right fore-arm nosed a model glider into the wind and held it aloft.

"OK... wind up!" shouted Serjeant Peter Aitkenhead, formerly of 6th Airborne Division and now a Royal Army Educational Corps instructor.

Signalman J. Hill, operating the home-made launching winch some hundred yards away, began turning a handle furiously. The glider leapt from the serjeant's fingers and spiralled upwards. A sharp jerk and the launching attachment fell away from the plane allowing it to continue its graceful flight, circling in steep banking movements and finally coming to earth in a low, smooth dive.

"Not too bad, commented Serjeant Aitkenhead. "Could do with a bit more off the nose." Together the serjeant and the signaller walked off to their repair workshop to carry out the alteration with a razor blade.

Almost every week-end when weather allows, Serjeant Aitkenhead and the other 25 members of 2 Division Signals Regiment Aero Modelling Club spend their spare time flying model aircraft they have made and repaired during the week in their workshop. Here, nearly every evening, are to be found men studying blue-prints, pasting intricately cut pieces of tissue paper on to balsa wood and cutting out the jig-saw pieces that form a model aeroplane. It's like an aircraft factory in miniature, except that these soldiers use only razor blades, sharp pen-knives and hundreds of light metal and wooden pins.

Since it was started several months ago the club has made models of many types of mono-

planes, two-winged aircraft and gliders. Some members have thought out their own designs. The club has also built its own launching device from an old German ack-ack predictor unit which is sufficiently highly geared to force a model several hundred feet into the air. Fishing line provides the tow-rope.

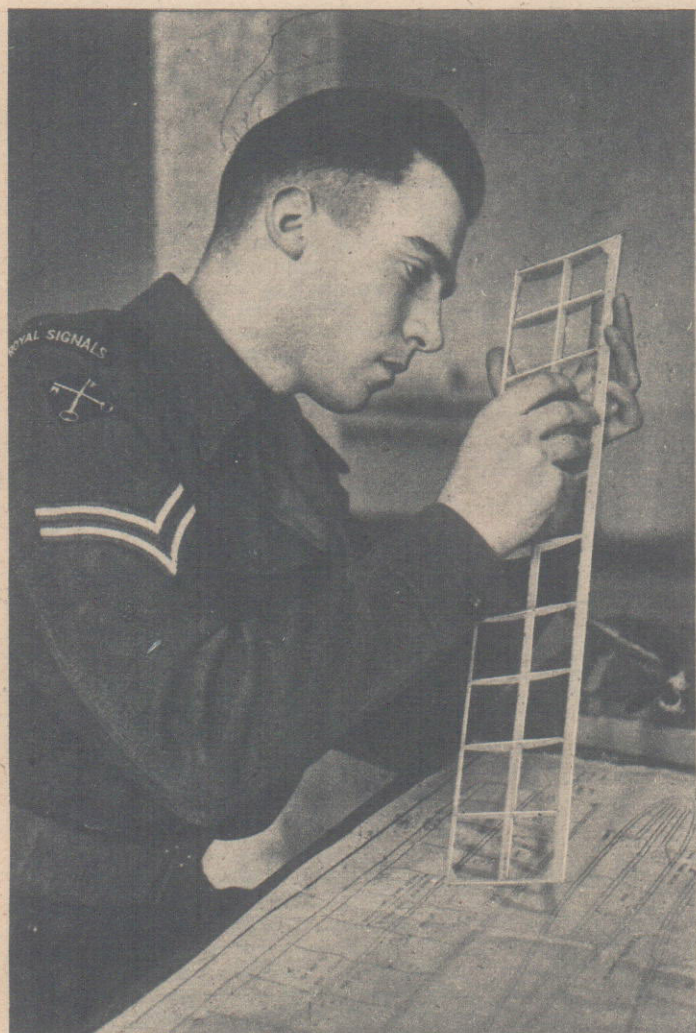
Nearly all the models — from a massive sail-plane with a five feet wing span to a tiny Spitfire only nine inches from wing-tip to wing-tip — are flying models. Most of them are executed to scale.

In some cases models have remained in the air for four and five minutes before gliding to earth. Since one model struck a thermal and soared out of sight, never to be seen again, the club members keep a bicycle handy and often have to use it to chase a machine blown off course. As another precaution they have written their names and addresses on every model.

The present "power" machines are operated by elastic, but this material, like balsa wood, is very scarce. Soon, however, the club hopes to buy a small diesel or petrol engine which can be fitted into most models.

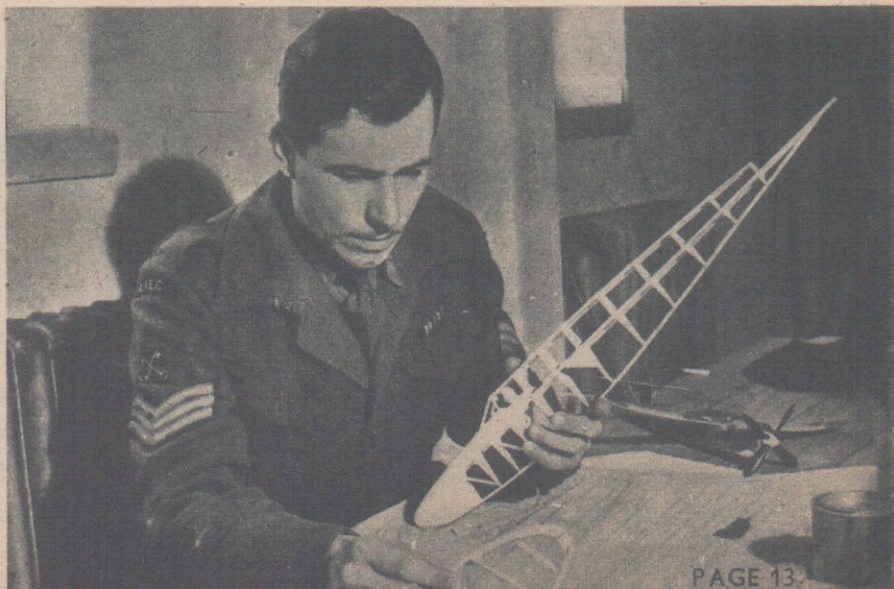
Sjt. Aitkenhead, the president of the club, often lectures on aeronautics and design. He hopes soon to see similar clubs formed and perhaps an inter-club competition arranged.

E. J. GROVE



A blue-print, some balsa wood and a razor blade and Cpl. K. White is set for the evening. He needs a steady hand, too.

It may not be as big as a Constellation or as fast as a Meteor, but Sjt. P. W. Aitkenhead will love it. There's something about things you make yourself...



The Infantry serjeant-major thought he had been on every kind of course — till they sent him to learn how to make up for the footlights



Left: There's no business like show business, according to Private Basil Austin, Private Cecily Ross and Jean Hadley-Davies, rehearsing in Hamburg's Garrison Theatre. Above: Future entertainments officers and NCO's study a new kind of ground plan, demonstrated by Tommy Hudson (right) and Cecil Roche.

Theatre Course

The serjeant-major peered into the mirror, dabbed some more lip-stick on his lower lip and stood back to survey the general effect.

"If they could only see me now," he muttered and picked up a large powder puff.

The major, patting cream behind his ears, raised a delicately drawn eye-brow while the squadron-leader, his mouth a hideous red gash, murmured, "It's all art for art's sake and you can peg 'em in the morning if they bring flowers round to the stage-door."

It was one of Rhine Army's Theatre classes getting ready, after a week's hard work with the Combined Services Entertainments Unit, to show that they knew enough about make-up and the hundred other arts of stagecraft to go back to their units as entertainments officers or NCO's.

Listen to Serjeant-Major E. Turvey, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers:

"I've been on nearly every course they

could send an Infantryman to, but a theatre course. When I reported in Hamburg I was taken to a theatre. There, with a lot of others, I sat down at a table; a colonel told us we had to learn how to produce shows and how the next week was going to be hard work. It was. We started straight away with a lecture about how the troops have to rely on themselves more and more for entertainment, and how it was our job to see that entertainment could be made really tip-top."

Then, said the serjeant-major, the class learned how scenery was assembled, how it could be built up from Army furniture, odd bits of three-ply, written-off pieces of canvas and scrounged pots of paint. There were lectures on the principles of production; on the kind of show a unit could put on with the material it had to hand; how to dress a play, a revue, a concert party or a sing-song in the mess.

Major L. Brooks of the Royal Artillery, another student, stationed at Munster Lager, aimed to go back to his unit and

start a Little Theatre.

Lieut-Col. F. S. Warren, Commanding Officer of CSEU, said the courses were arranged because the War Office and the Rhine Army Commander felt units should try, by themselves, to fill in gaps left by CSE and AKC. The aim was to have in every unit at least one officer or man with a working knowledge of how to put on a show.

Toil,

ANY girl who doesn't mind working hard, going on a diet, and being bellowed at from time to time has the chance to emulate Corporal Margaret Wiley who, after seven years in Army shows, is soon to take up a part in a London West-end show.

Dark-haired Margaret had always wanted to be an actress but the problem was how to learn the job and at the same time keep the wolves from the door. She joined the ATS, was posted to 17 Physical Training Corps in Northern Ireland. There the Commanding Officer encouraged troops to get up their own shows. Margaret volunteered. She sang, danced, walked on, walked off — anything for a place behind the foot-lights.

One day Army Welfare and "Stars in Battle-Dress" heard about her and Margaret found herself off to the Middle East in a company which wandered by plane, truck and staff car from Tripoli to Bahrain, with stops at Tobruk, Alexandria and most of the places men of MEF and Paiforce knew.

Then she came home just about the time ENSA was being wound up. She was posted to Rhine Army's Combined Services Entertainments Unit, and from that day on, so she says, "worked and worked." Eighteen, nineteen hours a day were nothing to Mac Picton, Production Director and talent-spotter. He drove hard; but he taught his recruits their trade.

Some were raw recruits like Pte. Cecily



Pulled punch: how to knock out the villain—without hurting him. Above, right: a little nervously, Sgt. J. Edwards (left) Major L. Brooks and Capt. T. Layton apply make-up. Picture is taken in the mirror.



"Who could play the Other Woman?" Mac Picton selects a cast with the aid of secretary Elisabeth Gill.

Tears ... And No Potatoes

Ross, who came from 2nd Echelon, BAOR. She applied for an audition, was given the chance by Mac Picton and was posted to CSEU, which is a normal military unit.

Her days were spent learning how to get rid of her Dorset accent, how to walk.

At last she was told to learn a part in a show which was being put on in Hamburg. It was that of an old maid. "I can't play old women," she cried.

Picton knew she could and made her carry on, explaining that her job was to understudy the professional actress who was playing the part. Then, one day, he gave the professional leave and sent Cecily on. She was a success. The audience gave her curtain call after curtain call. Picton said, "I sent you on to prove that I was right, and you were wrong. You're an actress and can play anything."

So with Pte. Diana Godwin, tall, dark and shapely. After two-and-a-half years in the Army, she thought of acting as a career when she heard that a friend had been posted to CSEU.

"I admitted that I hadn't a clue but that I was willing

to learn and work," she said. "Still, it was a bit of a shock when Mr. Picton told me that I was too fat."

Mac Picton, leaning back in his chair, said in an aside, "She reminded me of Bessie Bunter. I told her that she should have no potatoes or other starchy foods for a couple of months. Being a driver had swollen her in all the wrong places... too much fore and aft, if you follow me."

Then Picton set to work training her. Like Margaret and Cecily she learned that a stage posting requires as much devotion to duty as any other posting. It was work all the way.

What then is the reward?

When these girls leave the Army they may, if they are lucky, be offered a civilian contract which will at once admit them to Equity, the powerful actors' trade union.

Alternatively, they can apply, on CSEU recommendation, for a grant to a school of acting in London. There with their fees paid and a living allowance of £3 a week they may learn all the intricacies of the theatre from stage dress designing to producing. JOHN HUGHES



Cpl. Margaret Wiley: she learned acting the hard way.

£20 for Your Queerest Army Experience

WERE you billeted in a monkey-house or a madhouse? Have you parachuted into a volcano? Were you ever pall-bearer at your own funeral?

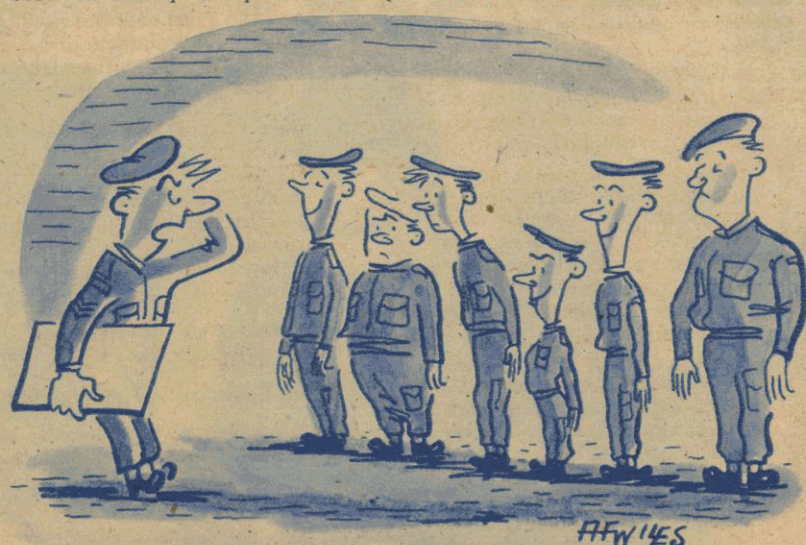
Have you, in fact, had any Army experience — in peace or war — that you think is worth telling your friends?

If so, SOLDIER wants to hear about it—and will pay for it. For the best story under the heading "My Strangest Experience in the Army" SOLDIER will pay £20, with a second prize of £5, a third of £3 and a fourth of £2. Any other entries published by SOLDIER will be paid for at professional rates.

These are the rules:

1. The competition is open to all ranks up to Warrant Officer Class I of the Army and WRAC.
2. Stories should not be more than 300 words long. They must be about experiences in the Army, in peace or war. You may submit more than one story, but each should be on a separate sheet of paper.
3. Photographs, either illustrating the story or of the writer, may be sent with entries. Negatives should be sent with prints, if possible.
4. SOLDIER hopes to publish prize-winning entries and a selection of other stories. The stories may also be published by provincial newspapers.
5. Each entry must bear the writer's full name, unit address and also home address in the United Kingdom in block letters.
6. Entries should be addressed to The Editor, SOLDIER, The War Office (AW 3), 60, Eaton Square, London, SW 1. Envelopes should be marked "Competition".
7. Entries must be received in SOLDIER office by 15 July 1948.
8. The Editor's decision is final.

Do not be shy about your literary style. The prize is for the queerest true story—not for the outstanding piece of "fine writing."



AFW/ES

"What, not a single producer, set designer, lighting expert or stage manager among you?"

Every day REME runs a recovery truck over the highway which links Vienna with the British Zone of Austria, to pull in vehicles which break down in Russian territory. The crews have a lonely billet on the Semmering Pass

FRONT-PAGE PATROL

WHEN SOLDIER boarded the big Mack recovery truck as it rumbled out of Vienna into the Russian Zone of Austria, it was rather like going for a ride across the front page of the *Daily Express*.

That was the week when the Vienna-Semmering highway kept figuring in the world's headlines. There was

wrangling over documents at the Russian check-points, and the editors probably grew more bothered about these incidents than the soldiers who figured in them; for the soldier learns to take these things in his stride.

This highway which cuts arrow-like across the Danube plains and then climbs spectacularly through the Semmering Pass is the only road link between Four-Power Vienna and the British Zone of Austria. (It is the equivalent of that front-page *autobahn* which runs from the British Zone of Germany through the Russian Zone to Berlin). In fact, not many British vehicles now use it, but every day REME runs a recovery wagon from one end to the other to pull in any Army truck which has broken down. In summer it is usually an uneventful run; in winter the crew may find themselves gingerly winching up a vehicle which has skidded from a frozen U-bend and shot down the hill face. They may also be called upon to move civilian lorries which have crashed in such a way as to obstruct the highway.

The Mack truck is no beauty,



Leaving Schonbrunn Barracks, Vienna, where REME occupy former SS workshops.

but don't let Driver Leonard Carter or Craftsman Ronald Rutherford hear you say so. There is a certain intoxication in journeying by juggernaut; perhaps it is the rasp of ten tyres on the road, or the banshee whoop of the siren when overhauling another "heavy," or the knowledge that you are burning petrol almost as fast as an airliner (and making about the same volume of noise).

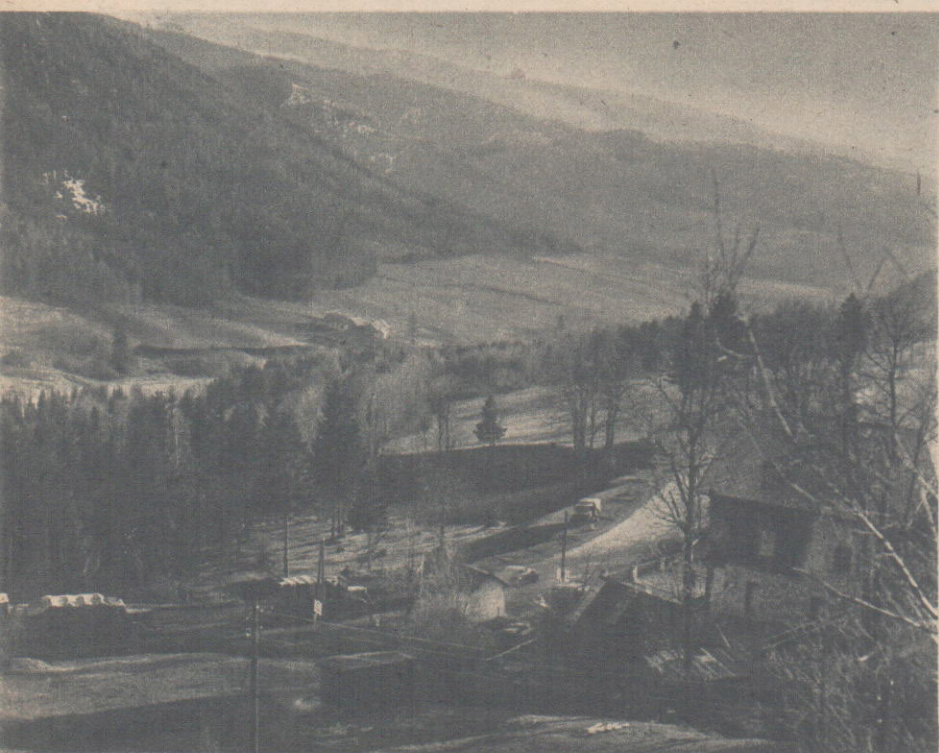
Starting-point of the trip was the former SS workshop at Vienna's Schonbrunn Barracks, now the depot of 784 L. of C. Workshops REME. Driver Carter took the wheel and headed south through the sprawling environs of Vienna. There was no check-point—on this occasion at least—to show where the Russian Zone began. Here and there in the roadway stood a fur-capped Russian soldier holding a pair of signal discs. In the flat fields lay the debris of the bitter advance of three years ago—burned-out fighting vehicles, the wreck of a Messerschmitt factory. For nearly a dozen miles the road

stretched dead-straight across the plain; this, said Driver Carter, was where the snow had lain on either side in ten and twelve-foot drifts. Here and there was a Russian headquarters, usually with an arch of lettering over the entrance, a large red star and a coloured portrait of Stalin on the front. Only an occasional notice reading "Fit Skid Chains Here" or "R 116 Down" indicated that this was an international highway.

