

SOLDIER

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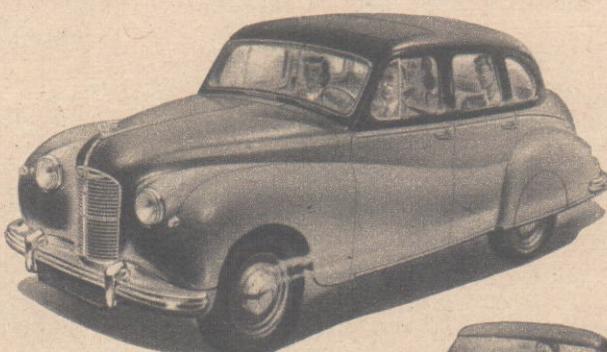
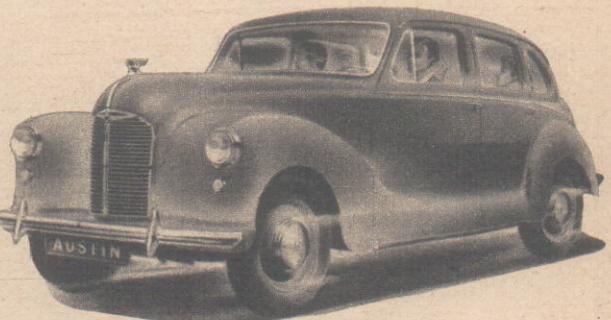
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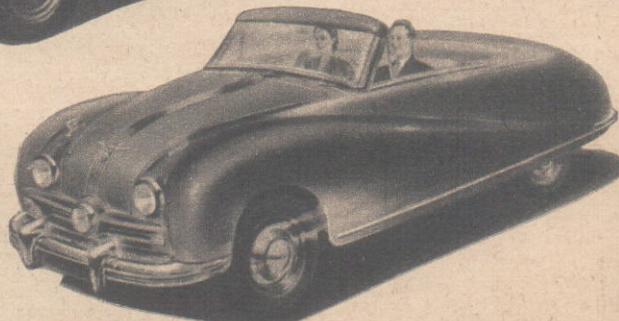
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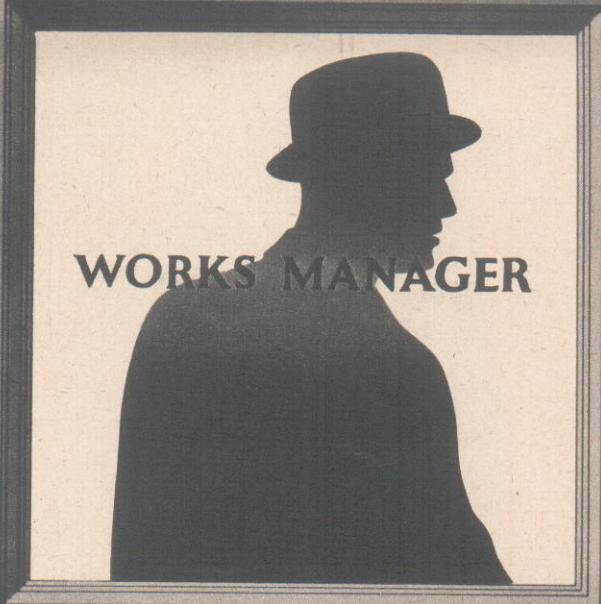
PRIVATE *likes* OF THE STARS

JOAN
GREENWOOD
likes
TABLE TENNIS,
MODERN ART AND
GOOD CHOCOLATES



DUNCAN—THE SCOTS WORD FOR CHOCOLATE

WORKS MANAGER



If you want
to get ahead
-get a HAT

A HARD-FOUGHT game of table tennis is one of Joan Greenwood's favourite outlets for her energy and high spirits. This vivacious young star is also, by contrast, a keen student of modern art. Daughter of a well-known artist, she has twice sat for Epstein. She does a little sketching herself and hopes one day to design her own costumes for a play or film. Joan's other pet 'likes' include ballet dancing—and good chocolates. On this last subject she has very definite ideas! "I'm specially fond of Duncan's 'Capital' Assortment," she says, "the centres are so deliciously varied." Next time you buy chocolates, take a tip from Joan Greenwood and ask for 'Capital.' In $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. cartons, 1/- (also $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. packs).



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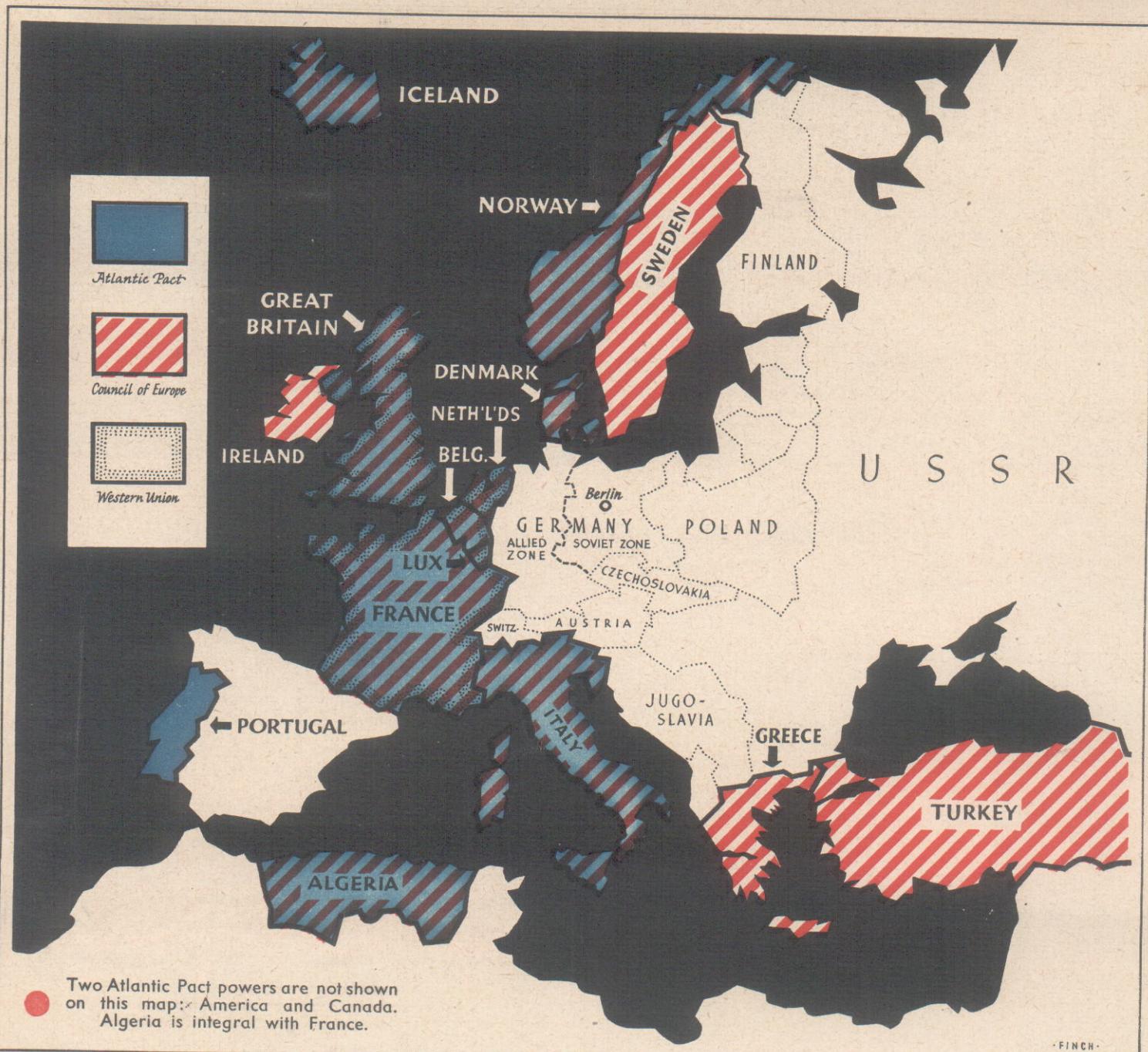
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TWELVE INTO ONE

An impossible problem? Not if the twelve Atlantic nations succeed in welding themselves into one powerful bulwark, defended by the latest weapons

ASK the man next to you to name his military allies, as at this moment.

Twelve Atlantic nations, of which Britain is one, are pledged to set up a common system of defence, equipped with modern weapons, strong enough to beat off any aggressor.

The man next to you will probably be able to name only nine or ten of his allies correctly. Perhaps the whole idea seems to him remote and unreal — just newspaper talk. More's the pity.

The twelve nations are America, Belgium, Britain, Canada, Denmark, France, Holland, Iceland, Italy, Luxembourg, Norway and Portugal.

So far the Foreign Ministers of the 12 nations have worked out what they call the "strategic concept," and a paper plan of defence. They have not yet fully estimated what forces will be necessary. When they come to decide how to use the resources of the individual powers, the real difficulties will begin. For each nation still has the right to determine her own national programme.

The 12 nations vary fantastically in size and strength. All, except Portugal, were "blooded" in the late war. Not all have conscription, and one of them

THE ATLANTIC ALLIES:

Soldiers of eleven Atlantic armies are shown here. The twelfth nation, Iceland, has no armed forces



AMERICA



BELGIUM



BRITAIN



CANADA



DENMARK



FRANCE

TWELVE NATIONS (Cont'd)

— Iceland — has not even an army. Some have only token air forces and navies. Not all the nations have stable governments. France already has a costly war on her hands, in Indo-China; Britain has something closely resembling a war in Malaya, and many other expensive commitments around the world. America, inevitably, must be the supplier-in-chief of equipment (she is due to send the 12 nations £357,000,000 in the coming year); what can she contribute in men? Luxembourg has a dwarf army, but her industrial resources are big for her size; how can she best strengthen the pact? Note that the declared object is not to coerce individual powers into bigger contributions at risk of bankrupting themselves, but to make best use of what they already have.

The men who will start to thrash out these problems — a tremendous test for democracies in peacetime — are the 12 deputies whom the Foreign Ministers recently decided to appoint, under a

permanent chairman. The name of the chairman — a man who, peace or war, is assured of a place in the history books — had not been announced as *SOLDIER* went to press.

Five of the Atlantic nations are members of Western Union, a pact-within-a-pact. These are Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Luxembourg. Already, at Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's headquarters at Fontainebleau and in London, much military co-operation has been achieved between these closely-knit powers. Soldiers can be freely exchanged between one country and another.

Not in the Atlantic Pact, but in the Council of Europe, are Sweden, Eire, Greece and Turkey. They have no defence liability, but they are pledged to political co-operation.

The aims of the Atlantic powers are the same as those announced in the United Nations Charter. In official language they are: to preserve the independence of nations, respect for spiritual values and the dignity of man. In simpler language: to prevent people being pushed around.



HOLLAND



ITALY



LUXEMBOURG



NORWAY



PORTUGAL

THE LAST 'ALL VOLUNTEER' CAMPS

1



A Cromwell crashes through a real wall after crossing an unreal minefield.

LONDON'S ARMOUR SHOWS ITS PACES

The Territorial camping season opened with a roar and a clatter in the Army's "reservation" in Norfolk — otherwise the Stanford Practical Training Area

THAT Norfolk no-man's-land, the 18,000-acre Practical Training Area at Stanford, has a summer "season" as noisy as that of a popular seaside resort.

It starts in May when the nesting nightingales are unseated by the roar of Cromwells and Comets as they crash through the undergrowth and nose away such brick walls as remain.

The rivers erupt as the Sappers prepare the battlefield for the advancing Infantry. And the empty houses, their windows swinging on rusty hinges, receive their summer visitors — men practising street fighting and night patrols.

Until 1942 the landscape round Stanford, eight miles from Thetford, was like any other landscape in Norfolk. Then the inhabitants were moved elsewhere to make a training ground for armoured vehicles. Here, British and American tankmen developed the tactics which carried them to victory on the other side of the North Sea.

All in good time the tank crews were demobilised, but not this stretch of countryside. Barbed wire and barriers still remain, and

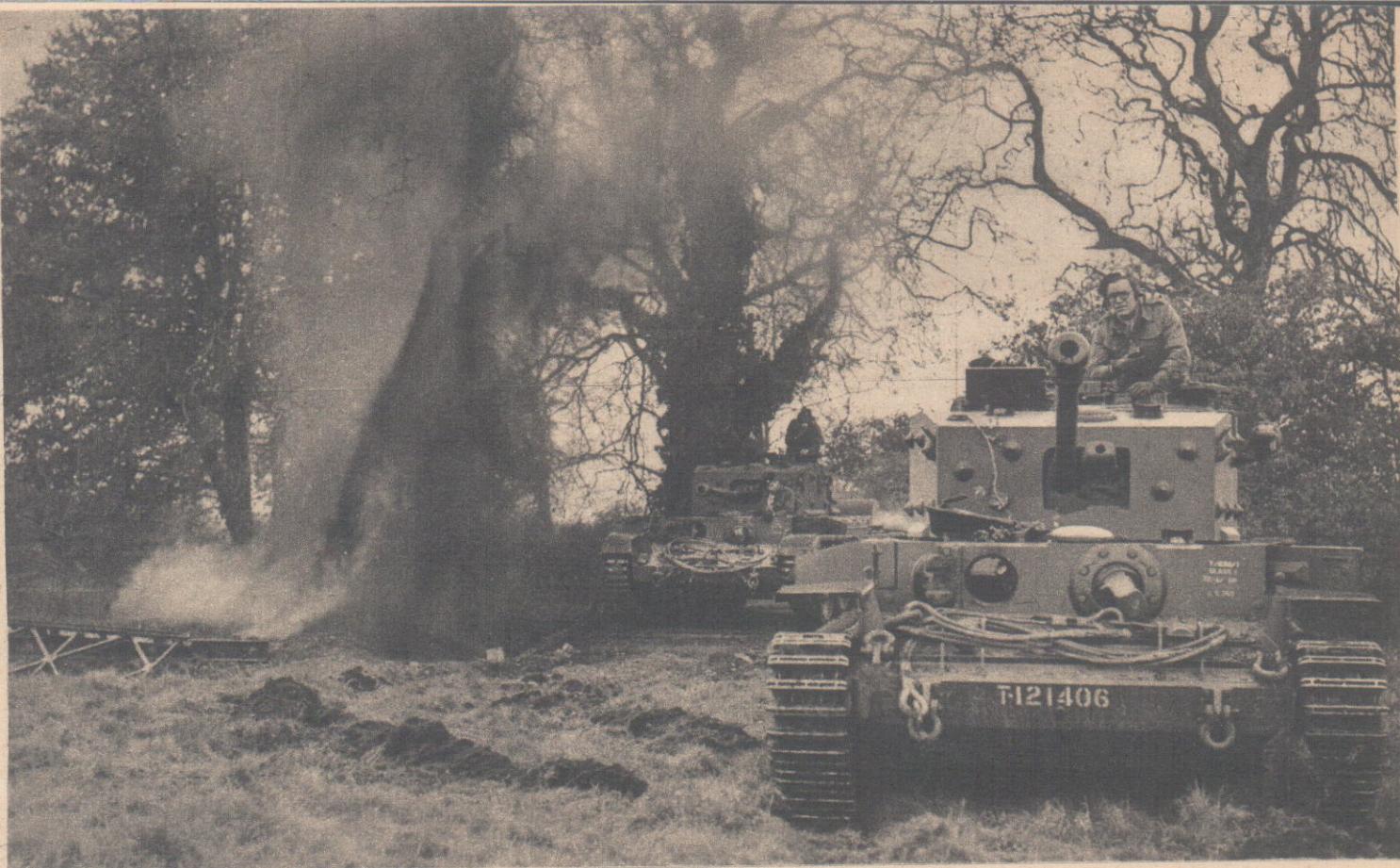
OVER



The flash of 56th (London) Armoured Division, T.A.



Oldest camper — and youngest: CSM Frederick Larman (60 camps since 1889) and 13-year-old Cadet Derek Folgate, who came to camp with his father.



LONDON'S ARMOUR (Continued)

the only inhabitants who have returned are the few who have been buried, by special permission, in the churchyards where their ancestors lie.

To the men of the 56th (London) Armoured Division, Territorial Army — the first visitors of this season — the transformation from the roar of city life to these ghost villages where the inn doors never open and the church bells never ring was a strange experience. But they soon acclimatised themselves and got down to profitable training — even though firing was not permitted (part of the division had to camp elsewhere in order to carry out firing practice).

Major-General H. E. Pyman, divisional commander, told his men when they arrived: "We are the only Territorial division to go to camp as a division, but that does not mean we can attempt

divisional training. Our aim is sub-unit training. We have the chance, however, to develop the divisional spirit so that we are ready to welcome the inflow of National Servicemen."

The Territorials first rehearsed for a battle to which they invited the Press. Royal Engineers (from Chelsea) laid a minefield which they later breached, and built a Bailey bridge over the River Wisssey in one hour 13 minutes.

The tanks of the Sharphshooters then moved up, ploughed their way through a couple of walls and crossed the bridge. Obligingly one tank went back to crash through another wall for the benefit of the Press, and Corporal Fred Akhurst, a foreman decorator who was in the Indian Artillery, took his tank back to the bridge so that the Sappers could more effectively stage an under-water charge.

One Cromwell has just crossed a newly-erected Bailey bridge, another is following. "Shellfire" sends up a cascade from the river.

Explained Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Grimsdell MC, TD, of 101st Field Engineer Regiment: "We found a small wooden bridge over the river which we blew this morning in order to add realism to the operation. The men were put on to building the Bailey bridge and then taken back to finish clearing the mines. The RAF sent some Vampires over to strafe the area and their arrival coincided with explosions which we had prepared. Thus we made the operation as realistic as possible."

Another demonstration of a squadron of tanks advancing to the enemy-held Robin's Lodge, a well-known landmark in the battle area, was laid on for the visitors. Local photographers stopped the battle in order to get shots of armour against empty farms and churches, familiar to their readers. The London Press

asked for one more demonstration of a tank going through a wall. Serjeant Donald James of St. John's Wood obliged and emerged from his turret covered in dust and tiles from a small outhouse which had vanished in the process.

But the tankmen had the last laugh. A Comet, doing a steady 15 miles per hour round the corner of a barn at the request of the cameramen, appeared sooner than expected. The photographers did not wait.

The most excited member of the camp was a 13-year-old cadet, Derek Folgate of Clapham Junction, who came with his father, a serjeant in the 42nd Royal Tank Regiment.

He said: "I came last year and got a few rides in the tanks. I hope soon to join the Territorial Army as a bandboy."

The oldest Territorial was Company Serjeant-Major Frederick Larman, aged 77, who has attended 60 camps since he joined the old Volunteers in 1889.

He explained: "I was 16 when I decided to join the part-time army. The lowest age then was 19, so I adjusted my age. Later I adjusted it again to cancel out the error and today my Army age is my correct one."

CSM Larman's first unit was the Volunteer Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers but in 1909 he transferred to the Army Service Corps. He was in the South African War and World War One, and he won the Military Medal on the Somme. He has the Territorial Efficiency Medal with two stars, which covers 36 years service.

When not at camp, Serjeant-Major Larman is a carpenter employed by the Territorials at the Duke of York's Headquarters. He thinks his 61 years as a part-time soldier is a record.



Out into the open: The Stanford Training Area makes good "tank country." British and Americans trained here during the war.

GUNS OF THE WEST COUNTRY

The "mediums" were out on Salisbury Plain, and the men of Somerset were showing that their knowledge of gunnery was not wholly theoretical

THE Hawk is typical of most of the low, rolling hills which cover Salisbury Plain. On its summit is the usual small round copse.

But the Hawk has an importance of its own. From all over England come Territorials to plant their guns on its billowing grass slopes and to fire thousands of shells into the target area beyond.

