

SOLDIER

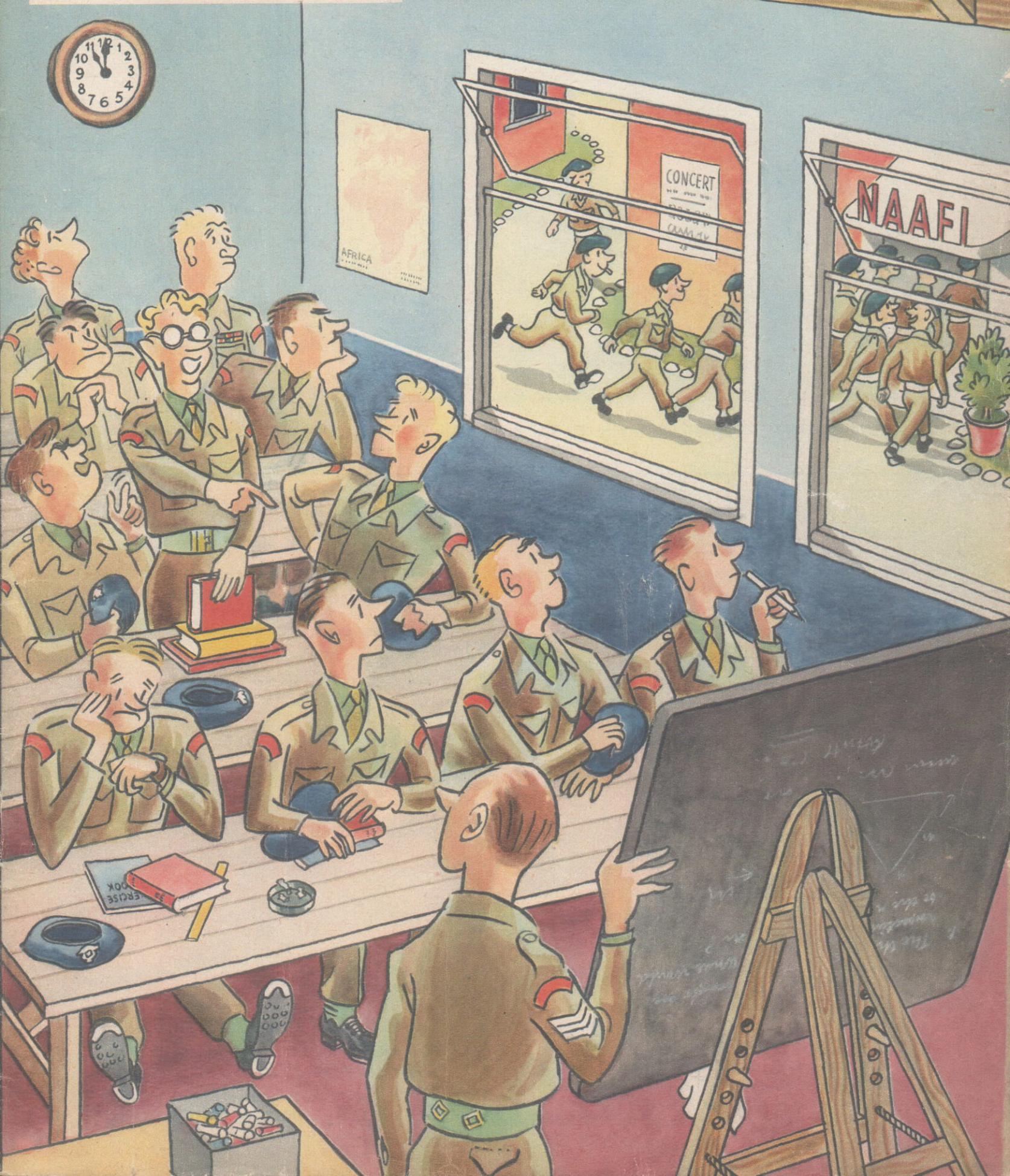
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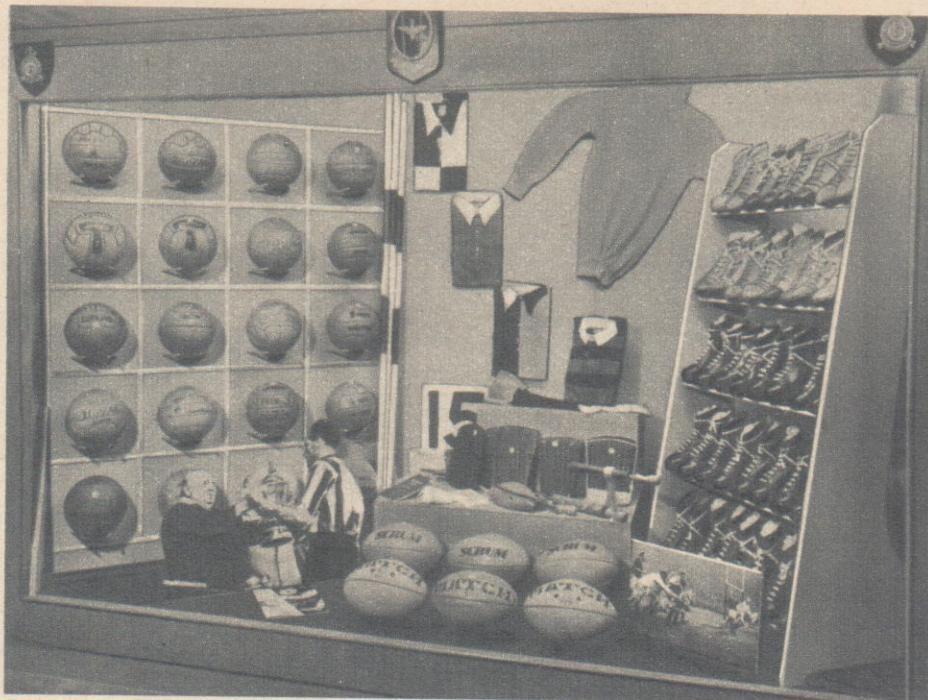
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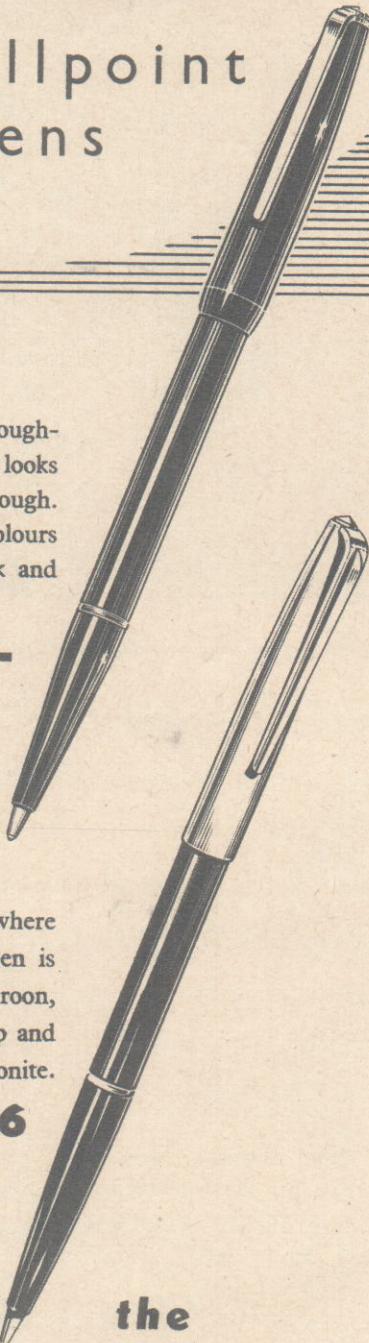
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YIA



Back from Korea, the 1st Battalion The Middlesex Regiment "showed the flag" in the unromantic streets of its native county. Here a column of troops passes through Hornsey on its way to Harringay.

THE MARCH OF THE MIDDLESEX MEN

THE plate glass quivers in the shop
With each explosion of the drum.
The shopgirls squeal, the milk carts stop.
Through Hornsey Town the Diehards come.

The Diehards come . . . from Pyongyang,
From paddy fields and broken shrines.
In Hornsey never poet sang,
Yet magic gilds these steel-tipped lines.

The whirling mace soars ten feet high
(Beware, beware, the trolley wires!)
The bugles work their witchery,
The drums stir up the old desires.

There's Ginger's girl, turned out to cheer!
The bus men clap—let's have some more!
An undertaker leaves his bier
And stands there, blinking, in his door.

A parched old man (like some who stared,
Less comprehending, at Pusan)
Stands heels together, bald head bared.
The Colours pass. This waxen man

Once marched behind the fifes and drums.
Yes, even in this human wraith
There leaped the bitter pride that comes
When all is broken, except faith.

The music beats on grimy walls,
And posters crying suds and stout,
And snack bars and masonic halls,
And bagwash laundries . . . Scrub it out!

Scrub out the Gas Board, and the smile
Of Rita Hayworth looking down.
Scrub out this far from royal mile,
Obliterate the khaki-brown,

And paint the scene a fiercer hue,
Lay scarlet on, and more again,
And daub the sky a Spanish blue,
For these are Albuhera's men,

These same, returned from Asian quests,
These ruddy lads with shaven necks,
And blue-white ribbons on their breasts,
The Fifty-Seventh, the Middlesex.

* * *

They pass. And some who heard the sound,
And longed to join the schoolboy cheers,
Go back to do their daily round
With glory booming in their ears.

E. S. T.



Left: Twenty silver bugles were presented to men of the Middlesex by Lord Latham, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Middlesex, in recognition of the Regiment's gallantry in Korea.

Right: The Colours of the Regiment are borne through the heart of the Empire.

THE MARCH OF THE MIDDLESEX MEN (Cont'd)

HORNSEY was not the only place to see the Diehards "show the flag." A day or two later they marched through London to the Horse Guards Parade.

Here, Lord Latham, Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex, handed 20 silver bugles to the drummers of the Battalion. Each bugle bore an inscription saying that it was presented to the Regiment by the people of the county, in recognition of the Regiment's gallantry in Korea.

The parade over, the Middlesex marched off the square and through Admiralty Arch — a privilege extended by the Royal Navy to mark the friendship between the Middlesex and HMS *Unicorn*, which carried the Diehards to Korea from Hong-Kong in 1950.

From the Arch, the Middlesex, Colours flying and bayonets fixed, went down Whitehall, past the

War Office and the Cenotaph, to Westminster Abbey. Here the Colours were carried up the nave to the sanctuary. A special service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, Dr. A. C. Don, and the Chaplain-General, Canon V. J. Pike, preached the sermon.

After the service, the Regiment set off on its last ceremonial march of the day. This time, it was to the drill hall of the London Scottish, in Buckingham Gate, where the Diehards were the guests of the Middlesex County Council at luncheon.

In the following days came leave, and then preparations for more travel. The Middlesex are due to go to Austria in March.



Below: The Middlesex County Council entertains the Diehards to luncheon, in the headquarters of the 1st Battalion The London Scottish.



SOLDIER to Soldier

"THEY wouldn't give our Willie a commission because of his North of England accent." That was the burden of a mother's complaint in a national newspaper recently.

It makes an interesting addition to the long list of peculiar reasons which have been advanced to explain why soldiers have failed to obtain commissions.

It is natural for parents to assume that their sons have been turned down, as potential officers, for foolish or "blimpish" reasons. How do they know these reasons? Because their sons have told them. How do their sons know the reasons? Candidates who have been rejected by interviewing boards often have very wrong ideas as to the real reason; and wounded pride prompts the loser to suggest explanations which may be sadly wide of the mark.

Too many parents (and sons, for that matter) think that a commission should come by right to any young man with a good education and no obvious vices. The Army, however, clings to the old-fashioned and admirable idea that an officer should, at the least, have some glimmerings of other qualities without which brains are useless: initiative, leadership, self-control, to mention only three.

Many of the world's greatest thinkers would have made wildly unsuitable regimental officers. A man may be brainy, and at the same time morose, or cynical, or bad-tempered, or touchy, or insipid, or just plain awkward. None of these is the quality of an officer. It may be that a candidate for a commission is asked, deliberately, a "blimpish" question, the idea being merely to see whether he is easily rattled. If he is, and he is rejected, how tempting to go around saying that the board was composed of "blimps."

It would be a very strange board that ruled out, as a candidate for a commission, a soldier with a Yorkshire or Lancashire accent. Nobody minds an accent, so long as the words are distinguishable. But the world is full of mumblers who are too lazy to speak clearly, and if, into the bargain, they possess a strong regional accent, they are doubly difficult to understand by their fellow men. A lot has been said in mockery of the "officer accent," but — with rare exceptions — you can hear what a British officer says when he opens his mouth.

* * *

INSPIRED by the issue of the new peaked cap to the Royal Air Force, *The Times* has been saying hard words about the beret. The heading of its leading article was "Hats Fit For Heroes?"

The Times thinks the beret has only two advantages: it is useful for wear in a tank, and headphones can be clamped over it.

"One does not wish to cast doubts on the discrimination of the Basque peasantry . . . but it is nevertheless extremely difficult to discover in the beret any of the attributes which most people hope to find in a hat." Thus (it is complained) the beret exposes the whole of the wearer's face not only to sun and rain, but to the enemy. The chances of a soldier looking smart in it "depend entirely on the shape of his head and the size of his face." There seems to be another objection which had never occurred to SOLDIER: the beret requires the use of two hands to put on the head.

The Times, however, missed one disadvantage that SOLDIER has not failed to point out: namely, that a beret can too easily be pushed under a shoulder strap.

Whatever they think about the beret, most soldiers will admit that it has one advantage



General Sir Gerald Templer wields "such military and political powers as no British soldier has had since Cromwell." That is the view of the American magazine *Time*, which front-paged the General and devoted four pages to his achievements in Malaya.



over its predecessor, the side-cap. It does not fall off after a smart "eyes right." Moreover, of all military hats, the beret is least likely to be blown off in a high wind.

As SOLDIER knows only too well from the photographs which pile on to its desk, it is next to impossible to persuade all the soldiers all the time to wear their berets properly. Indeed, it is a matter for amazement that a simple cap (or bag) can be made to achieve such startling individual shapes and positions.

SOLDIER's private view is that you can't beat a peaked cap for military wear, but a peaked cap calls for a more formal uniform than battle-dress (there is, of course, a peaked cap with Number One Dress). For financial reasons alone, the beret is likely to be here for a long time yet; we must grin and wear it, and we may as well wear it properly.

Even if it means putting it on with both hands.

* * *

FROM *The Times* to *Time*.

A recent issue of the well-known American news-magazine carried a front-page colour portrait of General Sir Gerald Templer, and nearly four pages of high-pressure prose on his achievements in Malaya. This was a handsome refutation of the charge that America does not realise that Britain has another Far Eastern war on her hands, over and above the one in Korea.

Says *Time*: "The dragon-tooth soil of Northern Ireland has farrowed a fine litter of Britain's great generals — Montgomery, Alexander, Dill, Alanbrooke, Auchinleck. It also farrowed Gerald Templer, a thin, deceptively fragile-looking, tough soldier." This "smiling tiger" wields "such military and political powers . . . as no British soldier has had since Cromwell."

Conceivably not all who know General Templer will recognise him in *Time*'s pepped-up picture. The magazine quotes such tributes to the General as "he acted like a red-hot poker" and "he always impressed you as a man who was inevitably heading for a crack-up." It also quotes General Templer's wry admission that he is "the only general ever wounded by a piano" — a reference to the occasion in Italy when a truck carrying a looted piano blew up on a mine as the General's car was about to pass.

The caption on the cover of the magazine says "The jungle has been neutralised." General Templer probably would not put it as high as that; but his vigorous and original measures have clearly sown bitter dismay and discouragement in the secret places of the jungle.

* * *

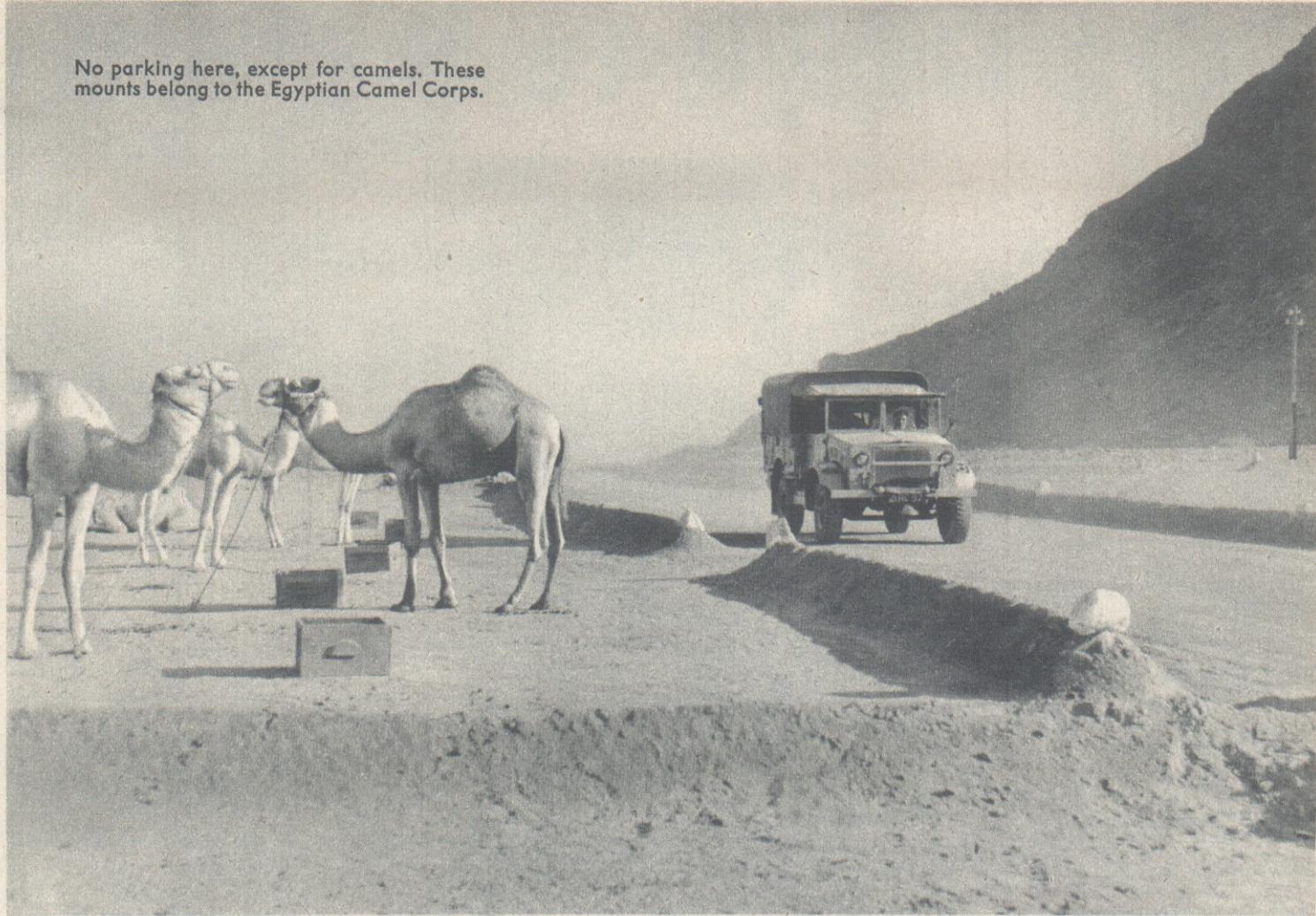
THE British do not like to display emotion in public.