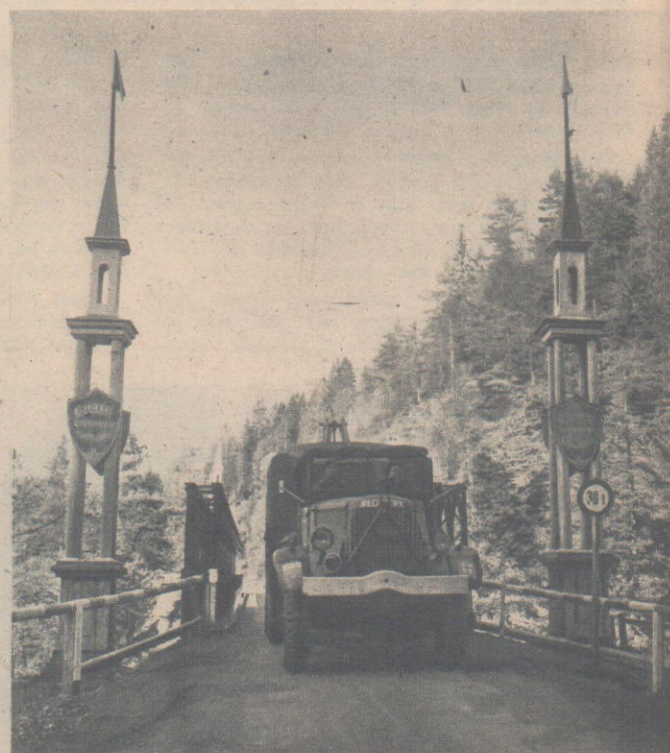
There were white-capped peaks to the south, glinting in the sun, and gradually the plains gave way to the approaches to the Semmering Pass. Soon the road was mounting, in U-bend after U-bend, through magnificent scenery until it reached the once-busy tourist hotels on the throat of the pass. Here, at the border of the Russian Zone, was the Russian check-post—a tiny hut, little bigger than one of the frequent wayside shrines, which had found its way into the world's news. On the front of it was a coloured picture of Stalin in his long military greatcoat, and shining on the picture—even in



Above: Driver Leonard Carter, of Winchester. Below: His mate, Craftsman Ronald Rutherford, of Edinburgh.



This is the British check-point on the Semmering Pass. Vehicles are queueing for clearance, having just passed the Russian post.



Crossing a gorge, by emergency bridge. Flags on ornamental uprights are red, lettering on the shields Russian.



The Mack rounds one of the many Semmering U-bends. All can be taken without reversing — unless there is a vehicle in tow.

the bright afternoon light — was a naked electric bulb.

The Russians on the post were very young, very cheerful. They scrutinised the documents, then waved the truck through — politically, it was a quiet day. The delay did not amount to more than a minute. Once upon a time it was always friendly like that. Craftsman Rutherford, who was now at the wheel, slipped the truck into gear and advanced into no-man's-land, giving a whoop on his siren as he came to the British check-point. This consisted of an equally small wooden hut manned by a detachment of the East Yorkshire Regiment. Set back from the road was a chalet on the outer walls of which — as a reply, perhaps, to the portrait of Stalin — someone had fixed

the familiar NAAFI portraits of the King and Queen. The Infantrymen, playing in earnest the old child's game of logging motor numbers, have one of the loneliest assignments in Europe.

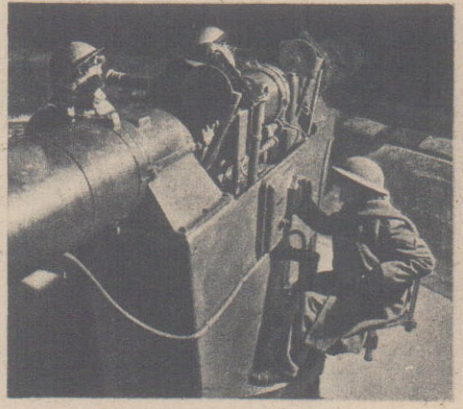
The Mack reached its journey's end at a farmhouse, the billet of the drivers of 673 Light Recovery Section. In the yard stood the Leyland which would be driven to Vienna next day by L/Cpl. Sidney Sills and Craftsman Charles Brooks. The day after that it would be the Mack's turn again.

It is a remote enough billet. But down the road at Spittal is a friendly inn which is a rest camp for Royal Signals, and now and again Field Security teams happen along. The social life on the Semmering is more active than you might suppose.

How Much Do You Know?

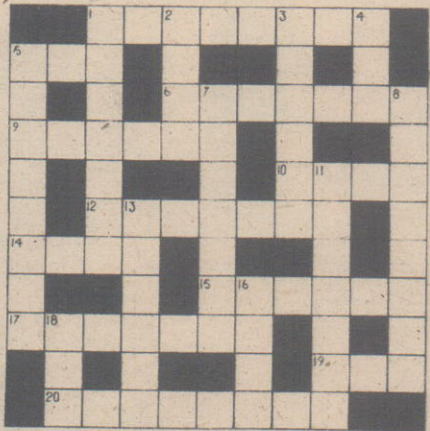
1. These four film or book titles are all quotations from one common source: can you name it? The Voice of the Turtle; The Little Foxes; Our Vines Have Tender Grapes; Stay Me With Flagons.
2. Squill is — (a) a herb which makes a cough medicine; (b) a cheap cloth sold in India; (c) name of a rascally Dickens landlord; (d) a town in America's Middle West. Which?
3. Alive or dead — Debussy, William Cody (Buffalo Bill), Chekov, H. G. Wells, Kipling?
4. "Yorkshire has three Ridings — North, East and South." Is this correct?
5. William Harvey is famous because he — (a) discovered the circulation of the blood; (b) invented the water-closet; (c) invented a submarine periscope; (d) marketed the zip-fastener. Which?
6. Of these British industries which, if any, are not nationalised: Railways; Post Office; Coal Mines; Cable and Wireless; Gas; Steel; Civil Aviation; Fisheries?
7. Which cities qualify for the descriptions (a) Forbidden City; (b) Eternal City; (c) City of Brotherly Love?
8. A soubrette is — (a) a phial with a bulbous centre; (b) a low dive; (c) an actress who plays coquettish comedy roles; (d) a midwife. Which?
9. Who was the first woman to swim the English Channel?
10. If you were offered some edelweiss, you might reasonably — (a) steam it lightly, before eating it; (b) plant it in your rockery; (c) have it woven into a scarf; (d) present it to a spiritualists' museum. Which?
11. How would you describe an unnaturally high singing voice in a man?
12. The newspapers always got this one wrong during the war. Can you do better? Girls in the picture are operating: (a) a radar set; (b) a height-and-range finder; (c) an anti-aircraft predictor; (d) a telescope, identification; (e) a kine-theodolite. Which?

(Answers on Page 43)



Once this was popular tourist country. Recovery crews get a 100-mile "spin" through it every other day.

CROSSWORD



tie" (anag.). 14. This rodent is sometimes a grand-slam. 15. Verses. 17. A law set taut. 19. See 4 down. 20. Last-ditchers.

DOWN: 1. Sounds like Wall Street in Washington. 2. This kind of egg for a rainy day. 3. Don led for the head. 4 and 19 across. Strike out. 5. Busy homes, they say. 7. Donkey starts the attack. 8. I find the car seems terrifying (two words). 11. Trying time for some people. 13. Usually associated with mortar. 16. This one is longer than the next three. 18. See 5 across.

ACROSS: 1. Little Constance is said ungrammatically to have completed 500. 5 and 18 down. Spent some leisure on water. 6. On your feet, land ass! 9. The VC apparently expels from the site. 10. It turns into pumice-stone. 12. "Soap

(Answers on Page 43)

THE COLONY THAT IS A FORTRESS

Four more pages of stories and pictures by **SOLDIER** staff-writer **RICHARD ELLEY** and photographer **DESMOND O'NEILL**, from Gibraltar, where the Governor is traditionally a General and the Government runs a lottery



Lieut-General Sir Kenneth Anderson commanded First Army in the North African invasion, is now Gibraltar's Governor and C-in-C.



In the patio of Government House, once a convent, the Governor and Lady Anderson take the air with their grandchildren.

A distinguished couple come out of a gaudy Indian shop in Gibraltar's Main Street, carrying brown paper parcels. They are bareheaded and the Levanter wind ruffles their grey hair.

They smile as a civilian raises his hat and an officer salutes. A resident who is showing the sights to a visitor says, "There's the Governor and Lady Anderson," and a sailor from a visiting American ship says, "Are they a Sir and a Lady? Why, I guess they just look it."

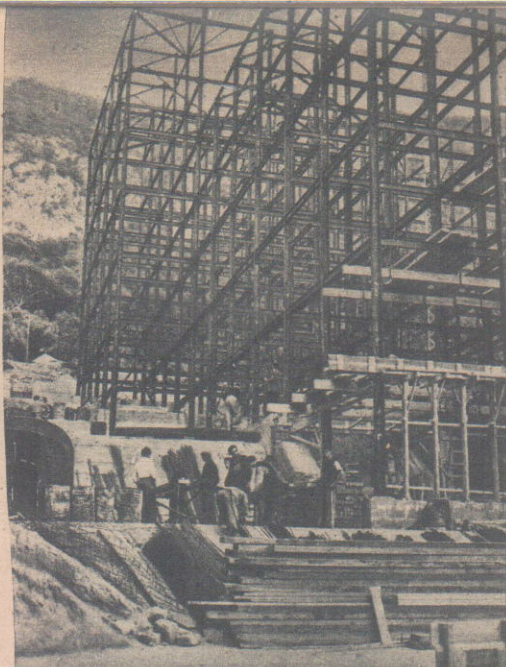
And they do look it. In spite of their comfortable clothes — the Governor is in a sports coat and brown slacks and Lady Anderson's blue coat swings open — they stand out from the crowd. Both are tall and stately; each has a ready smile.

His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Anderson, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Gibraltar, and Lady Anderson pass on to the next shop window and Gibraltar goes about its business.

The informality of the Governor and his lady is an accepted part of Gibraltar life — and so is their sense of humour. Gibraltar chuckles over the story of the guard of young soldiers who saluted the Governor with the left-hand man loudly counting "One — two, three." General Anderson, in civilian clothes, acknowledged the salute by lifting his hat with a loud "One," poising it in the air for "Two, Three" and clapping it back on his head.

But Gibraltar likes and respects "HE" and Lady Anderson for more than friendliness and a sense of humour. It has seen from close up the work Lady Anderson does for its social services, like the weekly clinic in her own home to which Service mothers bring their babies for expert examination and advice. And it knows that the General is tackling peace-time problems as difficult as any that his 70-odd predecessors as Governor, Lieutenant-Governor or Commandant under British rule have had to overcome. His dual appointment as Governor and Commander-in-Chief is appropriate. Gibraltar is only three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide and it holds units of the three Services and nearly 22,000 civilians, with a daily influx of 8000 workers from across the Spanish frontier. So Services and civilians live very much on top of each other and the fact that the whole Colony is a fortress knits them even more tightly together.

To advise the Governor, there is an executive council which includes the next senior combatant military officer, who is also Deputy Fortress Commander, three officials of the Colonial Government and three "unofficial" members. The Governor's powers are wide, but subject to certain rules and orders from



Whitehall. He can make decisions in opposition to the executive council's advice, though he hardly ever does so. He enacts all major legislation and it must be approved by the Secretary of State.

His most troublesome problem just now is housing. It affects the Services, which are short of quarters for married families, as well as the civilians. Gibraltarians who had lived in Spain and worked in the Colony, moved into Gibraltar during the Spanish Civil war and early in World War Two.

In 1940 the garrison was increased and 16,700 Gibraltarians were compulsorily evacuated, mostly to Britain, and all but about 2000 are now back in the Colony. When they are all back, Gibraltar will have to accommodate about 24,000 civilians, 6000 more than in 1936, as well as 5000 soldiers, sailors and airmen.

To accommodate this population the Colony has a total land surface area of 2.12 square miles, about a third of which is precipitous, rocky hillside or unsuitable for building.

Rubble from the tunnels backed in the Rock during the war has been used to reclaim some areas from the sea, which has given the builders a little more elbow-room. The authorities have put up Nissen huts and temporary concrete houses and now they are building 472 flats to house about 2000 people.

To pay for the flats, the Government floated a £1,000,000 loan, and to pay the £50,000 interest on the loan, it runs a weekly lottery with a first prize of £1500. One in ten of the tickets wins something, because the owner of a number ending in the same digit as the first prize-winner gets his money back.

There is only one other government lottery in a British Colony and Gibraltar's has the distinction of having been sanctioned by a British Government when public lotteries are frowned on in the Mother Country.

While the new buildings are going up, the few houses that were damaged when about 100 Vichy and Italian planes raided Gibraltar are being repaired and the Services are strictly "rationed" over married quarters.

Another difficulty the Governor has to face is that of water supply. There are only a few wells in Gibraltar and they give brackish water. Most fresh water is collected on catchment areas during the rainy months, from September to May, and is stored in reservoirs inside the Rock.

In other ways General Anderson can look on Gibraltar with satisfaction. Health is good; there is very little crime apart from some smuggling and currency operation; although Gibraltar produces no food, civilian rations are better than in England; visiting ships keep the dockyards prosperous and the shops are busy; there are 16 Government and two private schools to cater for Gibraltarian and Services children; there is no income tax (but Servicemen pay United Kingdom income tax); and Gibraltar's finances are sound.



Left: Blocks of flats to house 2000 people are going up in Gibraltar. Above: Draw for the Government lottery which pays interest on the loan which builds the flats. Above, right: Gibraltarians who have no taps in their houses buy water by the bucket. Below, right: A Spanish worker notes the lottery result; he shares tickets with his workmates.

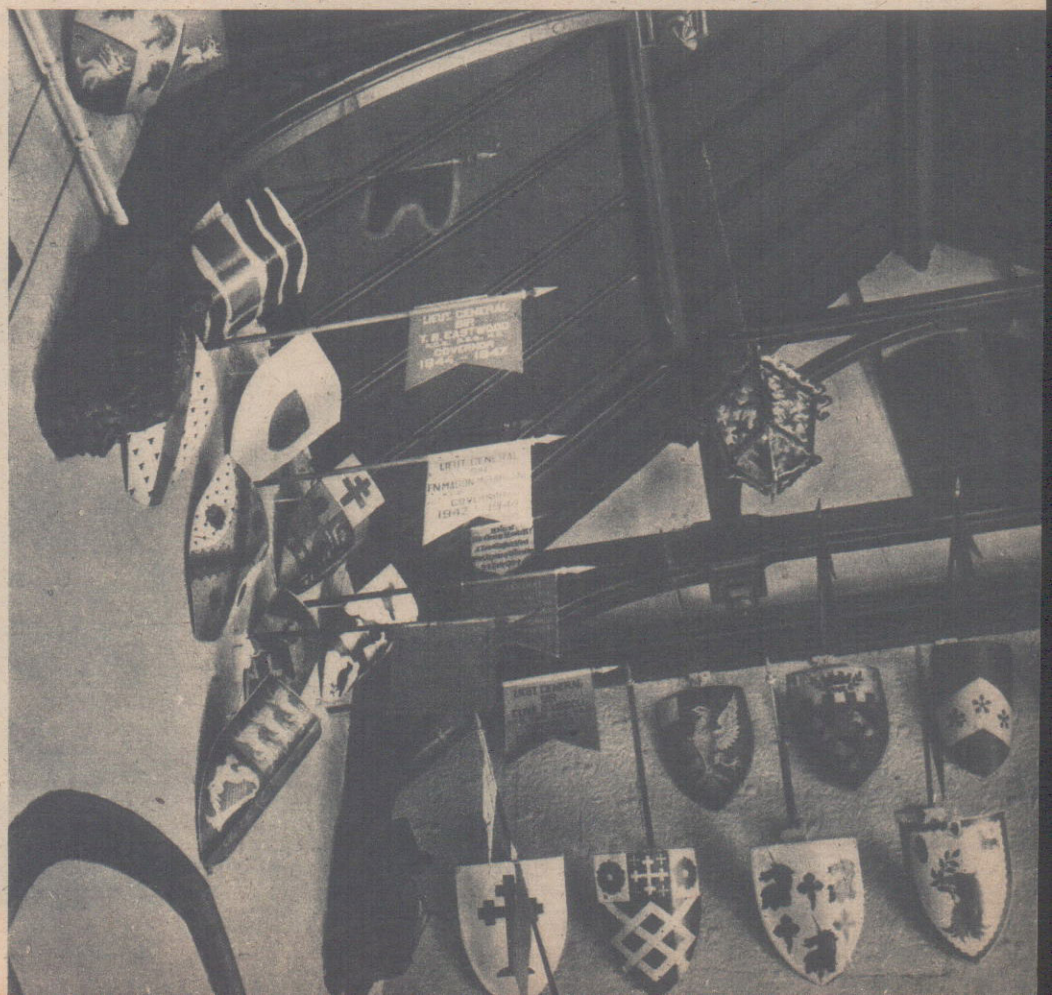


Strategically, Gibraltar's importance was demonstrated in World War Two. From there the North African invasion was launched. The fortress's big guns, planes and ships covered the front door to the Mediterranean. Its harbour and its runway were vital to Malta during the island's siege, and to the Empire's air and sea defences and communications.

Today Gibraltar's garrison is still ready to play its part in defence of the Empire. The Colony's civilian life has got back to near-normal more quickly than most. Shops, stomachs and pockets are all reasonably well filled. Small wonder, that Gibraltar raises its hat and smiles when it sees its Governor strolling down Main Street.



In the dining-hall of Government House hang the shields of every Governor of Gibraltar since the Spaniards took the Rock from the Moors. And the names of Moorish Governors are there, too.



THE SERJEANT WITH A K.R. TO HIMSELF

One of Gibraltar's gates is ceremoniously "locked" once a week — but the keys don't fit. These keys were used to lock the gates in the Rock's Great Siege

THERE are some curious ways of achieving distinction in the Army and one of the rarest is to become Port-Serjeant, Gibraltar — an NCO who enjoys the distinction of a paragraph to himself in King's Regulations — paragraph 7 of appendix XXVII.

His job dates from the Great Siege of Gibraltar, 1779—83, when the Governor, Sir George Eliott, ordered that the three main gates of the fortress should be locked at night.

Eliott took charge of the keys himself and wore them on his sword-belt. He appointed a Serjeant i/c Keys who received the keys from the Governor each night and made a round of the fortress with an armed escort, locking the gates.

To warn non-residents that the gates were being closed the drums or other music of the regiment on duty went with the Keys Serjeant.

In time the custom was dropped, but succeeding Governors kept the keys and they were always there on ceremonial occasions. In 1933 the ceremony of the Keys was revived and later on, when an outpost company was on duty to protect the north front of the fortress, a platoon joined in the ceremony, marching out of the fortress before the gates were ceremoniously locked.

The Serjeant i/c Keys is now known as the Port-Serjeant and the job is held by S/Sgt. Ken MacLennan of Darlington, who belongs to the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. A Regular with seven-and-a-half years' service, he was posted from the Infantry Training Centre at Catterick to Gibraltar last September. At the weekly Ceremony of the Keys he takes the keys from the Governor or his deputy and, with an escort of three armed men and a serjeant, marches to the Water Gate, where the sentry challenges him. He answers: "The Keys."