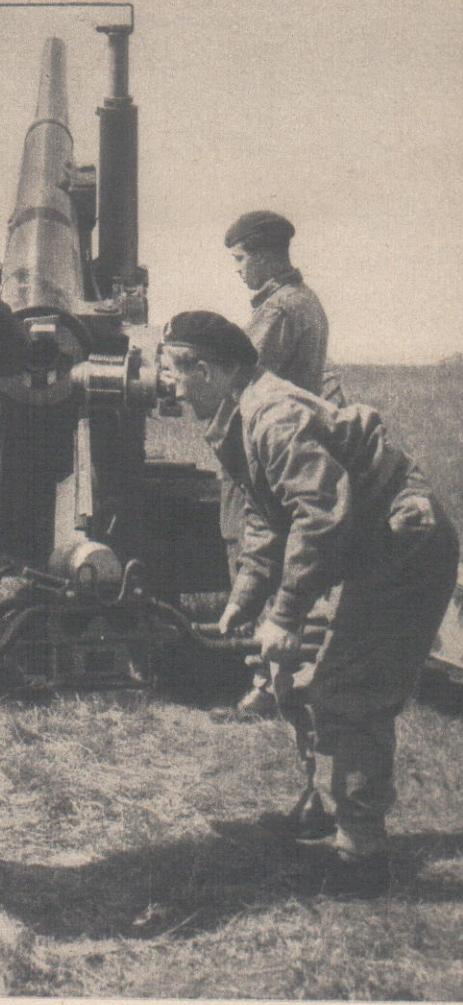
For this hill stands midway between the School of Artillery at Larkhill and West Down Camp, where Territorial units follow one another as if on a moving belt, just as in wartime American and British Gunners came to test their weapons on this same spot.

When SOLDIER looked in, two West Country Gunner regiments were at firing practice: 630th Medium Regiment (Somerset Light Infantry) and 255th Medium Regiment (West Somerset Yeomanry). The men come from Taunton, Bath, Wells, Chard and Shepton Mallet. Mostly, their officers are farmers, but both commanding officers — Lieut-Col. J. D. C. Thompson TD and Lieut-Col. T. Highton TD — are bank

managers, employed by different branches of the same bank. Soon the Gunners of the 630th are to join the 255th, for their regiment is being converted back to Light Infantry.

Curiously, most of the men in the two regiments are factory or engineering workers. In rural areas, where farming takes up so much of people's time, especially in summer, it is not always so easy to get volunteers for the Territorial Army. This is not because of lack of interest, but because of the call of crops and harvest.

Some of the men are miners employed in the Radstock mines, including Gunner Frank Gibas, a



About to load: a Territorial detachment on Salisbury Plain.



"Where did that one go to?" Over the radio comes the answer from the observation post.

Pole who was on the Polish guns bombarding Cassino monastery.

Most of the camp period was spent in the Dorsetshire Regimental Depot at Dorchester, where the men practised deployment and trained their specialists in signalling and plotting. For the firing the Honorary Colonel of 630th Regiment, Brigadier E. V. Hallman MC, drove up from the West Country to watch from the concrete observation post. Also keeping an eye on results were the instructors in gunnery from Larkhill — distinguishable by the red bands round their hats — and their sergeant-majors, with white tops to theirs. Their verdict: good shooting.



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One of the medium guns which the Somerset Gunners brought to camp on Salisbury Plain.

THE FIELD-MARSHAL WHO URGED —

A Capital "I" for Infantry

Five field-marshals and more than 100 generals were among the Services leaders who filed into Westminster Abbey to honour one of the great soldiers of the century

TODAY the boast of our oldest soldiers is "I served at Mafeking" or even "I marched with Roberts from Kabul to Kandahar."

Sixty years hence, if no cataclysm intervenes, old soldiers may well be boasting "I was one of Wavell's Thirty Thousand." For the Thirty Thousand pulled off one of those impossible feats which are at once the delight and the glory of the British Army.

Field-Marshal Earl Wavell has admitted that the campaign by which he will be chiefly remembered was an "impertinent" one. The enemy he trounced entirely agreed with this verdict; for once the line "Even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer" was literally true. Rommel said that the swoop of the Thirty Thousand showed "bold planning and daring execution, with small resources." (Incidentally, the obituarists were not able to record all Lord Wavell's "impertinences" in World War Two. One ingenious idea which he sponsored, and to which he referred cryptically in a recent book, is still on the secret list.)

The belief still lingers on that high-ranking professional soldiers are delighted when a big war breaks out: this is their chance to seize the palms of glory. But

since Britain has a habit of being at a disadvantage when hostilities open, the palms of glory are elusive. Those generals who, at the outset, find themselves in high command are faced, as Lord Wavell was, with the gravest problems of improvisation.

Lord Wavell, as his biographer, the late Major-General R. J. Collins, pointed out, accomplished the formidable feat of fighting nine campaigns in twelve months, five of them simultaneously. The theatres included the Western Desert, British Somaliland, Italian East Africa, Eritrea, Greece, Crete, Iraq and Syria. The strain of these operations called for a generous share of that robustness, physical and mental, which Lord Wavell himself said was a prerequisite in a general. His physical robustness was such that he could do the work of

many men even though handicapped by the loss of an eye in World War One.

Historians may differ about the generalship of Lord Wavell, but the soldiers who served him will not. Rightly or wrongly, they will take the view that his defeat in Cyrenaica was caused not because he bit off more than he could chew, but because he was given too much to chew. If the adventure in Greece slowed down the German advance eastwards in Europe, the defeat in Cyrenaica may not have been too heavy a price to pay. Lord Wavell acquired a certain amount of fame by admitting that he made mistakes. In 1945 he wrote: "The British soldier has a quality of tolerance which extends even to the mistakes of his superiors. He will not easily withdraw confidence from his leaders even if they fail to win success." The continued loyalty of the Thirty Thousand to his name showed how true that was.

What does the soldier look for in a general? Lord Wavell wrote: "The general who sees that the soldier is well fed and looked after and who puts him into a good show and wins battles will naturally have his confidence." He was careful to point out that the word "confidence" did not mean affection. A general, he said, should never court popularity; "efficiency in a general his soldiers have a right to expect; gentry they are usually right to suspect." Perhaps that was why Lord Wavell included in his anthology of poetry that ruthless poem of Siegfried Sassoon on the affable general of World War One. It ends:

"He's a cheery old card," grunted Harry to Jack.

As they slogged up to Arras with rifle and pack.

But he did for them both with his plan of attack."

Field-Marshal Lord Wavell had something in common with Lord Allenby, whose qualities of generalship he admired, and whose biography he wrote. Allenby rarely addressed the troops, either collectively or individually, yet (as a historian has written) "he went through the hot dusty camps like a strong, fresh reviving wind." His fortifying presence did more than oratory could do.

Lord Wavell also achieved his results without oratory. He said that a general should address his troops only if he had a special talent in that direction; at the same time he was insistent that a general should spend most of his time with his troops. (He tells how even Allenby could put a foot wrong when he risked being

affable. A soldier sat delousing his shirt, and Allenby said, "Well, picking them out, I see." To which the soldier, without looking up, said, "No, sir, no, just taking them as they come.")

Lord Wavell will doubtless go down in the anthologies as the man who said that the ideal Infantryman should be a blend of cat burglar, gunman and poacher. He rated toughness and endurance as prime requirements of the good soldier.

"The difference between the old type of soldier as I first knew him and the modern type is that the old soldier was tough; the modern type has usually to be toughened," he said. Soldiering in the ranks had always been a hard testing business and still was — "in spite of mobile canteens, rations comprising some hundreds of items, wireless sets, cinema vans, ENSA entertainments, pin-up girls and other comforts." Lord Wavell disagreed with the idea of forming Commandos, believing that a complete living unit, with the weaker elements eliminated, could be trained to produce better results.

The Infantry problem, as Lord Wavell saw it, was to quicken up the mind as well as the body of the individual footslogger. Much as he admired the Infantry, he expressed the view (before the late war) that they lacked a collective spirit. "We have always been too busy being riflemen, fusiliers, Light Infantry, the old umpteenth etc to be 'Infantry.' I think we must learn to be a little less parochial in our outlook." The war broke down many barriers; and since then the creation of Infantry basic training centres has done much to encourage that sense of family.

"Let us always write Infantry with a specially capital 'I' and think of them with the deep admiration they deserve," he wrote. SOLDIER has always obeyed that exhortation. If the Press at large followed the rule, it would be a notable mark of honour, not only to the Infantry, but to the memory of Field-Marshal Lord Wavell.

* See also Page 37



General Wavell in an observation post in Syria. He waged nine campaigns in twelve months.

SOLDIER to Soldier

UNDER the heading "Hollywood Troops The Technicolor" a well-known critic recently told how American film-makers were busily re-creating stories of soldiers-and-Indians in an effort to build up, in the minds of Americans, something of that military tradition which we, in Britain, take for granted (rather too much for granted, in SOLDIER's view).

The film "Fort Apache" set the pace; now, in quick succession, have come "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" and "Ambush." In each one the Indians were the enemy, but soldiers took the place of the more usual cowboys and settlers.

Otherwise the films have kept to the Western formula — plenty of action, superb backgrounds and the population clearly divided into good and bad. (In a Western film, as someone has aptly pointed out, "the word for a man with anxiety neurosis is 'yellow.'")

To SOLDIER it seems at least doubtful whether Hollywood is deliberately trying to build up a military tradition; notoriously, film-makers are content to copy each other's successes. Hollywood is willing to play up anybody's military tradition if it will make a good picture; after all, who made "Bengal Lancer"?

Our own film-makers have shown very little inclination to remind the public of the dashing traditions of the British Army. On the North-West Frontier of India the Army lived as hard and colourful a life as was lived on the much-publicised Western frontier of America. When the United States cavalry were subduing Red Indians, our own cavalry were subduing tribesmen no less savage and cunning, against a background of tremendous peaks and dusty plains, with a bonus in the shape of glittering palaces and all the panoply of the gorgeous East. Perhaps at one time there was a film about one of the famous sieges of the nineteenth century — Lucknow, or Delhi, or Jellalabad; if so, the newly-risen generation has no recollection of it. And India is only one land in which the British Army, down the centuries, has fought stirring, heroic and bizarre adventures.

* * *

A postscript to the article "Rise and Shine!" in last month's SOLDIER told how Group-Captain C. A. B. Wilcock MP had asked the Minister for War whether he would stop the practice of bugling at Wellington Barracks, as it was annoying residents near-by.

There was no time to give the Minister's answer in the last

issue. It was, as some readers may have noticed, "No." Mr Strachey pointed out that bugles reach the ears of soldiers who are beyond the reach of bells, and suggested that loudspeakers might be open to criticism. Group-Captain Wilcock (who served in two world wars) returned to the attack a week later, urging that this "barbarian uproar" be restricted to emergency calls, and not used "just to convey to His Majesty's guard that it is time to get up or to go to dinner."

Surprisingly, the topic did not inspire Members to fire in supplementary questions, whimsical or otherwise. No one asked: "Is the right hon. gentleman aware that there is no more beautiful sound than the sound of a bugle calling someone else to get up?" No one asked: "Will the right hon. gentleman confer with his colleagues to secure the abolition of factory sirens, which cause annoyance to far greater numbers of persons?" No one asked: "Will the right hon. gentleman direct that in future 'The Last Post' be played on a gramophone record?"

SOLDIER's view, right or wrong, is not that there is too much bugling but that there is not enough bugling. Many men

OVER



America (why not Britain?) is busy filming her military past. Above, left: a cavalry type from "She Wore A Yellow Ribbon"; note that braces (US: suspenders) are openly worn. Above, right: "Army man" says the caption to this picture from "Ambush." Below: A last stand against the Indians from "Fort Apache."



SOLDIER to Soldier (Continued)

serve their term with the Colours and hardly ever hear a bugle, a trumpet or a drum; more's the pity. The bugle can thrill; it can inspire; it can bring a lump to the throat; no doubt it can exasperate too. But there will have to be a much stronger reason than that for abolishing it.

and spiritual." It was Moore who rejected the Prussian ideal of discipline and substituted for it a system of discipline based on humane treatment and personal pride.

SOME proud Sapper might well make a list of the famous towns, bridges and buildings which are a monument to the Royal Engineers.

A man who, like the late Field Marshal Earl Wavell, has paid many a handsome compliment to the British Infantryman is Mr. Arthur Bryant, the historian. He knows, better than most of us how often the course of history has been determined by nothing more (and nothing less) than that "immense and sustaining pride" of a soldier in his regiment.

Watching the recent Army Day parade in London, Mr. Bryant (who served with a British Expeditionary Force in the days when soldiers formed fours) was inspired to further compliments. In his feature in the *Illustrated London News* of 20 May he praised in particular the bearing of the warrant officers and NCO's, and said:

"If there is any type of man more impressive than a regimental sergeant-major of a crack British regiment, it must be a very impressive type indeed. Perhaps the Roman centurions looked like that: I do not know. Those who marched in the Army Day procession had the appearance of men who had achieved a complete mastery over themselves and who had attained to the highest skill in their arduous and exacting profession."

What Mr. Bryant liked about this parade was that Infantry dominated. He went on to say:

"Foot-slogging is not the only, or even the indispensable, role of Infantry. The Infantry is rather the arm that carries the heaviest load on the battlefield and, by carrying it, exerts the heaviest pressure. The supreme quality of the Infantryman is the capacity to endure; to suffer punishment and to inflict it. 'The Lord gets his best soldiers,' said Spurgeon, 'out of the highlands of affliction.' The Infantry are realists: they live and fight, like farm workers and coal miners, close to reality. If they are sons of Mars they are also sons of Martha."

The supremacy of the British Infantry, says Mr. Bryant, has long been acknowledged by students of war. History showed that —

"It was possible to destroy a well-trained and disciplined British Infantry battalion, but, as Albuera proved, it was not possible to break one. And before it could be destroyed it could do an incredible amount of damage. The killing power of a British Infantry battalion exceeded anything else to be found on the battlefields of the early nineteenth century. The Germans found the same thing in 1914 — and in 1944."

One of Britain's greatest soldiers — in Mr. Bryant's view — was Sir John Moore. He wrote in an early issue of *SOLDIER* (26 May 1945) that "Moore's contribution to the British Army was not only that matchless Light Infantry who have ever since enshrined his tactical training, but the belief that the perfect soldier can only be made by evoking all that is finest in man — physical, mental



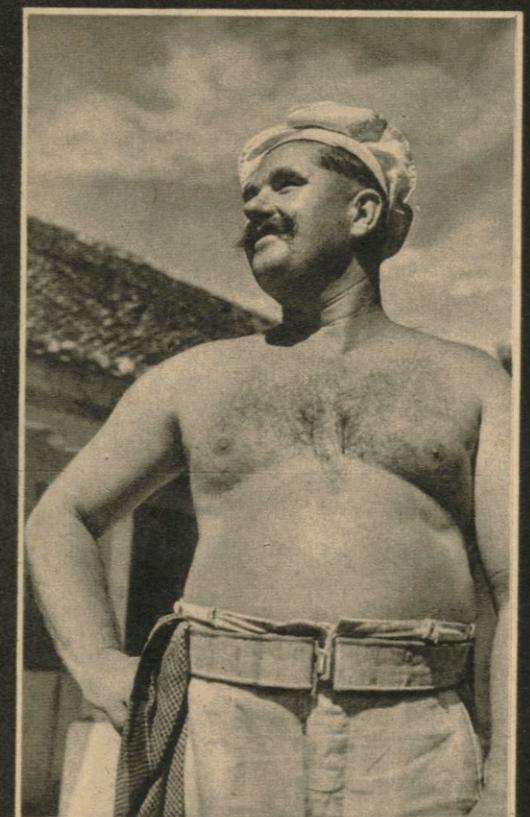
With equipment seized from a killer gang's bodyguard, in a clash near Kuala Lumpur: four men of the Suffolk Regiment. They are (left to right): Privates James Murray, Donald Fallan, Gordon Abbot and Ronald Baggatt.

MALAYA



Before starting out on patrol, Private E. J. Seabrook, of the Suffolks, goes over his Bren, which is mounted on an armoured car.

See Page 33 for an Important Announcement



There's no sign of malnutrition in Corporal E. Howlett, cook at the Suffolks' Battalion Headquarters; or in any of the men he feeds.

MEDLEY

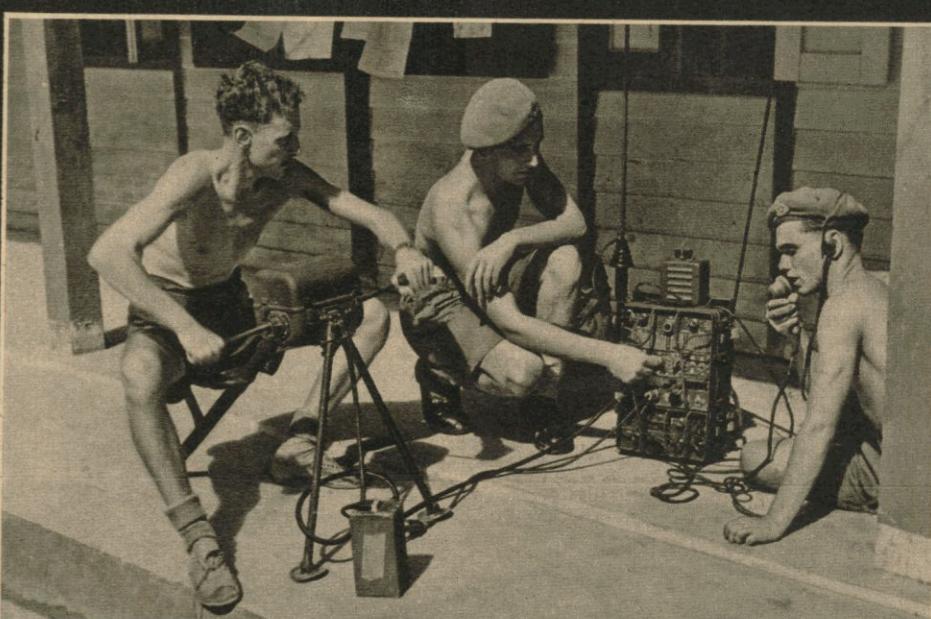
BRITISH troops have now completed their second year of "ulu bashing" in Malaya.

New impetus was given to the campaign last month by Lieut-General Sir Harold Briggs, Director of Operations, who placed South Johore under curfew to prevent bandits receiving supplies.

The four British regiments which were in Malaya two years ago are still there, adding to their notable score of bandits, though other regiments have come and gone. They are the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Devons, the Seaforths and 26 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery — the "Gunner-Infantry." As these lines are written there are 22 battalions of British, Gurkhas and Malays on the job of tracking Communist bandits. There are also nearly 20,000 regular police and some 80,000 non-regulars; 235 police jungle squads and 34 frontier force sections.



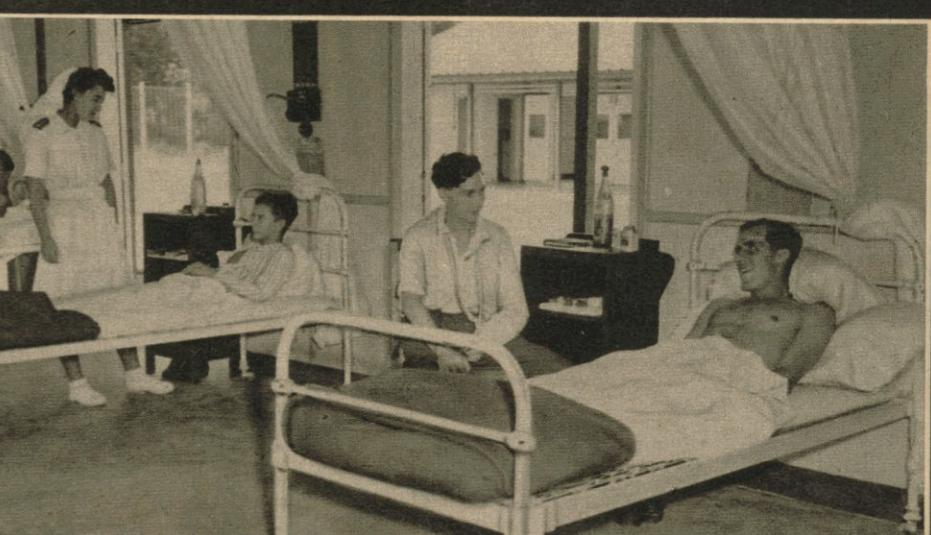
One of the enemy: he died by a burst of Bren.



Testing radio equipment for jungle liaison: Left to right: Corporal K. W. Proud, Privates C. Hawkes and Danny Butthen.



