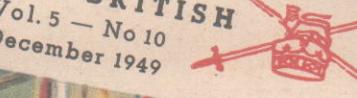


SOLDIER

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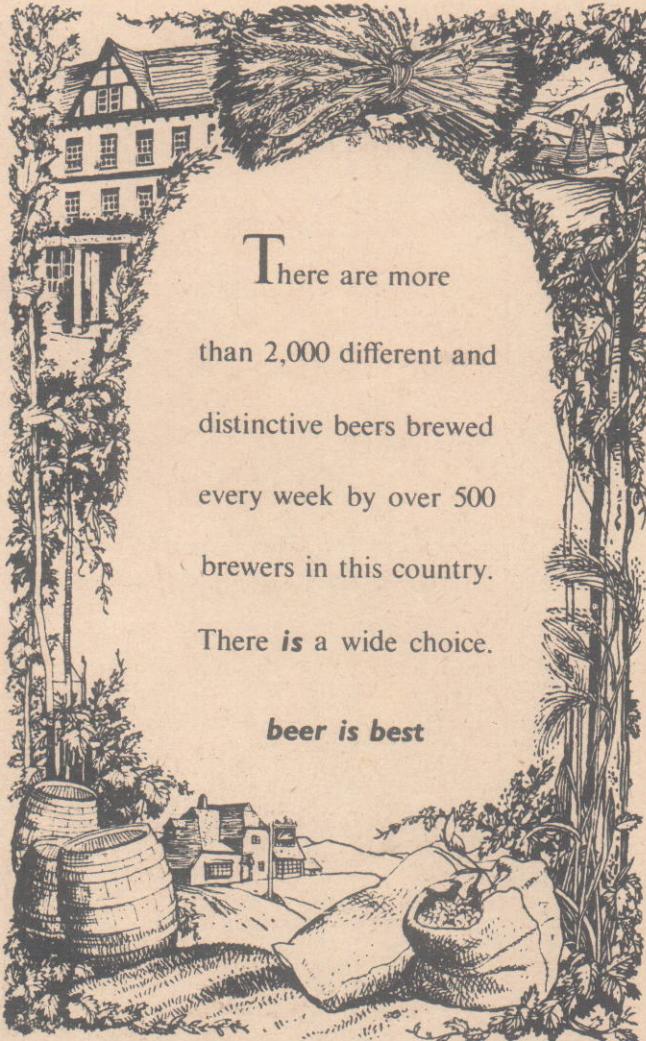
Don't ask the serjeant what he thinks
About his Christmas mission.
His face is frozen as the Sphinx ...
Drink up and snatch your forty winks.
Don't ask the serjeant what he thinks —
Be grateful for Tradition!

William Scutt

IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD . . .

get a hat

(ask your girl friend)



There are more than 2,000 different and distinctive beers brewed every week by over 500 brewers in this country.

There *is* a wide choice.

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NATURAL BRISTLE
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Oh-oh, Dry Scalp!
CAN THESE really be two pictures of the same chap? Yes, they are! Just look what an unruly mess his hair is (top). She's simply horrified to look at it! Dry Scalp's his trouble. That's why his hair is so dry and lifeless-looking. Loose dandruff shows, too, at the parting and on his collar. His scalp is certainly short of the natural oils it needs.



He's taken her tip—and
what a difference!

BOY! WHAT A DIFFERENCE . . . now he's ended Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic. His hair has a natural, healthy gloss. And no dandruff! A few drops of this famous tonic dressing gently massaged into your scalp supplements the natural oils, ends Dry Scalp. When massaging, move the whole scalp—don't just rub. Hair looks well-dressed all day!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK
The Dressing that ends Dry Scalp

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Craven A
CORK TIPPED

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Price: £3.9.0.

Biro de luxe takes the famous Magnum refill.

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This very attractive Biro is available in two styles: in gleaming rolled gold or in shining rhodium-plate. The point is ready for writing when you press the top of the case. Press again and the point retracts into the case.

Price: Rolled Gold 27/-. Rhodium plated 24/-.
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THE NEW BIRO

The new Biro, graceful in appearance, gives the convenient and reliable Biro Service famous throughout the world. In three attractive colours: black, maroon, dove-grey, with new non-slip clip.

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This improved Biro model is specially designed to slip easily into pocket or handbag. Slim, neat and graceful. Available in four attractive colours: blue, maroon, grey or black, with cap in silvery argenite.

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Biro Minor — the popular adaptation of the world-famous Biro. Designed originally for use on desk or bench, Biro Minor is fitted with a protective cap and can be carried anywhere. Available in four useful colours with matching inks: blue, red, green and black.

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Handy Stand to carry four Biro Minors 2/3.





GOODBYE TO GREECE

WHEN British troops leave Greece, in the near future, they will break ties unusually strong between the soldiers of one nation and the civilians of another.

Only time will show whether, 30 years from now, the British troops who served in Greece in recent years will preserve unbroken a sentimental link like that of their fathers of World War One, who still send gifts to the Salonika school they "adopted."

It was in 1940 that a new generation of British troops made the acquaintance of the Greek people. Mussolini's gaudy legions had gate-crashed the frontier from Albania and the Greek Army, tough but poorly equipped, needed support.

The Royal Air Force rushed a few squadrons across the Mediterranean. A few British soldiers (one of whom is now on SOLDIER staff), under a sub-area headquarters, went over, too, on a fleet of cruisers. Perhaps so that they would look like their fathers in World War One and thus be more easily recognised by the Greeks, they were relieved of their battle-dress and issued with obsolete Service dress, complete with brass buttons.

Soon afterwards, a little equipment followed. It was not much, but it was all that could be spared from the Middle East. The Greek Army's need for it was demonstrated by the sight of a Pierce-Arrow lorry which had been taken to Greece by the 1916 Salonika Force, chugging through the streets of Athens under a new coat of camouflage paint, its radiator gushing steam; and by senior Greek officers being driven about on the pillion of motor-cycles.

But up in the hills, the Greek soldiers fought stubbornly until they had brought the Italians to a standstill. Then they pushed them back across the frontier and themselves began to advance into Albania.

Down in Athens British soldiers joined the Greeks in frequent victory celebrations. A blue-uniformed youth movement band stopped what it was playing to strike up "Tipperary" whenever it passed the British headquarters on its daily parade through the city streets.

Early in 1941 the Germans took over Bulgaria and poised on Greece's north-eastern frontier. German invasion was obviously only a matter of time. Now fighting units, Australian, New Zealander and British, which could ill be spared from General Wavell's overworked Middle East Force, began to arrive in Greece.

They disembarked at the Piraeus and set off northwards. As often as not, they were watched on their way by the English-educated, monocled military attaché from the German Legation in Athens. Perhaps their convoys went past the Nazi flag flying outside the Legation of the German club.

OVER →

About 3000 British troops stationed in Greece are to be withdrawn, the Government announced last month. But the British Military Mission will stay on, to help train the Greek Army



In Athens the Acropolis was a centre of attraction for troops, with or without guide-books. Some performed the time-honoured feat of reading a newspaper there by moonlight reflected from the broken marble.

GOODBYE TO GREECE

(Cont'd)



In 1941, British, Australians and New Zealanders went to Greece from the Western Desert. Above: a sample of Australian winter fashions. Right: On cruisers and transports and even on freighters they sailed through the Greek islands to the mainland.



In October 1944 partisan girls of ELAS welcomed British troops to Greece as liberators. The Union Jack was designed from memory.

For though Greece was at war with Germany's ally, she was still not at war with Germany.

Then Hitler struck simultaneously at Greece and Jugo-Slavia. Jugo-Slavia was overrun. In Greece the fighting, in spite of the 60,000 men General Wavell had been able to send, was over in three weeks. Yet as convoys ran south to the evacuation ports, the civilian population still turned out to give the British and Empire troops a cheer and to present them with cups of Turkish coffee, glasses of brandy, cigarettes, sweets, eggs and fruit.

The war spread to the Greek islands — green, golden patches studded with white houses, in a blue sea. On Crete British, Empire and Greek troops fought waves of German airborne troops while the Royal Navy held off a seaborne invasion. How near to success the defenders were they did not know until after the war. The Germans moved into the smaller islands, and as they moved in, so young Greeks moved out in *caiques* (small sailing boats) to join the Free Greek forces in Egypt. Those islands were to see the *caiques* again before the end of the war, bearing attackers from the British Army's raiding forces.

In the battle for Greece, the Allies had had little hope of success. Whether Britain was wise to send troops at all is still in

debate. The action was certainly worthwhile in that it demonstrated Britain's loyalty to her Greek ally. But did it really hold up the German programme? Or did it, by splitting his forces, rob General Wavell of a chance of clearing Africa? Would it have been better to let the mainland go and make Crete the main bastion of Middle East defence?

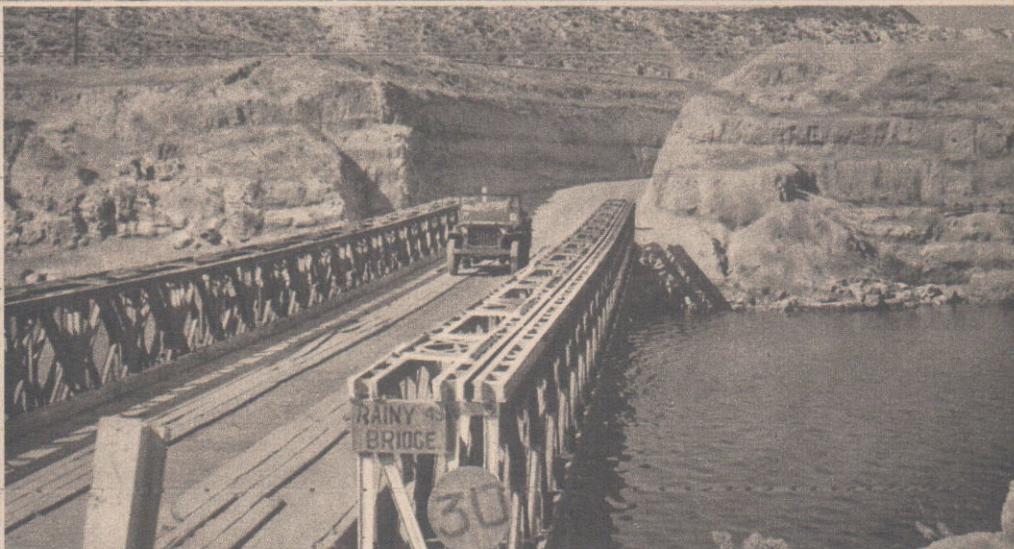
During the next three-and-a-half years, Greek courage under occupation was second to none. Escaping British prisoners-of-war testify to that. But by the time the starving country was liberated, the resistance factions were fighting among themselves, with the Communist EAM party using its armed force, the ELAS, to try to seize power.

The liberating troops found themselves involved in Greece's domestic conflict and attacked by ELAS. "It was impossible," wrote Field-Marshal Alexander, then Supreme Allied Commander in the Mediterranean, "for us to allow the destinies of a country for which we had been made responsible by inter-Allied agreement, to be settled by armed revolution, and the troops were ordered to resist the ELAS attack."

British and Indian troops were set the task of clearing an area around Athens in which the Greek Government could build up strength to restore order. The rebels took to the hills and were



While British paratroops and tanks fought ELAS in the streets of Athens in 1944 (top) other units ran soup-kitchens, or issued the ingredients when fuel was short (below, left) and Royal Engineers put a Bailey bridge across the Corinth Canal (below).



reinforced from across the frontier. The long campaigns against them started.

The British Army stopped on, by request of the Greek Government and with the approval of the United Nations, but the troops took no part in the fighting against the rebels. They were there as a deterrent to any power which might want to take advantage of Greece's internal strife; as a token of the support of the democratic world for Greece's struggle for freedom and order; and as a symbol of stability in the chaotic aftermath of war.

Besides the troops, there was a Military Mission. At first it provided equipment, advice on operations and liaison officers with active units (who went into battle unarmed, the better to do their job). These tasks were later taken over by the American Army, but the British Military Mission still supervises training and administration. From British instructors, Greek instructors learned everything from the task system of vehicle maintenance to commando tactics.

The British battalions in Greece did not train the Greeks: they trained themselves. As the Government spokesman said, it did not cost much more to keep them there than anywhere else. And they were seeing the most famous sights in the world for nothing.

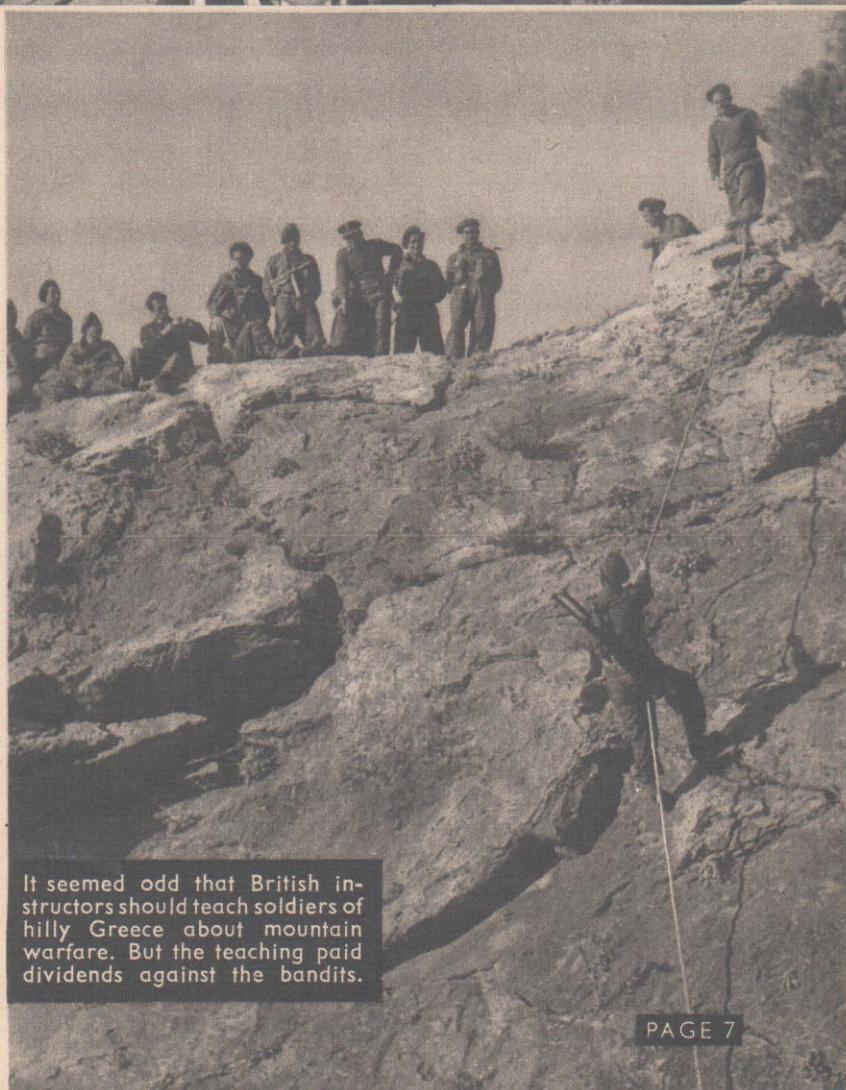


GREEKS AWARDED THIS BADGE

To 34 British officers and men of the raiding forces which helped drive the Germans from Greece came the Greek equivalent of the Military Medal.

It was the badge of Greece's Sacred Battalion, which is formed only when the country is in dire peril. Twice in its history it has been wiped out.

The badge has no ribbon, and is worn on the right breast. Only two or three serving British soldiers still wear it; SOLDIER tracked down one of them a little while ago — Sjt. L. H. Dick, Transit Camp Signals Office, Hook of Holland.



It seemed odd that British instructors should teach soldiers of hilly Greece about mountain warfare. But the teaching paid dividends against the bandits.

The Girls Go Green



Officer and sergeant of the WRAC in the new bottle-green No. 1 Dress, walking-out version. Both services will wear rayon stockings in "nocturne." Peaked cap is not exclusive to officers. Models are Junior-Commander Pamela Partridge (as senior commander, with braided cap) and Sergeant Alexis Wright.

TO a great clicking of press cameras the War Office paraded the long awaited new uniforms for the Army's Regular women's corps: the Women's Royal Army Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

The WRAC uniform breaks with traditional colours: it is bottle-green (a different shade from those favoured by rifle regiments and light Infantry). The nurses' uniform reverts to traditional colours: it is grey with scarlet shoulder pipings. Only the colour schemes differ; the designs are the same in both corps. In the WRAC the design is identical for all ranks, though officers will wear barathea and others serge.

The uniforms are the women's services No. 1 Dress and will eventually — no date is given — replace the service dress for walking-out and ceremonial, just as the blue No. 1 Dress is replacing the men's service dress.

Norman Hartnell, designer of the new uniforms, with three of his models, sashed for ceremonial. WRAC sash is beech-brown, nurses' sash is crimson.



THESE ARE THE NEW BADGES AND BUTTONS

Left to right: WRAC cap badge, collar badge and button; QARANC button and cap or collar badge.



— and Grey



Nursing uniform follows WRAC design, but is grey. Junior-Commander Phyllis Heymann wears senior commander's insignia and ceremonial sash. Behind is Subaltern Patricia Stenning. Right: all ranks of these women's services will wear the present officer-pattern greatcoat with collar modified "to avoid giving a crick in the neck."

cess Elizabeth on Horse Guards Parade and is the work of Aage Thaarup, who designs hats for the Queen.

Another leading designer, Captain Edward Molyneux, produced a new beret which may also be worn with the No. 1 Dress.

On ceremonial parades, the cloth belt on the uniform jacket will be replaced, in the WRAC, by a beech-brown sash for officers and warrant officers, class one, and a belt for others. The nurses will wear a scarlet rayon sash. Officers in both corps will have gold cord epaulettes.

The nurses' cap badge, which is of the same design as the collar badge, has the Danish cross with the letter "A" in the centre, and the buttons bear Queen Alexandra's monogram. The buttons and badges should come into use fairly soon, and will be worn on the present service dress. The nurses will keep their present working uniform and battledress for training and active service. The WRAC will keep battledress as a working dress.

Before the King gave his final approval to the uniforms, they were seen by the Queen, Queen Mary, the Princess Royal, and Princess Elizabeth.

SOLDIER in peace are like chimneys in summer," according to an old saying. In other words, they serve no useful purpose.

It may have been true once, though **SOLDIER** doubts it. Sometimes nowadays soldiers in remote and untroubled garrisons begin to feel a sense of futility (and in consequence start smoking like chimneys). The troops shortly to leave Greece may have wondered, "Why are we here?" A man can convince himself that he is helping to shape history by *doing* something; but it is harder to feel that he is shaping history by merely *being* somewhere.