Sentry: Whose keys?

Port-Serjeant: King George's Keys.

Sentry: Pass, King George's Keys. All's well.

The gate in one of the three arches of Waterport Gate is then closed and the Port-Serjeant makes a show of locking it. In

fact, the keys — the original keys used by Eliott — are too big for the lock and anyway the gate is opened again immediately after the ceremony.

Then comes the Royal Salute. The Port-Serjeant and his escort march behind the band to the Governor's residence. There, the Governor, who has gone from Grand Casemates barracks, where the ceremony is held, to Government House by car, comes out to meet them. The Port-Serjeant follows the Governor into Government House, still carrying the keys, and there they stay, on a gold-tasselled, red velvet cushion until the next week's ceremony. They appear with the Governor on ceremonial occasions and are on his table when he has official guests at dinner.

The preliminaries to the ceremony vary a little according to the units taking part. When the 2nd Battalion the Camerons, one of the two battalions now in Gibraltar, is duty battalion, its pipe band is on parade as well as the garrison band, which is now the East Yorkshire Regiment band. Both the Port-Serjeant and the garrison band have to be fairly versatile because when the Camerons are on parade they must march at rifleman's speed instead of at the more dignified pace of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers or the Royal Artillery, who perform the ceremony other weeks.

S/Sgt. MacLennan combines his appointment with that of CQMS of the Garrison Employment Company.

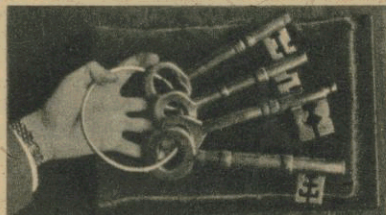
The Garrison Adjutant, Major W. T. Stanley, Royal Fusiliers, has one of the oldest appointments in Gibraltar — at one time it was held by a major-general.



The Gate is declared locked and the Port-Serjeant moves away, followed by his escort.

Right: The keys.

When the Governor has guests at dinner, the keys rest on their red cushion by his plate.



The Port-Serjeant's own paragraph in King's Regulations.

7. Port serjeant, Gibraltar

This appointment is filled by a N.C.O. holding the rank of colour-serjeant, or equivalent rank, selected by the War Office. During the tenure of his appointment he will not be eligible for promotion to higher rank on the subordinate garrison staff.

He will, however, if fully qualified and recommended for promotion to higher rank, be eligible for promotion to the rank of warrant officer, Class II, (garrison quarter-master-serjeant) at Gibraltar should a vacancy in this appointment arise during his period of employment as port serjeant there, or elsewhere in his turn if a vacancy occurs before that at Gibraltar.

In normal circumstances he will be allowed to continue in the service as port serjeant until he completes 30 years' service from the age of 18 years or attains the age of 50 years, whichever is the earlier.

No waiting list is maintained for this appointment. Applications are called for when a vacancy is about to occur.



At night the frontier is floodlit and armed soldiers patrol the wire.

THE WORLD'S SHORTEST FRONTIER

DAY and night, British soldiers guard one of the world's busiest frontier-posts on the world's shortest frontier.

It is Four Corners, the gateway between Spain and the Gibraltar peninsula. The British frontier is a slightly dog-legged three-quarters of a mile of barbed wire and tubular steel going right across the isthmus. On the other side is Spanish-controlled neutral ground.

The only road across the frontier, linking Gibraltar with La Linea, passes through a road block at Four Corners. Besides the Customs and police checks on the British side there is a Union Jack and a guard-room with plenty of whitewash and polished brass and two sentries smartly pacing their beats.

It is a thrilling sight to the "Overlanders", tired and dirty after driving through France and Spain on their way to Africa, to see these sentries, clean and smart and homely.

In daylight watchful eyes high up on the Rock of Gibraltar scan the rest of the short frontier, through telescopes, and no smuggler would try to get across. At night, and when visibility is bad, the wire is floodlit, the guard is reinforced and soldiers patrol from beach to beach.

Few smugglers try to use the land route. It is thought that some may send dogs, which can get through the wire at some spots, and dog tracks are sometimes found in the sand near the wire. Dogs could not carry much contraband, but Gibraltar is free of rabies and Spain is not, so any dog crossing the frontier is likely to get shot.

Through the gate at Four Corners pass 8000 people, mainly Spaniards, who cross to work in Gibraltar each day. They are liable to search both ways, because there are things that must not be taken out of Gibraltar as

well as things liable to duty on entry.

Each worker is allowed to take a certain amount of food into Spain, but there are some items they are allowed to take out of Gibraltar that are forbidden entry into Spain. The result is that many of the workers carry goods openly through the British gate, then disappear into a handy culvert and hide them in their underclothes before getting to the Spanish customs-house.

Limited numbers of British soldiers are allowed across each day, to visit La Linea, and their papers are checked by a special control-post manned by three men of the unit which is mounting the guard at Four Corners. When there is a bull-fight in La Linea, the Spaniards will allow any number of soldiers across.

After 9.45 at night, no Serviceman is allowed out of Gibraltar and no Spaniards are allowed in. Usually the last Spaniards out of the colony at night are the cabaret girls and bandswomen from Gibraltar's honky-tonks, who must be in Spain by 12.45.

At one o'clock in the morning the British gate is closed and anyone left on the Spanish side will have to stay out until six o'clock in the morning. The only exceptions are about half a dozen workers with special passes which allow them in between half-past five and six in the morning.



Gharries, donkey-carts and cars cross the frontier. Buses turn round at the gate.



Left: The old woman is Spanish, works in Gibraltar. Right: Servicemen must pass the frontier check-post.

The hulk of an old barge lies at the west end of Gibraltar's frontier, in the Bay of Gibraltar. At the other end is the Mediterranean.



Two wrinkled Regimental Serjeant-Majors sit in the little Kenya village of Kibera, looking back on 40 years of soldiering. The tale of these scarred-face warriors is the tale of modern Africa

CHURCHILL WEARS THE SAME RIBBON

THE headman of the little Kenya village of Kibera was seated, like old Kaspar in the poem, outside his modest hut, smoking a pipe in the hot afternoon sunshine.

And if any man was entitled to sit quietly in the sun and smoke his pipe, that man was Regimental Serjeant-Major Suleman Ahmed. Behind him were 40 years of soldiering, when soldiering in Africa really was soldiering.

"If you are going to take my photograph for the benefit of some of those young chaps in the Army nowadays, I had better put my gongs up," — or words to that effect — grunted old Suleman, in Swahili. He dived into his dark hut and emerged a moment later wearing

Retired from the Army, RSM. Suleman Ahmed is still in authority — as headman of Kibera. He soldiered 50 years ago.



an impressive row of medals. The first in the collection — with a yellow and black ribbon, striped down the centre with a thin red line — was the medal awarded for service in the Sudan 1896—97.

Another survivor of that campaign entitled to wear the same medal, is Mr. Winston Churchill. When young Winston, then a cavalry subaltern, charged with the 21st Lancers at Omdurman, Serjeant-Major Ahmed was somewhere on the same battlefield "doing his duty by Lord Kitchener."

A handful of silver bars clipped on its ribbon adds weight to RSM. Suleman Ahmed's African General Service Medal. For, during his long service with the 3rd King's African Rifles, he took part in many a hot skirmish; in Somaliland, on the Juba River and elsewhere in East Africa, helping to lay the foundations of civilisation and the ordered administration of the British Colonial Empire.

Headman Suleman Ahmed is not the only old soldier in his village by any means. L/Cpl. Ahamed Murjan (who stoutly declined to be photographed) is another of the few who are left of that force that fought in the Sudan half a century ago. He served for a time as bugler at Lord Kitchener's Headquarters and also, in 1896, with the 9th Battalion Sudan Defence Force. Afterwards he put in another 40 years soldiering with the 3rd and 5th Battalions of the King's African Rifles before finally leaving the Army and retiring to Kibera village in 1930. Despite his great age he still looks soldierly and fit.

RSM. Khamis Juma is another resident of Kibera. He, too, served for 40 years with the 3rd KAR and then became a bus conductor. But when his country needed him again he threw bus conducting to the winds and rejoined the Army. That was in 1940. And when in August of that year the regimental depot and training centre of the newly formed East Africa Army Medical Corps was created, the ex-bus conductor was appointed drill instructor, a duty he performed with efficiency and vigour until the end of the war. Promoted to RSM. of the depot, he was later awarded the MBE, one of the few Africans to hold that decoration. A Nubian, and the son of another old soldier, RSM. Khamis Juma, while still a boy, enjoyed a short spell of cattle trading among the Dervishes of the Sudan and then joined the Sudan Defence Force where they taught him to use a Martini rifle. In 1905, at the age of 16, he transferred to the King's African Rifles with whom he served until 1913 on numerous punitive patrols in Somaliland and what to-day are some of the most settled and prosperous parts of Kenya Colony: Nandi, Sotik, Embu, Kisii, Naivasha, Marsabit and Laikipia.

When the first World War broke out in 1914 Khamis Juma took part with his battalion in



CROCODILE MEN

"LEGS eleven," calls a deep bass voice. "Kelly's eye, numbah one. Clickety-click, all dah sixes."

Squatting on the sand, hefty, coal-black Africans excitedly put pebbles on to their housey-housey cards. A visitor from a nearby unit looks on unbelievably: the previous night he was suddenly stopped by a nasty-looking bayonet an inch from his waistline. Behind it was one of these same Africans.

They are Basutos, whose unit's sign is a large crocodile, who form the main body of the High Commission Territory Corps serving with the British Army in Egypt. They supply a permanent guard for Army camps, dumps and installations, and they take the job seriously. They like to look smart on guard, too; there were deep grumbles when they were ordered to use khaki blanco instead of white blanco on their webbing. But their discipline is deep-rooted:

Pictures show (top) Basutos rehearsing a war dance; (right) a soldier playing a native flute of hollow bamboo with a wire stretched externally from end to end.



the operations near Bukoba, on the shores of Lake Victoria, and in August 1915 was wounded in the arm during the battle for Longido, a border post on the frontier between Kenya and what was then German East Africa, now Tanganyika Territory. Hardly had he recovered and reported for duty, near Taveta, under the slopes of Mt. Kilimanjaro, than he was wounded again, this time in the leg. But there is no stopping soldiers of the calibre of Khamis Juma and when his wounds had healed he was off again in pursuit of the enemy. The catalogue of names of places where this old fire-eater fought and which he can still reel off is an impressive one. Identify them on a fairly large-scale map; join them up and you will see the tortuous line along which that little Army of a generation ago, commanded by General Smuts, advanced to victory through the all but impenetrable African bush. Listen to RSM. Khamis Juma reciting, in his own words and with the simplicity of

a Xenophon, the tale of his progress as he, with his comrades, sought to get to grips with the elusive and ever-retreating enemy.

"I continued to go into action," he told me, "at Mombo, through Korogwe to Handeni" (these are places on the Tanga-Moshi railway line) "to Kanga, Tanga, Wami, Mikesse, Morogoro, Mageta Kisaki and Dar-es-Salaam."

"I continued to go into action," he went on "at Kilwa, (this was in 1916) at Utete (on the Rufiji River near where the Imperial German cruiser "Koenigsberg", put out of action by the Royal Navy, still rusts on the mud banks), at Lindi, Newala, Tunduru, the Ruvuma River" (boundary between Tanganyika and Portuguese East Africa), "N'gomeni, Mahenge and Fort Johnston. But we defeated the enemy and on Armistice Day in 1918 I was back in Morogoro."

In 1920 Khamis Juma was on patrol again, this time in the wild Turkana country on the north-west frontier of Kenya. He

returned to battalion HQ in Nairobi in July 1924 but almost immediately was sent off on patrol duty along the banks of the Juba River between Mohamed Zubir and Afmadu, scene of fighting in the last war. Ten years later RSM. Khamis Juma decided, in the old phrase, "to soldier no more" and then it was that he became a bus conductor in the suburbs of Nairobi. But when war again broke out the old Serjeant-Major, to quote his own words again, "decided to go and help the Empire".

"I left my private work and my shamba (vegetable garden) and joined the Army. All the time I have served in the Army I was fit and strong and I suffered from no illness, except wounds, so that I was able to go on with my duty."

Now, having retired from the Army, once more RSM. Khamis Juma runs an African canteen in the Transit Camp, Nairobi.

NORMAN FORSTER

Time was when the British soldier had his gunshot wounds treated with a balm made from boiling whelps alive. An Army surgeon ranked next to a washerwoman ... Today, in its jubilee year, the RAMC enjoys the highest prestige

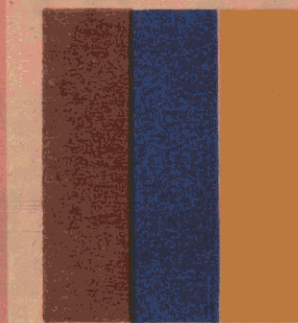
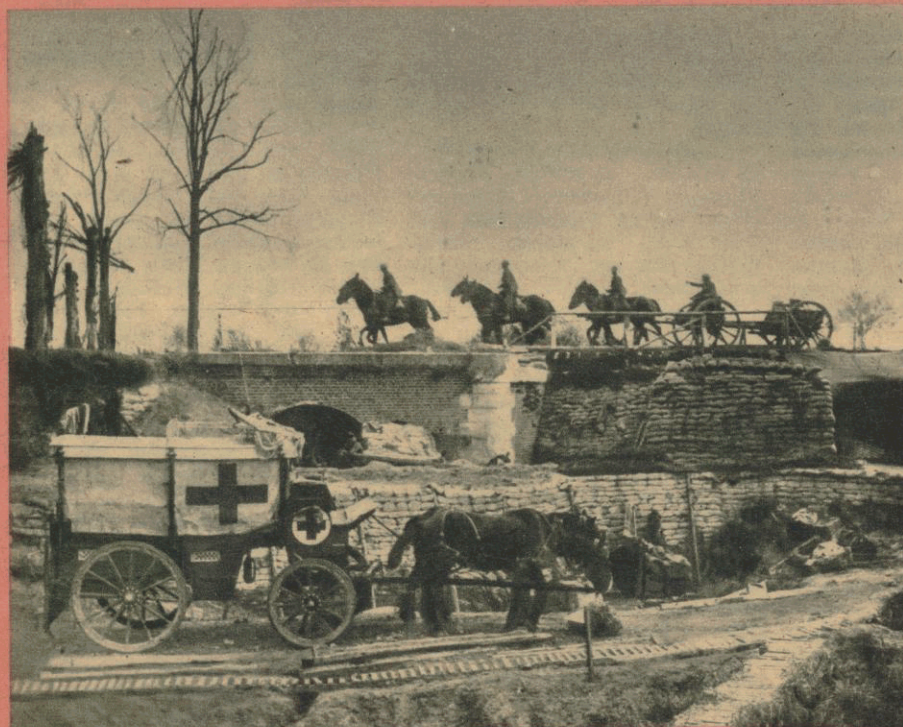


World War One: one of the nine million sick and wounded is evacuated through a sea of mud.

South African War: men of the newly formed Corps at lifting drill. Note pill-box caps.



World War One: as a field gun moves up, a horse ambulance awaits its next freight of wounded.



The helmet flash which spelled hope to the wounded.

Left—World War Two: these men of the Highland Division carried their objective. Now they lie, mostly with mortar wounds in the legs, at an advanced dressing station.

Right: In an advanced blood bank in the Western Desert a wounded soldier receives a transfusion.



JUBILEE OF THE RAMC

PERHAPS the most surprising thing about the Royal Army Medical Corps, which celebrates its Golden Jubilee on the 23rd of this month, is that it is only 50 years old.

Although Britain has had a standing army since 1660, although our forces were constantly crippled by disease, it is only two generations since the medical services were given the necessary status and power to lighten the sufferings of war.

And even in 1898, when announcing in Parliament that Queen Victoria had been pleased to approve the formation of the Corps, the Marquis of Lansdowne had to add that he was determined that medical officers should be treated with respect.

Doctors and surgeons had long "enjoyed" a poor standing; there was little inducement for the more promising and ambitious of the younger members to wear the Queen's uniform; and it took a lot of dysentery and cholera in the mud of the Crimea and the energy and determination of a Lady with a Lamp to jog the War Office into much-belated action.

Before the 15th century medical aid was intended mainly for senior officers; wounded soldiers were left to be cared for by the population, or killed by their own comrades to avoid torture. In Edward II's reign, the war establishment was one "chirurgion" (whose pay was 4d. a day), for every 1900 men. There was one doctor for the whole of Edward III's forces besieging Calais. In Henry V's military code, physicians ranked after shoemakers and tailors, but before washerwomen, and in warrants authorizing the levy of surgeons in Elizabeth's reign they are usually coupled with drummers.

The recognized treatment of gunshot wounds was cauterization with boiling oil of elders mixed with treacle. Some curiously revolting balms were also used; one was concocted from two young whelps boiled alive and two pounds of earthworms purified in white wine. Boiling pitch was used to stop bleeding after amputations.

The formation of the standing army brought

in its wake a limited system of regimental surgeons and hospitals in Britain, but medical aid with expeditionary forces remained rudimentary. Always there were crippling losses from yellow fever, bubonic plague, dysentery and typhus (for which the "remedy" was port wine and Peruvian bark). Even in the first campaigns of the long drawn-out Peninsular War, Wellington was infuriated at the suggestion that some vehicles should be set aside to transport casualties to hospital.

That suggestion came from one of the greatest figures in the Army's medical history, Sir James McGrigor, who was the Iron Duke's Inspector of Hospitals. McGrigor, undeterred by his Commander's veto, established a chain of hospitals all along the route to Salomonea and used the commissary transport to evacuate wounded from the battle-fields. He arranged for wooden hospital buildings to be sent out ready-made from home—possibly the first "pre-fabs" on record—together with carpenters. He instituted medical boards, engaged French and Spanish POW doctors to supplement his professional staff, and was

able to add some 5000 men from the sick list to the Army's strength for the final campaign. Eventually he prevailed on the Commander to mention medical officers in his despatches for the first time, and at the end of the war, he was made Director-General of the Medical Services, a post he held for 36 years.