When the "Diehards" showed the flag in Hornsey, a middle-aged woman in the crowd near the saluting base kept calling "Thank you," "Thank you," in a thin, shrill voice. It was very unlikely that any of the marching men heard her, but she kept calling her thanks, to the best of her ability, until the column had passed. Those standing nearby took sidelong looks at her, as people do when they hear an old man talking to himself in a public house. Possibly some of them thought the woman was guilty of un-English behaviour.

It was a sad, yet a heartening incident: a woman trying to express gratitude to the Army. The generals, the colonels commandant, the mayors, the Members of Parliament — these say their "thank you's" into microphones; but the words of mothers and widows are lost on the wind.

Nevertheless, it is the spirit that counts. Thank you, madam.

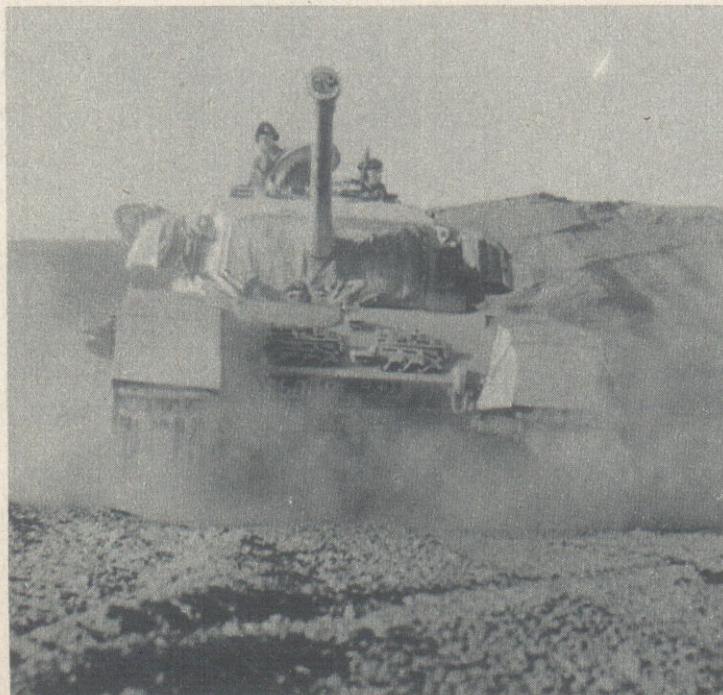
No parking here, except for camels. These mounts belong to the Egyptian Camel Corps.



DESERT 'WAR' AGAIN

Ten years after, the sons of the "Desert Rats" were slithering through the *wadis* on the biggest peace-time manoeuvres in the Middle East

Report by Lieut-Col. T. W. Stubbs, Public Relations, British Troops, Egypt.
Photographs: Sjt. R. Humble and Spr. K. A. Jennison, Royal Engineers.



A Centurion kicks up the dust. It belongs to 4th Royal Tank Regiment, which operated with the Sherwood Foresters on its flank.

THE sons of many of the men who fought their way from Alamein to Berlin have had their first taste of desert campaigning in the frowning Jebel el Ataka, south-west of Suez.

It was a trial of strength between two Infantry divisions.

Third Infantry Division (white triangular flash), under Major-General J. H. N. Poett, became the northern force, Shamal; 1st Infantry Division (red triangle on black triangle), under Major-General Tom Brodie, was the southern force, Ganoub. Major-General Brodie, who commanded 29 Brigade in Korea, has had experience in repulsing a northern aggressor.

The country selected was of the toughest, with deep vertical-sided *wadis*, narrow single-track passes, and miles of soft, loose sand. Most impressive was "Sapper Pass," a tortuous, narrow track with a long stretch less than eight feet wide and a sheer drop of hundreds of feet either side.

At midnight the 3rd Division attacked to capture two shrines in the deep south of Ganoub, both of which were supposed to have been the long-standing basis of a religious dispute. The problem was to penetrate the mountainous country and strike south before the forces of Ganoub could group and hit back. Once clear of the Jebel and on the plains, armour would have the advantage.

Foremost in the attack was 32 Guards Brigade on the right flank, with the Sherwood Foresters to seal a narrow defile on the left. Between them was "impassable" — later to prove not-so-impassable — country.

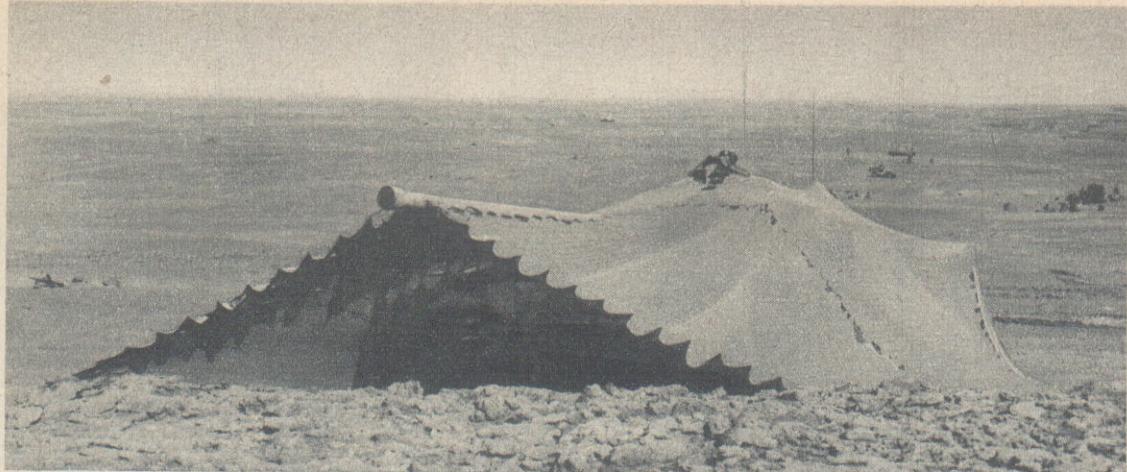
Tactical demolitions had been carefully sited. When the time came, mountain tracks were ruthlessly blown. In darkness, reconnaissance parties moved slowly forward and literally felt their way through the torn rubble, crossing obstacles that even in daylight were awe-inspiring.

Vampires and Meteors of 205 Group screamed into the attack against tanks and Infantry. Troops on the high ground looked down the almost vertical sides of the *wadis* and watched the aircraft as they zoomed into action.

The water ration was one gallon per man per day, with an extra gallon per day for each vehicle.

For the thousands of soldiers new to desert warfare the exercise proved a strenuous test. They footslogged through soft sand, climbed steep and crumbling escarpments, dug in and slept when they could. Drivers of supply

OVER



The net result is pleasing—and effective too. Under the "tent" with the scalloped edges lurks a Centurion. Below: a camouflaged gun of 41 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.



Lieut-Gen. Sir Francis Festing, commanding British Troops in Egypt, directed the exercise, along with Air Vice-Marshal H. V. Satterly, commanding 205 Group, R.A.F.

Into the wadi: a picture to rouse memories of the Western Desert.





Men who fought for the Tri-angles: Sergeant P. Rehal, of the Highland Light Infantry.



A National Serviceman of the HLI, Private S. Lindie, operated a section walkie-talkie.



Trooper James Bennett, 4 Royal Tank Regiment, drove a Centurion.



Private Peter Fox, Sherwood Foresters, attacked with 3 Division.



Three officers who helped to control the exercise. Left to right: Lieutenant-Colonel J. F. C. Mellor, Brigadier R. B. F. K. Goldsmith and Major R. P. Bairstow. Below: A medium machine-gun of the Coldstream Guards. Right: A Guards wireless operator impressively laden.

DESERT 'WAR' (Continued)

trucks had no easier task; the penalty for careless driving was a well and truly "bogged" vehicle. Shade from the sun, which rose at half-past five, was nil, and temperatures varied from 90 degrees in the daytime down to 50 degrees at night.

For greater realism 1st Division was supplied from a corps maintenance area in the Gulf of Suez. Here a perfectly camouflaged RASC bakery produced fresh bread, and a water-carrying boat nosed daily into the beach to transfer its cargo to the 25,000-gallon tank, built by the Royal Engineers, from which the divisional RASC replenished. Strictly controlled convoys passed along the single-track corniche road, lifting hundreds of tons of stores and equipment, including 350 tons of water, 8000 packages

of Ordnance stores and 270 tons of fuel. Mauritian and East African Pioneers had the heavy task of maintaining and improving the road surfaces.

Towards the end of the exercise General Poett's force struck hard with Infantry and armour and penetrated deep, through the Jebel and on to the southern plains. At the same time, General Brodie made a determined thrust north and thus threatened the flank of the advanced Shamal force and their supply lines. A night drop by men of 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group caused confusion in the Shamal lines of communication and innumerable military police signs were "re-adjusted" to misdirect transport. The situation was one that, in 1940 parlance, would have been de-





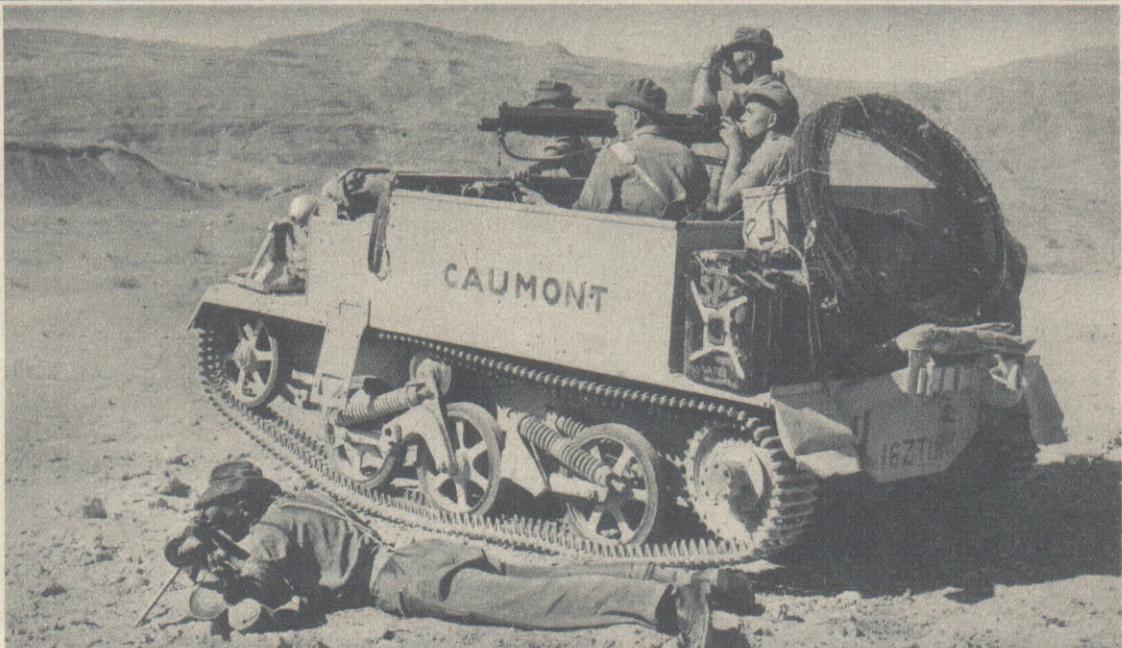
"Up, Scotland!" Men of the Highland Light Infantry double into an attack.

scribed as "fluid," or "grave but not hopeless," for both divisions.

A number of Egyptian officers including the Chief of Staff, General Ibrahim, attended the exercise. Many British soldiers tasted Egyptian Army rations for the first time when they exchanged food with their Egyptian counterparts; afterwards all decided in favour of "compo."

General Festing said that the exercise was probably the biggest held in the Middle East in peacetime.

On the air side, a notable feature was the heavy toll taken by the Ganoubian Meteors of the invading tanks. Camera gun assessments showed that 81 per cent of the air-to-ground attacks of both air forces were successful. Much valuable experience was gained by pilots in picking out and identifying well camouflaged tanks and vehicles on the ground.



Covering fire is given by men of the Support Platoon of the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards. Below: A Centurion stands-to in the half-light.





Left: Sapper J. Turner, Sapper G. Grace and Corporal J. Holmes, who made the drums, watch a demonstration by a soldier of the Rhodesian African Rifles.



Right: It took four men to carry the big drum. The drum heads are of goat skin.

DRUMS (SAPPER-BUILT) FOR RHODESIA

HOW would you set about making a tribal drum? Just take a section of tree trunk and hollow it out? Yes, but how?

Three Sappers in the Canal Zone of Egypt, who tackled the job in their spare time, found it was quite a problem. The drums were to be a gift to the men of the Rhodesian African Rifles from the Sappers of 25 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, alongside whom they had been working during last year's unrest in the Canal Zone.

The three carpenters, Corporal Joseph Holmes, Sapper Gerald

Grace and Sapper John Turner, sawed off two lengths from the trunk of a seasoned blue gum tree — a thick section from near the base for the big drum, and a thinner section for the small drum. When they began to hollow out the sections they found that none of their drills could make headway in the hard eucalyptus wood. So they took an oxy-acetylene torch to burn out most of the inside, and in the

Across the Gulf of Suez, men of the Rhodesian African Rifles are carried to their troopship en route for home. They did a useful emergency job in the Canal Zone.

later stages resorted to pieces of charcoal kept red hot by constant blowing with an air compressor.

In fact, they were reverting to primitive methods, for the way in which tribal craftsmen hollow out drums is to place charcoal stoves inside the tree trunks. Time is no object.

Finally the woodwork was polished and stained, and black-and-white goatskin drum heads were fitted. Silver plates riveted to the sides commemorate the occasion of the gift.

The 419 troops from Rhodesia were delighted with their gift, as Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Parker, commanding the Sappers, knew

they would be. They took the drums proudly aboard the "Z" craft which carried them from Adabiya to the troopship for the first stage of their journey back to Rhodesia.

There were other honours, too: the band of the 1st Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment played "Auld Lang Syne" from the quayside, to which the Rhodesian troops replied with their own regimental song "Banana." And on board the *Hellenic Prince* was Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Festing, Commanding British Troops in Egypt, to thank them for a good job well done. — *From a report by Captain Bill Holmes, Military Observer in Egypt.*





A HILL IN KOREA

Private Frank Holden overhauls his machine-gun. In *really* cold weather, a man can leave bits of his skin adhering to the metal.

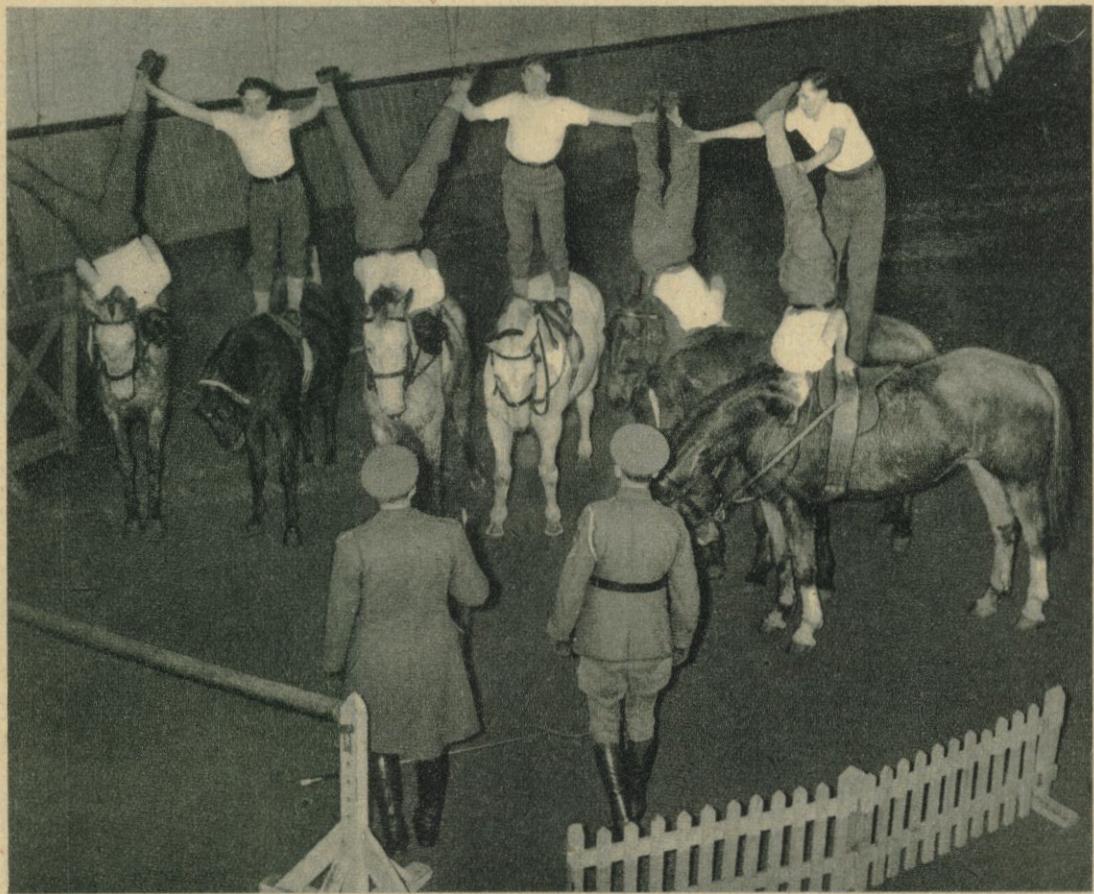
Take a Christmas-card valley, add tents and sand-bags, sprinkle well with stove-pipes, place a latrine in the middle — and the result is a moderately cosy corner of Britain's "far-flung battle line." Tenanted these huts and holes are men of the King's (Liverpool) Regiment. The first snows of winter had just fallen.



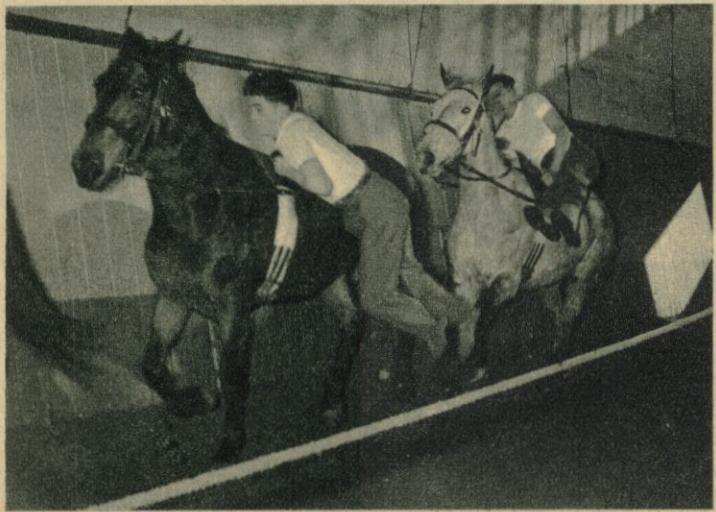
The Americans have invented a machine for pre-fabricating fox-holes and observations posts, but this one was dug out the old-fashioned pick-and-shovel way. Private David Addiscott is the occupant.