A historian can argue, perhaps, that the last stand of such-and-such a battalion settled the fate of a continent. It is not so easy to argue that the mere presence of two ragged, but red-coated, companies in some far-flung port dissuaded a tyrant from starting a seven years war. Nobody can prove it; but he is a rash man who will say those soldiers were of no more use than chimneys in summer.

THE other day **SOLDIER** went to sleep in a troopship's berth at midnight and woke five hours later to find that the ship was still in the same place. After a rushed breakfast, at five-thirty a. m., came a long and tedious wait, then a transfer to another ship which finally did sail at midnight.

Now the only man who enjoys a day like this is a prisoner on his way to detention. Ordinary mortals chafe, as **SOLDIER** chafed. They begin to say, "Oh, it's just the Army messing you about!" It occurred to **SOLDIER** that a dozen words of explanation over the loud-hailer might have put everybody in a better humour, and made the whole operation seem a little less frustrating. Presumably there was a good reason why this ship did not sail and why other ships did. Presumably there was a good reason why everybody had to breakfast at five-thirty on a day spent in total idleness. The Movements Staff cannot be expected to explain everything that happens, but in a case like this they might care to remember the words of Tacitus, who said: "It is just as desirable for soldiers to know some things as not to know them." And **SOLDIER** has heard one or two humorists at the loud-hailer who could have made a very good job of the explanation.

A German magazine called *Ulenspiegel*, published in Berlin, recently helped itself, without permission, to three coloured pictures from **SOLDIER**, which it reproduced on its back page.

These were the recent cover picture of a moustachioed Life Guardsman in plumed helmet and breastplate (May, 1949) and two rather forbidding-looking pictures of Field Marshals Wilson and Alanbrooke (July 1947). An accompanying caption explained that the portrait of the Life Guardsman in his panoply was not that of Kaiser Wilhelm, as its readers might suspect, nor were the two other gentlemen officers of an SS formation. The pictures were merely taken from **SOLDIER**, the British Army Magazine.

Only one trifile was omitted. The pictures of the two Field Marshals were, in fact, photographs of waxwork effigies of these gentlemen in Madame Tussaud's, as was clear in **SOLDIER**'s captions. And they had come out looking more than a trifile sinister, thanks to the glint of the photographer's flash light on four glass eyes. *Ulenspiegel* must have had these pictures in its files for more than two years waiting for a chance to work off its little joke.

FIELD-MARSHAL Lord Wavell is the latest to cry for a limit to be set on paper work in the Army.

A Field-Marshal can afford to be forthright on such matters. The classic protest against paper work was made by the Duke of Wellington during the Peninsular War. He wrote to Lord Bradford, Secretary for War:

My Lord, If I attempt to answer the mass of futile correspondence that surrounds me, I should be debarred from all serious business of commanding. I must remind your Lordship, for the last time, that so long as I retain an independent position, I shall see that no officer under my command shall be debarred by attending to the futile drivelling of mere quill-driving in your Lordship's office, from attending to the first duty which is, and always has been, so to train the private men under his command that they may without question beat any force opposed to them in the field.

I am, My Lord, Your obedient Servant, (signed) Wellington.

Copies of this letter were circulated by General Auchinleck to his Staff in North Africa in World War Two, as a deterrent against putting out too much paper.

Recently a distinguished airman, Air Marshal Sir Thomas Elmhirst, told how in the six months between the fall of Tobruk and its recapture, which included a long retreat, the Battle of El Alamein and the advance to Benghazi, he wrote only two administrative letters and supply plans, and six official letters. One of the plans was for the retreat and the other for the advance.

SOLDIER to **Soldier**

THE BAND WHICH TOURED



Gala night in Stockerau, in the Russian Zone of Austria: The band is that of the 1st East Yorkshires.

IN THE RUSSIAN ZONE

EVEN the hard-bitten security officers, who make a habit of being surprised at nothing, admitted to each other that this was an unusual event: a unit of the British Army was enjoying a triumphal tour of Russian-held territory.

How did it come about — this visit by the band of the 1st Battalion The East Yorkshire Regiment to the Soviet Zone of Austria? It was a reciprocal arrangement, but none the worse for that reason. The Russians sent to the British Zone a very fine troop of Georgian dancers, and we sent to their zone a very fine military band. There was nothing more — or less — to it than that.

The townspeople of Wiener Neustadt, which is situated in the Soviet Zone on the road from Vienna to the Semmering Pass, are tolerably familiar with the sight of British uniforms, for their highway is the British Army's only road link with Vienna. But British trucks never stop in the town.

This time, however, it was a new kind of British convoy, escorted by Austrian police motorcyclists. As it pulled up in the battered town, spectators began to cram the pavements. The bandsmen descended, formed up and marched smartly into the main square of the town, playing the regimental march. They carried themselves with the same swagger as when they performed

"You have conquered the town tonight, not with bombs or arms, but with music," said the Burgermeister

in the great gardens of the Hapsburgs at Schonbrunn. Up at the front was Beverley, the regiment's St. Bernard mascot, dressed in the insignia which give him major's status and entitle him to a salute.

In the main square, under floodlighting, some seven thousand townspeople assembled in a circle surrounding the band, and the local officials were full of what the French call a "sense of occasion." In a seat of honour was the Russian Town Major; overhead, from time to time, droned Russian aircraft. It was a historic, and a piquant, moment. Bandmaster H. Burge picked up his baton and opened with the Austrian national hymn (which the band had practised that morning). It was a much-appreciated gesture. Then for two hours the band played familiar music from Strauss, Lehar, Mozart and — for a change — Jerome Kern. It all went down wonderfully.

Beverley, whose capacity for enjoyment of music is limited, decided to stroll round and fraternise. He did so with such success that soon every child in Wiener Neustadt was able to address him by name.

Later, in the Rathaus, the *Burgermeister* told the band: "You have conquered the town tonight, not with bombs or arms, but with music." It is not the easiest thing to pay flowery

compliments on these rare international occasions in Central Europe, but everyone felt that the *Burgermeister* (like the band) had struck the right note. The *Burgermeister* then presented the bandmaster with a table pennant bearing the Wiener Neustadt coat-of-arms.

When the band of His Britannic Majesty's Fifteenth of Foot departed, they left behind a very high regard for their bearing and discipline, as well as for the quality of their music.

Next day found the band in floodlit St. Polten, playing to another big crowd. In the interval the vice-mayor found some friendly things to say about the British way of life. At Eisenstadt, in Burgenland near the Hungarian frontier, there was a slight contretemps when the band's arc lights blew the fuses and put the town in darkness for a few moments. It is in this town that Haydn is buried — or part of him. As the mayor informed the band, the great man's head is in the Music Museum in Vienna, and one of the ambitions of the good folk of Eisenstadt is apparently to bring the head back again to the town where its owner lived. On that auspicious day the mayor would like the band of the East Yorkshire Regiment to be present.

In Eisenstadt, where more than half the town turned out, they relished particularly two new



Beverley went too: in this attire he receives a salute.

items on the programme: the Post Horn Gallop and a solo on the xylophone (an instrument unfamiliar to the townspeople).

The last performance was in Stockerau, to the north-west of Vienna. Here the old square, surmounted by a fine old baroque church, formed a natural auditorium. The crowd of 5000 was perhaps the most enthusiastic of the tour. One appreciative spectator was a little golden-haired girl of two, who from time to time would toddle up and shake hands with the bandmaster; but any good bandmaster can take things like that in his stride.

According to Lieut-Col. L. R. Ashton, of the Allied Commission's Internal Affairs Division, who accompanied the band, there was only one lapse from discipline on the tour. That was by the member of the regiment who hitherto had been the outstanding success of the trip: Beverley. He tried to get into a fight with a local dog. But the bone of contention was not political; it may just have been a bone.



Before the tour: the band rehearses at Schonbrunn Barracks, Vienna. It has played to big Viennese audiences in the grounds of Schonbrunn Palace.



After the concert in Stockerau Bandmaster H. Burge was presented with a municipal pennant. Centre: Lieut-Col. L. R. Ashton, Public Safety Officer, who accompanied the band.



A SOLDIER HAD TOOTHACHE — So The Forceps Came Down by Parachute

There's only one way to send supplies to a jungle patrol — and the men of the air despatch companies and the Royal Air Force are masters of the "know how"

Left: Ready for the drop. Tins of fresh water "groceries" and the parachute all in one parcel. Right: The parcels are neatly stacked, to spread the load and make for smooth despatch.



THE "kickers out," they were called in the Burma campaign — the men in the Dakotas who hurled down supplies to the Fourteenth Army, sweating away in the Imphal jungle.

Now their successors in the Royal Army Service Corps' air despatch companies, with the same skilled co-operation by the Royal Air Force, are doing the same job to supply soldiers on anti-bandit patrol in the Malaya jungle.

If these patrols, operating sometimes 50 miles from rail or road, were to be provisioned by jungle lines of communication, it would take the best part of a battalion to supply a platoon. Air supply saves more men for deep jungle penetration. It is a costly-seeming service which in fact saves a tremendous amount of time and manpower.

The well-worn story of "Chindit" Fergusson (at present commanding 1st Battalion The Black Watch in Germany), who had a monocle parachuted to him (along with other supplies), fades into the background now. The best story of that kind is of the soldier in a patrol of the Devons who was suffering from raging toothache. At the Medical Officer's suggestion a radio call was sent out, and soon, down into the jungle, came a pair of dental forceps along with a hypodermic syringe ready filled with the appropriate anaesthetic. The tooth was pulled out, the patrol went on — and captured a bandit.

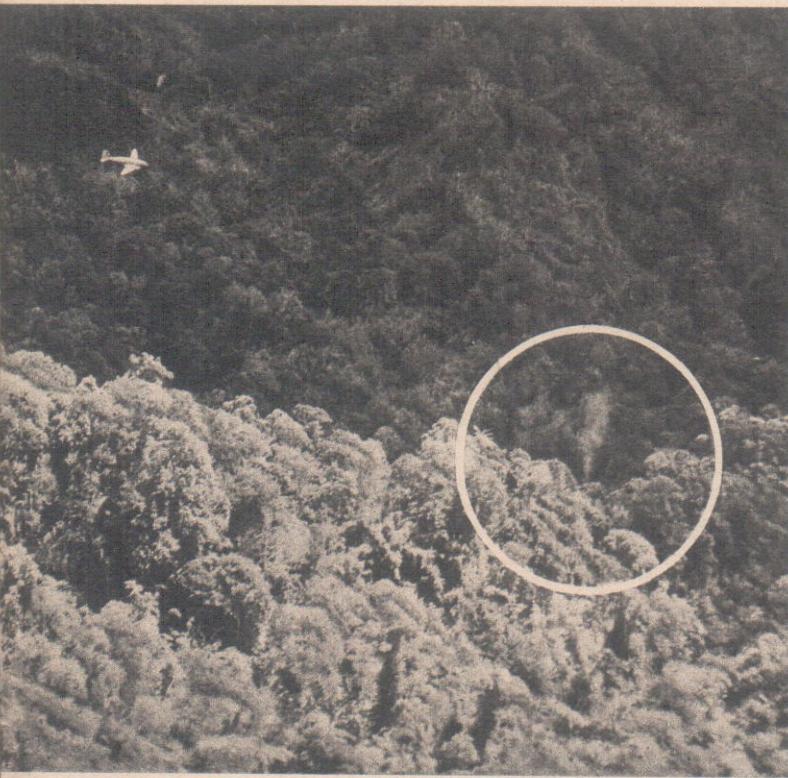
Manna — in the form of loaves — goes floating down into the jungle clearings, for it is the aim of Malaya District to deliver to troops on jungle operations fresh bread on one day in three. Fresh fruit, too, is in demand, to offset the canned rations which the men carry with them; usually apples are delivered, as they can best withstand the landing shock.

Frequently jungle boots are called for, as the useful life of footwear in the jungle tracks and swamps is brief. Stretchers have been supplied on a number of special occasions, and jeep tyres have been dropped free — that is, without parachute. (Incidentally unit quartermasters solemnly make entries in their store registers for all air supplies, as it is peacetime accounting in Malaya).

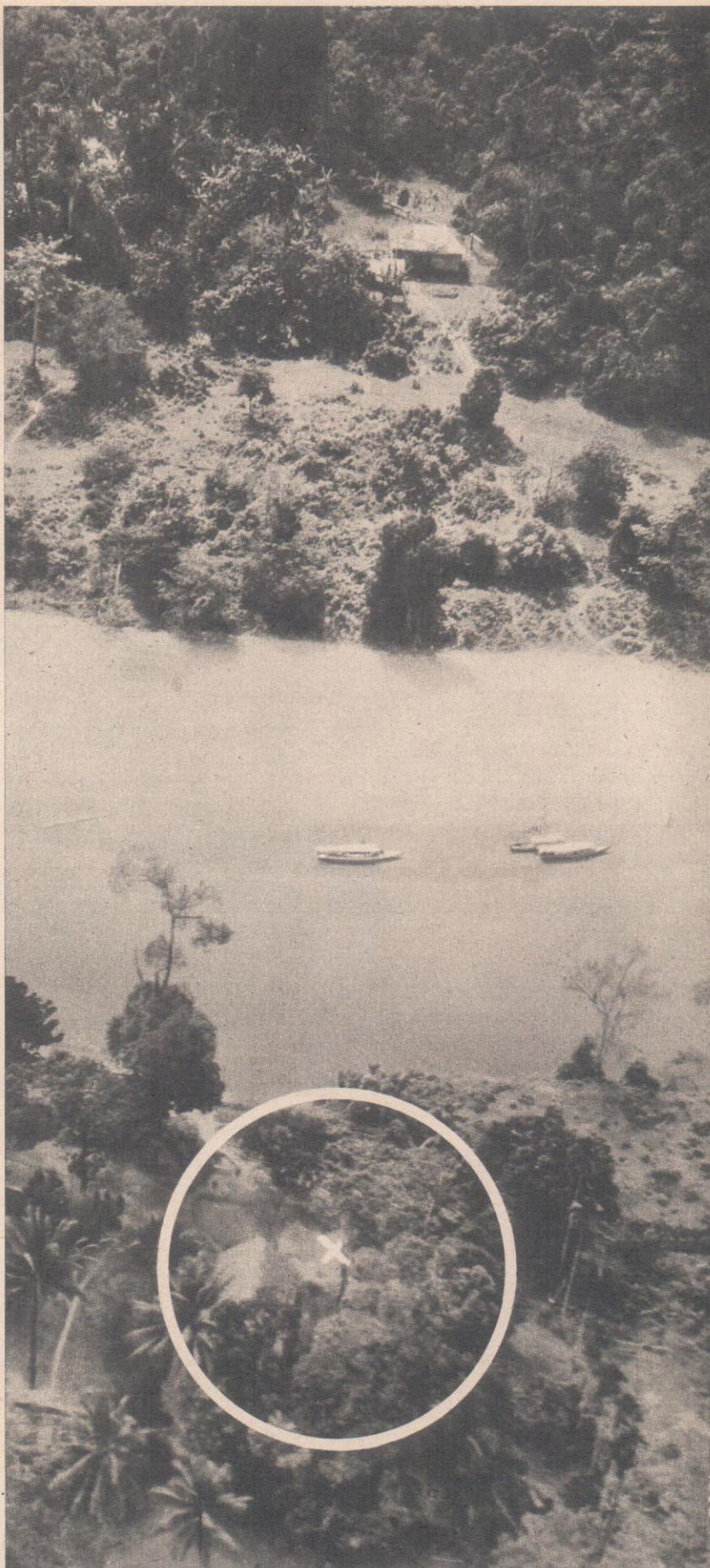


Up to their waists in it, troops of the Malay Regiment cross a stream. They are miles from anywhere—but at the end of the day they have a date with a Dakota.

The faint wisp of smoke in the circle is the pilot's first indication of the dropping zone. "Bully-bombing" must be accurate or supplies will be lost in thick jungle.



Another dropping zone, from closer up. An officer at this one reported that every ounce of the airdrop landed within 25 yards of the white canvas cross.



In Kuala Lumpur is a detachment of 799 Air Despatch Company RASC, whose job is to pack and weigh supplies, attach parachutes if necessary, transport the parcels to the aircraft, stow them and finally hurl them overboard at the split second the pilot orders. Delivery drill has to be perfect, since a delay of about a second may mean that supplies intended for a 50-foot-square are dropped 100 yards away, possibly at the top of a 200-foot tree.

When the anti-bandit drive was intensified recently the men of the detachment were working very nearly round the clock, but they enjoyed doing it. Sergeant Reginald Clifford is one of many who say, "I would not change my job for anything."

When the pilot sights the dropping zone, and sees from the ground strips that the patrol is there and waiting, he gives the word to the NCO in charge of the dropping team. The lashings are undone on the four-and-a-half thousand pounds of supplies. A rope is then stretched vertically to serve as an anchor for the static lines, three of which are strung to the first three parapacks.

The radio operator now leaves his radio and stands at the doorway to the cabin, keeping in touch with the pilot by "intercom." As the plane descends to 300 feet, which is the normal dropping height, three bells ring for "stand by." The despatchers brace themselves for the shove. They are themselves made fast

to the plane by stout ropes fastened to safety belts around their waists.

Suddenly the skipper gives the signal — one bell for "packs away." In a flash the parcels have vanished, and three static lines dangle idly through the doorway.