"Char up" for three men of the Suffolks' armoured car section: Privates J. A. Poll, D. J. Dighton and M. A. Rainham.



In the military hospital at Kinrara, near Kuala Lumpur, is Private J. Parker (right) of the Devons. His jeep was ambushed and he was shot in the chest; he was flown from Mentakab in an Auster. Beside him is Corporal F. Harris, of the Suffolks, shot in the arm only four miles from Kuala Lumpur. Sister Claire Perry talks to a 19-year-old National Serviceman, Private Brian Page, of the Devons, shot in the leg in an ambush.

Two Corporals call at Berchtesgaden —

— the home of another one-time corporal, Adolf Hitler. The Eagle's Nest high in the Bavarian mountains can be visited by British Servicemen on leave at Tegernsee, in the American Zone of Germany



ON THE STEPS at Hitler's Berghof, 1937: The man in the bowler hat is Viscount Halifax; between him and Hitler is Baron von Neurath. Below: On the same steps, 1950: Corporal Gordon Thomas (left) and Corporal John Raven, of HQ BAOR Signals Regiment.



THE picture is the same as it has been for centuries, but the costly frame is chipped and splintered.

The picture is of the snow-capped Bavarian mountains, with the Austrian peaks beyond; the frame is the great window of the once-splendid conference-room of Hitler's Berghof, near Berchtesgaden.

Two British corporals pick their way over the rubble and look at the view which Hitler was so fond of showing off to visiting foreign statesmen. The statesmen came to this chalet by invitation only; the corporals came here by paying 50 cents.

Hitler dug deep into the German taxpayers' pockets to build his mountain retreat on the Obersalzberg near Berchtesgaden, and his own house — The Berghof — cost a fabulous sum. The superb view through the famous window remains as it was thousands of years ago, but Hitler's house and all the other buildings which formed this Nazi mountain colony are utterly destroyed. What was not blown to pieces in RAF and American air raids at the end of the war or destroyed by Hitler's own SS bodyguard before the final surrender has since been smashed or taken away by enthusiastic souvenir hunters. Even the door handles and tiles from Eva Braun's bathroom in Hitler's house have vanished and are scattered about the front parlours of the world. Probably the only thing of value in the once extravagantly furnished Berghof is a rough wooden staircase put up by American troops to allow visitors to reach the upstairs rooms.

The SS Barracks which housed Hitler's hand-picked bodyguard are laid flat as if by an earthquake and the nearby houses of Goering, Goebbels and Martin Bormann thrust their blackened walls to the sky like the charred fingers of a dead man's hand.

The destruction is overwhelming and as symbolic as anyone could wish. The Americans in whose zone of Germany Berchtesgaden lies have been wise to preserve the place as a desolate monument to serve as "a grim reminder of the futility of war and of final retribution."

The Berghof was built in 1933 soon after Hitler took over complete power in Germany. To make sure that he would not be disturbed he ordered all the farmers, householders and hotel-keepers for miles around to leave the area for new homes which he provided. Several other Nazi leaders had houses built there and an SS barracks was set up to house Hitler's bodyguard and to train Youth Leaders.

During the war some 5000 men were put to work turning Obersalzberg into a mountain fortress where Hitler and his closest

OVER



Left:
Arriving at Hitler's
mountain retreat.

Above:
A peep into the Führer's personal shelter.

Right:
Looking to Austria
from the balcony;
Hitler used to gaze out
of the window below.



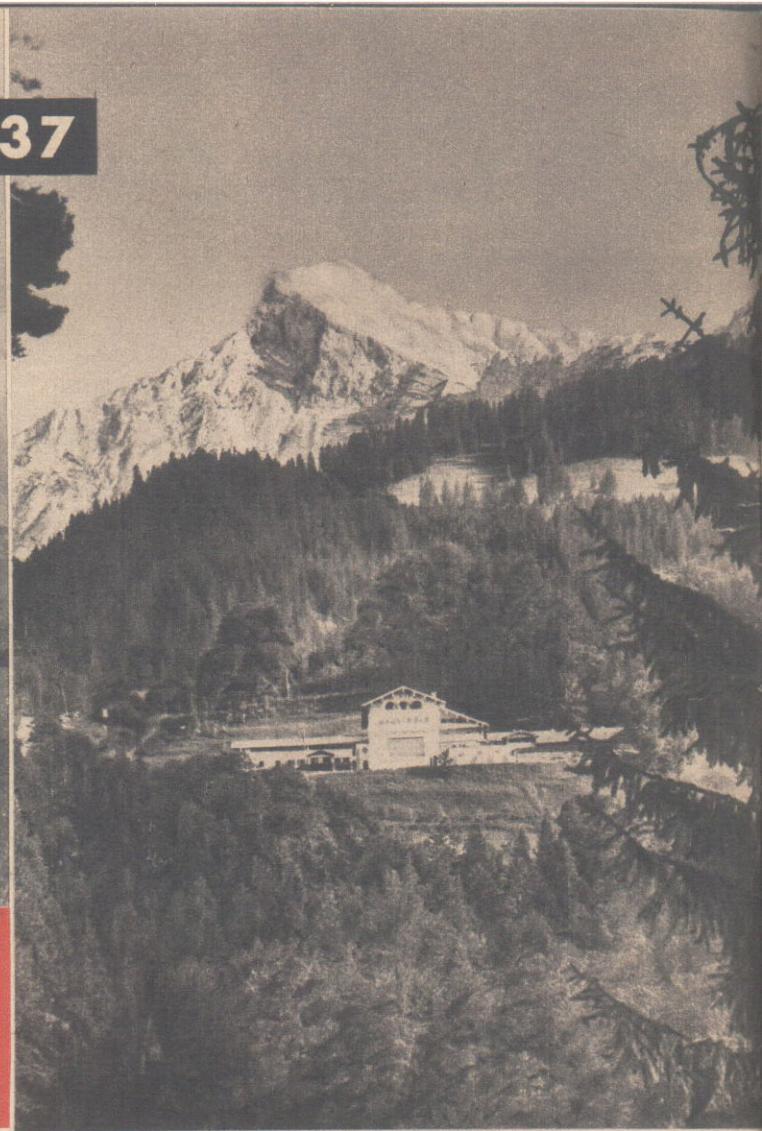
The Berghof as the American Seventh Army found it, set on fire by SS troops.



1937



BEFORE AND AFTER again: The arches, windows and other architectural features seen above can still be matched in the picture below. Right: a distant view of the chalet, before the war. This was not a picture that anybody could take; tourists were banned and local residents were moved in order that Hitler might have the countryside to himself.



1950



Corporals at Berchtesgaden

(Continued)

henchmen could — if the worst happened — withstand a siege. Huge air-raid shelters were cut deep into the limestone rock, and miles of tunnels, electrically lighted and heated, air-conditioned and connected by telephone, were constructed. Many of these tunnels, which at the end of the war were found crammed with enough food and military stores to last a beleaguered garrison three or four years, are still more or less intact. Perhaps, at one time Hitler thought to emulate Barbarossa, Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire, who according to legend, sleeps in a cave near Salzburg awaiting a second chance to conquer the world. But the Führer died ignobly in Berlin and Obersalzberg was captured without a fight by American paratroops.

Overlooking the Berghof, some 6000 feet up on the summit of the Kehlstein Peak, are the ruins of the famous Eagle's Nest, the supposedly unassailable lair where Hitler used to retire when, like a temperamental film star, he wanted to sulk in silence. The Eagle's Nest, which was a birthday present to Hitler from Martin Bormann, was not as unassailable as Hitler thought. American soldiers on foot struggled up to it at the end of the war. Hitler had a special concrete road and tunnel built to reach his eyrie. It was so steep that not every car could climb its one-in-three gradient. Four hundred yards from the top the road peters out and the last part of the journey had to be done by lift.

Nowadays the American Army

run sight-seeing trips to Hitler's Berghof at 50 cents a time and in the summer months when the roadway to the top of the Kehlstein Peak is free of ice and snow special jeeps labour in low gear to the Eagle's Nest.

Among those who now visit Hitler's mountain retreat are the British soldiers and Control Commission officials from the nearby British Leave Centre at Tegernsee in the American Zone. The leave centre here has its own link with Obersalzberg. It was in Room 31 of the Hotel Hanselbauer, the largest of the leave hotels, that Ernst Roehm, Hitler's SA leader, was arrested and taken away to Munich to be murdered on the "Night of the Long Knives" in 1934. The Commandant lives in the house of Field Marshal von Blomberg, who died in an American prison while awaiting trial for war crimes.

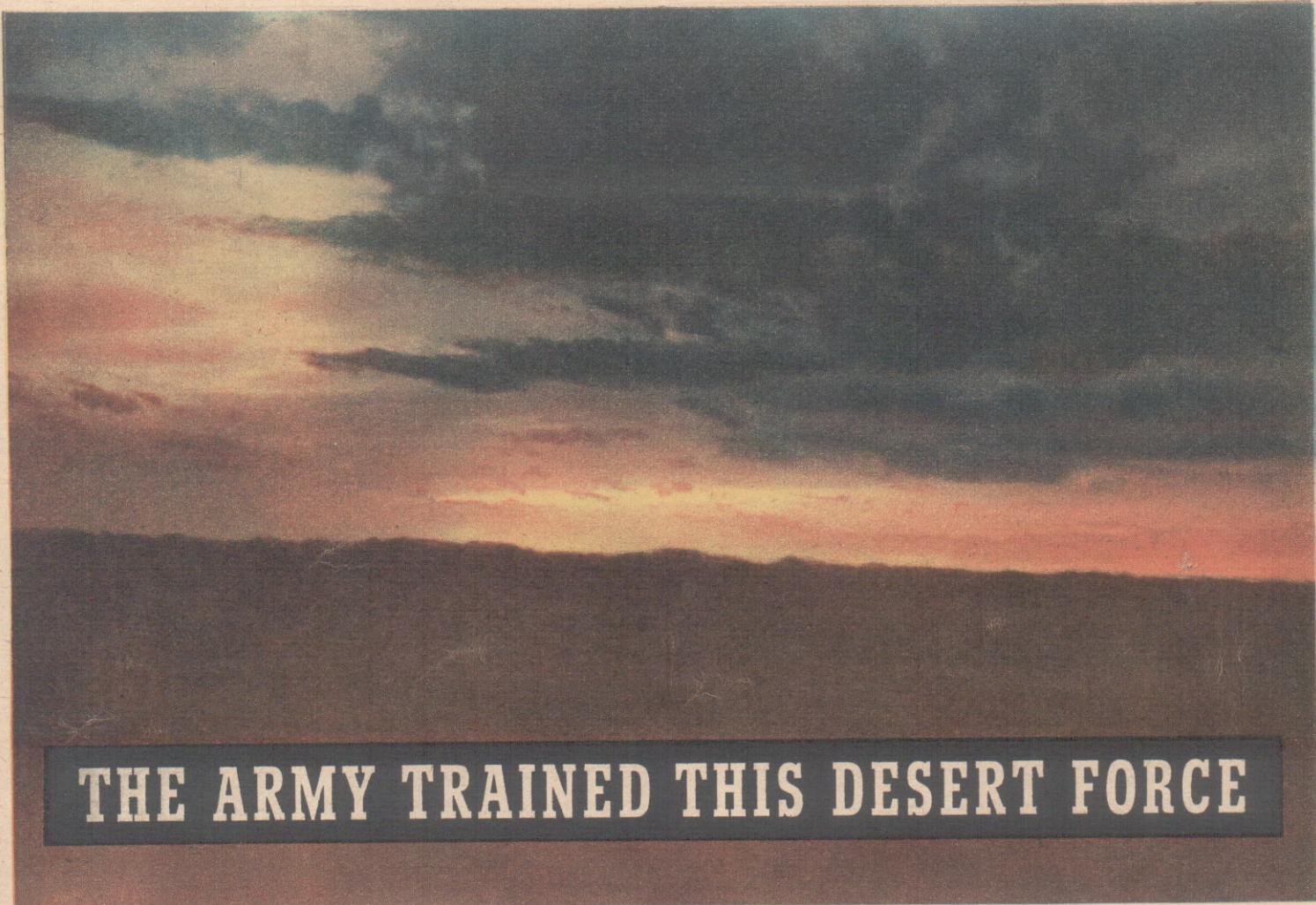
Many of the houses on the lake-side were once the week-end homes of Nazi high-ups like Himmler, Goering, and Goebbels. Tegernsee suffers, like Obersalzberg, from the *Fohn* — a hot wind which comes all the way from the Sahara Desert and plays havoc with the nervous system. Local statisticians claim that more people commit suicide when the *Fohn* blows. Some surgeons in local hospitals refuse to operate during the *Fohn* and an inordinately large number of people suffer from headaches, become bad-tempered and even mentally unbalanced. No doubt there are some who will argue that Hitler's unbalanced behaviour was caused by a warm wind from Africa.

E. J. GROVE



Above: Looking across the ruins of the former SS barracks to the Eagle's Nest, arrowed on the skyline. Below: The American Army has Hitler's home well signposted. It will be a showplace for long years to come.





THE ARMY TRAINED THIS DESERT FORCE

Sundown in the Tripolitanian desert: SOLDIER Cameraman DESMOND O'NEILL took this colour picture and the accompanying black-and-white photographs.

Below: A three-language call for news about Ali Ben Amor — "wanted for murder."



The men of the Tripolitania Police can track wrongdoers by fingerprints or by footprints. This is a force of which the British Army can be proud

WHEN the British soldier, his knees not yet brown, first surveys the Tripolitanian scene, he sees against the background of modern Italian buildings and ancient Arab settlements the erect figure of the Libyan policeman.

There is something familiar about this figure, about the calm way he controls Army convoys and jostling horse-drawn ghamries, about the firmness and yet restraint with which he handles animated demonstrations.

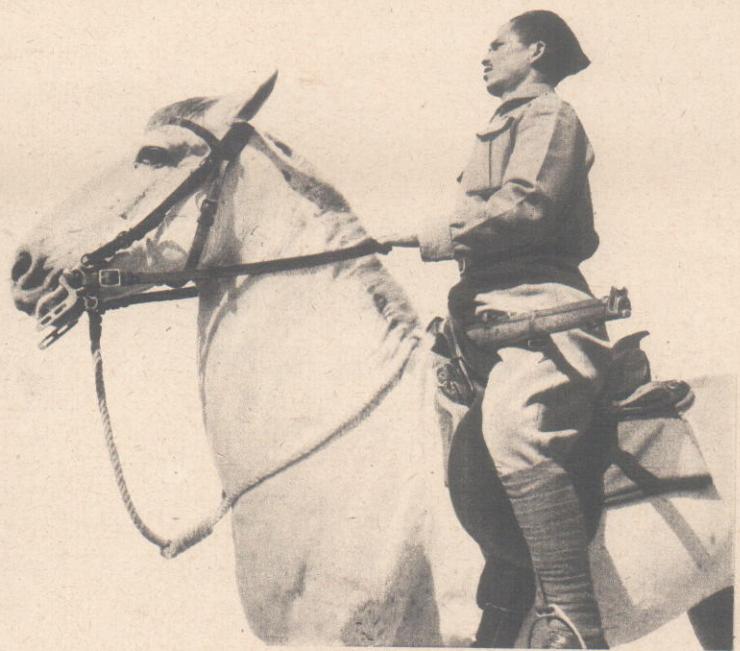
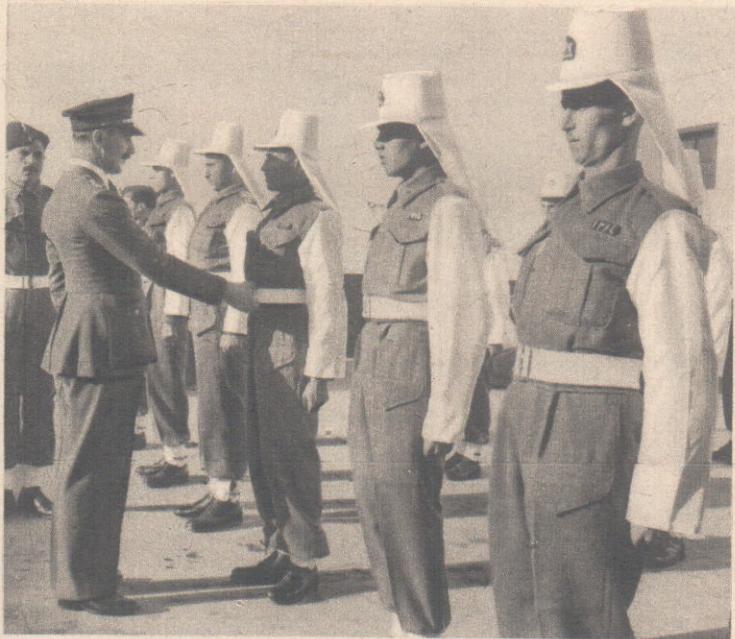
That something is his likeness to the policeman at home. Ten years ago there was no similarity. The Arab constable was officered by excitable Italians who restricted promotion and encouraged harsh discipline. Today he serves under ex-British soldiers and former members of the Palestine, Shanghai and Indian police. He is taught to be the public's servant and not its master. And when the British leave, as one day they will, he will be ready to step into the vacant shoes of the senior ranks.

The transformation began to take place in January 1943 when the British moved in and the Italian authorities moved out, leaving in Tripoli three police forces. These were the Polizia Africa Italiana, responsible for passports, criminal records and security; the Carabinieri Reali, a semi-military body used for guards and escorts; and the Virgili Urbani, which saw that bye-laws were enforced. They were a mixture of Italians and Libyans.

From these three the British Army formed the new Tripolitania Police which today has grown into a large, self-contained force, predominantly Libyan in manpower, which does all that the police in Britain do and a lot more as well.

Its unarmed traffic men in their white sleeves and turbans, its mounted patrolmen with their camels and rifles, are a tribute to the occupying Army, to whom the overhauling of this police force was just another job. The Army has now handed over to the Foreign Office's British Administration, and those soldier-policemen who on their release were given War Office civilian contracts now come under the Foreign Minister instead of the War Minister.

Continued on Page 20



Top, left: Senior Assistant Superintendent S. W. Gardner (ex-1st Armoured Division) inspects his traffic police. Above: This Arab policeman fulfils every small boy's dream—he rides a Barbary steed. Left: A mounted troop passes through the old Arab city, in Tripoli.



Above: Two Arab policemen in the street of the metal workers.



Identity parade: men walk barefoot across a smooth patch of sand. Right: Does this footprint of a suspect match any of those in the parade? Only the skilled tracker can tell.



DESERT FORCE (Cont'd)

Criminals are tracked by the oldest and the newest methods. At the old Carabinieri headquarters in Tripoli the men of the criminal investigation bureau may be comparing fingerprints on a gun, while 50 miles away at Garian, 2400 feet up, a native tracker may be reading footprints outside a burgled house. A few hours later he will be able to identify those same prints from half a dozen others when

the suspect is marched in an identity parade across freshly prepared ground.

The task of turning illiterate Arabs into first-class policemen is tackled at the police school at Busette, outside Tripoli, where the Superintendent, Shawki Bey Saad, a Christian Palestinian Arab, puts the new men through a severe 16-weeks course.

The men arrive dressed in their red tagieh skull caps and draped

in the familiar *barracano*, or blanket. They take the oath on the Koran, change into Army boots and battledress (or khaki drill in summer) and find themselves in a world of arms drill and weapon training. They must master the Italian penal code and British Administration regulations. They must spend one and a half hours a day improving their Arabic. They are taught traffic direction and first-aid and, for an emergency, riot drill with pick helms and circular shields. They hold mock trials in the school's "court room" and then go off to attend a real court of law. Evenings are spent in preparing for examinations.

By British Army standards the students live a tough life. They sleep on three bare boards placed on shallow trestles a few inches off the ground; they have three blankets but no mattress. Their breakfast is a plain roll with tea. At midday they get a hot meal and a larger roll and in the evening a hot drink with another plain roll. They are paid 2700 Military Administration Lire a month (from which they pay for their food); to this is added another 500 lire when they are trained. Their money (about 3s 9d and 4s 6d a day) compares favourably with the pay of skilled labourers in Tripoli who receive about 3s a day. The policemen can add to their income if they speak English (5s a month) and can read and write Italian (10s).