SOLDIER Visits THE HOME OF



A bit ragged yet, but new trick riders of the Horse Transport Company learn fast. Left: Riders practise vaulting on trotting horses.



Brigadier D. H. V. Buckle, Commandant RASC Training Centre. Left: Maj-Gen. W. J. Eldridge, Commanding Aldershot District, inspects National Service officer-cadets, RASC at a passing-out parade.

An oil-painting of General Sir Redvers Buller VC smiles proudly down on the letters "ASC" in the mosaic floor of the entrance to the Royal Army Service Corps headquarters officers' mess at Aldershot.

His portrait is there by right. General Buller was the founder of the modern Royal Army Service Corps.

It was in 1887, when he was Quartermaster-General, that he proposed a new corps which officers could join to make transport and supply their careers. It came into being at the end of 1888.

"I want," he wrote, "to officer my new organisation with men who will have the same prestige and position as officers of the combatant branches." Then, getting down to practical problems, he began searching Britain for a colour-printer who could reproduce the difference in colour between old and young beef, for the benefit of the butchers of the new Army Service Corps.

At Aldershot today, in the barracks which were named after General Buller, there is plenty of evidence that his ambitions for his new corps were fruitful. The war memorial which stands at the side of the Corps Training Centre Headquarters bears testimony to the combatant prestige of the Corps. In the two world wars, the Royal Army Service Corps had curiously similar numbers of killed: 280 officers and 8187 men in the first; 286 officers and 8871 men in the second. In the annals of World War Two there are stories of Royal Army Service Corps units which fought as Infantry in Tunisia and Germany, and of a pack column which fought and captured a German fighting patrol in Italy.

By the end of World War Two, the Royal Army Service Corps made up an eighth of the British Army. By land, sea and air, it supplied the Army with food, petrol and ammunition — and men.

Buller Barracks is known as the cradle of the Corps. No Regular is launched on his career without a preliminary spell there, and he will not go far up the promotion ladder without returning at intervals for courses.

It is the home of Corps tradition. The Headquarters mess has in its dining-room a portrait gallery of distinguished officers of the Corps. Until recently, the qualification for joining it was to have done something which marked a stage in the development of the Corps. One or two of the dates reveal how recent a growth is its prestige. Its first major-general was appointed in 1907, its first lieutenant-general in 1915. The Corps provided its first General Officer Commanding in 1920.

THE RASC

A symbol of the versatility of the Corps — which takes pride in the fact that none of its officers is a specialist — is the portrait of Colonel Sir Edward Ward who, after notable service in South Africa, was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War from 1901 to 1914.

The mess can also provide a living symbol of the loyalty the Corps has inspired in the person of Mr. C. R. Russell, a member of the mess staff. Mr. Russell joined the Corps as a private in 1902, rose to the rank of farrier-serjeant, and retired after 21 years service. He has a son who is a captain-quartermaster in the Corps in Germany and a daughter in Malaya who is married to an officer of the Corps.

Not far from Buller Barracks is the Garrison Church of St. George, which the Royal Army Service Corps calls its "Corps Cathedral," and which is believed to be the only church to have a foundation stone laid by Queen Victoria. Although the Corps shares the church with others, its memorials predominate, and include its Books of Remembrance of the two world wars. Among the tablets to former officers of the Corps is one which bears the name of Major H. S. Buckle, father of Brigadier D. H. V. Buckle, present Commandant of the Corps Training Centre.

Another home of Corps tradition is the museum in Buller Barracks, a "misappropriated" mobilisation store impressively panelled. The panelling was made with great skill from tea-chests. Now the museum has been taken over by the newly-formed Royal Army Service Corps Institution, and is to house the Corps archives. It will also have a microfilm projector on which researchers will be able to study reproductions of historical documents.

The "front door" of the Royal Army Service Corps is 5 Training Battalion, at North Camp. This is the unit which receives every recruit to the Corps — National Servicemen, Regulars and men transferring from other arms. More than 70,000 have passed through the Battalion since it was formed in 1948.

Those recruits who arrive in civilian clothes spend a fortnight with the Battalion, learning basic soldiering, including weapon training. Then they appear on a passing-out parade at which the order, "General Salute — Slope Arms," is given, since their rifle drill has not reached the "Present" stage. By that time, they have been sorted into their probable trades, and those who are potential officer-cadets have surmounted the first hurdle on the road to a commission.

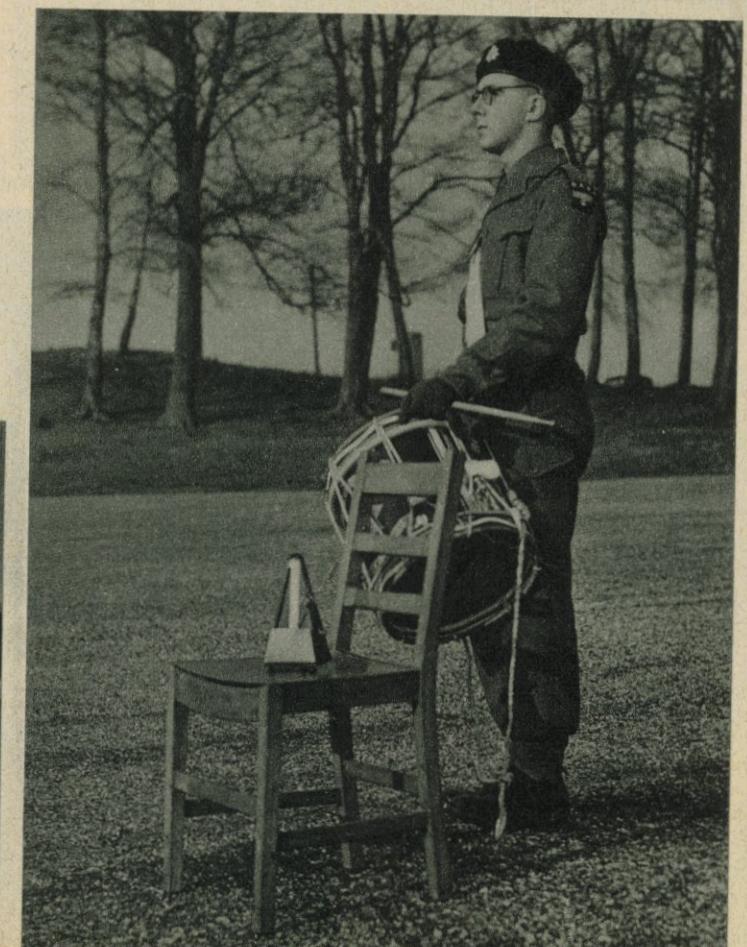
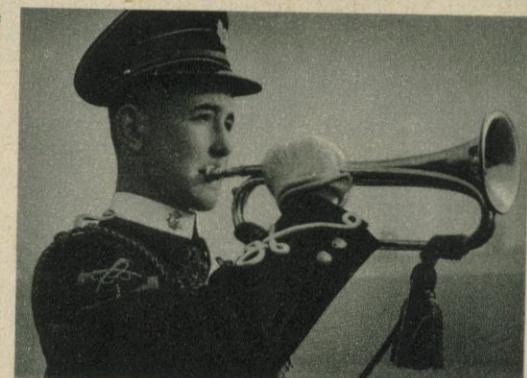
The potential officer-cadets pass from 5 Battalion to 1 Training Battalion, which carries out the Corps' regimental training. Young officers from Sandhurst go to the same Battalion for training.

OVER

Company drill on the blackboard, for the regimental serjeant-majors' course. The instructor is RSM P. McKnight of 1 Training Battalion, who was formerly a Coldstreamer.



The band of the RASC is based at Aldershot and plays at cadets' passing-out parades. Right: A trumpeter of the Boys' Company.



Continuing THE HOME OF THE RASC

ing before being posted to a unit, and National Service cadets who pass through the Mons Officer Cadet School return to the Battalion for their Corps training before commissioning. The National Service officers have a fortnightly passing-out parade, followed by a service in St. George's Church.

At 1 Battalion, too, there are courses for company quartermaster-séjeants and warrant officers who aspire to substantive rank as regimental serjeant-majors. Any regimental serjeant-major who has taken this course, or held an appointment in modern Aldershot, should leave in good voice: he has had to compete against the zooming of aircraft and the roar of wind-tunnels from the Royal Aircraft Establishment at nearby Farnborough.

The Battalion includes the Boys' Company, which before World War Two was in Jersey, and was nearly overtaken by the invading Germans in 1940. It has more than 180 boys, including band-boys (the Corps band is also based at Buller Barracks). They give half their time to education and half to military training, and learn a Royal Army Service Corps trade during the last four months before going to man's service. They are potential senior NCO's and warrant officers and until a few months ago had living proof of their prospects in a company serjeant-major who had himself first joined the Company as a boy.

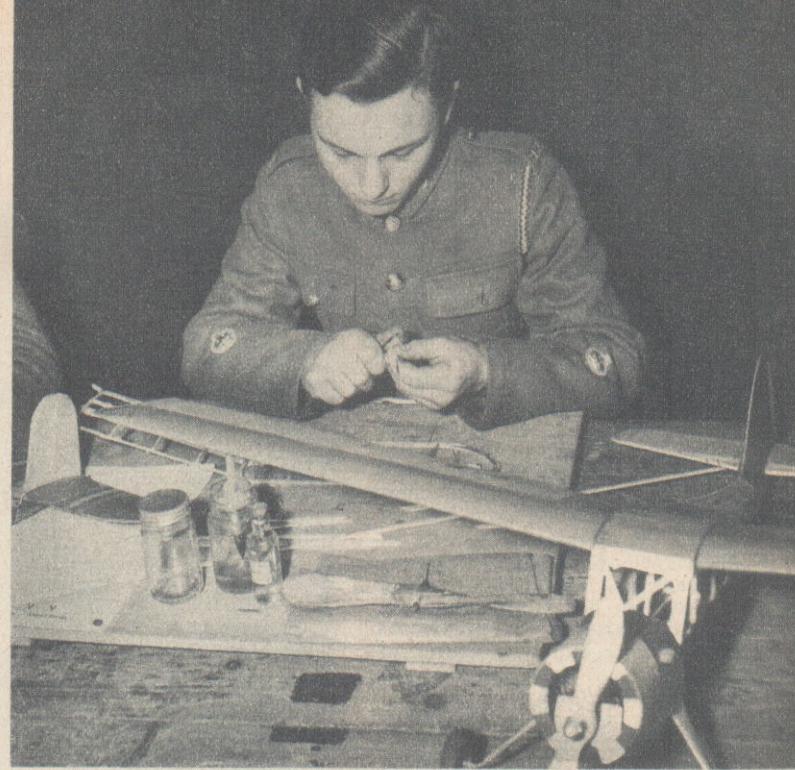
Also part of 1 Training Battalion is the Horse Transport Company, which exists primarily to keep alive the technique of pack transport in the Army (during the last war, the British forces used more than 100,000 pack animals) and provide trained men for the pack units in the

Middle East and Hong-Kong. There are courses for officers, for NCO instructors, for horse-transport drivers, farriers, wheelers and saddlers. Officers from other arms also attend the horsemastership course. The saddler's shop, the only one in the Army to train saddlers, receives students from other corps, including the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the Household Cavalry.

The Company has 40 horses, including pack ponies, but no mules. Some of the animals have made frequent public appearances at horse shows and events like the Royal Tournament. This year, the Company is preparing a trick ride, a feat which calls for some toughness in the early stages. After only a week's rehearsal, eight riders demonstrated what they had learned for the benefit of *SOLDIER*'s photographer. They wore specially-issued white singlets for the occasion, and these were handed in afterwards by a staff-serjeant with the remark, "There's blood on some of them."

Less in the limelight are the clerks, shorthand-typists, butchers and bakers who learn their trades while serving with 2 Training Battalion. Since it would be uneconomical to slaughter animals merely to train butchers, or to bake bread only for the benefit of the bakers, these tradesmen are attached for training to the local Command Supply Depot. Here the bakers learn their trade in the Army's biggest bakery, which is also one of Britain's biggest. They use mixing bowls which will each take four sacks of flour and, under a power mixer, produce enough dough for 380 loaves.

The butchers take their course in the only Army slaughter-house in Britain. They learn how to choose meat on the hoof, how to look after the animals before slaughter-



Spare-time occupation for members of the Boys' Company is assembling model aeroplanes.

ing, and how to cut individual rations.

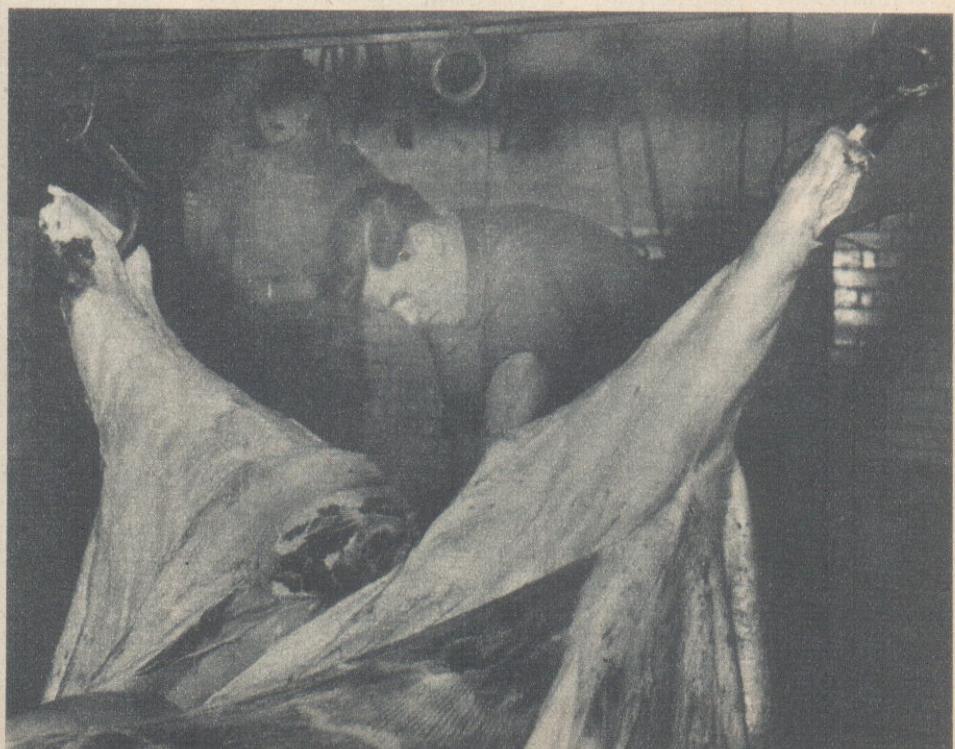
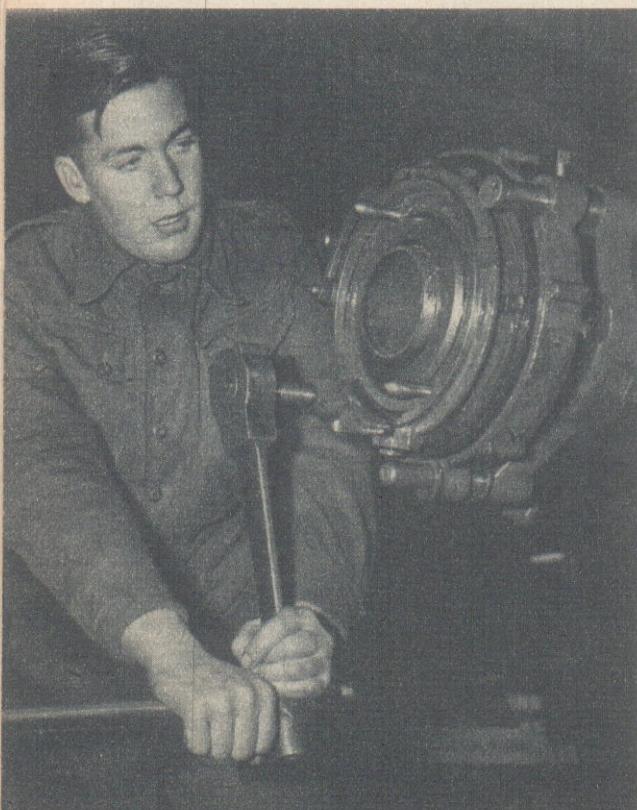
Near Farnborough airfield, 3 Training Battalion produces the officers and men who look after the Army's petroleum supplies. In a long workshop, smelling of oil, fitters are taught such operations as joining lengths of pipeline together. On a tall tower, up which run pipes containing fuel, storemen learn to measure the contents of a tank by "dipping," a more complicated business than it sounds since the bigger tanks have some inches of water under the petroleum and allowances have to be made for the temperature of the fuel. In addition, "dipping" includes meas-

uring the specific gravity of the fuel, to determine its type.

Within the workshop, students may practise on a complete two-inch pipe-line circuit, pumping fuel in and out of three 620-gallon tanks. This circuit is operated by a 65 horse-power motor which was once part of Pluto, the war-time Pipe-Line Under The Ocean. Out at Fleet, they may operate a complete petroleum installation which includes a 600-ton tank and nine tanks each 30 feet long and nine feet in diameter, all of which are linked by pipelines to a pump-house.

In No. 1 Petroleum Laboratory, the permanent staff, which watches over the quality of fuel

Left: A fitter (petroleum) in 3 Training Battalion prepares a section of pipeline for a joint. Below: A butcher goes to work on a newly-slaughtered beast.





For demonstrations, the Horse Transport Company can still produce a smart general service wagon, with drivers, officer and serjeant (in flat cap) in 1914 dress.

and lubricants issued to the Army in Britain, also coaches laboratory assistants for the Army's four overseas laboratories — two in Germany and one each in the Far and Middle East. The students are mostly National Servicemen, some with university degrees. They spend eight weeks at Farnborough and a similar period in a Ministry of Supply laboratory. Officers on petroleum courses spend part of their time at the installations of big oil companies.

The hub of all this activity is the Royal Army Service Corps Training Centre Headquarters, which itself runs a number of courses for officers. In addition to the battalions at Aldershot, it controls other training units spread across England. There are driver training battalions at Yeovil and Blandford, an air despatch

training company at Watchfield, in Berkshire, a water transport training company at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, firemen training with civilian fire brigades (see next page) and the Corps Army Emergency Reserve depot and training centre at Crowborough, in Sussex. The Centre is also responsible for the instruction of Women's Royal Army Corps drivers and clerks in their training centre at Salisbury.

As if this was not enough, the Training Centre is looking for new fields to conquer. If, in future, helicopters are to be used by the Army as supply vehicles and ambulances, then, say the officers, surely the Royal Army Service Corps, which operates surface supply vehicles and ambulances, should be responsible for them.