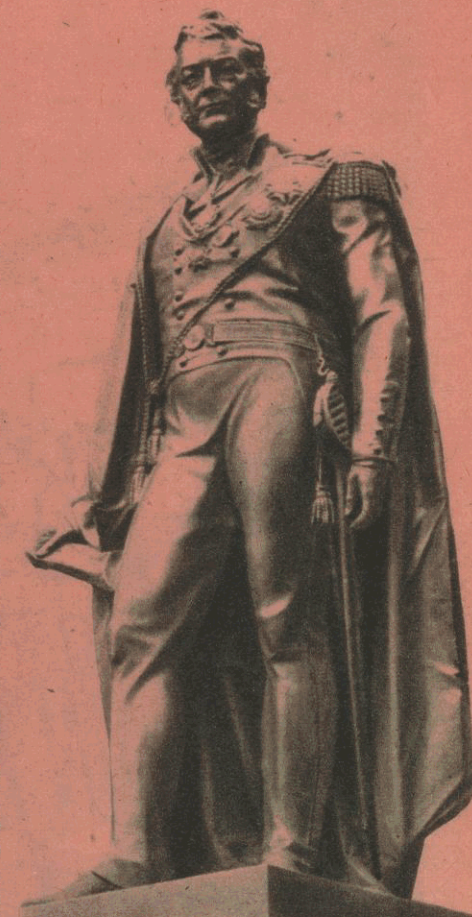
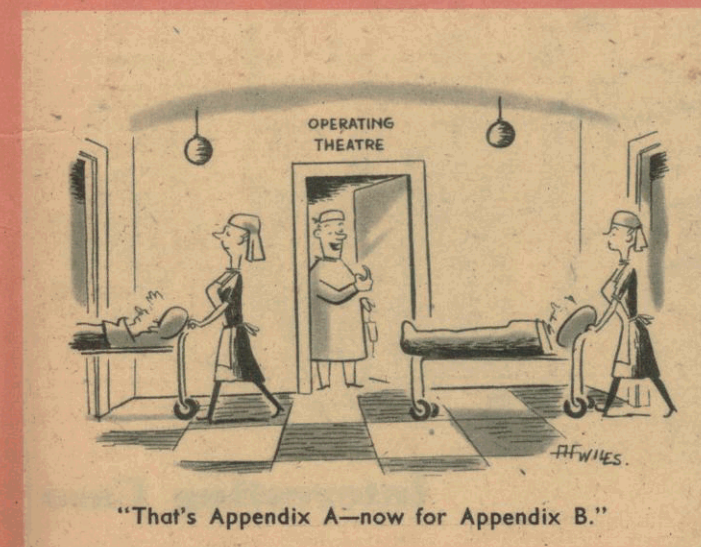
Despite McGrigor's efforts, it took several decades and much trial and error before autonomy was conceded.

The new Corps soon put its motto—"In Arduis Fidelis"—to the test of war. The organisation was barely a year old and had not yet had a chance to settle down when it was called on to function in the greatest of all guerilla operations in the South African veldt. There it faced a serious typhoid epidemic: one in every four of a strength of nearly 250,000 troops passed through its hospitals, 31,000 were invalided home with fever, and 8000 died of it. Another 31,000 men were wounded. The infant Corps acquitted itself honourably; six officers were awarded the VC.

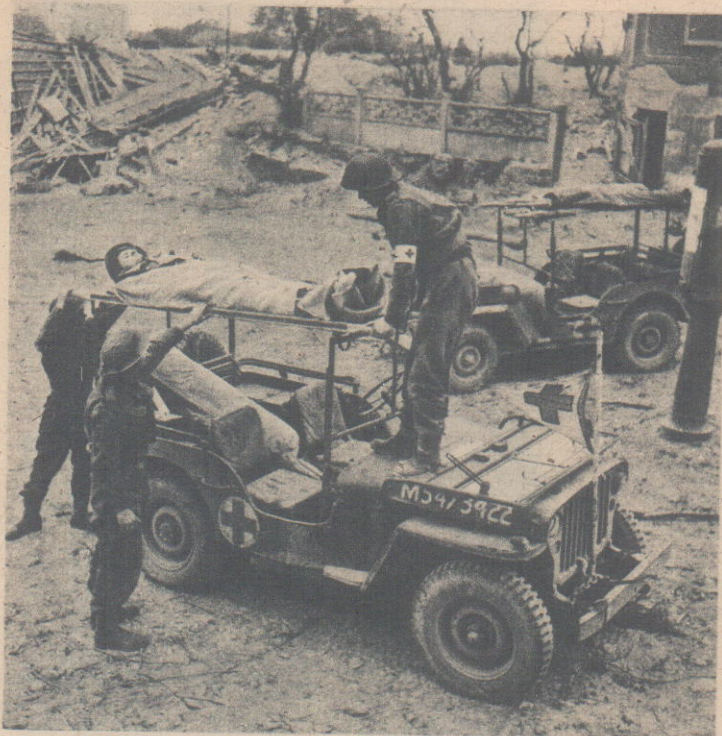
The sterner call which came a dozen years later found the RAMC much better prepared.

Under General Sir Alfred Keogh, there had been extensive training in all branches of duties in hospital and in the field. Progress in research, the development of inoculation, and new sanitary measures undertaken by Field Hygiene Sections and sanitary squads notably reduced disease. The incidence of typhoid fell to 2.5 per 1000; typhus became a negligible quantity; and wound gangrene was brought under control, though the Medical Services were strained to the utmost in the Dardanelles, where dysentery laid thousands low and caused far more casualties than did the Turks.

By 1918, the Corps reached its all-time peak strength of 133,000, and the figures of sick and wounded they dealt with on all fronts reached the staggering



At Millbank Hospital, London stands this statue of Sir James McGrigor, who dared the Iron Duke's wrath by using Army transport to carry wounded men in the Peninsular Wars.



Two-decker jeep: the "upstairs" passenger is whisked quickly from the battle-line. Simple improvisations like this saved many lives in World War Two.

total of nine millions. On the Western Front alone, 1,600,000 wounded were treated and returned to the firing line. The Medicals themselves lost 743 officers and 6130 other ranks, and earned some 7000 decorations, among which were eight Victoria Crosses.

Casualties in World War Two happily did not reach the formidable proportions of the 1914-18 trench warfare. Some five million sick and wounded were handled in RAMC units. But the speed of modern warfare and the diversity of problems in the widely separated theatres of war brought a new challenge. The Corps took full advantage of the great developments made in medical science and research, which produced penicillin, sulpha drugs, blood transfusion, DDT, advances in surgery and anaesthesia. And Lieut-Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, one of the ablest administrators did not hesitate to reorganise field units in perhaps the most critical phase of the conflict. It was in 1942 that he gave wheels to many formerly static units; the old-time dressing station was split into lighter and more mobile units; field dressing

stations were introduced into the divisional areas to deal with the minor sick; and specialized teams such as field surgical units, field transfusion teams, mobile neurosurgical units, mobile maxillo-facial surgical teams and others were formed. Another innovation was the introduction of a new grade of officer: non-medical RAMC officer to deal with the collection of casualties, administration, evacuation, and many other non-medical duties.

From the Desert onwards, ambulance aircraft speeded up the evacuation of serious battle casualties. The North African campaign saw the first parachute field ambulance surgical teams dropping out of the skies, complete with operating tables, lamps and instruments. Each Normandy D-Day assault group included a medical unit equipped to provide maximum expert aid on the day of landing. LST's were fitted with operating facilities; stretchers were put on jeeps; light ambulance trailers, airborne collapsible two-wheeled stretcher carriages were devised.

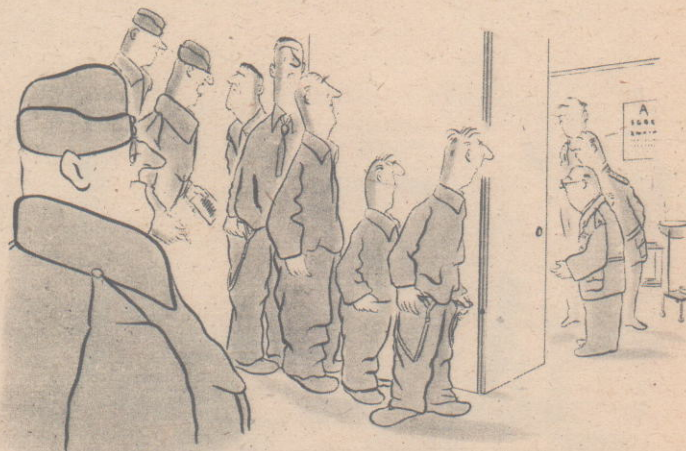
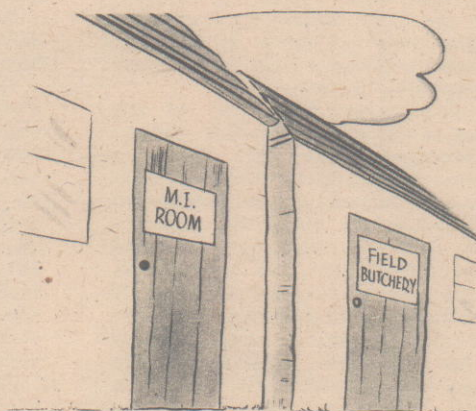
In treatment of sickness the outstanding achievement came in the pestilential monsoon areas

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL



Orderlies

Orderlies



Interesting Case

of North Burma, where the malaria-carrying mosquito was finally defeated after two years of jungle war. The ration of sick to wounded was reduced from 120 to 1 to 6 to 1.

Often, as in prison camp, men of the RAMC were without the most elementary facilities, and they performed incredible feats of surgery with old razor blades, bent-up table spoons and odd bits of thread. Of their one posthumous other rank VC, L/Cpl. Harden, who was killed in Holland in January 1945 after making three trips under intense machine gun and rifle fire to tend wounded Marine Commandos and bring them back to our lines, the War Secretary has said: "I do not remember reading anything more heroic."

There was revolutionary progress, too, in improving the mental health of the soldier. Psychiatrists were brought in to deal with nervous disorders among battle casualties, and to assist in the rehabilitation of the limbless. They also played their part in the vocational selection of men. They then assisted in the selection of General Service intakes, parachutists and men entrusted with special missions, of officers at OCTU's and WOSB's. They advised at battle schools (where they were instrumental in cutting out the "hate"

training) and on the improvement of morale in base depots.

Today the Medical Services have drafted their blue-prints for the future. Their biggest problem is now the shortage of specialists, which will become more acute with the coming expansion of civil defence.

One solution, which has been suggested in Parliament and in the medical journals, would be to unite the medical services of the Navy, Army and Air Force as part of a comprehensive health service for the whole nation. Under such a scheme, superannuation and pensions schemes would be interchangeable between one branch and another. Medical men could spend their early years in the Services and then return to work at home as if they had been practising under the National Service scheme.

Though the Minister for Defence has rejected—for the time being—the idea of fusion, he favours administrative co-ordination, and a Committee has been at work on this problem for some months.

High-lights of the Jubilee celebrations this month will be a parade at the RAMC Depot at Aldershot on 23 June which is being attended by the Queen as Colonel-in-Chief; and a big rally in Westminster's Central Hall.

PETER LOVEGROVE



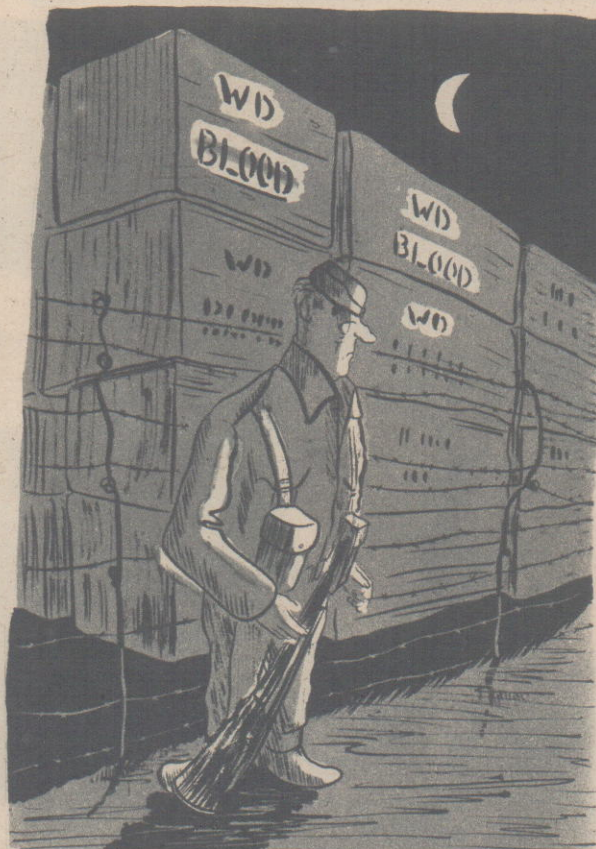
Three-decker aircraft: a scene in a Douglas ambulance plane. Many of these were in service from the Desert onwards.

CHARACTERS by Phelix



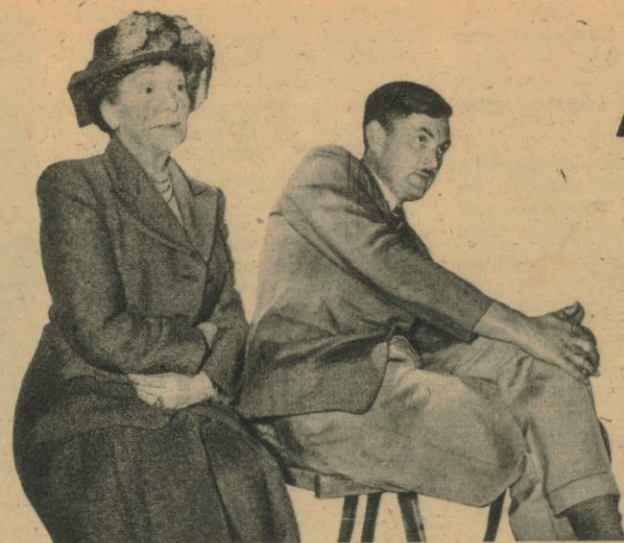
Nurses

Jubilee Joke: "Of course it's all right. It's the same needle I've been using for 50 years."



Advanced Blood Bank

Short or long engagements? Single or double beds? Is there such a thing as love at first sight? Questions like these — and many on intimate sex matters — were fired by soldiers and WRAC girls at a Brains Trust in London organised by the National Marriage Guidance Council



ANY

QUESTIONS ABOUT MARRIAGE?

INSIDE the entrance of a house in Queen's Gate, Kensington, a large blackboard bore the message: "Successful Marriage and Family Life: Room Five."

And in Room Five 35 soldiers and 15 WRACS sat on folding chairs listening to a young doctor as he said: "When my grandmother was born there was less divorce in a year than there was in one day in 1947, for last year there was one broken marriage for every five new ones."

"Marriage does not mean sitting in an emotional Turkish bath; it is like building a house for which you need the right materials put to the right use. If we had sent young men into D-Day as unprepared as we do into marriage the war would still be on."

The speaker was Dr. David Mace, one of the team from the National Marriage Guidance Council invited by the Army Council to run courses for troops of Eastern Command, Anti-Aircraft Command and London District. The courses last four days, covering marriage from courtship to chastisement of children, and end with a brains trust of all instructors to answer students' questions. Said the Command Education Officer, Colonel F. P. Roe: "If you paid £500 a minute you could not pick a finer team."

A few of the students were engaged, and one or two were married. Some were Guardsmen from the "Buck" and "Jimmy" guards, their stiff peaked hats placed in neat rows next to those of Gunners and Signalmen on the stage at the back of the hall. They listened to the speakers — the Rev. F. F. Rigby, an educationalist; Dr. Philip Bloom, a family doctor; Dr. Ethel Dukes, a psychologist; Dr. Roger Pilkington, a geneticist; Mrs. Vera Mace; and Mrs. Marjorie Hume, wife of a famous surgeon.

There was no beating about the gooseberry bush. The lecturers talked about heredity and the workings of the genes; told why some people have brown eyes instead of blue, how children inherit gifts for music and art, why people are colour-blind and why some mothers have fraternal twins and others identical.

Why should couples not marry when very young? Because, say the experts, the body develops faster than the character. Is there such a thing as love at first sight? Yes, with qualifications. There is no such thing as the perfect mate, but love can grow between two people until it inspires the perfect marriage. People who say they have been married for 50 years without a cross word are "jellyfish," for many good things come out of conflicts.

The honeymoon is the stage which gives a couple a flying start — the straight run before the hills. There must be an early understanding about money. Social background should be considered in choosing a partner.

Mothers who fear having children should remember that while in 1935 4.11 per 1000 mothers

died, in 1945 the figure dropped to 1.8 per 1000. In 1900 156 out of every 1000 infants died. By 1945 the figure was 46. There are normally 104 boys born to every 100 girls, but the girls outlive the boys, especially those girls who become mothers.

Children are born without ego, and model themselves on their parents. By seven years they begin to mature as children and by 11 any special gifts begin to show themselves. Intelligence is developed by the age of 16, but emotionally we do not develop until much later in life, if at all.

Children should know how they are born by the time they are 12. They should be treated as babies only while they are babies, and boys who are tied to their mothers' apron strings are often unable to make the right type of marriage.

The home is the one place where there is a natural bond of unity, where each member is accepted for what he is and not for what he does, and is given self-confidence by the strength of the family group in readiness for the outside world.

The husband should know how to handle the basic needs of the house. He should be able to prepare a simple meal in case of emergency. In return the wife should know how to fix the blown electric fuse.

The daughter should not be stopped from experimenting in cooking even if she ruins the rations. The mother who says,



"I keep bees in mine."



"What do you think of double beds?" The laughter is prompted by Dr. Pilkington's warning that annually scores of women are injured by being kicked out of bed.

"Go away, I can do it better myself" is a bad mother.

"Mother's place is in the home" is not a hard and fast rule but the mother should not have to go out to work. No woman can look after a home and do a full-time job. A child in a day nursery loses its mother's guidance, and what is lost then cannot be made up afterwards. When the child is older and does not need so much attention, the mother should have some outside interest, preferably a cultural interest.

The home should be an adventure and not merely a dormitory. From a drab home people go out to dance halls, cinemas and amusement arcades. Home should be brightened up in the same spirit that a soldier brightens up his quarters with pictures.

The lecturers spoke, too, of more intimate matters: birth control, hygiene, menstrual periods, sexual technique; they put in simple, straightforward terms the case against resorting to prostitutes, against pre-marital intercourse, against self-abuse. Their frankness encouraged the students — mixed though the class was — to bring up equally delicate matters at the brains trust on the last day. In all, the questions covered the whole range of marriage and home-making. Here are a few of the replies:

Do you believe in long engagements?

No, but courtships should be fairly long so that before the marriage is announced the couple understand each other thoroughly.

Is there any truth in the saying that twins, though apart, can feel each other's pain?

Identical twins do tend to have the same kind of diseases, but a

pain suffered by one child is not felt by the other.

Should a woman marry a man younger than herself?

Usually a woman prefers an older man, but sometimes there is the woman who prefers a much younger husband whom she can mother. Often there is a lack of adjustment when a woman of about 45 marries a very young man. There are many cases of women who are five years older than their husbands making good marriages.

Should children be smacked?

Many parents look upon it as moral defeat if they have to smack a child. If it is carefully done smacking does no harm. Do not smack a girl over the age of nine.

Is it all right for couples who are not young to marry if they have a short acquaintance but a long pen friendship?

Not always. It depends on their letters, for many people cannot express themselves fully when writing and when they meet they have a lot of lost ground to make up. Complete understanding of one another is necessary for marriage.

Should couples get married if there is no prospect of getting accommodation?

At one time the answer would have been no. Today our advice is get married.

What are your views on double beds?

They are a good thing to help couples to get over a tiff.

Perhaps not everyone will agree with all the answers. Two of the lecturers differed on the advisability of cousins marrying. But experts are rarely unanimous.

PETER LAWRENCE



Above: "Girls over the age of nine should not be smacked." The psychologist, Dr. Ethel Dukes, gives her view, while the geneticist, Dr. Roger Pilkington, ponders his reply. Left: "Should a man marry an older woman?" The Question-Master, Dr. David Mace (left) has called upon the family doctor, Dr. Philip Bloom, to reply. Also taking part are Mrs. Marjorie Hume and Mrs. David Mace (right).

Girl with an engagement ring (left) was one of many soon-to-be-wed students on the course.