Men picked for mounted police duties are sent for two months to the school of equitation, where they are trained by the Force's leading horseman, Assistant Superintendent Harry Carter, former tea planter in Ceylon. Their work may take them on escort duty in Tripoli or out into the desert by horse or camel to investigate trouble among the roving tribes. The nomads are normally a peace-loving people and do not shelter criminals. But they have been known to commit murder over possession of a

camel or of a strip of land. The fertile parts of the desert are not marked off into known boundaries and after a drought Arabs can base their claim to tribal lands only on usage and custom, a system that often leads to bloodshed.

If the itinerary is rocky, the police set off on horseback; if they are crossing sand, they ride camels. Sometimes, but not always, they are under a British officer. They take with them bread, green dates and oranges, and carry water in a goat's skin.

Time and distance are often on the side of the wrongdoer. An Arab may call at a police outpost to report a murder committed six months previously — it has taken him that time to cross the desert.

Arab women suspects are a problem of their own. They cover their faces completely with the *barracano* and leave only a small opening for one eye. When it is thought that stolen property is concealed under the blanket, the suspect is taken to a police station and another Arab woman found to look under the *barracano*.

A police officer said: "We discover quite a lot about Arab customs in this job. An Arab can have four wives. The contract is made in grain and silver, with perhaps a cow thrown in. A widow is somewhat cheaper than a virgin bride. Divorce is not hard to get; it involves making a public statement.

"We often get asked to meals with the Arabs. *Kuss-kuss*, a meal of cooked grain with animal fat, hard-boiled eggs, boiled potatoes and large lumps of meat, is most popular. Tea drinking is quite a ceremony. Everyone sits round the floor while two small tea pots are produced. One is nearly half filled with tea and cold water is poured on. It is boiled on red hot charcoal and then poured into the other pot and back again until the tea has a 'head'. This process also gets



Colonel A. Saunders (left), an ex-Colonial police officer, is Commissioner of the Tripolitania Police. His Staff Officer, Ronald Horwood, served in Palestine Police and Royal Ulster Rifles. Below: Monocled Polish officer, Andrew Koenigil, with Inspector Amor Taled, inspects a rifle used in a crime. Another Pole in the force is Stephan Halewski, former police superintendent in Pripet Marshes.





An Arab volunteer is interviewed by the superintendent of the police school, Shawki Bey Saad, ex-Palestine Police.

rid of the leaves. The tea is then served in a small glass partly filled with sugar. Later glasses have mint or peanuts added. By this stage the tea is as thick as treacle."

The criminal investigation bureau, under Superintendent H. G. Seward, formerly with the Indian police, attempts to keep under constant watch all known local delinquents. It inherited 175,000 records from the Italians, who finger-printed a man on the slightest excuse. Today the police keep a firm check on arrivals and departures, issue identification cards to all who were not pre-war residents, and thus have a wide knowledge of the people in the territory. Firearms are allowed only for the defence of cattle and property.

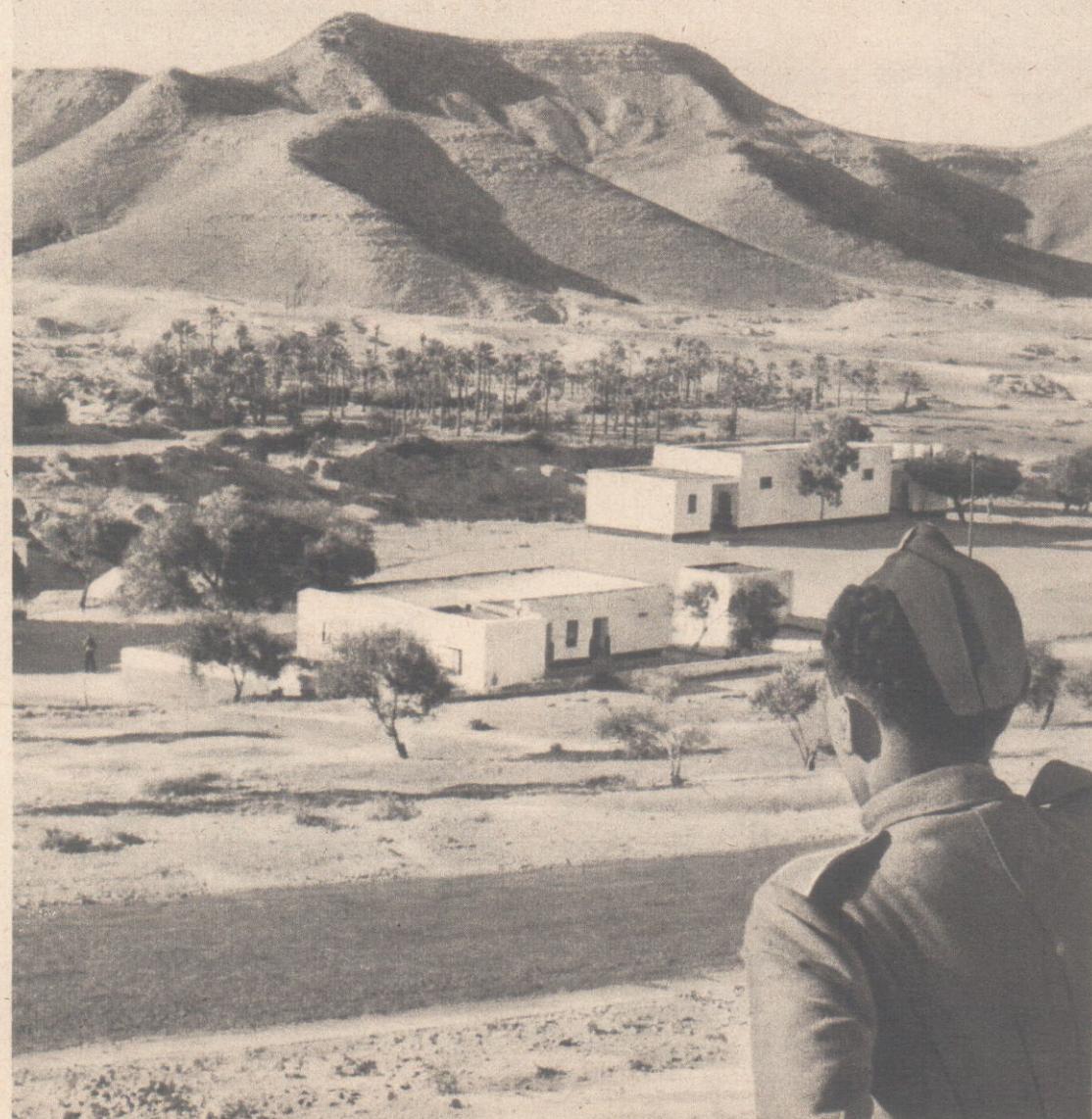
A former member of the Royal Military Police in Egypt, Assistant Superintendent P. Baldwin, looks after entry and exit visas, and two former Naval petty officers are in charge of the police launches which track down sponge and tunny poachers. The administrative staff officer, Senior Assistant Superintendent Ronald Horwood, was in the Royal Ulster Rifles; the pay officer, Mr. E. A. S. Hills, who is also an official interpreter, was in the RASC (he speaks French, Arabic, Turkish, Italian, Maltese and Greek); the officer responsible for traffic control, Senior Assistant Superintendent Stanley Gardner, was with the RASC in First Armoured Division.

The Commissioner of the Tripolitania Police, Colonel Alan Saunders, a retired officer of the Colonial Police Service, said: "There is a good relationship between the police and the public. That is because Britain's aim is to teach the native population that a police force is made up of public servants, and that everyone has an equal chance to rise to the top. That was not the case in Tripoli when the Italians were here."

PETER LAWRENCE



Above, right: Arab recruits at training school practise riot drill, with batons. In rear are riflemen, in case baton men are overpowered by mob. Below: This outpost of the Tripolitania Police guards the pass to Garian.



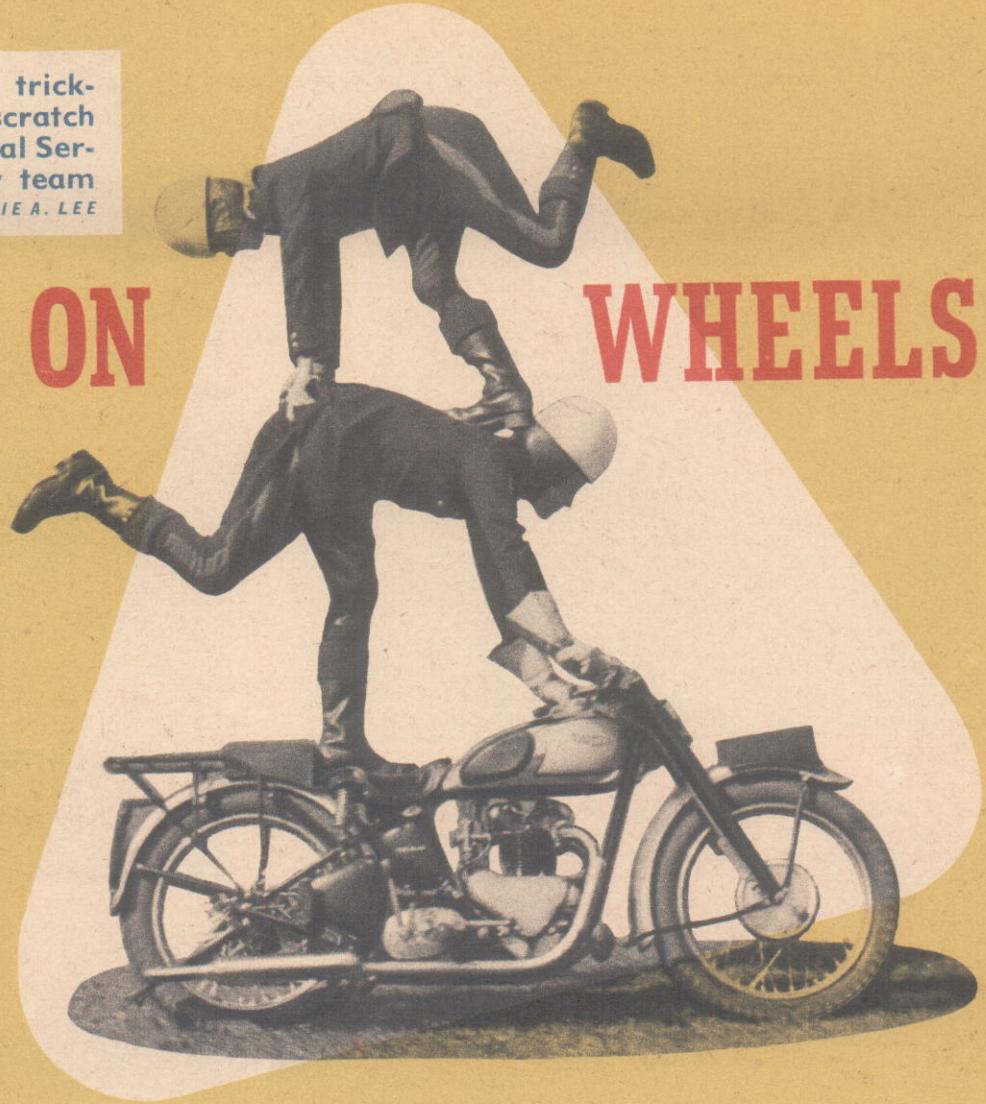
The Royal Signals dashing trick-riders are trained from scratch every season. There are National Servicemen in this year's display team

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman LESLIE A. LEE

BALLET ON

WHEELS

There is a limit to the number of tricks which can be performed on a motor-cycle—or is there? These pictures make one wonder.



IT will be all right on The Night," they say in the theatre when rehearsals do not run as smoothly as they might.

Substituting, perhaps, The Afternoon for The Night, they had been saying something like that for months at Catterick. And when The Afternoon came, everything was all right. The Royal Signals display team was loud in its relief. Even the motor-cycle exhausts seemed to burble more easily when it was all over.

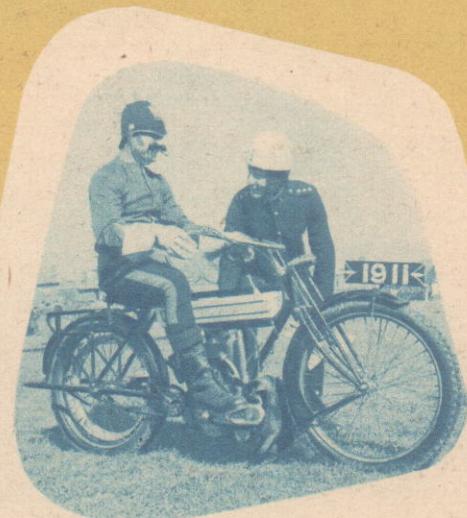
It started last December, when the game of picking the team began. There were only five of the previous year's team left, and there was one member of the 1947 team. All the rest were newcomers, seven of them National Servicemen. When they were picked for the team, most of them had had only a month's basic training and two months at the Signal Training Centre. Some of the team had never ridden motor-cycles until they joined the Army.

But behind the team was a tradition that started in 1930, when the Royal Signals first produced a trick motor-cycling display to show the world what the Army in general and the Corps in particular could do. And there was a team organisation developed by appearances at ten Royal Tournaments and countless official and unofficial functions.

By the end of January the team was picked. A fleet of shiny motor-cycles had arrived from Coventry, ordinary 350 cc civilian-pattern Triumphs with no modifications except an added footrest or pillion in an unorthodox place and, on one, a ladder.

The job of welding the team together began. Some of the previous year's acts were dropped. Others were refurbished, to make them more spectacular and incidentally more complicated. New acts, too, were devised.

The weather was not helpful, but in rain and snow rehearsals went on. When the skies cleared, rehearsals often had to be held



The soldier of 1911 sets out on the machine of 1911. It has a siren fitted to the exhaust.

on slippery ground. Four of the team went to hospital: two with broken legs, one with a broken shoulder and one with a broken ankle. There were sprains and bruises. The team sergeant became a casualty six weeks before the first performance; he was posted overseas. A new team sergeant, with six years' wartime despatch-riding experience took his place. There were casualties among the machines, too, but they were more easily replaced.

At last there came The Afternoon. The sun was shining as it had not shone for weeks; it had dried the turf which had been so slippery for the dress rehearsal the day before. The stands were filled with long rows of envious khaki and admiring summer frocks.

Also, the Press had turned up in gratifying strength. There was a huge, gleaming recording car from the BBC. The only disappointment was the television man; his apparatus was a puny-looking cine-camera instead of the huge aluminium box everyone had expected.

The Press positioned themselves all over the field. After all, the

preview was laid on mainly for their benefit. But they were fairly cautious. When last year's team officer, Captain N. G. R. Halliday, leapt through a column of fire on his motor-cycle, there was a photographer on the other side, where there should have been a clear space for him to make a two-point landing. Motor-cycle and photographer collided, and by good luck the only damage was a tear in the cameraman's coat. This year's team officer, Captain P. H. F. Webb, had a clear landing-strip when he came through the fire.

Dressed in blues (the tunics bought from retired officers of the Corps; the breeches, dyed Army issue), the team stood to their machines. Then they had the word to start up, and for 35 minutes there was a non-stop display. Sometimes it was one man riding on the top of a ladder; sometimes it was 15 men in a pyramid on five motor-cycles; once it was 14 men on one machine.

Sometimes it was 24 motor-cycles weaving intricate patterns at high speed and missing each other by inches. At another it was a comic-opera soldier riding



"Look, no hands! Well, hardly any." This is the machine with the step-ladder again.

a 1911 machine with a whistle worked by the exhaust. Like everyone else, he did a Jimmy, which means standing on the motor-cycle roughly in the attitude of Mercury on the Royal Signals' badge.

There was a chariot pulled by two Corgis, controlled by strings, and there was a runaway combination recaptured by a rider who leapt on it from the pillion of another motor-cycle, probably

the most uncomfortable, if not the most dangerous, feat of the afternoon.

And when it was all over, they had to do some of the acts all over again for the photographers. But by now they did not mind. They could look forward happily to the 35 engagements (and more to come) on their summer programme. Everything had been all right on The Afternoon.

RICHARD ELLEY



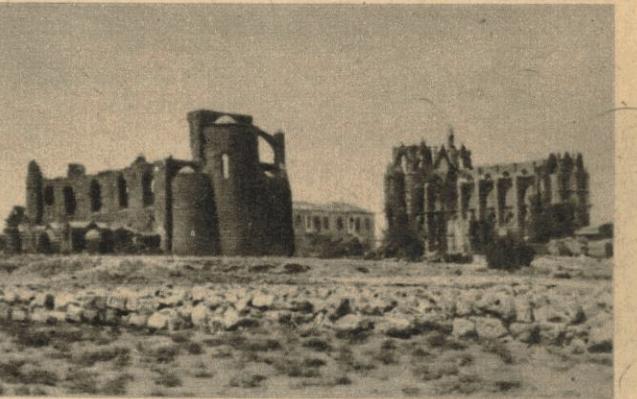
A leap across a burning hoop act. Rider: Captain P. H. F. Webb, team officer.



"Oh mister, let's have a go!" Two Corgis mounted in tandem make an admirable chariot, steered by reins.



AERIAL ARTILLERY: The German armies of the West, trapped in the killing-ground of Falaise, are strafed and splintered by rocket-firing Typhoons of the Royal Air Force. This powerful painting by Frank Wootton appears in the Royal Artillery Commemoration Book 1939-1945 — a gesture by the Gunner on the ground to the Gunner in the air. The painting is reproduced by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs George Bell and Sons, and the Imperial War Museum. A description of the book appears on page 35.



Two landmarks: Left: an ancient monastery which commands a superb view. Above: St. Nicholas Cathedral, Famagusta.

Not so long ago soldiers on Cyprus had an unenviable task to do. Now the island makes an agreeable pause on a battalion's travels

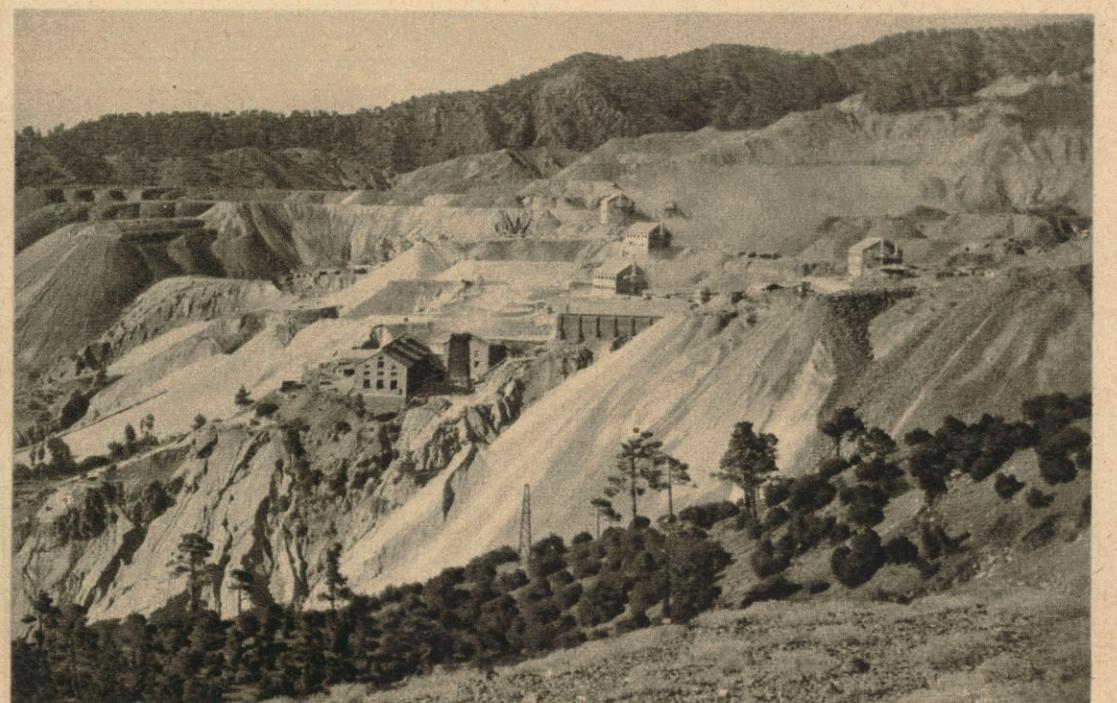
Cyprus

FEW battalions have toured Europe as thoroughly since the war as the 1st Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry — colloquially the "Ox and Bucks."