RICHARD ELLEY



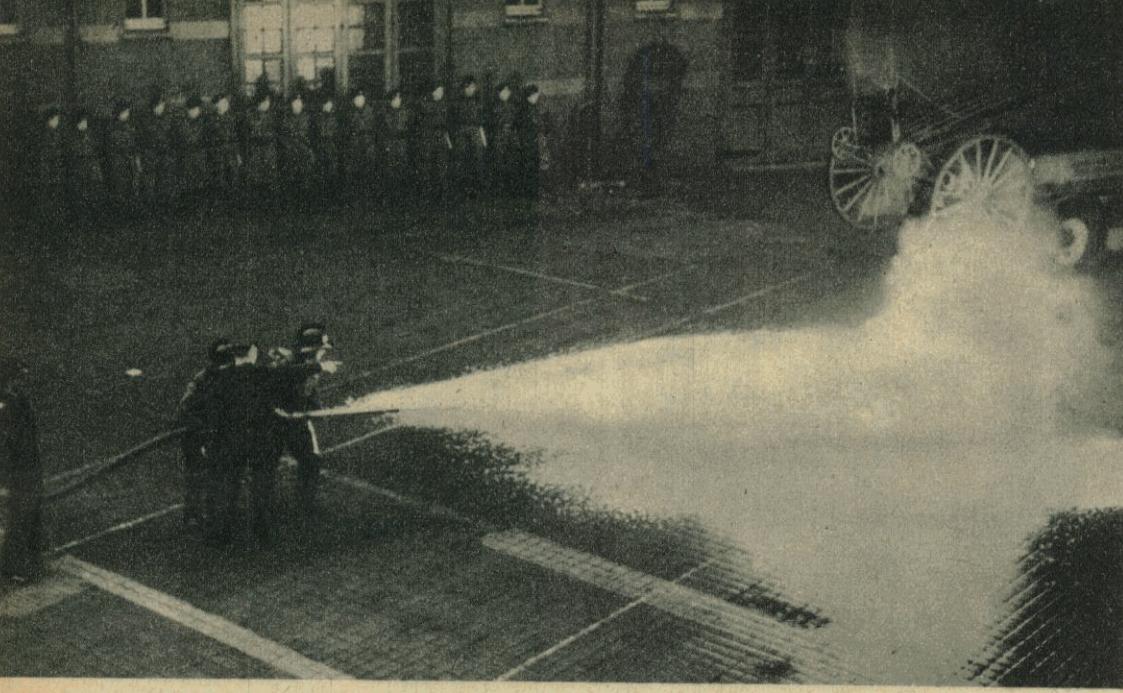
Mr. C.R. Russell, with the RASC for more than 50 years, works in the headquarters officers' mess. He is seen here examining a silver centre-piece of 1914-18 vintage.



The RASC coach makes frequent appearances at coaching events. In this picture, taken at the Richmond Horse Show, it is driven by Major-General Sir H. Reginald Kerr, a colonel-commandant of the Corps.

This badge, now in the Corps Museum, was made by RASC prisoners-of-war at Changi, Singapore. Smuggled to Siam, it was hidden in a Japanese store, brought back to Changi, where it was looted and found again on a rubbish-heap after the war.



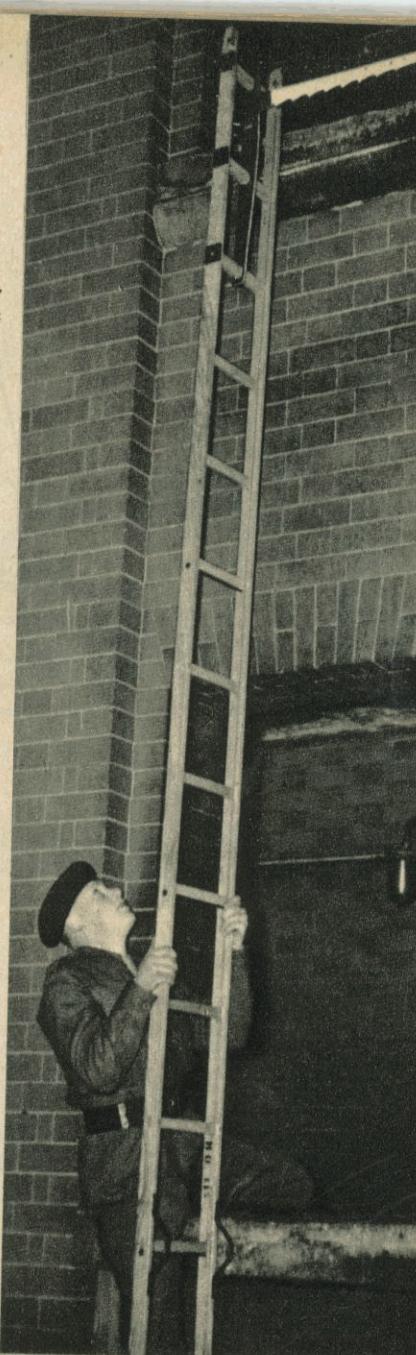


The black helmet of the Army Fire Service bears a lion and crown and the letters "F.B." Pictures on these pages were taken at Manchester.

Left: A tray full of oil and old flame-thrower fuel makes a suitable target for a jet of foam.



Left: A time for steady muscles — and nerves. Two soldiers practise on a 50-foot fire escape.



Right: The hook-ladder, for climbing from window to window, is rarely used on operations, but practice with it gives a man confidence.

THESE SOLDIERS JOINED

The Army's firemen learn their trade in civilian fire stations. They find ex-soldiers among their instructors

AMONG the "noises from home" which listeners overseas asked to be reproduced on a BBC Forces programme was the sound of a fireman instructor putting recruits through their drill at the headquarters of the Manchester City Fire Brigade.

The request came from a young soldier in the Army Fire Service, which is part of the Royal Army Service Corps. Like 300 others, he had been trained for his military trade at Manchester's London Road fire station.

Nearly two years ago, the Army's Fire Fighting School at Colchester was closed down. It was thought that there should be a closer link between the Army's fire services and those of civilian

authorities. In another war there might be times, as in the "blitz" of 1940-41, when the Army's firemen would have to help out the civilians. There might also be times when it would be necessary to draft men from civilian brigades to help the Army's fire-fighters overseas. Therefore, it was argued, soldiers and civilians in the fire services should be trained in the same methods, use the same words of command and call their pieces of equipment by the same names.

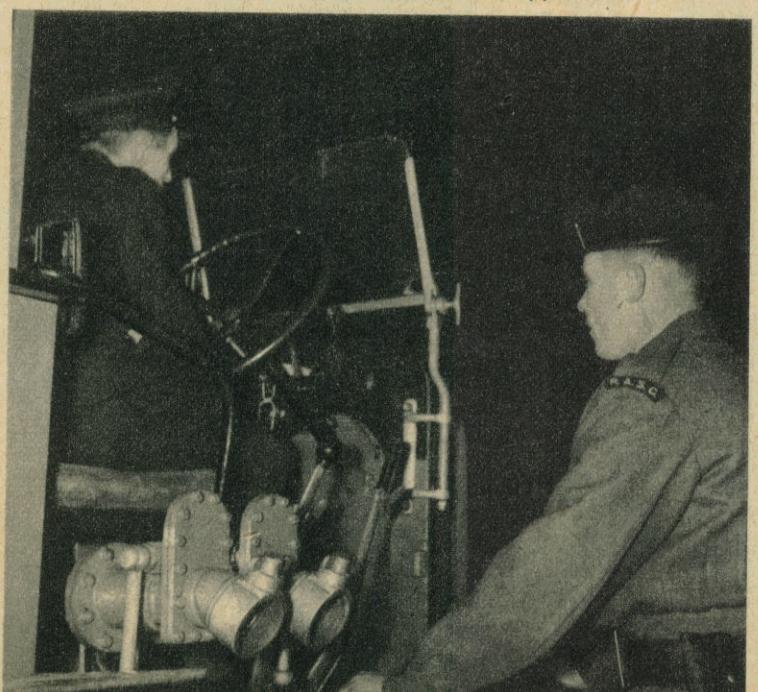
Arrangements were made with three fire brigades to help train the Army's firemen. The Kent county fire brigade undertook to train officers at Maidstone; the Surrey county fire brigade took over the training of non-commissioned officers at Guildford; and

for private soldiers Manchester brigade opened a military wing to its training school, which was already training not only its own recruits but those of 14 other brigades.

Manchester Fire Brigade takes 20 military pupils at a time, and their course lasts five weeks. Most of them are National Servicemen. Before going to Manchester they have qualified as drivers in 3 Training Battalion at Farnborough, to which they continue to belong during their fire training.

Very few men fail the course, since they have been carefully selected. Experience has shown that men whose civilian trades have been connected with buildings — plumbers, bricklayers, slaters, tilers and farm labourers,

Army pupils, already trained drivers, receive extra tuition on a veteran fire-appliance.



Not space-cadets, but Royal Army Service Corps men wearing breathing-apparatus.

A CITY FIRE BRIGADE

among others — take most easily to a fireman's work.

In charge of the military wing at Manchester is Captain G. Armitage, a graduate of the officers' six-months course at Maidstone. His permanent staff consists of Serjeants S. Pritchett and R. G. Boulton, both ex-Infantrymen who were instructors at the Colchester School. They look after the military side of the students' life. After a morning inspection and squad drill the

course is handed over to civilian fire instructors.

These instructors have been picked for their ability to handle soldiers. Sub-Officer J. Bradshaw was a war-time tankman who ended his service as a regimental serjeant-major in the Army Fire Service in Germany. Sub-Officer A. Milner, born and bred in the Manchester City Fire Brigade in which his father was a station-officer for 27 years, fought in the Western Desert and Italy with

the Royal Horse Artillery. Sub-Officer W. D. Wynne was a wartime flight-serjeant in the Royal Air Force. The commandant of the training school, Station Officer T. Roscoe, is an ex-officer of the Royal Air Force.

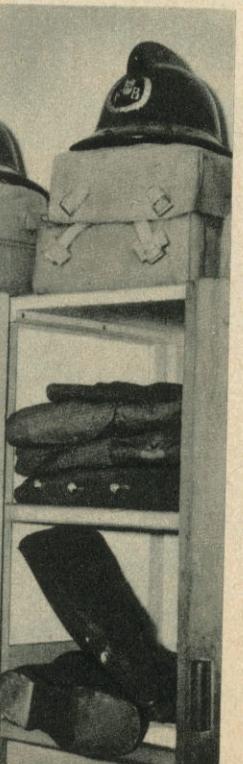
The soldiers' course is a condensed version of that given to civilian recruits, says Divisional Officer A. T. Owrid, who is in charge of all the training at Manchester. The civilians have a nine-weeks course, soon to be extended to 12 weeks.

Use of breathing apparatus takes up a week of the soldiers' five. Of the rest, about half the time is spent in lectures and half on fire-drill in the great courtyard of the fire station, with escapes, hook-ladders, pumps, hoses, foam extinguishers and other apparatus.

The men do not go out on operations with the Manchester brigade. One reason is that they have no time to spare; another is that such outings would involve insurance complications. They tackle the "real thing" when they are posted to operational Army fire units at home or overseas.

Theirs is a long day. They learn that in a fire brigade brass is not polished just for show. Metal parts of fire equipment are polished to reveal any flaws in the metal. Even a scratch in the nozzle of a hose can affect a jet of water.

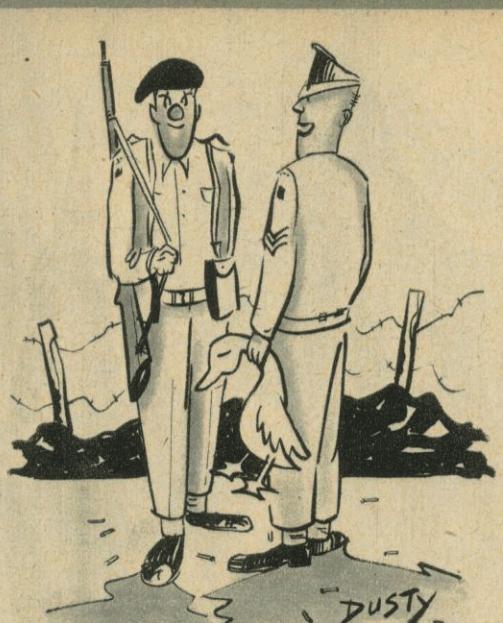
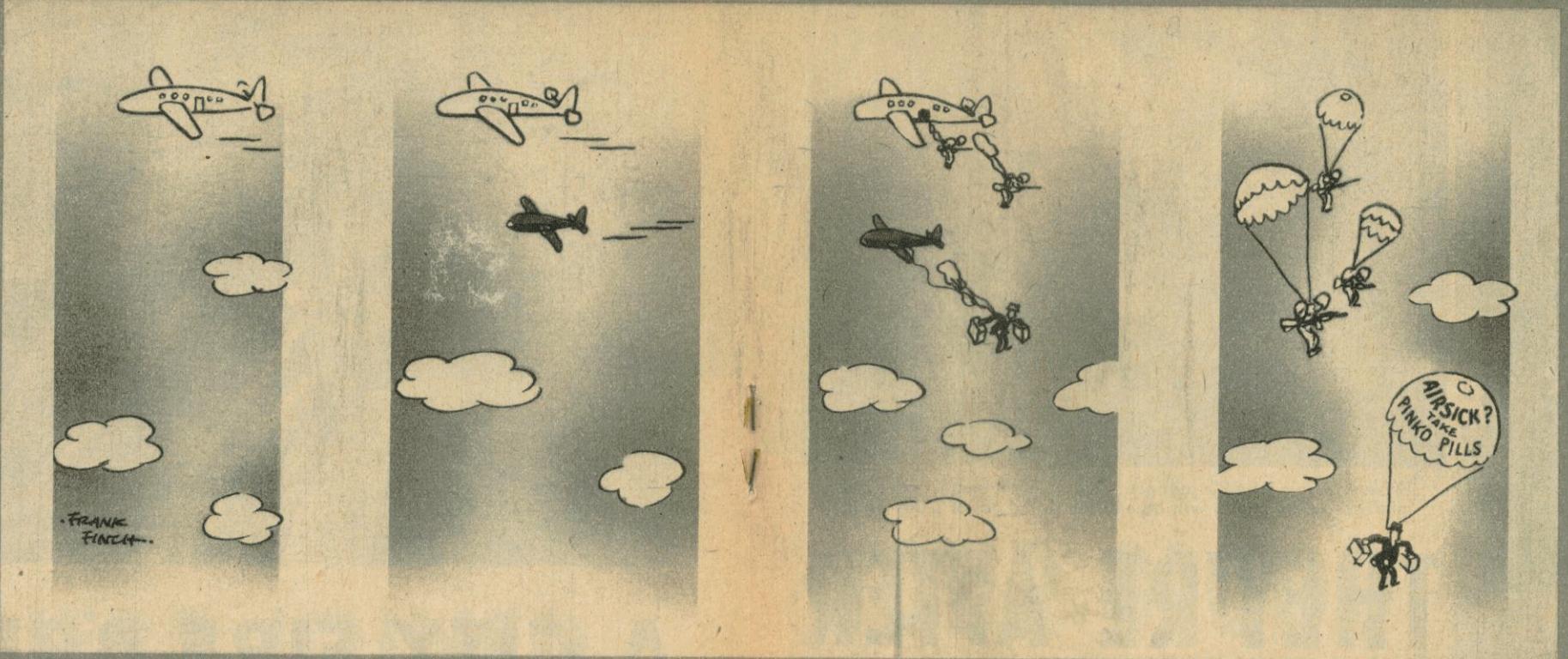
The men live in a wing of the fire station, in civilian-furnished quarters (complete with curtains). They eat the same food as the civilian firemen, but in their own mess, and share the station's recreation rooms and social activities. They leave Manchester with a qualification not only for trade or star pay, but with experience which will serve them well if they want to become civilian firemen some day.



Below: A soldier's locker in a fire station.

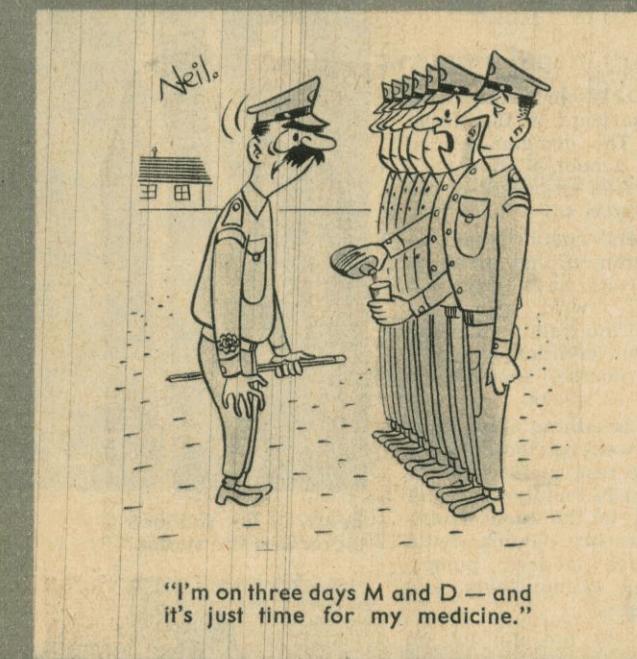


"Three teeth, extracted in error. Sign here."

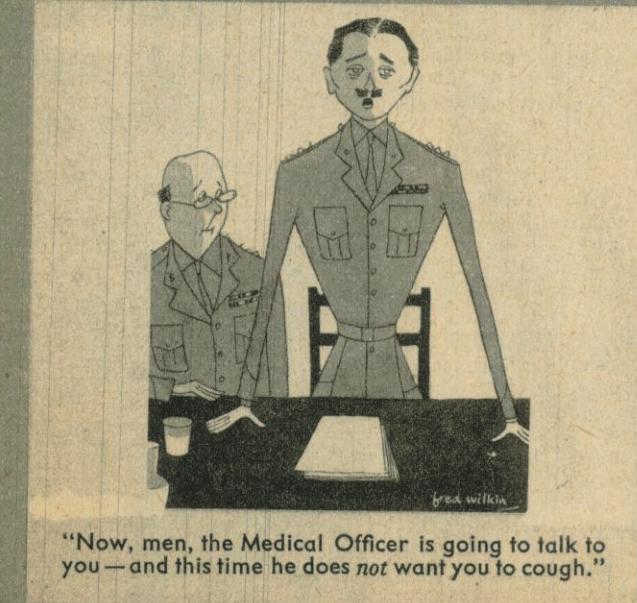


"Good shooting, Private Trowbridge. Three wides, a 56-inch group and a dinner for the Serjeants' Mess."