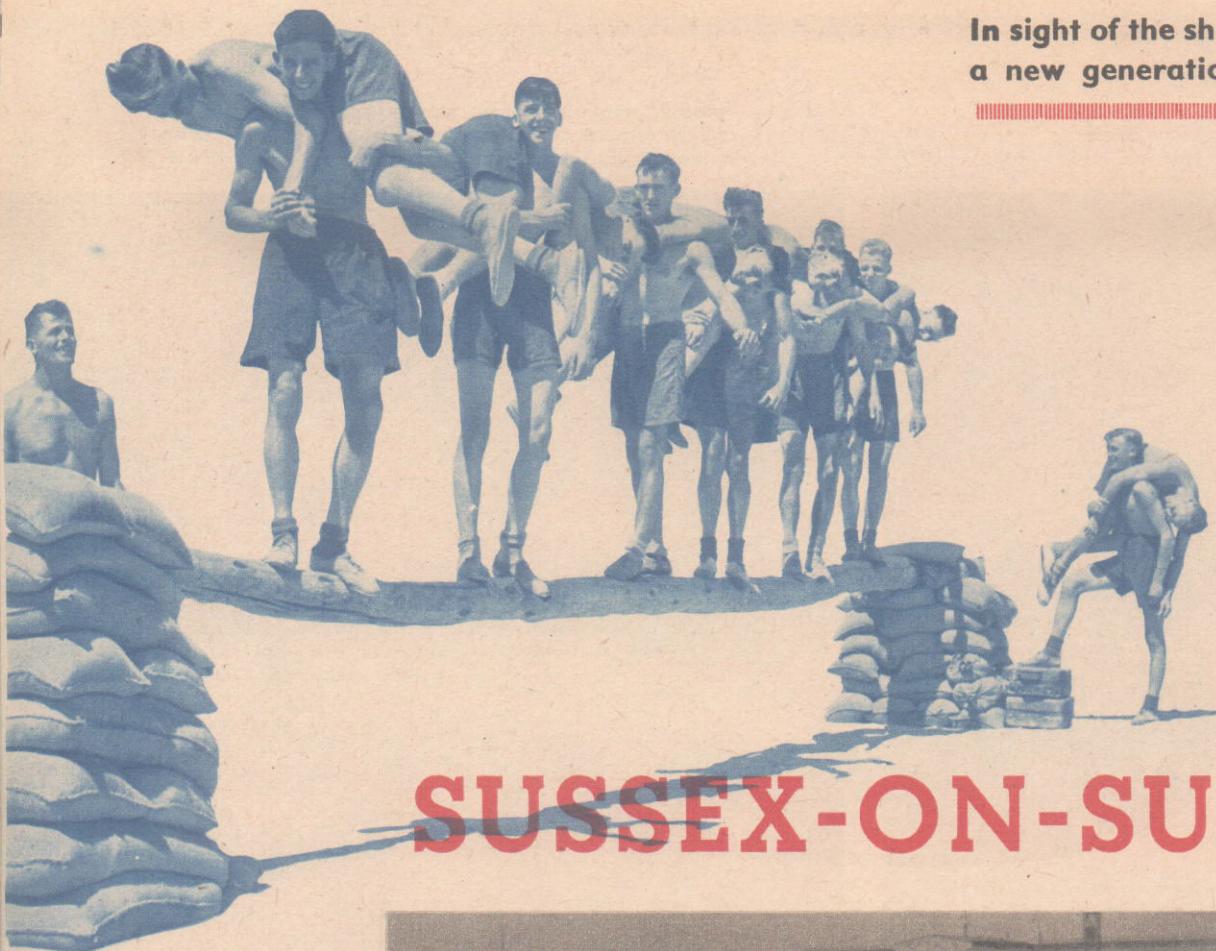
It is not the safest job, since the jungle makes a forced landing almost impossible. No aircraft has yet gone down on a supply mission, but others have been lost together with their crews in forced descents.

At the receiving end they have their own difficulties. The prescribed dropping zone may take a good deal of finding, perhaps by map-reading, perhaps by compass. In the dark, dank shadows of the tall trees it is hard to get a glimpse of the sky. The patrol may get lost or encounter bandits en route. In that case the change of plan is notified to base by radio. Once the spot is reached, canvas strips must be laid out and a fire started with green foliage in order that the smoke may show the pilot the direction of the surface wind.

It is a great moment when the Dakota swings overhead and lets go the first package. Each man has his own vision — meat, mail, beer, cigarettes. Though they are deep in untraversed wilderness, they know that they are not a forgotten army.

(From reports by Captain D. H. de T. Reade and Captain Colin D. Edwards, Army Public Relations.)

In sight of the ships that pass through Suez,
a new generation gets sand in its shoes



SUSSEX-ON-SUEZ

Above: The thing to do in the desert is to keep your sense of balance — and here are a dozen men doing it. (Pictures by Sjt. Ian Bannen.)

Right: The Donkey Serenade: Otherwise the band of the Royal Sussex on gymkhana day.

Below: Home in the desert ... a home of canvas, coils of wire and whitened stones.



THAT fierce white light which beats upon the British Army's camps in the Canal Zone of Egypt is not the fierce white light of publicity.

The British national newspapers find little to discuss hereabouts, unless it be the discomforts of the families' camps, where community life (as somebody said) is no harder than it was for the Early Christians ...

Only perhaps in the *Staffordshire Weekly Sentinel* or the *Mid-Sussex Times* will the industrious seeker after news read about some local boy who services the Commander-in-Chief's car at Fayid, or some local girl who works in the Army's biggest telephone exchange at Moascar.

But the Army is very much there. A typical Infantry camp — typical to the

hurried visitor, a little more than typical to its occupants — is that of the 1st Battalion The Royal Sussex Regiment, in the desert beside the Bay of Suez. This Sussex-on-Suez (like Staffordshire-on-Suez, by the Great Bitter Lake) is a symmetry of tents, a network of wires and ropes, a pattern of whitewashed stones, a picture painted in bleached pastel shades — very different from the Sussex that Kipling and Belloc sang about. But Kipling, who knew the ways of soldiers, could have risen to the occasion.

He might have been impressed, perhaps, by the zeal with which these men of Sussex in an alien desert celebrated Quebec Day — the anniversary of that brilliant occasion when the Thirty-Fifth of Foot landed with muffled oars to scale the Heights of Abraham, and, victorious, plucked the





Tents for the troops, but flats for the families.
Wives and children are arriving soon.

plumes of the Royal Roussillon Regiment. Old sweats have celebrated Quebec Day in some improbable places; to most of the 300 National Servicemen it was their first celebration, and possibly their last. Tradition which calls for a spree, they decided, is a good thing. In the Egyptian sunshine they competed in a swimming gala and a gymkhana, with donkey and bicycle races and all that a battalion does when it lets its hair down.

Unlike another regiment which celebrates Quebec Day — the East Yorkshire Regiment — the men of the 1st Royal Sussex have no Alps to climb, no international guards to mount. But they have their own peculiar dusk-to-dawn patrol, in which armed men, radio trucks and jeeps range into the desert and sweep the perimeter, alert for suspicious characters. A new generation is getting sand in its shoes...

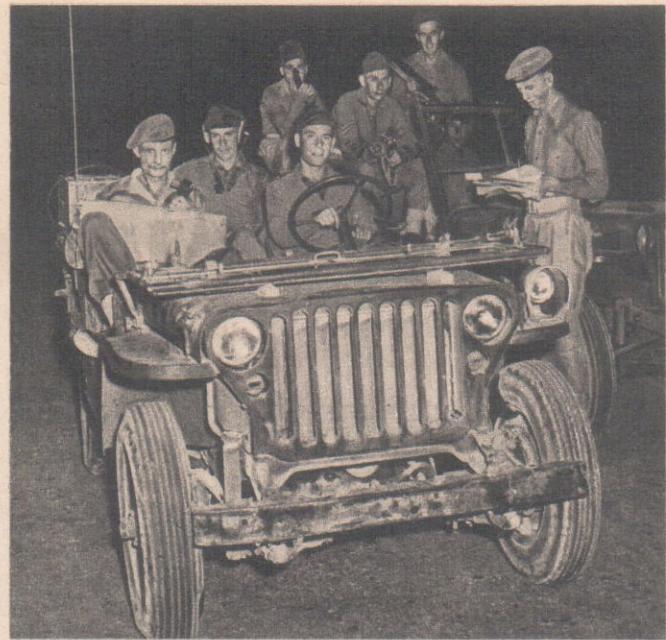
Up till early afternoon there is plenty of time for Infantry train-

ing, and after siesta sport starts up. Off duty, the soldier whose pocket book and stomach can stand it can sit down in a cafe to an inch-thick steak followed by ham and eggs — which is no sort of training for civilian life. But a man must have some compensation for guarding a lifeline of Empire, along which passes everybody's ship except his.

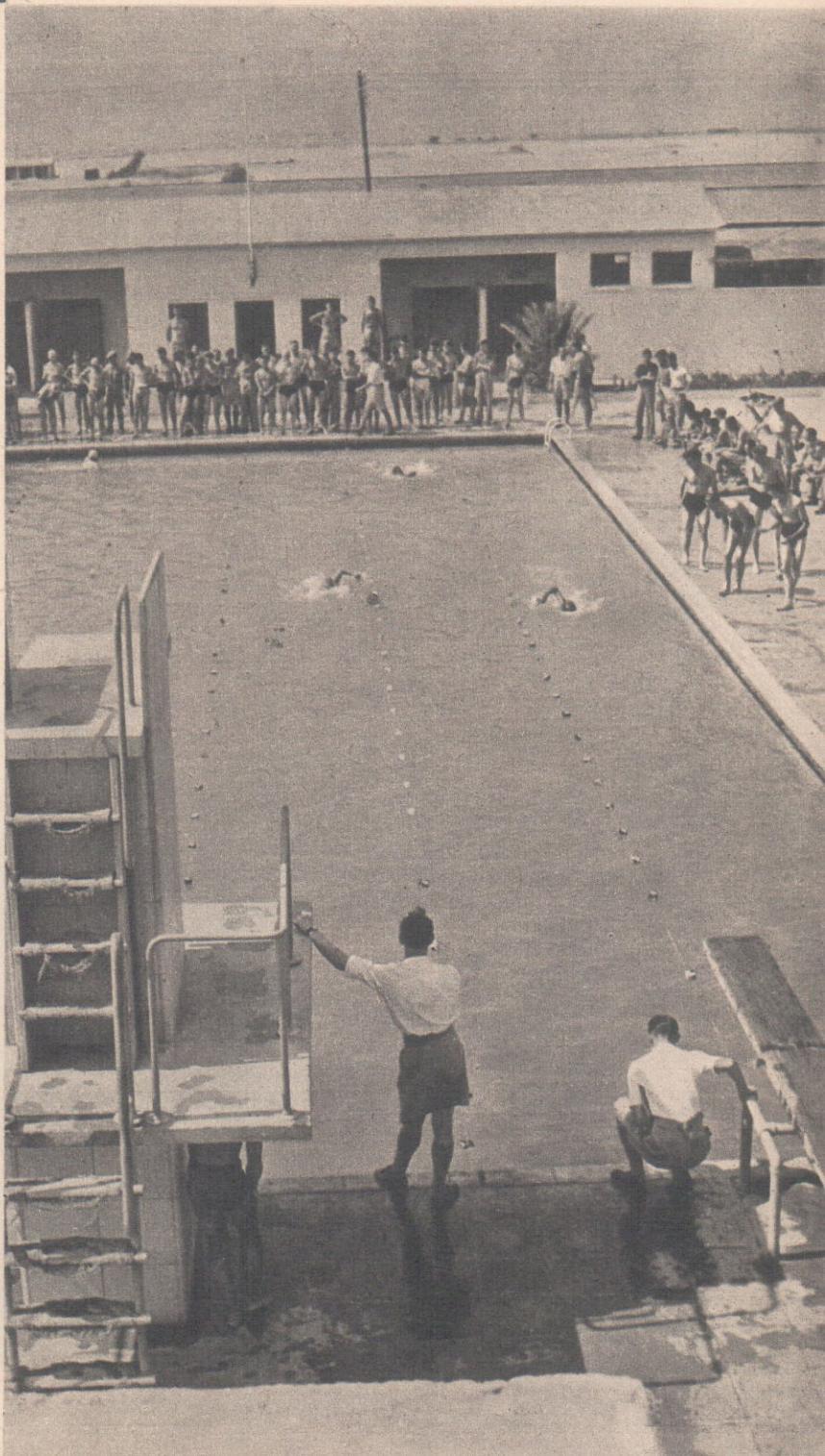
Soon wives and families of the men of Sussex are due to arrive. There are no married quarters, but civilian flats have now been secured. Any wives expecting to find a brilliant social life in a rip-roaring metropolis are in for a horrible shock; but the newly-wedded ones will receive a salutary lesson in how men can make themselves comfortable in uncomfortable places — and even keep the silver brilliantly polished too.

But wait till the wives see those Oriental shawls their well-meaning menfolk have been buying for them...

Below: a session with plane and chisel. Right: the fine swimming bath which was the scene of a gala on Quebec Day.



At dusk motor patrols set out into the desert, patrolling till dawn. They are all in radio touch.



35,000 WERE MISSING

- NOW ONLY 32 CASES ARE STILL OPEN

IN the British Zone of Germany 10,000 posters bearing the picture and description of a young British soldier who vanished in the fighting in Salerno six years ago have been set up on public buildings.

The tank in which this young soldier—Sergeant Ivan Moody—was serving, was knocked out but after the battle only three bodies were found, none of them Moody's. He was listed missing.

Recently Moody's mother has received letters saying that her son is believed to have been seen in Germany. In the belief that he may be suffering from loss of memory Moody's regiment, The Royal Scots Greys, decided to launch a poster appeal for information.

Some time ago Sergeant Moody was presumed dead by the Casualty branch of the War Office at Droitwich. Today, apart from 12 Anglo-Burmese and a few other overseas soldiers, there are only 32 "missing" files not closed out of 35,000 since the start of World War Two.

In some 17,000 cases definite proof of death was forthcoming (from burial reports and eye-witness statements by those who actually saw the men die). In the remaining 18,000, death was only presumed officially when it was known that chances of survival were well-nigh impossible.

One of the 32 unclosed cases is that of a soldier who was seen walking towards a coastal minefield. An explosion was heard

and unidentifiable parts of a body were later recovered. Although the soldier has not been seen since, death has not been presumed, for no one can swear that his was the body found.

The list of 35,000 missing has never included men who were found to be prisoners and later returned home, or men reported missing and soon afterwards located. Nor has it included known deserters, who do not come in the scope of the Casualty branch.

Heading the list of the 32 cases still unclosed is that of Major Anthony Cotterell, Royal Fusiliers, author of "What! No Morning Tea?" and "An Apple for the Sergeant" and a pre-war leader-page writer on the *Daily Express*, who lived at Wanstead.

Major Cotterell was 28 when in September, 1944 he was dropped at Arnheim as an official War Office observer. He was one of a group of captured officers shot by the SS following an attempted escape. Severely wounded, they were taken to a German dressing station at Zutphen (Holland). His colleagues were later sent to Germany but Cotterell remained.

The Germans knew his identity and it is believed gave him "special attention." Afterwards, according to a *Daily Express* report, he was taken to Berlin.

Extensive enquiries were made after the war but there was no

news of Cotterell's fate. At Nuremberg, Dr. Hans Fritzsche, ex-chief of the German wireless propaganda, thought he recognised Cotterell from photographs but was unable to recall where he had seen him. The search still goes on.

A curious case is that of a sergeant (from Bingley, Yorkshire) in the Royal Engineers who in May, 1940 was given local leave from his unit in France to act as best man at a colleague's wedding. They reached Lens to find fighting in the neighbourhood.

The bridegroom, realising he would never reach the wedding, decided to go north with the intention of rejoining the British.

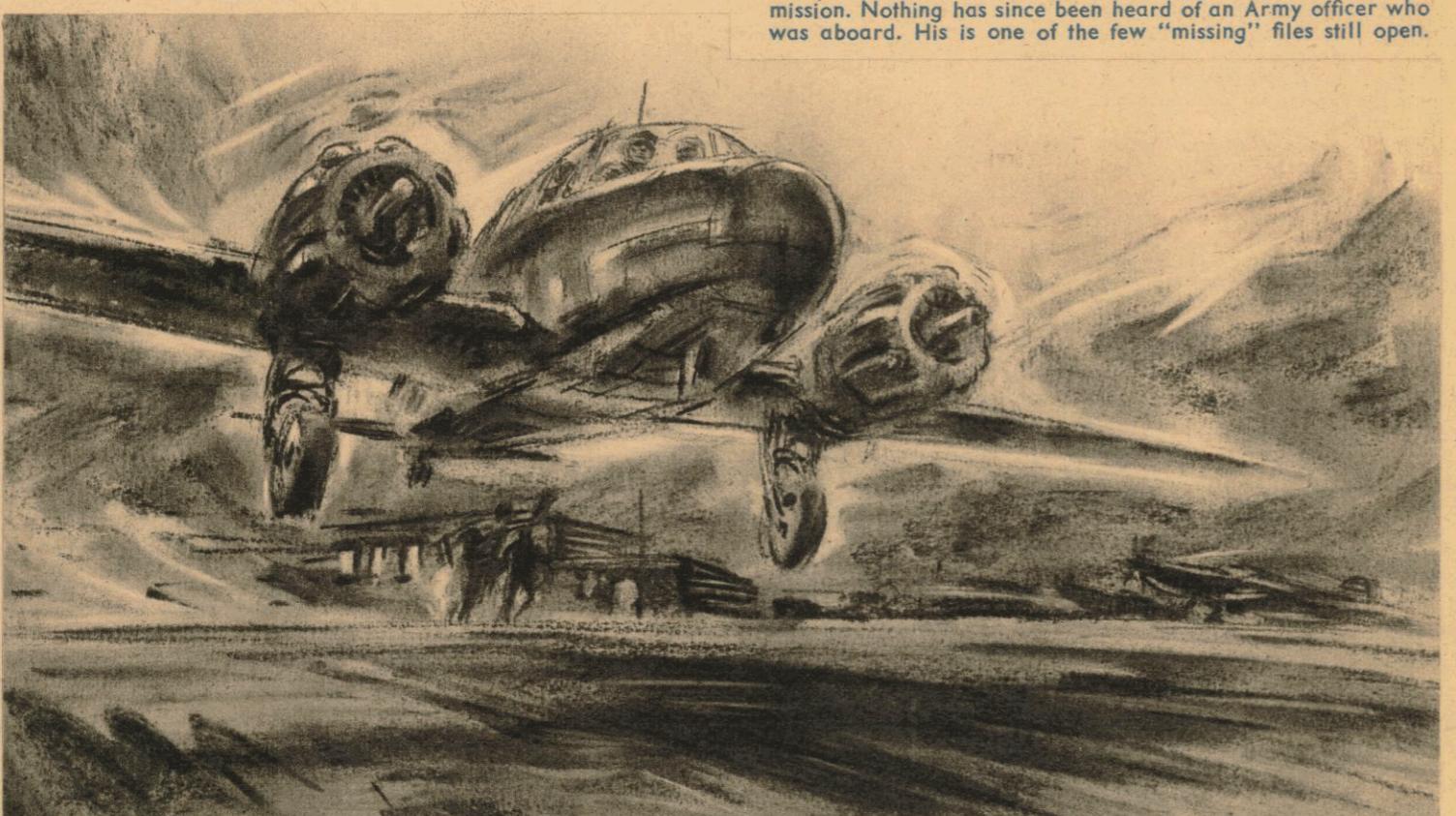
The best man announced that he was going to call on a girl he knew and then make his way south, which he considered was the safest route to his unit. Nothing more was seen of the best man.

His previous service was exemplary and his home life happy. The War Office view is that as Arras had fallen, thus dividing the north and south areas of fighting, both men stood an equal chance of getting back by going north and south respectively. There are, therefore, insufficient grounds to presume that the sergeant deserted and yet there is no evidence to presume death.

Another mystery is that of Trooper Phillip B. of the Recon report, he was taken to Berlin.

Extensive enquiries were made after the war but there was no

At two o'clock in the morning of Boxing Day, 1943, an Anson aeroplane took off from an Italian airfield on an unauthorised mission. Nothing has since been heard of an Army officer who was aboard. His is one of the few "missing" files still open.



naissance Regiment who lived at Reddish, Stockport. He was "fit and well" when he took part in the crossing of a Burmese *chaung* in March 1944. Part of the column was ambushed and Trooper B., with others, was left in enemy hands, since when he has not been traced.