The end of the war found the battalion in Hamburg, whence it departed in the autumn of 1946 for Trieste. Three months later it moved by road through Jugo-Slav territory to Pola, returning to Trieste in May 1947 by sea, thence back to Lüneburg in Germany. Next move was to Göttingen, after which came a spell home in England — for six weeks only. Then off went the battalion to Salonika, and next, with the withdrawal of British troops from Greece, to Cyprus.

This island where Aphrodite, goddess of love, rose so demoralisingly from the waves makes a good station — especially now that there are no shiploads of illegal Palestine immigrants to search, fumigate and guard. The battalion went to a permanent military camp at Wayne's Keep, five miles north of the old moated city of

One of Cyprus's industries is asbestos. The workings from the mines scar the hillside at Amiantos.



Nicosia, capital of the island, and 800 feet up. Although the camp has stone offices, lecture-rooms and canteens, single officers and men live under canvas — no hardship in the Riviera-like climate of Cyprus, especially as the tents have concrete floors, electric lighting and fittings for electric fans.

The battalion is occupied with security and garrison duties on the island, provides the Governor's Guard at Government House, Nicosia and has detachments at Famagusta, the island's principal port, and at Limasol, on the south coast. More and more families from Britain are joining their menfolk; the married quarters, on the outskirts of Nicosia, are very good.

While the men of the "Ox and Bucks" catch up on their training, other Servicemen and their families arrive in Cyprus to catch up on their leave — some of them from the Canal Zone of Egypt. (A recent order says that soldiers serving a tour of two-and-a-half years in the Canal Zone can have one free passage to Cyprus during that time).

At Famagusta is NAAFI's Golden Sands holiday camp, which provides a seaside holiday, with all the trimmings, for single men. It gives them the opportunity to wander about the ancient city, spending the curious shillings that are divided into nine piastres, and try out Greek and Turkish restaurants if they fancy some exotic cooking.

In June the Pine Tree camp at Troodos, high above sea level and just below Mount Olympus, came into operation again. Troodos is cool and invigorating after the heat of the Canal Zone. In winter it is a ski-ing centre, and was in the news not so long ago when it was snowed up and the Royal Air Force dropped food.

For those on duty or on pleasure there are excellent recreational trips: to ancient monasteries and cathedrals, or to Crusaders' strongholds like the Byzantine castle of St Hilarion, crowning a peak some 12 miles from the island's capital. On a less romantic note, there are the asbestos mines and the olive oil industry — not to mention a flourishing trade in artificial teeth.

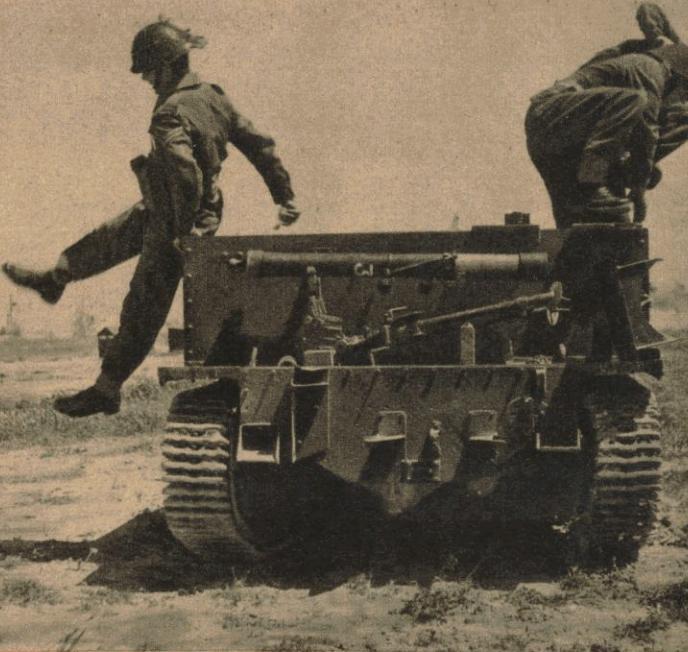
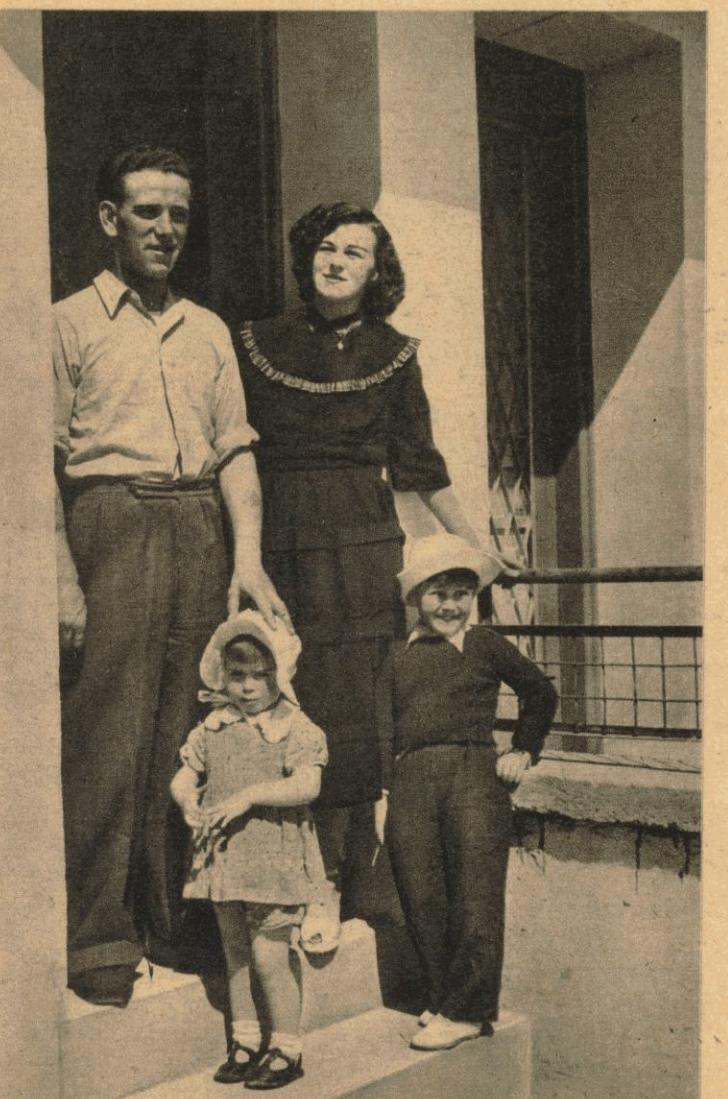
— From a report by Captain D. H. Clifford, Military Observer in Egypt, and other sources.



This neat semi-detached bungalow is one of the married quarters at Nicosia.

Scrapbook

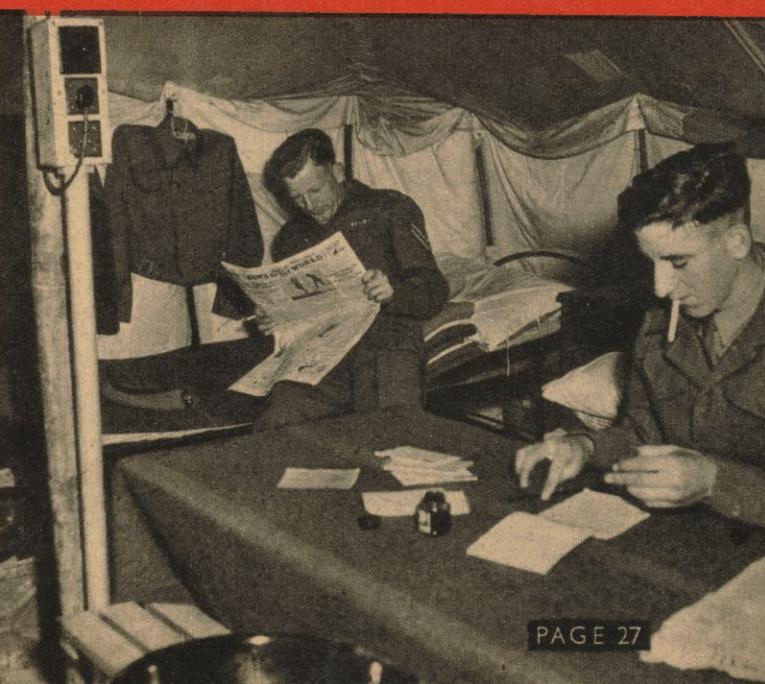
Tenants of one of the houses above: Corporal Richard Savage and his family, from Swansea.



Action! Men of the "Ox and Bucks" take part in mortar training at Wayne's Keep, Cyprus. Below: at the Bren gun.



Off duty under canvas at Wayne's Keep. Tents have at least one "mod. con." — electric light.



SOLDIER found the Women's Royal Army Corps rehearsing for the Royal Tournament. "Whatever you do, don't call us Wracobats," they said

BAREFOOT ON THE GREEN

Right: She would make a fine motor-mascot: Sergeant Anne Trippick of 5 Anti-Aircraft Group. Left: They call this a stride leap with two supports.



ONE hundred and twenty shapely lasses of the WRAC, the WRNS and the WRAF made a welcome break in the all-male cast at the Royal Tournament in London this year, but for the girls themselves there had been very few welcome breaks in the preceding weeks.

Even before they were gathered together at the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, each contingent had practised on its own. At Aldershot they began all over again, with a band or a piano to help them keep time.

Each performance at the Tournament took just ten minutes, but the rehearsals occupied a full working day, six days a week, for three weeks, while the music went round and round and over and over again.

By the end of the first week there were one or two bandaged wrists and ankles, and Captain M. J. Howarth, WRAC had to call on the reserve pool of 15 girls to replace the injured. Exercises which are fairly easy to do once or twice can cause strained muscles when repeated often enough and with the almost excessive zeal that most of the girls displayed.

There were four occasions during the display on which two girls had to lift a third into the air.

"It gets a bit much after three or four rehearsals," remarked a lance-corporal from North Midland District, looking meaningfully at her buxom partner from 4th Anti-Aircraft Signals Regiment, who confessed to nine stone two.

The girls came from units all over Britain. Many of them are full-time or part-time physical training instructors. They spent their evenings correcting each other's faults and practising in front of mirrors in their billets.

"The best-developed girls are in the front and back rows and the others in the middle," explained one girl (who said she was in the back row).

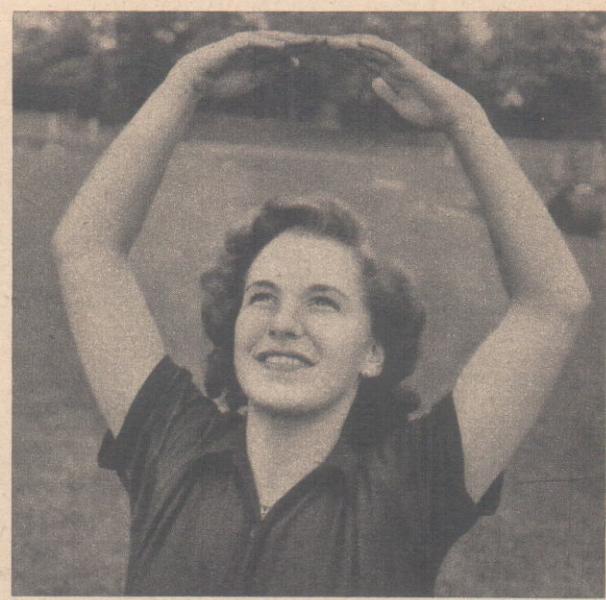
"Ay, that's reet," agreed a lance-corporal from Glasgow, who was in the front row, "but it's no ma fault if Jane Russell looks like me."

These exchanges helped to cheer up the hours of repetition. Sometimes a girl's concentration would wander. One might daydream about her marriage next month, another about her approaching release.

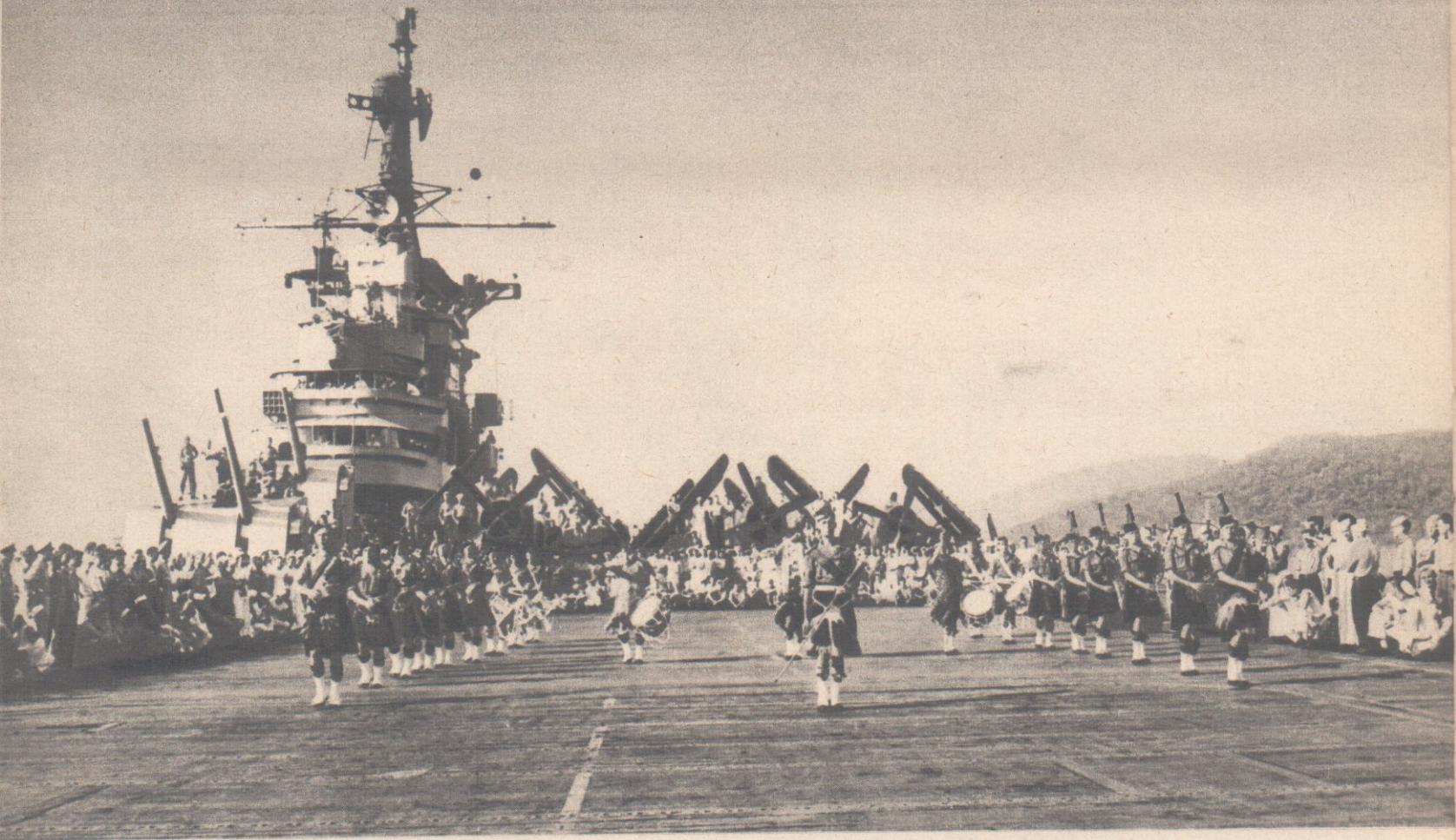
In the show were a few who took part in the 1948 Tournament; they were able to assure any doubters that it just could not help being a big success. And it was.



She was sitting quietly on the grass. Then there was a rush of feet behind her. The other three were practising the fence-jump. And she was the fence.



Left: It looks like the hard way to scratch behind the knee. But it's graceful — and good for the waist-line. Above: Private M. Wyatt of Catterick.



Parade-ground afloat: The pipes and drums beat retreat on the United States aircraft carrier *Boxer*.

PIPERs IN THE PACIFIC

The pipes and drums of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders sailed from Hong-Kong with the Royal Navy—and enjoyed a triumph in the Philippines

The guests pose while the cameras click on USS *Boxer*.



ONE hardly expects to hear the skirl of bagpipes and the beat of drums from the flight deck of an aircraft carrier in the Pacific.

Nevertheless, that phenomenon occurred when the pipes and drums of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders left their camp in the New Territories of Hong-Kong to accompany HMS *Triumph* and the British Pacific Fleet on an exercise cruise to the Philippines.

In addition to the Argylls' band many units in Hong-Kong were allotted two or three vacancies, and more than a hundred officers and men were able to see at close quarters how the Senior Service works.

Accommodation for the soldiers was the same as for the sailors, except that, much to their relief, they found they were not expected to sleep in hammocks but on camp beds. Apart from this they were treated like the rest of the crew, even to the daily tot of rum (for all those over 21). They bought cigarettes, tobacco and beer at ship's prices.

When the *Triumph* put to sea the Argylls' pipe band alternated with the ship's Royal Marines Band as she sailed out of Hong-Kong harbour. During the next two days the first part of the naval manoeuvres took place. The British Fleet, consisting of one carrier, two cruisers, six destroyers, three frigates and RAF Sunderland aircraft, was pitted against an American Task Force consisting of one carrier, a cruiser, six destroyers, four support ships, three submarines and various aircraft, including jet fighters based on Luzon Island. Both carriers were attacked from the air in a most realistic manner, and both were claimed as sunk.

One of the *Triumph*'s Fireflies returning to land jumped the arrester wires and crashed into the barrier. Pilot and observer were both unhurt but the plane was a "write-off."

The following day the two forces joined up and became a task



HMS *Triumph*, which added the pipers to her Royal Marines band for the occasion.

force moving against the Philippine Islands. Aircraft strikes were made from both carriers against land targets at Subic Bay and Manila; jet fighters from Luzon attacked the combined fleet.

Soon afterwards the exercise was broken off and the Force sailed into Subic Bay. Again the pipes and drums played ceremonially as the *Triumph* entered the harbour.

Subic Bay is a naval establishment about 40 miles from Manila and shore leave there was made unforgettable by the hospitality of the Americans. It was impossible for a member of the Argylls to walk more than a few yards without being stopped and asked to pose for a photograph. On a Saturday night about 2000 Americans crammed into the Enlisted Men's Club to watch the pipes and drums and see an exhibition of Highland dancing. Later, this performance was repeated at the Chief Petty Officers' Mess.

Next night a party for the captains of all ships was given on a bathing beach about ten miles away. It was a perfect film setting with a full moon, waving palm trees, cool breezes, the inevitable Hawaiian orchestra and

a wild pig roasting on spits over an open fire.

After a two-day exercise, the fleets put back, and the pipe band was invited to play on board the USS *Boxer*, one of the largest American carriers afloat and almost twice the size of the *Triumph*.

On the last night at Subic Bay the British Navy were hosts to the Americans on board the *Triumph*. The ship was brilliant with flags, bunting and fairy lights. Just as it was dark the pipe band in full dress emerged from the bowels of the ship, borne up to the flight deck on one of the aircraft lifts. Then as the pipes struck up, the full force of the ship's searchlights was turned on them, as they marched and counter-marched through the middle of the party. This show probably made the biggest impression of all on the American and British Navies. After the performance the Commander-in-Chief, British Far Eastern Fleet, sent for and congratulated Pipe Major Neil McGlinn and Drum-Major David Legg.

Feature by Captain Colin D. Edwards from reports by Maj. I. H. Scheurmier and L/Cpl. A. Yule, 1st Bn. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Taking a leaf from the cinema organists' book, the pipe band rose from the depths of HMS *Triumph* on an aircraft lift, into the glare of the searchlights.