Soldier Humour



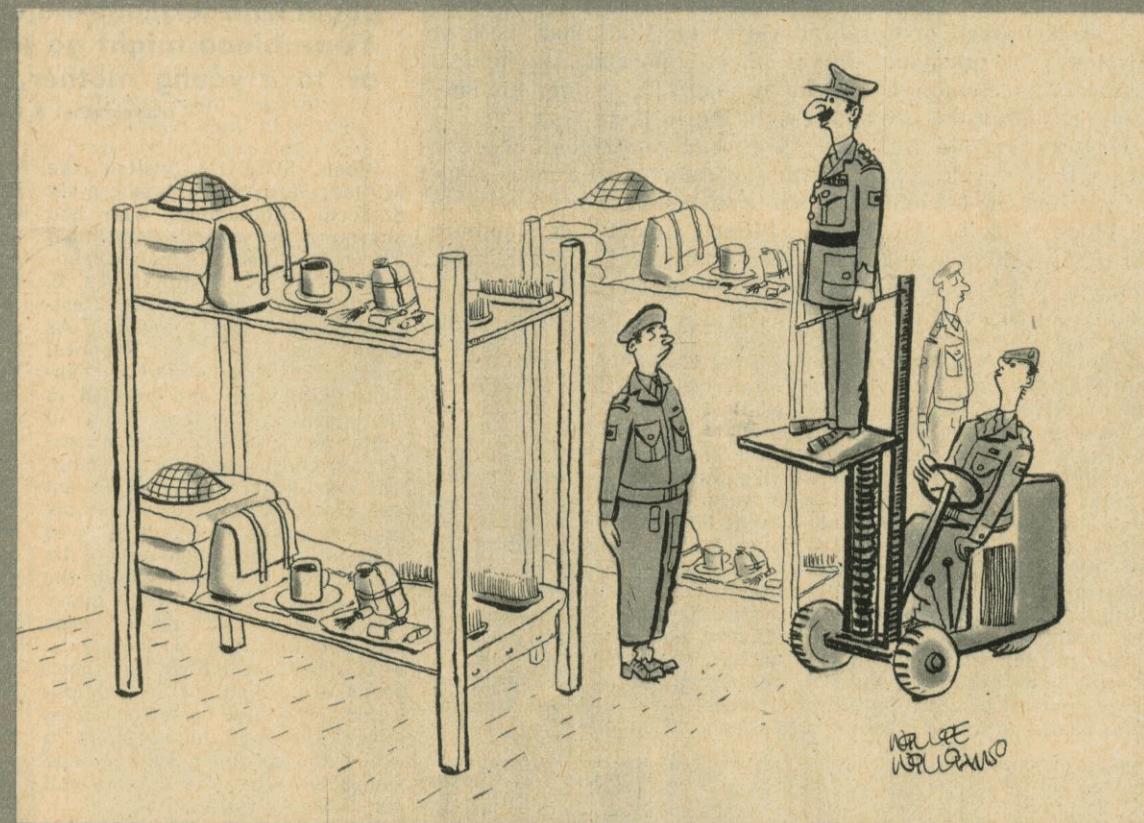
"I'm on three days M and D — and it's just time for my medicine."



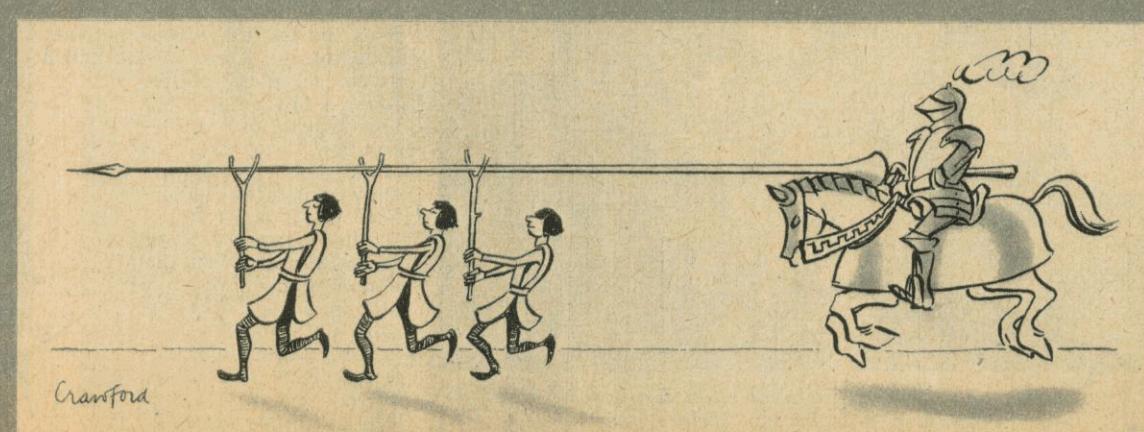
"Now, men, the Medical Officer is going to talk to you — and this time he does not want you to cough."



"These gentlemen are from the War Office, Perry, and would like to have full details of that booby trap you laid for me last week."



GEORGE WILLUGHBY



Crawford



A sample of good Scottish blood is drawn from the thumb of a Seaforth Highlander.

PRIVATE Charles McDonald, a Canadian soldier stationed in Germany, has never met Artisan Sergeant-Major Frederick Russell or Corporal Alexander Waterman, both of 22 Heavy Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in Hamburg. Yet he probably owes his life and almost certainly the use of his right leg to them both.

Recently Private McDonald was badly wounded when a mortar bomb exploded on a training range. It was necessary to give him an immediate blood transfusion. Fortunately, in the blood bank of the British Military Hospital at Hamburg was a pint of blood which had been taken a week before from Corporal Waterman, and was of the type required.

But more blood was needed. The Hospital's records of blood donors showed that Artisan Sergeant-Major Russell also had the required type of blood. A telephone call was put through to his unit and within an hour the Sergeant-Major was lying on a hospital bed, blood dripping painlessly from his left arm into a glass bottle. Shortly afterwards the Sergeant-Major's blood was being introduced from the bottle into the Canadian soldier's veins.

The operation was successful. This incident did not make headline news because it was not a rare occurrence. But the story might have had a tragic ending if there had been no blood volunteers.

Today soldiers rarely die for want of blood, because the Army medical authorities are always prepared for emergencies. In Rhine Army, however, there has been a disquieting decrease in the number of volunteers and a campaign has been launched to persuade all physically fit officers and men to have their blood tested so that they can be called upon if required. Lectures by unit medical officers, notice-board appeals and articles in unit news-sheets are beginning to produce more volunteers but there are still not enough.

The tests to which the specimens are submitted are complicated. The two principal ones reveal the main blood group to which the specimen belongs, and determine what the doctors call its Rhesus classification.

SOLDIER watched the Seaforths' specimens tested in a simplified demonstration. Globules of blood from the test-tubes were put into drops of anti-A serum and anti-B serum on glass plates. After a few minutes, in most cases, one of the solutions began to cloud; a microscope showed it to be flecked with tiny dots of blood. If this happened only in the anti-A serum, the donor had Group A blood; if it happened only in the anti-B serum, he had Group B blood; if it happened in both, he had the rare Group AB; if it happened in neither he had Group O.



Their blood saved a Canadian's life: Corporal Alexander Waterman and Artisan Sergeant-Major Frederick Russell, both of 22 Heavy Workshops, REME.



Private Brian Allen examines a sample of blood under the microscope. Its group will be entered in the donor's pay book.

THEY'RE AFTER

There's at least one private soldier going about with sergeant-major's blood in his veins. **Y**our blood might go to a major-general... or to a young mother, or to your best pal

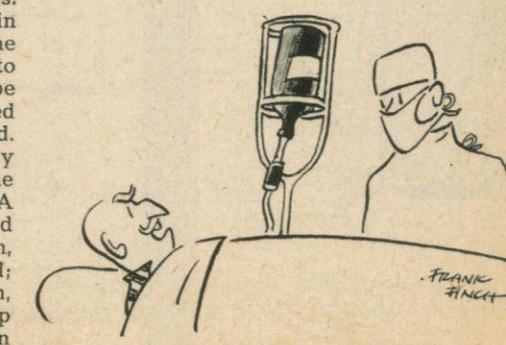
(Photographs: H. V. Pawlikowski)

When SOLDIER visited the Military Hospital in Hamburg six Seaforth Highlanders who had answered the appeal were being shown into the pathological laboratory where Corporal T. E. Durrant was waiting with six test-tubes and a sharp needle.

As they passed by, the corporal grasped each man's thumb, cleaned it with spirit and pressed in the needle. The tiny drop of blood that appeared was squeezed into a test-tube, which contained a saline solution to prevent the blood clotting, and the six men were told to report back to their unit. Later, when tests of the blood had been completed, the unit was notified of each man's blood group and entries were made in their pay books.

The tests to which the specimens are submitted are complicated. The two principal ones reveal the main blood group to which the specimen belongs, and determine what the doctors call its Rhesus classification.

There is nothing frightening, painful or dangerous about giving a pint of blood. The donor lies on a bed and bares his left arm. The inside of the elbow is sprayed with ethyl-chloride which freezes it and a needle is gently pressed into a large vein. The blood begins to flow through the needle and along a connecting



Giving blood for the eighth time in a year is Corporal James Yeates, RAMC. He has also tested his own blood before a transfusion.

YOUR BLOOD

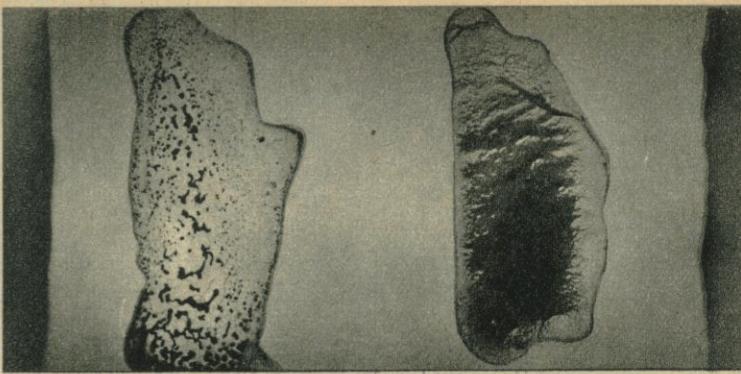
tube into a glass bottle. The donor suffers no pain; only if the blood were drawn off too quickly would he feel faint. No more than one pint of blood is taken at a time and donors are rarely called upon to make more than one donation in a month. Apart from a slightly sore arm for a few hours the donor suffers no unpleasant after-effects.

The most valuable type of blood is Group O (which about 42 per cent of people possess) because it can be given in most cases to patients who have a different blood group.

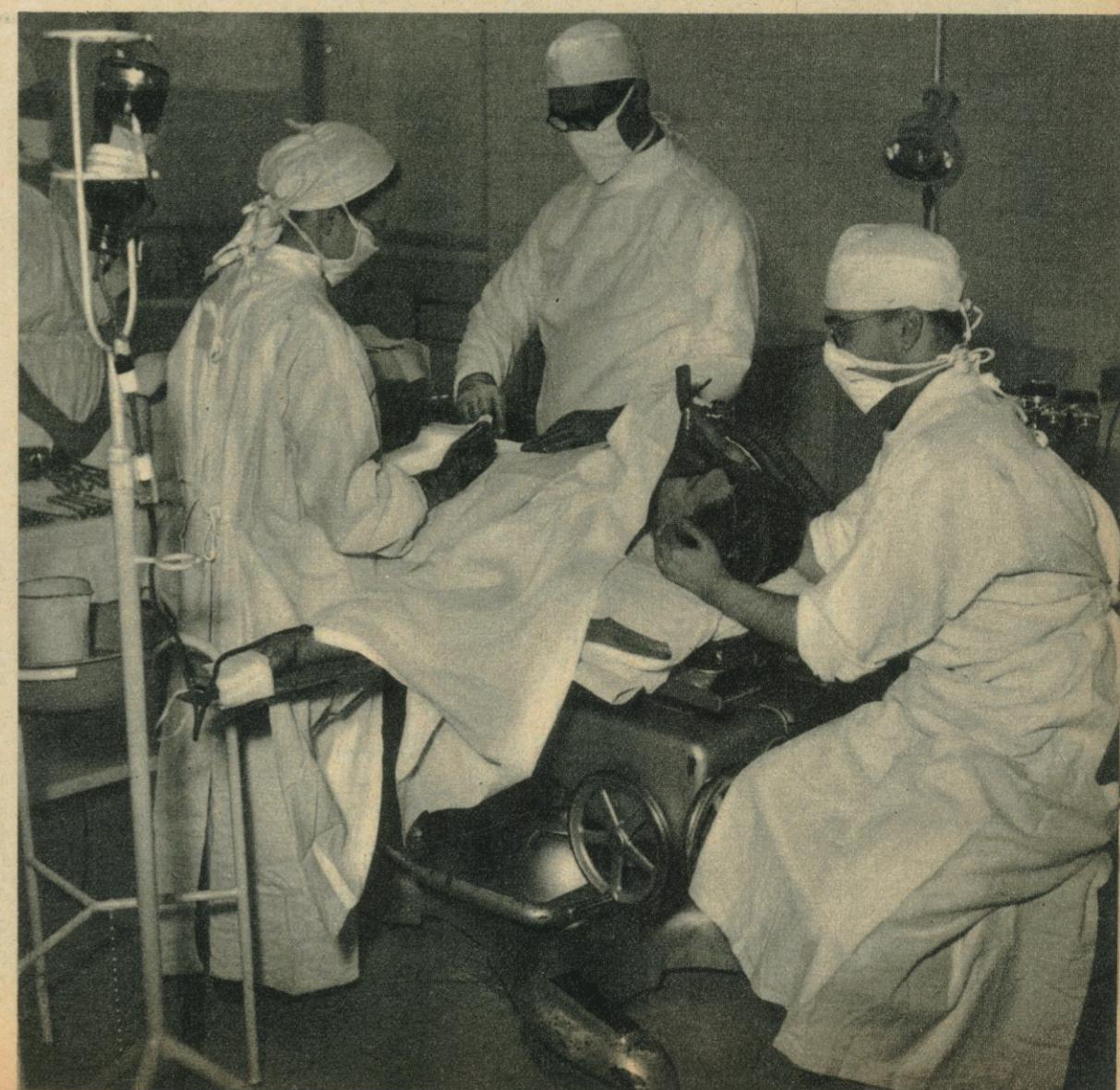
One soldier donor who has Group O blood is Corporal James Yeates, a laboratory assistant at Hamburg Military Hospital. In the past year he has given eight pints of blood — some to British wives suffering from loss of blood after childbirth, some to soldiers undergoing serious surgical operations and some to soldiers brought into hospital after road accidents.

Corporal Yeates, who weighs 16 stone and enjoys perfect health says, "I feel fitter today than before I became a blood donor." Many other donors have said the same.

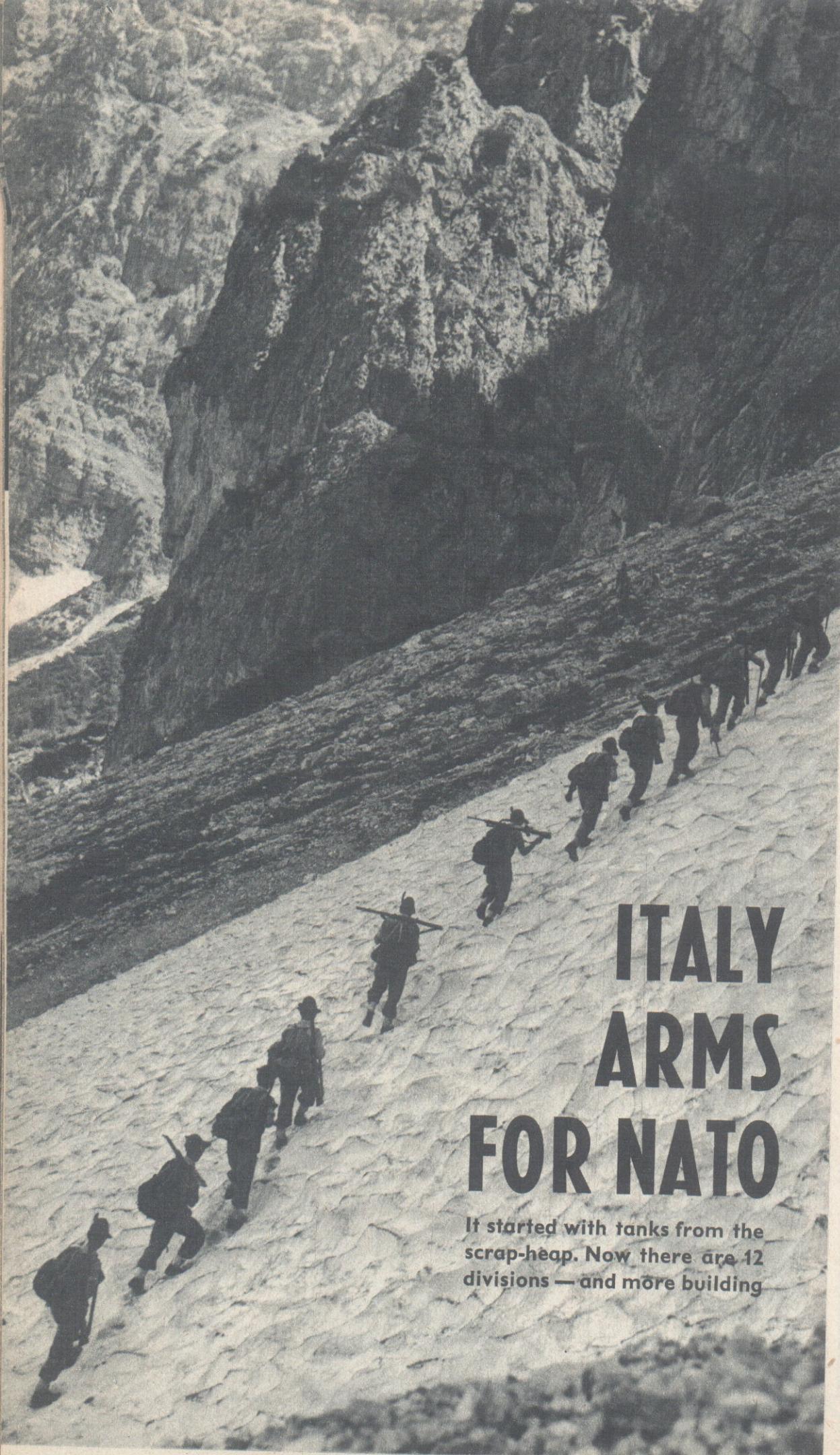
E. J. GROVE



Under the microscope: Anti-A serum and Anti-B serum have had samples of the same blood added. The Anti-A serum (left) is flecked with dots of blood and the Anti-B serum is unaffected: therefore the donor has Group A blood.



In civilian hospitals, donors receive a cup of tea and a biscuit. In most military hospitals, donors are given a pint of stout.



ITALY ARMS FOR NATO

It started with tanks from the scrap-heap. Now there are 12 divisions — and more building



The Bersagliere wear their traditional cock plumes even on steel helmets. The foliage is just camouflage. Left: An Alpine regiment on an exercise.

ONE of the most rapidly-built peace-time armies in history is the Italian Army, which has joined the ranks of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation.

At the end of World War Two it was a sketchy force with out-of-date equipment.

Italy's surplus man-power provided a higher proportion of voluntary recruits than in any other European country. The ingenuity of Italian engineers gave a start in equipment — 200 tanks were built from the scrap-heaps of World War Two.