Later his brother, then in hospital in Poona, received a birthday greetings cable from Calcutta signed "Phyllis." He assumed that the operator had misspelled the name, Phillip, for no one else in India would have known of his birthday, nor did the name, Phyllis, mean anything to him. The Army tried to check the original cable at the Calcutta telegraph office, but unfortunately it had been destroyed. Is Trooper B. alive somewhere in India? If he is dead, who sent the cable? Until these questions are answered, the case cannot be closed.

There is the queer story of Lieutenant T., member of a famous regiment, whose ambition when in Italy was to join the Special Air Service Regiment (he was a trained parachutist). He was turned down. He was then seen in SAS dress with a self-awarded MC, in the company of a South African lieutenant and a lieutenant in the Jugo-Slav army.

Between them, the three men worked out a scheme to fly on a special mission, to Jugo-Slavia. Their mission, they said, would have far-reaching effects on the outcome of the war.

Other people did not agree. One man to whom they revealed their plan was the commanding officer of an airfield at Bari (Italy). He ridiculed the idea and closed the conversation. At two o'clock the next morning, Boxing Day, 1943, an Anson aircraft took off from the airfield. Three letters were found in which each officer took the blame for the unauthorised flight but explained that their mission was a highly important one. In addition, Lieutenant T. wrote to Military Operations branch, Cairo, "By the time you receive this I shall either be in the sea or Jugo-Slavia. I ask that the operation will be recognised as official if successful."

The view of the RAF was that the Anson had only the remotest chance of reaching Jugo-Slavia. But when a single man is missing off a ship and no one saw him fall overboard, death cannot be presumed. One gunner from Glamorganshire is still marked "illegally absent at sea."

It was not until later in the following year that the International Red Cross Committee reported that the South African had been shot down near Tirana (Albania) on 25th June, 1944. The authorities took this to mean that the officer had been shot down near Tirana on Boxing Day but had died a prisoner in June. No mention was made of Lieutenant T. or of the Jugo-Slav officer, and nothing has been heard since. Is T. dead? Or is he held somewhere in the Balkans?

Tracing the missing involves considerable correspondence with known comrades. Those missing in action are the greatest problem as colleagues are not always known. In this case acquaintance rolls on which a missing man was last paid are studied and letters (sometimes accompanied by photographs) are sent to the

Vermisst

Wer über die hier abgebildete und beschriebene Person Auskunft geben kann, wende sich bitte an den Kommandanten "The Royal Scots Greys" B.A.O.R. 8.

1,70 m groß, braunes Haar, breite Schultern, gut und sportlich gebaut. Kann Narben an Gesicht oder Kopf haben. Leidet wahrscheinlich an Verlust des Erinnerungsvermögens. Ist seit 1943 vermisst. 33 Jahre alt.



MISSING

WILL ANY PERSON WHO HAS INFORMATION REGARDING THE INDIVIDUAL SHOWN AND DESCRIBED HERE, PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH OFFICER COMMANDING, THE ROYAL SCOTS GREYS, B.A.O.R. 8

5 FT. 8 INCHES TALL, BROWN HAIR, BROAD SHOULDERS, WELL BUILT, ATHLETIC. MAY HAVE SCARS ON FACE OR HEAD. PROBABLY SUFFERING FROM LOSS OF MEMORY. HAS BEEN MISSING SINCE 1943. 33 YEARS OF AGE.

Six years ago at Salerno Sergeant Ivan Moody vanished after his tank had been knocked out. Ten thousand posters have been circulated in Germany following reports that he may still be alive but suffering from loss of memory.

men whose names also appear. Often there is one man among them who can help.

Next-of-kin of missing ex-prisoners frequently hear from men who were in the same camp. These too, are approached by the Casualty branch.

Even during the war the Red Cross circulated lists of missing to camps in Germany and Italy in the hope that someone with information would be found.

For a man to be presumed dead, evidence must be conclusive. At sea a ship may be hit and many troops drowned. Those persons named on the embarkation roll who are not found among the survivors may be presumed dead.

But when a single man is missing off a ship and no one saw him fall overboard, death cannot be presumed. One gunner from Glamorganshire is still marked "illegally absent at sea."

At Dunkirk the perimeter was closed by 29th May, 1940 and all fit men were evacuated before the Germans broke in. Wounded left behind were taken prisoner.

Men known to be in the perimeter within a few days of its closing, and yet not later listed as being in Britain or in German hands, were assumed to have died in action or to have been lost in the sea. Some 350 men were presumed dead in this way.

Likewise, 500 men were presumed dead in the Western Desert. There was little likelihood that a man would desert when water was obtainable only from British or enemy lines. They must, therefore, have died from wounds or other causes in the desert.

From 1939 the Casualty branch's main job was to keep a card index of all military who became casualties, to notify officer casualties to next-of-kin (the men's relatives are told by Record Offices), to notify locat-

ion of graves and prepare casualty lists.

A secret daily roll was prepared and from this periodical lists were issued to the Press. At one time *The Times* was so behind with its publication of casualties that extra paper was granted for it to issue four-page supplements after the war.

The Prime Minister had a daily statistical list and colonels of regiments and corps could obtain a daily list of their own regimental casualties on request. From 1943 a daily list of Guards' casualties was sent to the Royal Family.

Periodically the International Red Cross at Geneva cabled lists of prisoners in enemy hands. The British Red Cross sent hospital searchers to question wounded in Britain, the Middle East and India for details of missing. Burial reports accounted for many missing, but on occasions names were mixed and a "buried" man would turn up elsewhere. A further complication was that many burial parties removed both identity discs from bodies, instead of leaving one, which prevented later checks being made.

After the war special search organisations were set up by the Army in different theatres. These consisted of teams of officers and NCO's who questioned local people in areas where a man was last seen alive.

The most difficult area was the Far East, where the Red Cross was hampered by the Japanese and lists of prisoners were not always forthcoming.

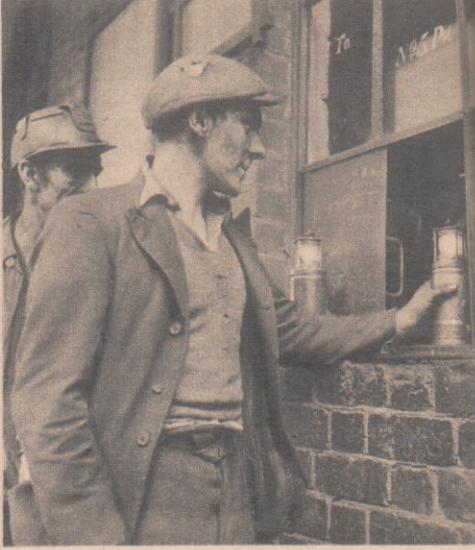
Death is never presumed against the wishes of relatives. Frequently wives have suggested that their husbands were alive but suffering from loss of memory, and have asked for details of men in that state. One was shown photographs before she was satisfied her husband was not among those known. Presumption of death has sometimes been asked for by wives convinced that there was little hope, and anxious to remarry or to have estates settled in order to provide for their children or to meet debts.

Only six men presumed dead have turned up. One was a gunner who, on eye-witness reports, was presumed killed in action in France in 1940. He surrendered in Aberdeen in 1947.

PETER LAWRENCE



Major Anthony Cotterell, author and journalist, was taken to a German dressing station — then disappeared.



The man with the drill is the man with the stripes — veteran Territorial Bombardier Alfred Woodward. Below: Gunner Kenneth Radford.

Coming off-duty, Gunner Edwin Scribbens hands in his lamp. Soon he will go on duty again — in khaki.



Miners on The Guns

SOLDIER visits an anti-aircraft battery almost wholly manned by Welsh miners



There is little to do in Abertillery after working hours. So "P" Battery offers a valuable addition to the town's social life.

ASK a Welsh miner if he is hitting his target, and he may well say: "Which target?"

There is the coal target, and there is the target which interests him as a Territorial Gunner. One target is down in the earth, the other is up in the heavens.

"Why miners in the Territorial Army?" somebody will ask. "Aren't they directed labour? If there was a war, wouldn't they all be exempt from service?"

Very probably they would, but that does not prevent them doing a sound job in the Territorial Army meanwhile. Soon they will be passing on their knowledge to National Servicemen.

The Territorial tradition has always been strong in the mining areas, in spite of the difficulties created by the system of working the mines round the clock. After an eight-hour shift in the back-breaking, dust-laden galleries, the men go home for a bath and a meal, change into battle-dress and parade at the drill hall for another two hours work.

SOLDIER went to visit "P" Battery, 637 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, where nine men out of ten are miners. The Battery has its headquarters at Abertillery, in Monmouthshire. BSM J. Daunter, who claims to have been the first man to join when recruiting opened in 1947, expects to have his son, a National Serviceman, to train in due course. And he will need training, too — for he is now serving in Ordnance, and as a Territorial will have to learn anti-aircraft gunnery.

Evening parades usually muster a 50 per cent attendance and although the battery is not yet at full strength, men are continually coming in to take the oath of allegiance.

The mine managers do all they can to see that the men are available for the evening parade; for those who cannot make it there is a morning parade as well. This gives them a chance to do maintenance jobs such as cleaning the equipment and levelling off the parade-ground.



The battery is levelling its own parade-ground. Gunner Ron Jones spreads some clinker.



Two more Gunners take the oath: Stanley Bennett (left) a miner; Roy Williams (right) who works in a nylon factory.



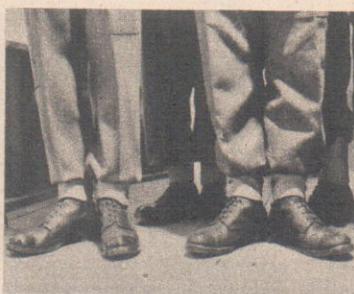
Miners make hardy soldiers. In war they could man anti-aircraft guns. And they can help train the younger Territorials.

Five or six times during the summer months the unit takes its gun (a mobile 3.7) and equipment for a week-end outing to Hereford to do open-air training. They do this in their own time, and take and cook their own food. But the highspot of the year is the fortnight's firing camp, when the drill is silent no longer. This is the only time they get off from work to do Territorial training.

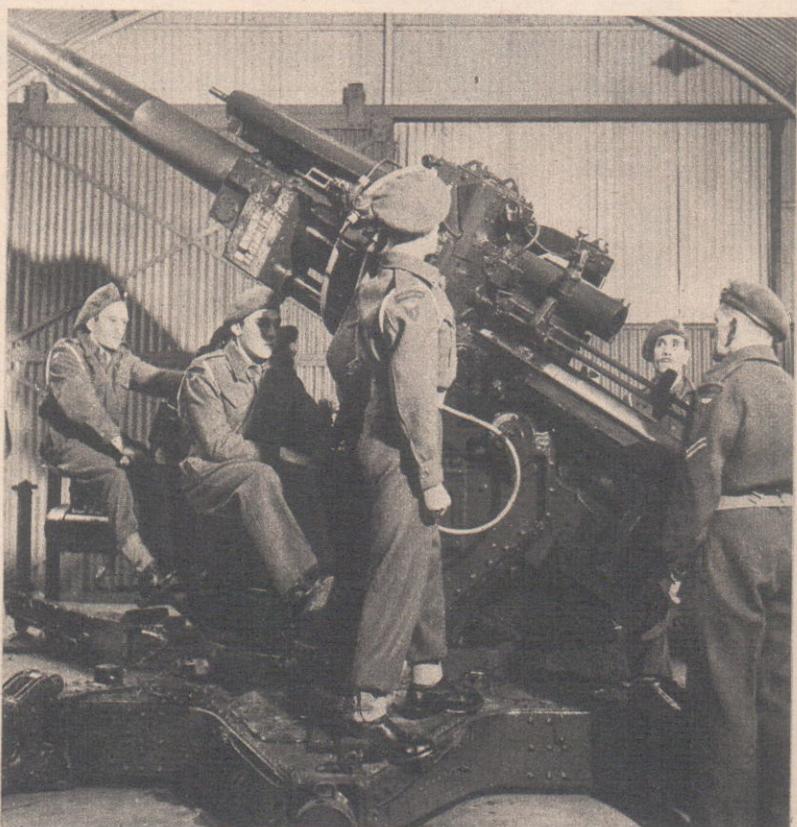
One of the big attractions of "P" Battery is its sports and social programme. A weekly dance is held in the beflagged drill hall. The men have their own football, badminton, indoor hockey and table tennis teams and, of course, a darts team. Swimming classes were started this summer. These activities help to draw recruits, particularly in a place

like Abertillery, where sparetime amusements are limited.

Many of the men have no previous military experience, since underground miners are not subject to National Service. Bombardier Alfred Woodward is the only ex-Regular. He joined the South Wales Borderers in 1935, was in the Palestine trouble of 1935-6 and helped to chase the Fakir of Ipi from the North-West Frontier, in 1936-7. He was in Iraq during the Raschid Ali rebellion and got out of Tobruk just ahead of Rommel's tanks in 1942. He accepted Class "B" Release to return to the mines in 1943, but first the Army gave him a last run round to South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Honolulu, San Francisco and New York, escorting prisoners-of-war.



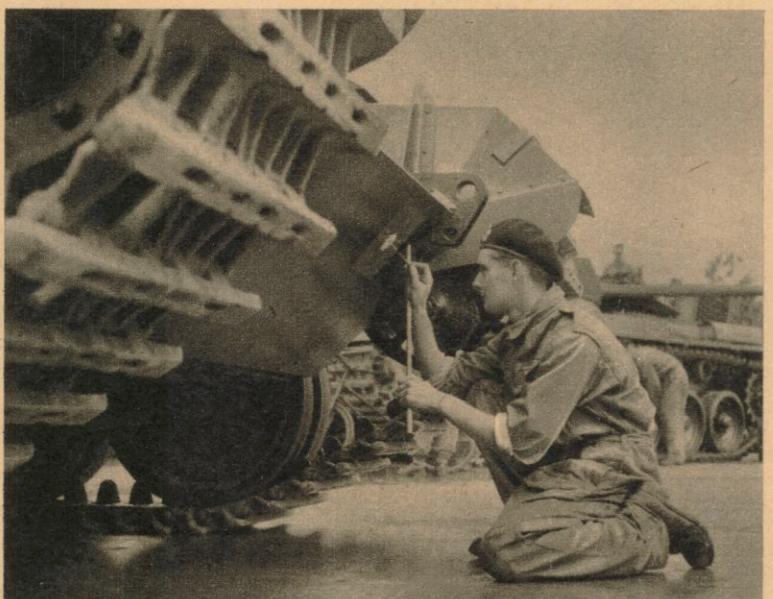
Polished boots and creased trousers don't mean much down the mine. But the Gunner-miner is as smart as the next man on parade.



The gun does not spend all its time in the drill hall. Often the people of Abertillery see it trundling through the streets.



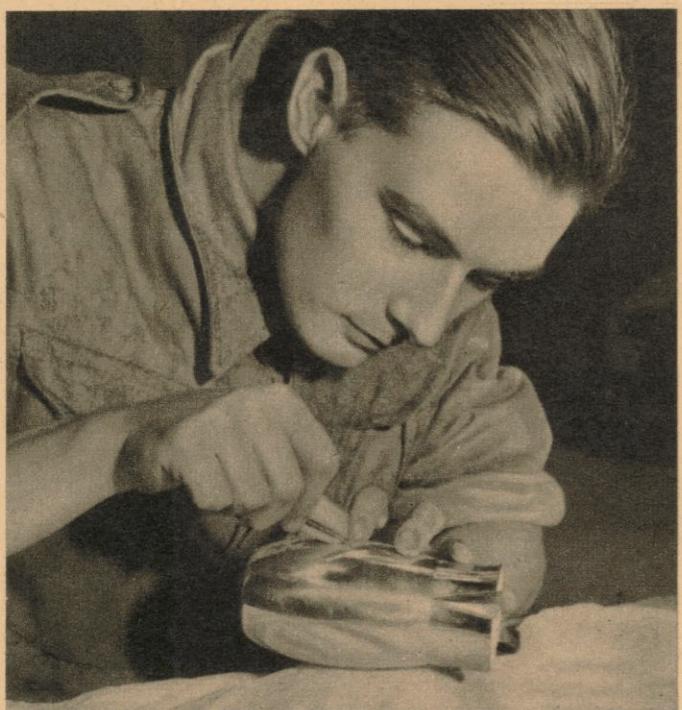
THE TROOPER IS A



In "Army time" he paints names and Yorkshire roses on the regiment's tanks.

The number of National Service-men who can make a silver coffee-pot could be counted, probably, on one finger. Here is the story of a versatile Trooper of Catterick, written by a fellow Trooper

At work on a silver milk jug for a tea service.



IN working hours you will find 18-year-old Trooper David Mellor in the tank park, painting insignia on tanks. And outside working hours, you will find him still busy creating with his hands — as likely as not making a silver coffee set.

Trooper Mellor, who is almost half-way through his National Service, shows a high degree of skill in many fields of artistic expression. And in the 8th Royal Tank Regiment at Catterick they say, "He can turn his hand to anything."

He is quite likely to walk into his barrack room late in the evening with a skilfully moulded silver ring he has designed and made. It is in work on silver that he is most interested, and as can be seen from the illustrations, his designs are clean and unencumbered.

His artistic aptitude showed in early childhood, but it was not until he was ten and a half that "the most important event in his life" took place. While he was studying at Sheffield College of Art, "Warship Week" came along, and his school contributed model ships. Every boy gets the craze to carve galleons at some time, and David Mellor was no exception. He was luckier than most in that he was able to receive tuition from an expert, who knew talent when he saw it. His first efforts, he says, were pretty bad, but with coaching he progressed to such an extent that within a few years he was making model ships for a shipping firm in Sheffield.

He made up his mind to become a model engineer when he was doing work for this firm and at the same time studying at college. He thought he had found his aim in life.

But gradually his interest in models waned, and he decided to become a draughtsman. He worked at this and then turned his attention to architecture. "I was thrilled with that until my first year in the senior department of my college; then that too began to wane," he says. All

this time he had been interested in silver work, and now he gave it his full attention.

Photographs of examples of his work were exhibited at this year's British Industries Fair, and one of his college instructors took specimens with him to America on a lecturing tour. Just before his call-up, David Mellor won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art and he will take it up when he is released.

When he arrived at Catterick as a recruit his artistic output stopped for some time, but gradually he got down to some work. He became a signwriter in his unit, but now he does other things too. Outside work hours he has designed and painted scenery for the camp shows. He also had a hand in the construction and painting of the "Catterick Belle," winning exhibit in the recent Catterick Carnival. And there are many of his comrades for whom he has fashioned articles; for example the silver rings at which he excels.