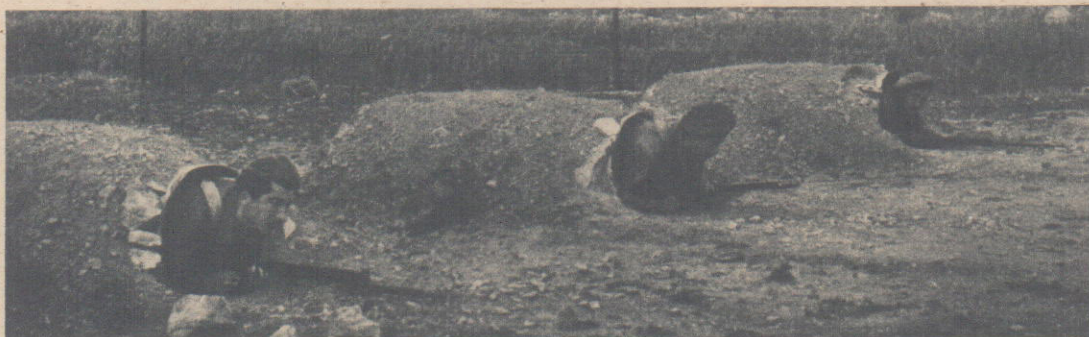


Reconstruction of Greece is menaced by rebels who wage war from the hills. The Greek National Army is now tackling the guerillas with forces trained by British Infantrymen, Gunners and Commandos

The Greeks We Trained Now Train Themselves



New cadets at Greece's Sandhurst take the military oath of allegiance to the King. The ceremony is a long and impressive one. Below: Tight squeeze, with rifle and equipment, on the Commando training course.



Crew of a medium field gun drilling at the "School of Pyrotechnics" overlooking Salamis.

Arrow points to the "Task for Today"—another idea borrowed from the British Army.



Commandos close on Greek rebels

From Our Own Correspondent

LAMIA, Wednesday. TROOPS of three Greek divisions spear-headed by Commandos, were closing in today on remnants of two Red rebel "commands." Five days after this biggest operation by Government forces began, a bandit-ridden area of 2,000 square miles south of Lamia has been reduced by half. Guerilla casualties have so far been about 300.

Greek Commandos in the headlines. (*News Chronicle*)

"SCHOLE Pyrovollkou" is about as near as you can get to what the board says at the base of the flagpole and a free translation would be "School of Pyrotechnics".

In fact it is the Greek National Army School of Artillery, not far from Athens, on the coast opposite the island of Salamis, where the Greeks and Persians fought their celebrated naval battle centuries ago.

This school is one example of what the British Military Mission has done for the Greek Army since it took charge of its training, equipment and organisation in 1945 and modelled it on the British system.

Now the American Army has taken over the job of providing equipment and stores, advice on operations and liaison officers with active units, but the British Military Mission still supervises training and administration.

At the Artillery School, regular officers and cadets do an eight months' course and reserve officers four months. The aim is to provide a pool of instructors to teach recruits. From each course, the two best students are sent to Larkhill for the long gunnery Staff course and two go to the Air OP course. When the school started in April 1945, all the instructors were British. Now all the instructors are Greek officers and NCO's, though they still have British guidance.

A little further down the coast, Greek Infantry are learning the latest Commando raiding tactics; Royal Marine Commando officers supervise a course which also includes assault landings, weapon training, demolitions.

Just outside Athens a Signals School teaches telephony and radio-telephony — important in desolate, mountainous country. And in almost any Greek barracks you can recognise the task-system "dart-board" near the transport lines.

Near Athens, too, is the Greek



Akritis (Defence) is the Greek SOLDIER. It has a back-page pin-up too (below).



This familiar "Combined Operations" sign is found at the Commando School.

Sandhurst — a military cadet college with nearly 900 cadets, who do a two-year course. The Greek Commandant has on his staff two British officers and three WO's. Each batch of new recruits is sworn in before the King.

For the Greek Army this training and reorganisation is more than leisurely peace-time development. The Army has a war on its hands even as it reshapes itself. Some 20,000 guerrillas are scattered in groups among the mountain wildernesses. They are well armed; they are believed to be well organised. They dominate a good deal of the country and terrorise peasants in rural areas. They blow up trains and roads, they hold up Greece's peaceful reconstruction. But they have always avoided a trial of strength with the Government forces who are not strong enough to garrison all the cleared areas.

British battalions in Greece take no part in the operations against guerrillas. They are divided between the Athens and Salonika areas. Their presence is a deterrent to outside intervention. Their daily job? Training.

THE Army does not stop making maps just because the war is over.

So long as there is a square mile of the globe unmapped, or wrongly mapped, the job of the surveyor goes on.

During the late war nothing was spared to map new areas and bring old maps up to date. Despite the run-down, Middle East's Survey Directorate is carrying on that work and stocking maps of all the world against the hour of need.

The task of survey and map production is done by the 19th Field Survey Regiment, Royal Engineers, based on Fayid in the Canal Zone of Egypt. Now the only Field Survey Regiment in the Army — there are smaller units in other commands — it saw wartime service, in Iceland, the Western Desert, Iraq, Persia, Italy and Austria. Organized and equipped to work through from the survey on the ground to the completed map, the regiment today has units in some of the most difficult country in East Africa. Working in close bush, one detachment recently came upon a herd of elephants. Another party, driving in a jeep down a jungle track, was confronted by an enraged rhinoceros.

A survey detachment of the 13th Field Survey Squadron in Transjordan was cut off by torrential rains from its base at Jerusalem, 250 miles away, and spent 72 hours without food before being supplied by air.

Working with theodolite and plane table, these men battle against weather, vegetation and rugged terrain. Frequently

MAPMAKING— AMONG THE RHINOS

The Army mapmaker must be as adept with a rifle as with a theodolite. He never knows when he may have to shoot his own supper

they shoot their own supper; rarely do they enjoy greater comfort than that of a tent.

When air survey is used, it is necessary to plot only a triangulation network to fix a number of points recognizable on the air photograph. Even so, bad visibility or difficult going may cause weeks, even months of delay.

Of material assistance is a complicated optical machine known as the Multiplex. Into it are put tiny glass slides known as dia-positives, about twice the size of a postage-stamp. These are miniatures of the air photograph and their delicate tracery is projected through lenses on to a table where, looking through special spectacles, the operator sees valley and mountain, plain and river in three-dimensional relief — exactly as though he were the pilot of the plane which took the photographs. Also on the table appears a moveable pin point of light. As the operator moves this spot along the various features appearing on the three-dimensional image a synchronized mapping pen reproduces, to any desired scale, a faithful record of its

movement on a mapping table.

Into the making of a map go months, perhaps years of arduous, patient labour by skilled craftsmen: draughtsmen, photowriters (men who write "looking glass fashion" — backwards or upside down — as easily as they write forwards) letterpress printers, lithographic printers, all men who either were apprenticed to their craft in civil life or who have been given years of training by the Army. There is no room in Survey for amateurs.

During 1947 some 2000 square miles of new mapping was completed. Only enough copies of a map are made for the estimated requirements of a reasonable period ahead: sometimes only two or three "proof" copies, because a map may be out-of-date before it is printed.

Any map out of the many millions held in the Middle East repositories can be rapidly located. One GHQ branch wanted to know how much storage space was available near the railway at Aden; a large-scale contour map was produced which showed that there was a large flat area which could take many thousands of tons.

G. S. HUDSON

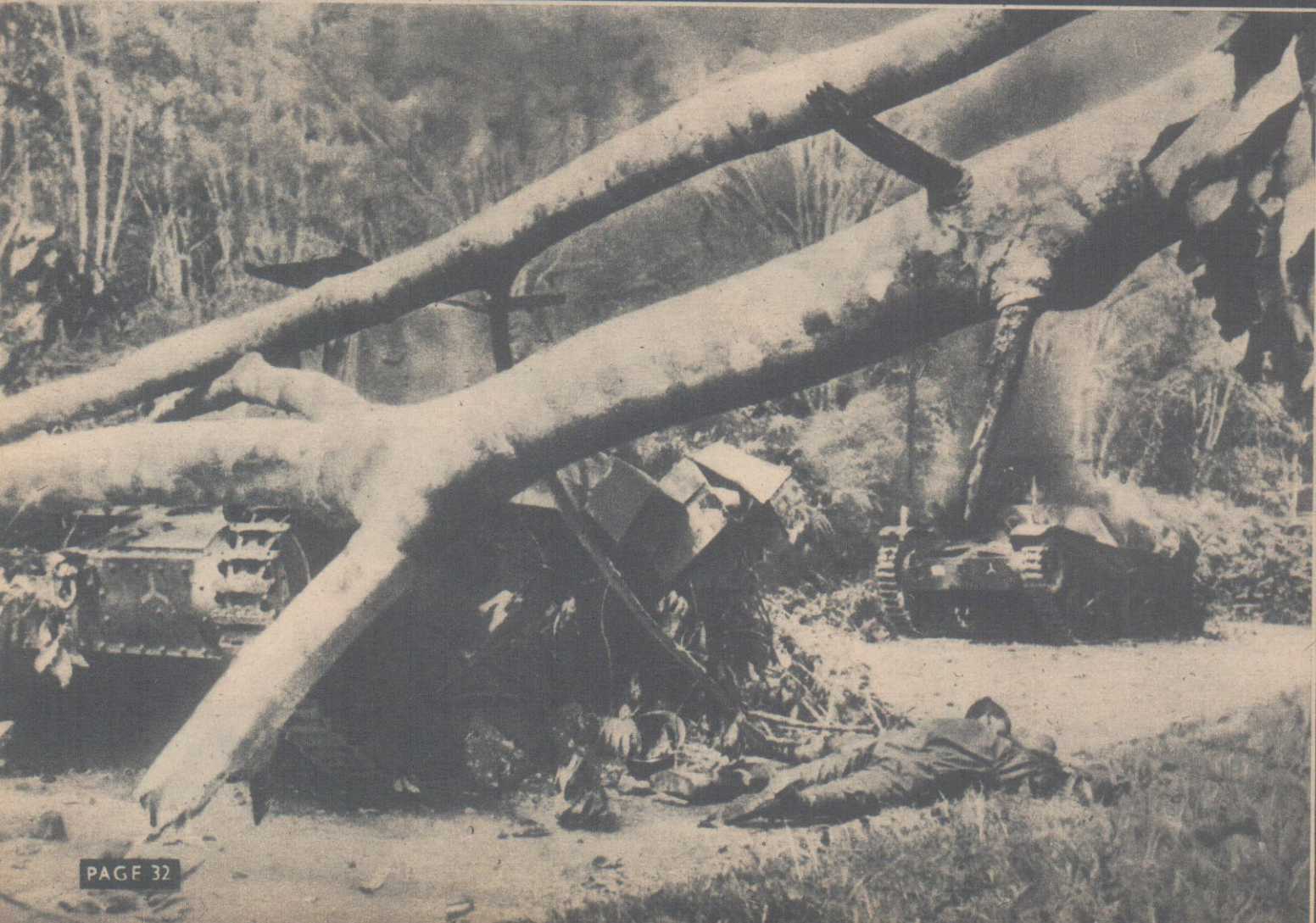
Spr. R. Huckfield checks the proof of a map of Malta. The Army's thirst for maps is insatiable.



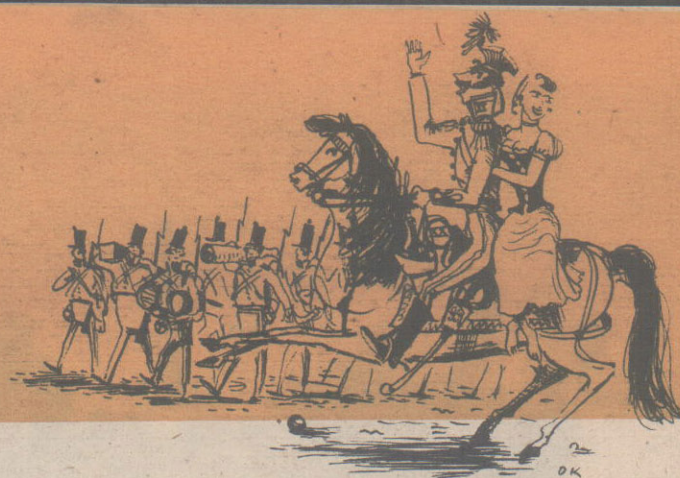


SOLDIER SCRAPBOOK OF WORLD WAR TWO

Above: The road where traffic never stopped. St. Martin, Normandy, in 1944. Below: The road where traffic was brought to a standstill. Australians brewed-up these Jap tanks in Malaya.



In this year's Army Estimates is a reference to "the unclaimed Army Prize Fund." It contains a modest £76,700 — all that is left from the days when looting was legal — and organised



THERE'S STILL AN ARMY PRIZE FUND

IF fate had put you in the Army a couple of centuries ago, your reward for active service would have been the spoils of war. For whatever a soldier picked up after the battle was his. Plundering was legal once the battle was over. For obvious reasons it was banned during the fighting.

But there was one snag. If a soldier fell wounded he returned home not only crippled but with nothing on which to support his family, while his more fortunate companions, having stripped the nearest houses of all their trimmings, were able to stagger back with enough to sell to the 18th century spivs.

The Army, therefore, decided to put looting on an organised basis. All booty became Crown property and was handed in at a central dump. Regimental agents were then appointed to hold sales and the proceeds were divided between all ranks from Commanders-in-Chief to cookhouse orderlies, with certain allotments going to the next-of-kin of casualties. This system was felt to be fair to all. It certainly was to Commanders-in-Chief.

For example, after Havana was captured from the Spaniards the troops collected arms, ammunition, stores, merchandise and the treasures of the Spanish trading companies and the proceeds were divided as follows:

Commander-in-Chief	£122,697;
His second-in-command	£24,539;
Major-generals	£6816;
Brigadier-generals	£1947;
Field officers	£564 14s 1d;
Captains	£126 4s 7½d;
Lieutenants	£116 3s 0½d;
Serjeants	£8 18s 8d;
Corporals	£6 16s 6d;
Privates	£4 1s 8¼d.

High commanders always did well. After Deccan the C-in-C received £44,201 and the privates 19s 10d. Any money not claimed, together with the amount for relatives, was sent to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, which was responsible for distribution. Sums not claimed in six years could be kept by them and invested. These investments are still mentioned in today's Army Estimates.

The first amount handed over to the Hospital in this way was £2000 from Gibraltar in 1792. In 1800 a privateer sent £23 1s and a previous treasurer was found to have £47 4s left over from the Gibraltar fund, so there was £70 5s to add to the £2000 already held.



In 1809, owing to suspected misappropriation by the agents, Parliament ordered them to send their accounts to the Hospital Commissioners. As a result of what the Hospital discovered an Act of Parliament was passed giving them additional powers, and an "unclaimed" sum of £800,000 was recovered in the next few years. A further Act abolished the rights of agents to distribute the money; the Hospital became the only authority for this work. Before next-of-kin were paid they had to ensure that all the dead man's debts were paid. In the same way all regimental debts of officers could be claimed from their prize shares.

By 1833 the unpaid prize money fund stood at £489,731 and by 1847 it reached £578,739. This has meant the handling of huge sums by the Hospital. For example, by the middle of last century out of £1,585,234 some £1,103,954 had been repaid to claimants.

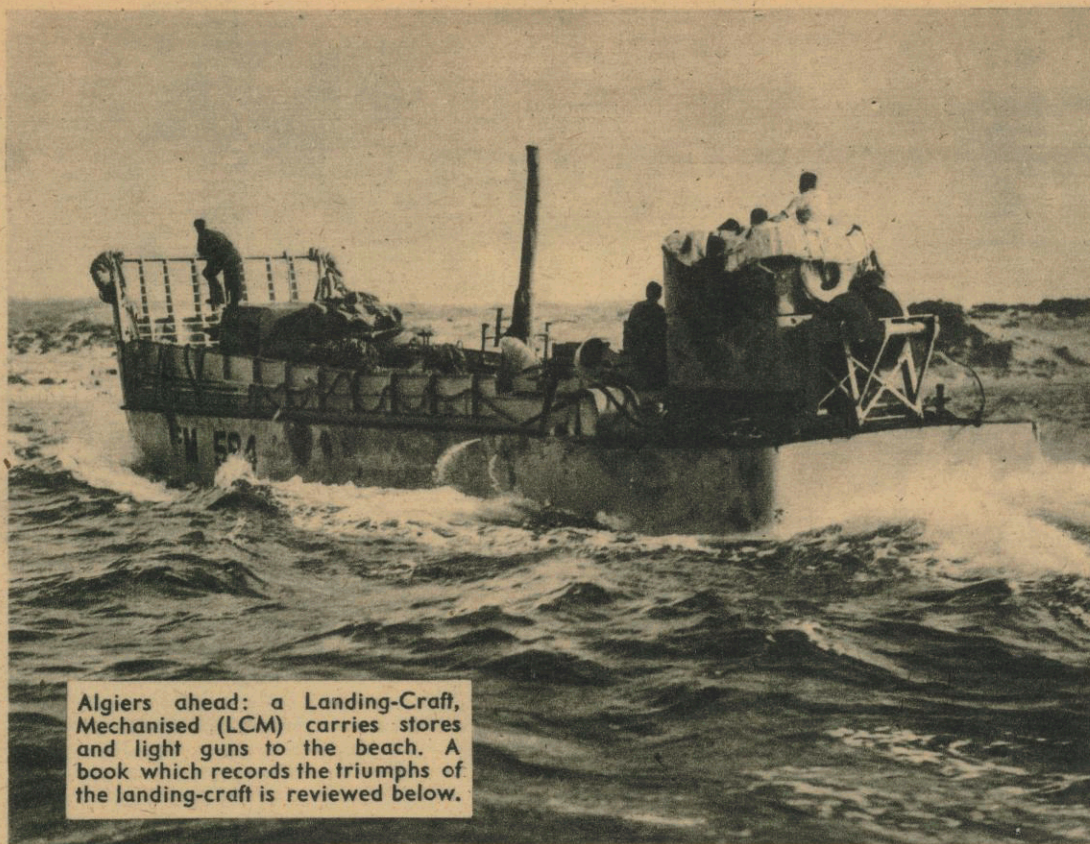
India presented a special problem, for in many battles Crown troops and those of the Honourable East India Company fought side by side. In this case the Crown claimed all prize money, even if the number of Company troops far exceeded those of the Crown, but usually certain sums were allotted to the Company for distribution. Only if no Crown troops were involved could the company claim the whole prize.

The Prize Fund is now much smaller than it was, for some of it has been used for extending the hospital. Today £76,700 is invested and the annual dividend of £1917 is used for the upkeep of the grounds, sending the pensioners on holiday and other expenses.

ERIC DUNSTER

FOOTNOTE: The modern Army is not permitted to loot and so there is no prize money. Instead the soldier of today who goes to war receives a gratuity.





Algiers ahead: a Landing-Craft, Mechanised (LCM) carries stores and light guns to the beach. A book which records the triumphs of the landing-craft is reviewed below.

TOO MUCH ABOUT MULBERRY HARBOUR?

HAS Mulberry received too big a share of the credit for the success of the landings in Normandy?

Lambton Burn, former Navy writer on *Parade*, and author of "Down Ramps!" (Carroll and Nicholson: 18s) thinks so.

True, he says, Mulberry gave shelter to hundreds of merchant ships, enabled discharging to take place at all stages of the tide, relieved the beaches when the upper sand was being worn away from the slippery clay below. But the real heroes of the build-up, he claims, were

"the 650 LCT's and 2000 other landing-craft, lighters and barges, and the hundreds of coasters whose work over the open beaches far exceeded anything accomplished by the Mulberry."