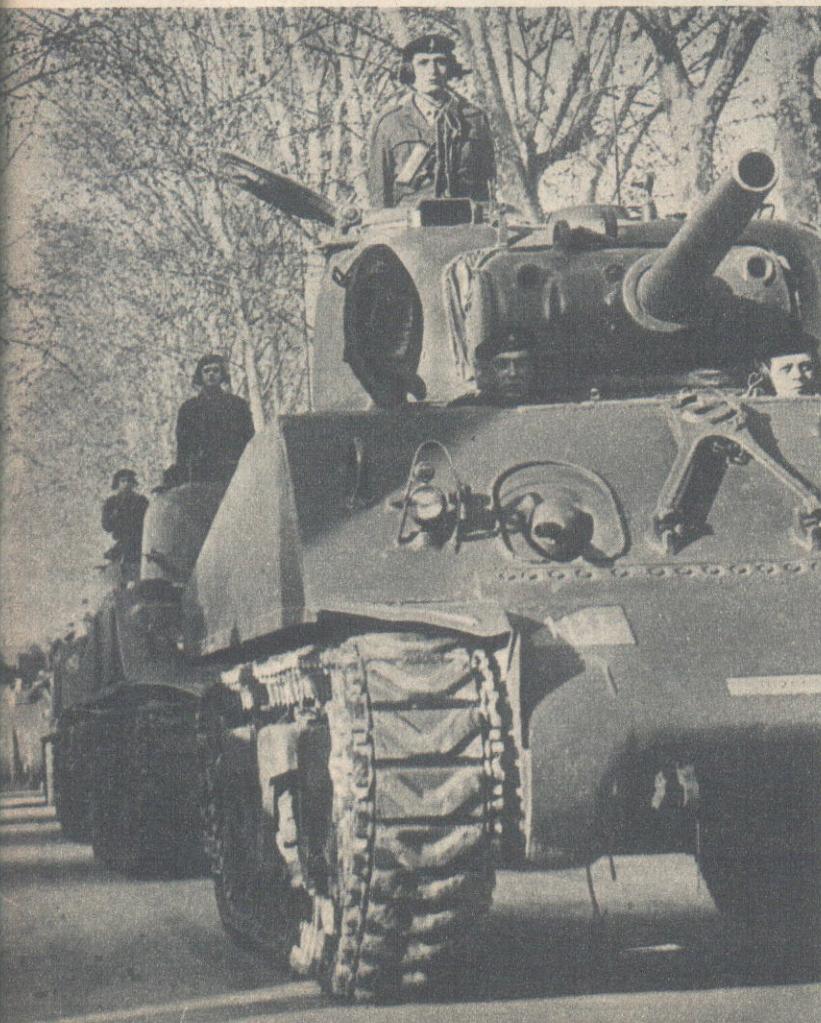
Then, at the end of 1951, the limit of 250,000 men, imposed on the Italian Army by the peace treaty, was removed. The Government voted more than a fifth of the national income to defence, an astronomical number of lire running into hundreds of thousands of millions. British and American equipment helped development — the Americans alone have sent more than 200 shipments.

Early in 1952, the Italian Army had passed the 250,000 mark. By the end of the year it had 12 divisions, comparable in size to British divisions. By the end of 1953, Italy is expected to have 15 divisions, including three armoured divisions and five brigades of the famous Alpine troops. In addition, the Americans have placed contracts for millions of pounds worth of military equipment with Italian factories.

FOOTNOTE: British troops are serving in Italy again, in NATO's Southern European Command Headquarters at Naples. Recently they made a modest appearance in the news when a special NATO press communiqué announced an amateur theatrical production. It began: "The British at NATO's Naples headquarters, whose social events are making a reputation here..."



The Alpini again. Note their strong, mountaineers' legs. Below (left): These Sherman tanks were built from scrap. They are being replaced by modern American tanks. Right: Two Alpini signallers at work.



TERRITORIAL SPORT IS LOOKING UP

Sport

In Rugby football especially, the Territorial Army has first-class talent on which to draw

AT the end of next September, some unit of the Territorial Army will make sporting history by being the first to take possession of the Queen's Challenge Cup.

This prize, originally the King's Challenge Cup, was presented by King George VI in 1939, for competition over a year's sporting events by Territorial units. In that year it was won by 40 Royal Tank Regiment. Then came the war, and the competition was suspended.

In the middle of last year, it was announced that the cup, under its new name, would be competed for again. Marks would be given for various sports, according to the numbers of men taking part — ranging from ten marks for the winning team of the Territorial Army Football Cup to one for each member of any Territorial Army representative team.

The announcement signified that Territorial Army sport was nearly back to its healthy pre-war state. The all-volunteer Territorial Army of 1939 had enjoyed a hearty sporting life. The reconstituted Territorial Army of 1948, though it started off with a new Territorial Army Sport Association, had low numbers, and those largely made up of veterans of the pre-war Territorial Army, past their sporting prime.

Since 1948, however, the Territorial Army has been receiving much new blood, voluntary and otherwise. Slowly, as it has grown, its sporting activities have prospered.

Organising sport among Territorials has a number of difficulties. The most talented sportsmen belong to civilian clubs and when match-dates clash, they have to face a conflict between their civilian and military loyalties. The young professional footballers who cheerfully turn out for the Army during their full-time National Service are back on their club pay-rolls when they are Territorials, and cannot



Nine times an Irish International, J. H. Smith (Royal Army Medical Corps) is an asset to the Territorial side. He is being tackled here by R. V. Stirling (England).

play for Territorial teams without the consent of their employers. The employers are reluctant to risk having their men injured in amateur matches. The Territorial Army Sport Association rules, incidentally, make no difference between Territorials employed in professional football and others.

There are also difficulties in settling fixtures. One unit, with a football team made up largely of men employed in shops, may be willing to play on any early-closing day but quite unable to accommodate another unit whose members work in factories or mines and can turn out only on Saturdays.

On the other hand, when it comes to finding a representative Territorial Army side, the selectors often have a good field from which to choose. For its first Rugby match of 1953 the Territorial Army was able to nominate four Internationals, three English and one Welsh, and fill up the side with "Blues" and country players. There was some danger that the Internationals might be needed for the England-Wales match, but there was a long list of reserves, including two more Internationals. The Territorials are expected to do well against the Regular Army in the annual match on 14 February.



Another Territorial stalwart is J. P. Hyde (Northamptonshire Regt). He played many times for the Army.

so the match is taking place on that of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps at Feltham.

There is also much Soccer which does not come directly under the wing of the Territorial Army Sport Association. Given a lead by 285 Airborne Field Regiment RA, 12 units in Metropolitan Essex have banded themselves into a football league which is now in its third season.

Anti-Aircraft Command runs its own Territorial unit Soccer competition. Each Anti-Aircraft group holds eliminating matches for its units, then the group winners play each other in the final stages of the competition. There is also a divisional football competition in 50th (Northumbrian) Division.

Territorial Army boxing made slow recovery, but last year there were 70 individual entries for the first post-war championships. Teams of ten from Territorial divisions and anti-aircraft groups compete for the Scarborough Cup, which last year was won by 16th Airborne Division. The Territorial Army representative team has done well, and in November defeated Cambridge University by six bouts to three.

The Territorial Army hockey team turns out once a year against the Regular Army — it was beaten three-nil last year. For the past two years, the Territorials have been skippered by Captain P. M. B. Sutcliffe of 345 Medium Regiment RA (Berkshire Yeomanry), a former Cambridge Blue.

At cricket, the Territorials, after two defeats by the Regular Army in previous years, last year won their match by eight wickets. There is an annual Territorial Army cross-country run, which attracted 105 entrants to Lichfield, Staffordshire, last year when the 5th Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment, won the team championship.

The Territorial Army holds a one-day athletic meeting at Aldershot to decide its championships. The programme includes four events for members of the Women's Royal Army Corps. Winners of these four events score points towards the Queen's Challenge Cup for their units, but since women are not eligible for any other Queen's Cup competitions, only points scored by members of mixed units can have any effect on the result.

There is one 100-yards Territorial Army swimming race included in the Army swimming championship meeting, and this, too, counts towards the Queen's Cup.

Winners of events organised by the Territorial Army Sport Association, and members of representative Territorial Army teams, make up the exclusive group of men permitted to wear the Territorial Army Honours tie. It is green, with lion-and-crown crests in gold and red embroidered on it.

A Crazy Column — But It Got There

THE mechanisation of the Cavalry Division in Palestine is a distressing story," wrote Mr. Winston Churchill early in 1941.

In that Cavalry Division were the 1st Household Cavalry Regiment, formed from the Life Guards and the "Blues." The fact that they were Household troops earned for them no special privileges.

When the Regiment first went into action as a motorised cavalry unit, on the 1941 advance into Iraq, the Commanding Officer led the way in a vivid green taxi commandeered in Haifa. Behind rolled and bumped lorries in an advanced state of decay, on what was to be a trip of more than 3000 miles. Sixty per cent of the drivers had never spent more than 24 hours behind a wheel.

The tale of this astonishing overland trek is told in "The Household Cavalry At War" (Gale & Polden, 42s), by Colonel the Hon. Humphrey Wyndham, MC. Mechanisation had come suddenly, but the Regiment's Transport Officer, Lord Roderic Pratt, a former amateur jockey of distinction, had picked up many a useful tip from a Jewish garage owner in Haifa, to whom he had "apprenticed" himself. On the push to Iraq, bullet-riddled radiators were plugged with dried

dates or the yolk of an egg. When the Medical Officer's vehicle was badly shot up, his tyres had to be stuffed with camouflage nets; there were no inner tubes. The friction caused the nets to catch fire, so every ten minutes the vehicle had to have the tyres cooled with water. Many of the older vehicles were fitted with solid tyres, which soon became unusable and had to be burned off.

At the end of the advance into Iraq, the Regiment had a medley of vehicles, about 20 different makes and sizes — French, Iraqi, American, British and the indomitable Haifa taxi. Spares were mostly looted from the enemy. To save abandoning a three-ton petrol lorry, the vehicle was driven all day with a man lying on the mudguard, holding two vital pieces of mechanism together in the engine.

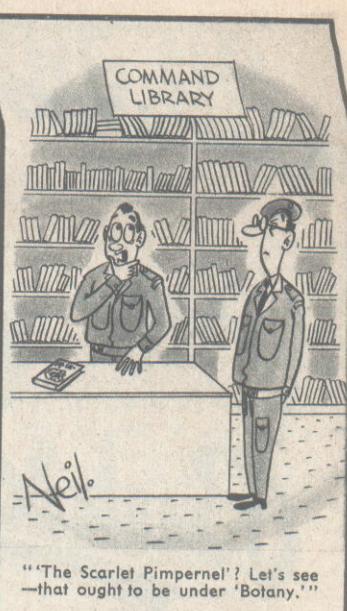
After the campaign — a high-

light of which was when the Household Cavalry and Soviet troops cheered each other — a high-powered conference was called in Palestine, to consider the lessons learned. In one quarter perturbation was expressed because vehicle batteries had been topped up, not with distilled water, but with drinking water containing 30 per cent liquid mud, 30 per cent chlorine and 10 per cent petrol. There was no objection to the troops drinking this sinister brew.

A "distressing" story, perhaps, but the Household Cavalry showed that they could improvise brilliantly.

More frustrations were to follow. The Regiment were moved to Cyprus, which was hardly a major theatre of war. Soon, however, they were freed to take part in the Battle of El Alamein. Part of the Regiment became "101 Royal Tank Regiment," and operated dummy tanks for the confusion of the enemy.

Then came Italy, where the Regiment fought both on foot and in armoured cars. In the Gothic Line the Household Cavalry slogged beside the Polish Corps, and — with the King's permission — wore on their uniform the red shield of the Sirenya Warsawa (the mermaid emblem of the city of Warsaw).



In the late stages of the war the Regiment joined in the North-West Europe campaign, showing all that Cavalry dash and determination which the sceptics said would vanish with their horses.

The author of this excellent history once commanded the Life Guards; so did one of three brothers who all served like their father, in the Regiment.

The General Asked for a Ladder

THE inspecting general was reputed to be "hot" on sanitation.

Before the big day every fly and bluebottle in the camp was swatted. On the day itself he found nothing at which to complain, until he arrived back at the officers' mess for port.

Then, instead of entering, he asked for a ladder so that he might inspect the roof to see whether it was in a sanitary condition. No one had thought of the roof, so 29 officers held their breath while the general ascended. On arrival at the top, he looked at the tiles and grunted: "A bird has been here!" This was duly noted by the adjutant in his field-message book.

The story is Major-General J. F. C. Fuller's. It is given fresh circulation in "Redcoat" (The Batchworth Press, 20s), a valuable anthology of items about the British soldier over the last 300 years. The compiler is Major E. W. Sheppard, author of "A Short History of the British Army."

The collection includes the grave and the gay, the heroic and the satirical. Sir John Fortescue is well represented, with some of his delightfully waspish comments. On the subject of buying commissions, Sir John said that "the system, being utterly illogical, iniquitous and indefensible, commended itself heartily to the British public." Once upon a time, officers in barracks received an allowance for coals and candles, but officers in lodgings did not. "This rule," says Sir John, "can only be traced to the usual source of absurd and iniquitous regulations — the natural craving

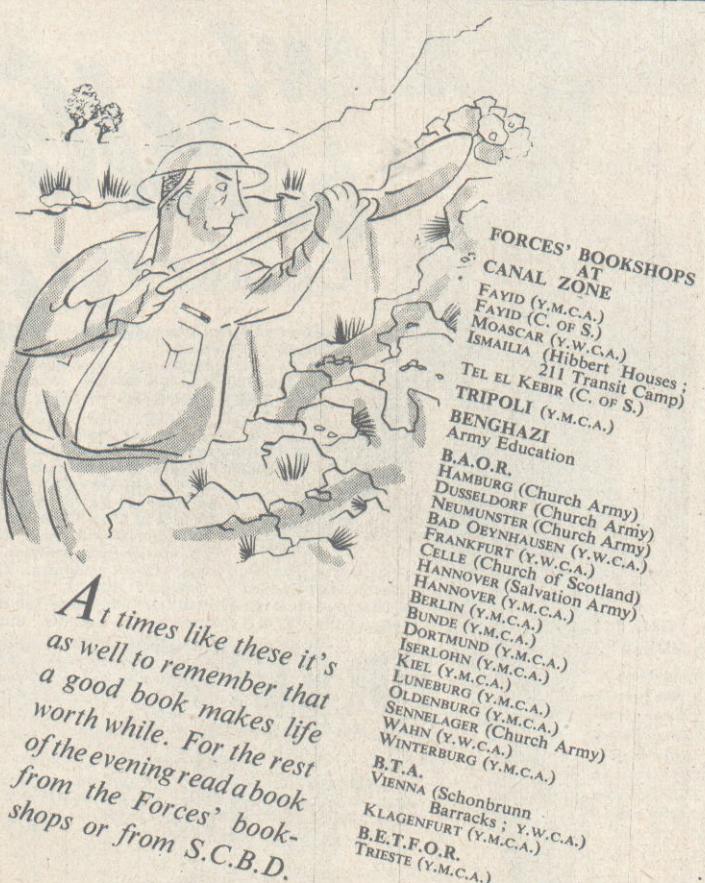
of clerks to save themselves trouble."

Sir John Fortescue had hard words to say about the staff work in the East India Company's armies, and the curious way in which the officers went to war.

"In the Afghan War of 1839 one brigadier found that he needed 60 camels to carry all that would satisfy his requirements. The result was that an army on the plains of India was like a moving city, in which the combatants numbered from 10 to 20 per cent only of the entire population. The army that marched to Seringapatam in 1799 moved in a hollow square with a front of three miles and a depth of seven, the intervening space containing 120,000 animals of all kinds from the elephant to the ass."

In a quotation from Frank Richards' "Old Soldier Sahib" is a picture of meal time in the Edwardian army. After the roast was carved and the pieces had been distributed as evenly as possible on the men's plates, the orderly man would say, "If you are all satisfied, charge!" Although the dinners had been made out as evenly as possible, there would be a charge at one of the plates which seemed to have a fraction more on it than the remainder. If there was a dead heat, a fight usually resulted and the victor took the spoils.

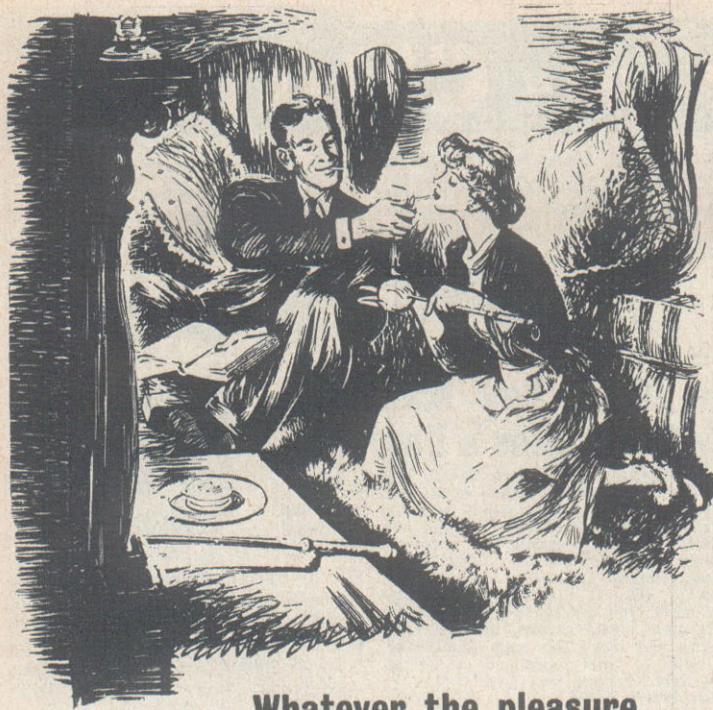
Among the more stirring extracts in this book is an account of the siege of the castle of Alicante, in which a British



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"Following his regimental custom, a detachment commander in the Middle East recently ordered two dozen roses for his men to wear in their caps on Minden Day. He was somewhat surprised, I learn, at receiving instead two dozen bottles of a well-known brand of lime juice."

We would like to think that some subordinate, far from being reprimanded for his action, was congratulated on his keen appreciation of the needs of thirsty officers. Certainly if the commander had ordered two dozen bottles of Rose's Lime Juice and had received, in the heat of noon, a bunch of flowers, the consequences would have been far more serious for both parties.



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SILVER FOX CAPES	£49	£27
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OUT OF THE WAY SMALL-FRY MORE THAN THAT — YOU'RE A MAN!

O-OH, JOE, YOU'RE A HE-MAN NOW!

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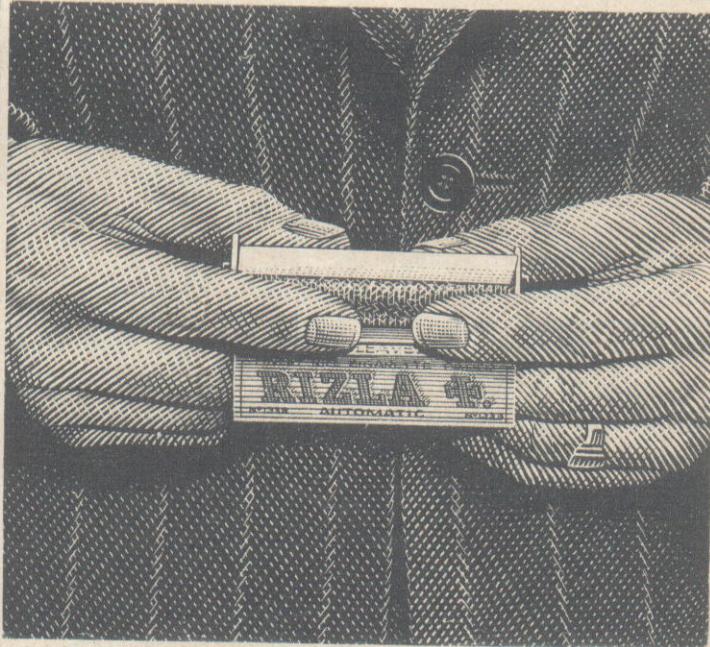
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Rupert The Commando

garrison was surrounded by the French. Knowing that frontal battering would be useless, the attackers spent three months driving a gallery into the rock on which the castle was perched. Inside it they packed 117,600 pounds of gunpowder, "perhaps the greatest single charge that has ever been used in war." Then the British commander was invited to surrender, and at the same time to send two officers to view the mine, so that he might know there was no bluff. The commander refused the first invitation, but accepted the second. When his officers reported on what they had seen, he decided "to abide the springing of the mine." In order to encourage his guards, he and his senior officers took up positions on the parade where the main force of the explosion was likely to be felt. At zero hour the parade split into several long fissures, which opened and immediately shut again — engulfing the commander and many of his devoted officers, along with most of the guards. But the loss of these gallant men was the enemy's only reward for three months' mining.