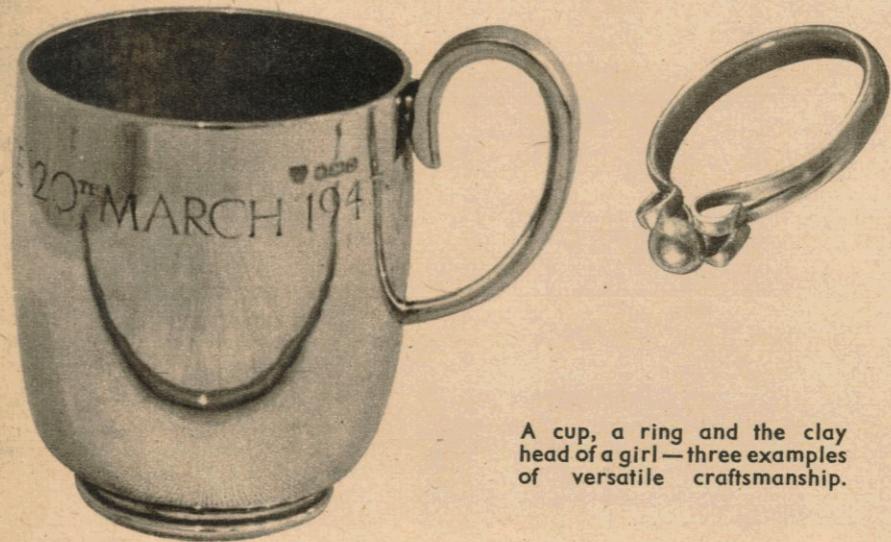
Trooper Mellor is continually striking out in new directions. He has made tentative efforts at lettering on stone, but is unable to do much of this work because of the difficulty of obtaining the right materials in an Army camp.

But if there was a unit war memorial to be built, it is more than likely that Trooper Mellor would be nominated for the job of engraving it — and would make a success of it.

Trooper David Mellor is the last man to seek publicity for himself. His view is that the craft is more interesting than the persons who carry it out and that if there is to be publicity it should go to the masters of the craft. But his own degree of accomplishment must be unique among National Servicemen.

PATRICK NICHOLSON

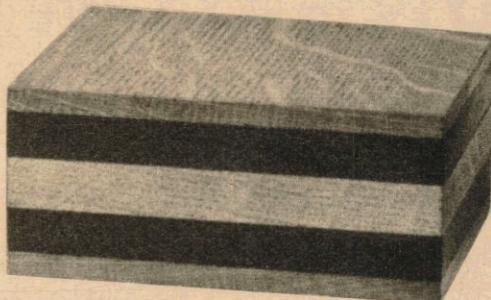
SILVERSMITH



A cup, a ring and the clay head of a girl—three examples of versatile craftsmanship.



Photographs of the Trooper-craftsman's work (including coffee set, left) were exhibited at this year's British Industries Fair. Note clean styling of cigarette box and condiment set. Lettering on stone (at bottom) is another of his accomplishments.



ROMAN LETTERING



Where there is bush now there will soon be back gardens. Note the verandas on the bungalows.

BUNGALOWS IN THE BUSH

FROM a pin-point in the wilderness, Mackinnon Road — the British Army's new stores depot in Kenya — has reached the stage where homes are being built for the families of soldiers stationed there.

These homes are temporary, it is true; but many a Kenya settler would be happy enough to take a lease of one.

The temporary married quarters will consist of 40 bungalows. Half of them will be allocated to officers and half to men — there is no difference in the accommodation offered to each. The bungalows are of two types, both roomy. One type is 50 feet long by 22 feet wide, has two main

— for the families of Kenya's newest settlers, the soldiers of Mackinnon Road

(From a report by Major Norman Forster.)

rooms and is intended for couples without children. The other type is 63 feet long and 22 feet wide, the extra length giving space for a children's bedroom.

Urgent need for the accommodation (which is not intended to last for ever) has justified unorthodox building methods. Walls are made of wire mesh stretched on a wooden frame and coated on both sides with a rigid skin of cement; the roof is of an economical native thatch. The windows have wooden shutters and there is a verandah on the sunny side of each bungalow.

Floors are made of cement and the fashion is to stain them a cool green. A foot or so away from the main bungalow are the bathroom and lavatory (with water-borne sanitation) and the ten-feet square kitchen, with refrigerator, running water and fitted stove.

The quarters are furnished to a reasonably generous Army scale. When the wind sweeps down from the Teita hills oil-heaters come into use. The wind finds its way through the palm fronds of the roof and over the tops of the walls.

The rooms have no ceilings — and that is about the only grouse the inhabitants have. A thin fibre-board ceiling, they say, would keep out dust and some of the draught. It would also give more privacy: as it is, a conversation in one room can be heard in the next and parents spending the evening in the lounge after the children have gone to bed must keep their voices and the wireless low.

Since the Mackinnon Road depot is being built up on ground which was virgin bush, the first inhabitants of the bungalows are having to start their gardens from scratch. But they are enthusiastic gardeners and, given proper care, gardens will show results quickly in East Africa. Already flower-beds are blooming brightly among the thorn-trees which have been left standing between the bungalows to provide shade.

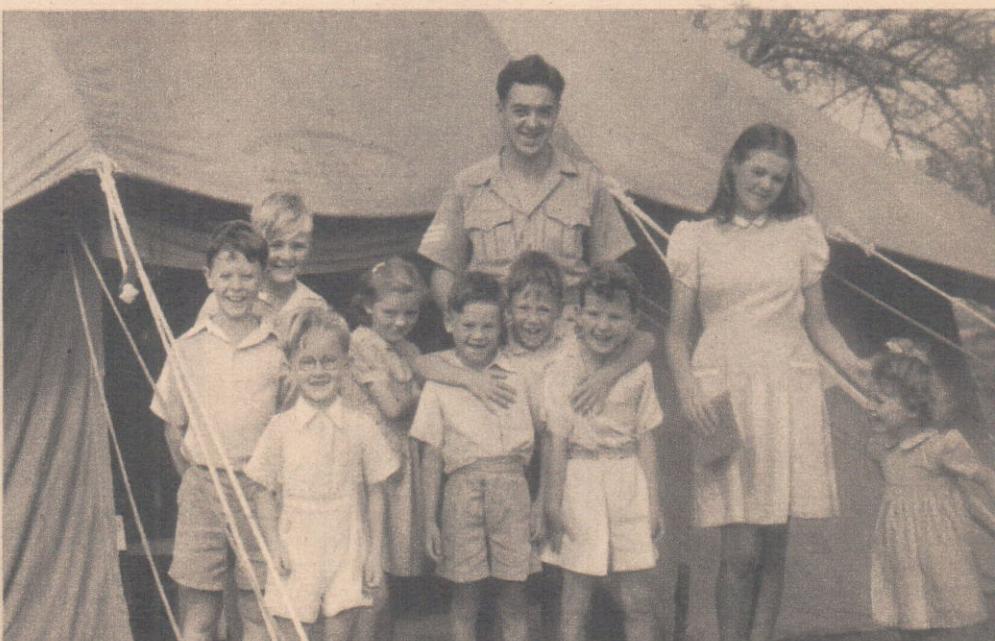
Enterprising African traders from the village of Voi soon seized the opportunity to "wait on families daily" with fruit and vegetables. Trade will be less prosperous for them when the families get their gardens going properly, but newly-arrived housewives enjoy haggling over avocado pears with a "boy." Most day-to-day shopping is done in the

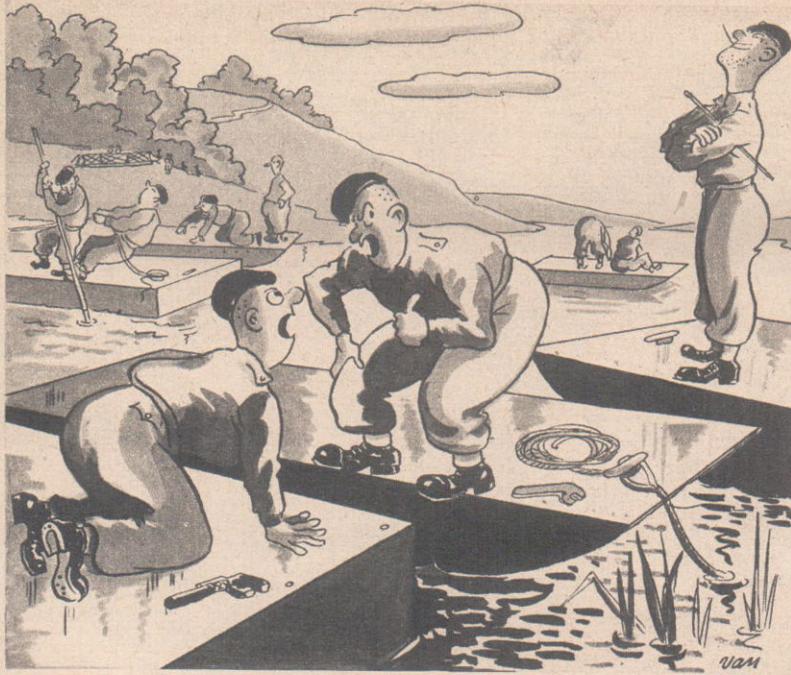
NAAFI shop, housed in white-washed Nissen huts under a gnarled thorn-tree. Mombasa is the centre for major shopping expeditions.

Schooling for the children at Mackinnon Road is a problem which has received, so far, only a very temporary solution. A sergeant of the Royal Army Educational Corps has set up a school for six boys and two girls in a tent, furnished with pale-blue painted desks. Soon there will be a more conventional school, run by Queen's Army Schoolmistresses. The girl who is looking forward to that day most is 13-year-old Suzanne Dodds: she is older than the others, so she cannot join them in the tent. Instead, she gets individual tuition and works at home.



Above: "Much too dear. I'll give you half." A housewife haggles. Right: The school. Suzanne Dodds (holding book) is in a class by herself.





"Any volunteers for a pontoon school?" he said, and I thought I knew all those gags."



"And at the end of the next war you will be OC No 567 Ablution Halt, Van Diemen's Land."

SOLDIER Humour



"Well, you're the Welfare Officer. You'd better do something about it."



"Leave the talking to me."

Compliments of the Season!

Here we list, at the goodwill season,
Greetings to all (well, all in reason):

FIRST of all, since we must begin well,
A jolly good Christmas, Mr. Shinwell!
A jolly good Christmas, all trainees,
And all attachments and transitees,
And all loose bodies (or bogs) as well,
Yea, peace on earth to all personnel!
Greetings to all who sweat and drill
From Kwantung border to Maryhill,
From Blandford to Negri Sembilan!
Hail to the few in Pakistan!
Hail, Vienna (and what's the quid worth?)
Ho there, Fayid, and hi there, Tidworth!
Hail to all in the far Bahamas!
(What do you bet they've got pyjamas?)
OC Apes? All the best, old boy!
Tripolitania, ahoy!
Greetings to every lucky lad back
Home in Britain, or Munchen Gladbach!
(Please don't let the rhyming trouble you)
Hail to the CWWW!
Greetings to men on LOLLIPOP*,
And the strawberry blonde in the NAAFI shop!
Sing up, workshops! Drop your tools!
Bring up beer for the Signals schools,
And mistletoe for the typing pools!

* Lots of Local Leave In Place Of Python.

GREETINGS to all with airborne wings,
To the Greys and the Bays, to Cox and King's,
To Cherrypickers in gorgeous pants,
To hangman's escorts, to adjutants,
To patients spending their Christmas leg-bound,
To all who are fogbound, stormbound, eggbound,
Greetings to batmen and G3's,
Greetings to married families,
Greetings to families, unmarried
(Hands up in favour... motion carried),
Hail to the Jocks, and one, two, three
Cheers for the PB Infantry!

HAIL to the Staff, in British Warms,
Hail to the Depot of Army Forms,
Hail to the newest new recruits
(May the zips not jam in their combat suits!)
Hail to the WRAC (including those
Who walk about in illegal hose),
Hail to the Devil's Own, and hail
To the APO with the Christmas mail!

HERE'S to the Life Guards (whoa there, nag!)
Here's to the Buffs and the Camberley Drag,
To aides-de-camp and the darning lady,
To the colonel's wife and Judy O'Grady,
To the restless dreamers-up of Schemes,
And the warfare simulation teams,
To piquets here and patrolmen there,
To all King's Corporals everywhere
(And may they never give way to Doubt),
To the RSM with the loudest shout!
Here's to the drivers draining sumps,
Here's to the dogs which guard the dumps!
Greetings, too, to the cookhouse cat,
And the man who calls for the grease-trap fat,
To all whose hobby is beer, or freewheel,
Greetings, too, to the Old Boy Network,
To the cooks who conjure the MEDLOC meals,
And the man who taps on the MEDLOC wheels,
To all who toil in the Savings drive,
To Silver Stick and to MI 5!

HERE'S to the Territorials, yes —
And here's to all ranks who could care less,
Who answer the bugle (or even the bell)
In hope of heaven and fear of hell,
(Which goes for the little women as well)...
A cracking good Christmas, Personnel!

Verse by ERNEST TURNER
Decorations by FRANK FINCH

“All About Ourselves”

“A paper for the private soldier? Blowed if the country ain’t getting so proud of us, it is going to perwide us with literatoor all about ourselves,” said a trooper to a private.

The time: 4 April 1896. The place: the front page of No. 1 of *The Regiment* “An Illustrated Military Journal for everybody.”

SOLDIER has been looking over the first 26 issues of *The Regiment*, which lasted until World War One. It was published weekly and hoped to become “the acknowledged epitome of the history of the British Army.” Certainly it contained a good deal of ready-made history and a little history-in-the-making (the first issue recorded that aluminium mess-tins had recently been issued to several regiments on home service).

But *The Regiment* had a good deal more than news and history. It had a lot of the humour of the day, pretty cumbersome stuff by modern standards. Under the Spartan heading “Anecdotes” it ran wordy “capital stories” about soldiers who spoke rudely of their commanders to elderly gentlemen in mufti who turned out to be those same commanders. Captions to its illustrated jokes were of about the same standard. (Note the two snappy samples on this page.)

Its jokes could be topical. About the time of the first issues the new-fangled X-ray was much in the news and *The Regiment* took a couple of cracks at it. One showed an officer photographing through a wall a sentry passing the time with a girl-friend. The other suggested it might be used by commanding officers on “marching order” parades to see if valises really were filled with kit.

Some well-known illustrators contributed jokes, among them Harry Payne and Phil May. Rudyard Kipling wrote a poem called “The Bugler” especially for *The Regiment* and a young soldier called Edgar Wallace contributed long epic poems.

One of the early serials was headed “Married Life in the Army. A true story. By a Redcoat’s Wife.” Another was a tale about a girl who finds an abandoned brown-paper parcel in a train and opens it up to disclose a baby. For women, too, there was a competition for the best account of “Why I married a soldier.”

The Regiment must have spent a fortune on competitions in its early days. There were guineas for sketches, half-guineas for finding spelling or printing mistakes in the advertisement pages. There were



ORDERLY ROOM, ROYAL TIPPERARY FUSILIERS. The Chief: “What! you up again, Mulrooney! What’s the excuse this time?” Private Mulrooney: “Sure an’ its no lies I’d be after tellin’ yer ‘anner. Yesterday was me brother-in-law’s birthday, an’ by the same token, ‘twas my cousin’s weddin’ day, and kapin’ up the two events simultaneous was too much for me failins!”

(But three drunks in a month is a bit too thick. Fourteen days C.B.)

watches and pocket-knives for “Interesting Bits,” for letters on “Why I joined the Volunteers” or “Why I enlisted” and for soldiers’ grumbles, for the best excuse offered to his commanding officer by a man on a charge and for stories of hoaxes played on recruits. The last was won with a gruesome yarn about a man who was carried, asleep on his bed, into a store-room full of the corpses of cholera victims.

The Regiment put on the market Fulton’s Patent Military Handkerchiefs on which were printed information and sketches about rifles, tactics, bugle calls and medals and a good deal more beside — it was obviously not intended for nose-blowing. The handkerchief became a prize in some competitions; then, to boost its sales, it became the subject of a competition itself; the winner was the man who pointed out the greatest number of spelling mistakes and printer’s errors on — Fulton’s Patent Military Handkerchief.

Some of the competitions were very frankly circulation builders and the biggest of them offered a farm — a house, three acres and a cow, pigs and fowls — to the reader who introduced most new readers to the magazine.

The Regiment had an eye to side-lines, too: it asked readers to send in ideas for inventions; “if satisfactory” *The Regiment* would “bring them out and give you a royalty on each article sold.”

Among the services *The Regiment* rendered its readers was publication of a list of unclaimed sums of money due to soldiers’ next-of-kin. It also had an “Answers to correspondents” column which was sometimes cryptic: —

Colonel.—It is, as you say, difficult to make a “.”

Aquila.—One is sufficient.

— and in which sometimes the subjects were not unlike those of today’s SOLDIER queries —

J. Walker.—There is no such thing as buying out.

T. Brindley.—Both privates and NCOs wear their fathers’ medals on the left breast; but there is nothing laid down in the Queen’s Regulations permitting them to do so.

This last answer caused a Gunner to wear his father’s medals on parade; he was ordered to take them off. The *Globe* (a daily newspaper) published a supercilious paragraph on the incident, admonishing *The Regiment* for a misstatement and adding “a soldier has no more right to wear his father’s decorations on either breast than he has to appear on parade in his father’s nightshirt.”

But *The Regiment* was right and pointed out the fact. It must have horrified some of its readers, however, by adding exultantly “At the same time we see no reason why a man should not wear his father’s nightshirt either on or off parade.”

The Regiment was taken over by Temple Press in 1901 and was the only one of the group’s seven periodicals to cease publication in World War One. “With the nation at war,” says the firm’s historian, “there were actually fewer who wanted to read about soldiering, preferring instead to practice the art.”



THE MILITIA TRAINING. RATIONAL RECREATION UNDER CANVAS. Sub-Lieutenants Cakehead, Mash and Flurrop have been whiling away the hours after mess by tying old Major Fizzletop’s spurs together under the table while he was unsuspiciously enjoying his post-prandial rubber; filling the pockets of Lieutenant Steadyman’s great-coat with all the garbage they could lay hands on; and letting the early retiring Captain Bounder’s tent-ropes loose. On retiring to their tents to enjoy a well-earned repose, they are delighted to find that a kindred spirit, with a similar refined sense of humour, has emptied their bath-cans into their camp-beds, and embellished them respectively with a dead cat, a dressmaker’s “dummy,” and a barrow-load of bricks.