Lambton Burn's book is a well-told record of the many assault landings in the Middle East and Europe during World War Two—from Tobruk to the Rhine. The author is on the side of the small ships. He writes, with a nice sense of distinction, of LCT's, LST's, LCA's, LCS's, LCP's, LCI's,

LCM's, LCV's, LCF's and LCG's. Anyone who can identify all those is doing pretty well; a special prize goes to the man who does not need to be told that LBK stands for Landing-Barge, Kitchen—a remarkable vessel with the blackened smoke-cowls of many field kitchens poking through its roofed-in body.

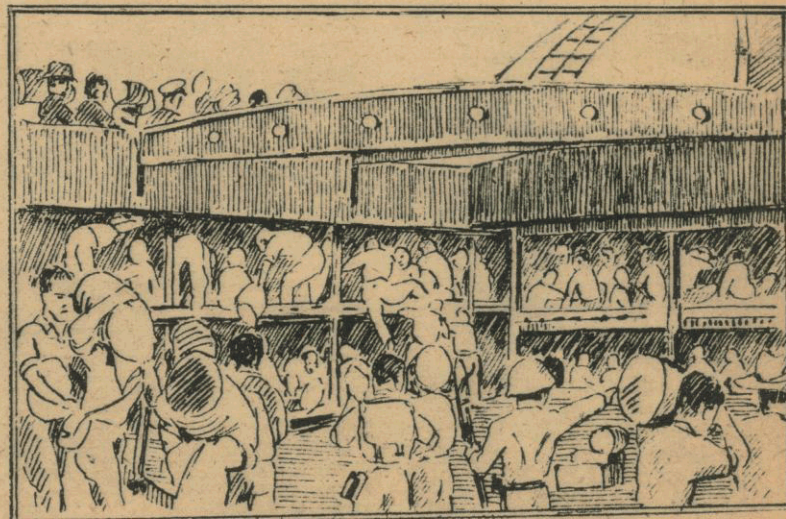
The author writes primarily as a sailor, but much of his book is of first-class interest to those who took part in seaborne assaults. He was with the Tobruk garrison during the siege, and there may be veterans of that defence who sighed with him when the fortress was relieved; not because the fortress was relieved, but because—

SKETCHES FROM SINGAPORE

There have been many prisoner-of-war books. One in a class by itself is a collection of drawings by two British soldiers who were captured in Singapore: L/Bdr. A. V. Toze, 122 Field Regiment RA and Sgt. S. Strange, The Loyals.

The drawings gain in authenticity what they lack in finesse; they make a fine record of fortitude. Captions are brief and often grim: "First decent meal for six days, last decent meal for three-and-a-half years." Prisoners are shown haying supplies in engineless cars, building jungle roads, entering huge fumigation baths. Pictured too is the curious interlude when, for five days, the prisoners were allowed out in Singapore, and were befriended by Chinese and Eurasians. A soldier on the prison ship *Fukai Maru*, Korea-bound, is shown being forced to stand on the bridge for four hours, holding three large onions in each hand till his arms became numb—penalty for robbing the onion store. The last picture shows an ornate burial plot. Caption: "Mass burial of 14 British POW who died at Keijo Camp. Propaganda screen and artificial wreaths were used for Press purposes. Later, in Kobe, Japan, men who died were broken into a crouching position and put into soya barrels, two feet high."

Sketch (right) by Sgt. Strange shows men being packed on to ship's shelves 9ft long, 7ft wide, 4ft 6in high, 15 men to a shelf, with kit.



ALL THIS —

WHAT is the best way to tell the story of a division? To write a plain, factual record, or to sugar the story with fiction? "First Airborne" by Michael Packe (Secker and Warburg: 15s) tries a compromise. "A history," writes the author (who served with the Division from second-lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel) "requires a fuller knowledge than I possess while a novel permits a free development of circumstances which I have avoided in the interests of truth. Every incident related in the story occurred ... on the other hand all the characters are entirely imaginary ... except for those who are specifically

SOLDIER Bookshelf

AND THEN ARNHEM

mentioned by name. These are all public figures who could neither be ignored nor disguised." (In this class come Generals Browning and Urquhart).

The imaginary characters are a typical handful of soldiers whose private lives are never allowed to get in the way of the story. They go through the airborne machine together in the dismal days of 1942. They hear all the misinformation which comes the way of the recruit—how, if a parachute fails to open, the WAAF who packed it has to walk at the funeral, and so on. They do their first jumps together; they allow themselves to be swung, pendulum-fashion, for half an hour a day while a doctor makes notes on their physical reactions; they face generals' inspections, parliamentary deputations (enlivened by the crash of a parliamentary glider) and frustrating months of idleness. They journey to North Africa and find more frustration. Indeed, so difficult is it for parachutists to keep their hand in that some desperate stratagems are adopted.

One young officer, "sprightly and bespectacled," hits on the idea of booking as a passenger on a plane making a routine flight from Sousse to the interior. Once aloft, he casually walks up to the door and, with a wave of the hand, jumps out—to the horror of elderly staff officers and nurses on board, who think they are witnessing a cold-blooded suicide. It seems the only way he can be sure of winning his wings.

From North Africa the Division moves to Italy, operating, disappointingly, in various ground roles. Then comes the recall for the Second Front. Not to the pioneers, however, falls the D-Day role, but to the proud new Sixth Division. For First Airborne is reserved the grimmest task of all: Arnhem. This is, naturally, the climax of the book.

The author's semi-fictional approach undoubtedly makes for easy reading. Men who served in the Division will not find many false notes. General Urquhart, for one, seems to have enjoyed the book.

FARRAN'S OWN STORY

IN his first years of manhood, Roy Farran achieved a measure of well-earned fame and a disproportionate measure of unearned notoriety. It was a phase of his career that began at Sandhurst in 1939 and ended when he resigned the commission that was to have been his career.

He reviews that phase in "Winged Dagger" (Collins 10s 6d). The book is remarkable not only for the amount of adventure that Farran squeezed into eight years but for the variety of his adventures.

A tank officer, he fought in the Western Desert in Wavell's campaign; he fought in Crete, was wounded and taken prisoner; he escaped from Greece. Back in the desert, he drove the car in which Major-General Jock Campbell, VC, was killed; he was himself wounded in the retreat to Alamain and evacuated, via South Africa, to Britain.

Then in North Africa he joined the Special Air Service. He operated in Sicily and Italy, harried the German rear areas in France, then went back to Italy where he was "accidentally" dropped behind the enemy lines again and commanded a force of British, Russians and Italians until the Germans crumbled. All his SAS exploits are described with a lot of unpublished detail.

By the end of the war he had the DSO, the MC and Bar, the French Croix de Guerre, the American Legion of Merit, but—

I was not happy ... I had always expected to be killed in battle; I had geared up my life to the sudden arrival of death; and now I was left stranded, spared by some odd trick of fate.

Norway and duty with his regiment in Syria and Palestine helped him to settle into peace-time soldiering. Then came a spell as an instructor at Sandhurst and he was sent back to Palestine to put his knowledge of underground warfare at the disposal of the Palestine Police.

He organised a small force of men to fight underground against the terrorists; he had his suc-

cesses. Then the Jews accused him of the kidnapping and murder of a youth called Rubowitz.

At the time I was having dinner with three Arabs in another part of Jerusalem. Everyone knew that that was an unshakeable alibi.

He was tipped off that he was to be arrested and tried for murder. He decided to play for time and escaped, by subterfuge, to Syria with two of his men.

From Syria, where the Moslem code would surely give me sanctuary, I would explain my views to the Government through their Consulate.

Syrian hospitality came up to expectations, but friends and emissaries from Palestine persuaded him to return to Palestine, where he was put under arrest. But then—

I began to believe that I had made a mistake in returning and that in any case Britain would be less embarrassed by my absence than by my trial.

So Farran, past-master at getting out of difficult physical situations, escaped again and was free for ten days, during which he walked most of the way to the Hejaz and back. But—

I again balked at the last fence of becoming a renegade and when I heard that the Stern gang had begun to take reprisals on account of me, I decided to give myself up. Klassane, one of the officers murdered by the Jews in Haifa, was an old and very close friend of mine. John Waddle, who was seriously wounded in the Astoria Restaurant, I had known for years. It was not worth it.

As the world knows, Farran gave himself up. The case against him collapsed and he disappeared from the limelight to tackle civilian life, probably, as he had set about tackling peace-time soldiering two years before:

Many times I heard the criticism that so-and-so was an excellent chap, in war but no good in peace. I tried hard to avoid that remark ever being made about me, although I suppose it was.

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FILM NEWS



No need for an alarm clock, the Barrow Boy remembers... the serjeant always wakes you gently. Below: first fitting, or "Oh mother sell the pig and buy me out."



WHY SHOULD ENGLAND TREMBLE?

NO, that is not the title of this film. That is what the serjeant used to say, derisively, when he viewed the new intake of "rookies." When deeply moved, he said, "If Hitler could see you, he'd invade at once."

This new film is called, rather more conservatively, "Call Up." It has been made, on behalf of the Army Kinema Corporation, to show the young National Serviceman what life is like in his basic training unit.

The film, directed by Jeffrey Dell (who made "Flemish Farm") is a feature-documentary. Professional actors played the leading parts; all the "extras" were serving soldiers, a platoon of whom spent some weeks facing the camera.

Clash of temperament between members of the group, and between the group and their superiors, is handled with an eye for the dramatic and humorous.

The film selects six different characters—including a technical student, a law student, a farm worker and the inevitable barrow boy—and follows them from their homes to, and through, training centre; from square-bashing to the ABCA talk on "Are soldiers really necessary—in an atom age?"

"You in our mob?" "Yes, and I was in your old man's."



"You're the first bit of glamour we've seen round here." But the WRAC corporal has had four years to think up snappy brush-offs for wise guys. Below: "We thought there were orderlies to do the cleaning..." Rookies are detailed to dust sills, wipe panes, polish door knobs.



COMING YOUR WAY

HELLZAPOPPIN

Since this all-in, all-out crazy film was first screened, Olsen and Johnson, comedians, and Martha Raye have been consolidating their reputation in London—in the flesh. Film starts quietly with an orgy in Hell.

MINE OWN EXECUTIONER

Former Army psychiatrist, Brigadier Nigel Balchin wrote this story of a lay-psychiatrist who becomes infatuated with his friend's wife, to the neglect of a homicidal patient. The "physician" all but fails to heal himself. Fine acting by Burgess Meredith, Dulcie Gray, Kieron Moore. Christine Norden makes debut as high-powered temptress.

BRIGHTON ROCK

The Boulting Brothers get together on the screen version of Graham Greene's novel of gangsterdom on the South Coast. Richard Attenborough and Hermione Baddeley repeat their stage roles. Tough.

A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE

A heart-throb for the girls, with Kieron Moore as a handsome Italian poisoner in an Edwardian tangle over the possession of a house. It was first thought up by Francis Brett Young.

THE MARK OF CAIN

Another Edwardian piece, this time with Eric Portman as a handsome English poisoner and a tangle over Sally Gray. Sally is accused of a murder she has not committed. Is she acquitted? You've one guess.

MONSIEUR VERDOUX

Charles Chaplin's idea of a modern bank-clerk Bluebeard, written, produced, directed and starred in by Charles Chaplin. It claims to make you laugh at women: well, it's got Martha Raye for a start.

THE YOUNG IN HEART

One of those film families that live on charm and nothing else, clamp themselves on to a rich old lady and inevitably founder on the rock of sentimentality. Fun for Janet Gaynor, Paulette Goddard, Douglas Fairbanks Junior.

BLOCKHEADS

Vintage Laurel and Hardy. Showing with it is THE SONG OF FREEDOM in which Paul Robeson sings himself from London's dockland to Covent Garden and then to a throne. Elizabeth Welch sings too.

Letter

BEFORE I was called up I did a lot of crowd work in films. Could I get a transfer into a film-making unit?—Pte. P. H. S. Greene, HQ Southern Command.
* No Army unit now makes films. All War Office training films are produced through the agency of the Army Kinema Corporation and are made by civilian companies under contract. From time to time soldiers may find themselves being detailed as "extras", as in "Call-Up", but there is no Army career to be made out of it. Incidentally, receipts from hire of soldiers as film actors are entered in the credit side of the Army Estimates.

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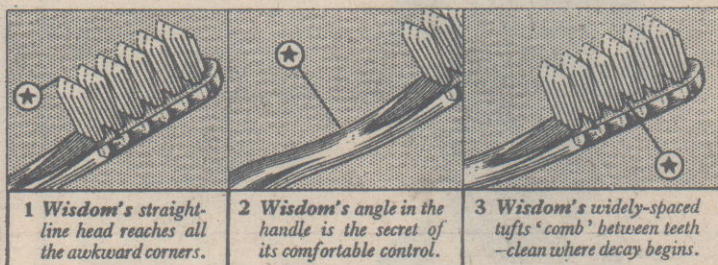
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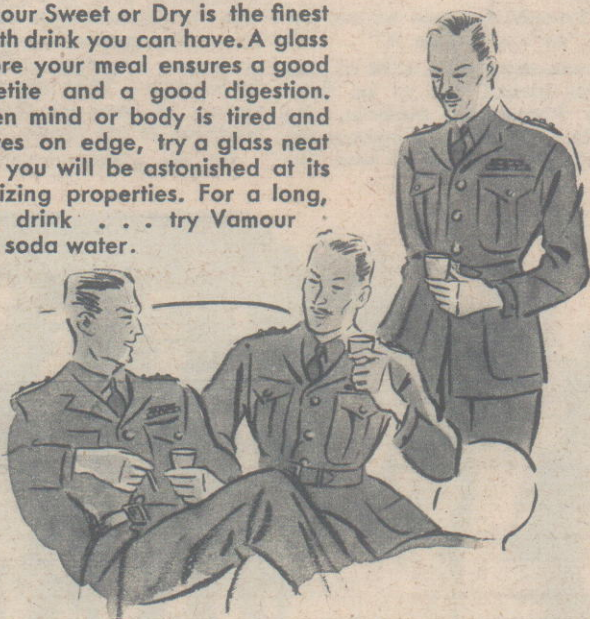
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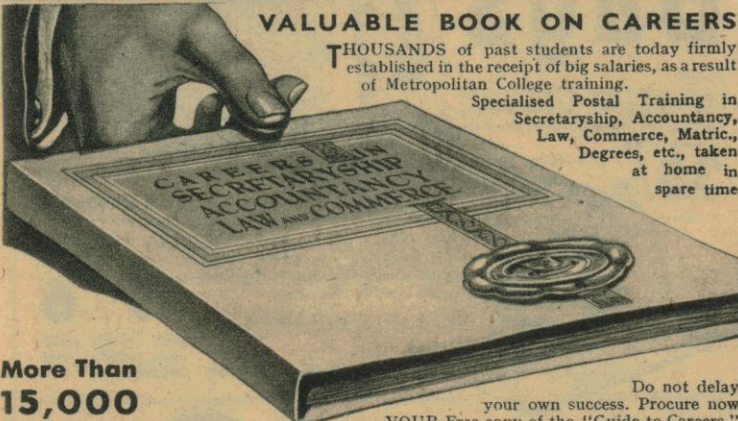


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BACK TO MINES after War Service

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Sport

Three all-round athletes of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards are candidates for the Olympic Games pentathlon team. One of them is Lance-Corporal Andrew Martin, first non-commissioned winner of a British Modern Pentathlon—a title he has earned two years running



L/Cpl. Andrew Martin: he served in Italy and Germany.

FIVE-IN-ONE

IF anyone is worried about the effect National Service might have on sport, let him consider the case of Lance-Corporal Andrew Martin of the Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards (5th DG to their friends).

L/Cpl. Martin went straight into the Army from Eton, where Rugby and boxing had occupied his sporting hours. He went into the 5th DG because of a family association with the regiment—his father, now a retired Brigadier, had served in it.

He learned to drive a Comet tank, served in Italy and Germany. In Germany he listened to the British Forces Network announcing a month's course of training for the Modern Pentathlon.

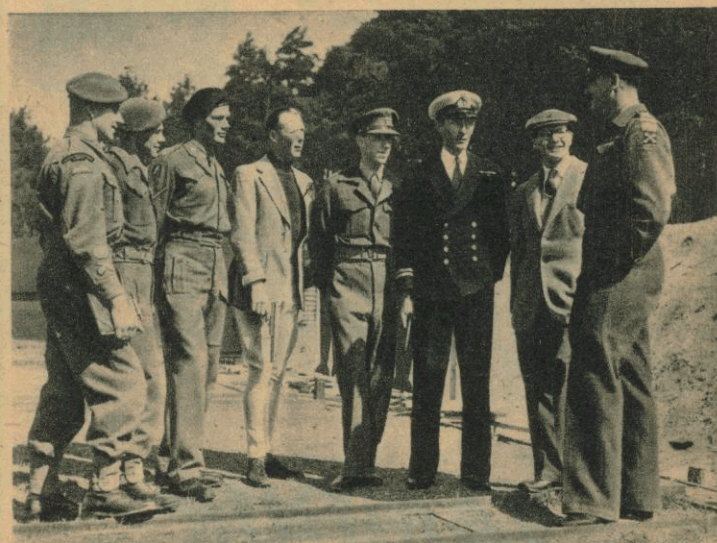
"I thought it would be fun," he says, "so I put in for it."

It was more than a bit of fun: Martin turned out to be first-class Pentathlon material. He was in a BAOR team against the French Army. Then he won the

1947 British Modern Pentathlon championship—the first non-commissioned winner. And this year, still not yet 21, he did it again. Now he is as near a certainty as anyone can be for the British Olympic pentathlon team this summer.

Yet until he heard that announcement on the radio, the pentathlon had meant nothing to Martin. He had done little running, taken only a cursory look at fencing, done hardly any pistol shooting, knew only what he had picked up about swimming. Only in the fifth event was he experienced; ever since he could remember he had ridden horses at his home at Sparkford, in Somerset. That was to be expected in view of the cavalry tradition of his family.

For his athletic future, Martin



Pep-talk by the "skipper," Lieut-Col. O. G. White (right). The others, reading from Lieut-Col. White, are Captain P. A. Duckworth, Lieut. G. A. G. Brooke RN, Lieut. M. Lumsden, Major C. P. D. Legard, Lance-Corporal A. Martin, Sergeant-Instructor G. Norman and QMSI. R. MacMaster, trainer.



Until he heard on the British radio in Germany that there was a course for pentathlon aspirants, L/Cpl. Martin had done hardly any pistol shooting. Now he is becoming a crack shot.

CORPORAL

has no plans. He is due out of the Army in August and hopes to go farming overseas, probably in East Africa. Athletics will have to fit into that scheme.

Of the eight men training to provide the British team of four for the Olympic Games, two others are from Martin's regiment. Captain P. A. Duckworth got his introduction to the pentathlon on the same course as Martin.

The other, Major C. P. D. Legard, is a legendary pentathlon figure. He first competed in 1931 and was in the 1932 and 1936 Olympic teams. This year, at 43, he was fifth in the British championship.

"I've got to reduce my running and swimming times, then perhaps I'll get into the Olympic team," he says. "Anyway, I shall be a spur to the youngsters just by trying."