Major Sheppard rounds off his book with an assortment of military epitaphs. One which he does not quote (perhaps for a good reason) is to be found in another anthology. It reads:

Here lies
Captain Ernest Bloomfield
Accidentally shot by his Orderly
March 2, 1789
"Well done, good and faithful servant"

All Soldiers Like Glasgow

WHICH city in Britain is the soldier's favourite?

Aldershot? Hardly. Colchester? H'm.

The right answer is Glasgow, according to Mr. Colm Brogan, author of "The Glasgow Story" (Muller, 15s).

"Literally millions of the Common Man have voted it the best town in Britain for a fighting man to stay in," says Mr. Brogan. "The inhabitants of many other towns have made the same claim, but... this is just another of those fancies that do no harm, so long as they are not carried too far. Whatever the fighting men said about other towns from mere politeness, what they said about Glasgow was what they really meant."

Mr. Brogan talked with a London soldier who started his Army career in Bournemouth and was then transferred to Glasgow. "When I suggested that he must have regretted the change, he looked at me as if I had suddenly been bereft of my senses, if any. Bournemouth he regarded as a kind of semi-final for the cemetery, but Glasgow was alive, pulsing with *bonhomie* and uninhibited enjoyment of this, that and the other. He had had the best time of his life in Glasgow, and the London that he knew was a flat and friendless place in comparison."

RUPERT of the Rhine was, and is, the Cavalryman's hero. He "smelled battle like a horse among the trumpets." That phrase comes from Bernard Fergusson's excellent short biography "Rupert of the Rhine" (Collins, 7s 6d).

Temperamentally, Prince Rupert was "more of a commando leader, in the modern sense, than a true higher commander," says the author. "He was a bad subordinate."

"I have caught myself thinking how much he would have revelled in some of the more enterprising ventures of the late war — the Long Range Desert Group, the Special Air Service, the Special Boat Section, the Chindits..."

Rupert's first experience of strife was when, as a newly christened babe, he was nearly left behind in the rout of the Bohemian forces outside Prague. A courtier heard him crying, snatched him up and thrust him into the royal family's last carriage.

By the time England's Civil

War broke out, in 1642, Rupert had seen, or assisted at, several sieges. He became Charles I's Cavalry Commander before he was 23. One of his gaudiest charges was at Edgehill, where he rode the whole length of the line telling his men personally what to do; "they were to go for the enemy at full gallop, sword in hand, keeping in line, and paying no heed to the enemy's fire." It was as simple as that.

The trouble was that Rupert tended to charge too fast and too far. His reputation suffered at Marston Moor, where he had to put his horse at a fence to make good his retreat.

Rupert did not always charge on horseback. More than once he led men into the attack on foot. Besieging Lichfield, he en-

listed miners from the Tamworth pits "and after ten days sprang the first mine ever sprung in England."

When the King was defeated, the most astonishing part of Rupert's career began. Commanding a Royal squadron of ships he went buccaneering against the Commonwealth vessels on the high seas, and with the aid of the loot paid the considerable expenses of the Royalists on the Continent. After the Restoration he commanded England's fleet against the Dutch.

In his later years he invented a kind of revolver, toyed with the idea of a torpedo and improved the quality of gunpowder.

Once (like many soldiers) he was informed he had been overpaid and was asked to make a refund. He stormed for three months and eventually (unlike other soldiers) was allowed to keep the money as "a free gift and bounty."

★ The author, who recently commanded the 1st Battalion The Black Watch, is now on the staff of SHAPE.

Their Pasts are Forgotten

"AND what did you do before you joined up?" is one of the questions that officers never ask their men in the French Foreign Legion.

Tales of this formidable force have often been told by journalists who signed on "to get a story." Now comes an account by a regimental officer, who joined the Legion voluntarily because he was attracted by its glamour — and for no other reason. He is Jacques Weygand, son of General Maxime Weygand, French Army, and his book is "Legionnaire" (Harrap, 12s 6d).

The setting of the book is Morocco in the 'twenties, when the Riff were still unsubdued. In relating the adventures of "Lieutenant Vaudreuil," the author reflects his own experiences.

One day, soon after joining his Cavalry Regiment, Lieutenant Vaudreuil asks his serjeant-major "a perfectly innocent question" about the past of one of the men in his troop. The serjeant-major's face shows stupefaction at this breach of the unwritten law.

The Legion, however, does not take on fugitives from justice indiscriminately. While recruits are going through the preliminaries of enlistment, someone with alert eyes is running through a card index. Undesirables are shown the door.

Who, then, join the Legion? The answer is: political outcasts, like White Russians and Poles; unsuccessful business men; betrayed husbands; "the failures, the unlucky, the clumsy"; and the types who are fascinated by adventure. Of the misfits, a character in this book says: "They have all chosen to come here rather than commit suicide, rather than go down and down into the gutter, or live as outlaws. They have faced ten or fifteen years hard work and fighting instead."

One of the more curious reasons for joining seems to have been to grow a new skin after removing tattoo marks with sulphuric acid!

The rigours of forced marches in the desert ("March or croak"), and of campaigning on the nightmare scarps of the Hammada are excellently conveyed. And there

are humbler glimpses of the legionnaire's life, like raising a gloss on wooden floors with the heel of a bottle (try it some time).

When baptised by the regimental padre, each legionnaire receives 50 francs and a glass of rum. It will surprise no one that some legionnaires have been baptised more than once.

How Much Do You Know?



1. The lady in the picture is French. She acts in Hollywood films. Her first name and her surname both begin with C. Who is she?

2. Kirk o' Shotts, in Scotland, was in the news a few months ago because that was where (a) an air liner crashed; (b) a hydro-electric power-station was opened; (c) a memorial to the Lovat Scouts was unveiled; (d) a television station began operating. Which?

3. Since the Norman Conquest, only two Kings of England have been uncrowned. Who were they?

4. Which of these countries belong to the British Commonwealth and Empire: Martinique, Mauritius, Tonkin, Elba, St. Helena, Antigua?

5. The "useful information" published in your 1953 diary probably contains a warning which reads: "Tablets containing this substance may be exploded by igniting or rubbing together or by a blow. Therefore they should not be carried by occupants of aircraft." — Tablets containing what?

11. "For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever." Who, or what, was "I"?

(Answers on Page 36)

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royds 110/106

Rifles stacked in
neat tripods looked
smart — but you
couldn't always
disentangle your
rifle quickly enough
in an emergency.



"PILE ARMS" — THE FORGOTTEN ORDER

"WHAT with Bren guns, Sten guns, Tommy guns and all sorts of weapons," said the Old Sweat, "there's no time these days for a good spot of drill with lots of slap and crash as the troops work just like one man."

"Why, they've even made a mess of 'fix bayonets' so that a troop of Girl Guides could do it!"

"But let me talk about 'Pile Arms', a drill movement which was different. I doubt if you could do it these days, rifles not being made that way. But before the Short Magazine Lee-Enfield Mark III Star becomes a museum piece let me tell you about it."

"You've probably seen pictures of some of the older wars with nice neat tented camps and rifles stacked in neat little pyramids outside the open tent flaps. All very smart it looked."

"In the Old Army everything was done by the book, and so you couldn't put your arms down in a heap. You had to go through a complicated manoeuvre to stand them up in heaps of three, by numbers, as it were."

"Each stack of three had to be exactly the same as every other stack, and they all had to be in line. There was a definite routine for doing the job, though you could hardly call it a drill movement as it lacked the 'slap' and all-together movement of a real bit of drill."

"If any of you have ever seen the Short Magazine Lee-Enfield Mark III, you'll have noticed at the top of the rifle near the muzzle an additional swivel not unlike the two sling swivels lower down. This was the piling swivel and it was there solely for the job of piling arms."

"The idea was that the parade fell in in two ranks, opened order, one rank turned about;

ranks marked off in alternate twos and ones (or ones and twos) and the three so formed got into a huddle in the middle and made a little pyramid of their rifles by locking the first two piling swivels together and then adding the third rifle to complete a 'tripod'. This could then support three more rifles."

"'Huddle', of course, is hardly the right word. While men were moving in and out of the ranks and fiddling with piling swivels, it DID look like chaos let loose, until finally they moved back into two ranks and left a neat line of pyramids down the centre."

"Piling arms was frequently done on those large ceremonial parades where troops were collected from long distances and paraded hours before they were actually needed."

"Once at Pompey — a King's Birthday Parade it was — there was a real big do, Navy, Royal Air Force and all sorts of Army units. The parade was lined up on the parade ground, and after half-an-hour's mucking about came the order: 'Units will fall out independently for thirty minutes'."

"All was bustle and confusion as each unit fell into a series of huddles getting the job done as quickly as possible, so as to lose no drinking time. All except the Royal Never-Mind-Who. They just shambled to the nearest wall, leant their rifles against it and beat it off parade."

H. G.

A "Sergeant-Major's" shine



LIKE THOUSANDS of others in the Forces, he's found that Nugget is the polish to give boots and shoes a rich, brilliant shine — a shine that lasts.

A Nugget shine will gladden the heart of the most eagle-eyed Sergeant-Major!

NUGGET

Shoe Polish

Nugget your shoes — for polish and protection.



The largest-selling shoe polish in the world

PAGE 32

Make Sure of SOLDIER

YOUR unit, canteen or AKC cinema may stock SOLDIER. If not, post the form below to BANU, 58 Eaton Square, London SW 1. (Unit PRI's should enquire of their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms).

ORDER FORM

Please send copies of SOLDIER each month for months, beginning with the issue for the month of
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They Asked The Wrong Questions

IF you ask silly questions, you get silly answers.

This has been proved at more than one "brains trust" held for the entertainment of Her Majesty's Forces.

Now comes a film — "Folly To Be Wise" — which pokes delightful fun at the institution of brains trusts. Entertainment Officers should stay away from it, or they will lose their nerve.

The Reverend W. Paris, Chaplain to the Forces (played by Alistair Sim) takes on the task of reorganising entertainment at a camp where the troops have been enduring too many string quartets and madrigal sessions. In his genial, effusive fashion he bullies local residents into forming a quiz panel. They include a simple-minded viscountess, a blunt Member of Parliament, a deaf doctor, a waffling professor, a rude artist and his authoress wife. Troops are invited — nay, ordered — to send in questions.

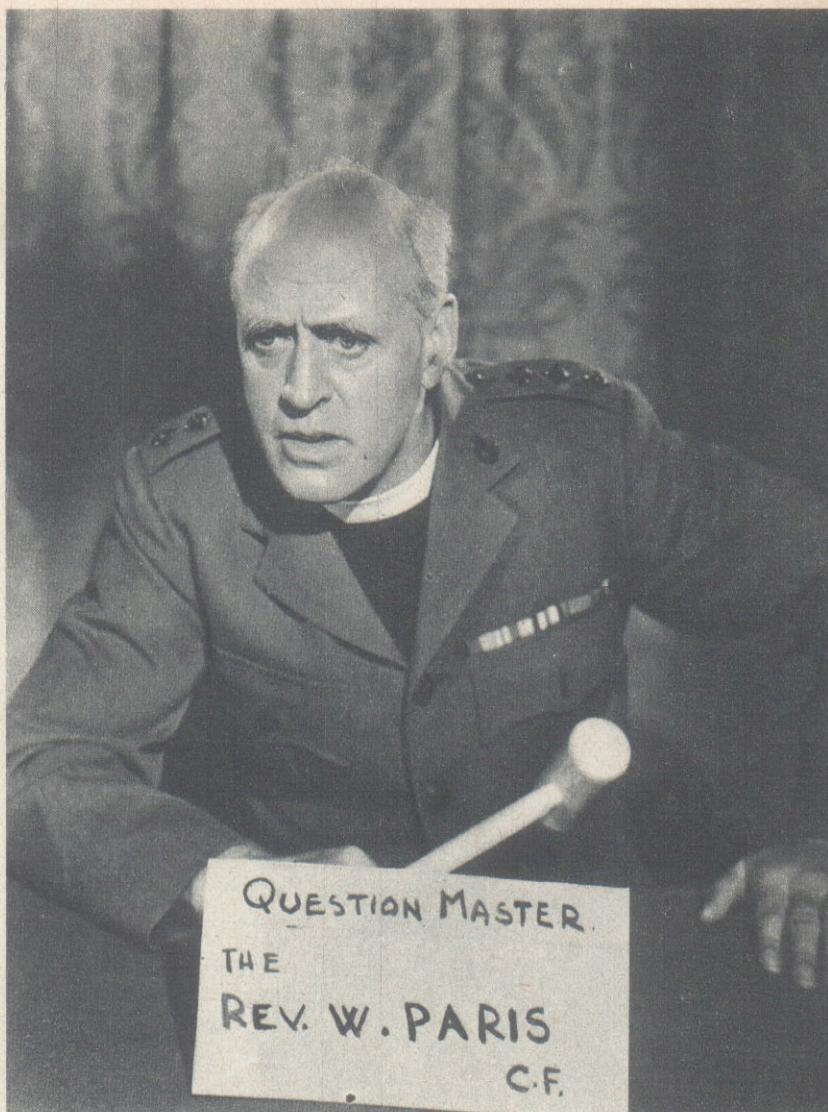
The Padre has his first misgivings when he starts to eliminate unsuitable questions, like "Can the brains trust suggest an effective way of making home-made gin?" Alas, he does not throw out nearly enough. The first question on which the team are invited to pontificate is: "Why do cows chase railway trains?" and the answers are what you might expect.

Then the Padre's secretary, Private Jessie Killiegrew, asks the fateful question: "Is marriage a good idea, and if so how should one choose a partner?" The trouble is that the waffling professor has become too friendly with the artist's wife, and the artist has been drinking. Personalities begin to fly, and soon the quiz is a shambles.

With much presence of mind, the Padre rings down the curtain for an interval, and hopes that his bickering panel of experts will cool off. Meanwhile the rest of the camp learn by word of mouth that there is a really good show to be enjoyed for once, and when the brains trust resumes the hall is packed.

Continued on Page 34

The Padre makes a desperate effort to get



Alistair Sim plays the padre who hit on an all-too-successful way of entertaining the troops. His emotions run from ghastly geniality to black despair.



The padre's secretary, Private Jessie Killiegrew, is half in love with the padre's gormless driver-batman. That's why she wants some first-hand advice about marriage ... She is seen (left) pursuing her embarrassing thirst for knowledge. Private Jessie is played by Scots-born Janet Brown, a war-time ATS girl and current television actress. The batman is Peter Martyn, who was a captain in the Coldstream Guards during the war. He is not the first ex-officer to play a film batman; Patrick Holt did so in "Hungry Hill."

You've Marched to his Tunes

FILMS
(Continued)

The king of "oompah, oompah" is the hero of a new American film



With medals worn left, right and centre: John Philip Sousa, as played by Clifton Webb in the film "Marching Along."

They Asked The Wrong Questions

(Continued from Page 33)

the brains trust to answer the question: "How can a bluebottle take off, when it is walking upside down on the ceiling?" But Jessie Killiegrew, backed by the audience, will have none of this. She wants an answer to her original question: "Is marriage a good idea?" Once again there is a shambles. The Padre gives up, and does not even ring down the curtain (if he did, of course, there would be no film).

One of the neatest incidents is when a private soldier stands up and makes a speech of thanks to the Padre for really refreshing entertainment. This part is undertaken by George Cole, who played the Guardsman in "Who Goes There?" He happened to be in the studio when this scene was being shot and asked if he could play the part.

Everything ends tolerably well. But if only people would take cold baths and more exercise, sighs the Padre. Perhaps he has got something there.

The film is derived from a wartime play by James Bridie. It is among those booked by the Army Kinema Corporation for showing soon in its overseas cinemas.

HERE can be few British soldiers who have not marched to strains composed by John Philip Sousa.

Sousa, who was named the "March King" by a British brass band journal, wrote more than a hundred marches, besides comic operas, suites and, oddly enough, novels. His autobiography was called "Marching Along," and that title is now used for the film about him starring Clifton Webb.

Sousa's marches include such famous pieces as "The Washington Post," "The Stars and Stripes Forever," "El Capitan," "Liberty Bell" and "Imperial Edward." One, "The Invincible Eagle," is the regimental march of the 14/20th Hussars. Sousa once said that "a march should make a man with a wooden leg step out."

Born of a family of Portuguese refugees, Sousa became band-master of the United States Marine Corps in 1880. Twelve years later he formed his own band. He toured Europe a number of times and was decorated by King Edward VII. In World War One he served in the United States Navy.

Sousa's compositions, though they are often passed over by highbrow musicians, wrung this tribute from the *Oxford Companion to Music*: "His marches have in an extraordinary degree the youthful spirit, optimism and patriotic feeling which animated the [American] nation at the time they were composed."

When he died, in 1932, *The Times* had this to say: "'The Washington Post' with its delightful impudent swagger, is more alive than 'Alexander's Rag-Time Band' — its junior by many years; while in quality it is far healthier than the more sentiment-

al jazz songs of today, which die of their own sickliness. Sousa was the forerunner of jazz in that his music struck a distinctively American note which found expression in a compelling rhythm."

Writing of the film "Marching Along," *The Times* expressed pleasure that the note of adulation so common in films about musicians was, for once, muted, though it was unmistakably there. "Physically, with his beard and his rimless pince-nez, Sousa is anything but attractive, and Mr. Webb subtly suggests the presence in the personality of a brusque and intolerant conceit." But, says *The Times*, there are some sequences which "march along with the swagger and confidence of the 'Washington Post' itself."

Note: A musical instrument, the sousaphone, was named after the composer.



**Pakistan
Medal**

THE Pakistan Medal (obverse, top), authorised by the late King George VI for the Pakistan Forces, will be given to British Servicemen who were serving with the Pakistan or Indian Forces on 1 January 1948, and who subsequently served with the Pakistan Army. It will not go to those eligible for the India Independence Medal. The ribbon is Pakistan green, with a central white stripe.

Also Coming Your Way

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

ABOVE AND BEYOND

When a Serviceman is given a long, complicated and highly-secret job, it is liable to play havoc with his family life. This is what happened to Colonel Paul Tibbets, who had the task of organising the men and machines for dropping the first atom-bomb. When the Colonel went to Hollywood to see Robert Taylor impersonating him, he is reported to have said: "My wife could not see why I refused to tell her my plans during that long training period, and when I would go off at a moment's notice to some distant air base without any explanation, it led to tension and friction." However, as the world knows, the atom-bomb went off all right, and then the marriage went back to normal. Mrs. Tibbets is played by Eleanor Parker.