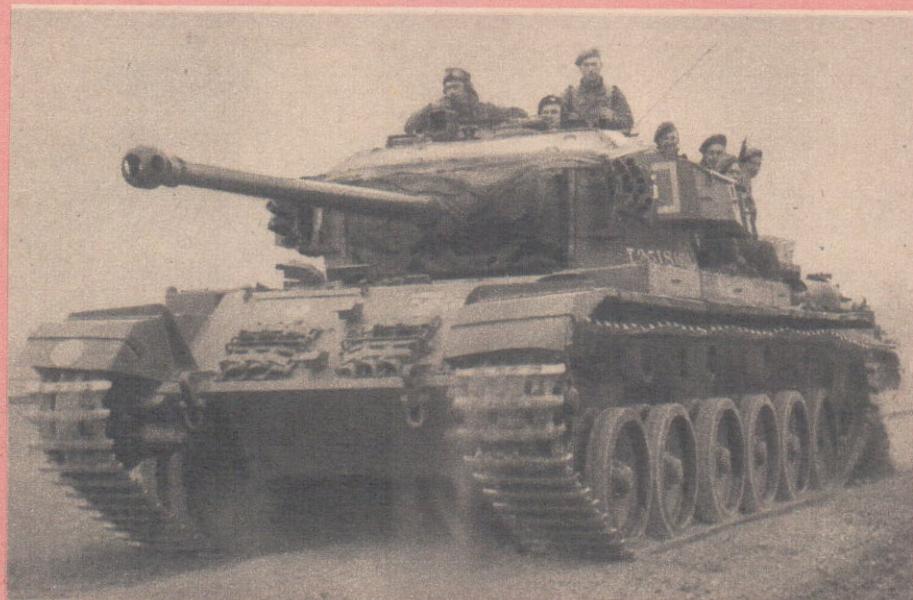


The war stopped for a parade at Sennelager. One reason for it was to let young soldiers "see what a division looks like," said Rhine Army's commander.

Pictures by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE

THE BIGGEST 'WAR' SINCE THE WAR

Where Hitler's panzers trained for the Ardennes break-through, two Rhine Army divisions, with units from four other armies and planes of the Royal Air Force and Fleet Air Arm, took part in strenuous autumn exercises



Thanks to Exercise Agility, the 48-ton Centurion got its photograph into the papers for the first time.

THE trouble with manoeuvres, cracked a newsreel commentator, is that nobody knows what they are all about except the higher commanders. And nobody knows if the higher commanders have learned the lesson until six months after the next war has started.

In the case of Rhine Army's Agility exercises in the Paderborn area, the jest was at its least applicable. Every effort was made to see that the troops taking part, and the spectators, knew just what was going on. According to some people, they knew too much.

The "war" had started — on paper — back in June when an armoured force began an attack on Germany. The 7th Armoured Division, 4th Belgian Brigade Group and 2nd Group, Royal Air Force, were cast for this role, but they broke off the war to join in a monster parade before the Secretary for War and representatives of 27 nations.

The parade was notable for the first publicised appearance of the Army's 48-ton Centurion tank. The Centurion had appeared in public before, at REME "at homes" among other occasions, but it was "Restricted." Reporters could look at it but not mention it. Now it was flaunted before the Press cameras.

After the parade, the war went on again. Now 2nd Infantry Division swept into action with more Belgians and with Americans, French, Norwegians, and planes of an RAF Group and the Fleet Air Arm. If it did nothing else, the exercise would smarten up inter-allied and inter-service liaison.

Now the battle swayed backwards and forwards as the fortunes of Redland (the attackers) and Blueland varied. There were contrived "emergencies": less than 24 hours after going into action, Major-General C. B. Callander, in command of 2nd Division, was ordered to withdraw to conform to the movements

OVER



Above: Mr. E. Shinwell, War Minister, went by jeep to the Sennelager parade, where he took the salute. Below: Two of the four Russian officers who watched the parade — but not the manoeuvres.



Above: Rhine Army's wives and children mixed with visiting officers from other armies at the parade. Below: There was glitter as well as camouflage paint on parade. The side drums of the massed bands.





When tanks and Infantry work together: men of the Sherwood Foresters in an extended advance over open country. Right: in the slit trench are two men of the Royal Norfolks. The smoke comes under the heading of "battle simulation."

BIGGEST 'WAR' SINCE THE WAR (Cont'd)

of imaginary formations on his flanks. So his staff got down to some hard work re-shaping plans.

Meanwhile, up forward his Infantrymen were riding into action on Centurions. Their assault was only partly successful because the enemy counter-attacked. For the Infantrymen, as for the staff, the whole thing was made as realistic as possible. The Royal Armoured Corps Battle Simulation Team produced much of the realism for the fighting men — artillery, mortar, machine-gun fire and many other harmless but nerve-tingling explosions.

In ideal autumn weather, tanks clattered through sleepy villages, scattering chickens and attracting children. Infantrymen advanced over open fields, dug positions in pine-forests. Marching columns got smothered in white dust by lorries and jeeps.

For some older men taking part, and for some of the observers, the battle scenes awoke memories of grimmer campaigning in the same area in 1945.

There were moments of excitement laid on. Men of 2nd Parachute Battalion attacked 2nd Division's rear areas, including brigade and divisional headquarters. At divisional headquarters, one parachutist said, there were so many generals among the observers that they could not pick out the divisional commander. But one reporter claims the parachutists captured Mr. Shinwell.

The parachutists' best coup was in the divisional gun lines, where they captured and consumed a bottle of whisky. General de Lattre de Tassigny, commander of the land forces of Western Union, was invited by the Rhine Army commander, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Keightley, to talk to five parachutists who had been rounded up. But the prisoners had not been searched by their captors; they threw a smoke-bomb and got away.

What did the Army get out of all this? In the first place,

OVER



Dimly seen in the smoke of battle is a tank of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards. In the foxholes are Infantrymen of the Manchester Regiment. It's all right so long as the smoke doesn't get in the driver's eyes...





Above, left: Making windows rattle, armour thunders through a village street. Above, right: Break for French troops taking part in the exercise. Left: Inter-allied conference. Brigadier J. F. Macnab, commanding 6th Infantry Brigade, sorts things out with two Norwegian officers. Below, left: Down in the forest something fired. It was a 25-pounder of 109 Field Battery, Royal Artillery. Below, right: Surprise for someone. An American M. 26 coming through a screen of trees.



BIGGEST 'WAR' (Cont'd)

practice — essential practice for commanders and staff in handling troops under war conditions, practice they can get only in manoeuvres; and practice for troops in handling weapons and their equipment. One writer summed up thus: "A modern division is a highly elaborate machine, which can only be rarely assembled and tried out as an integral whole; and it is really more important that its signal and other technical services should emerge with credit from the severely practical tests to which an exercise subjects them than that the evolutions of Infantry and armour should conform to the preconceptions of even the most clairvoyant strategist."

The Army learned, too, some of its weaknesses. One, which the commanders were determined to see corrected, was the slowness of troops to realise the danger from the air. This was evident, too, in the American manoeuvres a few weeks earlier and is a relic, probably, of the Allies' air superiority at the end of World War Two.

Some of the scores of newspapermen thought the manoeuvre lost its value because it was "too staged." People knew what was coming, and attacks possible only at night were carried out in daylight. Others grumbled that the exercise was too much like the fighting in the last days of World War Two, when plenty of troops fought on a narrow front with air superiority, whereas World War Three would undoubtedly start with a scarcity of troops fighting on a broad front with air inferiority.

What did they have to say about the men who took part in the exercise and the way they were led? Here are some samples:

Lieutenant-General H. G. Martin in the *Daily Telegraph*: In the units and sub-units of the BAOR minor tactics and junior leading had reached a high level.

Philip Brownrigg in the *Sunday Times*: The troops were obviously very fit. With full equipment, and shovels strapped to their backs, they moved fast over long distances in the attack. Their camouflage and march discipline were good and they did much more digging than British soldiers usually do when there are no shells to encourage them. The armoured regiments looked highly trained and their flanking moves were first-class.

R. G. Jessel in *The Spectator*: These boys (National Servicemen) looked very good indeed last week when the weather was more like July than October. One would like to see them at the end of three weeks of mud and cold, after a long withdrawal or the usual mischances of a first battle. The crews of the Centurion tanks looked fairly competent as they roared across the dry fields in a cloud of dust; one simply does not know the quality of their gunnery, maintenance and signalling, nor how they would fare in mud.

Cassandra in the *Daily Mirror*: No, Ma. I shouldn't worry. Fred's all right. Really.



Above: High-level lunch. General de Lattre de Tassigny and Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Keightley. Right: Low-level lunch. Sergeant Theo Thomas of the Belgian Army wields his machete. Below, left: First-hand information for Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur H. Goldstein of the Logistics Division, HQ, European Command. His informant is Lieutenant-Colonel A. B. Barton from HQ 2nd Division. Below, right: Mr. Shinwell toured the battlefield. He reported finding "the first soldier I have met who thought he was getting enough pay."



THE SERJEANT WITH PERMISSION TO GROW

Because Boer pioneers more than 100 years ago wore beards, one soldier in the British Zone of Germany is now bewhiskered

MILITARY policemen stop dead and finger their notebooks when Serjeant Alec Bartman, of the South African Armoured Corps passes them in the streets of Hamburg. Other soldiers turn round and gaze in astonishment; superstitious little German boys and girls lick their fingers and touch the soles of their boots in recognition of a good-luck omen.

Serjeant Bartman, aged 23, is the only soldier in the British Zone of Germany who has permission to grow a beard. And he has grown it.

Behind that beard — the envy of all British soldiers in Hamburg who see no reason why King's Regulations should not be amended to allow them to "grow" — is a story that has its beginnings more than a century ago in Cape Colony, 6000-odd miles away. In 1835 the Boers in Cape Colony began their famous Great Trek to escape the hated British rule. One of those pioneers was a Bartman, ancestor of the present-day Serjeant Bartman. In 1938 the foundation stones of the Voortrekker Monument were laid at Pretoria and on 16 December of this year descendants of the Voortrekkers from all over the world will attend the dedication ceremony, many of them dressed exactly like their forefathers, even to their beards.

In honour of the occasion the South African Army General Staff early this year issued instructions that South African soldiers would be allowed to grow beards. The South African Army Military Discipline Code and the Permanent Forces Re-

gulations, which like King's Regulations forbid the growing of beards, were relaxed and applications for permission to wear beards were considered by the Army Staff.

Shortly after this decision the Chief of the South African General Staff, Lieutenant-General Len Beyers, visited the British Zone of Germany. At Lubeck airfield he was met by, among others, Serjeant Bartman and Staff-Serjeant Trevor Crossons, both of the South African Military Mission to Germany in Hamburg. During conversation the General mentioned that the name Bartman in Afrikaans meant "The Man with the Beard" or "The Bearded One" and hinted that an application by them to grow beards would be favourably received. Serjeant Bartman put in his request and on 25 July permission was granted.

Next day a clean-shaven Serjeant Bartman wrote on the wall of his office overlooking Hamburg's Alster the memorandum: "BEARD. 26/7/49." That was the last time his chin felt the scrape of the razor.

"The first few days were the hardest," Serjeant Bartman told SOLDIER. "My chin developed a scruffy kind of growth which was



Substitute for a doodle. Fingering his beard helps Serjeant Bartman to concentrate.

unpleasant to touch and horrible to look at. Everywhere I went people would cock an inquisitive and rather superior eyebrow and every time I saw an MP I felt like scuttling round the nearest corner. I know now that you have to be pretty thick-skinned to grow a beard; it requires a certain amount of moral courage. But after a couple of weeks the beard became quite respectable, although it caused comment wherever I went. Under constant care and attention it took on a shine and a character of its own.

A week later it was the real thing — a full-blooded beard anyone could be proud of."

Staff-Serjeant Crossons adds strength to Serjeant Bartman's claim that growing a beard takes courage. "I almost applied for per-

mission at the same time," he said, "but my courage failed at the last moment." (This in spite of the fact that Staff-Serjeant Crossons was an air-gunner with the South African Air Force in actions over Northern Italy and Austria).

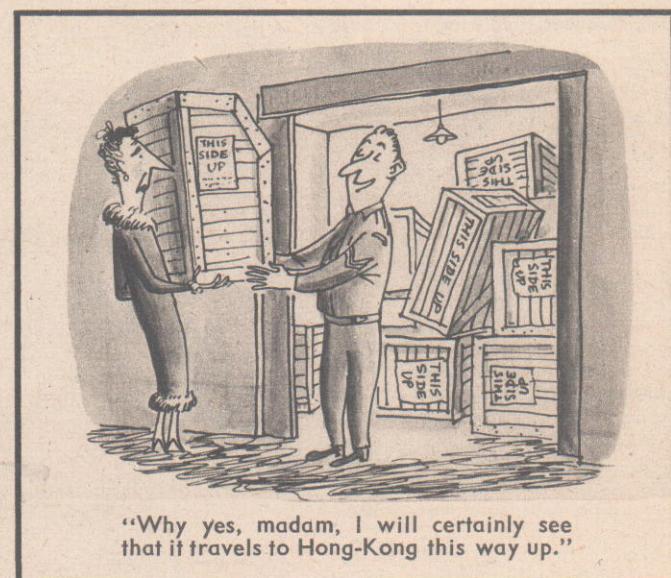
But Serjeant Bartman's pride and joy is rapidly approaching its end. These days he can hardly bear to look at a calendar for on 17 December every trace of the beard must be removed. Every time he thinks of it a shadow crosses his face.

"I have become so attached to the beard that I don't think I can cut it off myself," he says. "It will seem like murder. I think I will delegate the job to a German barber and bury the remains with a simple, but moving ceremony."

E. J. GROVE



Serjeant Bartman's razor stops short half-way down his chin. From 17 December it will go the whole way again.



"Why yes, madam, I will certainly see that it travels to Hong-Kong this way up."



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The March of the Ten Thousand

SOLDIER
BOOKSHELF

ONE of the greatest fighting marches in history was carried out in the fourth century BC: a 2000-mile slog on foot by 10,000 Greek mercenaries into the Kingdom of Persia and out again, thence through savage Armenia to the unfriendly states on the Black Sea, and so by painful degrees home again.

The march was chronicled by Xenophon, the brilliant Athenian captain who took charge of the expedition when the leader Cyrus fell. A new translation of his story, by Rex Warner, has now been published by Penguin Books (1s 6d).

It is a story by a soldier for soldiers; and many of the lessons of the expedition hold good today, even though commanders have long ceased to examine the entrails of newly sacrificed beasts in order to decide whether the omens are good for an attack.

Cyrus, who led the ten thousand into Persia, had designs on the throne, on which sat his brother Artaxerxes. He did not reveal this to his followers, though many of them suspected it. Cyrus was a leader in whom they had great trust and while he paid them well they did not worry unduly over his motives.

The Greeks marched without serious check until they were



This was the route of the Persian expedition. Cyrus led the ten thousand out, Xenophon took them home.

within about 50 miles of Babylon; then, on the field of Cunaxa, they successfully engaged a large Persian army. But, in the hand-to-hand fighting, Cyrus was killed.

This left them leaderless in the midst of enemy territory, a thousand miles from home. Soon afterwards, the Persians lured away five of the leading generals by a trick, and beheaded them. The victims included Clearchus, who held (according to Xenophon) that "a soldier ought to be more frightened of his own commander than of the enemy." Prozenus, who "was a good commander of people of a gentlemanly type," but "showed more diffidence in front of his soldiers than his subord-

inates showed in front of him"; and Menon, who "regarded sincerity and truthfulness as equivalent to simple-mindedness."

The Greeks had no guides; they were unable to buy food from the hostile population; they were trapped by wide rivers; they had no cavalry; and some of the native levies had deserted to the Persians. It seemed only a matter of time until they would all be exterminated.

At this grim moment Xenophon took over. All the Greeks needed was the right man to rally them. When peril threatened the leaders combined resolutely together; when peril receded personal rivalries and intrigues tended to assert themselves. Every important move had to be debated beforehand, in a sort of field parliament.

Xenophon made a skilled "appreciation" of the situation and urged his countrymen to fight their way out over the hills to the north. He was able to carry the day. The ten thousand turned their backs on Babylon and began to follow the River Tigris to its headwaters in the mountains of Armenia. Persian troops harassed them with slings and arrows, and the Greeks, lacking cavalry, were unable to retaliate. The Greek rearguards had a wearing time of it. At one point, when the expedition was confronted by a wide river, a man from Rhodes suggested slaughtering 2000 cattle, inflating their hides, spacing these along ropes across the river and "anchoring" each hide with a bundle of submerged stones. When a double line of inflated hides had been established over the river, the plan was to lay planks across and then cover the wood with earth. Each bag would keep two men from sinking; and the wood and earth would prevent them slipping off. Fortunately, perhaps, the Greeks were able to cross the river by other means.

When the expedition reached the hills Persian troops and hostile natives rolled down boulders on them. But the Greeks pressed stubbornly on; even in the rigours of the Armenian mountains, Xenophon records, a number of the Greek soldiers still had their mistresses with

them. Shortly before they sighted the Black Sea there was an ugly battle in which the Greeks' adversaries threw their own women and children over the cliffs and jumped after them, rather than risk the invaders' clemency.

Once beside the sea, many of the Greeks felt strongly that they ought to return by ship along the Black Sea coast. To this end they started seizing vessels, but were never able to impound sufficient, and in the event most of them had to footslog back to the Bosphorus. Sometimes the local inhabitants were friendly and sold supplies to the expedition; if they did not the Greeks seized what they wanted. The high state of their morale can be judged from the fact that when they reached Trapezus they took time off to hold a big sporting contest, with running, wrestling, boxing and kindred excitements.

When they reached a point half way along the southern shores of the Black Sea Xenophon toyed with the idea of founding a Greek city there, but could not raise sufficient enthusiasm among his supporters. They pushed on, and finally found themselves masters of the great city of Byzantium on the western shores of the Bosphorus. Xenophon declined, however, to accept the honours pressed upon him. Before his final return home he was so poor he had to sell his horse; then, by an almost casual act of brigandage, he set himself up for life. "Cool, calculating, brilliant and intensely pious, he is one of the most fascinating characters of history," says his translator.



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CALL WHEN IN THE LOCALITY

They Fought 82 Divisions . . .

TWO former staff officers of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, Hugh Darby and Marcus Cunliffe, have collaborated to write "A Short History of 21 Army Group" (Gale and Polden 5s).

Although the Normandy-to-the-Baltic story has been told before, by Field-Marshal Montgomery among others, this new version (well mapped and illustrated, by the way) makes a concise, straightforward account which will interest not only the student but those who took part in the campaign. Anecdote is at a premium; but even the baldest description cannot detract from the brilliance of this historic advance. In some ways, the stark summary entitled "Enemy Losses" on the last page of the book tells the most graphic story:

Prisoners taken before capitulation 417,000
Capitulated troops 2,000,000
Divisions destroyed 22
Divisions capitulated 32
Different enemy divisions engaged by 21st Army Group 82

"A Good Battle and Bags of Promotion"

A bewildered German prisoner in Italy asked a sergeant-major of the Irish Guards why he, an Irish neutral, was fighting for the English in filthy ditches.