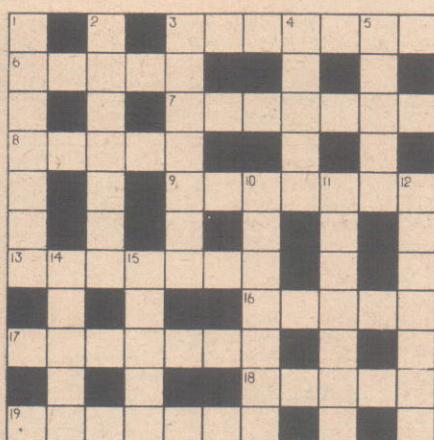
How Much Do You Know?

- If an Australian tells you something is dinkum, what does he mean?
- Which peer recently accused which peer of using the House of Lords as a platform for privileged libel?
- Reg. Parnell is often in the news. He is one of these:
 - A race-horse trainer;
 - A man who is always being arrested for street bookmaking;
 - A racing motorist;
 - A new member of the "Crazy Gang."
- Which is the correct spelling:
 - Mediteranean;
 - Meditteranean;
 - Medditeranean;
 - Mediterranean;
 - Medditteranean?
- SOLDIER's front cover is polychromatic—meaning what?
- Name one word which means all of these: a small, explosive sound; a soft drink; a slang name for father.
- Irish whisky from an illicit still is known as—what?
- Of what is this the dictionary definition: "Single and integral, neither none nor fractional nor plural."
- What do they call a borough in Scotland?
- Which of these statements are true—if any?
 - The Leeward Islands are in the Indian Ocean;

(Answers on Page 45)



CROSSWORD

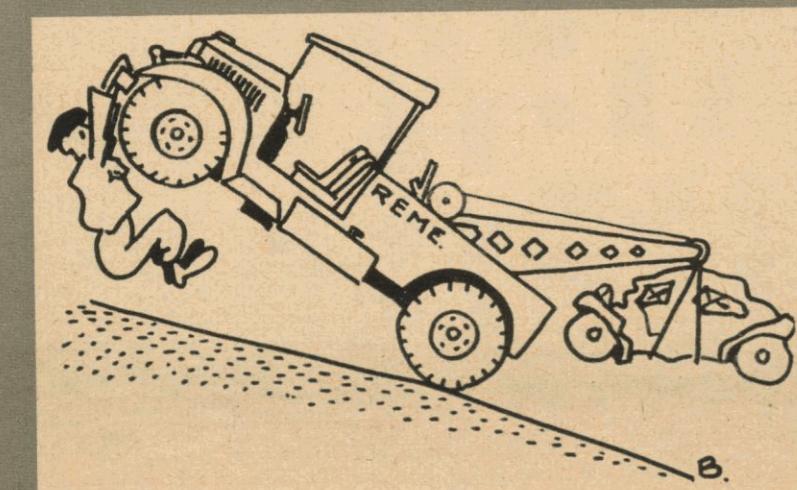
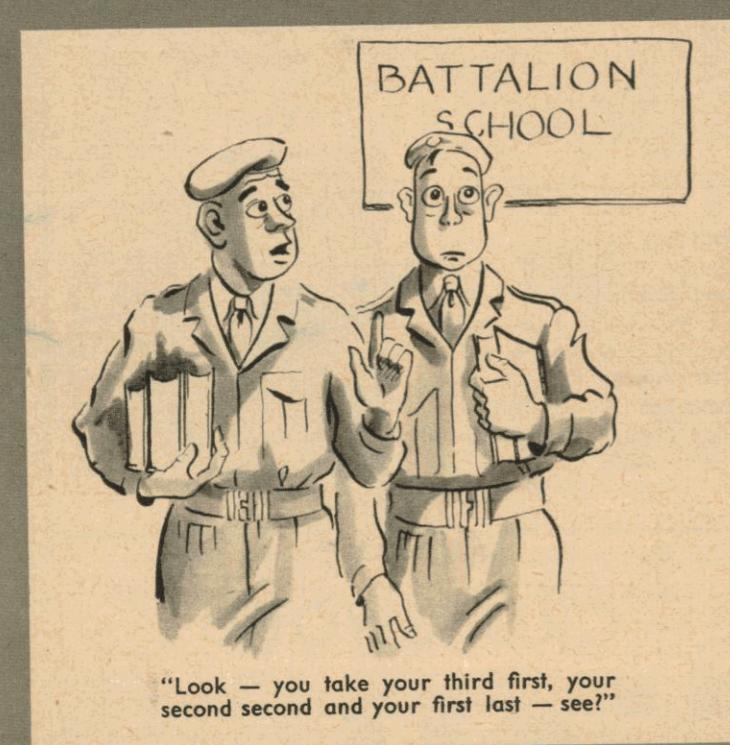
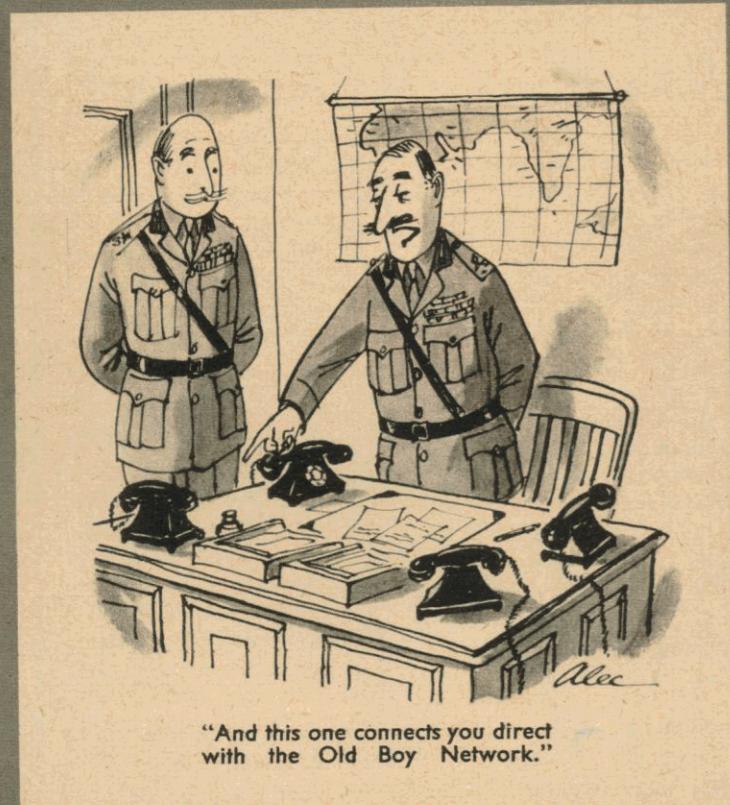


ACROSS: 3. Its opposite is sometimes said to be the best this. 6. French love. 7. "Ref. Dove" (anag.). 8. Camel's salient feature, to a "t". 9. You keep on being mixed in a pest, Sir. 13. Or backwards twang the strings. 16. A bit of

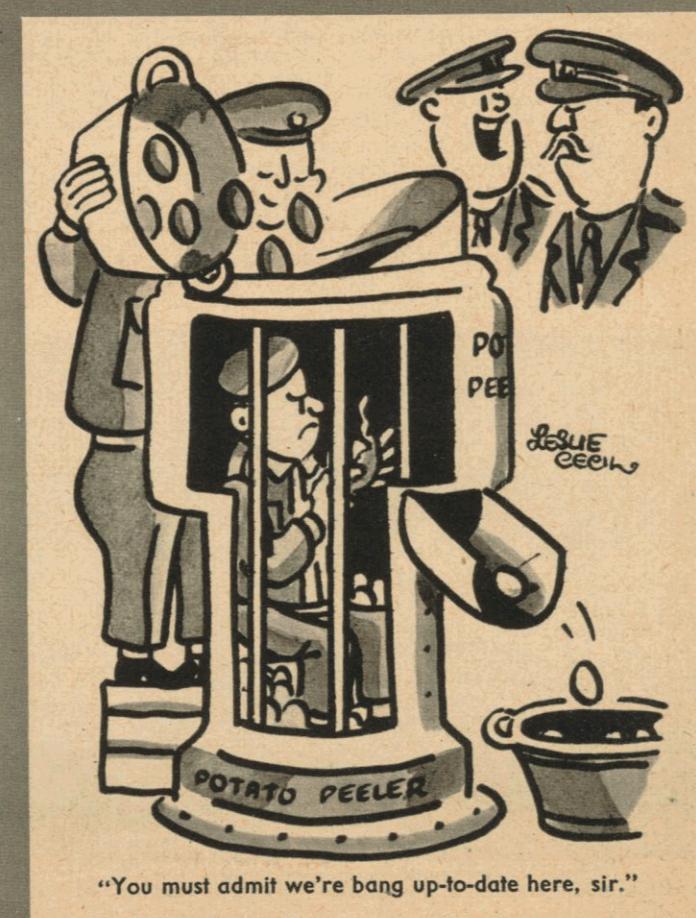
mischief. 17. S. American country. 18. A village may be grouped round this colour. 19. Cockney mother's order to her children? (two words.)

DOWN: 1. This animal starts short of breath. 2. The locum is confused before national service. 3. Butterfingers? 4. Snare gains an honest living. 5. This game has movable castles. 10. An animal and a young servant get violent. 11. Enter, chums. 12. Activity common to yachtsmen, seamstresses and layers of linoleum. 14. One small ounce gives a gas. 15. It fills hose-tops.

(Answers on Page 45)



SOLDIER HUMOUR



- and talking of HUMOUR

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ELEPHANTS IN THE LINE -

Hannibal was only one of many who harnessed elephants to the tasks of war. They have been used as tanks, battering rams and tractors

THE elephant's day as an armoured fighting vehicle ended when firearms were introduced. He could not stand the noise, and in stampeding he proved more dangerous to his own side than to the enemy.

Before then he was often well protected by armour and had steel blades attached to his tusks. On his back he carried a small tower which might hold from three to six fighting men as well as the man in charge; some historians have written of towers with between ten and 15 men in them, but an elephant could carry those only for a short distance, according to a writer in the *Cavalry Journal*. Lieut-Col. J. H. Williams (see opposite page) has found reports of towers holding 32 archers.

Elephants took part in battle, and put horsemen to flight, in Persia in 401 BC, when King Cyrus is said to have had 10,000 elephants in the field. The figure probably included transport animals as well as front-line beasts. The Old Testament mentions a King who charged forward in battle to thrust upwards at an elephant with his spear, with the result that the elephant fell dying on top of him and killed him.

Elephants sometimes got out of hand in battle. In 275 BC, the Syrians under Antiochus won an engagement against the Galates with the aid of 16 war elephants, which stampeded the enemy cavalry and chariots, then trampled down the men who were running away, impaled them on their tusks or picked them up in their trunks and tossed them.

African elephants (which are not often worked nowadays) came up against Indian elephants in battle for the first time at Raphia, near Gaza in Palestine, in 217 BC. Nobody seems to have left an opinion as to which were the better fighting elephants, but there were 102 Indian to 73 African war elephants in the battle and nearly all the African elephants were killed or captured.

In Europe, war elephants were first used at the siege of Megalopolis, in 318 BC. There were 64 of them and they carried towers high enough to command the highest walls of the city. But the defenders knew a trick or two: they put long nails through wooden doors and frames and concealed them, spikes upwards, under loose earth. When the elephants trod on these, the pain made them stampede, killing many of their own troops. The siege had to be raised as a result.

The Romans faced elephants in their time. One Roman soldier, Minucius of the 4th Legion, achieved fame by standing up to a war elephant and cutting off its trunk with one stroke of his sword. His example inspired his comrades to go for the elephants with javelins and burning darts and they won the day.

When Hannibal led the Carthaginians in the invasion of

Italy in 218 BC, he took with him 37 elephants, said to be African beasts, and added to his fame by making them cross the Alps. Elephants are not used to such heights, nor to snow, and the climbs were dangerous and difficult. Their purpose was most likely to frighten the enemy or sustain the morale of his own troops.

The Romans evolved a fairly effective defence against elephants, with flaming arrows and the *falarica*, a long spear with a three-foot blade and a hollow shaft, to which they attached fireworks, and which was thrown by a catapult.

But the Romans disliked elephants in battle, and they compelled the Carthaginians to make a treaty in which they undertook to use no more war elephants. Later on the Romans themselves used a few elephants in their minor wars. Julius Caesar took one to Britain and found it useful when he crossed the Thames in face of armed opposition.

In India, as might be expected, elephants played a big part in warfare. One of their chief tasks was breaking down defences or gates in assaults on besieged cities. Gates were often given spikes five feet long, to prevent elephants battering them with their heads. Another defence against elephants was to stampede them by driving up a herd of buffaloes with burning faggots tied to their horns.

Alexander the Great, when he fought in India, captured 80 out of 100 elephants involved in a battle against him. He is reported to have used hollow brass and iron elephants filled with naphtha and mounted on iron wheels. They were pushed into battle and when the real elephants attacked them, the naphtha was fired and the shells became red hot, so that the elephants were burned and stampeded.

Alexander the Great's successor, Perdiccas, used elephants to crush to death 300 mutineers. The custom of using these beasts as mass-executioners, lasted until about 300 years ago; the method was as unreliable as it was bar-



Nosing tree trunks into position for bridge-building: one of Fourteenth Army's elephants in Burma.

barous. Elephants scheduled by Ptolemy IV to crush Jewish prisoners stampeded and plunged among the spectators.

In India the war elephants survived the arrival of firearms for some time. In the 17th century, the Great Mogul was said to have, among his elephants, 2000 males specially trained for military purposes. Of these, 300 carried two-pounder swivel guns, six feet long, with four gunners, in a howdah.

The British in India used elephants to carry siege trains and other artillery, but they often substituted draught oxen for the elephants when they reached the firing line.

Heavy elephant batteries had two elephants in a tandem harness, drawing a limbered gun. The harness alone weighed four hundredweight. There were also nine-pounder batteries in which the guns were carried on the elephants' backs; a crew of 12 men could get one of the guns into action in four minutes.

Probably the last time elephants were used as front-line troops was in the Afghan War of 1878-9. There was a night march to take the Afghan flank by surprise, and the mountain artillery was

strengthened by four horse artillery guns which were put, with their carriages, on the backs of elephants.

But the elephant remained on the strength, even after that. He was silent, he could cover rough ground in the darkness; these virtues and his climbing powers and strength made the Gunners unwilling to give him up.

For ceremonial occasions the elephant, gorgeously caparisoned, has always been as welcome as a battalion of Foot Guards in full dress. One of the last kings of Burma is reported to have had war elephants whose only real virtue was that they were well trained in making *shiko* — obeisance — when their royal master inspected them.

Lord Ellenborough, Governor-General of India in 1842, had the misfortune to find some elephants which were not so well trained. He had planned a triumphal welcome at Ferozepore for the victorious troops returning from Afghanistan, including a triumphal arch and a double-line of gilded, saluting elephants through which the heroes should march. But the gilded arch tottered, and the elephants ran away.

- and Elephants Behind The Line

ONLY jeeps on essential missions were allowed over the washed-out tracks of the Kabaw Valley.

One of them brought a tall, lean lieutenant-colonel who livened the boredom of a jungle mess by talking most knowledgeably on the theme of elephants. Most of his listeners had never seen an elephant, except in a circus.

Inevitably, when the evening was over, someone said, "He ought to write a book about elephants." Now he has: "Elephant Bill" (Rupert Hart-Davis, 18s.)

The visitor was Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Williams, officially Elephant Adviser to Fourteenth Army, Sabu to his friends in the early Burma campaign, and by mid-1944 Elephant Bill to everyone he met and to all the readers of SEAC newspaper.

Elephant Bill had soldiered with mules and camels in World War One. Then, because he had a liking for animals, he applied for a job with the Bombay Burma Trading Corporation, and spent the period between the two wars managing elephants in the Burmese teak forests.

As the Japanese tide swept up Burma Lieut-Col. Williams's elephants helped to take women and children to safety through

Here is the story of a modern Hannibal: "Elephant Bill" of Fourteenth Army

the tragic throngs of refugees on the roads to Assam and then went back to build roads and bridges. When he left Burma himself, he had to leave his animals behind, though he tried to get 200 of them out. The walking-track was too congested to take them.

By October 1942, when he became Elephant Adviser to what was then Eastern Army, there was not a single elephant for him to advise on. Then a patrol found 40 elephants with some of their *oozies* (riders) and brought them out through no-man's-land, some of the elephants being ridden by *oozies'* wives who volunteered to risk meeting Japanese patrols. Soon the elephants were building their first bridge for the Royal Engineers.

That started a minor war which, so far as Elephant Bill knows, has not been settled yet: were elephants a branch of transport or engineers? His own idea is that as most of their work is engineering, they should be Sappers. He points out that elephants were on the strength of the Royal Engineers until 1895,

when Daisy, the oldest and last pensioner, died. Whatever the answer, the *oozies* did not care:

"The *oozies* were not enlisted men. When the sun was boiling hot and the elephants needed shade and fodder, the *oozies* just went off with them where they could find it. They did not care a damn whether it was a Jemadar Sahib or the officer commanding a Field Company who was trying to stop them."

In 1943, when the troops were withdrawn from the Kabaw Valley at the beginning of the monsoon, the elephants stayed behind with their *oozies*, Elephant Bill and one other officer. Had they gone out, they might not have got back in time for their job when the rains were over. There was nothing but dripping jungle between the elephant camp and the Japanese, and "those really were, I think, the bloodiest rains that two Europeans ever weathered in Burma."

When the rain was over, the elephants went back to building roads and bridges. But with the Japanese offensive, they had to leave the Kabaw for the Imphal Plain and from there, with 45 elephants and eight calves, 64 refugee women and children, mainly Gurkhas, 90 elephant-riders and attendants and 40 armed Karens, Lieut-Col. Williams and three other officers set out for Assam by little-known tracks

and over areas where there were no paths. Rations were short and the way was rough; it led up to 5000 feet, high above any normal "elephant-line" and as high as Hannibal took his elephants when he crossed the Little St. Bernard Pass. The height made the elephants slow in climbing and some of the older ones nearly collapsed.

Came a time when the only way forward was over a ridge, by means of a narrow ledge, in some places so steep that the elephants had almost to stand on their hind legs to climb up. Two days' cutting and digging made the track passable; some cutaway foliage was piled up to hide the drop. But would the elephants face the climbs? One of the elephant riders spoke up:

"Bandoola will lead, and if he won't face it, no other elephant will. He knows how to close his eye on the khudside, and won't put a foot on anything that will give. Moreover, if he should refuse half-way up, he can back all the way down, as he has eyes in his backside."

There were doubts among the rest of the party, but Bandoola, a magnificent tusker with a bad name for being dangerous, did lead, and the other elephants followed. They got to safety in Assam, where Bandoola broke loose for one day in a pineapple grove and ate 900 pineapples. He recovered from the colic that followed and marched back to Burma to build more bridges and drag teak for building invasion craft. There one day, he was shot dead; why and by whom is still a mystery.

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Gunners Do It Royally

THERE are books which can be read on the lap, and books which can be read in bed, but the Royal Artillery Commemoration Book 1939-1945 is the kind of book which can be read only on a table.

It is a book in the grand manner, sumptuous, shiny and immensely dignified. It costs five guineas and it runs to almost 800 pages, nearly twice the size of the similar volume of World War One. Like the earlier book, it is produced by Messrs George Bell and Sons.

Contributors range from private soldiers to field-marshals; contributions include drawings and paintings, in black-and-white and colour (see pages 24-25 in this issue of *SOLDIER*), cartoons and maps. There are descriptions of battle-fronts as seen by a commander at headquarters, by the man at the guns, from forward observation posts and air observation posts. There are tales of field, anti-aircraft, anti-tank, medium, maritime, self-propelled, coast and super-heavy guns, and of all the Regiment's activities away from the guns. The OCTU's and training centres are represented too.

There are stories of gallantry and there are stories of the lighter side of gunnery, including life in a mixed battery. The men who manned guns in lonely outposts are not forgotten, nor are the Gunners of the Dominions and the United States. There are

“I'll Box Anybody” Said the General

THEN years ago this month the survivors of a British Expeditionary Force were licking their wounds in a hundred camps in southern England. Only ten years — yet to most of the Army of today the withdrawal from Dunkirk is no more than a blurred memory of childhood.

It was a gallant army, and its adventures deserve to be better known. That was the view of Lieut-Col. Ewan Butler and Major J. Selby Bradford MC, who have written an intimate story of the campaign of 1939—1940 in “Keep The Memory Green” (Hutchinson 12s 6d). Both men, who are professional writers, served with the British Expeditionary Force.