ROAD TO BALI

The latest of the roads trodden together by Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour, and the first one to be decorated by Technicolor. This one leads to a South Sea island ruled over by Miss Lamour, disguised under the improbable name of Princess Lalah McTavish. There is deep-sea diving for treasure (in which Hope fights a giant squid) and an escape to a head-hunters' island, where Miss Lamour is nearly married to both her suitors by the local high priest. Songs, of course.

SOMEbody LOVES ME

Show business in Technicolor, "based on incidents in the romance and careers" of two American performers, Blossom Seeley and Benny Fields, played by Betty Hutton and Ralph Meeker. The story is about the successes of Miss Blossom and the distaste her less successful husband feels at being known as "Mr. Blossom."

THE STEEL TRAP

You know how it is — whenever you arrange a perfect crime everything goes wrong. So it happens to Joseph Cotten when he decides to help himself to a million dollars from the bank in which he is clerking. Other people hang about when he wants them out of the way, aircraft are forced down by bad weather, then his wife (Teresa Wright) discovers what is going on and starts back home. What can a man do? Cotten follows his wife home and puts the money in the safe before anyone has missed it. Oh, well. He can always try again.



"You don't want a rifle - you want a violin!"

REMEMBER what the sergeant said yesterday — when he was admiring those lovely wayward locks of yours? He wouldn't have picked on you if it hadn't been for that Dry Scalp trouble of yours (you know the symptoms — dry, lifeless hair that won't stay tidy — or dandruff in the parting and on the collar).

End DRY SCALP

FOOL THE SERGEANT AND PLEASE THE GIRLS



'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic is the stuff to end that Dry Scalp. You only need a few drops a day — massage them in gently for about 20 seconds, moving the whole scalp. On parade, the sergeant will pass you by — and on leave . . . My, my! The girls'll stop for a closer look!



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THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP



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Date of Birth

SOL. 2/58.

LETTERS



MAN OF ALL WORK

On returning from overseas, I find myself posted to a unit of the Territorial Army as a permanent staff instructor. I am chief clerk, CQMS, motor transport accountant, stores and pay clerk all rolled into one. I spend my time buried under ledgers. For three years I shall be away from my trade of vehicle mechanic and my chances of promotion will be at a standstill. My spare time has always been spent on the sports field, but where are my chances of sport now?

I would suggest that this type of work could be given to older men, possibly those in their last three years of service, or to those who have been medically downgraded. — "PSI" (name and address supplied).

★ Owing to the importance of training the expanding Territorial Army, only the most qualified Regular soldiers are now being posted to the permanent staff of Territorial units. The variety of work widens a soldier's administrative experience, and helps him to master duties which would not come his way in a Regular unit. For this reason a posting to the Territorial Army is now regarded as part of a Regular NCO's education.

There is no question of this work interrupting his promotion, which is now regulated by the peace promotion code. Nor, if he carries out his job as instructor, should he "be away from his trade." The task of instructing Territorials cannot be given to men who are not fully fit or to those who are due for early release and whose interest might not be wholly in the job.

"DEAR SIR"

The BBC employ a very able team to read the letters submitted to their "Dear Sir" department. I cannot but applaud their dexterity and versatility in the use of accents and dialects to "colour" the letters that are read. Automatically one assumes the selected accent is one which is used by the writer of the letter. Why, though, do they mimic slightly Cockney and quite uncouth accents when reading letters from Army warrant officers and NCO's?

I have found, in the main, that WO's and NCO's in the Army do not have uncouth accents, and that their vocabularies are generally larger than those attributed to them.

This practice of presenting uncouth senior Other Ranks is not confined to "Dear Sir" and besides being unfair to the present day back-bone of the Army, tends to put the Army into disrepute and disfavour with the general public. Is it not also a deterrent to potential recruits to our

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

modern Army of skilled tradesmen?

In the Army, we realise that you are not a man until you can laugh at yourself; but I believe that the continual use of such practices has a subtle, harmful influence on the attitude of the general public towards Her Majesty's Forces, and I would suggest to your readers that they take every opportunity of ensuring that the public realise that the Regular soldier of today is a man of some intelligence following a chosen, well-paid and worthy career in an Army of which he is proud. — WOII R. G. Smith, RASC, 7th Armoured Division, BAOR.

HONOUR THESE MEN

The Coronation presents an excellent opportunity for recognition to be given the long-serving and often long-suffering Territorial volunteer. Well-earned appreciation has been accorded the National Serviceman and the Z-Rervist, but it should never be overlooked that without the Territorial volunteer there would be no Territorial Army.

Let it be hoped that, in spite of the smaller Coronation procession, there will be no undue restriction on the number of men each Territorial unit is asked to send to London. Certainly there should be no restriction on commanding officers in selecting those men who, by long service and efficient and meritorious conduct, have earned this recognition. — Lieut-Col. G. W. Noakes TD, Halfway House, The Avenue, Hale, Cheshire.

UNEXPLORED

Is there in the British Army any department devoted entirely to exploring? — Sjt. G. Woodford, 16/5 Lancers, MELF.

★ No.

Answers

(From Page 31)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Corinne Calvet. 2. (d). 3. Edward V and Edward VIII. 4. Mauritius, St. Helena and Antigua. 5. Potassium chlorate. 6. Newcastle, four times. 7. Shells and shell-fish. 8. 2200. 9. An English wild flower. 10. (a) Sir Walter Raleigh; (b) Virginia; (c) potato; (d) tobacco smoking. 11. The brook in Tennyson's poem.



YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING THERE!



YES, YOU'VE REALLY GOT SOMETHING
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A

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LIFE IN GERMANY

I was surprised to read the letter from "Rhine Army Wife" (SOLDIER, December) who says she has never been so hard up as she is in Germany. I, too, am the wife of a warrant officer class two and came to BAOR the same time as she did. I can say I have never been so well off in my life.

She complains of inadequate rations. There is a choice of 12 different scales supplying different items of food. For a cost of £2 10s a week the four of us have had meat and bacon far in excess of the English ration, eggs, sausages, fish, vegetables, potatoes, tea, tinned and fresh fruit, cereal, cocoa, flour and other things. During the summer months we had lettuce, cucumbers and tomatoes which are always expensive in England. Everybody has at least one roasting joint a week, not only stewing beef. We worked out what the price of these rations would be in Britain and it is nearly double what we pay here. Two hundred and sixty cigarettes a week are available at a cost of 15s as against £2 5s 6d in Blighty, and drinks are also much cheaper. Therefore what is saved on these two items offsets the few things which are a bit dearer.

The only people I have met out here who cannot pay their ration bills and are really hard up are those who are living beyond their means. — Mrs. L. Kerby, Lippstadt, BAOR.



GIBRALTAR GIRLS

In your article "First Ack-Ack Girls for 'Gib.'" (SOLDIER, November) you state that for the first time since the war, women have gone overseas in an operational role to serve in Gibraltar.

I feel sure that many of your readers will be interested to know that eleven girls in Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps arrived in this Command on 25 November 1951, long before the Women's Royal Army Corps. Although, perhaps, the QARANC are not in the same operational role as the WRAC, they are doing important work in the Military Hospital and doing it excellently. — Colonel K. Fletcher-Barrett OBE, (ADAMS Gibraltar Command), Fortress Headquarters, Gibraltar.

FLAT FOOT

Andrew Milbourne's article: "Why cannot we soldier on?" (SOLDIER, December) gives a wide field for discussion and I am sure a place could be found for some disabled men in the Army.

However, a man suffering from Hallux-Valgus ("flat foot to you, Tommy" says your correspondent) should see a chiropodist, who would treat him for what is commonly termed a bunion. ("Pes Planus" — flat foot to you, Editor). — CQMS R. J. Palmer, 17 Vehicle Bn. RAOC, BAOR.

COLOURS IN BATTLE

My attention has been drawn to the letter from Major T. J. Edwards in the December SOLDIER on Colours in battle.

As you know, this Museum now has in its care all the official photographic records of the two world wars, and after a search in our files we have failed to find the photograph that Major Edwards seems to remember seeing in the Press.

We have, however, traced one print showing a regiment of Foot Guards in a ceremonial parade of Allied troops in Algiers, and at the head of the marching column is an officer and escort with Union Jack to denote the country of origin of this particular group.

Is this the photograph that Major Edwards has in mind? — A. J. Charge, Keeper of Photographs, Imperial War Museum, Lambeth, London.

LANCASTRIA MEN

I have seen a newspaper article describing a reunion of survivors from the *Lancastria* (sunk with the loss of 3000 troops in 1940). Do you know how I can get in touch with them? — S/Sgt. A. N. Agnew, Royal Army Pay Corps, Reading.

★ The reunion was organised by Major C. V. Petit, 161 Tulse Hill, London SW2. He tells SOLDIER: "The first reunion took place in Berlin in June 1946, although only one other man turned up to meet me. In June 1952 there were almost 100 from the Army, RAF, the ship's crew, Church Army sisters and civilians, including a girl who was a baby in arms at the time of the sinking. The special tie which I have designed and am personally hand-weaving for survivors, is now almost ready and will be distributed shortly."

INDIAN CONTRACTOR

As one of thousands with memories of Indian regimental contractors, I was interested in your article on Kh. M. A. Hamid (SOLDIER, December). But it is incorrect to say that his chitty was written by "the former British Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain," who in 1880 would have been 11 years old. Although at least one celebrated Indian administrator started his career with a commission at that tender age, it was not in such comparatively recent times. It would seem the chitty was written by the late Colonel Sir Neville Chamberlain, who at that time was on the staff of Lord (then Sir Frederick) Roberts in Afghanistan. Although Sir Neville outlived his more widely known namesake by four years, he was born 13 years earlier than the Prime Minister. — A. W. Hughes, Riddings Road, Timperley, Cheshire.

PENSION INCREASES

I came out on pension on 16 July 1949 after 21 years, thus missing the increased pension and the terminal grant by about 14 months. Since the increased pension was granted men who came out before 1948 have also had an increase. Could you say why there is a gap between 1948 and 1950? — R. Perkins, Fleet Street, Torquay.

★ There have been two post-war improvements in the pension rates: (1) the 1945 Pension Code effective from 12 December 1945 applied to all soldiers discharged to pension with 22 or more years service between that date and 31 August 1950; (2) the 1950 Code effective from 1 September 1950, which introduced the terminal grant and applies to soldiers discharged with 22 or more years service after that date.

In addition, the following two pension increase warrants supplement the pensions of those over 60 (provided they satisfy the income limits): (1)

Continued overleaf



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MORE LETTERS

the 1947 Pensions Increase Warrant effective from 1 December 1946, applying to all pensions awarded under pre-war regulations; (2) the 1951 warrant effective from 1 October 1952, applying to pensions awarded under regulations in force before 1 September 1950 (including the 1945 Pension Code). Thus there is no gap between 1948 and 1950.

COUNTING PENSION

The other day I tried to work out my pension. According to Army Orders so much a week is granted for basic service, and so much a week for each complete year served in the various ranks. As hardly any person serves an exact year or number of years in a rank, how are the odd weeks and months taken into account? — WO1 F. Ryan, Victoria Barracks, Belfast.

★ Only full years of reckonable service in a rank are officially taken into consideration when the pension is estimated. However, the War Office usually solves the problem by taking the odd months of a higher rank and adding them to the rank element of a lower rank. Thus, if a soldier served two-and-a-half years as a serjeant and an equal period as a corporal, he would be allowed his two years as serjeant to count for pension and be credited with three years as a corporal.

NUMBER ONE DRESS

I am a Royal Artillery Territorial serjeant. Do regulations allow me to buy and wear Number One Dress? — Sjt. A. E. Winter, Albany, Piccadilly, London W1.

★ A Territorial may buy Number One Dress, but he must have his commanding officer's permission to wear it.

To Sandhurst via Welbeck

NEXT September, 800-year-old Welbeck Abbey, where thousands of Regulars went on resettlement courses, will have a new role. It will train boys who hope to become Regular officers in the Army's technical corps.

Pupils will mostly be between 15 years nine months and 16 years nine months. They will have reached the General Certificate of Education ordinary standard, or its Scottish equivalent, with passes in mathematics, science and one other subject. They must have testimonials from their headmasters, must be accepted by an interviewing board and pass a medical examination.

The College will be run on boarding-school lines. Emphasis will be on mathematical and scientific subjects with workshop instruction in wood and metal work. The boys will also receive general education, including English and another modern language, and it is hoped to have music and art as optional subjects. All pupils will

be members of the school's Combined Cadet Force contingent.

The College will work the normal school terms, but about seven of the 15 weeks holiday will be taken up with visits to military and civilian establishments, and annual Cadet Force camp.

Nearly everything will be free, from tuition, food and a complete outfit of College clothing to 4s a week pocket-money. Parents may be asked to contribute, however, according to their incomes and commitments, anything from £1 to £30 a term towards the boys' maintenance.

The parents of a boy entering the College must undertake that he shall be a candidate for the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst and, if he is successful, that he shall serve at least

five years as a Regular officer on the Active List.

After two years at Welbeck those boys considered suitable will be accepted for Sandhurst without any further test. They will, however, serve a short period in the ranks like all entrants to the Royal Military Academy.

Prospects for Welbeck boys are good. They may be picked at Sandhurst for London University degree courses in engineering or science. After commissioning, they may study at Cambridge or the Military College of Science for their degrees. Thus, they are offered both a career in the Army and a qualification which is recognised in civilian life.

There will be a total strength of 150 boys at the College. Details and entry forms may be obtained from the Under-Secretary of State for War (AG 10) at the War Office.

THAT CERTIFICATE

In my opinion the Army Certificate of Education is easily the foremost reason why flocks of Regulars are leaving the Army. I suggest that a slightly more difficult Second Class Certificate should be the only test of education required, and that the First be replaced by a promotion examination based entirely on military matters, in much the same way as trade testing. This examination could

be designed for each arm of the Army and graded one to six — grade six for serjeant's rank and grade one for captain's. Each man would then have the opportunity of reaching his own ceiling and none could complain of an unfair deal. I spent nearly a year swotting for my First. Of what use in my capacity as a serjeant-major on the square will be assonance and alliteration. To what uses a newspaper cartoonist could put this! — "BSM" (name and address supplied).

★ It is the War Office view that warrant officers, who have responsible positions in controlling and guiding men, should be of a fixed educational standard. At present warrant officers must attain the standard of the Army Education Certificate, First Class, in English, mathematics, current affairs and two optional subjects. In future they will need to qualify in English, two subjects considered essential by the directors of their own arms, and two of their own choice.

In a bayonet charge, grammar ceases to matter, but the Army is not all bayonet charges. War grows increasingly complex, and the better his education the more likely is a man to do full justice to his rank. The standard of education of many young soldiers is high; while they do not expect their warrant officers to speak Ciceronian prose, their respect for the Army will be heightened if they find that their superiors combine lucid expression with leadership and experience. SOLDIER is assured that there is no evidence that the First Class Certificate is causing men to leave the Army.

WHAT IS LEAVE?

Is leave a privilege, subject to the time-honoured "exigencies of the Service," or is it in fact, as I have often been told, an entitlement? I should probably sleep better if I knew either way. — Sjt. H. Franklin, Bordon, Hants.

★ As its name implies, privilege leave is not an entitlement, and is granted "subject to the exigencies of the Service." Though the phrase "leave entitlement" is often used, all leave (with such exceptions as terminal leave, retained-in-the-Service leave and Korea service leave) remains a privilege.

I am returning to Britain in March. During my overseas tour I went without leave in order that I could add 25 per cent of my entitlement to my disembarkation leave under current regulations. As I have children at school whom I have not seen for several years, I would rather take this leave in July when they will be on holiday. Would I be allowed to take my disembarkation leave in March, and the accumulated leave in July? — WO1 S. Hardie, 2nd Field Ambulance RAMC, Middle East.

★ No. Disembarkation leave is granted to enable a soldier returning from overseas to put his private affairs in order. Accumulated privilege leave may only be added to disembarkation leave; indeed, it forms an integral part of it. If this leave is not taken at the time of disembarkation it is automatically written off.



If you dream of a castle...

IF YOU DREAM you are standing outside a castle, say the experts, it is a sign that you will have to work hard to achieve your secret ambition. But if in your dream you are inside a castle, it denotes you will travel far and wide and will see most of the world's treasures.

However far you may wander, one thing is certain: you'll not taste finer chocolates than Duncan Capital Assortment. And it won't take you long to discover your favourite from a rich variety of luscious centres — each one cradled in smooth-as-silk chocolates.

The chocolates of your dreams

DUNCAN—THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE



GOLDEN SANDS

I wish to draw attention to a photograph published in the October, 1952 edition of SOLDIER, of which the title was:

"Back to Golden Sands... comes a party of soldiers who hired the camp motor-cycles for sightseeing."

For your information the "soldiers" referred to are all officers who were serving with No. 6 Squadron of the Middle East Air Force at that time.

The motor-cycles were all hired in Nicosia, not from Golden Sands. — Flying Officer C. E. Hill, Adjutant No. 6 Squadron, Royal Air Force, Habbaniya, Middle East Air Force.

★ SOLDIER's apologies to the officers featured in this photograph.

Things You Wouldn't Know Unless We Told You



A new scale of equipment has been laid down for Dog Cookhouses and Dog Kennels (see Army Council Instruction 589/52).

RISE AND SHINE!

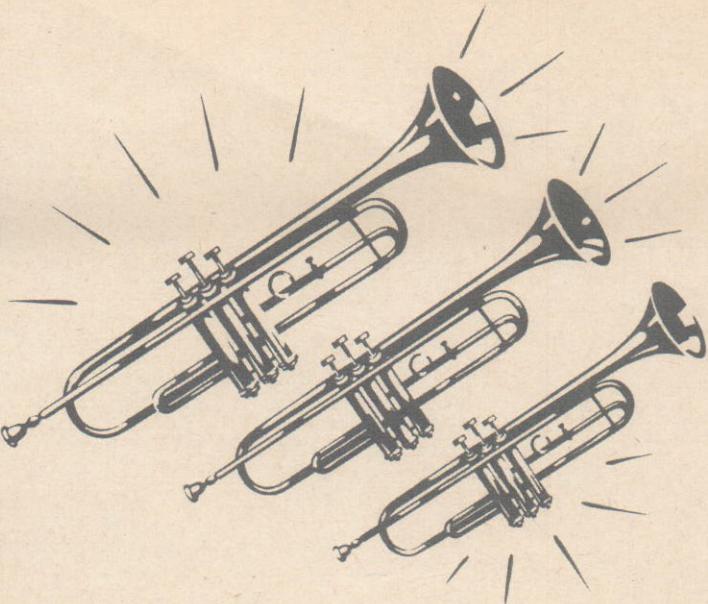
R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.V.O., M.B.E.,
gives his 7 point recommendation
for a parade ground polish.

Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

Deep-shine with **KIWI**

It puts life into leather

- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."



TRUMPET CALL!

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BLUEBELL
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