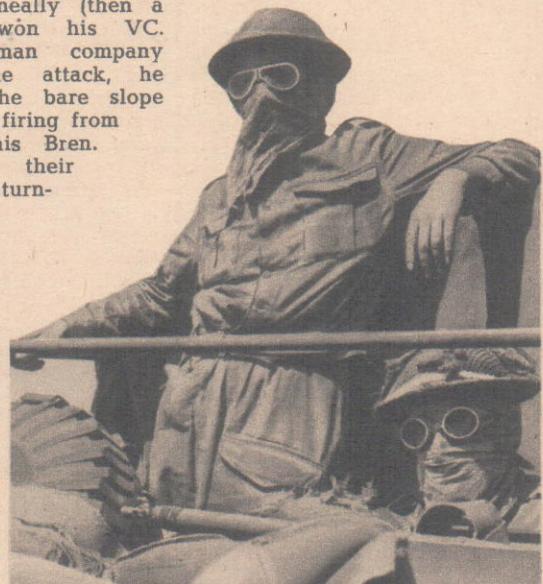
"Well," said the sergeant-major, "they fed me for seven years, so now I'm earning my keep."

There were other reasons why these hard-scraping men from neutral Eire (who had to put on plain clothes when they visited their homes) were fighting for Britain: one was that they just revelled in fighting. "The mercenary soldier tradition was very strong in the 1st Battalion," says Major D. J. L. Fitzgerald MC, author of "The History of the Irish Guards" (Gale and Polden 20s). "They accepted wounds and death, hunger and exposure as a normal part of the trade, and had the greatest contempt for troops who grumbled about casualties. 'A good battle and bags of promotion' was one way of putting it." The Irish Guards did not like being "messed about," but they were always fortified by the knowledge that at the head of operations was another Mick, General Alexander. "In him they had absolute confidence; whatever he said and did was right."

Equally, the General had absolute confidence in the regiment with which he himself once served in the front line. Their famous stand on the Bou Aoukaz, he said, was essential to the whole attack on Tunis. The Germans admitted as much by the losses they were prepared to face there.

In his long and excellently compiled history (a model for a work of this sort) Major Fitzgerald gives an inspiring account of the action on the Bou. On the morning of 28 April 1943, 173 Irish Guardsmen, armed with Brens, rifles and two grenades each, held the hill. On the night of 30 April, after five big attacks, 80 Irish Guardsmen still held it.

It was the action in which Sergeant P. Kenneally (then a lance-corporal) won his VC. Seeing a German company massing for the attack, he charged down the bare slope straight at them, firing from the hip with his Bren. Cutting through their startled ranks, he turned and started to shoot up those who were still goggling at the extraordinary assault. The Germans began to fire at each other and were still doing so when No. 1 Company came down to finish them. Next day the lance-corporal repeated the exploit, frustrating another attack. Though wounded, he refused to give up his Bren.



In the dust of Caen the Irish Guards went into "harem order."

Kenneally received his VC from General Alexander in the field. Less fortunate was Guardsman E. Charlton who, in the last days of the war in Germany, also defied mass of German infantry with a Bren, and spoiled their attack; his VC was posthumous. The Germans buried him with the honour he merited.

At the start of the book is an interesting glimpse of a half-forgotten episode of the war: the visit of the 2nd Battalion to the Hook of Holland to cover the evacuation of Queen Wilhelmina and the Dutch Government. It makes as sad reading as the story of the 1st Battalion's brief excursion to Norway. Both fruitless ventures cost the lives of brave men.

Major Fitzgerald's history is well sprinkled with anecdote. At one point in Italy the Irish Guards were deluged with German "Why not surrender?" leaflets, addressed to "British soldiers," which in itself annoyed the Battalion! The enemy appeal was "so crude that it might well have been conceived by our own 'Bureau of Psychological Warfare,' or whatever it was called," says the author.

And here is an interesting glimpse of how the Irish Guards could establish friendly relations with an ally (the scene is in the Low Countries):

"The stationmaster's wife was a great help to the mess. She lent them all her linen in return for permission to display the portrait of King Leopold and a promise from the Medical Officer to deliver her pregnant daughter."

The book ends, suitably, with the slogan "Up the Micks!"

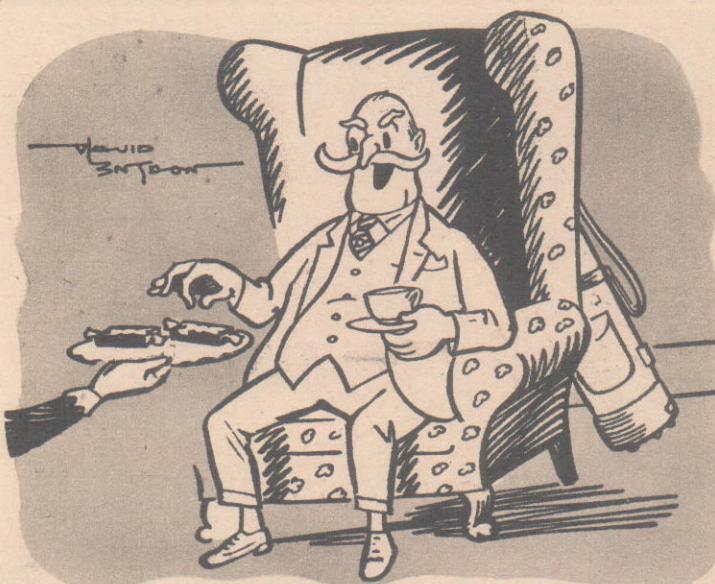


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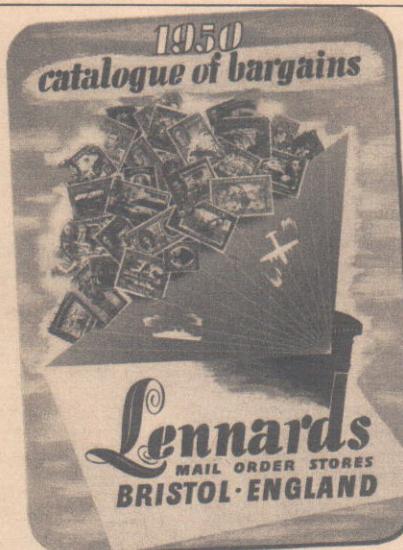
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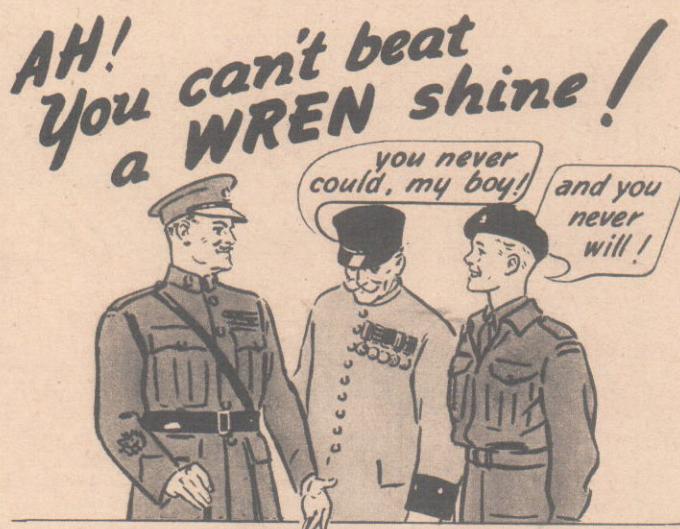
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Two or three of these and the most dehydrated man feels human once again, ready for shorter drinks — and naturally Gin and Rose's.



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SPORT

PLAYING TO THE MIKE

CAPTAIN Harry Harbin, an instructor at the Army School of Physical Training at Aldershot teaches Soccer from the top of a 12-foot ladder.

In one hand he holds a microphone, in the other a whistle. In front of him the teams, dressed in the school's special waistcoats on which positions are stencilled in foot-high letters, plunge into the game enthusiastically.

Suddenly the whistle sounds a series of short blasts. Each player drops on one knee and the scene freezes like a cinema film that has stopped in its tracks.

The amplifiers carry Captain Harbin's voice to the far side of the pitch.

"Right half!"

The man holds up his hand to show he has heard.

"Just then you dribbled far too

long. It slowed down the movement by allowing the other side to get into position, which is what you must always avoid. Make the ball do the work. Only dribble as a last resort when there is no one ready to receive it. All right, carry on."

The field springs to life. A few moments later the whistle blasts come again. This time it is the referee (also a student) who comes in for criticism.

"There was a debatable offside then. If in doubt, what authority do you turn to?"

The referee shouts back,

"The linesman."

"Yes, but you didn't. There

"Stop! Are you listening, centre-forward?" Captain Harry Harbin gives microphone instruction. When he stops the game, players kneel to listen to him.



was the poor chap waving the flag and you did not see him. Remember, you position yourself so that you can nearly always keep one linesman in view."

This method of teaching is Captain Harbin's own idea. He thought of the microphone, the ladder and the waistcoats. The school is lucky in owning its public address outfit, but a megaphone would be equally suitable, he says.

The school teaches only orthodox football, so that the basic principles of team and positional play are grasped by every student. Each man must eventually be

able to coach and referee in his own unit. As part of his course, he will spend hours at a model board with wooden draughtsmen lettered to represent players. On this he will work out the tactical moves of the game.

Above all he must learn the 17 laws of Soccer backwards if he is to stand up to the usual barrage of queries which arise during instruction in a unit.

During Captain Harbin's instructional game, players change positions (and with them waistcoats) at intervals and the referee exchanges jobs with one of the linesmen

OVER

or a player. All students have to undergo a test in refereeing, either on the model board or on the field.

The microphone method of instruction is ideal from the school's point of view but it is not as easy as it sounds. Says Captain Harbin: "One is tempted to watch the ball all the time but it is equally important to keep an eye on the rest of the field, the referee and the linesmen."

"The instructor must not try to give a Raymond Glendenning commentary while the game is in progress. He should not speak — apart from an occasional word of encouragement — until he has stopped play by the whistle. Only then can he expect the full attention of the students."

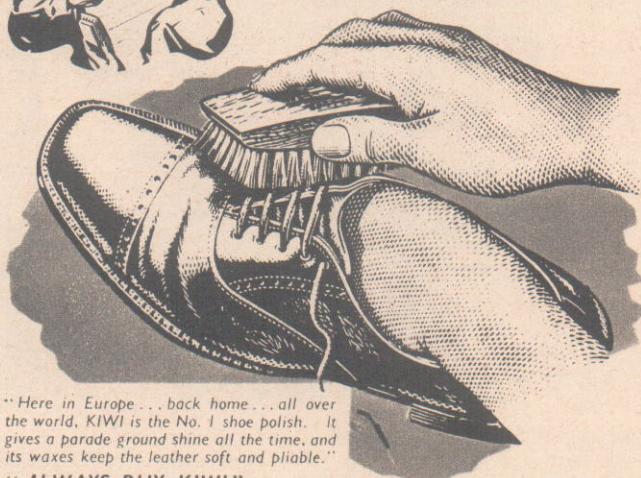
"I always make a man raise his hand when I call out his name or position. If the wind is strong he may not have heard that he is being addressed. Or he may have forgotten that he has changed his position, that he is now, say, inside right, and thinks I am criticising another player."

Captain Harbin, former Army long jump record-holder, pole-vault champion and ex-parachutist (he was wounded while serving with 6 Airborne Division in Normandy) has been teaching football at the school for the past two years. Soon he is leaving for a physical training post in the Middle East.

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FREE KICK FOR A DIRTY LOOK

THE rules of Association football — the same for the Army as for the civilian game — are the subject of as many misconceptions and arguments as King's Regulations.

For the benefit of players and supporters who feel they have a grudge against some referee (or vice versa), SOLDIER offers a brief refresher course in the subject.

The most common dispute is over the offside rule. A player thinks that if he is level with an opponent he is not offside. The rule states that two opponents (one is usually, but not necessarily, the goalkeeper) must be in front of the player at the moment the ball is played by another of his own side. To be level with one of them is not enough.

Often a wing forward runs forward to receive a pass and is met by roars of "offside." But offside is decided by the players' positions at the moment the ball is passed and not at the moment it is received.

The referee's most vexing problem is to decide whether or not a ball bouncing up and down in the goalmouth constitutes a goal. Part of the crowd will always claim that it is. The ball must be completely over the line for a goal to be scored. Similarly, a ball is still in play even if two-thirds of it are outside the touch line.

If a player throwing in slides his rear foot back along the

ground, can he be punished? No, provided part of the foot is on the ground. The rule is: both hands on the ball, both feet on the ground. Army Physical Training School tip: the referee should watch the hands, the linesman the feet.

How far is a goalkeeper specially protected? He is safeguarded from charging only inside his own area, and then only if the ball is not in his possession. Once he has the ball he can be charged.

Like a detective a referee must pinpoint the scene of the crime when a foul takes place, for it is this point and not the position of the ball that counts for his award. A penalty can be awarded when the ball is in the centre of the field provided the foul took place in the goalmouth.

Fouls must be intentional for a penalty or free kick to be

awarded. If a foul takes place while the ball is out of play the offending player must be cautioned or even sent off the field, but the referee cannot give a free kick or penalty.

A comparatively new rule which many players do not know says a caution and an indirect free kick shall be awarded against a player who "shows, by word or action, dissent from any decision given by the referee."

The referee can let play continue after a foul if he thinks stopping the game and awarding a free kick would benefit the offending side. In one game the referee put the whistle to his mouth to blow for a penalty and found the pea had stuck. While he was trying to remedy this, the fouled player recovered and scored a goal. Had the penalty been awarded, there was a one-in-three chance the goalkeeper would have saved it.

What happens if the referee gets in the way of a ball going straight for the net? It is not a goal. Likewise a ball which ricochets off the referee into the goal is in fact a goal.

How Much Do You Know?

1. Place the following in their order of seniority—oldest first: Emanuel Shinwell, Winston Churchill, Aneurin Bevan, Ernest Bevin, Anthony Eden, Clement Attlee.

2. How do you pronounce these Scotssurnames: Wemyss, Colquhoun?

3. How long does a female rabbit take to produce offspring—seven days, 14 days, 21 days, 28 days, two months, three months?

4. What would you expect to find people doing in an Assay Office?

5. Which are the six biggest English counties (counting Yorkshire as one)?

6. If you met a member of the British Horological Institute, you would probably gather some interesting facts about wild flowers, edible fungi, clocks, insane murderers, deep-sea life—which?

7. Name of author, please:
*And I shall find some girl,
perhaps,
And a better one than you,
With eyes as wise, but kindlier,
And lips as soft, but true,
And I daresay she will do.*

8. Which of these poets sailed before the mast: Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Siegfried Sassoon, Walt Whitman?

9. Any spelling mistakes: ophthalmic, privilege, vanila, ommellette?

10. Dickens's Mark Tapley was always cheerful, pessimistic, selfish, wrong, vain, pig-headed — which?

11. Can you name two films which have featured outsize apes running amok in cities?

12. The Civil Servant was asked to draft a notice for the wash-room. He wrote: "All personnel are exhorted to refrain from employing unnecessary quantities of saponaceous and detergent substances in the course of their ablutions."

Can you say all that in three words?

13. Which city is known as Auld Reekie?

14. Here is one of the few film actresses whose surnames begin with Z. Who is she?



(Answers on Page 44)

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can't smell... can't taste
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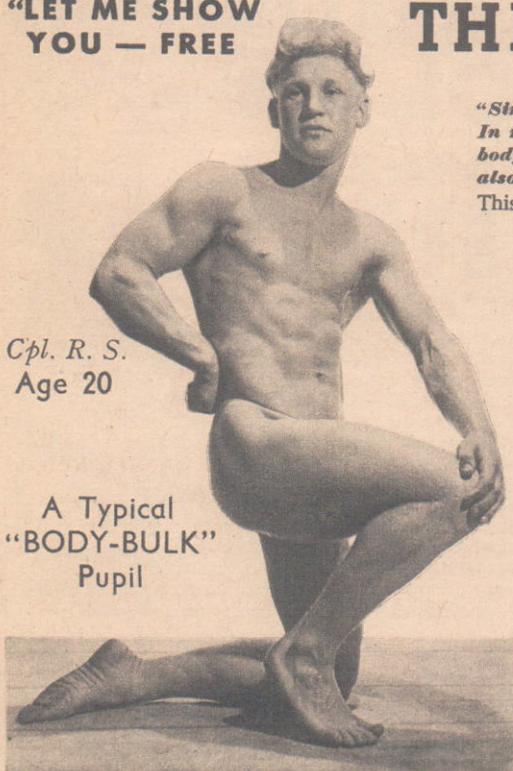
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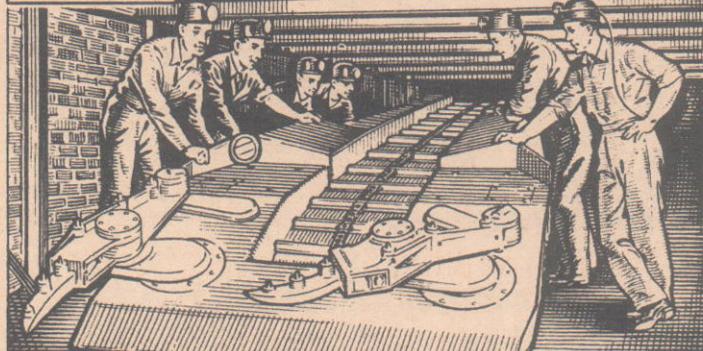
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3 tons of coal a minute.) You get full surface pay while training and most face-workers earn between £7 and £9 a week (including a bonus for working five shifts a week).

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Weight	10-9	11-4	11-13	12-5
Biceps	12 1/2 in.	13 1/2 in.	14 in.	14 1/2 in.
Neck	15 1/4 in.	16 in.	16 1/2 in.	16 3/4 in.
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READ THESE LETTERS**
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W. H. writes from Heston, Middlesex:—"I am one of those people who is frequently catching cold, and sometimes being laid up for several days at a time, but now as soon as I feel one of these attacks coming on I take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a glass of hot milk. This breaks up the cold almost immediately, and within a few minutes I am as right as rain again. I shall never be without 'ASPRO'."

A Nurse's Tribute

Dear Sirs.—We are 8 in family. What ever is the matter, colds, headaches, any other ache, we take 2 'ASPRO' tablets. We find they really are good for all aches and pains and sleeplessness or over-tiredness.

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Yours faithfully, **NURSE B.**
(Name and address withheld for professional reasons.)

FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

NOT-SO-GAY VIENNA

THIS is the film they are very curious to see in Vienna. Carol Reed "shot" many of the scenes on location there, and turned night into day with his flood lights.

In fact, despite the wary attitude of the Four Powers, he just about turned the city upside down. The film, they will tell you in Vienna, had better be good.

Well, it is good, though it does not add to the legend of "gay" Vienna. Even the Commissioner of Sewers should thrill with pride when he sees the macabre man-hunt through his watery underworld.