The book is not an exhaustive blow-by-blow description of the campaign; rather is it an attempt — and a successful one — to recreate the atmosphere of that doom-laden winter and spring, the humours and alarms, the comradeship and the courage.

Arguments are always breaking out over the identity of the first British troops in action in World War Two. According to this book, the men of 3rd Infantry Brigade had the honour — a battalion of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, one of the Sherwood Foresters and one of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry. Although it was the “phoney war,” British soldiers did fight and die that winter, in patrols on the Saar front.

The authors tell of one British soldier who fought many a good fight that winter — against his own men. This was Major-General G. le Q. Martel, commanding 50th Division.

“Q. was a famous amateur boxer. Although he could get down to 11 stone 7 pounds for a point-to-point, he had won successively the middle, welter and light-heavy-weight titles of the British Army, and reached the finals of the heavy-weight championship. He was ready to fight any man in his division, and it was his habit, during the quiet days which preceded the attack of May 1940, to put on the gloves each evening with any soldier who felt that he would



General Martel:
he enlivened the
“phoney war.”

made him sit upreft.”

There is a good sketch of General Lord Gort, VC, the Commander-in-Chief, who was determined that the Staff should not earn the reputation for luxurious living which they acquired in the earlier war. His furniture consisted of a trestle table and hard-wood chair, with two equally hard chairs for visitors. The town of Arras offered him a Boule secrétaire, an Aubusson carpet, and Gobelin tapestries, but he declined them; he was a soldier on active service. “That the Commander-in-Chief was a Viscount was a matter of supreme indifference to the BEF,” say the

like a scrap with his divisional commander. Each evening the commanding officers of the three battalions stationed nearest to his headquarters were invited to send up two men who knew how to box. There was no lack of candidates. They came diffidently at first — pitmen from Durham, Tyneside dockers, shipwrights and quarrymen, of all sizes and weights.”

The bouts would begin with some “rather embarrassed sparring,” until the general, who was nearly 50, landed a solid blow on his opponent. Then things would warm up. And later the sparring partner, in his billet, would say: “Ay, he's a rare 'un, is old Marty — I caught 'im twice on 't'ribs though — ain which



Rifles against aircraft: a historic picture from the Dunkirk beaches.

authors. “That he was a VC was a matter of great moment.”

The authors tell a wry little story, as yet unfinished, about the town of Merville, where “the past peeped gloatingly over our shoulder.” In World War One there was an RAF aerodrome at this grimy little French town near the Belgian border. As the water supply in those days left much to be desired, British Sappers sank a well for their compatriots — “a well of great depth, wondrous purity and not insignificant cost.” After the Peace Conference the financial assessors quarrelled over the bill for the well; the French refused to pay it, and said they never wanted the well, anyway. The acrimony became such that British troops still in France were ordered to destroy the well.

In autumn of 1939 a Lysander squadron came to Merville. The water supply still left much to be desired, so British soldiers re-excavated the well — and the villagers still declined to use it. “It is to be hoped,” say the authors, “that no diplomatic incident will now arise over the well's future...”

The long retreat to the Chan-

nel ports is graphically described; often an anecdote tells more than would a chapter of conscientious history. The components into which the army split were christened with names like “Macforce” and “Vickforce” — and brilliantly did some of these “private armies” acquit themselves. “Vickforce,” for instance, numbered just 1700 men from scores of units, divided into five battalions; yet it fought a steady delaying action against German tanks for a month.

When the German armour could not be delayed by weight of arms, it was delayed by ingenuity and bluff. A sergeant in charge of a group of Infantrymen had the job of holding a flat, bleak road outside Arras. Something must be done, he thought, to stop the German tanks. The sight of a little “pub” by the roadside gave him an idea. He forced the door with a rifle butt and found in the bar a dresser covered with plates, with more in the cupboard below. The sergeant and his men carried the innocent china into the road and laid it face downward in a complicated pattern. Then they got into a ditch and waited.

An hour later six enemy tanks came down the road and halted at the sight of the curious-looking “minefield.” As the crews came forward to reconnoitre, the sergeant and his men shot every one of them, and then set fire to the tanks.

There is a glimpse of NAAFI pouring the Expeditionary Force's liquor supplies for a whole year into the River Deule. Passing troops were invited to stack up their trucks with gin and whisky, but no one had the time or even the inclination. Dr. Goebbels sought to intensify what he supposed to be a state of near-mutinous gloom in the British troops by dropping a leaflet which read:

“TOMMY! THE GAME IS FINISHED! YOUR STUMPS ARE BROKEN!”

This leaflet, say the authors, did a great deal to raise the spirits of our troops.

Damon Runyon was a Soldier

THE late Damon Runyon, famous for his stories of the seedy racketeers of Broadway and Forty-Second Street, founded his literary career on tales and poems about soldiers, as did two other famous tellers of tales: Rudyard Kipling and (in a more sensational class) Edgar Wallace.

At the age of 17 Runyon tried to enlist with his cronies when the United States called for volunteers to fight in the Philippines. He was turned down, but contrived to join up elsewhere, and in the summer of 1898 found himself at the war front. Out of his soldiering, besides a number of short stories, came two books of verse. In one of these was a poem entitled “The Sky Marines” with this prophetic verse:

Put away yer coast defence, an
send yer boats to dock;
Muster out yer armies, which the
same is crawlin' ants.

Hide yer little cities, which you
thought was built on rock;
Slow yer apparatus, for you haven't
got a chance.

This early background is recalled by Clark Kinnaird, in an introduction to the latest Runyon anthology “All This and That” (Constable 12s 6d). The volume contains two of his soldier stories, and a selection of the tales which made him famous. The early stories make interesting period pieces, though few will rate them as his best. Runyon is in good form in the story “Big Boy Blues,” in which World War Two reaches Broadway in the

shape of a soldier-show called “Gee Eyes.” As the performers march to the theatre —

...people stop and applaud the company and the members bow right and left and smile and when I say to Willie that I consider this somewhat unilitary, he says:

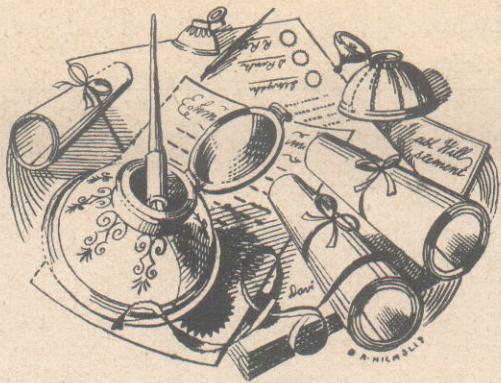
“Well,” he says, “you see most of these guys are professional actors even if they are soldiers and they are bound to take bows when they hear applause even if they are sitting in the electric chair waiting for the guy to pull the switch.”

The hit of the show, a soldier dressed as a female ballet dancer, is the son of an ox-like gangster who is under the impression that the lad is serving with Colonel Coogan's Cobras in the Pacific. Those who know their Runyon do not need to be told what the master can do with a situation like that.



Recalling Field-Marshal Earl Wavell's classic campaign (see Page Ten). Above: Four of the Thirty Thousand advance in the ruins of Bardia. Below: Italian prisoners, mostly sailors, tramp into captivity at Tobruk while smoke rises from demolitions.





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SPORT

The Services have their own way of organising a tug-of-war. It is not all a question of brute strength



Hold on! And this, say the experts, is the correct way to do it.

HEAVE!

LIKE most games which began on the village green, the tug-of-war has been waged according to many rules.

Nowadays, to preserve the peace, the law is firmly laid down by the Amateur Athletic Association, and nearly everyone obeys it — except the Services.

The Services agree that teams should consist of ten men and be divided into two classes, with total weights up to 110 and 130 stone respectively. They agree that the rope must be four inches round and about 140 feet long, that it must not loop or be knotted or locked across the body, that the anchor man may grip it under one arm and that the end, after passing over the shoulder, should hang free.

The difference is in the way the rope should be marked. The Amateur Athletic Association demands three marks, at six feet intervals on the ground and three tapes coinciding with them tied to the rope. When the competition starts, the teams pick up the rope, pull it taut, then manoeuvre

backwards and forwards, at the bidding of the referee, until the central tape is over the central mark on the ground. In this way both teams have equal shares of the rope. The winners pull until the tape nearest their opponents passes over the ground mark nearest themselves, which means they have pulled 12 feet.

The Services say this method of marking is all very well for an ordinary sporting event, where time does not matter much. But for the Royal Tournament, where the best Services teams annually compete in the arena, not a second must be wasted. So here, and consequently at other Services sports meetings, proceedings start with three marks on the ground at 12 (instead of six) feet

Anchor man. The end of the rope falls loosely to the ground.



Not quite up to Tarzan standard, but the effort strengthens their arm muscles.

intervals and the rope tapeless. The teams pick up the rope and take the strain. When the rope is motionless, the referee ties a single tape over the centre mark and gives the word to heave. The game is won when the tape is pulled over one of the other marks, and it is still a 12-foot pull, just like the civilian version. One team may have a little more of the rope to handle, but nobody complains.

Primarily, it is an iron grip, with the addition of weight and ability to dig in (without studs or other means of gripping) which prevents a team being dragged across the arena and enables it to pull its opponents those 12 feet. Experts say the ideal tug-of-war type should be stocky, broad-shouldered, with thick thighs and legs and well-developed arms. Strength and stamina are more important than weight, and the fat, flabby man is useless. Keenness is important because any man with a tendency to grumble will affect the others.

The recipe for success of Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant O. Joyce, who coaches the 6th Royal Tank Regiment team (their pictures appear on these pages) is: "Make the men get their left shoulders well above the rope and lean over, digging in their feet so that they take the pull in the same way as a tent-peg does. I always put the short men in front and the taller ones at the back, but it is best if they are all about the same height. It prevents any zig-zagging of the rope."

RQMS Joyce has been with tug-of-war teams since 1938 and his regiment won championships in Egypt for six years running before World War Two.

Most teams take about four months to train for a big tournament. They start with short runs and rope work, and a gymnasium is useful so that they can train in wet weather.

RQMS Joyce was not lucky this year: his regiment was under canvas at Ludgershall, on Salis-

OVER



HEAVE! (Cont'd)

bury Plain, and its biggest building was a Nissen hut, so the team had to fill in its training time on wet days with work like pistol exercises which are good practice for clenching the hands.

The team also had to climb ropes, slung from tree branches, without using their legs. Then they pulled against guinea-pig teams of up to 15 men, and against weights slung from a break-down vehicle. Another practice method was to pull against an iron coal-tub slung from a derrick; the weight could be varied by piling in scrap-iron.

With a long pull and a strong pull, a mass of scrap iron soars up among the branches. Right: Looking back for orders, Tpr. F. Cremore.

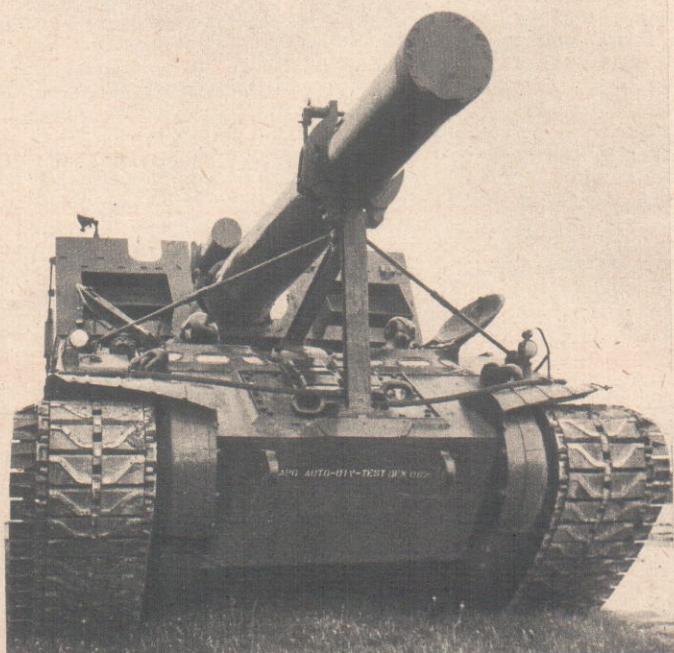
RQMS Joyce let SOLDIER into one of a coach's worries.

"I'm trying," he said, "to work out a system of secret signals to the team, so that the other team will not know when we are going to pull. The coach does not want to give away his team's intentions. On the other hand, the word of command to heave can have a bigger stimulating effect than the movement of a hand. It's a very great problem."

BOB O'BRIEN



SIXTY TONS ON THE MOVE



As a postscript to the article "The Self-Propelled Gun" (SOLDIER, June), here are photographs of the United States Army's latest 60-ton 240 mm howitzer, which appeared at an Armed Forces Day parade at Bolling Air Force Base, Washington DC. The howitzer had newly arrived from the Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland.

In May 1948 SOLDIER reproduced a picture of a 240 mm American field howitzer operated by 663 Super Heavy Regiment RA, Territorial Army. This gun had been employed in Italy and North-West Europe, and required a special transporter with a mobile crane and a crew of 18 men. Its range is 25,000 yards (about 14 miles). It can fire a 360-pound shell every 90 seconds.

Before the end of World War Two American Army engineers had built a 240 mm howitzer on a Pershing tank chassis, for use in Okinawa and Japan, but it never went into action. The self-propelled howitzer shown here is the latest and, presumably, improved model.





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In easy-to-open tins.



The 20-feet Mercedes with its present driver: Percy Hooton, a former tank driver in the Royal Armoured Corps.

GOERING'S CAR MAKES MONEY — for the Army

IN spite of himself, the late Hermann Goering, Hitler's fat field-marshall, did one good turn to the British Serviceman and his dependants.

Goering owned two huge, bullet-proof Mercedes motor-cars (only five others were made). In 1945, British soldiers searching through a park of between 20,000 and 30,000 captured German vehicles at Lentforden, in Schleswig-Holstein, came across one of Goering's two Mercedes.

It was not in working order, and souvenir-hunters had been at it, but REME got to work. The car was taken back to Britain and today it tours the country as an exhibition-piece, raising funds for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

The car weighs five tons, is 20 feet long and has a supercharged engine which produces more than twice as much power as the engine of the average 56-seater

bus. It has done 109 miles an hour and can cruise comfortably between 80 and 90.

There are steel plates in the doors, a sliding steel shutter at the rear to shield the backs of the occupants, a special steel floor as protection against mines and grenades, and windows of bullet-proof glass an inch-and-a-quarter thick.

As the car does only seven miles to the gallon, it is not used for joy-rides. Instead, it is put into a motor-showroom or some other show-place, and there is a charge of sixpence a head to see it.

Of the seven Mercedes of this type, six are left. One is in Australia, another in Canada, another in the United States and another in Russia. The sixth one is also thought to be in Russian hands.

HE JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO SEE SOLDIER

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Films Coming Your Way

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

GUILT IS MY SHADOW

A grim story, based on a novel, "You're Best Alone," by Peter Curtis. It is about a murder, accidentally committed, which tortures the minds of the man and woman concerned. Peter Reynolds is the murdered man and Patrick Holt and Elizabeth Sellars are the owners of the consciences. The scenes in the Devon countryside are superb.

ON THE TOWN

One sedate critic called this "a moving picture, first, last and all the time, strident sometimes, amusing often, alive and inventive always." A less inhibited critic described it as "a bright, peppy, decorative bundle of entertainment for the masses," which seems to mean much the same thing. Dancer Gene Kelly, singer Frank Sinatra and comedian Jules Munshin play three sailors on leave in New York who have a Technicolor date with Betty Garrett, Ann Miller and Vera-Ellen.

RIDING HIGH

If you like Bing Crosby and horses, this is your meat. Mr. Crosby has his usual quota of catchy songs (including "Sunshine Cake") and two leading ladies, Colleen Gray and Frances Gifford (see SOLDIER's back cover), besides the co-operation of one of Hollywood's most experienced equine actors — who dies at the winning post.

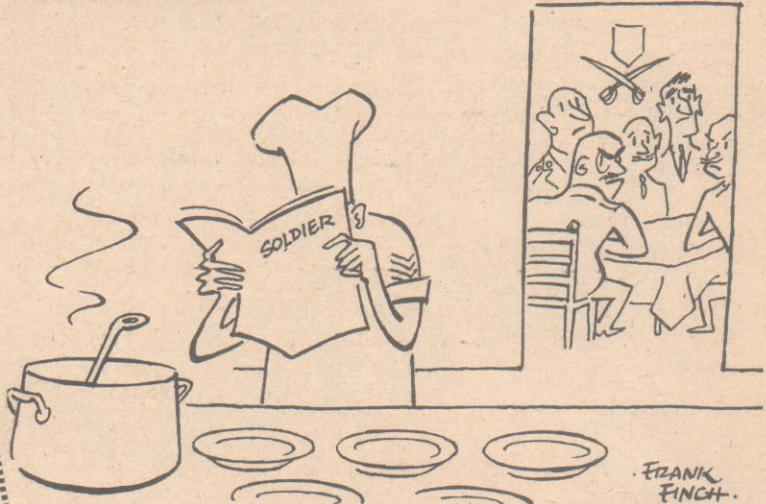
AFTER MIDNIGHT

When Alan Ladd returns to Italy to try to look up the partisans, he finds more hectic adventures than ever the Gestapo laid on for him. Smugglings, stabbings, attempted lynchings and a fight in a wine-cellars. Francis Lederer and Joseph Calleia help things along.

HOUNDED

George Raft, as an ex-shady character, goes to work clearing up a gang which combines espionage and forgery. He runs against a sensitive master-crook (George Macready) who dislikes firearms and does all his murdering with bows and arrows.

MESS



DON'T get yourself into trouble through being too eager to read SOLDIER.

But on the other hand don't run any risk of not seeing it. SOLDIER tells you what the other man is doing, and tells the other man what you are doing. And it tells your family all they want to know about the Army — so be sure to send your copy home when you have read it.

If your unit does not order SOLDIER in bulk for resale, or if your canteen or AKC cinema does not take it, you can send off the order form on this page. If you do not wish to cut this copy, you may send the appropriate details in a letter.

The president of the regimental institute, or similar officer, who orders the magazine in bulk, receives a discount for unit funds.

'Are you a Country-lover?'

asks RALPH WIGHTMAN

—the famous broadcaster. See if you can answer these questions about the country. The correct answers are given below.



| | |
|--|---|
| 1. A disease of horses has the same name as a bird—what is it? | 4. Which arrives last in spring—swallow, cuckoo or swift? |
| 2. What is the name of a young hare? | 5. To which side does a plough turn the furrow? |
| 3. What part of a horse's body has the name of another creature? | 6. Is it easy to distinguish a male from a female robin? |

If you've ever considered working on the land, you should know about the free training schemes which are open to suitable men and women over 18. Here are the details of pay and working hours:—

During training a single man living in billets receives a billeting allowance up to 35/- a week and a personal allowance of 45/-. A married man receives an additional 10/- a week for his wife, and 5/- for the first child under 16. The normal working week is 47 hours, but trainees can earn more by working overtime. Your local Ministry of Labour Office will give you full information about the training schemes and about other work on the land, and will also help you to fill in the application form.

ANSWERS

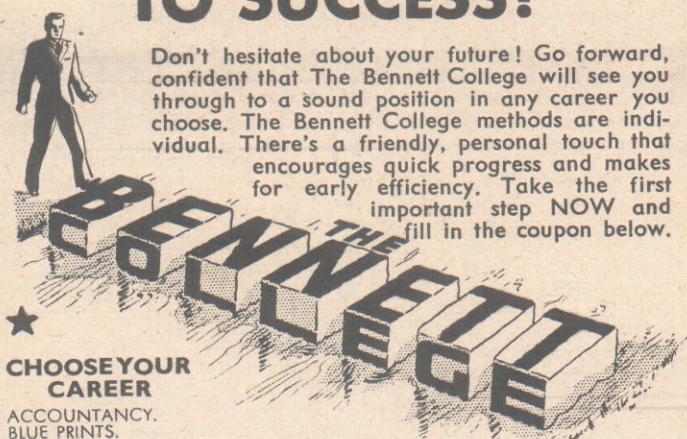
1. Thrush. 2. Leveret. 3. The 'roe' under horse. 4. Swallow. 5. To the right. 6. No, both look alike.