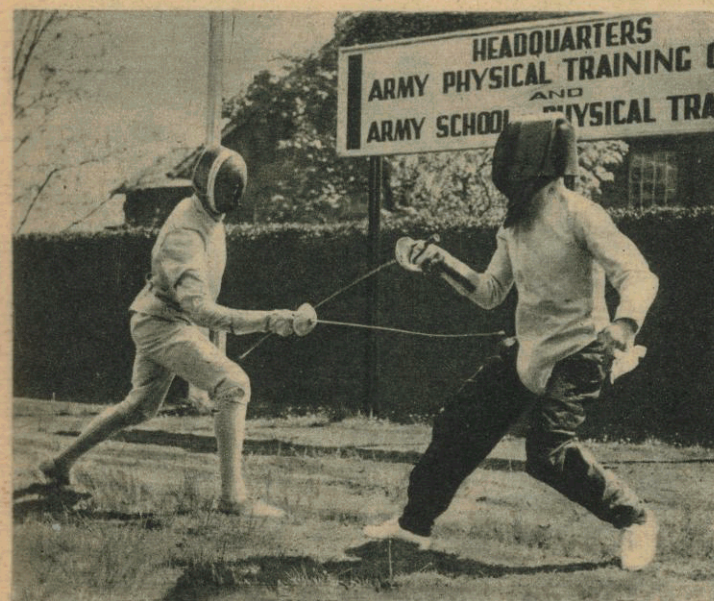
With three representatives in the pentathlon eight, the 5th DG are thinking of running their own

unit pentathlon—the first regiment to do so.

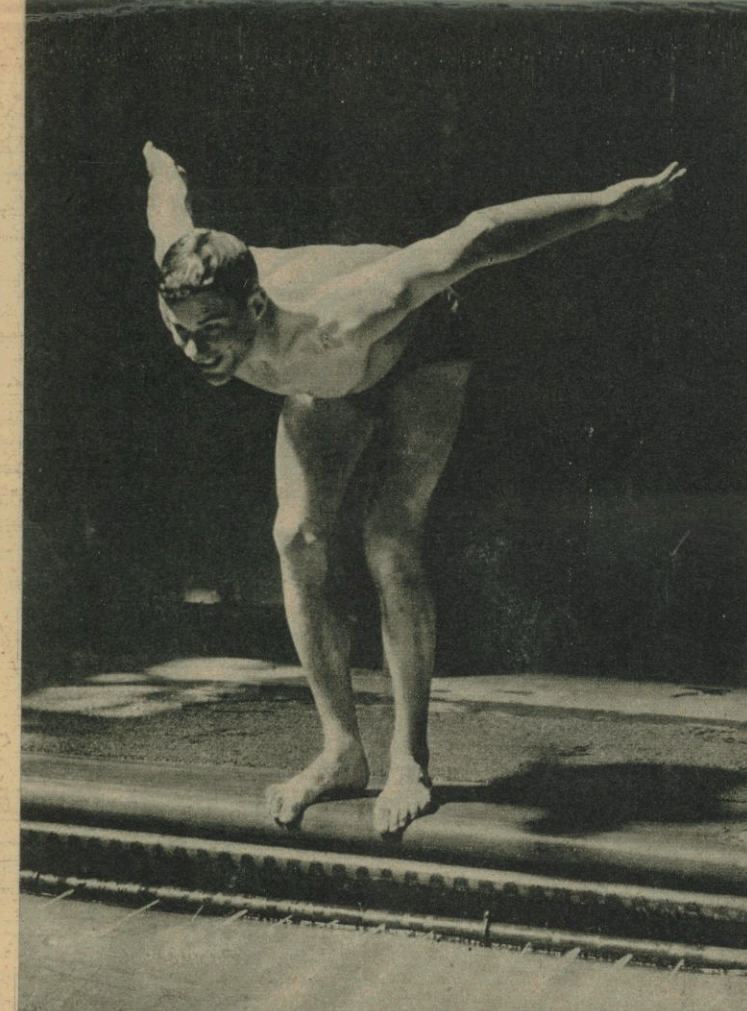
For the first time the Royal Navy looks like having a representative in the Olympic team. Lieutenant G. A. G. Brooke, DSC, a Prince of Wales survivor discovered, when he first saw a notice about the pentathlon, that he could do four of the necessary things well. The fifth was swimming: Dartmouth had got him his life-saving certificate but had not taught him the crawl. He came fourth in the aggregate result of this year's British championship.

The others from whom the Olympic team will be picked are: Lieutenant M. Lumsden, 12th Lancers, who was second in the British championship and won the riding event; Major P. de C. Jones, King's Shropshire Light Infantry; Major D. L. Alhusen, 9th Lancers; and Sergeant-Instructor G. Norman, Army Physical Training Corps, who won the swimming event in the British championship.

BOB O'BRIEN



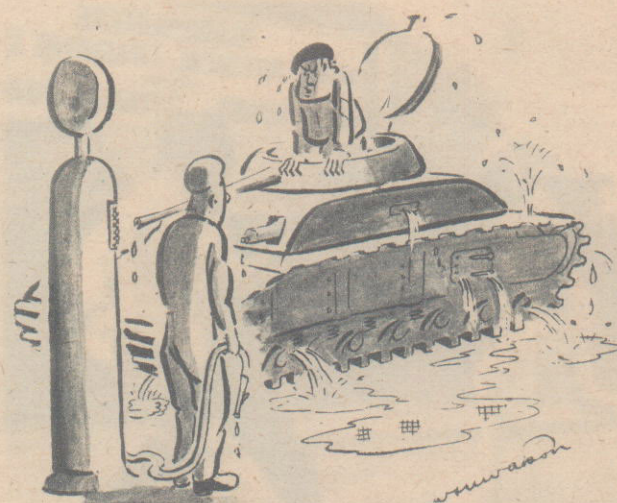
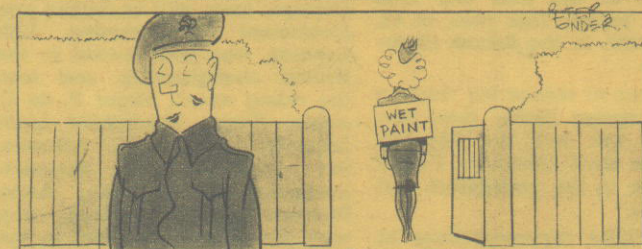
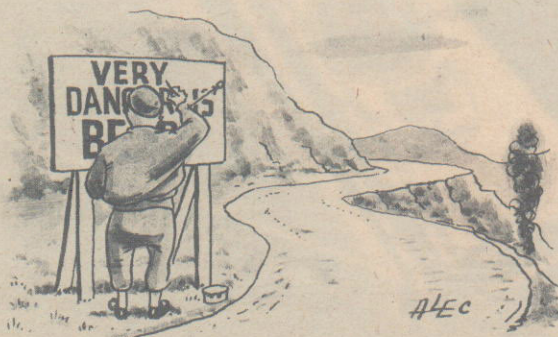
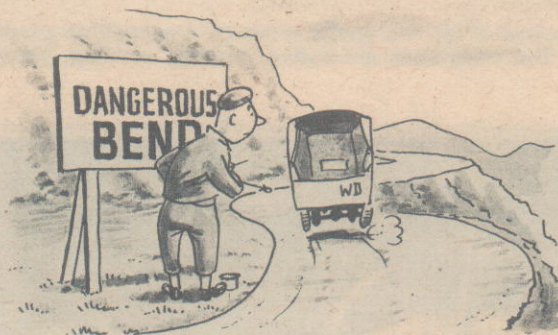
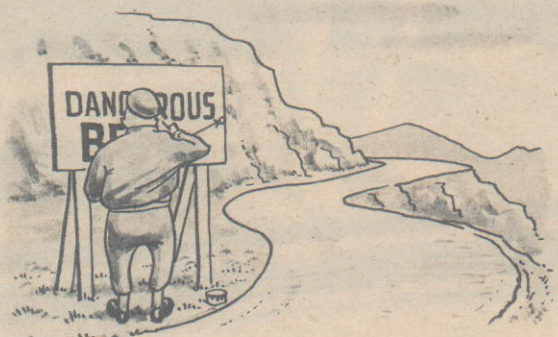
L/Cpl. Martin (left) in a fencing duel with Major P. de C. Jones, King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Photographs by Sgt. D. Price



Swimming is one of the five sports at which a pentathlon candidate must excel. The other four are riding, fencing, running, shooting.



SOLDIER Humour



"Well, you said fill up the tank."

Look what happens when you end Dry Scalp!



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



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

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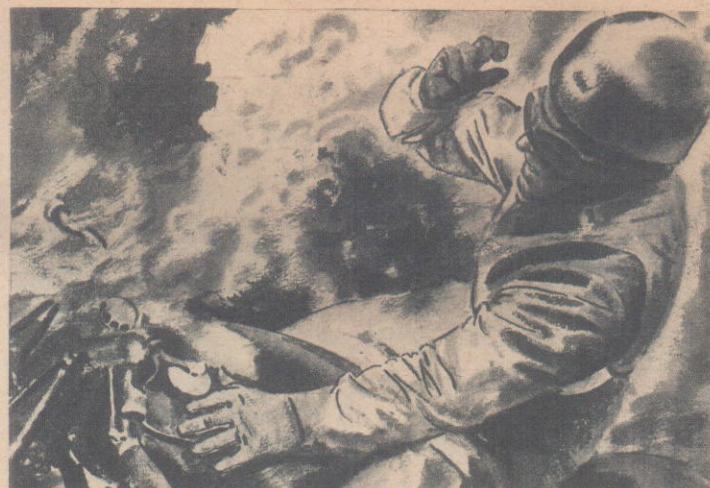
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Hand badly cut and burnt in crash —but he was able to carry on next day

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

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

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No apparatus is required. The lessons can be carried out in the smallest space. The course lasts from 3 to 6 months, according to the increases desired. Time required — 15 to 25 minutes daily.

A Typical "Body-Bulk" Result

Name, Rfn. A. C., Skipton, Yorks.

	At Commencement	End of 1st Lesson	End of 2nd Lesson	End of 3rd Lesson
Height...	5ft. 7 ¹ / ₄ in	5ft. 8 in.	5ft. 8 ¹ / ₄ in	5ft. 8 ⁵ / ₈ in.
Weight ..	8-12	9-8	10-5	10-13
Chest (N.)	35 in.	37 in.	39 in.	40 ¹ / ₂ in.
Biceps ...	11 ¹ / ₂ in.	12 ³ / ₈ in.	13 ¹ / ₄ in.	13 ⁷ / ₈ in.
Neck	14 ³ / ₄ in.	15 ¹ / ₄ in.	15 ³ / ₄ in.	16 in.
Thighs ...	20 ¹ / ₂ in.	22 ¹ / ₂ in.	23 in.	24 in.
Calves ..	14 ³ / ₄ in.	15 in.	15 ¹ / ₈ in.	15 ¹ / ₄ in.

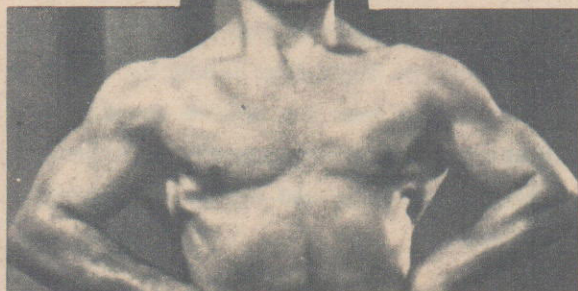
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Send P.O. or cash, with age, bodyweight, measurements and increases desired. Also mention special weaknesses and defects. First lesson sent by Air Mail without extra charge.

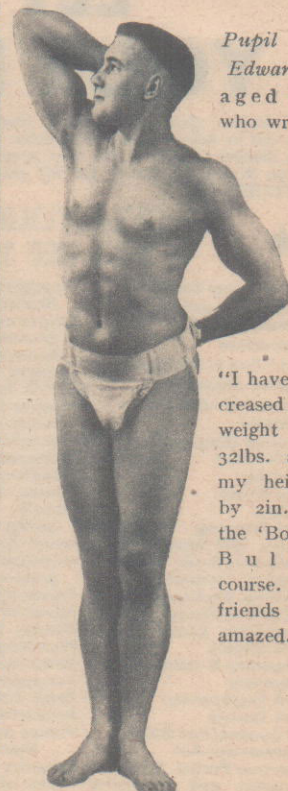
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Simply state your age, weight and measurements (Height, Chest, Upper arms, Wrist, Hips, Thighs and Ankle) and in return George Walsh will tell you the exact standard of bodyweight and measurements you can reach. You will also receive a copy of the interesting brochure "George Walsh Presents 'Body-Bulk' ". This service is FREE—but 3d in stamps should be enclosed for postage.

Pupil A. M.
45" Chest.
15" Biceps.



Pupil D. Edwards, aged 18, who writes



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Sjt. Peter Noakes was a laboratory assistant before the war. Selecting chemicals for testing petroleum products is nothing new to him.

The Petrol "Tasters"

THERE are more ways of saving petrol — and thus saving dollars and shipping — than just by not using it. And there are more ways of wasting it than by taking a wagon for a joy-ride.

One is by allowing it to evaporate through bad packing and storage; another is by exposing it to contamination; a third is by letting it deteriorate with age.

To deal with the last two, the Army brings into action its RASC Mobile Petroleum Laboratories. SOLDIER visited one of them, No. 8, which is stationed at Fayid and serves MELF from Malta to Mombasa.

This laboratory has an establishment of one officer and four men who are all trained or trainee chemists. They can test and analyse any petroleum products that come their way and they do it as experts; Serjeant Peter Noakes, for instance, who is a laboratory assistant, did the same work in civilian life for the Shell Company.

The unit began in 1942 with a job for Eighth Army in the Western Desert. It had to check all liquid fuels and lubricants supplied from British and Allied sources, to see if they came up to specifications, were contaminated, or had deteriorated.

At the same time, it examined samples of millions of tons of captured enemy fuels to see how they could best be used in British aircraft, vehicles and machines. This work had another

purpose—to discover and use any scientific advances the enemy might have made.

Eighth Army left huge stocks of petrol, oil and lubricants which have been exhausted only quite recently. Because of No. 8 Laboratory's constant checks, little or none was wasted.

The laboratory has also handled big stocks of vintage lubricants from the Far East, and its checks were important because deteriorated or contaminated oil can do more damage to machinery than having no oil at all.

The unit is still busy. There are routine periodical checks of POL from units and depots all over Middle East. There is the tracking down of deterioration or contamination caused by pilferage, by mishandling, by the differences in weather in the vast Command. There are fuels and lubricants to be tested for new vehicles and machinery. And there is guidance to be given to other units on the best way to use their issues of petroleum products.

Answers

(from Page 17)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. From "The Song of Solomon" (Old Testament).
2. A herb.
3. All dead.
4. Yorkshire has North, East and West Ridings.
5. Discovered circulation of blood.
6. Steel, Fisheries.
7. (a) Lhasa; (b) Rome; (c) Philadelphia.
8. An actress etc.
9. Gertrude Ederle (1926).
10. Plant it in your rockery.
11. Falsetto.
12. Height-and-range finder.

CROSSWORD

Across: 1. Condoned. 5 and 18 down. Boated. 6. Sandals. 9. Evicts. 10. Lava. 12. Opiates. 14. Vole. 15. Lyrics. 17. Statute. 20. Diehards.

Down: 1. Capitol. 2. Nest. 3. Noddle. 4 and 19 across. Delete. 5. Beehives. 7. Assault. 8. Scares me. 11. Assizes. 13. Pestle. 16. Year.

FOR ARMY ARTISTS

FOR the first time, the Army Art Society last year accepted entries from artists of all ranks in the three Services. The result was the most successful exhibition in the Society's history.

Subjects were mainly landscape and figure, but they presented, as Service art exhibits usually do, a wider variety of scenes and races than the run of civilian displays. There were 430 works in all.

In October of this year another display is to be held at the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, London. Those interested should write to the Honorary Secretary, Colonel L. N. Malan, 2 Iverna Gardens, London W 8.

PALESTINE: THE LAST WEEKS

(Continued from Page 9)

Arnhem, and had seen its name proudly inherited by a merger of 6th Airborne Field Ambulances, one of which had served at the Rhine crossing and in Java.

Palestine had been no sinecure for the men of this unit; they had tended everything from stomach-aches to gunshot wounds; they had sprayed Haifa with DDT when the plague struck (as their successors more recently sprayed Acre); they had tended wounded on both sides in the Arab-Jew riots in Haifa. Latterly they had been evacuating to Egypt and to Britain soldiers wounded in Palestine; even in the midst of their own evacuation they had a number of stretcher cases to carry.

Egypt had already received the Palestine Company, WRAC, who had travelled by sea. Then the last dozen WRAC/EFI girls had been flown out to Egypt; once they had been 300 strong in Palestine. All the girls were volunteers. Often they had been confined to camp and when they were allowed out they had to be escorted by no fewer than four

armed soldiers or policemen. The soldier in Palestine said "Thank you" as they left, not only for the work they had done but also for the cheerfulness and the companionship they had brought him in the past cramped months.

Some of the units evacuated from Palestine were settling into new quarters, even as, ironically, reinforcements of tanks rolled north over the Sinai Desert and Royal Marine Commandos were shipped in from Malta to strengthen the Army's tail.

To those who had been evacuated, Tripoli's thin, straggling oasis between the desert and the sea lacked the lushness of Palestine's fields and orange groves; its flat, featurelessness wearied the eye after the Holy Land's tumbled hills. But it was neat and had an air of civilisation. And you could walk out at night without a rifle and drink a beer without fear of bombs.

It was queer though to think of the smart "bull"-bedecked camps back in Judaea, overrun by those whom Britain had sought for 30 years to pacify.

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CAP ON SHOULDER

I read "Off-Duty in Japan" (SOLDIER, April). Surely the serjeant in the picture would have been better employed telling the signalman to dress himself properly and put his cap on his head and not under his epaulette. I hope none will now quote SOLDIER as the authority for this abominable habit which appears to have spread to Japan and is so rife in Britain.

Would that we could go back to the days when the soldier was issued with a smart peaked cap which he couldn't tuck under his epaulette. I never remember in pre-war days seeing a soldier walking out without a cap on. It is only since the introduction of the hideous F. S. cap and the slovenly beret that this has occurred. — **Capt. H. P. E. Pereira, Norton Barracks, Worcester.**

COURTESY

Is there any regulation stating that men must salute Nursing Officers of the QAIMNS or TANS? — **S/Sgt. V. G. Gray, Dover.**

★ ACI 1776 of 1941 states that officers and men of the Army are not required to salute officers of the Women's Forces, but it is expected that they will do so in courtesy. When soldiers and members of the Women's Forces are serving together within a unit, the OC will prescribe those formal occasions on which salutes will be exchanged between soldiers and members of the Women's Forces.

"THE GOOD SCOTSMAN"

I was interested in your reply to the correspondent who wanted to know what, if anything, a Scots soldier was allowed to wear under his kilt (SOLDIER, May).

I remember a Highland soldier telling me that (in the words of his OC) a Scotsman wearing the kilt must be as careful when he crosses his legs as if he were a girl sitting in a hotel lounge full of commercial travellers. — **"Trous-ered, Thank Goodness."**

12 YEARS' GRATUITY

Am I eligible for the new pension code gratuity for Regulars? I enlisted for six years with the Colours and six on the reserve in 1937. In 1945 I re-engaged to complete 12 years Colour service. Last year I saw the White Paper on pay and I estimated I would be eligible for about £75 at the end of my Colour service. — **CSM. C. Hall, No. 21 VRD, RAOC, Great Dunmow, Essex.**

★ You should get a gratuity of £60 if you decide to leave the Army after 12 years Colour service in 1949. This is made up as follows: £10 for your tenth year and £25 for each completed year after that. Normally £10 is given for each of the sixth to tenth years, but payments are made only from the date of the White Paper — 19 December 1945. This scheme has a maximum of £200 for those men whose sixth year starts after the date of the White Paper.

LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

21 OR 22?

I joined the Army in 1929 for eight years, later extending to 21 years. Will my pension be assessed on the new code, and is it necessary for me to extend to 22 years? — **RSM. H. Griffin, 2nd Infantry Divisional Signal Regt, BAOR.**

★ Men who re-engaged before 1 May 1946 to complete 21 years are eligible, at the end of their service, for a pension at new code rates. It will not be necessary for you to extend to complete 22 years.

GLOBE-TROTTERS

The article "Globe Trotters Break Up" (SOLDIER, March) states: "They (Y Division) crossed the Elbe and stormed into Lubeck the day before the German capitulation." Surely the expression "stormed" is a little dramatic, to say the least?

To quote "History of the 11th Armoured Division" page 115: "We welcomed the arrival of a brigade of 5th Division to assume responsibility for the town." — **S. Street, (ex-75 A/Tk Regt RA, 11th Armoured Div) 31 Madras Rd, Edgeley, Stockport, Cheshire.**

MARCONI GUARD

In some family documents recently I found one of my relatives described on a birth certificate as a "private in the Marconi Guard." Have you any information about this unit? — **Sgt. W. J. Williams, R. Sigs. Catterick.**

★ This has stumped us. Can any reader help?

DEOLALI TAP

PROBABLY not one soldier in ten knows the meaning of the expression "The Deolali Tap," which is sometimes used to suggest that a soldier who has served in India was rather irresponsible in his words and deeds.

Now I'm not generally considered daft, but I have had the Deolali Tap and this is the explanation:—

Deolali was a famous "rest camp" about a hundred miles from Bombay, to which troops headed for the north or east of India were sent when they landed in India. Arriving at the camp, the men would file through a gate carrying their kitbags. As they went through, a native would stamp their kitbags with an oval stamp, about three by two inches, fitted to a handle like a hammer, which he would ink from a pad at his side. The stamp was the depot mark.

From a distance, it looked as if the men were being hit on the head with a hammer which, according to legend, knocked them silly. And that was the Deolali Tap.

E. Stratford.

À LA CARTE

While agreeing whole-heartedly with your support for Army cooks (SOLDIER to Soldier, March) I would like to repudiate your statement: "No Army can present an à la carte meal."

I suggest you visit any of the Army cooking centres or units with the cafeteria system in operation. Experience of operating this system where facilities exist has proved very successful, and cooks, critical at first, would not go back to the "set meal" system again. — **Captain A.R. Bisset, ACC, Central Messing, Depot Bn RASC, Thetford, Norfolk.**

DOWN-GRADED

I have recently been down-graded from A1 to B1 (non-tropical). I hear an ACI has been issued which states that all men below A1 will soon be discharged regardless of their service. As I have completed 15 years of my 22, I am worried. There are many men in this unit with long service but low grades owing to wounds. — **"Catergorged", Catterick.**

★ There is no such ACI. However, you should see ACI 209/45. Soldiers (except those in category E) will be kept as long as they can be suitably employed.

D-DAY PIONEERS

Please tell me which company of the Pioneer Corps landed in France on D-Day. — **L. H. Wilkinson, 23 Goldsmith Drive, Herringthorpe, Rotherham.**

★ The following Pioneer companies landed on D-Day: 53, 58, 75, 85, 102,



112, 115, 129, 135, 144, 149, 152, 170, 173, 190, 209, 231, 243, 267, 279, 280, 292, 293, 303, 314 and 320.

IF HE REVERTS

In the war substantive rank of WO 1 I am awarded the LS and GC medal and consequently do not become eligible for the gratuity. But do I get it if, at the end of the emergency, I revert to a substantive rank below that of WO 1? — **WO 1 S. L. Patmore, REME, HQ 31 Indep. Infantry Brigade.**

★ Yes, you will become eligible if you drop to a rank below that of WO 1.

DEFERMENT GROUSE

Everything seems to be done to encourage the Regular but I wonder when something is going to be done for the poor Territorial still serving. Here is my case and I am sure there must be hundreds the same.

I joined the TA in 1925, was mobilised 1 September 1939. I was in Age and Service Group 3 for release. I was asked to sign on for one year, two years or General Demobilisation. Not realising how long this would mean, I signed for General Demobilisation. When it was permitted to bring families to Germany I was barred as I had not a set term to serve. I was not allowed end-of-war leave as I was a Territorial, nor re-engagement leave for the same reason. I have a home posting now but I am not entitled to clothing coupons as I have deferred. By the time I am released, I will have served for three years over my time and I do not receive a penny for it, yet a soldier signing on for three years gets £100. — (Name and address supplied.)

Men of Age and Service Group No. 1 who in 1945 deferred until General

Demobilisation will have completed three extra years of service by the time they are released next June, but without receiving an extra gratuity.

Since signing on in 1945 many of them have had to revert to a lower rank to make way for Regulars or ex-Indian Army men and must take their 56 days release leave at the lower rate of pay.

Those in Groups 1 to 12 are not now young men and unless they have a civilian job waiting, they may find such replies as "Sorry, a bit too old." — **F.J.W., St. Margaret's Bay, Dover.**

★ These are two of several letters on the same lines and SOLDIER has sought out the War Office view.

The main point of the answer is that deferred release was voluntary; the soldier knew what he was signing for when he decided not to go out with his age group. (He has already received his gratuity for war service.)

The short-service scheme was designed to attract trained men who were due for release or who had been released; it opened in April 1946, offering three- and four-year engagements, with bounties. The first short-service men will not be out until April 1949 or April 1950, whereas the men who deferred will all be out before the end of this year. In any case it was open to men who had deferred to re-enlist on short-service—with bounties—if they wanted to.

The Territorial was not barred from having his wife and family in Germany. Family passages were admissible up to 1 November 1947 for men serving to General Demobilisation, if they had a year's anticipated service in BAOR.

He did not get SEWLROM or RENLEAVE, but he will get his full quota of release leave (which the people who got SEWLROM or RENLEAVE did not get) when he is demobilised.

By agreement with the Board of Trade last year, it was agreed that only Regulars should get civilian clothing coupons. Men who had deferred are considered to be in sight of demobilisation, with its clothing benefits and its clothing coupons.

ALERT POLICE

In your article "Death in Her Notebook" (SOLDIER, April), describing the duties of the WRAC shorthand writer in the Hamburg War Crimes Court, you say there is a sergeant in court whose job is to see that the military police standing behind the dock are alert and that nothing happens to disturb the dignity of the court.

The first duty of a military policeman is to be alert without supervision, and the police who were on duty there were specially selected. The paragraph caused some indignation among the NCO's. — **Cpl. W. Smith, 247 Provost Coy RM Police, att 59 Provost Coy.**

★ SOLDIER regrets unintentional reflection on military police.

RANK PROBLEM

I am an ex-Regular other rank serving on a short-service commission and have been told that my reckonable service on the active list ends in 1956.

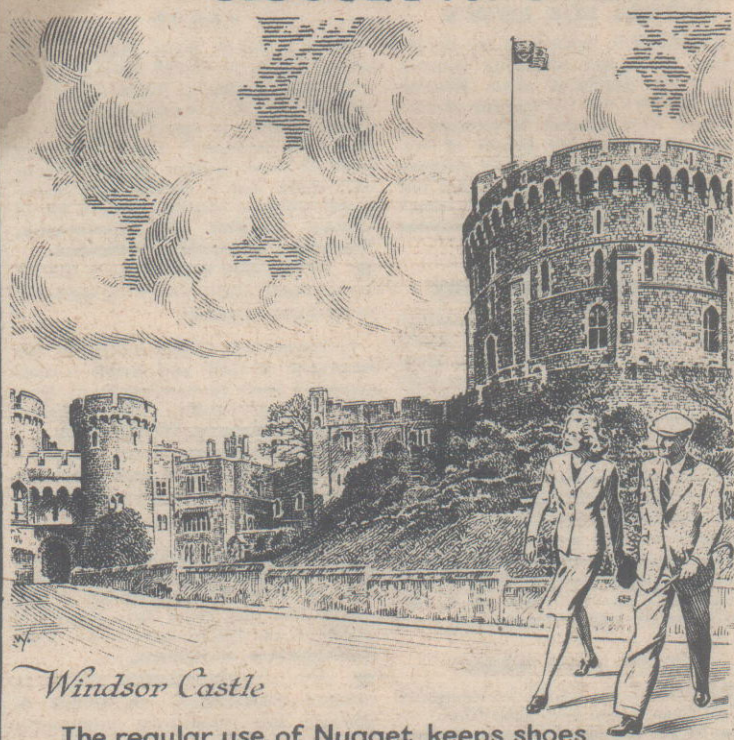
I have tried to find out if half the period in the ranks counts towards substantive rank. Army Order 147/47, which deals with substantive promotion, does not say whether those serving on a short-service engagement are eligible for this. — **"Lieut", Gibraltar.**

★ The granting of time promotion to short-service officers is still being considered. Meanwhile they continue to be eligible for promotion under the war-time code.

(More Letters on Page 46)

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These are times of change and stress. The body has to adapt itself to ever-varying conditions. Often it needs help—and pain is one of its ways of saying so. The best treatment for headache, neuritis and rheumatic and kindred pain conditions is **QUICK ACTION WITH 'ASPRO'**. Have 'ASPRO' ready to take at the onset of the symptoms. You'll quickly feel its **WONDERFUL PAIN-DISPELLING EFFECT**. Vexed nerves are soothed—a sense of comfort and well-being ensues. To the tired and over-strained 'ASPRO' brings sweet sleep, yet it does not harm the heart or stomach.

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**HEADACHES-NEURALGIA-NEURITIS-CHILLS
'FLU'-RHEUMATIC PAIN-BRINGS SWEET SLEEP
PAIN GOES—SLEEP COMES**

N. H., of Birmingham, writes:—"I am obliged to write to you to tell you of the wonderful soothing properties of your 'ASPRO' tablets. I have just recently smashed my finger at the works where I am employed and, as is to be expected, the pain was so intense the first night succeeding the accident I could not sleep, but 3 'ASPRO' tablets the next day eased the pain greatly and another 2 at bedtime and I slept like a top. I shall always recommend them to anyone in pain."

'ASPRO' BRINGS GREAT RELIEF FROM HEADACHES

Collamain, Oylgate, Enniscorthy, Co. Wexford.

Dear Sirs, Having read several testimonials of users of 'ASPRO' I tried them myself as I had several headaches and glad to state they gave me great relief with the result that I will recommend them to anyone who suffers from same.

Yours truly, JOHN J. FLAHERTY.

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Don't be caught by an UNEXPECTED CHILL—KEEP 'ASPRO' HANDY & KEEP WELL

MORE LETTERS

PETROL FOR POW'S

In **SOLDIER**, April 1948, we are informed that some returning German POW's on discharge from Munster Lager are met by "all manner of conveyances from ancient broughams to smart cars." Are the people of victorious Britain being severely rationed in the use of petrol in order that our defeated enemies may travel in smart cars? — **Bdr. TA (Name and address supplied).**

ANOTHER SIGNATURE

I read the article "This Signature Sets A Man Free" (**SOLDIER**, April) and would like to inform you that there is also a Wehrmacht Disbandment Unit in Hamburg. My name goes on Wehrmacht Discharge Certificates and I don't know how many hundred thousands of my signatures are floating around Germany and Austria. Also, my unit is doing mobile discharges of hospital cases and POW returned from Russia. The area we have to cover is approximately 3500 square miles, reaching from the Danish border down to the American Zone. — **WO II R. G. Anderson, 39 DCU, Hamburg.**

RIFLES AND RAMC

Can men in the RAMC be compelled to do guards and drill with rifles? — **Pte. K. B. Dodds, Training Centre, BAOR.**

★ Article 8 of the Red Cross Convention of 1929 envisages the use of arms by men of medical formations and establishments in defence of themselves and of the sick and wounded in their charge. Therefore it follows that the RAMC may properly be trained in the use of arms.

LEAVE

When I was in Rhine Army I spent several leaves in BAOR leave centres. I am now serving in England and am entitled to 28 days re-engagement leave. Could I apply to spend it at a leave centre in Germany? There is usually room at leave centres, in leave trains and ships, and it would give home-based troops a chance to see a bit of Europe. — **Bdr. R. Gustavigna, Waterloo Barracks, Aldershot.**

★ Sorry. Men may not go to BAOR on ordinary leave, either by military or civilian channels.

Is Tripolitania (North Africa) in the command of CMF and would a man stationed there be entitled to 19 days leave every six months? — **Sgt. P. Bean, Grenadier Guards, Middle East.**

★ CMF no longer exists. Tripolitania is under MELF and from this command there is no home leave during an overseas tour.

I returned from Italy in December and have not yet taken disembarkation leave. As I am due for release at the end of this year can I have this leave added to my release leave? — **Pte. P. Johnstone, Guildford.**

★ No. Disembarkation leave is allowed immediately on return to Britain and cannot be voluntarily deferred.

HE CAME BACK

Released in 1946, I rejoined in 1947. Am I entitled to any re-enlistment leave? — **Pte. C. Ryan, 6 VRCS, RAVC, BAOR.**

★ No. The 28 days re-enlistment leave is only granted to those who are serving at the time of re-enlistment.

NO LIAP

Is it true that leave similar to LIAP (Leave In Addition to Python) is under consideration for troops serving in Far East? — **Pte. A. Perry, 221 Veh. Coy., GPO, Singapore.**

★ LIAP finished on 1 January 1948 and no similar leave scheme for FARELF is under consideration.

TO EARN PROMOTION

I read your reply to Sgt. Sharpe's letter (**SOLDIER**, January). If it is true that educational certificates will not be required for promotion when the peacetime code comes in, what is the point of having any education? — **Sgt. M. J. Walden, Colchester.**

★ It has not yet been decided whether specific educational standards are to be included in the qualifications for rank when a peace-time promotion code is introduced.

However, a soldier's educational standard will always be an important



factor when he is being considered for promotion. Every soldier ought to take full advantage of the educational facilities in his unit and at education centres, not only to fit himself for promotion in the Army, but also to improve his chances in civil life.

STUDENTS' CLASS B

In reply to a letter in **SOLDIER** (November 1947) on Class B releases for students wishing to go to universities, you said a memorandum of guidance to vice-chancellors of universities, principals of colleges and heads of other educational institutions for the academic year 1948-49 had not yet been issued. Has it now been published? — **Cpl. A. Middleton, A Coy, 3rd Trg Bn (Basic) RAOC, Rugby Camp, Hilsa, Portsmouth.**

★ Yes. If you intend going to a university or technical college, the institution you wish to attend may apply for your Class B release provided (a) you were called up before 1947 and are therefore due for age and service group release this year, and (b) you desire to take a full-time course and a place has been reserved for you. These arrangements do not apply to men who entered the Forces after 31 December 1946 for a fixed term of service.

The scheme covers, in the case of universities, courses in any subject. In the case of technical colleges the courses are listed, and the scheme also covers a student wishing to resume his studies.

A soldier cannot apply for Class B

release. This rests with the educational institutions concerned. If successful he will be released before the start of the academic year unless earlier release is asked for to enable him to attend a refresher course.

TAKING THE FAMILY

I am in married quarters in BAOR and am shortly being posted to the Far East. Can my wife and child travel with me or must they follow at a later date? — **L/Cpl. W. Kear, 247 Provost Coy, CRMP.**

★ They follow at a later date provided you are a Regular or short-service soldier undergoing a tour of not less than 18 months with 14 months still to serve, and provided your application for quarters made to your CO on arrival at your new station is successful. See ACI's 375/46 and 179/46, amended by ACI's 1003/46 and 1004/46.

BY APPOINTMENT

We have an argument going on in our mess about ranks. Is there one existing now of peace-substantive lance-corporal? — **C/Sgt. S. Craggs, 4 Nigeria Regt, West Africa.**

★ No. Lance-corporal is not a rank, only an appointment.

BEARDS

Almost every day of eight years service the Army has insisted that I shall pick up a razor and scrape off the beard Nature benevolently gave me to protect my face and throat.

In obeying, I have wasted an incalculable number of man-hours. I have wasted a good deal of money, for which I could have found good use. I have wasted soap-fats, which my harassed wife would have rejoiced to have to add to the meagre household ration. I have wasted steel which in war could have made guns and in peace could make machinery for export.

I have nearly always had a cut or some other skin blemish to show for shaving. The dust of Syria and the mud of Burma both got into shaving cuts, so that I had to worry an MO with a nasty case of dermatitis.

A well-trimmed beard would have been more economical and certainly much healthier. As for smartness — well, the only things that go with a shaven face are nose-rings and pretty patterns in woad. A beard at least looks civilised.

Couldn't the Army get "permission to grow" as the Royal Navy does? — **"Beaver" (Name and address supplied).**

Officers' Association

SOLDIER is asked to point out that the Officers' Association (described in **SOLDIER**, April) does not assist serving officers. Its charter lays down that assistance can be given to "all those who have at any time held a commission."

Two Minute Sermon

Have you ever asked yourself the question "Why am I here at all? What is the aim and purpose of this whole business of living?"

The best answer I know to this question is that "Man's chief end is to know God and to enjoy Him for ever."

This means that we can only really live and develop our personalities and powers to the full, if we learn to know

God (by obeying His commands) and have pleasure in all that God stands for—His commands, His love and His plans for us. If we miss this, we miss the whole point and meaning of life—the reason for living at all.

Man can live his life and neglect God. But he makes a poor job of it, and never finds the happiness which comes from developing his full personality as God meant it to be.

RIZLA

News Bulletin

OWING TO INCREASE IN PURCHASE TAX (NOW 66²/₃%) THE NEW RETAIL PRICES ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

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FILTER TIPS 6¹/₂ d. per box

SPARE BANDS 1³/₄ d. each

CADET CIGARETTE ROLLING MACHINES
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2¹/₂ d. each

RASH ON FACE CLEARED

Writes H. S., Derby

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

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

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

WORKS UNDER THE SKIN

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



VALDERMA IS NON-GREASY

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

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DOUBLE-ANTISEPTIC
VALDERMA
THE Non-Greasy BALM

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

RELIEVED OVERNIGHT

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AERO-PED Ointment contains P.M.N. the most effective remedy known to science. It acts in 3 ways to give you quick, lasting foot health and comfort. (1) Kills the germs and fungi which cause Foot-Rot (*Tinea Pedis*). (2) Stops irritation and pain at once. (3) Heals cracks between toes and checks excessive perspiration.

MAKE THIS TEST

Get a jar of **AERO-PED** P.M.N. Ointment to-day. Use it night and morning. Notice how pain and irritation stops. Cracks between toes are healed, sores disappear, inflammation goes! Results are certain — often overnight. Start using **AERO-PED** to-day.

'WORKS WONDERS' says R.M.B. "I wish to express my sincere thanks to **AERO-PED**. I have spent 4 years abroad and suffered terribly with my feet until I used **AERO-PED**. It sure does work wonders. I was amazed at the results. I shall at all times recommend **AERO-PED**."




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SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



CAROL FORMAN

The lady is limber.
And carved from straight timber.
A girl needn't look voluptuous
To be pinuptuous.

— RKO Radio