The film introduces Vienna's famous International Patrol, that glittering quartet of military police (British, American, French, Russian) going stonily about their peculiar duties, which in this film include ransacking girls' flats. It also features Sacher's Hotel, a blameless *caravanserai* for British senior officers in the International Sector.

Graham Greene's "The Third Man" is the story of an American writer who arrives in post-war Vienna to work for an old friend who is running a "voluntary unit" in the city. He arrives just after his friend is killed in a street accident. Suspicious of the circumstances, the newcomer begins to make inquiries and

finds that his old friend was running a peculiarly unpleasant racket in diluted penicillin.

The role of "Chief of the Military Police" in Vienna is played by Trevor Howard, in the uniform of a major in the Royal Armoured Corps—very dry, tight-lipped and disillusioned. His right-hand man is a human, likeable serjeant who for his pains is shot dead in a sewer. (Incidentally, Trevor Howard won a Military Cross with 6 Airborne Division and Bernard Lee, who plays the serjeant, was an Eighth Army man).

Valli, an Austro-Italian actress who had to go into hiding during the war, appears in the part of a hunted girl, which must have come naturally to her. Orson Welles, playing a less Napoleonic part than usual but playing it for all it is worth, is the arch-racketeer, and Joseph Cotten is the writer who does not know when to leave a stone unturned.

A GOOD NINEPENCEWORTH?

RECENTLY I spent ninepence to see an hour's programme of shorts at the AKC cinema at the Hook of Holland. One was a Charlie Chase comedy about the Foreign Legion which I should judge to be 20 years old.

Another showed glimpses of wartime cabaret life—mostly a lot of sleek types eating strange dishes, and watching an occasional singing act. This film still had its wartime commentary. The third film was a hotch-potch called "Sports Flashback" or something like that. It showed the usual futile shots of horse races which look like any other horse races—a thing which newsreel companies never seem to appreciate.

Before this programme was finished we were all called out to embark in our ship; a merciful release. Why does the AKC show such antiquated rubbish? And why does it charge ninepence for an hour's show? — "Stung" (name and address supplied).

The Army Kinema Corporation replies:

The AKC charges 9d (now regrettably increased to 10d owing to rising costs—see *SOLDIER*, November) because since the 1946 Treasury ruling film entertainment in the Army MUST be paid for entirely from box office receipts. Moreover the AKC cinema at the Hook is in a special category, showing a "news theatre" type programme for which films have to be specially booked and transported.

There is quite a charming Russian liaison officer.

The accompanying music—a neat blend of the sentimental and the sinister—is played entirely on the zither by an Austrian cafe entertainer, Anton Karas. It is one of the gramophone record hits of the year.

Other films to be shown shortly at AKC cinemas include:

THE CHILTERN HUNDREDS: Parliamentary candidatures are not lightly bandied about, as a rule. In this film they are tossed around as lightly as beach balls. A young sprig of the nobility (David Tomlinson) gets leave from the Army to stand for Parliament, though he really wants leave to get married. Defeated at the polls, he quarrels with his fiancée and to pique her stands again, this time as a Socialist. Only man who stays calm is his rabbit-potting peer of a father, played by octogenarian A. E. Matthews, who has delighted Broadway in the stage version.

MAYTIME IN MAYFAIR: Anna Neagle and Michael Wilding and

the mixture as before: song, dance, romance and humour. This time they find themselves in an expensive dress-shop, producing gowns for the shapely and not-so-shapely. Peter Graves is the villainous rival across the road. Tom Walls pops up once or twice too: "a courtesy appearance of an old friend," the producers call it.

THE INTERRUPTED JOURNEY: What happens when you run away with someone else's wife, change your mind in the train, pull the communication cord and go home? In this case a train smash and suspicion of murder. Valerie Hobson is the wife of the erring husband, played by Richard Todd. Christine Norden is the runaway lady and there, trying to sort it all out, is that man Tom Walls again—as a British Railways detective.



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LETTERS

TOO MUCH SMUT?

Theatrical companies touring BAOR under the auspices of Combined Services Entertainment provide welcome and usually good entertainment, but performances of comedy plays are often marred by over-emphasis on the "risqué" nature of the plot on the part of some actors and actresses. One feels they are clowning for the benefit of a Service audience.

Gentle players! We do appreciate your shows, but why not give us the same performance you present to your West End audiences? — Capt. J. A. Collins, "Q" Branch, HQ 7 Armoured Div., BAOR.

★ An audience sometimes gets what it asks for. If a player finds that smut gets the biggest laughs, then the player will emphasise the smut. If not, he will play it down. There is plenty of smut in the West End, too.

ANIMAL MEDALS

I would like to range myself on the side of those who approve of animals being awarded medals. The animals' VC is something that the owners can be proud of even if the wearers themselves don't know what it's all about. — D. L. Muttitt, 18 Windermere St., Grangetown, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

Although an animal may not realise for what particular action it has been awarded a medal, it has enough sense of comradeship with the men whose mascot it is to know quite well that its general conduct has been approved and that the medal is a sign of that approval. A regimental dog, for instance, very soon feels it is "one of the gang" and if it sticks by its human comrades when its normal instincts urge it to bolt for its life, isn't it showing courage of a sort? After all, the instinct to "stick by their pals" is perhaps the largest factor in human courage too. — Animal Lover (name and address supplied).

MORE ABOUT MEDALS

Although they would be the last to admit it, the subject of medals is close to the heart of most serving soldiers. As an old soldier I would like to make a moan about the active service periods between the two wars, in particular the campaign in Ireland 1919-21, during which many British troops and Irish Constabulary lost their lives.

No service medal has been issued for that uncomfortable and distasteful campaign, although British troops serving in Russia at the same time became eligible for the 1914-18 War Medal and Victory Medal on the grounds that World War One officially ended on 31 August 1921. Troops on active service in Iraq, Persia and Kurdistan during the same years were granted the General Service Medal.

The Eire authorities issued a medal to those who fought against the British Crown (ribbon half black, half tan). On our side, it was contended that a medal was not issued because British troops were in support of the Civil Powers, but this argument was discounted when an award

● **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.

for service in Palestine 1936-39 was issued.

Nor were British troops who fought in the Irish Easter Rebellion of 1916 eligible for any of the 1914-18 service medals for this action. The reason given was that war medals could only be issued for service "outside the waters dividing the British Isles" (some coastal batteries and RAMC units excepted). Yet Sinn Feiners who fought against us were later granted a medal (half green and half yellow ribbon).

Some of your correspondents have suggested that an "Active Service Overseas" medal be instituted. The French Army adopted that idea many years ago and it is one of the few silver medals issued by the French Republic. Such a medal would not detract from the high standard of British awards, nor, incidentally, would the shortening of service necessary to gain the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. — Old Scout (name and address supplied).

CHEAPENED

With regard to the letter about the Territorial Efficiency Decoration (SOLDIER, October), the new conditions of award have now been implemented in Amendment No. 107 to paras 594 to 598 of Territorial Army Regulations 1936. Under these conditions, what was previously a decoration for loyalty and service to one's country, not to mention the devotion of a great deal of leisure time, over 20 years has now been cheapened almost to the status of some of the 1939-45 Campaign Stars.

Under the new terms of award an officer may add the letters TD after his name, whereas other ranks who gain the Territorial Efficiency Medal after a similar period of service cannot use the letters TM after theirs. Why this discrepancy? — "Territorial Adjutant" (name and address supplied).

Answers

(from page 40)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Churchill, Bevin, Attlee, Shinwell, Eden, Bevan.
2. Weems, Ca-hoon.
3. 28 days.
4. Testing the purity of precious metals (e. g. hall-marking silver).
5. Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, Norfolk, Somerset, Devon (all over 1,000,000 acres).
6. Clocks.
7. Rupert Brooke.
8. John Masefield.
9. Correct spellings: ophthalmic, privilege, vanilla, omelette.
10. Cheerful.
11. King Kong; Mighty Joe Young.
12. Don't waste soap.
13. Edinburgh (reeky means smoky).
14. Mai Zetterling.

HEART CRY

This continuous moan about medals . . . ! For three and four years a handful of men sweated their guts out and sacrificed their health through malaria, dysentery and so on training East and West Africans for the war in Burma. They received nothing in the way of medals, or expected to, yet "S/Sjt" in your October issue thinks he ought to have a medal for seven days in transit between Iraq and Cyprus.

Ye Gods . . . ! "One Of The Handful" (name and address supplied).

BRIDGING THE GAP

The two bridges you mentioned in "SOLDIER to Soldier" (October) spanned two similar canals north of Cologne and east of the Rhine. I cannot remember the exact inscriptions now, but I do remember that the American one was even longer than you stated. It was on a very large notice board and included the names of senior personnel in the American Engineer Company which built it. The notice board on the British-built bridge was much smaller and less imposing. I think the last sentence merely said "The work presented no unusual engineering difficulties," but the implication was quite clear.—G.N. Smith, Southfield Place, Weybridge, Surrey.

THE EXPERT SPEAKS

In your October issue is a photograph which you state shows a Mercedes-Benz troop-carrier. May I suggest that the vehicle shown is really a Krauss-Maffei artillery tractor (this being its main role).



German artillery tractor: a Bordon capture.

Like nearly all German Army vehicles it was State-subsidised. The control number given to this type of engine was HL 52 TUK HL 64 TUK and it was made by Maybach. Mercedes-Benz may also have made these engines, but there is no information to support this belief. The engines of these vehicles have a brake-horsepower of 135 at 2600 revolutions and the vehicle's maximum speed is 31 mph. — Capt. A. M. Gable, Army Mechanical Transport School, Bordon.

INFO FOR SOLDIER

In the feature "Cutting It Short" (October), you show the abbreviation for "Information" as "Infm." ACI 1059 of 1948 states — The use of the abbreviation "Infm." given in Field Service Pocket Book, Part I, Pamphlet No. 3 will be discontinued. In future the abbreviation to mean "for the information of, inform, informed and information" will be "Info". For your info. — Sjt. R. V. Dulley, RASC, HQ Liverpool Garrison, Lime St., Liverpool.

Really, SOLDIER you ought to know It's not "infm", it's now "info," And if at this you should demur, To ACI's you should refer.

And please don't keep your poor It's 1059 of '48. [clerks late,

— SM W. J. Parry, ACA (BE), British Troops Austria.

★ Acked.

TWO COMMENTS

Many of the letters you publish raise worth-while points, so much so that I feel I must comment.

In my opinion, buying out should be restricted to the most compassionate cases only and to men serving

on the reserve. Once a man has completed three months service he should complete his contract. The idea of buying out because a man is "fed up" with the Army or because he has been offered a job in Civvy Street is ridiculous.

I agree with Captain Russell Steele that collars and ties are not for a soldier. Imagine a soldier going into battle wearing a collar and tie! What a chance for the enemy to strangle him! Personally I would never go into battle with a tie on. The revolver lanyard was worn on the left shoulder and not round the neck just to prevent the enemy using it against us.

The stand-up collar of the pre-war blues is ideal and the tunic should be designed on the lines of the old service dress. A white belt and beret would complete a rig that any soldier would be proud to walk out in. — Cpl. I. M. Aitchison, No. 1 Training Bn., REME, Blandford Camp, Dorset.

"SASHENACHS"

I understand that officers of regiments other than Scottish or Rifle regiments will wear coloured sashes with their new No. 1 Dress, but I have never seen the sash worn, or shown on tailors' specimen models. Has the idea been abandoned? — Maj. P. E. Webb, RAF Station Gatow, BAOR.

★ The crimson sash will be worn with No. 1 Dress on full dress ceremonial occasions, as laid down in Army Order 54 of 1947. The No. 1 Dress will not, however, be worn on parade with troops until it is introduced for the whole Army; consequently the sash will not be worn until then.

GOGLING

I have always admired the quality and efficiency of clothing and equipment issued to the Army, but I have one big "tick." The present O-shaped driving goggles are useless, especially for tank driving. The pear-shaped type of goggles issued in

the early part of the war provided excellent protection for the eyes, but the O-shaped ones let in all the dust and grit that is going. Why change from efficiency to inefficiency? — Sjt. E. Garbutt, 13/18 Royal Hussars, Stratford-on-Avon.

KIDS' STUFF

Your correspondent "New Army" (SOLDIER, November) who was astonished to see "soldiers devouring schoolboy thrillers . . . even comics" may find consolation in the fact that he is only one of many who are seriously perturbed by the poor taste in literature of some of today's young soldiers. I have seen groups of soldiers almost fighting to be first in the queue for the coloured comics sold (ostensibly for the children of the British families) in the bookshops in Rhine Army; I have watched them throw away their money on juvenile magazines and "bloods" of the type most people gave up reading when, or even before, they left school. A friend of mine recently held a kit-check in his company and discovered no fewer than 85 children's comics among 23 men.

The tragedy is not so much that some soldiers read this type of material but that they prefer it to the serious magazines and even to the daily newspapers which can be bought at less than half the price.

Where does the fault lie? Surely not with the Army which in almost every command has first-class libraries and study schools where books may be borrowed free of

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MORE LETTERS

charge. Nor with the Royal Army Educational Corps staffs who are fighting an uphill battle against mental laziness and the astounding prejudice that anything recommended as worth reading is either propaganda or "too dull." In my opinion the fault is with the soldier himself because he is too tired and unambitious to read anything more difficult to understand, and possibly because of the poor education he might have received during the war years; but this latter argument has been made the excuse for too many sins and short-comings and is worn threadbare. — Distressed (name and address supplied).

There is nothing unusual in soldiers reading comics. They read schoolboy magazines in Britain as well as in BAOR. Personally, I cannot see what is wrong with it. Although the stories are more or less fairy tales they do help to pass odd moments. I read them myself. — L/Cpl. H. S. Cox, Regt. Training Company, Technical Training School, REME.

★ Last month the Rev. W. M. Dempster, Church of Scotland, was quoted as saying that many young British soldiers in Hamburg spend Sundays lying on their beds reading comic papers sent out for British children.

Cabinet Ministers and heads of universities have been known to relax with "Wild Westerns" and detective novels. If soldiers merely relax with "comics," no great harm is done; but if "comics" are their only reading, it is time to get worried.

MAURITIAN PAY

I cannot understand the discrimination in basic pay between the British soldier and the Mauritian soldier. I am in Egypt, working side by side with British soldiers and doing the same job, yet they draw twice as much basic pay. In a foreign country, working in exactly the same conditions, it costs Mauritians as much as Englishmen to live. Is there any trade pay for Mauritians? If so, on what scale is it based? — Sgmn. J. Beedasy, 3 GHQ Signal Regt., Fayid, MEFL.

★ The pay of all soldiers in the British Army is based upon the normal wage standards in their country of enlistment. The official view is that it would be inappropriate to give rates to Mauritian soldiers based on conditions and standards in Britain.

Mauritian soldiers who are qualified tradesmen and who are filling tradesmen's vacancies now receive trade pay of sixpence a day. Mauritian rates of pay are at present being reviewed.

UP TO CAPTAIN

I enlisted in the ranks in December 1939 and was commissioned on 1 July 1943. In May 1946 I was released, but during my release leave I applied for a short-service commission. This was granted and I was recalled to the Colours shortly after my release leave had ended. Basing my calculations on the date I was first commissioned, on 1 July 1949 I completed the six years necessary for promotion to the substantive rank of captain, but there seems to be some confusion as to

RADIO RECEPTION BAD?

If it is, there is a strong chance that your aerial is to blame. Investigations by radio engineers in areas where troops have complained of poor reception have gone to confirm this.

Mr. Henry Bishop, Chief Engineer of the BBC, has recorded a talk which is being broadcast over all Forces radio stations; it is well worth listening to if you see it notified.

Aerials, says Mr. Bishop, should be high, to dodge interference and pick up a stronger signal from the transmitting station. They should be, whenever possible, vertical.

Mr. Bishop recommends three types. First, for preference, a vertical rod, ten or fifteen feet long of any metal — copper, brass, aluminium or steel, erected as high as possible (above the roof, on a chimney stack, for preference). It should be insulated from the building and its connection with the receiver should be as short as possible, of insulated wire; preferably it should run inside an insulating tube where it enters the building.

The second type is a single wire aerial, between a high point and the wall outside the room where the receiver is. The wire should be about 50 feet long and as nearly vertical as possible. Both ends must be insulated — insulators can be improvised from broken bottle-necks or pieces of motor-tyre.

Third, for use if the other two are not possible, is an inverted "L" type aerial: a horizontal wire between the building in which the set is housed and a nearby house or tree, and a downlead, kept well away from the walls and roof and insulated where it enters the building. The downlead must be in good metallic contact with the horizontal wire and both ends of the horizontal wire must be insulated from the supporting points.

PRESSING ON

In the article on the Trieste Daily News Bulletin (SOLDIER, November) you say that daily newspapers from Britain are never less than two days old when they get here. This is no longer true. Papers are now on sale in the YMCA bookshop on the afternoon of the day following publication. They are flown to Vienna and then sent by road to Trieste. The London Sunday papers too, are usually received on Monday evening. — Miss M. I. Millward, YMCA Bookshop, Trieste.

COMING BACK IN

I was in the Army as a National Serviceman until July this year. Am I still allowed to rejoin the Army on a short-service engagement and return to my old unit? I was in the Royal Engineers at Hamburg. — J. Taylor, 37 Byron Avenue, Radcliffe, Lancs.

★ Providing a National Serviceman has done two years colour service he is eligible to apply for a short-service engagement. The Corps of Royal Engineers, however, is closed for short-service engagements.

Soldiers' children who, because of broken homes or other circumstances, are unlikely to have the chance of a good start in Britain can qualify for a good education and fresh start in life at the Fairbridge Memorial College in Southern Rhodesia. Passages and all expenses are borne by private subscriptions and grants from the British and Rhodesia Governments. Children of both sexes can qualify — ages six to eight, or up to 12 in special cases. Further particulars can be obtained from the General Secretary, Rhodesia Fairbridge Memorial College, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London WC 2.

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2 minute sermon

PEOPLE used to think that man was so well intentioned that it was only a matter of time before he built for himself a pretty decent sort of world. All that was needed was a little more education, a few more scientific discoveries, a bit more control by psychologists and economists. All that the rest of us had to do was to shut our eyes and wake up in the Brave New World.

During this century we have had experience of human nature left to itself and trying to work out its own salvation. The result is so depressing that many people have lost faith in human nature altogether. Most of us are beginning to realise that the only way to herald in the Brave New World is to do something about having Brave New Men.

It is by our fruits that we are known. The harvest we have reaped has been so rich in evil that we have reached a new knowledge of ourselves. We have smashed our own illusion that evolution and progress were gradually making us better and better. In fact, we are not far from the old verdict that man is a creature whose heart is desperately wicked. This is where words like "salvation" and "redemption" begin to make sense. The Christian Gospel ceases to be the mere biography of an interesting and attractive character. It becomes what it was when it first made its dramatic impact on the world — a red hot piece of news.



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