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LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

at least instil a feeling of pride in parents whose son is everything to them.

For those who will react only to a more business-like appeal I feel that more could be made of the fact that a National Serviceman who has completed six months service can join the Regular Army for three years with the Colours and nine on the Reserve.

That is, instead of doing 18 months followed by four years Territorial service he does three-and-a-half years with the Colours followed by nine years on the Reserve, for which he gets about £20 a year — excellent material for a "situations vacant" advertisement. — Ex-Boy Lee (address supplied).

KING'S CORPORAL (Continued)

THAT mythical character, the King's Corporal, has cropped up again. **SOLDIER** was recently bombarded with letters enclosing a cutting from the *London Evening News* which stated, in answer to a reader's query, that a King's Corporal was a private who was promoted to that rank for gallantry in the field and who wore a crown above his chevrons.

This statement was made on the authority of the *New Universal Encyclopedia*. The writer of the entry on the King's Corporal in that volume has since been making further enquiries, and he writes to **SOLDIER** as follows:

"Towards the close of 1945 I asked the War Office and was given (over the phone) the information we printed, which was checked and confirmed on the spot. Following your enquiry I again got into touch with the War Office, and this time the reply was that they knew nothing whatever of the existence of such a rank, and completely disowned their previous information. Having recalled that while serving in the RAF I had seen men with stripes and a crown I rang the Air Ministry. I read them the entry from the *New Universal Encyclopedia*, and was then assured that so far as the RAF was concerned the information was correct and the RAF officer I spoke to gratuitously added, 'It is exactly the same as in the Army. If you ring up the War Office you will find they will give you the same information.' When I again rang the War Office, they promptly denied what the Air Ministry told me.

"We then got in touch with the Brigade of Guards. I was informed that there was a King's Corporal, but only in the Horse Guards.

"The Household Cavalry, when I approached them in turn, then said that the King's Corporal was only to be found in the Foot Guards, and suggested I ring the Brigade Major. This Brigade Major then stated that there is not and never has been such a rank. I next rang the Imperial War Museum, (incidentally, the telephone exchange is Reliance). The Librarian, who is a personal friend of mine, told me that there is no conclusive evidence as to the existence of the rank of King's Corporal. On enquiry at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, I got the reply that during the South African War the rank of Queen's Corporal was heard of, but the fact of its existence was never substantiated.

"Another knowledgeable friend of mine said that a number of horsed Yeomanry regiments had Corporals who wore two chevrons and a crown. Occasionally, holders of this rank joined the Regular Army, and when they reached the rank of corporal were permitted to retain the old insignia, which may explain why men in Infantry regiments have been seen wearing two chevrons and a crown. A serving officer has told me that in his unit shortly after the first war he had two or three men who carried two chevrons and the crown, and he always understood that the rank of King's Corporal had been awarded in the field until the institution of the Military Medal in, I believe, 1915."

ANTI-BATTLEDRESS

Your leading article in May does not mention one of the chief reasons for lack of enthusiasm for an Army career: the uniform we have to wear. How insignificant and morally inferior we feel when, as so often happens here in Germany, we meet American troops! The difference between the two armies is also commented on by the Germans, who are very uniform-conscious. German people ask me why the British Army, five years after the end of the war, still walks around in this terrible, blanket-thick, ill-cut, with-shirts-to-match uniform — a uniform which is also worn, with only a change of colour, by all sorts of civilians over here.

The extra expense involved in giving us a uniform of decent cloth and cut would be offset by the extra care taken of it by the soldier and the longer time it would last. If a portion of Marshall Aid were used to buy American-type uniforms and shirts the response in recruiting, not to mention the improved bearing of our soldiers and the greater respect of other nations, would pay large dividends. — S/Cdr. F. Hallison, RAOC, 5 Sub/Depot, 15 BOD, BAOR 34.

SMARTENING UP

During the debate on Army Estimates which you report in your May issue, not much attention appears to have been given to dress when the problem of recruiting was discussed. I have some comments to make on the present scale and standard of dress and equipment in the Army.

The battledress trousers and jacket often fail to match in colour. The suit is a good hard-wearing one for training and general duties but a cloth belt would be more comfortable than a webbing belt. The greatcoat has too many pleats; the RAF type looks smarter. Berets are badly made and look shabby when worn wrongly. Pre-war stiff caps would look smarter if they were made with finer material. Ties are a disgrace and once washed never come back into shape. Woollen ties look smarter and last longer. Shirts are rough and rarely fit properly round the neck. The American Army shirts are very smart and comfortable. At least one should be issued for walking out. Two thin summer vests should be issued, apart from the present PT vests. Drawers are always too big. The civilian type with elastic tops and without buttons are more comfortable. Brown boots would look smarter than black and softer uppers would be more comfortable for marching, drill and training. NCO's chevrons are ugly and expensive. Badges of rank would look better worn on the epaulettes. Cloth regimental titles soon get worn and dirty. Brass ones are smarter,

last longer and are easier to keep clean. Webbing equipment should be treated with some chemical to give it a uniform shade, after which it could be cleaned with soap and water. Walking-out canes should be issued; they encourage a soldier to look smart. Lastly, there should be special shops, like officers' shops, where soldiers could buy their own items of dress or equipment.

There are plenty of things to say in praise of the British Army dress and equipment as well. — Sjt. S. N. Button, 1st Bn., The York and Lancaster Regt., BAOR 11.

UNRECOGNISED

With the publication of ACI 126 of 1950 a Warrant Officer Class I has lost nearly all his dress privileges. He is usually only distinguishable from a private soldier by an almost invisible cloth coat-of-arms on the sleeve of his battledress. Small wonder then that when he meets men of another unit he is often greeted with "Hiya pal!" to the annoyance both of himself and of the men when they are reproved.

A warrant officer in the RAF is immediately recognised by his smart uniform. Cannot the Army provide its warrant officers with something a little out of the ordinary for wear on duty so that they can be spotted for what they are at a distance? The re-introduction of the Service Dress cap for wear with battledress and the mackintosh for optional wear would be a step in the right direction. I am sure most warrant officers would welcome them even if they had to pay for them.

Incidentally, is it not time that some wearable kind of waterproof was designed for all soldiers? Nothing looks more ridiculous than a man wearing an overcoat in the rain in hot weather, besides which he has nowhere to dry it on his return to barracks. — Warrant Officer, Royal Signals (name and address supplied).

COLONIAL TITLES

Is there a regulation entitling Colonials, or men born and bred in a British Colony, to wear shoulder titles bearing the name of their birthplace? — Pte. G. Griffiths, Permanent Staff, No. 2 Training Bn., RAOC, Aldershot, Hants.

★ When a complete unit of Colonial troops served with the British Army during the recent war, its men were allowed to wear distinguishing shoulder titles. This privilege has never been granted to individual men from the Colonies who serve with the British Army.

Answers

(from page 31)

How Much Do You Know?

1. Genuine, real.
2. Lord Stansgate accused Lord Vansittart.
3. (c). 4. (d).
5. It has many colours.
6. Pop. 7. Poteen. 8. One. 9. A burgh. 10. (b) and (d). (Leeward Islands are in West Indies; puce is purple-brown). 11. (a) a fox; (b) a dog; (c) a bear; (d) a cat; (e) a badger. 12. Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, Sark. 13. A sourdough. 14. Lager is a drink, a laager is a park for vehicles. 15. Twelve. 16. Souriant (smiling).

Crossword

ACROSS: 3. Defence. 6. Amour. 7. Overfed. 8. Thump. 9. Persist. 13. Rostrum. 16. Prank. 17. Bolivia. 18. Green. 19. Beehive.
DOWN: 1. Panther. 2. Columns. 3. Dropper. 4. Earns. 5. Chess. 10. Rampage. 11. Inmates. 12. Tacking. 14. Ozone. 15. Thigh.



BRITISH ARMY ON BELGIAN STAMPS

Belgium has issued a set of three "charity" stamps, on which the "plus money" goes to various funds, including the Belgo-Britannique Union.

The 80 cents (green) shows the Arms of Great

Britain and Belgium. The 2 francs 50 centimes (red) depicts British tanks entering the Belgian frontier village of Hertain, on 3 September, 1944. The highest value, the 4 francs (blue) has for its design the British War Memorial at Hertain.

CHURCH PARADES

In the June SOLDIER you review a book by a former Chaplain to the Forces, Canon Lewis Lloyd, who says that it was a good move to abolish compulsory church parades — "the voluntary system is infinitely preferable." You add: "Conceivably not all padres will agree with him."

Perhaps you will have noticed that *The Times* does not agree with him, either? I find rather disturbing the campaign by this powerful newspaper for a return of compulsory church parades. — "Nonconformist" (name and address supplied).

★ *The Times* on 25 May said that "Most good soldiers have never understood how it was that this honourable institution (the compulsory church parade) was allowed to go with so little protest." The weekly service "may not always have had a deep religious significance, but it had substantial disciplinary and moral effect." During the service "...many men no doubt were puzzled, or cynically provoked, or bored, according to their temperaments or upbringing; yet even for these it was but a brief infliction after all, and there were always some who (breathing never a word about it at the time) were led to think on certain things of the spirit, greatly to their own good and the ultimate good of their fellows also."

The Times printed a number of letters for and against. Some readers did not care for the approval with which *The Times* wrote of the preliminary polishing, parading and inspecting.

The leading article was inspired by what *The Times* called a "disappointing" answer to a question in the House of Commons on 23 May. Asked why the Secretary for War was contemplating re-introduction of compulsory church parades in the Army, Mr. Michael Stewart, Under Secretary for War, said that Mr. Strachey was contemplating no such thing. He added: "We think the practice of compulsion is not consistent with Christianity."

REVOLVER FANS

I very much enjoyed reading Capt. Leo Milligan's article 'Is Revolver Fighting a Lost Art?' In my opinion the 1873 model Colt revolver had many advantages over the modern Service revolver. For instance the Colt's seven, eight or even nine and ten-inch barrel gave the heavy leaden bullet greater accuracy and penetrating power. A revolver was even made with a 12-inch barrel, the

"Buntline Special." It had an accurate range of over 200 yards.

The author says that the Colt was carried by the Pony Express riders. This is incorrect. Their job was to get the mail through and the lighter the load the faster the pony could travel. Even guns were sacrificed for extra speed.

Why, oh why doesn't the Army teach men how to fire a revolver correctly from every angle, and to be quick on the draw, instead of the idiotic pose with left hand on hip and right arm outstretched? And why has the open-topped cut-away holster given way to the buttoned flap type, putting precious seconds on to the time taken to draw? — S. V. Tucker, 50, West Hill Avenue, Epsom, Surrey.

★ The Army does not teach the "idiotic" pose, to which this reader refers, for close-quarters fighting. On the other points raised, Captain Leo A. Milligan writes:

"Your correspondent is quite right about the 1873 model Colt revolver. It was a black powder weapon but it struck a knock-down blow."

"Pony Express riders were allowed to carry one six-shooter of a kind made specially for the Wells Fargo company by Sam Colt and named after the company. It had a short barrel, but no loading lever. The Express riders did not always observe the regulations, and in the circumstances they could not be blamed. 'Wild Bill' Hickock, who was an Express rider in his youth, often carried his own two six-guns when Indians were making the passage of the mails uncomfortable. Once he rode into Rock Creek Swing Station for a change of horse and found the stocktender murdered in the stables and the troublesome McCandless gang in possession of the stocktender's quarters and his wife. Hickock shot six of them and the last one escaped, mortally wounded, to die later."

"I agree with your correspondent about the button-flap holster and I think the lanyard that goes with it is also a hindrance."

In your article 'Is Revolver Fighting a Lost Art?' Captain Leo A. Milligan says that the American cowboy of today still prefers the Colt revolver to any other model.

The paragraph immediately below says that "With the spread of law and order throughout the West, it was no longer necessary to carry six-guns for self-protection; in fact the carrying of firearms was forbidden."

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MORE LETTERS

At first sight the two paragraphs seem to contradict themselves but upon further study of them it might appear that the cowboy is allowed to possess firearms providing he does not carry them on his person.

It was the general idea among some of the lads of this company that the cowboys of today did not possess revolvers, but some disagreed and there have been heated arguments.

Could you please, therefore, enlighten me on this point? — Pte. A. Dillon, HQ 521 Coy. RPC, Havannah Barracks, Bordon, Hants.

★ Captain Leo A. Milligan writes: "Cowboys do possess six-shooters and have their own regular shooting competitions. Competitors shoot from the draw, the hip and the sighting positions using ordinary playing cards as targets. They do not wear six-shooters while at work as one sees them worn by actors in Western films, but they keep them handy and can buckle them on quickly in an emergency."

"It may be necessary sometimes to shoot a pony or a steer which has broken a leg or to put a call or cow out of pain after a bad mauling by a mountain lion. Bear, wolf and mountain lion are still the cattleman's enemies. A cowboy boundary rider invariably carries a rifle on his ride in case he meets any such animals."

DEBTOR BALANCES

Having been a pay clerk I was most interested in the letter on debtor balances in your May issue. I agree with QMS Bickerstaff that restriction of cash issues should be left to the paying officer's discretion, especially in the case of married families. I often refrained from reducing a man's pay to the minimum because I found that debtor balances of over £5 were nearly always incorrect. I disagreed with families' debtor balances almost invariably and remember only one that proved to be correct during my whole period of office.

Once I received two letters at once from a Regimental Paymaster quoting two balances with the same effective date but differing by over £50! Another exceptional case, shortly before I left in March this year, was when a man was shown to be about £25 in debt while his pay book

showed him to be about £20 in credit. On enquiry, the Paymaster informed us that drawings of over £50 that had been made during 1947 had only just been taken into account and deducted from the man's credit. Neither the long-suffering private, nor his unit had been informed of this. I applied for a "write-off" and I hope he got it.

Until Regimental Pay Offices can be reasonably accurate, paying officers should be allowed to exercise more discretion. — P.A.B. Peacey, The Rectory, Carleton Rodes, nr. Norwich, Norfolk.

★ SOLDIER in the May issue quoted a statement of the paying authorities that the hundreds of thousands of pounds of debtor balances in the Army were largely due to the failure of units to comply with instructions. In these circumstances the authorities did not think that the rules were likely to be altered to give units more discretionary power.

PAY QUEUES

Why is pay parade in the Army such a slow business? A small thing in itself, it is one of those petty annoyances which, added up, discourage many men from signing on again. At a pay parade I attended recently it took 90 minutes to pay 90 men, although there was no break in the paying-out process. I fear this is the sort of thing that happens weekly in most units, but surely some unit must have evolved a quicker system of paying its men? It would be of great interest to all ranks to hear how it is done. — Cpl. B. H. Astbury, (address supplied).

ROYAL GIFTS

Can you tell me the qualifications for the award of the King George V Jubilee Medal and King George VI Coronation Medal? How is authority to wear them obtained? — WO II A. Burling, 10 Inf. Workshops REME, West Tofts Camp, Thetford, Norfolk.

★ These medals were both personal gifts from the King. Only a small proportion of soldiers required to do duty during the ceremonies received them. No specific conditions of award were made. Only those men who were awarded the medals are permitted to wear them.

MALAY MEDAL

I see from your May issue that a General Service Medal has been issued for the Malayan campaign. I should be eligible for this, but I already have the General Service Medal for service in Palestine. Am I entitled to wear a rosette on my Palestine ribbon to denote that I have also served in Malaya? — Maj. H. B. Williams, 79 St. George's Square, London SW 1.

★ The conditions governing the award of the General Service Medal for service in Malaya have not yet been published. They will appear shortly in an Army Order. Those who qualify under this Order, but who have already been granted a General Service Medal, will be eligible for a clasp to the medal they already hold. The clasp will not, however, be worn in the form of a rosette.

PENALTIES

What are the penalties on National Servicemen who fail to attend Territorial drills? — "Ubique" (name and address supplied).

★ In Parliament on 9 May Major Tulton Beamish asked the Secretary of State for War what penalties can be imposed on men who without reasonable excuse fail to attend for training with the Territorial Army when ordered to do so.

Mr. John Strachey replied: Any man of the Territorial Army who without reasonable excuse fails to fulfil his training obligations renders himself liable, under Section 21 of the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act, 1907, to a fine not exceeding £5, recoverable on complaint from a court of summary jurisdiction. A National Serviceman who is serving in the Territorial Army during his part-time service, if he fails without reasonable excuse to comply with a training notice, renders himself liable, under Section 5 (4) of the National Service Act 1948 to a fine of £25 if he is convicted by a court of summary jurisdiction, and to a sentence of detention or imprisonment not exceeding two years if he is convicted by a court-martial. A training notice is only issuable for a period of training of not less than six days.

RENLEAVE

While serving on a war emergency engagement I undertook a short-service engagement. Am I eligible for RENLEAVE? If so, can I add it to my terminal leave or must it be taken before discharge? — Sjt. P. Keenan ACC, 17 Families Camp, Hiltingbury, Chandlers Ford, Hants.

★ Under ACI 159 of 1949, as amended by ACI 754 of the same year, National Servicemen who enlist on a normal regular engagement or a short-service engagement type "A" or "B", are eligible for re-engagement leave. Their leave period will be equal to the terminal leave to which they would have been entitled on completion of their National Service. RENLEAVE should be taken as soon as possible and may be added to any other form of leave. It must be taken before discharge or it will be forfeited.

THE SAME BED

Until November 1949 I was serving in Germany with "C" Company, 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment. I slept in a corner bed in Room 33, Brooke Barracks, Berlin. After serving for five months in Britain I was transferred to another regiment. Imagine my surprise when I was posted to BAOR and found myself in "C" Company, occupying the corner bed in Room 33, Brooke Barracks, Berlin once again. — Cpl. H. Warren, BAOR.



SOLDIER'S COVER

THE brew-up, best-loved of the Army's wartime institutions, may not be part of every National Serviceman's training. But if he had to go to war, the science of brewing up would be one of the first things he would learn for himself.

It was the men who fought in the Western Desert from 1940 onwards who perfected the technique. At every halt worth mentioning, the crew of a vehicle threw a little sand into the bottom of a four-gallon petrol can, wet it with petrol and threw a match on. The fire burned for a surprisingly long time.

On top went the water, in a dixie if the truck was well equipped, otherwise in another cut-down petrol can. You had to be rather careful about those petrol-cans later: some of them were made of a lead alloy which produced a poisonous brew.

Into the water went a little piece of wood (said to prevent any taste of smoke), a fistful or two of tea, two or three fistfuls of sugar, a can or so of evaporated milk. The exact quantities depended on the taste and judgment of the man in charge of the brew-up; he also decided whether the materials went in when the water was luke-warm, hot or boiling.

When the mixture was the right colour, everyone dipped his mug in. It was hot, sweet and strong and the man who got used to it soon lost the taste for any other kind of tea.

There were variations, of course. Sometimes there was no sand, only petrol. If you travelled with a cook-house, you might use a proper petrol cooker. Primus stoves were not unknown. And by Sicily even Eighth Army was brewing up on wood fires. SOLDIER's cover picture (by courtesy of the Imperial War Museum) shows men of 78th Division relaxing near Mount Etna, Sicily.

2 minute sermon

Men have always formed themselves into rival groups — the gang, the school, the party, the nation and even the church. It's quite harmless so long as the rivalry is good humoured. The danger is that it tends to become bitter. The fences become barricades.

Modern men, with their gods of Science and Education, have not succeeded in being good humoured about their differences. Since the war they have been busy putting up barricades. In Europe we have the Iron Curtain; in Africa the strengthening of the colour-bar; in Asia the outbreak of bitter hatred and communal strife.

Two thousand years ago the Jews and the Gentiles fenced themselves in. Their tradition, habits and religions were poles apart; they loathed the sight of each other. Then they found themselves confronted with Jesus of Nazareth. Men on both sides of the fence realised that in Him they had discovered what they really meant by God. The experience was like an explosion. But, for the first time they knew the meaning and the joy of Fellowship.

The modern gods have failed to bring unity and peace to the human race. Now is the time for men to swallow their pride and turn once again to the Man of Nazareth. When we discover that in Him we find God we can await the explosion. It will be shattering. But the fences will be down and there will be everlasting joy and peace.



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